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The College Miscellany

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EDITED WITH INTRODUCTIONS BY

SAMUEL N. BOGORAD *and* JACK TREVITHICK

THE UNIVERSITY OF VERMONT

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THE EDITORS TO THE READER

This is not an *omnibus* reader; it offers a limited selection of four major types of literature: essays, poems, short stories, and plays. Some of the selections have been previously anthologized: they are chosen again, not because they are standard, but because the testimony of many teachers who have used them successfully in the classroom proves their perennial freshness. Other selections are included for the first time in a freshman anthology; one, indeed, was written especially for this volume.

The selections have been chosen, first, because they represent different types of literature and because they include, especially in the essays, many of the major areas of human experience. The second criterion which determined the choice of selections was literary merit; however, the selections represent varying degrees of excellence (and, it may be added, of difficulty). A third criterion was student interest combined with value as material for classroom discussion. This third criterion, in the editors' opinion, must be the paramount consideration in the choice of a book of readings designed for college students.

The book has little in the way of student aid or critical apparatus. The introductions to the four major types of literature contain a few aids for the student; the doors of understanding and appreciation, it is hoped, have been unlocked. But the student must walk alone through the chambers beyond. And it is good that he should do so, for, in a world that is becoming more and more authoritarian, the literary experience, among few others, emphasizes the importance of the individual man and woman: the literary experience is the result, as Walter Allen says in his remarks on the novel, "of the solitary man communing with himself." The "Study Aids and Questions" at the end of the book are also meant to be suggestive rather than conclusive; all of the essays, short stories, and plays have been provided with questions, and approximately twenty representative poems have been so treated.

The editors wish to express their appreciation to all who gave assistance in the planning of this volume; to their teaching colleagues throughout the country and in particular to the members of the Department of English at the University of Vermont. Special thanks are due Professor Francis P. Colburn, Artist in Residence at the University of Vermont, for his kindness in writing the essay "Art and Change" particularly for this volume.

SAMUEL N. BOGORAD
JACK TREVITHICK

Burlington, Vermont
January, 1952

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The Essays

READING AN ESSAY

As a college student you are interested (for pure fun, of course) in acquiring and evaluating ideas. And so you read an essay. You read the essays assigned to you in your various classes, and you read those which you happen upon in books and magazines.

Your instructor will tell you that an essay is a type of literature, and that literature is "the enduring expression of significant human experience in words well chosen and arranged."[1] You may at first dismiss this as teacher's talk, but you will, we hope, find before long that there is considerable truth in what he says. Further, you will learn that the purpose of an essay is to arouse and stimulate you, to whet your intellectual curiosity and strengthen your emotional capacities—in a phrase, to make you aware of your birthright as a human being. All this sounds like a large order, and so it should, because properly reading an essay will add the proverbial cubit to your intellectual and emotional and spiritual stature. For example, when you read Stuart Chase's essay entitled "The Luxury of Integrity," you will discover that there are other persons in the world who honestly and forthrightly speak what they believe, persons who square their actions with their beliefs, persons who can afford to pay the high price of integrity. And that there are many who cannot. You will find excitement in sharing these insights with others. And all this may result from "reading" an essay.

Before dealing with the problems of reading an essay, however, you will want to know something about its general form. As a type of literature the essay has no set form or method. Usually in prose, it may vary in length from a few paragraphs to a short book. The manner may be serious (formal) or light (informal); it may treat an important political or economic subject in a humorous vein, or discuss a trivial subject seriously. The structure may be straight expository, or it may be narrative (including biography and autobiography) or descriptive with a core of meaningful exposition. In range, also, the essay is not limited: there is scarcely an area of human knowledge and endeavor that does not come within the scope of this type of writing—politics, economics, religion, education, anthropology, science, art. Sometimes well planned and logically written, sometimes casual and seemingly unorganized, the essay finds unity in the author's point of view and in his personality.

Whatever the manner or scope of an essay, its purpose is to express the author's ideas about some area of human experience. When this purpose is achieved in enduring form, the result is literature. And when you think,

1. Odell Shepard, *The College Survey of English Literature* (New York, 1942), I, 1.

feel, or otherwise react to a piece of literature, the purpose of the author is fulfilled.

From your position as a reader, more important than classifying an essay is learning how to read one. It is essential, therefore, that you should try to improve your reading technique. The following three suggestions will be helpful.

1. At one sitting read the entire essay as fast as is compatible with general understanding, not stopping to look up unfamiliar words in your dictionary (unless absolutely necessary) or to challenge the author's ideas.

2. After some time has elapsed (several hours, or, better, a day or so) reread the essay. This second reading, which should be slow, deliberate, and *active* (as opposed to the first, largely *passive,* reading), will include some or all of the following steps

(a) In a standard reference book (such as *Who's Who, The Dictionary of National Biography,* or a general encyclopedia) learn something about the author's life and background. (Plan, before your second reading, to visit the library for this information.) Your job at this point is briefly to examine the author's qualifications to deal with his subject. By study, training, and experience is he fitted to write on his subject? The most important question is whether his experience has been first hand and has given him an opportunity to achieve an objective point of view. (Do not be alarmed if the reference books do not allow you to answer this question with any finality; but it is desirable always to keep it in mind as you read the essay.)

(b) Make your second reading as active as possible by questioning and challenging what the author has to say. In this critical and creative type of reading you will try to find further support for the author's statements (for instance, illustrative examples. In "Four Kinds of Thinking" (page 6), to be specific, do you accept as valid Mr. Robinson's examples of "creative thought"? What other instances of such a type of thinking can you adduce from your reading or actual experience?

Again, if you are qualified, you are privileged to examine the logical methods used by an author. For example, does Mr. Robinson make any generalizations on the basis of insufficient evidence? (Your instructor will suggest to you other fallacies in reasoning.) Another consideration here is whether an author has fully covered the limits of his subject as suggested in his title. Are there only *four* kinds of thinking? Does Mr. Robinson mean to suggest that there are only *four?* Or is he discussing the *four* most important varieties? Questions similar to these should be raised in connection with every essay in this book.

(c) Active reading also means that you should read with your dictionary open before you and your pencil in hand. Be sure you understand the meanings of unfamiliar words before reading ahead; better advice might

be to make doubly sure that you know the meanings of all key words, perhaps particularly of those common words which you think you know. For example, before studying Ruth Benedict's essay on "The Science of Custom" (page 105), you might spend several profitable minutes trying to define the word *anthropology,* in particular distinguishing it from the other social sciences. Equally valuable is making use of the margins of the pages of a book (which are almost as important to the active reader as the type). Use these margins (as well as the end pages) for penciling in definitions of key words, contradictions of the author's statements, and other comments. Underscore important passages. You may want to invent a system of symbols which will aid you in identifying various kinds of material in the text. An asterisk in the upper right- or left-hand corner of a page might facilitate finding those pages which are of prime importance.

(d) The next step in this active reading (which may be defined as a kind of collaboration with the author) also requires using a pencil. In a single sentence, mostly in your own words, write out a statement of the central idea or significance of the essay. Then prepare a brief outline (sentence or topic) of the main points under this central thesis. If in your reading you have underscored the various devices of transition used by the author (single words, phrases, sentences, paragraphs), your task here will be greatly simplified.

(3) The final suggestion for the better reading of an essay may seem to call for procedures which fall outside the scope of reading proper; certainly they call for more than reading skill. However, since they are the logical outcome of your reading, they are indispensable. Discuss what you have read, either with your fellow students outside the classroom or in the classroom under the direction of the teacher. The latter discussion groups, properly guided by the teacher but not led by him into any biased channel, form an important part of education. And then comes the ultimate end of reading, namely, acting upon those principles derived from reading. "Action from principle . . . changes things and relations; it is essentially revolutionary, and does not consist wholly with anything which was. It not only divides states and churches, it divides families; ay, it divides the *individual,* separating the diabolical in him from the divine."[2] If Thoreau were living today, it is more than possible that he would claim that the most fundamental kind of action (based upon principles found in reading) is, in the true sense of that much maligned word, subversive. It is the hope of the editors of this anthology that you, the college reader, will find these essays subversive—that they will make you re-examine your present ideas and *throw over* those which are no longer humane and living.

2. Henry David Thoreau, *Walden and On the Duty of Civil Disobedience* (New York: Rinehart Editions, 1948), p. 289.

FOUR KINDS OF THINKING

By James Harvey Robinson (1863-1936)

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 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 driblets 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

From *The Mind in the Making,* by James Harvey Robinson. Copyright, 1921, by Harper & Brothers. Copyright, 1949, by Bankers Trust Company.

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.[1] 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 any one questions our belief 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

1. The poet-clergyman, John Donne, who lived in the time of James I, has given a beautifully honest picture of the doings of a saint's mind: "I throw myself down in my chamber and call in and invite God and His angels thither, and when they are there I neglect God and His angels for the noise of a fly, for the rattling of a coach, for the whining of a door. I talk on in the same posture of praying, eyes lifted up, knees bowed down, as though I prayed to God, and if God or His angels should ask me when I thought last of God in that prayer I cannot tell. Sometimes I find that I had forgot what I was about, but when I began to forget it I cannot tell. A memory of yesterday's pleasures, a fear of tomorrow's dangers, a straw under my knee, a noise in mine ear, a light in mine eye, an anything, a nothing, a fancy, a chimera in my brain troubles me in my prayer."—Quoted by Robert Lynd, *The Art of Letters,* pp. 46–47.

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 a quite 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 Bolsheviki. 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.[2]

2. *Instincts of the Herd,* p. 44.

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, is 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.[3] 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 had 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.[4] Veblen[5] 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.[6] 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

3. Diogenes Laertius, book v.

4. *Reconstruction in Philosophy.*

5. *The Place of Science in Modern Civilization.*

6. *Traité de Sociologie Générale, passim.* The author's term *"derivations"* seems to be his precise way of expressing what we have called the "good" reasons, and his *"residus"* correspond to the "real" reasons. He well says, *L'homme éprouve le besoin de raisonner, et en outre d'étendre un voile sur ses instincts et sur ses sentiments"*—hence, rationalization. (P. 788.) His aim is to reduce sociology to the "real" reasons. (P. 791.)

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 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 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 Valambrosa 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 pro-

duce 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 thought the discoveries of Galileo and his successors found themselves in a new earth surrounded by new heavens.

On the 28th of October, 1831, two 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 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 if it had 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.[7] 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.

7. Recently a re-examination of creative thought has begun as a result of new knowledge which discredits many of the notions formerly held about "reason." See, for example, *Creative Intelligence,* by a group of American philosophic thinkers; John Dewey, *Essays in Experimental Logic* (both pretty hard books); and Veblen, *The Place of Science in Modern Civilization.* Easier than these and very stimulating are Dewey, *Reconstruction in Philosophy,* and Woodworth, *Dynamic Psychology.*

We have now examined the various classes of thinking which we can readily observe in ourselves and which we have plenty of reasons to believe go on, and always have been going on, in our fellow-men. We can sometimes get quite pure and sparkling examples of all four kinds, but commonly they are so confused and intermingled in our reverie as not to be readily distinguishable. The reverie is a reflection of our longings, exultations, and complacencies, our fears, suspicions, and disappointments. We are chiefly engaged in struggling to maintain our self-respect and in asserting that supremacy which we all crave and which seems to us our natural prerogative. It is not strange, but rather quite inevitable, that our beliefs about what is true and false, good and bad, right and wrong, should be mixed up with the reverie and be influenced by the same considerations which determine its character and course. We resent criticisms of our views exactly as we do of anything else connected with ourselves. Our notions of life and its ideals seem to us to be *our own* and as such necessarily true and right, to be defended at all costs.

We very rarely consider, however, the process by which we gained our convictions. If we did so, we could hardly fail to see that there was usually little ground for our confidence in them. Here and there, in this department of knowledge or that, some one of us might make a fair claim to have taken some trouble to get correct ideas of, let us say, the situation in Russia, the sources of our food supply, the origin of the Constitution, the revision of the tariff, the policy of the Holy Roman Apostolic Church, modern business organization, trade unions, birth control, socialism, the League of Nations, the excess-profits tax, preparedness, advertising in its social bearings; but only a very exceptional person would be entitled to opinions on all of even these few matters. And yet most of us have opinions on all these, and on many other questions of equal importance, of which we may know even less. We feel compelled, as self-respecting persons, to take sides when they come up for discussion. We even surprise ourselves by our omniscience. Without taking thought we see in a flash that it is most righteous and expedient to discourage birth control by legislative enactment, or that one who decries intervention in Mexico is clearly wrong, or that big advertising is essential to big business and that big business is the pride of the land. As godlike beings, why should we not rejoice in our omniscience?

It is clear, in any case, that our convictions on important matters are not the result of knowledge or critical thought, nor, it may be added, are they often dictated by supposed self-interest. Most of them are *pure prejudices* in the proper sense of that word. We do not form them ourselves. They are the whispering of "the voice of the herd." We have in the last analysis no responsibility for them and need assume none. They are not really our own ideas, but those of others no more well informed or inspired than ourselves,

who have got them in the same careless and humiliating manner as we. It should be our pride to revise our ideas and not to adhere to what passes for respectable opinion, for such opinion can frequently be shown to be not respectable at all. We should, in view of the considerations that have been mentioned, resent our supine credulity. As an English writer has remarked:

> If we feared the entertaining of an unverifiable opinion with the warmth with which we fear using the wrong implement at the dinner table, if the thought of holding a prejudice disgusted us as does a foul disease, then the dangers of man's suggestibility would be turned into advantages.[8]

The purpose of this essay is to set forth briefly the way in which the notions of the herd have been accumulated. This seems to me the best, easiest, and least invidious educational device for cultivating a proper distrust for the older notions on which we still continue to rely.

The "real" reasons, which explain how it is we happen to hold a particular belief, are chiefly historical. Our most important opinions—those, for example, having to do with traditional, religious, and moral convictions, property rights, patriotism, national honor, the state, and indeed all the assumed foundations of society—are, as I have already suggested, rarely the result of reasoned consideration, but of unthinking absorption from the social environment in which we live. Consequently, they have about them a quality of "elemental certitude," and we especially resent doubt or criticism cast upon them. So long, however, as we revere the whisperings of the herd, we are obviously unable to examine them dispassionately and to consider to what extent they are suited to the novel conditions and social exigencies in which we find ourselves to-day.

The "real" reasons for our beliefs, by making clear their origins and history, can do much to dissipate this emotional blockade and rid us of our prejudices and preconceptions. Once this is done and we come critically to examine our traditional beliefs, we may well find some of them sustained by experience and honest reasoning, while others must be revised to meet new conditions and our more extended knowledge. But only after we have undertaken such a critical examination in the light of experience and modern knowledge, freed from any feeling of "primary certitude," can we claim that the "good" are also the "real" reasons for our opinions.

I do not flatter myself that this general show-up of man's thought through the ages will cure myself or others of carelessness in adopting ideas, or of unseemly heat in defending them just because we have adopted them. But if the considerations which I propose to recall are really incorporated into our thinking and are permitted to establish our general outlook on human affairs, they will do much to relieve the imaginary obligation we feel in regard to traditional sentiments and ideals. Few of us are capable of en-

8. Trotter, *op. cit.*, p. 45. The first part of this little volume is excellent.

gaging in creative thought, but some of us can at least come to distinguish it from other and inferior kinds of thought and accord to it the esteem that it merits as the greatest treasure of the past and the only hope of the future.

THE PIPER AT THE GATES OF DAWN

By Kenneth Grahame (1859-1932)

THE Willow-Wren was twittering his thin little song, hidden himself in the dark selvedge of the river bank. Though it was past ten o'clock at night, the sky still clung to and retained some lingering skirts of light from the departed day; and the sullen heats of the torrid afternoon broke up and rolled away at the dispersing touch of the cool fingers of the short midsummer night. Mole lay stretched on the bank, still panting from the stress of the fierce day that had been cloudless from dawn to late sunset, and waited for his friend to return. He had been on the river with some companions, leaving the Water Rat free to keep an engagement of long standing with Otter; and he had come back to find the house dark and deserted, and no sign of Rat, who was doubtless keeping it up late with his old comrade. It was still too hot to think of staying indoors, so he lay on some cool dock-leaves, and thought over the past day and its doings, and how very good they all had been.

The Rat's light footfall was presently heard approaching over the parched grass. "O, the blessed coolness!" he said, and sat down, gazing thoughtfully into the river, silent and preoccupied.

"You stayed to supper, of course?" said the Mole presently.

"Simply had to," said the Rat. "They wouldn't hear of my going before. You know how kind they always are. And they made things as jolly for me as ever they could, right up to the moment I left. But I felt a brute all the time, as it was clear to me they were very unhappy, though they tried to hide it. Mole, I'm afraid they're in trouble. Little Portly is missing again; and you know what a lot his father thinks of him, though he never says much about it."

"What, that child?" said the Mole lightly. "Well, suppose he is; why worry about it? He's always straying off and getting lost, and turning up again; he's so adventurous. But no harm ever happens to him. Everybody hereabouts knows him and likes him, just as they do old Otter, and you

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may be sure some animal or other will come across him and bring him back again all right. Why, we've found him ourselves, miles from home, and quite self-possessed and cheerful!"

"Yes; but this time it's more serious," said the Rat gravely. "He's been missing for some days now, and the Otters have hunted everywhere, high and low, without finding the slightest trace. And they've asked every animal, too, for miles around, and no one knows anything about him. Otter's evidently more anxious than he'll admit. I got out of him that young Portly hasn't learnt to swim very well yet, and I can see he's thinking of the weir. There's a lot of water coming down still, considering the time of the year, and the place always had a fascination for the child. And then there are—well, traps and things—*you* know. Otter's not the fellow to be nervous about any son of his before it's time. And now he *is* nervous. When I left, he came out with me and said he wanted some air, and talked about stretching his legs. But I could see it wasn't that, so I drew him out and pumped him, and got it all from him at last. He was going to spend the night watching by the ford. You know the place where the old ford used to be, in by-gone days before they built the bridge?"

"I know it well," said the Mole. "But why should Otter choose to watch there?"

"Well, it seems that it was there he gave Portly his first swimming-lesson," continued the Rat. "From that shallow, gravelly spit near the bank. And it was there he used to teach him fishing, and there young Portly caught his first fish, of which he was so very proud. The child loved the spot, and Otter thinks that if he came wandering back from wherever he is—if he *is* anywhere by this time, poor little chap—he might make for the ford he was so fond of; or if he came across it he'd remember it well, and stop there and play, perhaps. So Otter goes there every night and watches—on the chance, you know, just on the chance!"

They were silent for a time, both thinking of the same thing—the lonely, heart-sore animal, crouched by the ford, watching and waiting, the long night through—on the chance.

"Well, well," said the Rat presently, "I suppose we ought to be thinking about turning in." But he never offered to move.

"Rat," said the Mole, "I simply can't go and turn in, and go to sleep, and *do* nothing, even though there doesn't seem to be anything to be done. We'll get the boat out, and paddle upstream. The moon will be up in an hour or so, and then we will search as well as we can—anyhow, it will be better than going to bed and doing *nothing.*"

"Just what I was thinking myself," said the Rat. "It's not the sort of night for bed anyhow; and daybreak is not so very far off, and then we may pick up some news of him from early risers as we go along."

They got the boat out, and the Rat took the sculls, paddling with caution. Out in mid-stream, there was a clear, narrow track that faintly reflected the sky; but wherever shadows fell on the water from bank, bush, or tree, they were as solid to all appearance as the banks themselves, and the Mole had to steer with judgment accordingly. Dark and deserted as it was, the night was full of small noises, song and chatter and rustling, telling of the busy little population who were up and about, plying their trades and vocations through the night till sunshine should fall on them at last and send them off to their well-earned repose. The water's own noises, too, were more apparent than by day, its gurglings and "cloops" more unexpected and near at hand; and constantly they started at what seemed a sudden clear call from an actual articulate voice.

The line of the horizon was clear and hard against the sky, and in one particular quarter it showed black against a silvery climbing phosphorescence that grew and grew. At last, over the rim of the waiting earth the moon lifted with slow majesty till it swung clear of the horizon and rode off, free of moorings; and once more they began to see surfaces—meadows widespread, and quiet gardens, and the river itself from bank to bank, all softly disclosed, all washed clean of mystery and terror, all radiant again as by day, but with a difference that was tremendous. Their old haunts greeted them again in other raiment, as if they had slipped away and put on this pure new apparel and come quietly back, smiling as they shyly waited to see if they would be recognised again under it.

Fastening their boat to a willow, the friends landed in this silent, silver kingdom, and patiently explored the hedges, the hollow trees, the runnels and their little culverts, the ditches and dry water-ways. Embarking again and crossing over, they worked their way up the stream in this manner, while the moon, serene and detached in a cloudless sky, did what she could, though so far off, to help them in their quest; till her hour came and she sank earthwards reluctantly, and left them, and mystery once more held field and river.

Then a change began slowly to declare itself. The horizon became clearer, field and tree came more into sight, and somehow with a different look; the mystery began to drop away from them. A bird piped suddenly, and was still; and a light breeze sprang up and set the reeds and bulrushes rustling. Rat, who was in the stern of the boat, while Mole sculled, sat up suddenly and listened with a passionate intentness. Mole, who with gentle strokes was just keeping the boat moving while he scanned the banks with care, looked at him with curiosity.

"It's gone!" sighed the Rat, sinking back in his seat again. "So beautiful and strange and new! Since it was to end so soon, I almost wish I had never heard it. For it has roused a longing in me that is pain, and nothing

seems worth while but just to hear that sound once more and go on listening to it for ever. No! There it is again!" he cried, alert once more. Entranced, he was silent for a long space, spellbound.

"Now it passes on and I begin to lose it," he said presently. "O Mole! the beauty of it! The merry bubble and joy, the thin, clear, happy call of the distant piping! Such music I never dreamed of, and the call in it is stronger even than the music is sweet! Row on, Mole, row! For the music and the call must be for us."

The Mole, greatly wondering, obeyed. "I hear nothing myself," he said, "but the wind playing in the reeds and rushes and osiers."

The Rat never answered, if indeed he heard. Rapt, transported, trembling, he was possessed in all his senses by this new divine thing that caught up his helpless soul and swung and dandled it, a powerless but happy infant in a strong sustaining grasp.

In silence Mole rowed steadily, and soon they came to a point where the river divided, a long backwater branching off to one side. With a slight movement of his head Rat, who had long dropped the rudder-lines, directed the rower to take the backwater. The creeping tide of light gained and gained, and now they could see the colour of the flowers that gemmed the water's edge.

"Clearer and nearer still," cried the Rat joyously. "Now you must surely hear it! Ah—at last—I see you do!"

Breathless and transfixed, the Mole stopped rowing as the liquid run of that glad piping broke on him like a wave, caught him up, and possessed him utterly. He saw the tears on his comrade's cheeks, and bowed his head and understood. For a space they hung there, brushed by the purple loosestrife that fringed the bank; then the clear imperious summons that marched hand-in-hand with the intoxicating melody imposed its will on Mole, and mechanically he bent to his oars again. And the light grew steadily stronger, but no birds sang as they were wont to do at the approach of dawn; and but for the heavenly music all was marvellously still.

On either side of them, as they glided onwards, the rich meadow-grass seemed that morning of a freshness and a greenness unsurpassable. Never had they noticed the roses so vivid, the willow-herb so riotous, the meadowsweet so odorous and pervading. Then the murmur of the approaching weir began to hold the air, and they felt a consciousness that they were nearing the end, whatever it might be, that surely awaited their expedition.

A wide half-circle of foam and glinting lights and shining shoulders of green water, the great weir closed the backwater from bank to bank, troubled all the quiet surface with twirling eddies and floating foam-streaks, and deadened all other sounds with its solemn and soothing rumble. In midmost of the stream, embraced in the weir's shimmering arm-spread, a small island lay anchored, fringed close with willow and silver birch and

alder. Reserved, shy, but full of significance, it hid whatever it might hold behind a veil, keeping it till the hour should come, and, with the hour, those who were called and chosen.

Slowly, but with no doubt or hesitation whatever, and in something of a solemn expectancy, the two animals passed through the broken, tumultuous water and moored their boat at the flowery margin of the island. In silence they landed, and pushed through the blossom and scented herbage and undergrowth that led up to the level ground, till they stood on a little lawn of a marvellous green, set round with Nature's own orchard-trees—crab-apple, wild cherry, and sloe.

"This is the place of my song-dream, the place the music played to me," whispered the Rat, as if in a trance. "Here, in this holy place, here if anywhere, surely we shall find Him!"

Then suddenly the Mole felt a great Awe fall upon him, an awe that turned his muscles to water, bowed his head, and rooted his feet to the ground. It was no panic terror—indeed he felt wonderfully at peace and happy—but it was an awe that smote and held him and, without seeing, he knew it could only mean that some august Presence was very, very near. With difficulty he turned to look for his friend, and saw him at his side, cowed, striken, and trembling violently. And still there was utter silence in the populous bird-haunted branches around them; and still the light grew and grew.

Perhaps, he would never have dared to raise his eyes, but that, though the piping was now hushed, the call and the summons seemed still dominant and imperious. He might not refuse, were Death himself waiting to strike him instantly, once he had looked with mortal eye on things rightly kept hidden. Trembling he obeyed, and raised his humble head; and then, in that utter clearness of the imminent dawn, while Nature, flushed with fulness of incredible colour, seemed to hold her breath for the event, he looked in the very eyes of the Friend and Helper; saw the backward sweep of the curved horns, gleaming in the growing daylight; saw the stern, hooked nose between the kindly eyes that were looking down on them humorously, while the bearded mouth broke into a half-smile at the corners; saw the rippling muscles on the arm that lay across the broad chest, the long supple hand still holding the pan-pipes only just fallen away from the parted lips; saw the splendid curves of the shaggy limbs disposed in majestic ease on the sward; saw, last of all, nestling between his very hooves, sleeping soundly in entire peace and contentment, the little, round, podgy childish form of the baby otter. All this he saw, for one moment breathless and intense, vivid on the morning sky; and still, as he looked, he lived; and still, as he lived, he wondered.

"Rat!" he found breath to whisper, shaking. "Are you afraid?"

"Afraid?" murmured the Rat, his eyes shining with unutterable love.

"Afraid! Of *Him?* O, never, never! And yet—and yet—O, Mole, I am afraid!"

Then the two animals, crouching to the earth, bowed their heads and did worship.

Sudden and magnificent, the sun's broad golden disc showed itself over the horizon facing them; and the first rays, shooting across the level water-meadows, took the animals full in the eyes and dazzled them. When they were able to look once more, the Vision had vanished, and the air was full of the carol of birds that hailed the dawn.

As they stared blankly, in dumb misery deepening as they slowly realised all they had seen and all they had lost, a capricious little breeze, dancing up from the surface of the water, tossed the aspens, shook the dewy roses, and blew lightly and caressingly in their faces; and with its soft touch came instant oblivion. For this is the last best gift that the kindly demi-god is careful to bestow on those to whom he has revealed himself in their helping: the gift of forgetfulness. Lest the awful remembrance should remain and grow, and overshadow mirth and pleasure, and the great haunting memory should spoil all the after-lives of little animals helped out of difficulties, in order that they should be happy and light-hearted as before.

Mole rubbed his eyes and stared at Rat, who was looking about him in a puzzled sort of way. "I beg your pardon; what did you say, Rat?" he asked.

"I think I was only remarking," said Rat slowly, "that this was the right sort of place, and that here, if anywhere, we should find him. And look! Why, there he is, the little fellow!" And with a cry of delight he ran towards the slumbering Portly.

But Mole stood still a moment, held in thought. As one wakened suddenly from a beautiful dream, who struggles to recall it, and can recapture nothing but a dim sense of the beauty of it, the beauty! Till that, too, fades away in its turn, and the dreamer bitterly accepts the hard, cold waking and all its penalties; so Mole, after struggling with his memory for a brief space, shook his head sadly and followed the Rat.

Portly woke up with a joyous squeak, and wriggled with pleasure at the sight of his father's friends, who had played with him so often in past days. In a moment, however, his face grew blank, and he fell to hunting round in a circle with pleading whine. As a child that has fallen happily asleep in its nurse's arms, and wakes to find itself alone and laid in a strange place, and searches corners and cupboards, and runs from room to room, despair growing silently in its heart, even so Portly searched the island and searched, dogged and unwearying, till at last the black moment came for giving it up, and sitting down and crying bitterly.

The Mole ran quickly to comfort the little animal; but Rat, lingering, looked long and doubtful at certain hoof-marks deep in the sward.

"Some—great—animal—has been here," he murmured slowly and thoughtfully; and stood musing, musing; his mind strangely stirred.

"Come along, Rat!" called the Mole. "Think of poor Otter, waiting up there by the ford!"

Portly had soon been comforted by the promise of a treat—a jaunt on the river in Mr. Rat's real boat; and the two animals conducted him to the water's side, placed him securely between them in the bottom of the boat, and paddled off down the backwater. The sun was fully up by now, and hot on them, birds sang lustily and without restraint, and flowers smiled and nodded from either bank, but somehow—so thought the animals—with less of richness and blaze of colour than they seemed to remember seeing quite recently somewhere—they wondered where.

The main river reached again, they turned the boat's head upstream, towards the point where they knew their friend was keeping his lonely vigil. As they drew near the familiar ford, the Mole took the boat in to the bank, and they lifted Portly out and set him on his legs on the tow-path, gave him his marching orders and a friendly farewell pat on the back, and shoved out into mid-stream. They watched the little animal as he waddled along the path contentedly and with importance; watched him till they saw his muzzle suddenly lift and his waddle break into a clumsy amble as he quickened his pace with shrill whines and wriggles of recognition. Looking up the river, they could see Otter start up, tense and rigid, from out of the shallows where he crouched in dumb patience, and could hear his amazed and joyous bark as he bounded up through the osiers on to the path. Then the Mole, with a strong pull on one oar, swung the boat round and let the full stream bear them down again whither it would, their quest now happily ended.

"I feel strangely tired, Rat," said the Mole, leaning wearily over his oars, as the boat drifted. "It's being up all night, you'll say, perhaps; but that's nothing. We do as much half the nights of the week, at this time of the year. No; I feel as if I had been through something very exciting and rather terrible, and it was just over; and yet nothing particular has happened."

"Or something very surprising and splendid and beautiful," murmured the Rat, leaning back and closing his eyes. "I feel just as you do, Mole; simply dead tired, though not body-tired. It's lucky we've got the stream with us, to take us home. Isn't it jolly to feel the sun again, soaking into one's bones! And hark to the wind playing in the reeds!"

"It's like music—far-away music," said the Mole, nodding drowsily.

"So I was thinking," murmured the Rat, dreamful and languid. "Dance-music—the lilting sort that runs on without a stop—but with words in it, too—it passes into words and out of them again—I catch them at intervals—then it is dance-music once more, and then nothing but the reeds' soft thin whispering."

"You hear better than I," said the Mole sadly. "I cannot catch the words."

"Let me try and give you them," said the Rat softly, his eyes still closed. "Now it is turning into words again—faint but clear—*Lest the awe should dwell—And turn your frolic to fret—You shall look on my power at the helping hour—But then you shall forget!* Now the reeds take it up—*forget, forget,* they sigh, and it dies away in a rustle and a whisper. The voice returns—

"Lest limbs be reddened and rent—I spring the trap that is set—As I loose the snare you may glimpse me there-- For surely you shall forget! Row nearer, Mole, nearer to the reeds! It is hard to catch, and grows each minute fainter.

"Helper and healer, I cheer—Small waifs in the woodland wet—Strays I find in it, wounds I bind in it—Bidding them all forget! Nearer, Mole, nearer! No, it is no good; the song has died away into reed-talk."

"But what do the words mean?" asked the wondering Mole.

"That I do not know," said the Rat simply. "I pass them on to you as they reach me. Ah! now they return again, and this time full and clear! This time, at last, it is the real, the unmistakable thing, simple—passionate—perfect—"

"Well, let's have it, then," said the Mole, after he had waited patiently for a few minutes, half-dozing in the hot sun.

But no answer came. He looked, and understood the silence. With a smile of much happiness on his face, and something of a listening look still lingering there, the weary Rat was fast asleep.

THE LUXURY OF INTEGRITY

By Stuart Chase (1888-)

I

ONCE upon a time I worked for the United States Government. In the course of my official duties I was directed to make a rather particular and painstaking analysis of the profits of certain mammoth corporations. The welcome of the mammoth corporations, needless to say, was not warm.

One of my subordinates in the investigation was continually getting into trouble. He was a likeable fellow, a good routine worker, always ready to do

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odd jobs after hours. I took a personal interest in his troubles; I loaned him money, patched up a quarrel between himself and his wife, gave him books to read, tried to help him slide a little more easily along his white-collar groove. That he was grateful, that he really respected and liked me, I do not doubt to this day. Yet here is what he did after two years of friendly association:

He ransacked my private files and turned over any evidence showing liberal political tendencies on my part to the aforesaid mammoth corporations. He came into my office late one evening—fortified by a drink or two—and said, "Chase, I'm a Bolshevik. I'm fed up with the whole damned capitalist system. I'd like to help kick it over. I'd like to join something. You know about these socialists and I.W.W.'s. I see you reading pieces about them. Tell me all about it, shoot the works, tell me what I ought to join. I'll pay the dues."

At first I thought the poor boy had really come to the end of his rope; that this was a last desperate gesture before the white-collar routine doomed him altogether. Then I began to realize that he was lying; that he was hoping to pick up some information from me which could be twisted in such a way as to discredit my work in the investigation. (Not that I had much to offer.) I went on with my columns of figures, and gradually his receptive attitude waned. "Aren't you going to tell me anything?" he whined. "No," I said. "And I guess you had better go."

He took his hat and went and, as the door closed behind him, I knew that the man I had befriended could not afford the luxury of integrity. Some one was paying him to act as a spy. His government salary was little enough, while his wife had definite ideas about her proper position in the world. He had been bought. (I doubt if the vendee got his money's worth.) I was bitter at the time, but today that bitterness is tinged with pity. He is only one among many Americans who increasingly cannot afford the luxury of integrity. His case is more dramatic perhaps, but essentially on all fours with the plight of nearly every man you meet upon the street. They, like him, have betrayed their personal sense of decency and honor because forces are loose, too powerful for ordinary clay to oppose.

In the custody and handling of transferable property Americans grow ever more dependable; but in that more subtle definition of integrity which bids a man play fair with his own soul, never, it seems to me, has the Republic sunk to lower levels. As the machine breeds increased specialization, increased technological unemployment, as mergers spread their threat to white-collar jobs, the case grows worse. The greater one's economic insecurity, the greater the tendency to sacrifice spiritual independence and to chant in dreary unison the simple credo of the yes man. It is my contention that for uncounted millions of Americans the price of integrity is more than they can afford. Nor should I be surprised if the ratio of growth in the

process bore more than a casual relationship to the growth in urban as against rural population.

Even as the interlocking technical structure of industry makes for an increasing tenuousness in the condition of the live nerves of transport, power, and communication which provide city dwellers with physical necessities, so the psychological condition of the inhabitants of Megalopolis grows more precarious. Living in a crowd, it has become highly important to *fit in.* There are fewer square holes for square pegs; to make the close-locked wheels of industry turn, an employee must be as round as a ball-bearing. This smooth and oily quality that eases the friction of the highly organized machine is in a way more vital than professional training, ability, or energy. One man may be genial and tactful by nature, while nine have to achieve tact and geniality by effort. For the milk of human kindness the most obvious substitute is soft soap.

II

The yes man had no place in the pioneer tradition. The pioneer had his faults and virtues. The faults included a prodigal wastefulness, a disposition to befoul one nest and move on to the next, a certain laxity in respect to the social amenities. The virtues included a sturdy independence, and the compulsion, if need arose, to look every man level in the eye and tell him to go to hell. Reasonably secure in the fruits of his own labor and thus economically independent, he could express in any company his honest opinions as forcibly as he pleased, and, subject to the local *mores*—the base line from which all human behavior must stem—he could translate his beliefs into tangible performance. He could vote for candidates he respected, agitate for reforms he believed in, refuse to do jobs which galled his sense of decency or craftsmanship, come and go as the seasons dictated, but not at the bidding of any overlord. His opinions may have been frequently deplorable, his acts often crude and peremptory, but he was free to be true to the best that he knew—and so, by the Eternal! a man, and not a rubber stamp.

His was not the gentleman's code of honor, but one less punctilious, more democratic, more human, and probably in the long run superior. The gentleman had a divided responsibility; he must not only seek to be true to himself, but he must maintain a wide margin between himself and the herd. The pioneer was of the herd and proud of it, and could thus devote himself single-mindedly to the one responsibility. Compare, let us say, a thousand assorted pioneers of the Berkshire Hills in Massachusetts in 1800, with a thousand assorted New York bank clerks in 1930, and, unless the monumental history of the Berkshires which I have lately ingested is a tissue of falsehoods, you will find about as many no men in the former area, as you will find yes men in the latter. The ratios, I should guess, have reversed

themselves in one hundred and thirty years. With the no men will lie character, courage, individuality, saltiness. With the yes men will lie radios, automobiles, bath-tubs, and a complete paralysis of the will to act in accordance with their fundamental inclinations. That Berkshire babies were compounded of better stuff than bank-clerk babies, I absolutely deny. Opinion for opinion and belief for belief, it is probable that the New York thousand have a more civilized outlook, a better stock of human values in their heads, than had the Pittsfield thousand. But for the latter integrity was cheap and abundant, while for the former it is very dear. Like all luxuries, it can be bought, but few dare to pay the price. For the price may be the job, and the job means life or death.

If you object that most men and women are without a sense of honor, then call it early conditioning. From the cultural mulch in which we are reared—compounded of the influence of parents, school, church, folkways, literature—our personalities are formed. We take and we reject; we give lip service to much that our hearts do not subscribe to. But certain principles we make our own. Integrity consists in living up to them. I am not here concerned with those broad principles of morality which now as in the days of David and Solomon move more or less *in vacuo,* but rather with a far more concrete and personal standard. I ask only if your behavior squares with your conception of what honest behavior should be, and care not twopence how lofty or low the original conception. A stream can rise no higher than its source.

The point is not that we traduce our honor to climb up—such behavior has affected a fixed fraction of the race since the Cro-Magnon man—but that most of us today are forced to traduce our honor to cling to what we've got; aye, to exist at all. It would be easier if life were simpler, but the perspiring supersalesmen take excellent care that life shall never simplify. No more have we won to a standard of living held respectable by our fellows, than presto! a new and higher standard confronts us—two-cars-per-family, college-for-all-the-children, annual models in furniture, country club memberships—and this we must attain on pain of social disapprobation. There is no level, but a steadily ascending curve which tolerates little margin of saving, no dependable economic security. While jobs grow more uncertain, desires, built in by the high-pressure fraternity, grow more clamorous. In this compound-pressure pump, the wayfaring man finds it almost impossible to be true to his innermost nature.

III

Consider initially the simple and widespread practice of yesing the boss—to use the current phrase. The man with the strong jaw sits at the head of the conference table, his confreres gather around him, each with pad and sharpened pencil. From the strong jaw comes the announcement

of a certain policy—perhaps a wage reduction, perhaps a wage increase, perhaps a universal system of time clocks. He looks about him. The policy may be utterly repugnant to his staff, but, "I check with you, chief," "check," "check," "check,"—the little threadbare word runs round the table. Not always, to be sure, but frequently enough to make our case. On any given business day, the number of such checks and yeses must be astronomical in magnitude. It would be interesting to chart their yearly curve superimposed upon a curve exhibiting the growth of mergers.

The psychological effect of continually pretending to agree with that with which one does not agree is disastrous. An internal conflict is set up which tends to polarize work into neutrality. Initiative, concentration, straight thinking evaporate, leaving only purposeless activity. Probably less damage is suffered by the individual who knows in advance the fire he must pass through and deliberately makes up his mind to prostitute his talents. He is tragic enough, but a less unhappy exhibit on the whole than the hordes who fool themselves into thinking that they are doing honest work, unaware of the conflict beneath the surface. In business offices there is usually one of the former to ten of the latter.

Next let us consider that very considerable fraction of the population engaged in making commodities which the maker knows to be evil, shoddy, adulterated, and a rank imposition upon the public. He may whistle cheerfully enough, say, "What the hell?" and believe that the plight of the public troubles him hardly at all. But deep down inside the continued outrage to his instinct of workmanship troubles him considerably. It is contrary to the whole history of mankind to waste good hours of labor on worthless or evil products.

Not long ago I delivered an address on the Russian economic experiment. I told of the method whereby an oil pool was developed as a single geological unit without competitive drilling and its appalling waste. After the lecture an engineer came up to me. He seemed deeply stirred. "My God," he said, "do you suppose I could get a job in Russia? I'm sick of drilling wells in competitive fields, watching most of my work run to waste. I know how a pool ought to be organized, but with all this offset drilling we aren't allowed to organize it." In his excitement, it was only too plain that there was a tragic breach between his standard of workmanship and the work that he had to do.

Of the ten million factory employees in America today, the two million in the building trades, and the two hundred thousand engineers, how many can hold up their hands and say that they take pride in what they make? Many of them, of course, are operating processes so specialized that they have no idea of what they are helping to produce, but the majority are probably still aware of it. The show of hands is not impressive. When one considers the weighted silks, the bulk of the patent-medicine traffic, jerry-

built bungalows on Garden Crest developments (I have talked to the carpenters working on them), shoes that dissolve into their essential paper, rickety furniture brave in varnish—commodity after commodity, process after process, the reason is sufficiently clear.

Leaving the factory, we come out upon the market-place. Here we find a group almost as numerous as the producers, pushing goods which they know to be inferior or useless. A salesman has no canons of workmanship to be outraged, but if he has to sell an inferior product, and knows it, his case is not much happier than that of his fellow in the shop. He has to lie blatantly, loudly and continually. He has to tell the world that bad products are good. He becomes used to it, of course; he may even take a little pride in his sales charts. But that does not mean that somewhere behind the table-pounding, door-bell ringing, and copy-writing there is not a *man,* who, in the darkness of the night after an ill-advised dinner, does not sometimes wish to God he could earn his living doing something he believed in.

We now come to one of the saddest exhibits on the list. There may be more deplorable human behavior than the violation of hospitality practiced daily by uncounted thousands of house-to-house canvassers, but I am at a loss to know what it is. Since time out of mind it has been the kindly human custom to welcome the stranger at the gate. The reaction is doubtless tied up with a dim fear that, some day, you too may be a-wandering and need rest and welcome. On this ancient custom the up-and-coming canvasser is forced to trade. In company schools he is deliberately coached in ways and means for capitalizing the instinct of hospitality, for gaining admission, a chair, a respectful audience—only to outrage it in the end.

Here, to quote an actual case, is a woman canvasser who announces herself as a member of the local school committee—only she is not a member of the school committee but recites a name which induces the lady of the house to think that she is. The "committee," it appears, recommends a certain book to aid the children's education. The visitor mentions the children by name, their ages, their bright looks. The lady of the house is pleased. The cost of the book is five dollars. Her face falls. She cannot afford five dollars. Haltingly, ashamedly, she confesses it. The canvasser turns on her with the sure-fire line, "Mrs. Green, don't you care enough about the future of your children to pay five dollars?" What mother can resist such an accusation? Company statistics coldly demonstrate that seven times out of ten it consummates a sale. Yet what troubles me is not the plight of Mrs. Green with a worthless volume on the parlor table, but the utter abandonment of self-respect on the part of the lady canvasser. Had she hit Mrs. Green with a blackjack as she stood defenseless and welcoming on her own doorstep, the loss of personal integrity could hardly have been greater. Hospitality is a particularly precious custom in a civilization

which drifts so rapidly to cities and apartment houses. By ruthless violation the canvassers have all but killed it.

Not content with the assault in person, enterprising vendors of commodities, particularly of certain types of securities, are lately using the telephone to effect a sale. In one day at my office I was called to the telephone five times by total strangers giving a Wall Street address, succulently outlining the profit to be made by an immediate purchase of American Consolidated International Class B. To the first man I tried to be polite, to the second I was curt, for the other three I simply hung up the receiver. But the day was ruined by a feeling of baffled rage, partly at my assailants, and partly at myself for having to crush the habit of years of being courteous to those who had taken the trouble to call me on the telephone.

Yet canvassers, like the rest of us, must eat. I remember when I lived in Chicago a neighbor in the woolen business dropped in upon us one evening. We welcomed him into the living room and were somewhat surprised to find that he had a large box under his arm. His face was set. He opened the box and disclosed some excellent woolen sweaters and hose, male and female. We admired everything—the admiration of friends. Would we buy some? We were thunderstruck, but kept our faces straight, and bought. Obviously, our guest had struck a vein of bad luck and been reduced to capitalizing his acquaintanceships. Always afterwards he avoided us. Our friendship had come to an end. How many friends did that hard winter cost him?

IV

This brings us to that growing army of "publicity men" and women who sometimes do not—but frequently do—give the best of their years and their vitality to pushing causes in which they have no faith, and to booming personalities whom privately they designate as stuffed shirts. There are people among them whose shingle is out for any propaganda however worthless, and for any publicity seeker however shameless. As in the textile industry, there is over-production in the publicity game, and a client is a client. How many nationalists at heart are writing purple copy for peace societies; how many socialists at heart lauding the benign activities of the power companies; how many intelligent judges of human character stirring the tom-toms for men they despise?

In this connection, the testimonial writer demands a note. If he—or she—really likes the product, well and good. In many cases he or she has never tried it. A thumping lie is exchanged for a bag of gold. The flight of Lindbergh from America to France was a fine and stirring achievement. But even finer to my mind is the fact that he has never sold his honor to a manufacturer.

Consider the activities of the ghost writer. According to the rules of this

flourishing new profession, he writes the speech for somebody else to deliver or the article or book for somebody else to sign. In certain cases he endeavors to put into words the somebody else's general thoughts, but in other cases the somebody else has no general thoughts, and it is his function to supply them. Thus he foists on the public an entirely false picture of his client; he puts brains—his brains—into a man of straw; and far worse, he abuses the craft of letters which the Lord has given him by writing words in which he places no credence while neatly dodging responsibility by placing his client's name above them. As a writer I have frequently been invited to "ghost" under such circumstances and once or twice have been sorely tempted by the size of the fee. Fortunately my economic circumstances at the time were such that I could afford to refuse. Heaven knows when, unfortunately, they will be such that I cannot afford to refuse. But when I fall, I shall know that my position as a responsible professional man—voicing his own thoughts and signing his own stuff—has come to an end.

I know a writer of newspaper editorials. Himself a liberal, he has to grind out a thousand words daily which reflect the ultra-conservative policy of the paper for which he works. He keeps a record like a batting average chart, noting the editorials to which he can subscribe against those to which he cannot. When he last showed it to me he was scoring about .150—say one out of seven.

Pot boiling is no new phenomenon. Many of the Humanists' greatest heroes were known to stoop to the practice from time to time. It may be defined as doing, for a cash consideration, work markedly below the level of the artist's best. In the past, stark necessity was its chief inspiration. Today as I go about among novelists, poets, playwrights, painters, I find a new motive widely voiced. We will, they say, "ghost-write" success stories, produce canned editorials and advertising copy, concoct synthetic drama (a new type of laboratory research), illustrate magnificent brochures, or what you will, in order that we may lay aside a cash reserve, and *then* watch us burn up Olympus. I am still watching. The formula in most cases is spurious. A continued and calculated flow of second-rate work is more than liable to poison the original spring. One can cite names—a number of very promising names—but it would be too painful. Enough that American art and literature have lost some distinguished ornaments because integrity comes too high.

Lastly we shall consider a usage almost as widespread as yesing the boss, one indeed that may be said to be an integral part of the folkways of a pecuniary civilization. I refer to the art of backslapping in the interest of a profitable sale. Under the canons of this culture complex it is incumbent upon the vendor to welcome the prospective vendee with all the warmth and sympathy hitherto reserved for dear and chosen friends. He must be

dined and wined (Mr. Jesse R. Sprague has admirably described the latter ceremony in a recent article in *Harper's*), his most infantile pronouncements must be received with the highest respect, one's home must be thrown open to him, his lightest fancy instantly satisfied. The fact that the company pays the bills is entirely beside the point. The point is that the whole procedure, like the canvasser's behavior, makes a mockery of natural human intercourse. Friendship is one of the few compensations for a complex life. To shower upon strangers and upon people who never could be one's friends, all the earnests of comradeship is to debase rare metal. The dismal panorama passes before us: Manufacturers' agents departing with suit cases of gin to dentists' conventions. . . . Rotary club luncheons with members roaring songs, embracing one another. . . . "Jim" calling to "Joe" (and Jim hates Joe)—all in the hope of more business. . . . The hearty dinner at home to the chief buyer for the National Widget Corporation with one's wife in a new and alluring frock, and carefully coached in the art of drawing out Mr. Blatterfein on his favorite topic—the postage stamps of the Hawaiian Islands. . . . The high and costly strategy employed by publisher B in weaning an author away from publisher A—the agent preferably to be an old college friend. . . . "Contact men" in dinner coats at week-end parties.

Backslapping may not always be for business reasons, but it is usually for pecuniary reasons. I recall participating in a dinner to a man who was as stupid as he was rich. The basic idea of the dinner was to obtain money from him in order that a certain charity might make up its deficit. At the close of the banquet our guest arose and delivered himself of as monumental a series of banalities as it has ever been my ill fortune to hear. When he seated himself, amid vast applause, we, the hosts, arose one by one, and respectfully asked questions and were grateful for answers that we knew to be absurd. Finally we gave our guest a rousing vote of thanks for a most instructive evening. Later, because his publicity man had used my name, I wrote him a letter—a slimy, unctuous letter—recalling his brilliant address and the needs of the charity in question. I was never so pleased in my life as when he kicked us all downstairs, and never gave a penny. In some dim way it restored my self-respect. Charities are worthy—some of them—but are they worth such abasement?

V

We have but touched the surface of the phenomenon, but already most of us are in it up to the waist, if not indeed completely mired. Certain groups are less involved than others, and a rough appraisal of relative saturation might prove instructive.

The independent farmer, standing closest to the pioneer tradition, leads the list. Despite the steady encroachments of business motives upon his

way of life—for agriculture is far more a way of life than a pecuniary pursuit—he still has the best chance among all classes of Americans to call his soul his own. Perhaps the independent storekeeper, surviving in those few remote neighborhoods where chain stores and full-line forcing have not rendered his life a burden, takes second place. I know a few still functioning in the White Mountains of New Hampshire. They are the sort of men who will not send a bill when the neighbor who owes it is ill or out of luck.

Next in line we might place the housewife. More remote from the commercial front than her spouse, she still frequently reserves the right to speak her mind freely, "to stand right up in meeting," as we New Englanders say. I recall the case of a brilliant young accountant who, shortly after winning his C.P.A., was given an opportunity to make a million dollars, more or less, in a few months' time. All he had to do was to approach certain corporations with an offer to split whatever rebates he might earn for them in their filed income tax returns. His share in turn was to be split with a government examiner who supplied the names of such corporations as had legitimate claims for rebates in past tax payments. He told his mother of the glittering opportunity. "Jim," she said, "you know when I come to wake you in the morning I shake you hard, and you don't stir?" "Yes," he said. "And then I shake you even harder, and you give a little moan?" "Yes." "And finally I shake as hard as I can, and you open one sleepy eye?" "Yes." "I'd hate to come in morning after morning and find you awake." He turned down the job and has been sleeping soundly ever since.

Reasonably high in the comparative scale would come the skilled manual worker affiliated with a strong trade union. One does not find an unduly grave percentage of yes men among locomotive engineers, machinists, or building trades workers. In the main they are utterly dependent on their jobs, but their jobs are objective and technical, while the backing of the union—sometimes with its benefit clause—stiffens their independence and self-respect.

Next we might place independent manufacturers and entrepreneurs. The great corporations are fast undermining them, financially and spiritually; but many sturdily maintain the Forsyte tradition, refuse to grow maudlin about Service, honestly admit they are in business for profit and not for public welfare, and take pride in producing a sound article, honestly sold. Below them would stand professional men and women, with physicians at the head of the group and lawyers at the bottom. There was a time when this class topped the whole list, but that was before competition became so keen; before the days of split fees, ambulance chasing, and yesing the president of the University. Professors, like canvassers, must eat. If the gentle reader is of a professional persuasion, he is doubtless an exception,

but as a journeyman member of his class, I know that all too frequently I am not an exception.

On a level with professional people would come the unskilled manual workers, with farm laborers at their head. They are largely a beaten lot, but many of them lose their jobs so often they get used to it, and accumulate, if not independence, at least a certain stoicism, a bitter crust against a bitter world. Not far below them we find the servant class—some two millions of them in America. Here we note a peculiar phenomenon. Servants are protected to a degree by their time-honored professional status. Nobody expects their work-a-day manners to reflect their real personalities, and thus they are enabled to preserve some semblance of integrity behind and remote from the frozen smiles and conventional obsequiousness of their trade.

From servants it is a long drop downward to the salesman, though here again we note, or are beginning to note, a loss of human dignity which is freezing into a convention. It is the salesman's business to be hypocritical if necessary, just as it is the servant's business to be servile. We do not expect much from a salesman or a blurb-writer save words, and presently he may be able to save his soul by taking, in his business hours, some such conventionalized and definite status as the butler or the waiter takes.

Salesmen are low in the scale of integrity, but at least they are alive. They have even been known to tell the boss what they thought of him and throw the job in his face. Clerks and office workers, being all but dead, must stand still lower. They are the saddest group of yes men on the whole list.

As we feel for the bottom, we encounter in the murky gloom a large round object. Dragging it with some reluctance toward the light, we discover it to be a politician. To expect integrity from an elected public servant is almost to expect a miracle. When Mr. Dwight Morrow, running for senator in New Jersey, actually and honestly spoke his mind about prohibition the shock was almost too great for the country to bear. Editorial writers lost their heads completely at the wonder of it. The politician leads a harrowing economic life, granted; there are often sound reasons for his debasement, but this incident would seem to make it plain that it is not always good business, or good publicity, to flounder so persistently in the lower depths. Once and again the poor fellow might come up for air.

We would seem to have touched the bottom. Not quite. We have yet to deal with certain types of corporation executives. As a class executives may be arranged up and down the scale, but enough of them at least to be identified as a sub-species are the least enviable exhibit in the whole national category, firmly anchored to the ocean floor. Their case is the more deplorable in that they have less excuse than most of us for being untrue to themselves. They have more economic security than all the rest of us combined. Instead of quaking for their jobs, they need quake only

for their balance sheets. They have sold themselves, not to inexorable terms of livelihood, but to a legal abstraction, an almost mythical monster, in whose bowels is nothing more than a certificate of incorporation. (Some anthropologist should do a sound monograph on the totem worship and animism involved in the modern conception of a corporation.) They dare not open their mouths in public, put pen to paper, pronounce judgment on any social question, attend a banquet—almost take a bath—without first securing the received policy of the company for which they work. They move in a world of juggernauts and spooks which pass under the name of unfavorable publicity. They cower before the dire warnings of counsels on public relations. Instead of honestly admitting they are in business for profit, they squirt atomizers filled with the rank perfumes of "service," "good will," "public duty" in all directions, until the atmosphere of the nation bids fair to be choked with alien gases. They wriggle, this subspecies, into schools, universities, women's clubs, churches. They teach the teacher to teach the little children to wash their little hands with their little cakes of Banana Oil Soap. It is difficult to walk a block in Washington without bumping into one of their legislative agents. Even as the Russians substitute Communism for God, these gentlemen substitute their Corporation. It can do no wrong. Once I was walking the streets of Boston with the vice-president of a great financial institution. We came to a little decayed brick building near the docks. He stopped, with reverence in his every gesture, and all but took off his hat. "This," he said, "is where our Company first began to do business." We might have been visiting the birthplace of a saint.

I should like to see old Jolyon Forsyte at a few American directors' tables; I should like to hear him express his mind freely at a conference of Junior Executives. Here was a man who ransacked the world for tea, sold you only the finest, and took a good round profit on the transaction. He did not cower before sticks of type, cared not a damn about "unfavorable publicity," had no animistic corporate god to serve, and could call his soul his own.

I have been perhaps unduly harsh with that fraction of corporation executives who have forsworn all canons of personal integrity to serve a paper monster. But I should like them to know how their activities impress the outside public; and I would point out, furthermore, that the lesson taught the politicians by Mr. Morrow is equally applicable in their case. They could afford to substitute facts for propaganda far more frequently than they do. The type of publicity put out by the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad may serve as an example of winning real good will by honest methods as against the tricky and spurious variety.

If you think that I have been passing moral judgments, I have completely failed in writing this article. Questionable morals as reflected in graft,

peculation, and legal crime lie quite outside the discussion. Such behavior is to be found in every civilization since Mesopotamia; whether the ratio is worse in modern America I do not know, and for the moment do not care. Owing to the colossal temptations for graft inspired by prohibition, it may well be worse at the present writing; but this, we trust, is a temporary phenomenon. All I have tried to say is that you and I, and Americans generally, have each a personal standard of honorable conduct. Under prevailing conditions, largely economic, it is frequently impossible to live within striking distance of that standard. Dr. Paul S. Achilles of Columbia, professor of vocational psychology, estimates that over fifty per cent of Americans are not happy in their work. (The suicide rate per thousand has jumped fivefold in seventy years.) I am but pointing out a major reason for that unhappiness. There is better stuff in us than we are permitted to express, and callous as routine may have made us, the failure of self-expression still hurts. In the end nothing but a greater margin of economic security—the rock which stiffened the backbone of the pioneer—can bring release.

A DREAM COME TRUE

By Morris Raphael Cohen (1880-1947)

My appointment as an Assistant Professor of Philosophy in July, 1912, marked, for me, the end of a long valley of humiliation. I had labored for six years with the Leah of mathematics, yearning for the Rachel of philosophy that I thought I had won with my Harvard doctorate in 1906. . . .

My reading and writing on the teaching of philosophy had been given a special urgency by my appointment, and I asked myself with some concern to what purpose I should direct my energies. Until fairly recently the teaching of philosophy in American colleges had been viewed as a branch of Christian apologetics and teachers of philosophy had long been selected on the basis of piety and pastoral experience rather than on professional training and competence. Indeed, even in recent years I have had letters from highly respected ministers who, upon being appointed to teach philosophy, ask me to recommend a good book on the subject. But clearly I had not been appointed to teach philosophy at City College on the basis of my piety. What, then, should the role of a philosophy teacher be in a

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liberal civilization? Why should a great city, in which many races and creeds sought to live and work together in peace, employ a philosopher as a teacher of its sons?

When it was first proposed to found a Free Academy in New York, at the end of the Mexican War, a violent protest was raised by the wealthier classes, who objected to the unprecedented use of public money for that purpose. The objections were snowed under in a popular referendum, but the *New York Sun* continued for at least ninety years to echo the old protests against the institution of the College of the City of New York as a thinly disguised method of robbing the rich to pay for the education of the poor. The steady growth of the College, despite the opposition of certain groups of taxpayers, indicates that the service it has rendered has endeared it to the hearts of the citizens of New York.

The fact is that higher education in the past had always been the possession of the privileged classes, to be used as an ornament and a source of power. The idea of adapting higher education to the needs of the great multitude who have to go to work relatively early in life has not yet become an integral part of our national system of education. The struggle to achieve this result is still going on; in most other lands it has hardly begun. New York is still unique in the history of civilization with respect to generosity in matters of education. That such generosity might help to save liberal civilization from the dark forces that threaten it had long been an article of faith I lived by. This made teaching at City College a challenge. Here was the front line of the struggle to liberalize education in a democracy. To make available to the poorest member of society the highest experiences of the human mind had been the driving objective of my early socialist dreams. Now, at last, I was privileged to play a significant role in that process.

That role I did not find an easy one. When I started to teach philosophy in City College I found myself devoid of the gift of verbal fluency, and so I naturally resorted to the use of the Socratic method: teaching by means of searching and provoking questions. The head of the department, who was not similarly handicapped—in fact he was exceptionally gifted as a lecturer—at first demurred.

"What do you do to make your students into fine fellows?" he asked.

To which I replied, "I'm not a fine fellow myself, at least not so much better than my students that I can venture to impose my own standard on them."

And this I meant not by way of irony or false modesty but in all sincerity. As a son of immigrant parents I shared with my students their background, their interests, and their limitations. My students were, on the whole, relatively emancipated in social matters and politics as well as in religion. They did not share the Orthodoxy of their parents. And

breaking away from it left them ready and eager to adopt all sorts of substitutes. Though many of their parents were highly learned, as was not uncommon among Russian Jews, my students had gone to American public schools, and the learning of their parents, being permeated so deeply with the Talmudic tradition, was in the main foreign to them. City College offered a rich variety of courses in languages, literature, and science, but the curriculum allowed few courses in philosophy itself. I therefore saw no adequate opportunity for teaching philosophy along traditional lines. Instead I had to give courses primarily in related subjects, hoping to bring philosophic insight to my students through courses on the nature of civilization, the philosophy of law, and the topics covered by Santayana in the last four volumes of his *Life of Reason.*

Even when I essayed, in later years, to give more technical courses in philosophy, as in metaphysics and advanced logic, what gave life to the give-and-take of classroom discussions was the fact that these courses afforded an opportunity to press a thorough-going analysis of living ideas beyond the points where polite conversation generally stops. In later years when I faced more placid Western students who were less interested in bringing to light their own first principles, I came to realize more clearly how much student attitudes at the City College had contributed to the form of my teaching and of my thought.

Never having discovered for myself any royal road up the rocky and dangerous steep of philosophy, I did not conceive it to be part of my function as a teacher to show my students such a road. The only help I could offer them was to convince them that they must climb for themselves or else sink in the mire of conventional error. All I could do to make the climbing easier was to relieve them of needless customary baggage. This exposed me to the charge of being merely critical, negative, or destructive. I have always been ready to plead guilty to that charge.

It seemed to me that one must clear the ground of useless rubbish before one can begin to build. I once said to a student who reproached me for my destructive criticism, "You have heard the story of how Hercules cleaned the Augean stables. He took all the dirt and manure out and left them clean. You ask me, 'What did he leave in their stead?' I answer, 'Isn't it enough to have cleaned the stables?' "

Knocking logical error and comfortable illusions out of young people's heads is not a pleasant occupation. It is much pleasanter to preach one's own convictions. But how could I hope, in a few weeks of contact with my students, to build up a coherent world-view that should endure throughout their subsequent lives? And even if I had had the time, respect for the individual personality of the student before me would still have kept me from trying to impose my own world-view on those whose temperament, tastes, and experiences were different from mine. Davidson had long ago

cured me of the natural urge which so many men and women never outgrow to remake God and the universe in our own images. Davidson himself had made it a rule of his life to quarrel with all those who agreed with him, and his favorite pupils were those who most radically differed from him. Why should I assume that my own convictions represented the summits of wisdom in philosophy or anything else? It seemed to me a more important service in the cause of liberal civilization to develop a spirit of genuine regard for the weight of evidence and a power to discriminate between responsible and irresponsible sources of information, to inculcate the habit of admitting ignorance when we do not know, and to nourish the critical spirit of inquiry which is inseparable from the love of truth that makes men free. The critical and scientific spirit can be trained in philosophy as it is trained in the special sciences.

That, at any rate, has been my dominant idea so far as I have had any ideas as to the teaching of philosophy. I did not make the mistake of thinking that because this was the thing I could best teach, it was the only important thing in life. Civilized life demands a division of labor. It would be enough if I could lead pupils out of the Egypt of Bondage into the Desert of Freedom and leave them there. I had faith that they would enter the Promised Land without me. Though I am liberally skeptical I have a firm faith that if you remove certain obstructions the free mind will thrive by its own energy on the natural food which it can gather from its own experience.

Judging by the unprecedented attendance and the eager response I received from my students, I seemed to have aroused genuine interest in philosophy not as a body of doctrine but as a liberation from superstitions, new as well as old. By challenging the opinions current among young people at the time—such as the uncritical acceptance of psychoanalysis, economic and other forms of materialist determinism, the complacent cult of progress, and other myths which parade as modern "science"—I think I succeeded in bringing to some of my students the realization that the problems of philosophy are matters of such vital importance that they have to be faced most seriously in every realm under penalty of otherwise falling into grievous and devastating error.

This experience strengthened my conviction that the main function of teaching philosophy should be the opening of the human mind to new possibilities, rather than the inculcation of any new set of doctrines. To me, this did not mean the old-fashioned liberation of the mind from all traditional beliefs, but rather the supplying of students with new points of view that would enrich their outlook and thus help them to attain intellectual independence. This in practice meant attempting to teach future scientists, lawyers, economists, and citizens to think philosophically about the problems of science, law, economics, and citizenship.

As a teacher I could claim to belong to the class of Garman and Howison, who trained thinkers rather than made disciples. Teaching undergraduates who were preparing to enter diverse fields of activity, I sought to cultivate their powers of critical reflection so that they would become more intelligent members of the community rather than technical philosophers. Knowing from experience the difficulty of finding positions in the teaching of philosophy, I never encouraged any of my students to become professional philosophers, although many have already had distinguished careers as teachers of philosophy . . . and others have given promise of similarly distinguished philosophical careers. . . .

As a teacher in City College, I was under pressure to teach regular and often large classes, rather than distinctive individuals. There was little opportunity for instructor and student to get together for more intimate conversation. If a teacher is also sensitive, as I have always been, to the danger of imposing his own personal attitude and views on his pupils and prefers to encourage them to struggle alone and arrive at their own conclusions, he too readily accepts this limitation of impersonal classroom companionship even in the pursuit of the intensely personal truths of philosophy. This, at any rate, partly explains to my own mind why I never became intimately acquainted with more than a very few of my fifteen thousand or so students.

Whatever my failings as a teacher, I tried to tell my students what I thought they ought to hear, rather than what I thought they would like to hear. The process of demolishing youthful illusions would have hurt sensitive students keenly even if I had been more circumspect than I knew how to be in salving tender feelings. Actually I found the method of treatment by shock the most effective way of leading students to appreciate the nature and dimensions of ignorance. Though I had deep respect for the personality of the individual student, I lacked, except on rare occasions of good health, the courtesy of Socrates. One of my students, when I asked for criticisms of a course that had just come to an end, commented, "Justice Holmes said he envied the youth who sit at your feet. It is evident that he never took a course with you." I know that many of my students have felt that way. The cynic acid that I used for the purpose of dissolving hazy confusions must have left scars on a good many sensitive youngsters. I suppose my reputation as a hard and exacting taskmaster was well-deserved. . . .

SEX EX MACHINA

By James Thurber (1894-)

WITH the disappearance of the gas mantle and the advent of the short circuit, man's tranquillity began to be threatened by everything he put his hand on. Many people believe that it was a sad day indeed when Benjamin Franklin tied that key to a kite string and flew the kite in a thunderstorm; other people believe that if it hadn't been Franklin, it would have been someone else. As, of course, it was in the case of the harnessing of steam and the invention of the gas engine. At any rate, it has come about that so-called civilized man finds himself today surrounded by the myriad mechanical devices of a technological world. Writers of books on how to control your nerves, how to conquer fear, how to cultivate calm, how to be happy in spite of everything, are of several minds as regards the relation of man and the machine. Some of them are prone to believe that the mind and body, if properly disciplined, can get the upper hand of this mechanized existence. Others merely ignore the situation and go on to the profitable writing of more facile chapters of inspiration. Still others attribute the whole menace of the machine to sex, and so confuse the average reader that he cannot always be certain whether he has been knocked down by an automobile or is merely in love.

Dr. Bisch, the Be-Glad-You're-Neurotic man, has a remarkable chapter which deals, in part, with man, sex, and the machine. He examines the case of three hypothetical men who start across a street on a red light and get in the way of an oncoming automobile. A dodges successfully; B stands still, "accepting the situation with calm and resignation," thus becoming one of my favorite heroes in modern belles-lettres; and C hesitates, wavers, jumps backward and forward, and finally runs head on into the car. To lead you through Dr. Bisch's complete analysis of what was wrong with B and C would occupy your whole day. He mentions what the McDougallians would say ("Instinct!"), what the Freudians would retort ("Complexes!"), and what the behaviorists would shout ("Conditioned reflexes!"). He also brings in what the physiologist would say—deficient thyroid, hypoadrenal functioning, and so on. The average sedentary man of our time who is at all suggestible must emerge from this chapter believing that his chances of surviving a combination of instinct, complexes, reflexes, glands, sex, and present-day traffic conditions are about equal to those of a one-legged blind man trying to get out of a labyrinth.

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Let us single out what Dr. Bisch thinks the Freudians would say about poor Mr. C, who ran right into the car. He writes, " 'sex hunger,' the Freudians would declare. 'Always keyed up and irritable because of it. Undoubtedly suffers from insomnia and when he does sleep his dream life must be productive, distorted, and possibly frightening. Automobile unquestionably has sex significance for him . . . to C the car is both enticing and menacing at one and the same time. . . . A thorough analysis is indicated. . . . It might take months. But then, the man needs an analysis as much as food. He is heading for a complete nervous collapse.' " It is my studied opinion, not to put too fine a point on it, that Mr. C is heading for a good mangling, and that if he gets away with only a nervous collapse, it will be a miracle.

I have not always, I am sorry to say, been able to go the whole way with the Freudians, or even a very considerable distance. Even though, as Dr. Bisch says, "One must admit that the Freudians have had the best of it thus far. At least they have received the most publicity." It is in matters like their analysis of men and machines, of Mr. C and the automobile, that the Freudians and I part company. Of course, the analysis above is simply Dr. Bisch's idea of what the Freudians would say, but I think he has got it down pretty well. Dr. Bisch himself leans toward the Freudian analysis of Mr. C, for he says in this same chapter, "An automobile bearing down upon you may be a sex symbol at that, you know, especially if you dream it." It is my contention, of course, that even if you dream it, it is probably not a sex symbol, but merely an automobile bearing down upon you. And if it bears down upon you in real life, I am sure it is an automobile. I have seen the same behavior that characterized Mr. C displayed by a squirrel (Mr. S) that lives in the grounds of my house in the country. He is a fairly tame squirrel, happily mated and not sex-hungry, if I am any judge, but nevertheless he frequently runs out toward my automobile when I start down the driveway, and then hesitates, wavers, jumps forward and backward, and occasionally would run right into the car except that he is awfully fast on his feet and that I always hurriedly put on the brakes of the 1935 V-8 Sex Symbol that I drive.

I have seen this same behavior in the case of rabbits (notoriously uninfluenced by any sex symbols save those of other rabbits), dogs, pigeons, a doe, a young hawk (which flew at my car), a blue heron that I encountered on a country road in Vermont, and once, near Paul Smith's in the Adirondacks, a fox. They all acted exactly like Mr. C. The hawk, unhappily, was killed. All the others escaped with nothing worse, I suppose, than a complete nervous collapse. Although I cannot claim to have been conversant with the private life and the secret compulsions, the psycho-neuroses and the glandular activities of all these animals, it is nevertheless my confident and unswervable belief that there was nothing

at all the matter with any one of them. Like Mr. C, they suddenly saw a car swiftly bearing down upon them, got excited, and lost their heads. I do not believe, you see, there was anything the matter with Mr. C, either. But I do believe that, after a thorough analysis lasting months, with a lot of harping on the incident of the automobile, something might very well come to be the matter with him. He might even get to suffering from the delusion that he believes automobiles are sex symbols.

It seems to me worthy of note that Dr. Bisch, in reciting the reactions of three persons in the face of an oncoming car, selected three men. What would have happened had they been Mrs. A, Mrs. B, and Mrs. C? You know as well as I do: all three of them would have hesitated, wavered, jumped forward and backward, and finally run head on into the car if some man hadn't grabbed them. (I used to know a motorist who, every time he approached a woman standing on a curb preparing to cross the street, shouted, "Hold it, stupid!") It is not too much to say that, with a car bearing down upon them, ninety-five women out of a hundred would act like Mr. C—or Mr. S, the squirrel, or Mr. F, the fox. But it is certainly too much to say that ninety-five out of every hundred women look upon an automobile as a sex symbol. For one thing, Dr. Bisch points out that the automobile serves as a sex symbol because of the "mechanical principle involved." But only one woman in a thousand really knows anything about the mechanical principle involved in an automobile. And yet, as I have said, ninety-five out of a hundred would hesitate, waver, and jump, just as Mr. C did. I think we have the Freudians here. If we haven't proved our case with rabbits and a blue heron, we have certainly proved it with women.

To my notion, the effect of the automobile and of other mechanical contrivances on the state of our nerves, minds, and spirits is a problem which the popular psychologists whom I have dealt with know very little about. The sexual explanation of the relationship of man and the machine is not good enough. To arrive at the real explanation, we have to begin very far back, as far back as Franklin and the kite, or at least as far back as a certain man and woman who appear in a book of stories written more than sixty years ago by Max Adeler. One story in this book tells about a housewife who bought a combination ironing board and card table, which some New England genius had thought up in his spare time. The husband, coming home to find the devilish contraption in the parlor, was appalled. "What is that thing?" he demanded. His wife explained that it was a card table, but that if you pressed a button underneath, it would become an ironing board. Whereupon she pushed the button and the table leaped a foot into the air, extended itself, and became an ironing board. The story goes on to tell how the thing finally became so finely sensitized that it would change back and forth if you merely touched it—you didn't have

to push the button. The husband stuck it in the attic (after it had leaped up and struck him a couple of times while he was playing euchre), and on windy nights it could be heard flopping and banging around, changing from a card table to an ironing board and back. The story serves as one example of our dread heritage of annoyance, shock, and terror arising out of the nature of mechanical contrivances *per se*. The mechanical principle involved in this damnable invention had, I believe, no relationship to sex whatsoever. There are certain analysts who see sex in anything, even a leaping ironing board, but I think we can ignore these scientists.

No man (to go on) who has wrestled with a self-adjusting card table can ever be quite the man he once was. If he arrives at the state where he hesitates, wavers, and jumps at every mechanical device he encounters, it is not, I submit, because he recognizes the enticements of sex in the device, but only because he recognizes the menace of the machine as such. There might very well be, in every descendant of the man we have been discussing, an inherited desire to jump at, and conquer, mechanical devices before they have a chance to turn into something twice as big and twice as menacing. It is not reasonable to expect that his children and their children will have entirely escaped the stigma of such traumata. I myself will never be the man I once was, nor will my descendants probably ever amount to much, because of a certain experience I had with an automobile.

I had gone out to the barn of my country place, a barn which was used both as a garage and a kennel, to quiet some large black poodles. It was 1 A.M. of a pitch-dark night in winter and the poodles had apparently been terrified by some kind of a prowler, a tramp, a turtle, or perhaps a fiend of some sort. Both my poodles and myself believed, at the time, in fiends, and still do. Fiends who materialize out of nothing and nowhere, like winged pigweed or Russian thistle. I had quite a time quieting the dogs, because their panic spread to me and mine spread back to them again, in a kind of vicious circle. Finally, a hush as ominous as their uproar fell upon them, but they kept looking over their shoulders, in a kind of apprehensive way. "There's nothing to be afraid of," I told them as firmly as I could, and just at that moment the klaxon of my car, which was just behind me, began to shriek. Everybody has heard a klaxon on a car suddenly begin to sound; I understand it is a short circuit that causes it. But very few people have heard one scream behind them while they were quieting six or eight poodles in the middle of the night in an old barn. I jump now whenever I hear a klaxon, even the klaxon on my own car when I push the button intentionally. The experience has left its mark. Everybody, from the day of the jumping card table to the day of the screaming klaxon, has had similar shocks. You can see the result, entirely unsuperinduced by sex, in the strained faces and muttering lips of people who pass you on the streets of great highly mechanized cities. There goes

a man who picked up one of those trick matchboxes that whir in your hands; there goes a woman who tried to change a fuse without turning off the current; and yonder toddles an ancient who cranked an old Reo with the spark advanced. Every person carries in his consciousness the old scar, or the fresh wound, of some harrowing misadventure with a contraption of some sort. I know people who would not deposit a nickel and a dime in a cigarette-vending machine and push the lever even if a diamond necklace came out. I know dozens who would not climb into an airplane even if it didn't move off the ground. In none of these people have I discerned what I would call a neurosis, an "exaggerated" fear; I have discerned only a natural caution in a world made up of gadgets that whir and whine and whiz and shriek and sometimes explode.

I should like to end with the case history of a friend of mine in Ohio named Harvey Lake. When he was only nineteen, the steering bar of an old electric runabout broke off in his hand, causing the machine to carry him through a fence and into the grounds of the Columbus School for Girls. He developed a fear of automobiles, trains, and every other kind of vehicle that was not pulled by a horse. Now, the psychologists would call this a complex and represent the fear as abnormal, but I see it as a purely reasonable apprehension. If Harvey Lake had, because he was catapulted into the grounds of the Columbus School for Girls, developed a fear of girls, I would call that a complex; but I don't call his normal fear of machines a complex. Harvey Lake never in his life got into a plane (he died from a fall from a porch), but I do not regard that as neurotic, either, but only sensible.

I have, to be sure, encountered men with complexes. There was, for example, Marvin Belt. He had a complex about airplanes that was quite interesting. He was not afraid of machinery, or of high places, or of crashes. He was simply afraid that the pilot of any plane he got into might lose his mind. "I imagine myself high over Montana," he once said to me, "in a huge, perfectly safe tri-motored plane. Several of the passengers are dozing, others are reading, but I am keeping my eyes glued on the door to the cockpit. Suddenly the pilot steps out of it, a wild light in his eyes, and in a falsetto like that of a little girl he says to me, 'Conductor, will you please let me off at One-Hundred-and-Twenty-fifth Street?' " "But," I said to Belt, "even if the pilot does go crazy, there is still the co-pilot." "No, there isn't," said Belt. "The pilot has hit the co-pilot over the head with something and killed him." Yes, the psychoanalysts can have Marvin Belt. But they can't have Harvey Lake, or Mr. C, or Mr. S, or Mr. F, or, while I have my strength, me.

THE DOUBLE TASK OF LANGUAGE

By S. I. Hayakawa (1906-)

Tens of thousands of years have elapsed since we shed our tails, but we are still communicating with a medium developed to meet the needs of arboreal man. . . . We may smile at the linguistic illusions of primitive man, but may we forget that the verbal machinery on which we so readily rely, and with which our metaphysicians still profess to probe the Nature of Existence, was set up by him, and may be responsible for other illusions hardly less gross and not more easily eradicable?

OGDEN AND RICHARDS

Connotations

REPORT language, as we have seen, is *instrumental* in character—that is, instrumental in getting work done; but, as we have seen, language is also used for the direct *expression* of the feelings of the speaker. Considering language from the point of view of the *hearer,* we can say that report language *informs* us but that these expressive uses of language (for example, judgments and what we have called presymbolic functions) *affect* us—that is, affect our feelings. When language is affective, it has the character of a kind of force.[1] A spoken insult, for example, provokes a return insult, just as a blow provokes a return blow; a loud and peremptory command compels, just as a push compels; talking and shouting are as much a display of energy as the pounding of the chest. And the first of the affective elements in speech, as we have seen, is the tone of voice, its loudness or softness, its pleasantness or unpleasantness, its variations during the course of the utterance in volume and intonation.

Another affective element in language is rhythm. *Rhythm* is the name we give to the effect produced by the repetition of auditory (or kinesthetic) stimuli at fairly regular intervals. From the boom-boom of a childish drum to the subtle nuances of cultivated poetry and music, there is a continuous

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1. Such terms as "emotional" and "emotive" which imply misleading distinctions between the "emotional appeals" and "intellectual appeals" of language, should be carefully avoided. In any case, "emotional" applies too specifically to strong feelings. The word "affective," however, in such an expression as the "affective uses of language," describes not only the way in which language can arouse strong feelings, but also the way in which it arouses extremely subtle, sometimes unconscious, responses. "Affective" has the further advantage of introducing no inconvenient distinctions between "physical" and "mental" responses.

development and refinement of man's responsiveness to rhythm. To produce rhythm is to arouse attention and interest; so affective is rhythm, indeed, that it catches our attention even when we do not want our attention distracted. *Rhyme* and *alliteration* are, of course, ways of emphasizing rhythm in language, through repetition of similar sounds at regular intervals. Political-slogan writers and advertisers therefore have a special fondness for rhyme and alliteration: "Tippecanoe and Tyler Too," "rum, Romanism, and Rebellion," "Keep Cool with Coolidge," "Order from Horder," "Better Buy Buick"—totally absurd slogans so far as informative value is concerned, but by virtue of their sound capable of setting up small rhythmic echoes in one's head that make such phrases annoyingly difficult to forget.

In addition to tone of voice and rhythm, another extremely important affective element in language is the aura of feelings, pleasant or unpleasant, that surrounds practically all words. It will be recalled that in Chapter 4, a distinction was made between denotations (or extensional meaning) pointing to things, and connotations (or intensional meaning) "ideas," "notions," "concepts," and feelings suggested in the mind. These connotations can be divided into two kinds, the *informative* and the *affective.*

Informative Connotations

The informative connotations of a word are its socially agreed upon, "impersonal" meanings, *insofar as meanings can be given at all by additional words.* For example, if we talk about a "pig," we cannot readily give the extensional meaning (denotation) of the word unless there happens to be an actual pig around for us to point at; but we can give the informative connotations: "Mammalian domestic quadruped of the kind generally raised by farmers to be made into pork, bacon, ham, lard . . ."—which are connotations upon which everybody can agree. Sometimes, however, the informative connotations of words used in everyday life differ so much from place to place and from individual to individual that a special substitute terminology with more fixed informative connotations has to be used when special accuracy is desired. The scientific names for plants and animals are an example of terminology with such carefully established informative connotations.

Affective Connotations

The affective connotations of a word, on the other hand, are the aura of personal feelings it arouses, as, for example, "pig": "Ugh! Dirty, evil-smelling creatures, wallowing in filthy sties," and so on. While there is no necessary agreement about these feelings—some people like pigs and others don't—it is the existence of these feelings that enables us to use words, under certain circumstances, *for their affective connotations alone,* without regard to their informative connotations. That is to say, when we

are strongly moved, we express our feelings by uttering words with the affective connotations appropriate to our feelings, without paying any attention to the informative connotations they may have. We angrily call people "reptiles," "wolves," "old bears," "skunks," or lovingly call them "honey," "sugar," "duck," and "apple dumpling." Indeed, all verbal expressions of feeling make use to some extent of the affective connotations of words.

All words have, according to the uses to which they are put, some affective character. There are many words that exist more for their affective value than for their informative value; for example, we can refer to "that man" as "that gentleman," "that individual," "that person," "that gent," "that guy," "that hombre," "that bird," or "that bozo"—and while the person referred to may be the same in all these cases, each of these terms reveals a difference in our feelings toward him. Dealers in knickknacks frequently write "Gyfte Shoppe" over the door, hoping that such a spelling carries, even if their merchandise does not, the flavor of antiquity. Affective connotations suggestive of England and Scotland are often sought in the choice of brand names for men's suits and overcoats: "Glenmoor," "Regent Park," "Bond Street." Sellers of perfume choose names for their products that suggest France—"Mon Désir," "Indiscret," "Evening in Paris"—and expensive brands always come in "flacons," never in bottles. Consider, too, the differences among the following expressions:

I have the honor to inform Your Excellency . . .
This is to advise you . . .
I should like to tell you, sir . . .
I'm telling you, Mister . . .
Cheez, boss, git a load of dis . . .

The parallel columns below also illustrate how affective connotations can be changed while extensional meanings remain the same.

Finest quality filet mignon.	First-class piece of dead cow.
Cubs trounce Giants 5-3.	Score: Cubs 5, Giants 3.
McCormick Bill steam-rollered through Senate.	Senate passes McCormick Bill over strong opposition.
She has her husband under her thumb.	She is deeply interested in her husband's affairs.
French armies in rapid retreat!	The retirement of the French forces to previously prepared positions in the rear was accomplished briskly and efficiently.
The governor appeared to be gravely concerned and said that a statement would be issued in a few days after careful examination of the facts.	The governor was on the spot.

The story is told that, during the Boer War, the Boers were described in the British press as "sneaking and skulking behind rocks and bushes." The British forces, when they finally learned from the Boers how to employ tactics suitable to veldt warfare, were described as "cleverly taking advantage of cover."

A Note on Verbal Taboo

The affective connotations of some words provide obstacles, sometimes serious obstacles, to communication. In some circles of society, for example, it is "impolite" to speak of eating. A maid answering the telephone has to say, "Mr. Jones is at dinner," and not, "Mr. Jones is eating dinner." The same hesitation about referring too baldly to eating is shown in the economical use made of the French and Japanese words meaning "to eat," *manger* and *taberu;* a similar delicacy exists in many other languages. Again, when creditors send bills, they practically never mention "money," although that is what they are writing about. There are all sorts of circumlocutions: "We would appreciate your early attention to this matter." "May we look forward to an immediate remittance?" Furthermore, we ask movie ushers and filling-station attendants where the "lounge" or "rest room" is, although we usually have no intention of lounging or resting; indeed, it is impossible in polite society to state, without having to resort to a medical vocabulary, what a "rest room" is for. The word "dead" likewise is used as little as possible by many people, who substitute such expressions as "gone west," "passed away," "gone to his reward," and "departed." In every language there is a long list of such carefully avoided words whose affective connotations are so unpleasant or so undesirable that people cannot say them, even when they are needed.

Words having to do with physiology and sex—and words even vaguely suggesting physiological and sexual matters—have, especially in American culture, remarkable affective connotations. Ladies of the last century could not bring themselves to say "breast" or "leg"—not even of chicken—so that the terms "white meat" and "dark meat" were substituted. It was thought inelegant to speak of "going to bed," and "to retire" was used instead. In rural America there are many euphemisms for the word "bull"; among them are "he cow," "cow critter," "male cow," "gentleman cow." There are numerous and complicated verbal taboos in radio. Scientists and physicians asked to speak on the radio have been known to cancel their speeches in despair when they discovered that ordinary physiological terms, such as "stomach" and "bowels," are forbidden on some stations. Indeed, there are some words, well known to all of us, whose affective connotations are so powerful that if they were printed here, even for the purposes of scientific analysis, this book would be excluded from all public schools and libraries, and anyone placing a copy of it in the United States mails would be subject to Federal prosecution!

For reasons such as these, the first steps in sex education, whether among adults or in schools, are usually entirely linguistic. To most of the general public, the nontechnical vocabulary of sex is unusable and the technical vocabulary is unknown. Hence, prior to instruction, an affectively neutral vocabulary of sex has to be established.

The stronger verbal taboos have, however, a genuine social value. When we are extremely angry and we feel the need of expressing our anger in violence, the uttering of these forbidden words provides us with a relatively harmless verbal substitute for going berserk and smashing furniture; that is, they act as a kind of safety valve in our moments of crisis.

Why some words should have such powerful affective connotations while others *with the same informative connotations* should not is difficult to explain fully. Some of our verbal taboos, especially the religious ones, obviously originate in our earlier belief in word-magic; the names of gods, for example, were often regarded as too holy to be spoken. But all taboos cannot be explained in terms of word-magic. According to some psychologists, our verbal taboos on sex and physiology are probably due to the fact that we all have certain feelings of which we are so ashamed that we do not like to admit even to ourselves that we have them. We therefore resent words which remind us of those feelings, and get angry at the utterer of such words. Such an explanation would confirm the fairly common observation that some of the fanatics who object most strenuously to "dirty" books and plays do so not because their minds are especially pure, but because they are especially morbid.

Race and Words

The fact that some words arouse both informative and affective connotations simultaneously gives a special complexity to discussions involving religious, racial, national, and political groups. To many people, the word "communist" means simultaneously "one who believes in communism" (informative connotations) *and* "one who ought to be thrown in jail, run out of the country . . ." (affective connotations). Words applying to occupations of which one disapproves ("pickpocket," "racketeer"), like those applying to believers in philosophies of which one may disapprove ("atheist," "heretic," "Trotskyite," "Holy Roller"), likewise often communicate simultaneously a fact and a judgment on the fact.

In the western and southwestern parts of the United States, there are strong prejudices against Mexicans, both immigrant and American-born. The strength of this prejudice is indirectly revealed by the fact that polite people and newspapers have stopped using the word "Mexican" altogether, using the expression "Spanish-speaking person" instead. "Mexican" has been used with contemptuous connotations for so long that it has become, in the opinion of many people in the region, unsuitable for polite conver-

sation. In some circles, the word is reserved for lower-class Mexicans, while the "politer" term is used for the upper class.

On subjects about which strong prejudices exist, we are compelled to talk in roundabout terms if we wish to avoid arousing the prejudices. Hence we have not only such terms as "Spanish-speaking persons," but also, in other contexts, "asocial types" instead of "criminals," "juvenile delinquents" and "problem children" instead of "little criminals," "segregees"[2] instead of "disloyal Japs," "exceptional (or atypical) children" instead of "backward (or stupid) kids," and so on.

These verbal stratagems are necessitated by the existence of strong affective connotations as well as by the often misleading implications of their blunter alternatives; they are not merely a matter of giving things fancy names in order to fool people, as the simple-minded often believe. Because the old names are "loaded," they dictate traditional patterns of behavior towards those to whom they are applied. When everybody "knew" what to do about "little criminals," they threw them in jail. Once in jail, "little criminals" showed a marked tendency to grow up into big criminals. When thoughtful people began to observe such facts, they started thinking out the problem all over again, using such terms as "juvenile delinquents" this time. It is significant that most people do not know for sure what to do about "juvenile delinquents." This is a hopeful sign. It may mean that they will continue to think until they reach better solutions than traditional moral indignation about "little criminals" has supplied. Similarly, it is possible that many who had dismissed Mexicans as "just Mexicans" may begin to think twice about their reactions when they are compelled by social usage to call them "Spanish-speaking Americans."

The meaning of words, as we have observed, changes from speaker to speaker and from context to context. In the case of "Japs" and "niggers," these words, although often used both as a designation and an insult, are sometimes used with no intent to offend. In some classes of society and in some geographical areas, there are people who know no other words for Japanese, and in other areas there are people who know no other words for Negroes. Ignorance of regional and class differences of dialect often results in feelings needlessly hurt. Those who believe that the meaning of a word is *in the word* often fail to understand this simple point of differences in usage. For example, an elderly Japanese woman of the writer's acquaintance living *in Chicago,* where the word "Jap" is often used simply to denote Japanese, always feels deeply insulted by the word, because *in*

2. This term was used for Japanese-Americans who were "segregated" in Tule Lake Camp (California) during World War II. In addition to the avowed Japanese sympathizers, these included persons who had asked to be returned to Japan after the war (often for family reasons), those who felt disillusioned with America as a result of wartime experiences, and the minor children of all these groups.

California, where she formerly lived, it was more often used with contemptuous connotations than not. She was therefore upset even by headlines over news stories praising the Japanese, such as "Jap-American War Heroes Return." "They're still calling us 'Japs,' " she would say. "Whenever I hear that word I feel dirty all over."

The word "nigger" has a similar effect on most Negroes. A distinguished Negro sociologist tells of an incident in his adolescence when he was hitchhiking far from home in regions where Negroes are hardly ever seen. He was befriended by an extremely kindly white couple who fed him and gave him a place to sleep in their home. However, they kept calling him "little nigger"—a fact which upset him profoundly even while he was grateful for their kindness. He finally got up courage to ask the man not to call him by that "insulting term."

"Who's insultin' you, son?" said the man.

"You are, sir—that name you're always calling me."

"What name?"

"Uh . . . you know."

"I ain't callin' you no names, son."

"I mean your calling me 'nigger.' "

"Well, what's insultin' about that? You are a nigger, ain't you?"

As the sociologist says now in telling the story, "I couldn't think of an answer then, and I'm not sure I can now."

In case the sociologist reads this book, we are happy to provide him with an answer, although it may be twenty-five years late. He might have said to his benefactor, "Sir, in the part of the country I come from, white people who treat colored people with respect call them 'Negroes,' while those who wish to show their contempt of colored people call them 'niggers.' I hope the latter is not your intention." And the man might have replied, had he been kindly in thought as he was in deed, "Well, you don't say! Sorry I hurt your feelings, son, but I didn't know." And that would have been that.

Negroes, having for a long time been victims of unfair persecution because of race, are often more sensitive about racial appellations than the Japanese woman previously mentioned. It need hardly be said that Negroes suffer from the confusion of informative and affective connotations just as often as white people—or Japanese. Such Negroes, and those white sympathizers with the Negro cause who are equally naïve in linguistic matters, tend to feel that the entire colored "race" is vilified whenever and wherever the word "nigger" occurs. They bristle even when it occurs in such expressions as "niggertoe" (the name of an herb; also a dialect term for Brazil nut), "niggerhead" (a type of chewing tobacco), "niggerfish" (a kind of fish found in West Indian and Floridan waters)—and even the word "niggardly" (of Scandinavian origin, unrelated, of course, to "Negro") has to be avoided before some audiences.

Such easily offended people sometimes send delegations to visit dictionary offices to demand that the word "nigger" be excluded from future editions, being unaware that dictionaries, as has already been said (Chapter 4), perform a historical, rather than legislative, function. (They will probably come to bother the publishers of this book, too.) To try to reduce racial discrimination by getting dictionaries to stop including the word "nigger" is like trying to cut down the birth rate by shutting down the office of the county register of births. When racial discrimination against Negroes is done away with, the word will either disappear or else lose its present connotations. By losing its present connotations, we mean (1) that people who need to insult their fellow men will have found more interesting grounds on which to base their insults, and (2) that people who are called "niggers" will no longer fly off the handle any more than a person from New England does at being called a "Yankee."

One other curious fact needs to be recorded concerning the words used regarding race, religion, political heresy, economic dissent, and other such hotly debated issues. Every reader is acquainted with certain people who, according to their own flattering descriptions of themselves, "believe in being frank" and like to "call a spade a spade." By "calling a spade a spade," they usually mean calling anything or anyone by the term which has the strongest and most disagreeable affective connotations. Why people should pin medals on themselves for "candor" for performing this nasty feat has often puzzled the writer. Sometimes it is necessary to violate verbal taboos as an aid to clearer thinking, but more often "calling a spade a spade" is to provide our minds with a greased runway down which we may slide back into old *and discredited* patterns of evaluation and behavior.

Everyday Uses of Language

The language of everyday life, then, differs from "reports" such as those discussed in Chapter 3. As in reports, we have to be accurate in choosing words that have the informative connotations we want; otherwise the reader or hearer will not know what we are talking about. But in addition, we have to give those words the affective connotations we want in order that he will be interested or moved by what we are saying, and feel towards things the way we do. This double task confronts us in almost all ordinary conversation, oratory, persuasive writing, and literature. Much of this task, however, is performed intuitively; without being aware of it, we choose the tone of voice, the rhythms, and the affective connotations appropriate to our utterance. Over the informative connotations of our utterances we exercise somewhat more conscious control. Improvement in our ability to understand language, as well as in our ability to use it, depends, therefore, not only upon sharpening our sense for the informative connotations of words, but *also upon the sharpening of our insight into the affective elements in*

language through social experience, through contact with many kinds of people in many kinds of situations, and through literary study.

The following, finally, are some of the things that can happen in any speech event:

1. The informative connotations may be inadequate or misleading, but the affective connotations may be sufficiently well directed so that we are able to interpret correctly. For example, when someone says, "Imagine who I saw today! Old What's-his-name—oh, you know who I mean—Whoosis, that old buzzard that lives on, oh—what's the name of that street!" there are means, certainly not clearly informative, by which we manage to understand who is being referred to.

2. The informative connotations may be correct enough and the extensional meanings clear, but the affective connotations may be inappropriate, misleading, or ludicrous. This happens frequently when people try to write elegantly: "Jim ate so many bags of *Arachis hypogaea,* commonly known as peanuts, at the ball game today that he was unable to do justice to his evening repast."

3. Both informative and affective connotations may "sound all right," but there may be no "territory" corresponding to the "map." For example: "He lived for many years in the beautiful hill country just south of Chicago." There is no hill country just south of Chicago.

4. Both informative and affective connotations may be used *consciously* to create "maps" of "territories" that do not exist. There are many reasons why we should wish on occasion to do so. Of these, only two need be mentioned now. First we may wish to give pleasure:

> Yet mark'd I where the bolt of Cupid fell:
> It fell upon a little western flower,
> Before milk-white, now purple with love's wound,
> And maidens call it, Love-in-idleness.
> Fetch me that flower; the herb I show'd thee once:
> The juice of it on sleeping eyelids laid
> Will make or man or woman madly dote
> Upon the next live creature that it sees.
>
> —*A Midsummer Night's Dream*

A second reason is to enable us to plan for the future. For example, we can say, "Let us suppose there is a bridge at the foot of this street; then the heavy traffic on High Street would be partly diverted over the new bridge; shopping would be less concentrated on High Street. . . ." Having visualized the condition that would result, we can recommend or oppose the bridge according to whether or not we like the probable results.

HOW TO DETECT PROPAGANDA

We are fooled by propaganda chiefly because we don't recognize it when we see it. It may be fun to be fooled but, as the cigarette ads used to say, it is more fun to know. We can more easily recognize propaganda when we see it if we are familiar with the seven common propaganda devices. These are:

1. The Name Calling Device
2. The Glittering Generalities Device
3. The Transfer Device
4. The Testimonial Device
5. The Plain Folks Device
6. The Card Stacking Device
7. The Band Wagon Device

Why are we fooled by these devices? Because they appeal to our emotions rather than to our reason. They make us believe and do something we would not believe or do if we thought about it calmly, dispassionately. In examining these devices, note that they work most effectively at those times when we are too lazy to think for ourselves; also, they tie into emotions which sway us to be "for" or "against" nations, races, religions, ideals, economic and political policies and practices, and so on through automobiles, cigarettes, radios, toothpastes, presidents, and wars. With our emotions stirred, it may be fun to be fooled by these propaganda devices, but it is more fun and infinitely more to our own interest to know how they work.

Lincoln must have had in mind citizens who could balance their emotions with intelligence when he made his remark: ". . . but you can't fool all of the people all of the time."

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. He does this by giving "bad names" to those individuals, groups, nations, races, policies, practices, beliefs, and ideals which he would have us condemn and reject. For centuries the name "heretic" was bad. Thousands were oppressed, tortured, or put to death as heretics. Anybody who dissented from popular or group belief or practice was in danger of being called a heretic. In the light of today's knowl-

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edge, some heresies were bad and some were good. Many of the pioneers of modern science were called heretics; witness the cases of Copernicus, Galileo, Bruno. (See "A History of the Warfare of Science with Theology," Andrew Dickson White, D. Appleton & Co.) Today's bad names include: Fascist, demagogue, dictator, Red, financial oligarchy, Communist, muckraker, alien, outside agitator, economic royalist, Utopian, rabble-rouser, trouble-maker, Tory, Constitution wrecker.

"Al" Smith called Roosevelt a Communist by implication when he said in his Liberty League speech, "There can be only one capital, Washington or Moscow." When "Al" Smith was running for the presidency many called him a tool of the Pope, saying in effect, "We must choose between Washington and Rome." That implied that Mr. Smith, if elected President, would take his orders from the Pope. Recently, Mr. Justice Hugo Black has been associated with a bad name, Ku Klux Klan. In these cases some propagandists have tried to make us form judgments without examining essential evidence and implications. "Al Smith is a Catholic. He must never be President." "Roosevelt is a Red. Defeat his program." "Hugo Black is or was a Klansman. Take him out of the Supreme Court."

Use of "bad names" without presentation of their essential meaning, without all their pertinent implications, comprises perhaps the most common of all propaganda devices. Those who want to *maintain* the status quo apply bad names to those who would change it. For example, the Hearst press applies bad names to Communists and Socialists. Those who want to *change* the status quo apply bad names to those who would maintain it. For example, the Daily Worker and the American Guardian apply bad names to conservative Republicans and Democrats.

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. He uses words like truth, freedom, honor, liberty, social justice, public service, the right to work, loyalty, progress, democracy, the American way, Constitution defender. These words suggest shining ideals. All persons of good will believe in these ideals. Hence the propagandist, by identifying his individual group, nation, race, policy, practice, or belief with such ideals, seeks to win us to his cause. As Name Calling is a device to make us form a judgment to *reject and condemn,* without examining the evidence, Glittering Generalities is a device to make us *accept and approve,* without examining the evidence.

For example, use of the phrases, "the right to work" and "social justice" may be a device to make us accept programs for meeting the labor-capital problem which, if we examined them critically, we would not accept at all.

In the Name Calling and Glittering Generalities devices, words are used to stir up our emotions and to befog our thinking. In one device "bad words" are used to make us mad; in the other "good words" are used to make us glad. (See "The Tyranny of Words," by Stuart Chase, in *Harper's Magazine* for November, 1937.)

The propagandist is most effective in use of these devices when his words make us create devils to fight or gods to adore. By his use of the "bad words," we personify as a "devil" some nation, race, group, individual, policy, practice, or ideal; we are made fighting mad to destroy it. By use of "good words," we personify as a god-like idol some nation, race, group, etc. Words which are "bad" to some are "good" to others, or may be made so. Thus, to some the New Deal is "a prophecy of social salvation" while to others it is "an omen of social disaster."

From consideration of names, "bad" and "good," we pass to institutions and symbols, also "bad" and "good." We see these in the next 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. For example, most of us respect and revere our church and our nation. If the propagandist succeeds in getting church or nation to approve a campaign in behalf of some program, he thereby transfers its authority, sanction, and prestige to that program. Thus we may accept something which otherwise we might reject.

In the Transfer device symbols are constantly used. The cross represents the Christian Church. The flag represents the nation. Cartoons like Uncle Sam represent a consensus of public opinion. Those symbols stir emotions. At their very sight, with the speed of light, is aroused the whole complex of feelings we have with respect to church or nation. A cartoonist by having Uncle Sam disapprove a budget for unemployment relief would have us feel that the whole United States disapproves relief costs. By drawing an Uncle Sam who approves the same budget, the cartoonist would have us feel that the American people approve it. Thus, the Transfer device is used both for and against causes and ideas.

Testimonial

The "Testimonial" is a device to make us accept anything from a patent medicine or a cigarette to a program of national policy. In this device the propagandist makes use of testimonials. "When I feel tired, I smoke a Camel and get the grandest 'lift.' " "We believe the John Lewis plan of labor organization is splendid; C.I.O. should be supported." This device works in reverse also; counter-testimonials may be employed. Seldom are these used against commercial products like patent medicines and cigarettes, but they are constantly employed in social, economic, and political issues.

"We believe that the John Lewis plan of labor organization is bad; C.I.O. should not be supported."

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." In election years especially do candidates show their devotion to little children and the common, homey things of life. They have front porch campaigns. For the newspaper men they raid the kitchen cupboard, finding there some of the good wife's apple pie. They go to country picnics; they attend service at the old frame church; they pitch hay and go fishing; they show their belief in home and mother. In short, they would win our votes by showing that they're just as common as the rest of us—"just plain folks,"—and, therefore, wise and good. Business men often are "plain folks" with the factory hands. Even distillers use the device. "It's our family's whiskey, neighbor; and neighbor, it's your price."

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, belief or ideal. He stacks the cards against the truth. He uses under-emphasis and over-emphasis to dodge issues and evade facts. He resorts to lies, censorship, and distortion. He omits facts. He offers false testimony. He creates a smoke-screen of clamor by raising a new issue when he wants an embarrassing matter forgotten. He draws a red herring across the trail to confuse and divert those in quest of facts he does not want revealed. He makes the unreal appear real and the real appear unreal. He lets half-truth masquerade as truth. By the Card Stacking device, a mediocre candidate, through the "build-up," is made to appear an intellectual titan; an ordinary prize fighter a probable world champion; a worthless patent medicine a beneficent cure. By means of this device propagandists would convince us that a ruthless war of aggression is a crusade for righteousness. Some member nations of the Non-Intervention Committee send their troops to intervene in Spain. Card Stacking employs sham, hypocrisy, effrontery.

The 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. He hires a hall, fills a great stadium, marches a million men in parade. He employs symbols, colors, music, movement, all the dramatic arts. He appeals to the desire, common to most of us, to "follow the crowd."

Because he wants us to "follow the crowd" in masses, he directs his appeal to groups held together by common ties of nationality, religion, race, environment, sex, vocation. Thus propagandists campaigning for or against a program will appeal to us as Catholics, Protestants, or Jews; as members of the Nordic race or as Negroes; as farmers or as school teachers; as housewives or as miners. All the artifices of flattery are used to harness the fears and hatreds, prejudices, and biases, convictions and ideals common to the group; thus emotion is made to push and pull the group on to the Band Wagon. In newspaper articles and in the spoken word this device is also found. "Don't throw your vote away. Vote for our candidate. He's sure to win." Nearly every candidate wins in every election—before the votes are in.

Propaganda and Emotion

Observe that in all these devices our emotion is the stuff with which propagandists work. Without it they are helpless; with it, harnessing it to their purposes, they can make us glow with pride or burn with hatred, they can make us zealots in behalf of the program they espouse. . . . Propaganda as generally understood is expression of opinion or action by individuals or groups with reference to predetermined ends. Without the appeal to our emotion—to our fears and to our courage, to our selfishness and unselfishness, to our loves and to our hates—propagandists would influence few opinions and few actions.

To say this is not to condemn emotion, an essential part of life, or to assert that all predetermined ends of propagandists are "bad." What we mean is that the intelligent citizen does not want propagandists to utilize his emotions, even to the attainment of "good" ends, without knowing what is going on. He does not want to be "used" in the attainment of ends he may later consider "bad." He does not want to be gullible. He does not want to be fooled. He does not want to be duped, even in a "good" cause. He wants to know the facts and among these is included the fact of the utilization of his emotions. . . .

HEARTACHE ON THE CAMPUS

By Mrs. Glenn Frank (1900-)

A FEW weeks ago at a large middle-western university I talked with a student who had recently been discharged from the army for poor health. The boy said he liked the school, his courses and

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his professors. There was one thing, however, which he did not like. He had come to the university as a legacy to one of the leading fraternities, but after looking him over the fraternity brothers had not invited him to become a member.

"I guess the war had made me too old," he said, grinning, but for all his nonchalance I could see the hurt in his eyes. He had been cruelly snubbed. Right at the start of his college career he had discovered that the very democracy for which he had fought didn't exist at this great university.

His discovery is not unique. Reports of friction between returning veterans and the Greek-letter societies come from many other colleges and universities supported by taxpayers' money. Young men who have been matured in the hard school of war are finding themselves the victims of a ridiculous and juvenile caste system which is totally un-American. This should not be. It is time for the legislatures of this country to enact stringent laws abolishing both college and high school fraternities and sororities from coast to coast.

To some people that may sound like a strong remedy for a comparatively minor evil in our educational system. But I do not consider it minor.

For more than a quarter of a century, as a sorority woman myself and as the wife of the president of one of our largest state universities, I have had a close view of the operations of the Greek-letter societies. What I have seen has convinced me that any good which these societies accomplish is far outweighed by the unhappiness and heartbreak which they inflict upon thousands of young people every year, and by the class-consciousness, religious bigotry and race prejudice which they foment right in those institutions which should be the most liberal. They have no more place in our public educational system than a Hitler youth movement.

Yes, you may say, but if fraternities and sororities should be abolished, wouldn't students organize other cliques and clubs? I admit that they would, but such groups would be formed in a normal natural way. Students would be judged on their merits and find their own level. A boy or girl would not be relegated to a fixed position in campus society during the first days of school, as is provided under smug Panhellenic rules, merely because of the prestige or bank account of his parents, or because of the way he flipped a cigarette or handled a cup of tea.

Only the other day I heard of the case of a dull and unattractive youth who was taken into an exclusive fraternity merely because his father, a rich alumnus, had presented the chapter house with a pine-paneled library; and I know of another case, just as recent, where a brilliant and beautiful girl was kept out of a sorority because her father happened to be a railroad engineer.

"What a pity God couldn't have made him a doctor or a lawyer instead," one of the sorority members said, but, imbued with the snobbery of her group, she voted against the girl just the same.

Such discrimination is the rule rather than the exception and just as often students are casually black-balled because of some trivial or imagined flaw in their appearance, dress or manners. Over and over again I have known of a boy's being rejected by a fraternity because he failed to dance well or wear the latest cut of collar, or of a girl who was made to feel a campus outcast because she was a bit overweight, perhaps, or made the fatal mistake of cutting her lettuce with a knife.

The high school fraternities and sororities are, if anything, even more brutal than the college societies which they imitate because they are unsupervised and they victimize students of an even more impressionable age. Many needless tears are shed and many hearts are broken every year where they flourish. I even know of one adolescent girl who committed suicide because her high school sorority refused to admit her sister to membership.

I realize that in certain places where high school fraternities and sororities have been suppressed by law they have sprung up again in the form of sub rosa organizations, but this can be prevented by requiring students to sign pledges against joining secret societies as is now done in the Milwaukee schools. Our main objective, however, should be the college fraternities and sororities. Once they are eradicated, their high school offshoots will wither and die quickly.

The appalling injustice and cruelty of the method by which students are rushed and pledged to fraternities and sororities was first brought home to me through personal experience.

The men of my father's family had for generations attended distinguished colleges and some of them had made distinguished records. My father felt that it was high time that the girls of the family should receive real educations too, and since there wasn't enough money to send me to Vassar, he decided to send me to the university of my home state, Missouri.

Before I left home, two of my mother's best friends said that since they had been Pi Phi's at Missouri they hoped I might become one too, and that they intended to write to the chapter recommending me. This conversation made me a bit apprehensive, but Mother brushed it aside. After all, I was going to the university to get an education, she said, not to become a Pi Phi. What difference did it make whether the sorority asked me or not?

But during my first hours at the university I was made to feel that sororities were the only thing that did matter. Although they represented only a minority of the women students, they had apparently taken over

the campus. They were giving teas, luncheons and dinners. They were helping some freshmen to matriculate and escorting others around town in stylish carriages, but only those freshmen, of course, about whom they had received letters. The YWCA was arranging parties for all girls, but no one wanted to go to them.

The big event of the Pi Phi rushing program was an evening party at the chapter house where candidates for pledging were given a final once-over by the members. I shall never forget that party. While stunning girls, gorgeously gowned, looked us over critically, I felt the way a person must feel on his way to the gallows. My pink-dotted mull dress and hair tied with a ribbon were all wrong, I felt, and I knew that one false move, such as spilling my coffee, would bar me forever from Pi Phi. I was frightened and homesick and my throat was parched.

When I got back to my room that night, I wrote to Mother begging her to let me come home. I pleaded homesickness, not daring to tell her that I was a failure—that there was no use in staying on, no use getting an education or anything else, because the Pi Phi's hadn't asked me and apparently weren't going to ask me. Never before or since have I felt so rejected, so hopelessly unattractive.

I started packing, but one afternoon there was a call from the Pi Phi house. Would I come over? I was so excited that I thought my quaking knees would not carry me several blocks. When I got there, one of the members pinned the Pi Phi's colors on my jumper dress. I was in!

It is impossible for me to put into words the relief which I experienced at that moment. It was like a reprieve from death. If I live to be a hundred, I shall never forget, either, the deep sense of inferiority which I felt during the period when I thought I was not going to be pledged. Life for me simply wasn't worth living.

All this happened a long time ago, but the heartless and undemocratic methods used in rushing and selecting pledges have not been changed one iota. In 1925, when my husband started his long term of office as president of the University of Wisconsin, I thought I might find conditions there different, because Wisconsin had a reputation for liberality. But I discovered the system there was just as brutal as at Missouri, and it still is.

Every autumn at Wisconsin, as at many colleges, there would come a Sunday which always seemed to me the saddest day of the year. It was the Sunday on which the sororities sent out their invitations. It might be a beautiful fall day, but in boarding houses all over Madison, I knew, hundreds of teen-age girls would be waiting tensely for bids which would never come. As dusk fell all hope would die in their hearts and many, many of those youngsters would cry themselves to sleep that night.

I know, moreover, that the injury which is inflicted upon a young student's

pride and self-respect when he is turned down by a Greek-letter society is, all too often, a permanent injury.

Not long ago I had a chat with a woman who failed to make a sorority during her stay at Wisconsin and who now lives in a fashionable suburb of Chicago. She has a successful husband, a lovely home and devoted children, but she confessed to me that if a guest in her house mentions colleges she gets up and leaves the room for fear she may be asked what sorority she belongs to.

Yes, and there is the case of Zona Gale. A short time before her death she told me how, more than thirty years before when she was a student at Wisconsin, she had wistfully watched the Delta Gammas starting off on picnics and had wished they would ask her to go with them.

Think of it—Zona Gale! Wisconsin's most famous daughter! Possessed of beauty, character, genius. Winner of the Pulitzer prize and holder of the highest honorary degrees which the university could confer. Yet the old cut of being ignored by the sororities had never healed. It was not vanity. Zona Gale had the least vanity of any woman I have ever known. It was just plain hurt—hurt inflicted by a system which doesn't make sense.

The scars which fraternities and sororities deal out gratuitously to the thousands of students whom they turn down every year are reason enough alone, it seems to me, to condemn them to extinction, but they are guilty of other gross crimes against democracy.

Recently a pretty sorority girl told me that she had been invited to a glee club concert by a brilliant nonfraternity man whom she really liked. Did she accept him? No indeed. Her sorority sisters might have made remarks. Instead, she went to the concert with a nitwit whom she didn't like. He didn't have an idea in his head, but he belonged to a good fraternity and her choice was highly approved.

Once in a sorority or fraternity, a student is compelled to conform to a caste system whether he approves it or not. If he doesn't join one, on the other hand, he is apt to find himself excluded from leadership in many college activities. Greek-letter students are a minority on most campuses but are so tightly knit and politically organized that they generally control elections.

At Wisconsin, for example, which is typical of most state universities, the highest social honor obtainable is that of being chosen king or queen of the junior prom, but only once since 1925 has a nonfraternity man been elected prom king, and there has been only one prom queen who was not in a sorority.

Some defenders of the fraternity and sorority system contend that this condition is proof positive that nonfraternity and nonsorority students lack inherent aggressiveness and leadership. That is utter bosh.

The most brilliant boy in my class at Missouri, a man who is now known throughout America, was rejected by the fraternities because he was considered countrified, and just a few months ago middle-western newspapers carried long obituaries about another nonfraternity man whom I knew years later. He wasn't considered good enough to enter a fraternity because his mother was guilty of the heinous crime of working for a living. He was good enough, though, to become a well-known lawyer in his state within a few years after leaving college, and to give his life for his country while serving with our air forces in the South Pacific.

No, under the present Panhellenic system, even Abraham Lincoln wouldn't possess leadership enough to make a fraternity, but a brief study of Who's Who in America proves that fraternities have no monopoly on ability. Just as many non-Greeks as Greeks make names for themselves after college.

Even more sinister than the other forms of snobbery is the religious bigotry and race prejudice which fraternities and sororities foster in the minds of the young.

The dean of women at one of our large universities told me only the other day that Catholic girls were admitted to sororities there under a quota system which permitted only a limited number of Catholics to be pledged each year. This quota does not in any way compare with the percentage of Catholic girls at the university. The same system prevails, I know, whether it is admitted or not, at many other colleges and universities.

As for Jewish students, they are excluded generally by leading fraternities and sororities. A few weeks ago I heard of a group of liberal-minded youths in one fraternity at an eastern college who rebelled against this taboo. By threatening to resign all at once the group forced this chapter to pledge a popular Jewish student. That was splendid, but I regret to say it is the only case of the kind I have ever heard of. In most houses, anti-Semitism is almost a part of the ritual.

In self-defense the Jews have formed their own fraternities and sororities, but they have been brutally snubbed year after year by a stuffy faction in Panhellenic which has refused to grant them national charters.

Now why, in a nation which is pouring out its substance to provide equal rights for all people, do we permit a cruel caste system to flourish in our public schools?

One of the reasons, I think, is the attitude of parents.

I knew a woman in Madison who devoted sixteen years of her life, from the time her daughter was born until the child was of college age, to making social contacts which would enable her to get her daughter into an exclusive sorority, and that kind of thing is not uncommon. At a cocktail party recently, I talked with a number of mothers of teen-age children.

Almost without exception they were much more concerned about getting their sons and daughters into fraternities and sororities than getting them an education.

Those women were not hopeless snobs. Most of them agreed that fraternities and sororities are unkind and undemocratic. Others deplored the added expense to which they are put—a sorority girl has to be equipped with a wardrobe comparable to that of a society debutante—but, well, since these organizations existed, they naturally wanted their children to belong to the best ones.

This same viewpoint is too often found among college faculty members. Not long ago I received a letter from a professor, famed for his liberal views, in which he asked me to help him get his daughter into a certain sorority. Since the fraternity and sorority system is deeply entrenched, he and many other professors who personally don't approve of it seem to feel that we must have it with us always, like death and taxes.

Such an attitude, it seems to me, is lazy and un-American. This country of ours has had many other deeply entrenched evils in its day, including slavery and inhuman child labor conditions, but we found ways of getting rid of them.

Among the most ardent exponents of the Greek-letter societies are the professional alumni—I've noticed they are often people who have not been very successful since leaving college—who maintain that fraternities and sororities bestow a kind of magical polish upon the boys and girls who belong to them.

That is mostly pure nonsense. During twenty-five years around college, I have never observed that the Greek-letter students acquired any better manners than the others, but if they did it would be a petty gain indeed compared to the dangerous caste ideas they are likely to absorb at the same time.

The only valid argument which the defenders of the system can muster is that the abolition of fraternities and sororities would create a housing shortage at many schools. True, but the problem isn't unsolvable. Why shouldn't state universities buy chapter houses outright and convert them into dormitories run under college management? The total value of chapter houses at both public and private colleges is about $100,000,000. A sizable sum, yes, but less than we were spending every day to fight a war for democracy. It would be a cheap price to pay for the democratization of education.

The time for this democratization is now. Because of the war, the fraternities are in a weaker position than they have been in a generation. Twenty per cent of all chapters are inactive, and most of the others are depleted in membership. More important, the war veterans who are entering our colleges are bringing with them a more adult point of view than

the students of peace years. A man who has learned democracy in foxholes does not mold so easily to the fraternity pattern as a teen-age boy right out of high school.

Recently at one university I talked with a wounded veteran whose viewpoint, I believe, is typical of that of thousands of other servicemen. Because of his unusual heroism in a bloody action in the Pacific, three different fraternities tried to pledge him when he entered college a few months ago, but he turned them all down.

When I asked him why he did so, he said that he considered himself grown up and fraternities childish. Why should he, after what he had been through, scrub a sidewalk with a toothbrush during hell week because some upper classman ordered him to? Why should he let a lot of so-called brothers dictate what girls he might or might not go out with?

Yet we cannot depend upon this attitude of returning servicemen alone to end the fraternity and sorority evil. The Greek-letter societies cannot be laughed out of existence as they deserve to be. They are too deeply rooted. Concerted action by students, parents and educators will be needed before our legislatures can be expected to enact laws abolishing them.

I cannot repeat too often that this should be done right away. On foreign battlefields, a whole generation of American boys of college age jeopardized their lives, and many of them gave their lives, to safeguard democracy. Here at home, the most powerful agency for the preservation of democracy is the public school system from primary grade through university. To make that system wholly worthy of what our boys fought for, we must wipe out fraternities and sororities while the time is ripe!

CAN SCIENCE POINT THE WAY?

By Arthur Holly Compton (1892-)

I

AROUND the white-haired wizard of Menlo Park were gathered hundreds of the leading citizens of his country, assembled to do him honor. Ether waves had brought messages from England and Germany. The President of the United States was speaking. Great as had been the influence of Thomas Edison's inventions in improving the lot of mankind, yet more significant was his introduction of the industrial research laboratory as an effective means of applying the

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powerful methods of science to man's immediate needs. Said President Hoover:

> Scientific research means more than its practical results in living comfort. The future of the nation is not merely a question of the development of our industries and of reducing the cost of living or multiplying our harvests or even of larger leisure. We must constantly strengthen the fiber of national life by the inculcation of that veracity of thought which springs alone from the search for truth. From its pursuit we shall discover the unfolding of beauty, we shall stimulate the aspiration for knowledge, we shall ever widen human undertaking.

In considering the human value of science, we are accustomed to think of the great changes in man's attitude toward life. Increased knowledge has ushered man into a new world, with a challenge for him to shape his destiny on a more heroic scale. Can science go further and point the way man's greater life should follow?

It was in the effort to find man's place in nature and to lay a reliable basis for life that the first studies of science were undertaken. *Of what and how is the world made?* was the problem set by Thales. To him and his successors science was of value if it would enable men to find a more satisfactory way of life. Likewise Pythagoras, on the basis of his broad knowledge of the physical world, established a semi-religious order whose aim it was to bring about the rule of reason and morality. This ambitious objective is as yet far from achievement. Nevertheless, the many benefits that have come through learning the laws of nature have had their effect in influencing men to organize their lives on the basis of tested truth.

It is frequently overlooked that the scientific approach to life has not always been acceptable to thinking men. There was the historic protest of Socrates against the science of the Atomists, which he felt destroyed the basis of morality. In the hands of the Neo-Platonists this protest led to an anti-scientific philosophy which overwhelmed struggling Greek science and opened the way for the flood of oriental magic and mysticism which followed upon Alexander's conquests. Then came a thousand dark years during which credulity in all forms of magic and witchcraft prevailed. Man thought himself in a world governed by the whims of demons and angels.

Even more than to the Aristotelian philosophy of Thomas Aquinas we owe to physics and astronomy the rescue of Western civilization from these depths of supervision. Galileo's studies of dynamics as well as his telescope showed that facts were to be found by observing nature rather than by searching ancient writings. Newton's success in solving the riddle of the motion of planets established in men's minds the fact that we live in a world of law. Great improvements in our welfare have come through

applications of the principles of science. It has thus become evident to all that if we wish to make the best of life we must learn nature's laws and use them as our guides.

II

Auguste Comte once remarked that there are three approaches to truth —the religious, the philosophical, and the scientific. Let us follow his suggestion and compare the expression of initiators of thought in these three fields as they consider the principles on which men should organize their lives. For the religious approach we may consider some of Jesus' statements, as given in Goodspeed's translation of the Gospels of Luke and John:

> See how the lilies grow. They do not toil or spin, but, I tell you, even Solomon in all his splendour was never dressed like one of them. But if God so dresses the wild grass, which is alive today and is thrown into the furnace tomorrow, how much more surely will he clothe you, who have so little faith? So you must not ask what you are to have to eat or drink, and you must not be anxious about it. . . . But you must strive to find his kingdom, and you will have these other things besides. . . .
>
> I am the Way and Truth and Life. No one can come to the Father except through me. . . . It is he who has my commands and observes them that really loves me, and whoever loves me will be loved by my Father, and I will love him and show myself to him. . . . What I command you to do is to love one another.

Here we find the broadest of principles, the love of God and of one's fellow man, given to guide our way. There is little suggestion as to how this principle is to be applied, though Jesus indicates that it is sufficient, if faithfully followed, to gain the desired end of God's love.

Perhaps the best early discussion by a philosopher of the organization of society is that supplied in Plato's *Republic.* Let us follow Shorey's translation.

> "Wise in very deed I think the city that we have described is, for it is well counselled, is it not?" "Yes." "And surely this very thing, good counsel, is a form of wisdom. For it is not by ignorance but by knowledge that men counsel well." "Obviously." "But there are many and manifold knowledges or sciences in the city." "Of course." "Is it then owing to the science of her carpenters that a city is to be called wise and well advised?" "By no means for that, but rather mistress of the arts of building." "Then a city is not to be styled wise because of the deliberations of the science of wooden utensils for their best production?" "No, I grant you." "Is it then because of the brass implements or any other of that kind?" "None whatsoever," he said. . . . "Then," said I, "is there any science in the city just founded by us residing in any of its citizens which does not take counsel about some particular thing in the city but

about the city as a whole, and the betterment of its relations with itself and other states?" "Why, yes, there is." "What is it," I said, "and in whom is it found?" "It is the science of guardianship or government and it is to be found in those rulers to whom we just now gave the name of guardians in the full sense of the word."

There follows a discussion of the place of the brave soldiers and the sober artisans in the justly adjusted society. In Plato's mind it is, however, clear that the primary requirement of the ideal society is that its policies shall be determined by the wise ruler-philosophers.

A different emphasis is given by that practical statesman-philosopher, Francis Bacon, sometimes mistakenly called the father of modern science, as he describes the organization of the New Atlantis. The Good Jew is speaking:

> Ye shall understand that amongst the excellent acts of that king, one above all hath the pre-eminence. It was the erection and institution of an Order or Society, which we call *Salomon's House:* the noblest foundation (as we think) that ever was on the earth; and the lanthorn of this kingdom. It is dedicated to the study of the works and creatures of God.

Second only to the king is the president of their university, known as the Father of Salomon's House, who continues the account:

> The end of our foundation is the knowledge of causes, and secret motions of things; and the enlarging of the bounds of human empire, to the effecting of all things possible. . . .
>
> We have large and various orchards and gardens, wherein we do not so much respect beauty, as variety of ground and soil, proper for divers trees and herbs. . . .
>
> We have also glasses and means to see small and minute bodies perfectly and distinctly; as in the shapes and colours of small flies and worms, grains, observations in urine and blood not otherwise to be seen. . . . [Such as] these are . . . the riches of Salomon's House. . . .
>
> We have consultations, which of the inventions and experiences which we have discovered shall be published and which not: and take all an oath of secrecy for the concealing of those which we see fit to keep secret; though some of those we do reveal to the state and some not.

III

If we view these three statements with the eye of a biologist, we see in each an effort of man to adjust himself more satisfactorily to his surroundings. The scientist sees the possibility through increased knowledge of the laws of nature to increase man's powers, "enlarging the bounds of human empire," thus giving to man a fuller life. The philosopher would find Utopia in a world whose civic life is suitably organized. The religionist sees in the social attitude of each individual toward his neigh-

bor the fundamental problem of human ecology. The question of the means of living is to religion of negligible importance, to philosophy of secondary interest, and to practical science occupies the center of the stage. As we view the social changes that have resulted from the technical application of science, we see that these are more profound and probably more permanent than those which have resulted from changes in our method of government. Yet, as the circle of our neighbors has extended from the house next door to the far corners of the earth, the need for adequate social attitudes if the human species is to thrive has become even more evident.

A common feature of these approaches to the human problem is their agreement as to the fundamental objective of life. The satisfaction of appetite and desire, the strife for preferment and fame are to religion of only temporary and illusory value. To the philosopher these goods are balanced by the equivalent pains of disappointment at failure to obtain one's objective and of disillusionment if one dwells on his successes. To the biologist these appetites and ambitions are of value if they lead the individual to act for the welfare of the human species but, if followed to its detriment, are unmitigated evils.

All are agreed, however, that life has an adequate and satisfying objective: the welfare of mankind. To religion this appears as the love of one's fellows. To the philosopher human values are the only true ones, from which humanism is the necessary deduction. The scientist sees that nature is not concerned with the individual but with the species. From the standpoint of evolution, all our effort to learn the laws of nature and use them to our advantage is an aspect of an organism's adapting itself to its environment. A species can thrive only in so far as it is successful in making this adaptation. Biologically speaking, the good man is thus he who does his part in enabling his group to live successfully. Mankind the world over now forms, however, a biological unit. Thus science, with all the weight of its body of tested truth, re-emphasizes the conclusion of religion and philosophy: *The only adequate objective of man's life is the welfare of man.*

IV

If the objective of life is thus agreed on, the study of the best procedure for approaching that objective is the peculiar field of applied science. Its noteworthy successes in meeting the practical needs of man in supplying the means of livelihood and living comfort and of improved health have given general confidence in the scientific method. Gradually its use is being extended into other fields.

In view of the unusual breadth of the problem now before us it will be well to consider what we mean by the scientific method. Francis Bacon,

in his suggestion of "inductive" logic, outlines a procedure which, though it has been extensively used, is nevertheless of interest by way of contrast with that generally employed. Bacon proposed the accumulation of all the facts available, with the hope that from them it might be found possible to draw some generalization. The method almost universally used is to draw some carefully considered hypothesis on the basis of the known facts and seek for observations which will test the hypothesis. If no such test is possible, the hypothesis is scientifically useless. If the test is made, the hypothesis will be rejected, confirmed, or modified according as the results demand. The confirmed or modified hypothesis will then be subjected to further tests, until it is so well established that we can include it as a part of the organized body of tested truth which constitutes scientific knowledge.

The distinction between the scientific and the philosophical approach is illuminating. It is clear that philosophy, which concerns itself with all knowledge, must include science as one aspect. The distinctive feature of science is that it deals with aspects of knowledge which depend for their reliability on the test of experience, which in the natural sciences is usually an experiment devised for the purpose. Science differs in this way from logic, such as mathematics, whose validity is independent of such tests. Thus the formation of an atomic theory as compared with a continuum theory of matter is philosophical but is not scientific until the deductions from the alternative hypotheses can be tested. Similarly, Plato's philosophy of the organization of the state, according to which monarchy is preferable to democracy, would become scientific if it were possible to set up two such states under controlled conditions and find which worked out more satisfactorily. The obvious difficulties of performing such an experiment show how the scientific method must be modified when applied to social problems.

In general it may be said that, if it makes any difference whether a statement is true or false, the statement is subject to test and may thus be approached, at least ideally, by the scientific method. The characteristic feature of science is thus that it approaches understanding by the cautious method of testing each step as it goes. It is for making such tests that exact, particular facts are needed. Occasionally these tests are inadequate, and mistakes are made. But it is evident that the procedure is much more reliable than if the tests were omitted.

In common with other types of philosophical thought, the very essence of science is the ideas which it embodies. At the early stage when a science is chiefly concerned with classification, these ideas may appear heterogeneous. When, however, the science becomes concerned with explanations and interpretations, the ideas become a closely knit and unified structure. Thus the sciences of heat and sound are incorporated

within mechanics, and mechanics itself, as well as optics, have become aspects of electrodynamics. The dividing lines between physics, astronomy, and chemistry have completely disappeared, except for administrative purposes. Psychology calls on physiology and chemistry and itself becomes fundamental to sociology. Within its own domain of truth that can be tested it is thus as much the function of science as of philosophy to organize and to unify its knowledge. In fact, such unification is an important trend of present-day science.

When it comes to solving life's practical problems, science has its technique well developed. The general problem is split into specific problems, each of which is approached in the appropriate way. In the present case this means, first, finding the conditions on which man's welfare depends and, second, determining the most suitable methods for realizing those conditions.

Such questions as the provision of adequate food and shelter and of maintenance of health are demonstrably subject to effective scientific approach. The more human problem of enabling the individuals of a society to reach the best development of their various possibilities is an aspect of education, which involves aesthetic as well as quantitative factors and is an art as well as a science. Final solutions to such problems are never obtainable, because of the continually changing social conditions. Similarly the principles of a stable form of government best suited to man's welfare will always be difficult to establish on a scientific basis, because of the obvious difficulties of making adequate tests of proposed schemes. It is clear, however, that the continuous, active study of these problems by a group of unprejudiced and highly qualified investigators would supply a body of knowledge which would serve as an invaluable guide for the administrators who must determine the form of our society.

V

I have had a small share in the deliberations of a group of some hundreds of research men who are concerned with supplying this country with better light for less money. It is a profitable enterprise for the electrical industry. Near the campus of our university the meat packers' institute is helping to solve a specific aspect of our food problem. A recent census showed some 1,400 similar industrial research organizations actively at work in this country. Research centers, great and small, for finding methods for fighting disease are to be found.

But, as Plato asks, "Is it owing to the science of her carpenters that a city is to be called wise and well advised?" Would not the well-demonstrated effectiveness of these research institutes indicate the importance of a greater emphasis of the same method in connection with the more general aspects of the organization of our society? A few of our

universities have research departments of education. There is a Brookings Institution for the study of economic and political problems. But the need is great.

In a recently published article I called attention to the fact that the United States occupies a central position regarding scientific development. In India it remains possible for a Gandhi to persuade his followers that the works of technology are harmful and should be kept out of their lives. The Oxford don may decry the dehumanizing influence of science, prefer a pen (though a fountain pen) to the typewriter, and walk rather than ride in a motorcar. The American, however, cannot question the value of science and technology. They are his very life. Railroads, automobiles, airplanes; agricultural machinery, mechanized meat packing, pasteurized milk; telephones, radios, movies; electric power—if these were gone he could not live. East or west, north or south, we move away from the center of this science-impregnated life.

In our universities, science and the freedom to study all subjects by the scientific method are assured without question. Here are welded more effective tools for the understanding, interpretation, and guidance of life. Where, then, if not toward America and especially toward her universities, can a scientifically minded world look for leadership? The application of the scientific method to basic human problems thus becomes our proper concern. It is one of the primary social responsibilities of our universities to find the fields where the search for truth will give returns of greatest human value. Where the scientific method is fruitful we must see that society is given full opportunity to gain and use such knowledge.

Would it be too much to suggest that each department of the government should have associated with it a permanent, nonpolitical group of investigators, who, acting in an advisory capacity, would keep the department administrators informed regarding possible and desirable courses of action? The effectiveness of organized research in opening the world to our understanding, in guiding the development of our great industries, and in shaping the attack on disease can leave no doubt about the value of such a measure. Industry cannot afford to operate without the advice of its research laboratories. Why not permanent institutes of government research?

The power of the scientific method is established. The procedure for its effective application is well understood. Utopia, as seen by Plato, was a world led by rulers guided by reliable knowledge. May we not find in a more adequate extension of the scientific study of human problems the way to approach that goal?

A MODEST PROPOSAL

By Jonathan Swift (1667-1745)

It is a melancholy object to those who walk through this great town[1] or travel in the country, when they see the streets, the roads, and cabin doors crowded with beggars of the female sex, followed by three, four, or six children, all in rags and importuning every passenger for an alms. These mothers, instead of being able to work for their honest livelihood, are forced to employ all their time in strolling to beg sustenance for their helpless infants, who as they grow up either turn thieves for want of work, or leave their dear native country to fight for the Pretender in Spain, or sell themselves to the Barbadoes.

I think it is agreed by all parties that this prodigious number of children in the arms, or on the backs, or at the heels of their mothers, and frequently of their fathers, is in the present deplorable state of the kingdom a very great additional grievance; and, therefore, whoever could find out a fair, cheap, and easy method of making these children sound, useful members of the commonwealth would deserve so well of the public as to have his statue set up for a preserver of the nation.

But my intention is very far from being confined to provide only for the children of professed beggars; it is of a much greater extent, and shall take in the whole number of infants at a certain age who are born of parents in effect as little able to support them as those who demand our charity in the streets.

As to my own part, having turned my thoughts for many years upon this important subject, and maturely weighed the several schemes of other projectors, I have always found them grossly mistaken in the computation. It is true, a child just dropped from its dam may be supported by her milk for a solar year, with little other nourishment; at most not above the value of 2s., which the mother may certainly get, or the value in scraps, by her lawful occupation of begging; and it is exactly at one year old that I propose to provide for them in such a manner as instead of being a charge upon their parents or the parish, or wanting food and raiment for the rest of their lives, they shall on the contrary contribute to the feeding, and partly to the clothing, of many thousands.

There is likewise another great advantage in my scheme, that it will prevent those voluntary abortions, and that horrid practice of women murdering their bastard children, alas! too frequent among us! sacrificing

1. Dublin.

the poor innocent babes I doubt more to avoid the expense than the shame, which would move tears and pity in the most savage and inhuman breast.

The number of souls in this kingdom being usually reckoned one million and a half, of these I calculate there may be about two hundred thousand couples whose wives are breeders; from which number I subtract thirty thousand couples who are able to maintain their own children, although I apprehend there cannot be so many, under the present distresses of the kingdom; but this being granted, there will remain an hundred and seventy thousand breeders. I again subtract fifty thousand for those women who miscarry, or whose children die by accident or disease within the year. There only remain one hundred and twenty thousand children of poor parents annually born. The question therefore is, how this number shall be reared and provided for, which, as I have already said, under the present situation of affairs, is utterly impossible by all the methods hitherto proposed. For we can neither employ them in handicraft or agriculture; we neither build houses (I mean in the country) nor cultivate land; they can very seldom pick up a livelihood by stealing till they arrive at six years old, except where they are of towardly parts, although I confess they learn the rudiments much earlier, during which time they can, however, be properly looked upon only as probationers, as I have been informed by a principal gentleman in the county of Cavan, who protested to me that he never knew above one or two instances under the age of six, even in a part of the kingdom so renowned for the quickest proficiency in that art.

I am assured by our merchants that a boy or a girl before twelve years old is no salable commodity; and even when they come to this age they will not yield above three pounds, or three pounds and a half-a-crown at most on the exchange; which cannot turn to account either to the parents or kingdom, the charge of nutriment and rags having been at least four times that value.

I shall now therefore humbly propose my own thoughts, which I hope will not be liable to the least objection.

I have been assured by a very knowing American of my acquaintance in London that a young healthy child well nursed is at a year old a most delicious, nourishing, and wholesome food, whether stewed, roasted, baked, or boiled; and I make no doubt that it will equally serve in a fricassee or a ragout.

I do therefore humbly offer it to public consideration that of the hundred and twenty thousand children already computed, twenty thousand may be reserved for breed, whereof only one-fourth part to be males; which is more than we allow to sheep, black cattle, or swine; and my reason is that these children are seldom the fruits of marriage, a circum-

stance not much regarded by our savages; therefore one male will be sufficient to serve four females. That the remaining hundred thousand may, at a year old, be offered in the sale to the persons of quality and fortune through the kingdom; always advising the mother to let them suck plentifully in the last month, so as to render them plump and fat for a good table. A child will make two dishes at an entertainment for friends; and when the family dines alone, the fore or hind quarter will make a reasonable dish, and seasoned with a little pepper or salt will be very good boiled on the fourth day, especially in winter.

I have reckoned upon a medium that a child just born will weigh 12 pounds, and in a solar year, if tolerably nursed, increaseth to 28 pounds.

I grant this food will be somewhat dear, and therefore very proper for landlords, who, as they have already devoured most of the parents, seem to have the best title to the children.

Infants' flesh will be in season throughout the year, but more plentiful in March, and a little before and after; for we are told by a grave author, an eminent French physician, that fish being a prolific diet, there are more children born in Roman Catholic countries about nine months after Lent than at any other season; therefore, reckoning a year after Lent, the markets will be more glutted than usual, because the number of popish infants is at least three to one in this kingdom: and therefore it will have one other collateral advantage, by lessening the number of papists among us.

I have already computed the charge of nursing a beggar's child (in which list I reckon all cottagers, laborers, and four-fifths of the farmers) to be about two shillings per annum, rags included; and I believe no gentleman would repine to give ten shillings for the carcass of a good fat child, which, as I have said, will make four dishes of excellent nutritive meat, when he hath only some particular friend or his own family to dine with him. Thus the squire will learn to be a good landlord, and grow popular among his tenants; the mother will have eight shillings net profit, and be fit for work till she produces another child.

Those who are more thrifty (as I must confess the times require) may flay the carcass, the skin of which artificially dressed will make admirable gloves for ladies, and summer boots for fine gentlemen.

As to our city of Dublin, shambles may be appointed for this purpose in the most convenient parts of it, and butchers we may be assured will not be wanting; although I rather recommend buying the children alive than dressing them hot from the knife as we do roasting pigs.

A very worthy person, a true lover of his country, and whose virtues I highly esteem, was lately pleased in discoursing on this matter to offer a refinement upon my scheme. He said that many gentlemen of this kingdom, having of late destroyed their deer, he conceived that the want of

venison might be well supplied by the bodies of young lads and maidens, not exceeding fourteen years of age nor under twelve; so great a number of both sexes in every country being now ready to starve for want of work and service; and these be disposed of by their parents, if alive, or otherwise by their nearest relations. But with due deference to so excellent a friend and so deserving a patriot, I cannot be altogether in his sentiments; for as to the males, my American acquaintance assured me, from frequent experience, that their flesh was generally tough and lean, like that of our schoolboys by continual exercise, and their taste disagreeable; and to fatten them would not answer the charge. Then as to the females, it would, I think, with humble submission be a loss to the public, because they soon would become breeders themselves; and besides, it is not improbable that some scrupulous people might be apt to censure such a practice (although indeed very unjustly), as a little bordering upon cruelty; which I confess, hath always been with me the strongest objection against any project, however so well intended.

But in order to justify my friend, he confessed that this expedient was put in his head by the famous Psalmanazar, a native of the island of Formosa, who came from thence to London above twenty years ago, and in conversation told my friend that in his country, when any young person happened to be put to death, the executioner sold the carcass to persons of quality as a prime dainty; and that in his time the body of a plump girl of fifteen, who was crucified for an attempt to poison the emperor, was sold to his imperial majesty's prime minister of state, and other great mandarins of the court, in joints from the gibbet, at four hundred crowns. Neither indeed can I deny that if the same use were made of several plump young girls in this town, who without one single groat to their fortunes cannot stir abroad without a chair, and appear at playhouse and assemblies in foreign fineries which they never will pay for, the kingdom would not be the worse.

Some persons of a desponding spirit are in great concern about that vast number of poor people who are aged, diseased, or maimed, and I have been desired to employ my thoughts what course may be taken to ease the nation of so grievous an encumbrance. But I am not in the least pain upon that matter, because it is very well known that they are every day dying and rotting by cold and famine, and filth and vermin, as fast as can be reasonably expected. And as to the young laborers, they are now in as hopeful a condition; they cannot get work, and consequently pine away for want of nourishment, to a degree that if at any time they are accidentally hired to common labor, they have not strength to perform it, and thus the country and themselves are happily delivered from the evils to come.

I have too long digressed, and therefore shall return to my subject. I

think the advantages of the proposal which I have made are obvious and many, as well as of the highest importance.

For first, as I have already observed, it would greatly lessen the number of Papists, with whom we are yearly overrun, being the principal breeders of the nation as well as our most dangerous enemies; and who stay at home on purpose with a design to deliver the kingdom to the Pretender, hoping to take their advantage, by the absence of so many good Protestants, who have chosen rather to leave their country than stay at home and pay tithes against their conscience to an episcopal curate.

Second, the poorer tenants will have something valuable of their own, which by law may be made liable to distress and help to pay their landlord's rent, their corn and cattle being already seized, and money a thing unknown.

Thirdly, whereas the maintenance of an hundred thousand children, from two years old and upward, cannot be computed at less than ten shillings apiece per annum, the nation's stock will be thereby increased fifty thousand pounds per annum, beside the profit of a new dish introduced to the tables of all gentlemen of fortune in the kingdom who have any refinement in taste. And the money will circulate among ourselves, the goods being entirely of our own growth and manufacture.

Fourthly, the constant breeders, beside the gain of eight shillings sterling per annum by the sale of their children, will be rid of the charge of maintaining them after the first year.

Fifthly, this food would likewise bring great customs to taverns, where the vintners will certainly be so prudent as to procure the best receipts for dressing it to perfection, and consequently have their houses frequented by all the fine gentlemen who justly value themselves upon their knowledge in good eating; and a skillful cook, who understands how to oblige his guests, will contrive to make it as expensive as they please.

Sixthly, this would be a great inducement to marriage, which all wise nations have either encouraged by rewards or enforced by laws and penalties. It would increase the care and the tenderness of mothers toward their children, when they were sure of a settlement for life to the poor babes, provided in some sort by the public, to their annual profit instead of expense. We should see an honest emulation among the married women, which of them could bring the fattest child to the market. Men would become as fond of their wives during the time of their pregnancy as they are now of their mares in foal, their cows in calf, their sows when they are ready to farrow; nor offer to beat or kick them (as is too frequent a practice) for fear of a miscarriage.

Many other advantages might be enumerated. For instance, the addition of some thousand carcasses in our exportation of barreled beef, the propagation of swine's flesh, and improvement in the art of making good bacon,

so much wanted among us by the great destruction of pigs, too frequent at our tables; which are no way comparable in taste or magnificence to a well-grown, fat, yearling child, which roasted whole will make a considerable figure at a lord mayor's feast or any other public entertainment. But this and many others I omit, being studious of brevity.

Supposing that one thousand families in this city would be constant customers for infants' flesh, beside others who might have it at merry-meetings, particularly weddings and christenings, I compute that Dublin would take off annually about twenty thousand carcasses; and the rest of the kingdom (where probably they will be sold somewhat cheaper) the remaining eighty thousand.

I can think of no one objection that will possibly be raised against this proposal, unless it should be urged that the number of people will be thereby much lessened in the kingdom. This I freely own, and was indeed one principal design in offering it to the world. I desire the reader will observe that I calculate my remedy for this one individual kingdom of Ireland and for no other that ever was, is, or I think ever can be upon earth. Therefore let no man talk to me of other expedients: of taxing our absentees at five shillings a pound; of using neither clothes nor household furniture except what is of our own growth and manufacture; of utterly rejecting the materials and instruments that promote foreign luxury; of curing the expensiveness of pride, vanity, idleness, and gaming in our women; of introducing a vein of parsimony, prudence, and temperance; of learning to love our country, wherein we differ even from Laplanders and the inhabitants of Topinamboo; of quitting our animosities and factions, nor act any longer like the Jews, who were murdering one another at the very moment their city was taken; of being a little cautious not to sell our country and conscience for nothing; of teaching landlords to have at least one degree of mercy toward their tenants; lastly, of putting a spirit of honesty, industry, and skill into our shopkeepers; who, if a resolution could now be taken to buy only our native goods, would immediately unite to cheat and exact upon the price, the measure, and the goodness, nor could ever yet be brought to make one fair proposal of just dealing, though often and earnestly invited to it.

Therefore I repeat, let no man talk to me of these and the like expedients, till he hath at least some glimpse of hope that there will be ever some hearty and sincere attempt to put them in practice.

But as to myself, having been wearied out for many years with offering vain, idle, visionary thoughts, and at length utterly despairing of success, I fortunately fell upon this proposal; which, as it is wholly new, so it hath something solid and real, of no expense and little trouble, full in our own power, and whereby we can incur no danger in disobliging England. For this kind of commodity will not bear exportation, the flesh being of

too tender a consistency to admit a long continuance in salt, although perhaps I could name a country which would be glad to eat up our whole nation without it.

After all, I am not so voilently bent upon my own opinion as to reject any offer proposed by wise men, which shall be found equally innocent, cheap, easy, and effectual. But before something of that kind shall be advanced in contradiction to my scheme, and offering a better, I desire the author or authors will be pleased maturely to consider two points. First, as things now stand, how they will be able to find food and raiment for an hundred thousand useless mouths and backs. And secondly, there being a round million of creatures in human figure throughout this kingdom, whose whole subsistence put into a common stock would leave them in debt two millions of pounds sterling, adding those who are beggars by profession to the bulk of farmers, cottagers, and laborers, with their wives and children, who are beggars in effect: I desire those politicians who dislike my overture, and may perhaps be so bold as to attempt an answer, that they will first ask the parents of these mortals, whether they would not at this day think it a great happiness to have been sold for food at a year old in the manner I prescribe, and thereby have avoided such a perpetual scene of misfortunes as they have since gone through by the oppression of landlords, the impossibility of paying rent without money or trade, the want of common sustenance with neither house nor clothes to cover them from the inclemencies of the weather, and the most inevitable prospect of entailing the like or greater miseries upon their breed for ever.

I profess, in the sincerity of my heart, that I have not the least personal interest in endeavoring to promote this necessary work, having no other motive than the public good of my country, by advancing our trade, providing for infants, relieving the poor, and giving some pleasure to the rich. I have no children by which I can propose to get a single penny; the youngest being nine years old, and my wife past child-bearing.

THREE FOES AND THREE ARMS OF ATTACK

By Hoyt H. Hudson (1893-1944)

THERE are three foes against which liberal education—or the educated person—must fight unremitting warfare, whether one meets them in his own mind and action or in those of others. They

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are ignorance, muddle-headedness, and crassness. Or call them lack of information, lack of operative logic, and lack of imagination—except that this negative wording fails to suggest the positive forces that they are. All three—sheer ignorance, muddled or fuzzy thinking, insensitivity or spiritual blindness—are entrenched and privileged in political life, in journalism, in popular arts, in professions, in academic life itself. They pay. They provide occupations for their supporters, or their victims. They are real. That is a circumstance which the academic person is likely to forget—that his fight is a real fight. By a real fight I mean one that may be lost.

Let us examine these important matters a little further. These foes, these defects or diseases, imply three opposite forces, positive and sanative. I have already suggested what they are—information, operative logic, and imagination. They may be regarded as the three branches of our armed service. What is more significant for our purpose, they seem to represent three phases of a single activity, or perhaps three steps in the art of knowing. When Hamlet wished to distinguish a man from other specimens of animal life, he mentioned "a beast, that wants discourse of reason." That is, Shakespeare seemed to assume that a beast, as distinguished from a man, lacks "discourse of reason." Now we customarily say that a rational operation, an exercise of the discourse of reason, involves facts and inferences. If we look into it further we may find that this rational discourse includes the establishing or recognition of relations not only between facts but also between and among our inferences. This may be spun out still more; that is, we may find relations between and among our relations, fresh facts may be drawn into the process at any point, facts may be discovered in the course of the process, and so on. At any rate, we have two general levels or phases: we have, first, the recognition and acquisition of pieces of factual knowledge; and we have, second, what I have called operative logic.

But we are aware that there is a third phase or level in the complete discourse of reason—the level of imaginative insight or sympathetic contemplation. My terms, you see, multiply; for the process itself is complex and difficult to define. It takes several forms, as the double-barreled terms imply, yet all seem to stand on a recognizably single plane of operation. On this plane comes the act of domesticating or humanizing the knowledge dealt with by operations upon the first two levels. In everyday language we often distinguish between learning something and assimilating what we have learned. We may hear a speaker using a word, and using it correctly, yet by some token we judge that he has just recently learned it. The distinction between a family or person of established wealth and the *nouveau riche* was noted by Aristotle.

More than this, imaginative insight (or sympathetic contemplation)

gives to an object of knowledge a form and identity of its own; yet at the same time it finds a place for it as a part of a larger whole. If we stress this last idea, our activity on this third level may seem to be only a special kind of operative logic—activity on the second level. I think it is different, for the new element of appreciation has entered in—appreciation as distinguished from evaluation. I should like to get in the word "experience" or the adjective "experiential" also, for knowledge that is complete has an experiential quality which we do not find in other mental activity which we must still class as knowledge of a sort. Or, to call upon other verbal aids, whereas on the first two levels we work with facts and inferences and relations, we now regard the subjects of those operations as wholes—finished, or tentatively finished, or potential wholes, with identities that must be respected. The new element is the respect for such attributes as form, wholeness, identity. Although God had made the world step by step, according to the first chapter of Genesis, yet He did not completely know it until "He saw everything that He had made—and behold, it was very good."

By way of caution it should be said that this last quotation, along with the words "respect" and "appreciation," should not be taken to imply that this third phase of thought calls for an attitude of general and unquestioning admiration. We can realize, and respect, the identity of something, without respecting the thing itself. Even disrespect, so far as it is active, operates on the same plane as respect. Thomas Aquinas was led to say that demons are good, in that and so far as they exist. Yet he did not like or admire demons. He merely appreciated their existence.

In our everyday thinking and learning, these three levels, here sketchily distinguished, interpenetrate. They can never be cut wholly apart. Fact and inference, though apparently well-defined concepts, can with difficulty be separated. Though I may consider, for instance, as the barest and sheerest of facts the proposition that the Washington Monument stands in the city of Washington, D.C., and though my acceptance of this is based upon my own experience of having seen it so standing, yet there are involved inferences from the assumptions that I can trust my senses and that I can believe the informants who led me to identify what I saw as the Washington Monument. Since I am not seeing it now, if I state as a fact that it stands there I am also assuming that it is a fairly permanent structure and inferring that such a structure would not have disappeared in the period since I saw it; and so on. There is a similar interpenetration from, as well as to, our third level: it may be questioned whether a fact can be known, even as merely a fact, without some degree of imaginative contemplation; or whether this same contemplation does not necessarily enter into any effective operation of logic. There is not an invariable time-sequence or a fixed hierarchy among the three modes.

As a simple illustration, we might consider a single concept, such as *chemistry*. The dictionary definition of the word is this: "The science that treats of the composition of substances, and of the transformations which they undergo." Let us imagine a person who has memorized this definition, and knows what each word in its means, in the ordinary sense, as well as the force of the grammatical relations of the words as they stand. Beyond this he has no knowledge or experience of the science of chemistry. His thinking—if it may be called that—with reference to this concept is entirely on the factual or informational level, and extremely limited in range. Yet he could win a sum of money at a quiz program if he was asked "What is chemistry?" or "What is the science that treats of the composition of substances?" or "What science treats of the transformation which substances undergo?" or any equivalent question.

Let us suppose that he does not remain content with this one bit of knowledge and yet, not to complicate our example, that he has no occasion to study chemistry. He does, however, learn to make correct application of the words *chemical* and *chemist,* and to use these in statements of his own. He is beginning to operate upon the second level. He proceeds to classify certain phenomena as chemical reactions or chemical products; he comes to distinguish a chemical reaction from a physical one; he learns of the division of chemistry into organic and inorganic, and makes application of this knowledge; he refers certain problems that arise, such as cleaning paint from his clothes or treating an acid burn, to a chemist or to a book written by one. He must be adding, of course, to his information as he goes along, but he will also be applying operative logic. And if he studies chemistry he may continue to think on the two levels of information and intellectual manipulation.

Yet, still without learning chemistry in a systematic way, our imagined person might become greatly impressed by the importance of chemistry as a key to unlock the secrets of nature, as a means utilized by mankind to add to its powers and conveniences, as a potentially dangerous power in the hands of the unscrupulous, or as a science holding an honorable estate in the galaxy of sciences. He might, through reading or by first-hand acquaintance, come to know something of the toils and achievements of certain chemists, thus gaining a heightened sense of chemistry as a reality in history and experience. Without pursuing the example farther, we see that what is happening is that our thinker is operating upon the third level, the one we have imperfectly designated by several names but which involves the creation in the mind, or revelation to the mind, of a unified entity with a character of its own.

The point is not that proceeding as far as the person described means "covering" the subject of chemistry sufficiently for the purposes of a liberal education—though our friend seems to be on the way to such an achieve-

ment. The point is that anyone who deals with the subject upon all three levels, or in all three modes, comes nearer to a full acceptance of his intellectual opportunities and a full use of his powers than one who thinks in a more partial way. Our imagined person may be said to have arrived at the liberal attitude, with respect to chemistry. We see also how each phase of thinking enriches the others and the whole process. More facts make possible more applications and inferences. More of these and the contemplation of the subject as a whole is enriched, its reality is deepened, and its truth approached. But the product of this last phase of knowing—the reality and human relevance of the whole concept—will also react to keep every bit of the work with facts and inferences intellectually alive.

In ordinary judgments we do distinguish between a person who has at command a number of facts but thinks fuzzily or ineptly—or to unwarranted conclusions—from a man whose logic is good but who builds into his logical structure propositions which deny or ignore pertinent facts. We ordinarily distinguish the ignorant person from the muddle-headed one (who may be an encyclopedia of information, or may have an artist's appreciation of some objects of experience); and from both of these we distinguish the unimaginative person (whose mind may be a logical dynamo).

I should rather emphasize, however, the unity of the discourse of reason than to emphasize these distinctions; else we open the way for invoking the principle of the division of labor in education itself—for carrying specialization even into what men live by, so far as they live in their minds. That is, some one might very well say that since there are three kinds of thinking (a proposition I have by no means proved or intended to prove) we cannot expect all young people to be equally competent in all three. Accept the situation, one might argue, and let there be three kinds of education. Let one student or group of students learn facts, and become storehouses of them; let there be a course of factual education, culminating in the study of methods of statistical recording. Let another person, or kind of person, develop the power of making inferences and logical structures. Let a third, and his kind, give free play to gifts of imagination and sympathetic insight. We might point to the man in the information booth as the model and ideal for the first; to the champion chess-player as model for the second; and to the romantic artist as model for the third. As we know, in practical undertakings of scientific and economic research, in the work of administrative bureaus, or in advertising campaigns, just such a specialization is often put into effect. One man is accepted as a "fact man"; then there is the maker of hypotheses, or the "policy man," or the "brain trust," or something of the sort; the third phase is probably unrepresented by any single man or group.

So far as I am aware, no specific, thoroughgoing plan for breaking up college education on such lines of cleavage has ever been seriously put forward, though single courses are often designated as "fact courses" or "appreciation courses" by those who offer them. But the suggestion outlined is not so different from many others that are always with us. That is, systems involving the classification of students, with quite separate courses of education for the differentiated groups, are in effect, with further extensions of them continually being planned. And the classification which is fundamental in setting up any such system is based upon observed differences in mental equipment.

Now the making of distinctions is essential in any process of education. But the greater problem remains, after the distinction has been made: how much weight should this particular distinction be expected to bear? We may easily overstress it. And what I am suggesting just now is that perhaps we do wrong to limit a student's opportunities for education by reference to the point or points wherein he differs from others, if we ignore, meanwhile, the large area of mental life in which he is at one with others. The analyst, making his "profiles" of mental abilities, becomes keen in his search for differences and variations; and because even slight ones are significant for psychological research, he is likely to assume that they are significant in other, or in all, contexts. The character of a coast line is determined by its capes and bays; but these may be relatively minor in determining the character of the continent.

To follow a little farther what is already a digression, the situation may be clarified by a more complex analogy. There are definitely observable differences between the speech of a lifelong resident of South Carolina and the speech of a lifelong resident of Indiana. The speech of an Oxford don differs markedly from that of either of these Americans, and differs also from the speech of an Australian. A phonetician would put the men we have cited into four quite different speech-groups. And yet four such men might come together, in some enterprise requiring constant and clear communication among them, and get along very well. They would not deny that their pronunciation and vocabulary differ, each from each, but they would refuse to allow these differences to set them apart. They would get along because they would pay their most serious attention to the vast field of English which they share in common. If they were to communicate in writing, their differences in language would be less apparent. This fact suggests how the fundamental unity can remain so real and so useful among four people whose speech sounds so different. The written language, the body of shared literature, remains as a norm or standard of reference for them all.

What I am suggesting is that there is also a sort of norm for minds, although I would not care to pursue the thought to a truly philosophical

definition. Merely for one person to communicate with another presupposes a sharing, on the part of each, in a large and fundamental community of mind. I know the qualifications to be made upon such a statement, but stand by the statement. When the conquered Black Hawk, a chief whose nation had been dispersed and slaughtered, came into the presence of President Andrew Jackson in Washington, the tired sad old Indian looked gravely at the powerful white man and said: "You are only a man, and I am another." All communications, including our education, require that tremendous presupposition.

We were considering what weight ought to be given to the fact that mental operations seem to be of different kinds, and I was trying to emphasize that the unity of the discourse of reason is more important than the distinction to be made within it. Granting that classifying must be done in education, I would suggest that what the various classes of students have in common should be scrutinized closely when we are looking for the basis of a liberal education. It has often been remarked that many university graduates seem to identify their alma mater with its football team. Perhaps the reason is that when these alumni were undergraduates interest in football was the only perceptible point of unity among all the schools and colleges of the university, and between students and faculty. If so, then the alumni are logically right when they assume that football is of the essence of higher education.

To sum up the matter, let us not too early, or on too light grounds, divert students or allow them to be diverted into a partial intellectual experience. Limitations enough will be imposed by the circumstances of life outside and after college. Many young people never see college at all, and many will be caught in an illiberal mental life—though not merely because they miss college, since the liberal attitude, and the essentials of a liberal education, can be arrived at outside of school or college. But within the circle of education let us not consciously and systematically maim the intellect itself. To do so is to condemn our student out of hand to the fate of being a fractional person, a fate which the liberal education is designed to avert.

We were saying earlier that ignorance, muddle-headedness, and crassness represent the foes of the discourse of reason. It may have been implied, moreover, that we fight ignorance with factual knowledge, muddle-headedness with operative logic, and crassness with imagination. But just as these sanative forces are but phases of a single power, the foes are likewise interlocked and unified. Hence the only campaign proper for liberal education to wage is one of combined operations—the three arms working in concert under a single command.

THE MARKETING ORIENTATION

By Erich Fromm (1900-)

THE marketing orientation developed as a dominant one only in the modern era. In order to understand its nature one must consider the economic function of the market in modern society as being not only analogous to this character orientation but as the basis and the main condition for its development in modern man.

Barter is one of the oldest economic mechanisms. The traditional local market, however, is essentially different from the market as it has developed in modern capitalism. Bartering on a local market offered an opportunity to meet for the purpose of exchanging commodities. Producers and customers became acquainted; they were relatively small groups; the demand was more or less known, so that the producer could produce for this specific demand.

The modern market[1] is no longer a meeting place but a mechanism characterized by abstract and impersonal demand. One produces for this market, not for a known circle of customers; its verdict is based on laws of supply and demand; and it determines whether the commodity can be sold and at what price. No matter what the *use value* of a pair of shoes may be, for instance, if the supply is greater than the demand, some shoes will be sentenced to economic death; they might as well not have been produced at all. The market day is the "day of judgment" as far as the *exchange value* of commodities is concerned.

The reader may object that this description of the market is oversimplified. The producer does try to judge the demand in advance, and under monopoly conditions even obtains a certain degree of control over it. Nevertheless, the regulatory function of the market has been, and still is, predominant enough to have a profound influence on the character formation of the urban middle class and, through the latter's social and cultural influence, on the whole population. The market concept of value, the emphasis on exchange value rather than on use value, has led to a similar concept of value with regard to people and particularly to oneself. The character orientation which is rooted in the experience of oneself as a commodity and of one's value as exchange value I call the marketing orientation.

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1. Cf., for the study of history and function of the modern market, K. Polanyi's *The Great Transformation* (New York: Rinehart & Company, 1944).

In our time the marketing orientation has been growing rapidly, together with the development of a new market that is a phenomenon of the last decades—the "personality market." Clerks and salesmen, business executives and doctors, lawyers and artists all appear on this market. It is true that their legal status and economic positions are different: some are independent, charging for their services; others are employed, receiving salaries. But all are dependent for their material success on a personal acceptance by those who need their services or who employ them.

The principle of evaluation is the same on both the personality and the commodity market: on the one, personalities are offered for sale; on the other, commodities. Value in both cases is their exchange value, for which use value is a necessary but not a sufficient condition. It is true, our economic system could not function if people were not skilled in the particular work they have to perform and were gifted only with a pleasant personality. Even the best bedside manner and the most beautifully equipped office on Park Avenue would not make a New York doctor successful if he did not have a minimum of medical knowledge and skill. Even the most winning personality would not prevent a secretary from losing her job unless she could type reasonably fast. However, if we ask what the respective weight of skill and personality as a condition for success is, we find that only in exceptional cases is success predominantly the result of skill and of certain other human qualities like honesty, decency, and integrity. Although the proportion between skill and human qualities on the one hand and "personality" on the other hand as prerequisites for success varies, the "personality factor" always plays a decisive role. Success depends largely on how well a person sells himself on the market, how well he gets his personality across, how nice a "package" he is; whether he is "cheerful," "sound," "aggressive," "reliable," "ambitious"; furthermore what his family background is, what clubs he belongs to, and whether he knows the right people. The type of personality required depends to some degree on the special field in which a person works. A stockbroker, a salesman, a secretary, a railroad executive, a college professor, or a hotel manager must each offer different kinds of personality that, regardless of their differences, must fulfill one condition: to be in demand.

The fact that in order to have success it is not sufficient to have the skill and equipment for performing a given task but that one must be able to "put across" one's personality in competition with many others shapes the attitude toward oneself. If it were enough for the purpose of making a living to rely on what one knows and what one can do, one's self-esteem would be in proportion to one's capacities, that is, to one's use value; but since success depends largely on how one sells one's personality, one experiences oneself as a commodity or rather simultaneously as the seller *and* the commodity to be sold. A person is not concerned with his life

and happiness, but with becoming salable. This feeling might be compared to that of a commodity, of handbags on a counter, for instance, could they feel and think. Each handbag would try to make itself as "attractive" as possible in order to attract customers and to look as expensive as possible in order to obtain a higher price than its rivals. The handbag sold for the highest price would feel elated, since that would mean it was the most "valuable" one; the one which was not sold would feel sad and convinced of its own worthlessness. This fate might befall a bag which, though excellent in appearance and usefulness, had the bad luck to be out of date because of a change in fashion.

Like the handbag, one has to be in fashion on the personality market, and in order to be in fashion one has to know what kind of personality is most in demand. This knowledge is transmitted in a general way throughout the whole process of education, from kindergarten to college, and implemented by the family. The knowledge acquired at this early stage is not sufficient, however; it emphasizes only certain general qualities like adaptability, ambition, and sensitivity to the changing expectations of other people. The more specific picture of the models for success one gets elsewhere. The pictorial magazines, newspapers, and newsreels show the pictures and life stories of the successful in many variations. Pictorial advertising has a similar function. The successful executive who is pictured in a tailor's advertisement is the image of how one should look and be, if one is to draw down the "big money" on the contemporary personality market.

The most important means of transmitting the desired personality pattern to the average man is the motion picture. The young girl tries to emulate the facial expression, coiffure, gestures of a high-priced star as the most promising way to success. The young man tries to look and be like the model he sees on the screen. While the average citizen has little contact with the life of the most successful people, his relationship with the motion-picture stars is different. It is true that he has no real contact with them either, but he can see them on the screen again and again, can write them and receive their autographed pictures. In contrast to the time when the actor was socially despised but was nevertheless the transmitter of the works of great poets to his audience, our motion-picture stars have no great works or ideas to transmit, but their function is to serve as the link an average person has with the world of the "great." Even if he can not hope to become as successful as they are, he can try to emulate them; they are his saints and because of their success they embody the norms for living.

Since modern man experiences himself both as the seller and as the commodity to be sold on the market, his self-esteem depends on conditions beyond his control. If he is "successful," he is valuable; if he is not, he is

worthless. The degree of insecurity which results from this orientation can hardly be overestimated. If one feels that one's own value is not constituted primarily by the human qualities one possesses, but by one's success on a competitive market with ever-changing conditions, one's self-esteem is bound to be shaky and in constant need of confirmation by others. Hence one is driven to strive relentlessly for success, and any setback is a severe threat to one's self-esteem; helplessness, insecurity, and inferiority feelings are the result. If the vicissitudes of the market are the judges of one's value, the sense of dignity and pride is destroyed.

But the problem is not only that of self-evaluation and self-esteem but of one's experience of oneself as an independent entity, of one's *identity* with *oneself*. As we shall see later, the mature and productive individual derives his feeling of identity from the experience of himself as the agent who is one with his powers; this feeling of self can be briefly expressed as meaning *"I am what I do."* In the marketing orientation man encounters his own powers as commodities alienated from him. He is not one with them but they are masked from him because what matters is not his self-realization in the process of using them but his success in the process of selling them. Both his powers and what they create become estranged, something different from himself, something for others to judge and to use; thus his feeling of identity becomes as shaky as his self-esteem; it is constituted by the sum total of roles one can play: *"I am as you desire me."*

Ibsen has expressed this state of selfhood in Peer Gynt: Peer Gynt tries to discover his self and he finds that he is like an onion—one layer after the other can be peeled off and there is no core to be found. Since man cannot live doubting his identity, he must, in the marketing orientation, find the conviction of identity not in reference to himself and his powers but in the opinion of others about him. His prestige, status, success, the fact that he is known to others as being a certain person are a substitute for the genuine feeling of identity. This situation makes him utterly dependent on the way others look at him and forces him to keep up the role in which he once had become successful. If I and my powers are separated from each other then, indeed, is my self constituted by the price I fetch.

The way one experiences others is not different from the way one experiences oneself. Others are experienced as commodities like oneself; they too do not present *themselves* but their salable part. The difference between people is reduced to a merely quantitative difference of being *more or less* successful, attractive, hence valuable. This process is not different from what happens to commodities on the market. A painting and a pair of shoes can both be expressed in, and reduced to, their exchange value, their price; so many pairs of shoes are "equal" to one painting. In the same way the difference between people is reduced to a common element, their price on the market. Their individuality, that which is peculiar and unique in

them, is valueless and, in fact, a ballast. The meaning which the word *peculiar* has assumed is quite expressive of this attitude. Instead of denoting the greatest achievement of man—that of having developed his individuality—it has become almost synonymous with *queer*. The word *equality* has also changed its meaning. The idea that all men are created equal implied that all men have the same fundamental right to be considered as ends in themselves and not as means. Today, equality has become equivalent to *interchangeability,* and is the very negation of individuality. Equality, instead of being the condition for the development of each man's peculiarity, means the extinction of individuality, the "selflessness" characteristic of the marketing orientation. Equality was conjunctive with difference, but it has become synonymous with "in-difference" and, indeed, indifference is what characterizes modern man's relationship to himself and to others.

These conditions necessarily color all human relationships. When the individual self is neglected, the relationships between people must of necessity become superficial, because not they themselves but interchangeable commodities are related. People are not able and cannot afford to be concerned with that which is unique and "peculiar" in each other. However, the market creates a kind of comradeship of its own. Everybody is involved in the same battle of competition, shares the same striving for success; all meet under the same conditions of the market (or at least believe they do). Everyone knows how the others feel because each is in the same boat: alone, afraid to fail, eager to please; no quarter is given or expected in this battle.

The superficial character of human relationships leads many to hope that they can find depth and intensity of feeling in individual love. But love for one person and love for one's neighbor are indivisible; in any given culture, love relationships are only a more intense expression of the relatedness to man prevalent in that culture. Hence it is an illusion to expect that the loneliness of man rooted in the marketing orientation can be cured by individual love.

Thinking as well as feeling is determined by the marketing orientation. Thinking assumes the function of grasping things quickly so as to be able to manipulate them successfully. Furthered by widespread and efficient education, this leads to a high degree of intelligence, but not of reason. For manipulative purposes, all that is necessary to know is the surface features of things, the superficial. The truth, to be uncovered by penetrating to the essence of phenomena, becomes an obsolete concept—truth not only in the pre-scientific sense of "absolute" truth, dogmatically maintained without reference to empirical data, but also in the sense of truth attained by man's reason applied to his observations and open to revisions. Most intelligence tests are attuned to this kind of thinking; they measure

not so much the capacity for reason and understanding as the capacity for quick mental adaptation to a given situation; "mental adjustment tests" would be the adequate name for them. For this kind of thinking the application of the categories of comparison and of quantitative measurement—rather than a thorough analysis of a given phenomenon and its quality—is essential. All problems are equally "interesting" and there is little sense of the respective differences in their importance. Knowledge itself becomes a commodity. Here, too, man is alienated from his own power; thinking and knowing are experienced as a tool to produce results. Knowledge of man himself, psychology, which in the great tradition of Western thought was held to be the condition for virtue, for right living, for happiness, has degenerated into an instrument to be used for better manipulation of others and oneself, in market research, in political propaganda, in advertising, and so on.

Evidently this type of thinking has a profound effect on our educational system. From grade school to graduate school, the aim of learning is to gather as much information as possible that is mainly useful for the purposes of the market. Students are supposed to learn so many things that they have hardly time and energy left to *think*. Not the interest in the subjects taught or in knowledge and insight as such, but the enhanced exchange value knowledge gives is the main incentive for wanting more and better education. We find today a tremendous enthusiasm for knowledge and education, but at the same time a skeptical or contemptuous attitude toward the allegedly impractical and useless thinking which is concerned "only" with the truth and which has no exchange value on the market.

Although I have presented the marketing orientation as one of the nonproductive orientations, it is in many ways so different that it belongs in a category of its own. The receptive, exploitative, and hoarding orientations have one thing in common: each is one form of human relatedness which, if dominant in a person, is specific of him and characterizes him. The marketing orientation, however, does not develop something which is potentially in the person (unless we make the absurd assertion that "nothing" is also part of the human equipment); its very nature is that no specific and permanent kind of relatedness is developed, but that the very changeability of attitudes is the only permanent quality of such orientation. In this orientation, those qualities are developed which can best be sold. Not one particular attitude is predominant, but the emptiness which can be filled most quickly with the desired quality. This quality, however, ceases to be one in the proper sense of the word; it is only a role, the pretense of a quality, to be readily exchanged if another one is more desirable. Thus, for instance, respectability is sometimes desirable. The salesmen in certain branches of business ought to impress the public with those qualities of reliability, soberness, and respectability which were

genuine in many a businessman of the nineteenth century. Now one looks for a man who instills confidence because he *looks* as if he had these qualities; what this man sells on the personality market is his ability to look the part; what kind of person is behind that role does not matter and is nobody's concern. He himself is not interested in his honesty, but in what it gets for him on the market. The premise of the marketing orientation is emptiness, the lack of any specific quality which could not be subject to change, since any persistent trait of character might conflict some day with the requirements of the market. Some roles would not fit in with the peculiarities of the person; therefore we must do away with them—not with the roles but with the peculiarities. The marketing personality must be free, free of all individuality.

THE DEATH OF F.D.R.

By Eleanor Roosevelt (1884-)

On the first of March he [Roosevelt] addressed the Congress, and I knew when he consented to do this sitting down that he had accepted a certain degree of invalidism. I found him less and less willing to see people for any length of time, wanting and needing a rest in the middle of the day. He was anxious to get away and I was pleased when he decided to go to Warm Springs where, as I said before, he always gained in health and strength. He invited his cousins, Laura Delano and Margaret Suckley, to go down with him. I knew that they would not bother him as I should have by discussing questions of state; he would be allowed to get a real rest and yet would have companionship—and that was what I felt he most needed.

For the first time I was beginning to realize that he could no longer bear to have a real discussion, such as we had always had. This was impressed on me one night when we were discussing with Harry Hooker the question of compulsory military service for all young men as a peacetime measure. Harry Hooker had long believed in this and had worked for it. I disliked the idea thoroughly and argued against it heatedly, probably because I felt Harry was so much in favor of it that Franklin seemed to be getting only one side of the picture. In the end, I evidently made Franklin feel I was really arguing against him and I suddenly realized he was upset. I stopped at once, but afterwards Harry Hooker took me

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to task and said that I must not do that to Franklin again. I knew only too well that in discussing the issue I had forgotten that Franklin was no longer the calm and imperturbable person who, in the past, had always goaded me on to vehement arguments when questions of policy came up. It was just another indication of the change which we were all so unwilling to acknowledge.

Anna [the Roosevelts' daughter] had returned to find her little boy seriously ill with a gland infection for which he had to have penicillin. For a time we kept him in the White House, but later he was moved to the Naval Hospital and all of us were really anxious about him. Anna had planned to take him to Warm Springs when her father went down but had had to give up that idea; and most of us were still far more worried about little Johnny than we were about Franklin who, we felt, would find in Warm Springs the healing it had always brought him in the past.

On April first, Easter Sunday, Tommy and I went as usual to the Sunrise Service and throughout the following days I carried on my usual round of duties, hearing by telephone daily from Warm Springs. All the news was good until on April 12 in the afternoon Laura Delano called me to say that Franklin had fainted while sitting for his portrait and had been carried to bed. I talked to Dr. McIntire, who was not alarmed, but we planned to go to Warm Springs that evening. He told me, however, that he thought I had better go on with my afternoon engagements, since it would cause great comment if I cancelled them at the last moment to go to Warm Springs.

I was at a benefit for the Thrift Shop at the Sulgrave Club in Washington when I was called to the telephone. Steve Early, very much upset, asked me to come home at once. I did not even ask why. I knew down in my heart that something dreadful had happened. Nevertheless the amenities had to be observed, so I went back to the party and said good-bye, expressing my regrets that I could not stay longer because something had come up at home which called me away. I got into the car and sat with clenched hands all the way to the White House. In my heart I knew what had happened, but one does not actually formulate these terrible thoughts until they are spoken. I went to my sitting room and Steve Early and Dr. McIntire came to tell me the news. Word had come to them through Dr. Bruenn in Warm Springs first of the hemorrhage and later of Franklin's death.

I sent at once for the vice-president, and I made arrangements for Dr. McIntire and Steve to go with me to Warm Springs by plane that evening. Somehow in emergencies one moves automatically. I have always been that way; when anything happens, I freeze. Johnny was still in the hospital and Anna fortunately was in the White House, so she and Tommy and Edith Helm were left to arrange all the details for the funeral service in the White House.

When the vice-president came I could think of nothing to say except how sorry I was for him, how much we would all want to help him in any way we could, and how sorry I was for the people of the country, to have lost their leader and friend before the war was really won.

Then I cabled my sons: "Father slept away. He would expect you to carry on and finish your jobs."

Almost before we knew it we were on the plane and flew all through the night. The next day in Warm Springs was a long and heartbreaking day. Laura Delano and Margaret Suckley, Lizzie McDuffie, our White House maid, Daisy Bonner, the cook Franklin always had in Warm Springs, and Prettyman, the valet, were all stunned and sad but everyone was as self-controlled and calm as possible. Though this was a terrible blow, somehow you had no chance to think of it as a personal sorrow. It was the sorrow of all those to whom this man who now lay dead, and who happened to be my husband, had been a symbol of strength and fortitude.

Finally the slow procession moved to the railroad station and we got on the train and started for Washington. The military guard surrounded the coffin in the back of the car where Franklin had sat so often. I lay in my berth all night with the window shade up, looking out at the countryside he had loved and watching the faces of the people at stations, and even at the crossroads, who came to pay their last tribute all through the night.

All the plans for the funeral were as Franklin would have wanted them. We had talked often, when there had been a funeral at the Capitol in which a man had lain in state and the crowds had gone by the open coffin, of how much we disliked the practice; and we had made up our minds that we would never allow it. I asked that the coffin be opened once after it was placed in the East Room, so that I could go in alone to put a few flowers in it before it was closed finally. He wanted to be remembered as he was when he was alive, and to have his friends at services in the East Room.

It seemed to me that everyone in the world was in the East Room for the funeral services except three of my own sons. Elliott was the only one who, by luck, could get back; he had been asked to fly in the plane which brought Mr. Baruch and several others back from London. Jimmy was able to come east but he did not reach New York City until after the funeral at Hyde Park, so he joined us on the train on our way back to Washington. Langdon Marvin, junior, who was my husband's godchild, came with Jimmy. Franklin, junior, and Johnny were out in the Pacific area.

Franklin wanted to be buried in the rose garden at Hyde Park and left exact directions in writing, but he had neglected to make the arrangements necessary for using private property, so we had to make those at the last minute.

After the funeral in Washington we traveled to Hyde Park. Again no

one could sleep, so we watched out of the windows of the train the crowds of people who stood in respect and sorrow all along the way. I was deeply touched by the number of our friends who had left their homes very early to drive to Hyde Park for the funeral, and especially by the kind thoughtfulness of Prime Minister Mackenzie King. My niece (Mrs. Edward P. Elliott) was living in Ottawa at the time and he had invited her to go to Hyde Park on his special train. After the burial I stayed in the house long enough to greet old personal friends and the officials who had come up from Washington, and then my son, Elliott, my four daughters-in-law, Tommy, Harry Hooker and I went back to Washington on the same train as President and Mrs. Truman.

President and Mrs. Truman were more than kind in urging me to take my time about moving out of the White House, but I felt I wanted to leave it just as soon as possible. I had already started to prepare directions so that the accumulation of twelve years could be quickly packed and shipped. As always happens in life, something was coming to an end and something new was beginning. I went over many things in my mind as we traveled the familiar road back to Washington.

I am quite sure that Franklin accepted the thought of death as he accepted life. He had a strong religious feeling and his religion was a very personal one. I think he actually felt he could ask God for guidance and receive it. That was why he loved the 23rd Psalm, the Beatitudes, and the 13th Chapter of First Corinthians. He never talked about his religion or his beliefs and never seemed to have any intellectual difficulties about what he believed. Once, in talking to him about some spiritualist conversations which had been sent in to me (people were always sending me their conversations with the dead), I expressed a somewhat cynical disbelief in them. He said to me very simply: "I think it is unwise to say you do not believe in anything when you can't prove that it is either true or untrue. There is so much in the world which is always new in the way of discoveries that it is wiser to say that there may be spiritual things which we are simply unable now to fathom. Therefore I am interested and have respect for whatever people believe, even if I can not understand their beliefs or share their experiences."

That seemed to me a very natural attitude for him to take. He was always open-minded about anything that came to his attention, ready to look into it and study it, but his own beliefs were the beliefs of a child grown to manhood under certain simple influences. He still held to the fundamental feeling that religion was an anchor and a source of strength and guidance, so I am sure that he died looking into the future as calmly as he had looked at all the events of his life.

At a time of shock and sorrow the lesser emotions fade away. Any man in public life is bound to have had some close relationships that were later

broken for one reason or another, and some relationships that were never very close and which simply slipped away; but when Franklin died many men who had felt bitterly towards him and who without question would feel so again, at that moment forgot and merged with the great mass of people in the country who felt that they had lost someone whom they needed. Harry Hopkins looked, the day of the funeral, as though he were just about to die. After his return from Marrakech he had been practically confined to the house, and since both men were ill, it had been impossible for them to see much of each other. I do not think that they cared less for each other or that there was any break, such as some people believe must have occurred. I think the circumstances and their own health made it difficult for them to meet and consult more often.

Men like Jim Farley grieved that day too. I have not forgotten their grief, and I understand how bitterness can persist and be exploited though deep down there is a real affection.

As I look back now I realize that unwittingly Franklin's parents had prepared him well, through contact with themselves, travel abroad and familiarity with the customs and peoples of many countries, to meet the various situations that he faced during his public life. They certainly never intended him to be in politics, but the training they gave him made him better able to accomplish his tasks.

The so-called New Deal was, of course, nothing more than an effort to preserve our economic system. Viewing the world today, I wonder whether some of the other people might not have stood up better in World War II had something like the New Deal taken place in their countries long enough before to have given them a sense of security and confidence in themselves. It was the rebuilding of those two qualities in the people of the United States as a whole that made it possible for us to produce as we did in the early days of the war and to go into the most terrible war in our history and win it. So the two crises that my husband faced were really closely tied together. If he had not successfully handled the one, he could never have handled the other, because no leader can do anything unless the people are willing to follow him.

What brought this more clearly before me were the letters that came in such quantities after Franklin's death, and which are now in the Franklin D. Roosevelt Library. Touchingly, people told their complete stories and cited the plans and policies undertaken by my husband that had brought about improvement in their lives. In many cases he had saved them from complete despair.

These letters continued to come in throughout the summer and President Truman was kind enough to let Mrs. Robert Butturff, who had worked with us for twelve years, come to Hyde Park to help us open them. The last one was opened and read the end of August. I remember distinctly

our feeling of relief and accomplishment when the last pile of letters was read. It was quite impossible for me to answer them all personally as I should have liked to do; but I have always felt that in them future historians would find the explanation of why one man was four times elected to the office of President of the United States.

It is hard for me to understand now, but at the time I had an almost impersonal feeling about everything that was happening. The only explanation I have is that during the years of the war I had schooled myself to believe that some or all of my sons might be killed and I had long faced the fact that Franklin might be killed or die at any time. This was not consciously phrased; it simply underlay all my thoughts and merged what might happen to me with what was happening to all the suffering people of the world. That does not entirely account for my feelings, however. Perhaps it was that much further back I had had to face certain difficulties until I decided to accept the fact that a man must be what he is, life must be lived as it is, circumstances force your children away from you, and you can not live at all if you do not learn to adapt yourself to your life as it happens to be.

All human beings have failings, all human beings have needs and temptations and stresses. Men and women who live together through long years get to know one another's failings; but they also come to know what is worthy of respect and admiration in those they live with and in themselves. If at the end one can say: "This man used to the limit the powers that God granted him; he was worthy of love and respect and of the sacrifices of many people, made in order that he might achieve what he deemed to be his task," then that life has been lived well and there are no regrets.

THE DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE—1776

IN CONGRESS, JULY 4, 1776

THE UNANIMOUS DECLARATION OF THE THIRTEEN UNITED STATES OF AMERICA

By Thomas Jefferson (1743-1826)

WHEN in the Course of human events, it becomes necessary for one people to dissolve the political bands which have connected them with another, and to assume among the Powers of the earth, the separate and equal station to which the Laws of Nature

and of Nature's God entitle them, a decent respect to the opinions of mankind requires that they should declare the causes which impel them to the separation.

We hold these truths to be self-evident, that all men are created equal, that they are endowed by their Creator with certain unalienable Rights, that among these are Life, Liberty and the pursuit of Happiness. That to secure these rights, Governments are instituted among Men, deriving their just powers from the consent of the governed. That whenever any Form of Government becomes destructive of these ends, it is the Right of the People to alter or to abolish it, and to institute a new Government, laying its foundation on such principles and organizing its powers in such form, as to them shall seem most likely to effect their Safety and Happiness. Prudence, indeed, will dictate that Governments long established should not be changed for light and transient causes; and accordingly all experience hath shown, that mankind are more disposed to suffer, while evils are sufferable, than to right themselves by abolishing the forms to which they are accustomed. But when a long train of abuses and usurpations, pursuing invariably the same Object evinces a design to reduce them under absolute Despotism, it is their right, it is their duty, to throw off such Government, and to provide new Guards for their future security.— Such has been the patient sufferance of these Colonies; and such is now the necessity which constrains them to alter their former Systems of Government. The history of the present King of Great Britain is a history of repeated injuries and usurpations, all having in direct object the establishment of an absolute Tyranny over these States. To prove this, let Facts be submitted to a candid world.

He has refused his Assent to Laws, the most wholesome and necessary for the public good.

He has forbidden his Governors to pass Laws of immediate and pressing importance, unless suspended in their operation till his Assent should be obtained; and when so suspended, he has utterly neglected to attend to them.

He has refused to pass other Laws for the accommodation of large districts of people, unless those people would relinquish the right of Representation in the Legislature, a right inestimable to them and formidable to tyrants only.

He has called together legislative bodies at places unusual, uncomfortable, and distant from the depository of their Public Records, for the sole purpose of fatiguing them into compliance with his measures.

He has dissolved Representative Houses repeatedly, for opposing with manly firmness his invasions on the rights of the people.

He has refused for a long time, after such dissolutions, to cause others to be elected; whereby the Legislative Powers, incapable of Annihilation,

have returned to the People at large for their exercise; the State remaining in the mean time exposed to all the dangers of invasion from without, and convulsions within.

He has endeavoured to prevent the population of these States; for that purpose obstructing the Laws for Naturalization of Foreigners; refusing to pass others to encourage their migration hither, and raising the conditions of new Appropriations of Lands.

He has obstructed the Administration of Justice, by refusing his Assent to Laws for establishing Judiciary Powers.

He has made Judges dependent on his Will alone, for the tenure of their offices, and the amount and payment of their salaries.

He has erected a multitude of New Offices, and sent hither swarms of Officers to harass our People, and eat out their substance.

He has kept among us, in times of peace, Standing Armies without the Consent of our legislature.

He has affected to render the Military independent of and superior to the Civil Power.

He has combined with others to subject us to a jurisdiction foreign to our constitution, and unacknowledged by our laws; giving his Assent to their acts of pretended Legislation:

For quartering large bodies of armed troops among us:

For protecting them, by a mock Trial, from Punishment for any Murders which they should commit on the Inhabitants of these States:

For cutting off our Trade with all parts of the world:

For imposing taxes on us without our Consent:

For depriving us in many cases, of the benefits of Trial by Jury:

For transporting us beyond Seas to be tried for pretended offences:

For abolishing the free System of English Laws in a neighbouring Province, establishing therein an Arbitrary government, and enlarging its Boundaries so as to render it at once an example and fit instrument for introducing the same absolute rule into these Colonies:

For taking away our Charters, abolishing our most valuable Laws, and altering fundamentally the Forms of our Governments:

For suspending our own Legislatures, and declaring themselves invested with Power to legislate for us in all cases whatsoever.

He has abdicated Government here, by declaring us out of his Protection and waging War against us.

He has plundered our seas, ravaged our Coasts, burnt our towns, and destroyed the lives of our people.

He is at this time transporting large armies of foreign mercenaries to compleat the works of death, desolation and tyranny, already begun with circumstances of Cruelty & perfidy scarcely paralleled in the most barbarous ages, and totally unworthy the Head of a civilized nation.

He has constrained our fellow Citizens taken Captive on the High Seas to bear Arms against their Country, to become the executioners of their friends and Brethren, or to fall themselves by their Hands.

He has excited domestic insurrections amongst us, and has endeavoured to bring on the inhabitants of our frontiers, the merciless Indian Savages, whose Known rule of warfare, is an undistinguished destruction of all ages, sexes and conditions.

In every stage of these Oppressions We have Petitioned for Redress in the most humble terms: Our repeated Petitions have been answered only by repeated injury. A Prince, whose character is thus marked by every act which may define a Tyrant, is unfit to be the ruler of a free People.

Nor have We been wanting in attention to our British brethren. We have warned them from time to time of attempts by their legislature to extend an unwarrantable jurisdiction over us. We have reminded them of the circumstances of our emigration and settlement here. We have appealed to their native justice and magnanimity, and we have conjured them by the ties of our common kindred to disavow these usurpations, which, would inevitably interrupt our connections and correspondence. They too have been deaf to the voice of justice and of consanguinity. We must, therefore, acquiesce in the necessity, which denounces our Separation, and hold them, as we hold the rest of mankind, Enemies in War, in Peace Friends.

We, therefore, the Representatives of the united States of America, in General Congress, Assembled, appealing to the Supreme Judge of the world for the rectitude of our intentions, do, in the Name, and by Authority of the good People of these Colonies, solemnly publish and declare, That these United Colonies are, and of Right ought to be Free and Independent States, that they are Absolved from all Allegiance to the British Crown, and that all political connection between them and the State of Great Britain, is and ought to be totally dissolved; and that as Free and Independent States, they have full Power to levy War, conclude Peace, contract Alliances, establish Commerce, and to do all other Acts and Things which Independent States may of right do. And for the support of this Declaration, with a firm reliance on the Protection of Divine Providence, we mutually pledge to each other our Lives, our Fortunes and our sacred Honor.

FIRST INAUGURAL ADDRESS

By Thomas Jefferson (1743-1826)

FRIENDS AND FELLOW CITIZENS:—

CALLED upon to undertake the duties of the first executive office of our country, I avail myself of the presence of that portion of my fellow-citizens which is here assembled, to express my grateful thanks for the favor with which they have been pleased to look towards me, to declare a sincere consciousness that the task is above my talents, and that I approach it with those anxious and awful presentiments which the greatness of the charge, and the weakness of my powers, so justly inspire. A rising nation, spread over a wide and fruitful land, traversing all the seas with the rich productions of their industry, engaged in commerce with nations who feel power and forget right, advancing rapidly to destinies beyond the reach of mortal eye; when I contemplate these transcendent objects, and see the honor, the happiness, and the hopes of this beloved country committed to the issue and the auspices of this day, I shrink from the contemplation, and humble myself before the magnitude of the undertaking.

Utterly, indeed, should I despair, did not the presence of many whom I here see, remind me that, in the other high authorities provided by our Constitution, I shall find resources of wisdom, of virtue, and of zeal, on which to rely under all difficulties. To you, then, gentlemen, who are charged with the sovereign functions of legislation, and to those associated with you, I look with encouragement for that guidance and support which may enable us to steer with safety the vessel in which we are all embarked, amidst the conflicting elements of a troubled sea.

During the contest of opinion through which we have passed, the animation of discussions and of exertions has sometimes worn an aspect which might impose on strangers unused to think freely, and to speak and to write what they think; but this being now decided by the voice of the nation, announced according to the rules of the Constitution, all will of course arrange themselves under the will of the law, and unite in common efforts for the common good. All too will bear in mind this sacred principle, that though the will of the majority is in all cases to prevail, that will, to be rightful, must be reasonable; that the minority possess their equal rights, which equal laws must protect, and to violate would be oppression. Let us, then, fellow-citizens, unite with one heart and one mind, let us restore to social intercourse that harmony and affection with-

out which liberty, and even life itself, are but dreary things. And let us reflect that, having banished from our land that religious intolerance under which mankind so long bled and suffered, we have yet gained little, if we countenance a political intolerance, as despotic as wicked, and capable of as bitter and bloody persecutions. During the throes and convulsions of the ancient world, during the agonized spasms of infuriated man, seeking through blood and slaughter his long-lost liberty, it was not wonderful that the agitation of the billows should reach even this distant and peaceful shore; that this should be felt and feared by some, and less by others, and should divide opinions as to measures of safety; but every difference of opinion is not a difference of principle. We have called by different names brethren of the same principle. We are all Republicans; we are all Federalists. If there be any among us who wish to dissolve this Union, or to change its republican form, let them stand undisturbed as monuments of the safety with which error of opinion may be tolerated, where reason is left free to combat it. I know, indeed, that some honest men have feared that a republican government cannot be strong; that this government is not strong enough. But would the honest patriot, in the full tide of successful experiment, abandon a government which has so far kept us free and firm, on the theoretic and visionary fear that this government, the world's best hope, may, by possibility, want energy to preserve itself? I trust not. I believe this, on the contrary, the strongest government on earth. I believe it the only one where every man, at the call of the law, would fly to the standard of the law; would meet the invasions of the public order as his own personal concern. Sometimes it is said that man cannot be trusted with the government of himself. Can he then be trusted with the government of others? Or have we found angels in the form of kings to govern him? Let history answer this question.

Let us, then, pursue with courage and confidence our own Federal and Republican principles; our attachment to union and representative government. Kindly separated by nature and a wide ocean from the exterminating havoc of one-quarter of the globe; too high-minded to endure the degradations of the others; possessing a chosen country, with room enough for our descendants to the thousandth and thousandth generation; entertaining a due sense of our equal right to the use of our own faculties, to the acquisitions of our own industry, to honor and confidence from our fellow-citizens, resulting not from birth, but from our actions and their sense of them; enlightened by a benign religion, professed indeed and practiced in various forms, yet all of them inculcating honesty, truth, temperance, gratitude, and the love of man; acknowledging and adoring an overruling Providence, which, by all its dispensations, proves that it delights in the happiness of man here, and his greater happiness hereafter; with all these blessings, what more is necessary to make us a happy and a prosperous

people? Still one thing more, fellow-citizens, a wise and frugal government which shall restrain men from injuring one another, shall leave them otherwise free to regulate their own pursuits of industry and improvement, and shall not take from the mouth of labor the bread it has earned. This is the sum of good government; and this is necessary to close the circle of our felicities.

About to enter, fellow-citizens, on the exercise of duties which comprehend everything dear and valuable to you, it is proper you should understand what I deem the essential principles of this government, and consequently those which ought to shape its administration. I will compress them within the narrowest compass they will bear, stating the general principle, but not all its limitations. Equal and exact justice to all men, of whatever state or persuasion, religious or political; peace, commerce and honest friendship with all nations, entangling alliances with none; the support of the state governments in all their rights, as the most competent administrations for our domestic concerns and the surest bulwarks against anti-republican tendencies; the preservation of the general government in its whole constitutional vigor, as the sheet-anchor of our peace at home and safety abroad; a jealous care of the right of election by the people; a mild and safe corrective of abuses which are lopped by the sword of revolution, where peaceable remedies are unprovided; absolute acquiescence in the decisions of the majority, the vital principle of republics, from which [there] is no appeal but to force, the vital principle and immediate parent of despotism; a well-disciplined militia, our best reliance in peace and for the first moments of war, till regulars may relieve them; the supremacy of the civil over the military authority—economy in the public expense, that labor may be lightly burdened; the honest payment of our debts, and sacred preservation of the public faith; encouragement of agriculture, and of commerce as its handmaid; the diffusion of information and arraignment of all abuses at the bar of the public reason; freedom of religion, freedom of the press, and freedom of person, under the protection of the habeas corpus; and trial by juries impartially selected. These principles form the bright constellation which has gone before us, and guided our steps through an age of revolution and reformation. The wisdom of our sages and blood of our heroes have been devoted to their attainment; they should be the creed of our political faith, the text of civic instruction, the touchstone by which to try the services of those we trust; and should we wander from them in moments of error or alarm, let us hasten to retrace our steps and to regain the road which alone leads to peace, liberty, and safety.

I repair then, fellow-citizens, to the post which you have assigned me. With experience enough in subordinate stations to know the difficulties of this, the greatest of all, I have learned to expect that it will rarely fall

to the lot of imperfect man to retire from this station with the reputation and the favor which bring him into it. Without pretensions to that high confidence you reposed in our first and greatest revolutionary character, whose preëminent services had entitled him to the first place in his country's love, and had destined for him the fairest page in the volume of faithful history, I ask so much confidence only as may give firmness and effect to the legal administration of your affairs. I shall often go wrong through defect of judgment. When right, I shall often be thought wrong by those whose positions will not command a view of the whole ground. I ask your indulgence for my own errors, which will never be intentional; and your support against the errors of others, who may condemn what they would not, if seen in all its parts. The approbation implied by your suffrage is a great consolation to me for the past; and my future solicitude will be to retain the good opinion of those who have bestowed it in advance, to conciliate that of others by doing them all the good in my power, and to be instrumental to the happiness and freedom of all.

Relying then on the patronage of your good-will, I advance with obedience to the work, ready to retire from it whenever you become sensible how much better choice it is in your power to make. And may that Infinite Power which rules the destinies of the universe lead our councils to what is best, and give them a favorable issue for your peace and prosperity.

THE SCIENCE OF CUSTOM

By Ruth Benedict (1887-)

ANTHROPOLOGY is the study of human beings as creatures of society. It fastens its attention upon those physical characteristics and industrial techniques, those conventions and values, which distinguish one community from all others that belong to a different tradition.

The distinguishing mark of anthropology among the social sciences is that it includes for serious study other societies than our own. For its purposes any social regulation of mating and reproduction is as significant as our own, though it may be that of the Sea Dyaks, and have no possible historical relation to that of our civilization. To the anthropologist, our customs and those of a New Guinea tribe are two possible social schemes for dealing with a common problem, and in so far as he remains an anthro-

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pologist he is bound to avoid any weighing of one in favour of the other. He is interested in human behaviour, not as it is shaped by one tradition, our own, but as it has been shaped by any tradition whatsoever. He is interested in the great gamut of custom that is found in various cultures, and his object is to understand the way in which these cultures change and differentiate, the different forms through which they express themselves, and the manner in which the customs of any peoples function in the lives of the individuals who compose them.

Now custom has not been commonly regarded as a subject of any great moment. The inner workings of our own brains we feel to be uniquely worthy of investigation, but custom, we have a way of thinking, is behaviour at its most commonplace. As a matter of fact, it is the other way around. Traditional custom, taken the world over, is a mass of detailed behaviour more astonishing than what any one person can ever evolve in individual actions, no matter how aberrant. Yet that is a rather trivial aspect of the matter. The fact of first-rate importance is the predominant rôle that custom plays in experience and in belief, and the very great varieties it may manifest.

No man ever looks at the world with pristine eyes. He sees it edited by a definite set of customs and institutions and ways of thinking. Even in his philosophical probings he cannot go behind these stereotypes; his very concepts of the true and the false will still have reference to his particular traditional customs. John Dewey has said in all seriousness that the part played by custom in shaping the behaviour of the individual as over against any way in which he can affect traditional custom, is as the proportion of the total vocabulary of his mother tongue over against those words of his own baby talk that are taken up into the vernacular of his family. When one seriously studies social orders that have had the opportunity to develop autonomously, the figure becomes no more than an exact and matter-of-fact observation. The life history of the individual is first and foremost an accommodation to the patterns and standards traditionally handed down in his community. From the moment of his birth the customs into which he is born shape his experience and behaviour. By the time he can talk, he is the little creature of his culture, and by the time he is grown and able to take part in its activities, its habits are his habits, its beliefs his beliefs, its impossibilities his impossibilities. Every child that is born into his group will share them with him, and no child born into one on the opposite side of the globe can ever achieve the thousandth part. There is no social problem it is more incumbent upon us to understand than this of the rôle of custom. Until we are intelligent as to its laws and varieties, the main complicating facts of human life must remain unintelligible.

The study of custom can be profitable only after certain preliminary

propositions have been accepted, and some of these propositions have been violently opposed. In the first place any scientific study requires that there be no preferential weighting of one or another of the items in the series it selects for its consideration. In all the less controversial fields like the study of cacti or termites or the nature of nebulæ, the necessary method of study is to group the relevant material and to take note of all possible variant forms and conditions. In this way we have learned all that we know of the laws of astronomy, or of the habits of the social insects, let us say. It is only in the study of man himself that the major social sciences have substituted the study of one local variation, that of Western civilization.

Anthropology was by definition impossible as long as these distinctions between ourselves and the primitive, ourselves and the barbarian, ourselves and the pagan, held sway over people's minds. It was necessary first to arrive at that degree of sophistication where we no longer set our own belief over against our neighbour's superstition. It was necessary to recognize that these institutions which are based on the same premises, let us say the supernatural, must be considered together, our own among the rest.

In the first half of the nineteenth century this elementary postulate of anthropology could not occur to the most enlightened person of Western civilization. Man, all down his history, has defended his uniqueness like a point of honour. In Copernicus' time this claim to supremacy was so inclusive that it took in even the earth on which we live, and the fourteenth century refused with passion to have this planet subordinated to a place in the solar scheme. By Darwin's time, having granted the solar system to the enemy, man fought with all the weapons at his command for the uniqueness of the soul, an unknowable attribute given by God to man in such a manner that it disproved man's ancestry in the animal kingdom. No lack of continuity in the argument, no doubts of the nature of this "soul," not even the fact that the nineteenth century did not care in the least to defend its brotherhood with any group of aliens—none of these facts counted against the first-rate excitement that raged on account of the indignity evolution proposed against the notion of man's uniqueness.

Both these battles we may fairly count as won—if not yet, then soon; but the fighting has only massed itself upon another front. We are quite willing to admit now that the revolution of the earth about the sun, or the animal ancestry of man, has next to nothing to do with the uniqueness of our human achievements. If we inhabit one chance planet out of myriad solar systems, so much the greater glory, and if all the ill-assorted human races are linked by evolution with the animal, the provable differences between ourselves and them are the more extreme and the uniqueness of our institutions the more remarkable. But *our* achievements, *our* institutions are unique; they are of a different order from those of lesser races

and must be protected at all costs. So that today, whether it is a question of imperialism, or of race prejudice, or of a comparison between Christianity and paganism, we are still preoccupied with the uniqueness, not of the human institutions of the world at large, which no one has ever cared about anyway, but of our own institutions and achievements, our own civilization.

Western civilization, because of fortuitous historical circumstances, has spread itself more widely than any other local group that has so far been known. It has standardized itself over most of the globe, and we have been led, therefore, to accept a belief in the uniformity of human behavior that under other circumstances would not have arisen. Even very primitive peoples are sometimes far more conscious of the rôle of cultural traits than we are, and for good reason. They have had intimate experience of different cultures. They have seen their religion, their economic system, their marriage prohibitions, go down before the white man's. They have laid down the one and accepted the other, often uncomprehendingly enough, but they are quite clear that there are variant arrangements of human life. They will sometimes attribute dominant characteristics of the white man to his commercial competition, or to his institution of warfare, very much in the fashion of the anthropologist.

The white man has had a different experience. He has never seen an outsider, perhaps, unless the outsider has been already Europeanized. If he has travelled, he has very likely been around the world without ever staying outside a cosmopolitan hotel. He knows little of any ways of life but his own. The uniformity of custom, of outlook, that he sees spread about him seems convincing enough, and conceals from him the fact that it is after all an historical accident. He accepts without more ado the equivalence of human nature and his own culture standards.

Yet the great spread of white civilization is not an isolated historical circumstance. The Polynesian group, in comparatively recent times, has spread itself from Ontong, Java, to Easter Island, from Hawaii to New Zealand, and the Bantu-speaking tribes spread from the Sahara to southern Africa. But in neither case do we regard these peoples as more than an overgrown local variation of the human species. Western civilization has had all its inventions in transportation and all its far-flung commercial arrangements to back up its great dispersion, and it is easy to understand historically how this came about.

The psychological consequences of this spread of white culture have been out of all proportion to the materialistic. This world-wide cultural diffusion has protected us as man had never been protected before from having to take seriously the civilizations of other peoples; it has given to our culture a massive universality that we have long ceased to account for historically, and which we read off rather as necessary and inevitable. We

interpret our dependence, in our civilization, upon economic competition, as proof that this is the prime motivation that human nature can rely upon, or we read off the behaviour of small children as it is moulded in our civilization and recorded in child clinics, as child psychology or the way in which the young human animal is bound to behave. It is the same whether it is a question of our ethics or of our family organization. It is the inevitability of each familiar motivation that we defend, attempting always to identify our own local ways of behaving with Behaviour, or our own socialized habits with Human Nature.

Now modern man has made this thesis one of the living issues in his thought and in his practical behaviour, but the sources of it go far back into what appears to be, from its universal distribution among primitive peoples, one of the earliest of human distinctions, the difference in kind between "my own" closed group and the outsider. All primitive tribes agree in recognizing this category of the outsiders, those who are not only outside the provisions of the moral code which holds within the limits of one's own people, but who are summarily denied a place anywhere in the human scheme. A great number of the tribal names in common use, Zuñi, Déné, Kiowa, and the rest, are names by which primitive peoples know themselves, and are only their native terms for "the human beings," that is, themselves. Outside of the closed group there are no human beings. And this is in spite of the fact that from an objective point of view each tribe is surrounded by peoples sharing in its arts and material inventions, in elaborate practices that have grown up by a mutual give-and-take of behaviour from one people to another.

Primitive man never looked out over the world and saw "mankind" as a group and felt his common cause with his species. From the beginning he was a provincial who raised the barriers high. Whether it was a question of choosing a wife or of taking a head, the first and important distinction was between his own human group and those beyond the pale. His own group, and all its ways of behaving, was unique.

So modern man, differentiating into Chosen People and dangerous aliens, groups within his own civilization genetically and culturally related to one another as any tribes in the Australian bush are among themselves, has the justification of a vast historical continuity behind his attitude. The Pygmies have made the same claims. We are not likely to clear ourselves easily of so fundamental a human trait, but we can at least learn to recognize its history and its hydra manifestations.

One of these manifestations, and one which is often spoken of as primary and motivated rather by religious emotions than by this more generalized provincialism, is the attitude that has universally held in Western civilizations so long as religion remained a living issue among them. The distinction between any closed group and outside peoples, becomes in

terms of religion that between the true believers and the heathen. Between these two categories for thousands of years there were no common meeting-points. No ideas or institutions that held in the one were valid in the other. Rather all institutions were seen in opposing terms according as they belonged to one or the other of the very often slightly differentiated religions: on the one side it was a question of Divine Truth and the true believer, of revelation and of God; on the other it was a matter of mortal error, of fables, of the damned and of devils. There could be no question of equating the attitudes of the opposed groups and hence no question of understanding from objectively studied data the nature of this important human trait, religion.

We feel a justified superiority when we read a description such as this of the standard religious attitude. At least we have thrown off that particular absurdity, and we have accepted the study of comparative religion. But considering the scope a similar attitude has had in our civilization in the form of race prejudices, for example, we are justified in a little scepticism as to whether our sophistication in the matter of religion is due to the fact that we have outgrown naïve childishness, or simply to the fact that religion is no longer the area of life in which the important modern battles are staged. In the really live issues of our civilization we seem to be far from having gained the detachment that we have so largely achieved in the field of religion.

There is another circumstance that has made the serious study of custom a late and often a half-heartedly pursued discipline, and it is a difficulty harder to surmount than those of which we have just spoken. Custom did not challenge the attention of social theorists because it was the very stuff of their own thinking: it was the lens without which they could not see at all. Precisely in proportion as it was fundamental, it had its existence outside the field of conscious attention. There is nothing mystical about this blindness. When a student has assembled the vast data for a study of international credits, or of the process of learning, or of narcissism as a factor in psychoneuroses, it is through and in this body of data that the economist or the psychologist or the psychiatrist operates. He does not reckon with the fact of other social arrangements where all the factors, it may be, are differently arranged. He does not reckon, that is, with cultural conditioning. He sees the trait he is studying as having known and inevitable manifestations, and he projects these as absolute because they are all the materials he has to think with. He identifies local attitudes of the 1930's with Human Nature, the description of them with Economics or Psychology.

Practically, it often does not matter. Our children must be educated in our pedagogical tradition, and the study of the process of learning in our schools is of paramount importance. There is the same kind of justifica-

tion for the shrug of the shoulders with which we often greet a discussion of other economic systems. After all, we must live within the framework of mine and thine that our own culture institutionalizes.

That is true, and the fact that the varieties of culture can best be discussed as they exist in space gives colour to our nonchalance. But it is only limitation of historical material that prevents examples from being drawn rather from the succession of cultures in time. That succession we cannot escape if we would, and when we look back even a generation we realize the extent to which revision has taken place, sometimes in our most intimate behaviour. So far these revisions have been blind, the result of circumstances we can chart only in retrospect. Except for our unwillingness to face cultural change in intimate matters until it is forced upon us, it would not be impossible to take a more intelligent and directive attitude. The resistance is in large measure a result of our misunderstanding of cultural conventions, and especially an exaltation of those that happen to belong to our nation and decade. A very little acquaintance with other conventions, and a knowledge of how various these may be, would do much to promote a rational social order.

The study of different cultures has another important bearing upon present-day thought and behaviour. Modern existence has thrown many civilizations into close contact, and at the moment the overwhelming response to this situation is nationalism and racial snobbery. There has never been a time when civilization stood more in need of individuals who are genuinely culture-conscious, who can see objectively the socially conditioned behaviour of other peoples without fear and recrimination.

Contempt for the alien is not the only possible solution of our present contact of races and nationalities. It is not even a scientifically founded solution. Traditional Anglo-Saxon intolerance is a local and temporal culture-trait like any other. Even people as nearly of the same blood and culture as the Spanish have not had it, and race prejudice in the Spanish-settled countries is a thoroughly different thing from that in countries dominated by England and the Unted States. In this country it is obviously not an intolerance directed against the mixture of blood of biologically far-separated races, for upon occasion excitement mounts as high against the Irish Catholic in Boston, or the Italian in New England mill towns, as against the Oriental in California. It is the old distinction of the in-group and the out-group, and if we carry on the primitive tradition in this matter, we have far less excuse than savage tribes. We have travelled, we pride ourselves on our sophistication. But we have failed to understand the relativity of cultural habits, and we remain debarred from much profit and enjoyment in our human relations with peoples of different standards, and untrustworthy in our dealings with them.

The recognition of the cultural basis of race prejudice is a desperate

need in present Western civilization. We have come to the point where we entertain race prejudice against our blood brothers the Irish, and where Norway and Sweden speak of their enmity as if they too represented different blood. The so-called race line, during a war in which France and Germany fight on opposite sides, is held to divide the people of Baden from those of Alsace, though in bodily form they alike belong to the Alpine sub-race. In a day of footloose movements of people and of mixed marriages in the ancestry of the most desirable elements of the community, we preach unabashed the gospel of the pure race.

To this anthropology makes two answers. The first is as to the nature of culture, and the second is as to the nature of inheritance. The answer as to the nature of culture takes us back to prehuman societies. There are societies where Nature perpetuates the slightest mode of behaviour by biological mechanisms, but these are societies not of men but of the social insects. The queen ant, removed to a solitary nest, will reproduce each trait of sex behaviour, each detail of the nest. The social insects represent Nature in a mood when she was taking no chances. The pattern of the entire social structure she committed to the ant's instinctive behaviour. There is no greater chance that the social classes of an ant society, or its patterns of agriculture, will be lost by an ant's isolation from its group than that the ant will fail to reproduce the shape of its antennae or the structure of its abdomen.

For better or for worse, man's solution lies at the opposite pole. Not one item of his tribal social organization, of his language, of his local religion, is carried in his germ cell. In Europe, in other centuries, when children were occasionally found who had been abandoned and had maintained themselves in forests apart from other human beings, they were all so much alike that Linnæus classified them as a distinct species, *Homo ferus,* and supposed that they were a kind of gnome that man seldom ran across. He could not conceive that these half-witted brutes were born human, these creatures with no interest in what went on about them, rocking themselves rythmically back and forth like some wild animal in a zoo, with organs of speech and hearing that could hardly be trained to do service, who withstood freezing weather in rags and plucked potatoes out of boiling water without discomfort. There is no doubt, of course, that they were children abandoned in infancy, and what they had all of them lacked was association with their kind, through which alone man's faculties are sharpened and given form.

We do not come across wild children in our more humane civilization. But the point is made as clearly in any case of adoption of an infant into another race and culture. An Oriental child adopted by an Occidental family learns English, shows toward its foster parents the attitudes current among the children he plays with, and grows up to the same professions

that they elect. He learns the entire set of the cultural traits of the adopted society, and the set of his real parents' group plays no part. The same process happens on a grand scale when entire peoples in a couple of generations shake off their traditional culture and put on the customs of an alien group. The culture of the American Negro in northern cities has come to approximate in detail that of the whites in the same cities. A few years ago, when a cultural survey was made of Harlem, one of the traits peculiar to the Negroes was their fashion of gambling on the last three unit figures of the next day's stock turnover. At least it cost less than the whites' corresponding predilection for gambling in the stocks themselves and was no less uncertain and exciting. It was a variation on the white pattern, though hardly a great departure. And most Harlem traits keep still closer to the forms that are current in white groups.

All over the world, since the beginning of human history, it can be shown that peoples have been able to adopt the culture of peoples of another blood. There is nothing in the biological structure of man that makes it even difficult. Man is not committed in detail by his biological constitution to any particular variety of behaviour. The great diversity of social solutions that man has worked out in different cultures in regard to mating, for example, or trade, are all equally possible on the basis of his original endowment. Culture is not a biologically transmitted complex.

What is lost in Nature's guaranty of safety is made up in the advantage of greater plasticity. The human animal does not, like the bear, grow himself a polar coat in order to adapt himself, after many generations, to the Arctic. He learns to sew himself a coat and put up a snow house. From all we can learn of the history of intelligence in prehuman as well as human societies, this plasticity has been the soil in which human progress began and in which it has maintained itself. In the ages of the mammoths, species after species without plasticity arose, overreached itself, and died out, undone by the development of the very traits it had biologically produced in order to cope with its environment. The beasts of prey and finally the higher apes came slowly to rely upon other than biological adaptations, and upon the consequent increased plasticity the foundations were laid, bit by bit, for the development of intelligence. Perhaps, as is often suggested, man will destroy himself by this very development of intelligence. But no one has suggested any means by which we can return to the biological mechanisms of the social insect, and we are left no alternative. The human cultural heritage, for better or for worse, is not biologically transmitted.

The corollary in modern politics is that there is no basis for the argument that we can trust our spiritual and cultural achievements to any selected hereditary germ plasms. In our Western civilization, leadership has passed successively in different periods to the Semitic-speaking peoples,

to the Hamitic, to the Mediterranean sub-group of the white race, and lately to the Nordic. There is no doubt about the cultural continuity of the civilization, no matter who its carriers were at the moment. We must accept all the implications of our human inheritance, one of the most important of which is the small scope of biologically transmitted behaviour, and the enormous rôle of the cultural process of the transmission of tradition.

The second answer anthropology makes to the argument of the racial purist concerns the nature of heredity. The racial purist is the victim of a mythology. For what is "racial inheritance"? We know roughly what heredity is from father to son. Within a family line the importance of heredity is tremendous. But heredity is an affair of family lines. Beyond that it is mythology. In small and static communities like an isolated Eskimo village, "racial" heredity and the heredity of child and parent are practically equivalent, and racial heredity therefore has meaning. But as a concept applied to groups distributed over a wide area, let us say, to Nordics, it has no basis in reality. In the first place, in all Nordic nations there are family lines which are represented also in Alpine or Mediterranean communities. Any analysis of the physical makeup of a European population shows overlapping: the dark-eyed, dark-haired Swede represents family lines that are more concentrated farther south, but he is to be understood in relation to what we know of these latter groups. His heredity, so far as it has any physical reality, is a matter of his family line, which is not confined to Sweden. We do not know how far physical types may vary without intermixture. We know that inbreeding brings about a local type. But this is a situation that in our cosmopolitan white civilization hardly exists, and when "racial heredity" is invoked, as it usually is, to rally a group of persons of about the same economic status, graduating from much the same schools, and reading the same weeklies, such a category is merely another version of the in- and the out-group and does not refer to the actual biological homogeneity of the group.

What really binds men together is their culture,—the ideas and the standards they have in common. If instead of selecting a symbol like common blood heredity and making a slogan of it, the nation turned its attention rather to the culture that unites its people, emphasizing its major merits and recognizing the different values which may develop in a different culture, it would substitute realistic thinking for a kind of symbolism which is dangerous because it is misleading.

ART AND CHANGE

By Francis P. Colburn (1909-)

LET us assume you have had trouble, too, with modern art. Let us be reassured, however, that others have tried to admire, or at least understand, modern painting—an abstraction, for example—and have had no small difficulty even in the simple matter of holding it right side up. This alone can have a chilling effect, but then there is the further difficulty of the odd shapes with which to contend. Somehow these shapes have to be interpreted. After all, any picture has to *mean* something. Pray, what *do* these shapes represent?

The key to the whole knotty problem may lie in that word *represent.* It is quite possible that these odd shapes, and thus the whole picture, do not represent anything at all! They may simply constitute a design important only for its own sake. But this sounds glib. We'd better dig a little deeper.

The history of art is a series of revolutions and counter-revolutions. A way of painting becomes established (not without pain, as you will see) and the individual artists who adhere to this established and publicly favored mode of laying pigment on canvas gradually acquire standing—even respect—in their community. Things seem rather pleasant all around, with very little name-calling, and the individual artist may grow a beard as a mark of dignified social responsibility, much as a young bank clerk, promoted to second assistant treasurer, takes up cigars.

Then certain young upstarts with probably dangerous, and certainly zany, notions of what constitutes art appear on the artistic horizon. They clamor and hoot with derision at the established artists, call them greybeards, and issue manifestoes proclaiming themselves the *avant garde* of the new artistic enlightenment. It always comes as a shock to these brave young painters (and writers and composers) when other and even younger ones appear to point out that the brave young painters are now actually in their sixties, are being relieved of responsibility for art's future, and that the *avant garde* of an even newer age of artistic enlightenment is mercifully taking over.

Of course this is serious over-simplification of the story. The time-lag varies and the circumstance doesn't always work out in quite this way, but our simplification may serve to explain one of the first things we must

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comprehend if we are to make sense of modern, or any other, art: Historically *art is never static.*

Since time began man's artistic expressions and communications have been constantly changing. This is not to say that they have been improving. It simply means that as artists have emerged, in different times, countries, economic and political milieus, and with varying degrees of emotional upheaval or quietude, they have found at hand different means with which to achieve artistic utterance and, indeed, different subjects upon which to make utterance.

The obvious result is that a painting produced in the culture of fifteenth-century Flanders is not like one generated from the culture of twentieth-century America. And it is unwise to compare such pictures on the basis of greater or lesser merit. It is more profitable to note *how* they differ. Thus one may come to realize that each is of merit in relation to its time and place and not necessarily measurable by the same yardstick. Some peoples in some ages develop a high regard for their own art, as did the Italians of the Renaissance. In other times other peoples are slow to understand the authenticity of their own artistic expression.

Go to your college art library and ask for a book of color reproductions of paintings by the Impressionists. Find particularly the landscapes. Rather mild stuff? Nothing controversial in these pleasant and sun-drenched scenes? Certainly not; in fact, they are quite reminiscent of the most conservative landscapes of our own age. But less than a century ago all of France was up in arms against the monsters who painted them. There was no detail! The paint was put on in great, crude gobs of pure color! One had to stand fifteen feet away to make any sense at all out of these sloppily executed horrors! It was years before the Impressionists, whose work seems to us so gentle, so understandable and lovely, were taken seriously.

Now we begin to have something to go on. We can see that art changes as times change. Artists think and act upon different premises in different ages and places, and we can agree that the art of now has a right to look different from the art of another era. We can be assured also (if history continues its pattern) that the art of the future will be different from that of now, and legitimately so, since the time and place will be a new time and place.

Let us consider another aspect of the problem. Some art is objective and some is subjective. Most of us have seen more of the objective than than the subjective, and are still trying to understand the latter with means better suited to understanding the former. A typically objective picture—a story-telling *Saturday Evening Post* cover, for example—offers no problem in understanding. It's all there, told for us down to the last detail, in familiar form and comfortable technique. There is no doubt about which

way up it should be held. And we enjoy it immensely for its clever, if transient, story-telling merits, as indeed we should, unless we are the silliest sort of artistic snob.

Typically subjective pictures—among them many of the works of modern artists—present, on the other hand, considerable difficulty unless we bring to them a somewhat different kind of appreciative equipment from that employed in looking at the magazine cover. In the first place a subjective piece may not have a story-telling purpose. It may well be conceived as an arrangement of shapes, colors and textures that germinated within the painter's mind rather than from a visible model. It may be a highly intellectual and calculated exploration of geometry. Again, it may be an attempt to put down on canvas the painter's sensation of fear, destruction, or peace. In yet another instance there may be elements of realism involved—vaguely recognizable fruits, guitars and napkins on an almost table. This means that the artist has re-organized his visible, tangible models into a different kind of order from that in which they actually rest, and one more pleasing to him. In each case it becomes apparent that modern art has a greater or lesser degree of subjectivity, depending upon the degree of liberty taken by the artist with his material.

Again it looks as if we have something to go on. It would appear that there are roughly two ways of pursuing the making of a picture. One is based on the concept that art is, in a very real sense, a mirror up to nature, and that the more exactly *like* its subject a picture is, the greater its merit. This point of view demands from the painter a great technical facility in copying, an ability to match colors well, considerable patience, the reining in of the imagination, and a certain lack of curiosity. It frequently results in somewhat trite recordings of the literal appearance of covered bridges, birch trees, and snow scenes.

The second is based on an entirely different idea of the purpose and practise of art. Its major premise is that art is a creative process, not the undertaking of careful copying, and that artists are inventors and creators, not copyists. Adherents of this view insist that, whereas such technical equipment as sound drawing ability and knowledge of the application of paint are presupposed, these are only the painter's tools, not ends in themselves. His most important tool they consider his imagination. No amount of technical skill alone, they say, can produce art; such skill has value only as handmaiden to the creative and inventive impulse. This concept of art produces often challenging and on occasion extremely obscure work.

In the case of modern art, invention appears to us the most dominant characteristic. Inventing means making something new. We must become familiar with new things before we can experience them fully. Remember your first ripe olive?

So here we are, with everything tidily separated and labeled "copying" or "inventing," "objective" or "subjective." Alas, how superficial all this tidiness! Because of course the fact is that the categories get completely mixed up, the pigeon-holes often dissolve into one confusing catch-all, and there is really neither "typical" traditionalism nor "typical" modernism; that a lot of primitive African, or sophisticated Egyptian, or decorative Persian art looks very modern indeed; that many of the figures in the paintings of the twentieth-century Mexican Orozco are astonishingly like those of the thirteenth-century Italian Giotto. And that some contemporaries of the modern school use realistic effects, while some contemporaries of the conservative school use abstract devices.

All is not lost, however. We have merely arrived at the sensible realization that there are degrees in all things. Let us consider three artists, each of whom makes a picture from the same fruit, cloth and pitcher arranged on a table. The first artist paints carefully and lovingly an exact representation of the subject as it appears, delineating each with verisimilitude. He produces a convincingly life-like facsimile and is very happy. The second artist feels that a rearrangement of the fruit, cloth and pitcher would make a more interesting design and possibly heighten the significance of his picture in terms of space relationships. This rearranging he effects by reshuffling the objects, not on the table but *on his canvas.* When he applies color he decides that, whereas the fruit is actually red, it will better serve the purposes of his particular design to paint it blue. This he does, and then adds a bit of blue to the wall where actually there is none. His final product is a personal comment, in paint, on the subject of fruit, cloth and pitcher—a painting *about* the subject, not *of* it—and he also is happy.

The third painter, who is probably sharing the studio because of a momentary financial embarrassment so familiar to artists, has a third point of view about it all. He takes a considered look at the fruit, cloth and pitcher, turns his back on them and produces an abstraction whose great charm lies in its inventiveness. In this case the material serves only as the point of departure for a creative design whose meaning is inherent in the shapes he arranges and the colors he chooses. His work will have more or less meaning according to how much or how little the observer can see. In any case this last picture will not be a substitute for the real fruit, cloth and pitcher, but rather a self-sufficient entity, important, if at all, for its own sake. By imbuing his design with such colors as deep blues, greens and even black, the third artist might direct our emotions into paths of quiet or foreboding, or he might employ reds, yellows and lighter blues and greens to give us a sense of quickened vitality—even joy.

If all three painters achieve their goals, then all three are legitimately happy. Which one is *right?* Which one is *best?* There was once in an art

class a delightful elderly gentleman who took up painting late in life, as a hobby. He had spent years teaching mathematics. His consuming interest became the production of Vermont landscapes, but he found a number of stubborn little problems in his way. One day he presented to his instructor, with some anxiety, a book of landscape paintings in reproduction, pointing out, as he thumbed the pages, that here an artist had made the light on his mountains come from the left and here another had cast the light from the right. "In God's name," he said, "which is correct?"

If you can understand why our second painter felt impelled to rearrange and distort, and take liberties with color, then it will eventually become easier for you to understand our third painter's *total* devotion to invention.

You will, for example, accept as reasonable the proposition that part of the meaning of modern art lies in its mystery; that painters can't explain their work in words (else they would have written rather than painted) and that pictures are to be looked at, not read, as music is to be heard. You will be quite unperturbed at the fact that art does not lend itself to the kind of analysis demanded by those who so tirelessly and tiresomely insist on word-meaning. Remembering that all art is related to, and has special if occasionally belated significance for, its own age, it will occur to you that some contemporary painters find within themselves the uncertainty and turmoil of their times, and that they reflect these conditions quite literally on their canvases. Your traditional sensibilities may at times be offended, but you will not lose sight of the fact that art is inclusive, with bases resting upon all of life, not just upon its most pleasant aspects. Our times offer peculiar and unfamiliar juxtapositions, strange distortions, broken patterns. Quite logically some of our art does, too.

Don't for a moment think that an increasing understanding of modern art precludes a love of traditional art. The mark of an artistically literate person is the breadth of mind which allows for delight in *all* art, and which makes unnecessary the fruitless pitting of one aspect of art against another.

There is good reason for curiosity about these things. Education, we are rightly and repeatedly told, must go beyond the technical training of adequate engineers, chemists, teachers and doctors. It must in some way help students to become happier people, so that they can become *very good* engineers, chemists, and so on. Intimate knowledge of the various arts contributes immeasurably to the fulfillment of the individual, whatever his profession.

THE HIGH ROAD

By James Ramsey Ullman (1907-)

EVEREST climbed . . . Everest unclimbed . . .

What is the difference? asks the skeptic. What is the gain or loss? For what reason do men deliberately turn their backs on the hard-won security of their usual lives to face storm and cold, hardship, danger, and often death itself on lonely and savage heights?

WHY?

That, of course, is the inevitable question—the eternal blank-faced uncomprehending question that every climber must forever try to answer to every nonclimber. Why do you do it? Why do you *want* to do it? Why walk when you can ride, and climb when you can walk? Why go up Nob Hill, Old Baldy, Storm King, Washington, Rainier, the Matterhorn, McKinley, Aconcagua, Nanda Devi, Everest? Old Baldy and Everest are scarcely the same thing, to be sure, and yet in a strange and very fundamental way they *are* the same thing, and if you understand one you understand the other. George Mallory, who was not only a great mountaineer but also a deeply serious and thoughtful man, had his own answer: ["Because it is there."] To me it remains, after a quarter of a century, the best, as it is the briefest, of all answers.

The one basic fact that must be understood about the Everest ventures —or any mountaineering ventures worth the doing—is that their motives and ends are not "practical." In the first place, it is obviously not money that lures the climbers, for no fortune was ever made on the mountaintops. Nor is it fame, for even the greatest of peaks are still a closed world, God be praised, to the high-powered press agent. It is not power, nor prestige, nor—except on Hollywood mountains—the hand of a fair lady. And on a peak of the dimensions of Everest it is assuredly not recreation nor exercise nor "the view." Indeed, the diaries and records of most past climbers indicate that they spent a good part of the time wondering how they got themselves into such a plight and devoutly wishing they were at sea level, or below.

In recent years there has been much made of the scientific knowledge to be gained from high-mountain expeditions. To a degree, of course, this is a valid point, for specialists accompanying the various parties have brought back much useful information on such matters as the weather, geological structures, and the effects of high altitudes on the human sys-

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tem. But to say that the *raison d'être* of the Everest ventures was primarily to secure data of this sort is like claiming that the motive for the Normandy invasion was to test equipment and observe the reactions of men under fire. That the Everesters themselves have felt rather strongly on the subject is indicated by the unofficial slogan of one of the climbing parties: "No damned science." This was, perhaps, treating the most revered of modern sacred cows a bit too rudely; but if it does not quite reveal what the driving motives were, it at least shows very clearly what they were *not*. Scientific research has been a useful by-product of the Everest adventure and given it a cloak of respectability in the eyes of "practical" onlookers. One may be very sure, however, that any man who aspires, struggles, and suffers [as do the climbers of mountains] is driven by far deeper and more human forces than a lively interest in rock strata, wind velocities, or pulse rates.

In one form or another—in its place, one might say—science "belongs" on the mountaintops. There is another phase of the modern world, however, that has recently intruded itself and that does not belong there at all. This is nationalism. Let it be said at once that this is a taint from which the past Everest expeditions were signally free. True, they were all British—rather clubbily British, perhaps, in the traditional Empire style —and the climbers, as well as their countrymen at home, cherished a natural hope that Englishmen would be the first on the summit of the world. But there was no jingoism about them, no blatant flag-waving or doing-and-dying for St. George. As might be expected, it was the Germans —and, aping them, the Italians—who introduced rabid nationalism into mountaineering, during the years preceding the last war. For *Führer* and *Vaterland* or *Duce* and *Patria,* as the case might be, brown- and black-shirted young climbers began vying with each other in what they considered to be feats of courage and skill. All or nothing was their watchword—victory or death; and the accounts of the famous German expeditions to Kanchenjunga and Nanga Parbat read less like the stories of sportsmen and adventurers than like the rantings of political demagogues.

Happily, avowedly Nazi and Fascist enterprises are now a thing of the past. But nationalism is all too obviously still rampant in the world, and one of the greatest future threats to the whole practice and spirit of mountaineering is that it will become simply another pawn in man's endless and feckless pattern of rivalries, jealousies, and fears.

. . . The highest mountain *can* be conquered. It could, and would, have been by now, if mountaineering were primarily a practical and pragmatic activity. Put an army in the field against it, equipped with the power and resources of a modern task force and prepared for losses on a wartime scale, and those last untouched thousand feet would yield in very short order indeed. But no army has ever attacked Everest, and probably none

ever will, for the good and obvious reason that the venture would be a useless one.

And that, when all is said and done, is the very essence of mountaineering. That it *is,* by materialistic standards, useless. That its end is neither money nor power nor fame nor knowledge nor even victory. That it is one of those rare and precious human activities that man performs for their own sake, and for that alone. The organization, strategy, and tactics of an Everest expedition may, as has been indicated, have many resemblances to a military campaign; but in its end, its purpose, its motive it is utterly different. "Have we vanquished an enemy?" George Mallory once asked himself, standing with his companions upon a high, hard-won summit and looking down at the long way they had come. And there was only one answer: "None but ourselves."

[In the annals of mountaineering] the story of Everest will appear principally in the guise of physical adventure. It will be told in terms of where and when and how, of practical men and their practical problems, of rock and snow, ropes and axes, cold and storms and avalanches. And, indeed, it is of these things that the ventures largely consisted. But they consisted of something else besides, and without that "something else" the exploits would not have been worth the doing nor their story worth the telling. Mallory and Irvine disappearing forever into the mists; Norton and Smythe turning back within a thousand feet of victory; Odell's lonely vigil at the high camps, and Somervell's rescue of his porters in an avalanche; man after man, group after group, expedition after expedition trying, struggling, failing, and returning to try and struggle again: all these are not merely scenes from an exciting melodroma of hazard and derring-do but part of a profound experience of the human spirit and the human heart.

The men . . . climbed because they needed to climb; because that was the way they were made. Lifting their eyes to their mountain, they saw more than rock and ice and snow and the immense blue emptiness of the sky. They saw, too, a great challenge to their own qualities *as men;* a chance to conquer their own weakness, ignorance, and fear; a struggle to match achievement to aspiration and reality to dream. Over and above everything else, the fight for Everest has been an act of faith and affirmation. That the high road is the good road. That man is never so much a man as when he is struggling for what is beyond his grasp. That the game is worth the candle and the victory worth the fight.

That men will someday reach the summit of the world means little. That they should want to reach it and try to reach it means everything. Meanwhile, there is something better than victory—something that should make us almost thankful that the goal has not been reached. For, until the day when it is climbed, Everest is more than the highest mountain. It is one of the great unfinished adventures of mankind.

PHASES OF FARM LIFE

By John Burroughs (1837-1921)

I HAVE thought that a good test of civilization, perhaps one of the best, is country life. Where country life is safe and enjoyable, where many of the conveniences and appliances of the town are joined to the large freedom and large benefits of the country, a high state of civilization prevails. Is there any proper country life in Spain, in Mexico, in the South American States? Man has always dwelt in cities, but he has not always in the same sense been a dweller in the country. Rude and barbarous people build cities. Hence, paradoxical as it may seem, the city is older than the country. Truly, man made the city, and after he became sufficiently civilized, not afraid of solitude, and knew on what terms to live with nature, God promoted him to life in the country. The necessities of defense, the fear of enemies, built the first city, built Rome, Athens, Carthage, Paris. The weaker the law, the stronger the city. After Cain slew Abel he went out and built a city, and murder or the fear of murder, robbery or the fear of robbery, have built most of the cities since. Penetrate into the heart of Africa, and you will find the people, or tribes, all living in the villages or little cities. You step from the jungle or forest into the town; there is no country. The best and most hopeful feature in any people is undoubtedly the instinct that leads them to the country and to take root there, and not that which sends them flocking to the town and its distractions.

The lighter the snow, the more it drifts; and the more frivolous the people, the more they are blown by one wind or another into towns and cities.

The only notable exception I recall to city life preceding country life is furnished by the ancient Germans, of whom Tacitus says that they had no cities or contiguous settlements. "They dwell scattered and separate, as a spring, a meadow, or a grove may chance to invite them. Their villages are laid out, not like ours [the Romans] in rows of adjoining buildings, but everyone surrounds his house with a vacant space, either by way of security, or against fire, or through ignorance of the art of building."

These ancient Germans were indeed true countrymen. Little wonder that they overran the empire of the city-loving Romans, and finally sacked Rome itself. How hairy and hardy and virile they were! In the same way is the more fresh and vigorous blood of the country always making erup-

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From *Signs and Seasons,* 1886.

tions into the city. The Goths and Vandals from the woods and the farms, —what would Rome do without them, after all? The city rapidly uses men up; families run out, man becomes sophisticated and feeble. A fresh stream of humanity is always setting from the country into the city; a stream not so fresh flows back again into the country, a stream for the most part of jaded and pale humanity. It is arterial blood when it flows in, and venous blood when it comes back.

A nation always begins to rot first in its great cities, is indeed perhaps always rotting there, and is saved only by the antiseptic virtues of fresh supplies of country blood.

It is unquestionably true that farm life and farm scenes in this country are less picturesque than they were fifty or one hundred years ago. This is owing partly to the advent of machinery, which enables the farmer to do so much of his work by proxy, and hence removes him farther from the soil, and partly to the growing distaste for the occupation among our people. The old settlers—our fathers and grandfathers—loved the farm, and had no thoughts above it; but the later generations are looking to the town and its fashions, and only waiting for a chance to flee thither. Then pioneer life is always more or less picturesque; there is no room for vain and foolish thoughts; it is a hard battle, and the people have no time to think about appearances. When my grandfather and grandmother came into the country where they reared their family and passed their days, they cut a road through the woods and brought all their worldly gear on a sled drawn by a yoke of oxen. Their neighbors helped them build a house of logs, with a roof of black-ash bark and a floor of hewn white-ash plank. A great stone chimney and fireplace—the mortar of red clay—gave light and warmth, and cooked the meat and baked the bread, when there was any to cook or to bake. Here they lived and reared their family, and found life sweet. Their unworthy descendant, yielding to the inherited love of the soil, flees the city and its artificial ways, and gets a few acres in the country, where he proposes to engage in the pursuit supposed to be free to every American citizen—the pursuit of happiness. The humble old farm-house is discarded, and a smart, modern country-house put up. Walks and roads are made and graveled; trees and hedges are planted; the rustic old barn is rehabilitated; and, after it is all fixed, the uneasy proprietor stands off and looks, and calculates by how much he has missed the picturesque, at which he aimed. Our new houses undoubtedly have greater comforts and conveniences than the old, and if we could keep our pride and vanity in abeyance and forget that all the world is looking on, they might have beauty also.

The man that forgets himself, he is the man we like, and the dwelling that forgets itself in its purpose to shelter and protect its inmates and make them feel at home in it is the dwelling that fills the eye. When you see

one of the great cathedrals, you know that it was not pride that animated these builders, but fear and worship; but when you see the house of the rich farmer or of the millionaire from the city, you see the pride of money and the insolence of social power.

Machinery, I say, has taken away some of the picturesque features of farm life. How much soever we may admire machinery and the faculty of mechanical invention, there is no machine like a man; and the work done directly by his hands, the things made or fashioned by them, have a virtue and a quality that cannot be imparted by machinery. The line of mowers in the meadows, with the straight swaths behind them, are more picturesque than the "Clipper" or "Buckeye" mower, with its team and driver. So are the flails of the threshers, chasing each other through the air, more pleasing to the eye and the ear than the machine, with its uproar, its choking clouds of dust, and its general hurly-burly.

Sometimes the threshing was done in the open air, upon a broad rock, or a smooth, dry plat of greensward; and is occasionally done there yet, especially the threshing of the buckwheat crop, by a farmer who has not a good barn floor, or who cannot afford to hire the machine. The flail makes a louder *thud* in the fields than you would imagine; and in the splendid October weather it is a pleasing spectacle to behold the gathering of the ruddy crop, and three or four lithe figures beating out the grain with their flails in some sheltered nook, or some grassy lane lined with cedars. When there are three flails beating together it makes lively music; and when there are four they follow each other so fast that it is a continuous roll of sound, and it requires a very steady stroke not to hit or get hit by the others. There is just room and time to get your blow in, and that is all. When one flail is upon the straw, another has just left it, another is half way down, and the fourth is high and straight in the air. It is like a swiftly revolving wheel that delivers four blows at each revolution. Threshing, like mowing, goes much easier in company than when alone; yet many a farmer or laborer spends nearly all the late fall and winter days shut in the barn, pounding doggedly upon the endless sheaves of oats and rye.

When the farmers made "bees," as they did a generation or two ago much more than they do now, a picturesque element was added. There was the stone bee, the husking bee, the "raising," the "moving," etc. When the carpenters had got the timbers of the house or barn ready, and the foundation was prepared, then the neighbors for miles about were invited to come to the "raisin'." The afternoon was the time chosen. The forenoon was occupied by the carpenter and farm hands, in putting the sills and "sleepers" in place ("sleepers," what a good name for those rude hewn timbers that lie under the floor in the darkness and silence!). When the hands arrived the great beams and posts and joists and braces were

carried to their place on the platform, and the first "bent," as it was called, was put together and pinned by oak pins that the boys brought. Then pike poles are distributed, the men, fifteen or twenty of them, arranged in a line abreast of the bent; the boss carpenter steadies and guides the corner post and gives the word of command, "Take holt, boys!" "Now, set her up!" "Up with her!" "Up she goes!" When it gets shoulder high it becomes heavy, and there is a pause. The pikes are brought into requisition, every man gets a good hold and braces himself, and waits for the words, "All together now;" shouts the captain, "Heave her up!" "He-o-he!" (heave-all—heave), "he-o-he," at the top of his voice, every man doing his best. Slowly the great timbers go up; louder grows the word of command, till the bent is up. Then it is plumbed and stay-lathed, and another is put together and raised in the same way, till they are all up. Then comes the putting on the great plates, timbers that run lengthwise of the building and match the sills below. Then, if there is time, the putting up of the rafters. In every neighborhood there was always some man who was especially useful at "raisin's." He was bold and strong and quick. He helped guide and superintend the work. He was the first one up on the bent, catching a pin or a brace and putting it in place. He walked the lofty and perilous plate, with the great beetle in hand; put the pins in the holes, and, swinging the heavy instrument through the air, drove the pins home. He was as much at home up there as a squirrel.

Now that balloon frames are mainly used for houses, and lighter sawed timbers for barns, the old-fashioned raising is rarely witnessed.

When the produce of the farm was taken a long distance to market,—that was an event, too; the carrying away of the butter in the fall, for instance, to the river, a journey that occupied both ways four days. Then the family marketing was done in a few groceries. Some cloth, new caps and boots for the boys, and a dress, or a shawl, or a cloak for the girls were brought back, besides news and adventure, and strange tidings of the distant world. The farmer was days in getting ready to start; food was prepared and put in a box to stand him on the journey, so as to lessen the hotel expenses, and oats put up for the horses. The butter was loaded up overnight, and in the cold November morning, long before it was light, he was up and off. I seem to hear the wagon yet, its slow rattle over the frozen ground diminishing in the distance. On the fourth day toward night all grew expectant of his return, but it was usually dark before his wagon was heard coming down the hill, or his voice from before the door summoning a light. When the boys got big enough, one after the other accompanied him each year, until all had made the famous journey and seen the great river and the steamboats, and the thousand and one marvels of the far-away town. When it came my turn to go, I was in a great state of excitement for a week beforehand, for fear my clothes would not be ready, or else

that it would be too cold, or else that the world would come to an end before the time fixed for starting. The day previous I roamed the woods in quest of game to supply my bill of fare on the way, and was lucky enough to shoot a partridge and an owl, though the latter I did not take. Perched high on a "spring-board," I made the journey and saw more sights and wonders than I have ever seen on a journey since, or ever expect to again.

But now all this is changed. The railroad has found its way through or near every settlement, and marvels and wonders are cheap. Still, the essential charm of the farm remains and always will remain; the care of crops, and of cattle, and of orchards, bees, and fowls; the clearing and improving of the ground; the building of barns and houses; the direct contact with the soil, and with the elements; the watching of the clouds and of the weather; the privacies with nature, with bird, beast, and plant; and the close acquaintance with the heart and virtue of the world. The farmer should be the true naturalist; the book in which it is all written is open before him night and day, and how sweet and wholesome all his knowledge is!

Many cattle need much hay; hence in dairy sections haying is the period of "storm and stress" in the farmer's year. To get the hay in, in good condition, and before the grass gets too ripe, is a great matter. All the energies and resources of the farm are bent to this purpose. It is a thirty or forty day war, in which the farmer and his "hands" are pitted against the heat and the rain, and the legions of timothy and clover. Everything about it has the urge, the hurry, the excitement of a battle. Outside help is procured; men flock in from adjoining counties, where the ruling industry is something else, and is less imperative; coopers, blacksmiths, and laborers of various kinds drop their tools, and take down their scythes and go in quest of a job in haying. Every man is expected to pitch his endeavors in a little higher key than at any other kind of work. The wages are extra, and the work must correspond. The men are in the meadow by half-past four, or five, in the morning and mow an hour or two before breakfast. A good mower is proud of his skill. He does not "lop in," and his "pointing out" is perfect, and you can hardly see the ribs of his swath. He stands up to his grass and strikes level and sure. He will turn a double down through the stoutest grass, and when the hay is raked away you will not find a spear left standing. The Americans are—or were—the best mowers. A foreigner could never quite give the masterly touch. The hayfield has its code. One man must not take another's swath unless he expects to be crowded. Each expects to take his turn leading the band. The scythe may be so whet as to ring out a saucy challenge to the rest. It is not good manners to mow too close to your neighbor, unless you are trying to keep out of the way of the man behind you. Many a race has been brought

on by some one being a little indiscreet in this respect. Two men may mow all day together under the impression that each is trying to put the other through. The one that leads strikes out briskly, and the other, not to be outdone, follows close. Thus the blood of each is soon up; a little heat begets more heat, and it is fairly a race before long. It is a great ignominy to be moved out of your swath. Haygathering is clean, manly work all through. Young fellows work in haying who do not do another stroke on the farm the whole year. It is a gymnasium in the meadows and under the summer sky. How full of pictures, too!—the smooth slopes dotted with cocks with lengthening shadows; the great, broadbacked, soft-cheeked loads, moving along the lanes and brushing under the trees; the unfinished stack with forkfuls of hay being handed up its sides to the builder, and when finished the shape of a great pear, with a pole in the top for the stem. Maybe in the fall and winter the calves and yearling will hover around it and gnaw its base until it overhangs them and shelters them from the storm. Or the farmer will "fodder" his cows there,—one of the most picturesque scenes to be witnessed on the farm,—twenty or thirty or forty milchers filing along toward the stack in the field, or clustered about it, waiting the promised bite. In great, green flakes the hay is rolled off, and distributed about in small heaps upon the unspotted snow. After the cattle have eaten, the birds,—snowbuntings and red-polls—come and pick up the crumbs, the seeds of the grasses and weeds. At night the fox and the owl come for mice.

One of the features of farm-life peculiar to this country, and one of the most picturesque of them all, is sugar-making in the maple woods in spring. This is the first work of the season, and to the boys is more play than work. In the Old World, and in more simple and imaginative times, how such an occupation as this would have got into literature, and how many legends and associations would have clustered around it! It is woodsy, and savors of the trees; it is an encampment among the maples. Before the bud swells, before the grass springs, before the plow is started, comes the sugar harvest. It is the sequel of the bitter frost; a sap-run is the sweet good-by of winter. It denotes a certain equipoise of the season; the heat of the day fully balances the frost of the night. In New York and New England the time of the sap hovers about the vernal equinox, beginning a week or ten days before, and continuing a week or ten days after. As the days and nights get equal, the heat and cold get equal, and the sap mounts. A day that brings the bees out of the hive will bring the sap out of the maple-tree. It is the fruit of the equal marriage of the sun and frost. When the frost is all out of the ground, and all the snow gone from its surface, the flow stops. The thermometer must not rise above 38° or 40° by day, or sink below 24° or 25° at night, with wind in the northwest; a relaxing south wind, and the run is over for the present. Sugar weather

is crisp weather. How the tin buckets glisten in the gray woods; how the robins laugh, how the nuthatches call; how lightly the thin blue smoke rises among the trees! The squirrels are out of their dens; the migrating water-fowls are streaming northward; the sheep and cattle look wistfully toward the bare fields; the tide of the season, in fact, is just beginning to rise.

Sap-letting does not seem to be an exhaustive process to the trees, as the trees of a sugar-bush appear to be as thrifty and as long-lived as other trees. They come to have a maternal, large-waisted look, from the wounds of the axe or the auger, and that is about all.

In my sugar-making days the sap was carried to the boiling-place in pails by the aid of a neck-yoke and stored in hogs-heads, and boiled or evaporated in immense kettles or caldrons set in huge stone arches; now the hogshead goes to the trees hauled upon a sled by a team, and the sap is evaporated in broad, shallow, sheet-iron pans—a great saving of fuel and of labor.

Many a farmer sits up all night boiling his sap, when the run has been an extra good one, and a lonely vigil he has of it amid the silent trees, and beside his wild hearth. If he has a sap-house, as is now so common, he may make himself fairly comfortable, and if a companion, he may have a good time or a glorious wake.

Maple-sugar in its perfection is rarely seen, perhaps never seen in the market. When made in large quantities and indifferently, it is dark and coarse; but when made in small quantities—that is, quickly from the first run of sap and properly treated—it has a wild delicacy of flavor that no other sweet can match. What you smell in freshly cut maple-wood, or taste in the blossom of the tree, is in it. It is then, indeed, the distilled essence of the tree. Made into syrup, it is white and clear as clover-honey; and crystallized into sugar, it is pure as the wax. The way to attain this result is to evaporate the sap under cover in an enameled kettle; when reduced about twelve times, allow it to settle half a day or more; then clarify with milk or the white of an egg. The product is virgin syrup, or sugar worthy of the table of the gods.

Perhaps the most heavy and laborious work of the farm in the section of the State of which I write is fence-building. But it is not unproductive labor, as in the South or West, for the fence is of stone, and the capacity of the soil for grass or grain is, of course, increased by its construction. It is killing two birds with one stone: a fence is had, the best in the world, while the available area of the field is enlarged. In fact, if there are ever sermons in stones, it is when they are built into a stone wall,—turning your hindrances into helps, shielding your crops behind the obstacles to your husbandry, making the enemies of the plow stand guard over its products. This is the kind of farming worth imitating. A stone wall with a good rock

bottom will stand as long as a man lasts. Its only enemy is the frost, and it works so gently that it is not till after many years that its effect is perceptible. An old farmer will walk with you through his fields and say, "This wall I built at such and such a time, or the first year I came on the farm, or when I owned such and such a span of horses," indicating a period thirty, forty, or fifty years back. "This other, we built the summer so and so worked for me," and he relates some incident, or mishap, or comical adventures that the memory calls up. Every line of fence has a history; the mark of his plow or his crowbar is upon the stones; the sweat of his early manhood put them in place; in fact, the long black line covered with lichens and in places tottering to the fall revives long-gone scenes and events in the life of the farm.

The time for fence-building is usually between seed-time and harvest, May and June; or in the fall after the crops are gathered. The work has its picturesque features,—the prying of rocks; supple forms climbing or swinging from the end of the great levers, or the blasting of the rocks with powder; the hauling of them into position with oxen or horses, or with both; the picking of the stone from the greensward; the bending, athletic form of the wall layers; the snug new fence creeping slowly up the hill or across the field, absorbing the windrow of loose stones,—and when the work is done much ground reclaimed to the plow and the grass, and a strong barrier erected.

It is a common complaint that the farm and farm life are not appreciated by our people. We long for the more elegant pursuits, or the ways and fashions of the town. But the farmer has the most sane and natural occupation, and ought to find life sweeter, if less highly seasoned than any other. He alone, strictly speaking, has a home. How can a man take root and thrive without land? He writes his history upon his field. How many ties, how many resources, he has,—his friendships with his cattle, his team, his dog, his trees, the satisfaction in his growing crops, in his improved fields; his intimacy with nature, with bird and beast, and with the quickening elemental forces; his coöperations with the cloud, the sun, the seasons, heat, wind, rain, frost! Nothing will take the various social distempers which the city and artificial life breed out of a man like farming, like direct and loving contact with the soil. It draws out the poison. It humbles him, teaches him patience and reverence, and restores the proper tone to his system.

Cling to the farm, make much of it, put yourself into it, bestow your heart and your brain upon it, so that it shall savor of you and radiate your virtue after your day's work is done!

"Be thou diligent to know the state of thy flocks, and look well to thy herds.

"For riches are not forever; and doth the crown endure to every generation?

"The hay appeareth, and the tender grass showeth itself, and herbs of the mountains are gathered.

"The lambs are for thy clothing, and the goats are the price of the field.

"And thou shalt have goat's milk enough for thy food, for the food of thy household, and for the maintenance for thy maidens."

BIRCH SWINGING

By Haydn S. Pearson (1901-)

THERE is something about birch swinging that puts it in a class by itself as a form of entertainment. Jungle gyms, see-saws, swings from a tree branch, and jumps from a high scaffold into the haymow all have their points. But when a twelve-year-old lad is going for the cows in the late afternoon and comes to clump of white or gray birches, he will naturally take time out for a few minutes of Tarzan-like recreation.

There is a technique to birch swinging that a chap learns by experience. In the first place, the tree must be the right size. A slender fifteen-footer bends over too quickly. A fellow does not get more than eight or ten feet off the ground before the tree goes over, oftentimes with disconcerting suddenness. A few solid jars as he hits Mother Earth convince him that he had better go higher and come down more slowly.

A twenty-footer is just about right if a boy wants to be certain of results. It is sturdy enough so he can climb nearly to the top. It bends with a degree of strength behind it that is reassuring as he dangles in the air. Sometimes, of course, one makes a mistake in sizing up the situation. The tree bends over, but not far enough. Then, if legs are kicking wildly in the air and the top half is nearly horizontal with the ground, there are a few moments of uncertainty. But usually by swinging up and down in rhythmic motion, one can come nearer the ground each time until it is safe to let go.

The biggest thrill is climbing a twenty-five-footer and swinging in the air without thought of going low enough to drop to the ground. On a day when there is a stiff wind blowing, it is almost like flying. The top bends

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over, but one is still ten or even fifteen feet from the ground. One sways back and forth, up and down. Sometimes there are alarming creaks and groans. Then, still clinging by his hands, a lad has to work himself back to where he can get his legs around the trunk. A few scratches and a rip or two in his pants are taken for granted. Birch swinging is an adventure—and good adventures always take a toll.

AMERICA'S MEDIEVAL WOMEN

By Pearl S. Buck (1892-)

I

I AM an American woman but I had no opportunity until a few years ago to know women in America. Living as I did in China, it is true that I saw a few American women; but that is not the same thing. One was still not able to draw many conclusions from them about American women. I gathered, however, that they felt that girls in China had a hard time of it, because there every family liked sons better than daughters, and, in the average family, did not give them the same education or treatment. In America, however, they said people welcomed sons and daughters equally and treated them the same. This, after years in a country which defines a woman's limitations very clearly, seemed nothing short of heaven—if true.

When I came to America to live therefore I was interested particularly in her women. And during these immediate past years I have come to know a good many of them—women in business, artists, housewives in city and country, women young and old. I have taken pains to know them. More than that, I have made my own place as a woman in America. And I find that what I anticipated before I came here is quite wrong. It seems to me that women are very badly treated in America. A few of them know it, more of them dimly suspect it, and most of them, though they know they ought to be glad they live in a Christian country where women are given an education, do not feel as happy in their lonely hearts as they wish they did. The reason for this unhappiness is a secret sense of failure, and this sense of failure comes from a feeling of inferiority, and the feeling of inferiority comes from a realization that actually women are not much respected in America.

I know quite well that any American man hearing this will laugh his usual tolerant laughter, though tolerant laughter is the cruelest form of

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contempt. He always laughs tolerantly when the subject of women is broached, for that is the attitude in which he has been bred. And immaturely, he judges the whole world of women by the only woman he knows at all—his wife. Nor does he want the sort of wife at whom he cannot laugh tolerantly. I was once amazed to see a certain American man, intelligent, learned, and cultivated, prepare to marry for his second wife a woman as silly and unfit for him as the first one had been, whom he had just divorced. I had to exclaim before it was too late, "Why do you do the same thing over again? She's merely younger and prettier than the other one—that's all. And even those differences are only temporary." To which he growled, "I do not want a damned intelligent woman in the house when I come home at night. I want my mind to rest."

What he did not see of course—though he found it out later—was that there could be no rest for him of any kind. He was irritated by a thousand stupidities and follies and beaten in the end by his own cowardice. He died a score of years too soon, exhausted not by work but by nervous worry. His two wives go hardily on, headed for a hundred, since he left them what is called "well provided for." Neither of them has ever done an honest day's work in her life, and he literally sacrificed his valuable life to keep them alive.

And yet, going home that day from his funeral and wondering how it could have been helped, I knew it could not have been helped. He was doomed to the unhappiness, or at least to the mediocre happiness, with which many if not most American men must be satisfied in their relationships with their women. For if he had been married to an intelligent superior woman he would have been yet more unhappy, since, with all his brilliance as a scientist, he belonged to that vast majority of American men who still repeat to-day the cry of traditional male pride, "I don't want *my* wife to work."

That is, he wanted a woman who would contain herself docilely within four walls. And he could not have seen that an intelligent, energetic, educated woman cannot be kept in four walls—even satin-lined, diamond-studded walls—without discovering sooner or later that they are still a prison cell. No home offers scope enough to-day for the trained energies of an intelligent modern woman. Even children are not enough. She may want them, need them and have them, love them and enjoy them, but they are not enough for her, even during the short time they preoccupy her. Nor is her husband, however dear and congenial, enough for her. He may supply all her needs for human companionship, but there is still more to life than that. There is the individual life. She must feel herself growing and becoming more and more complete as an individual, as well as a wife and mother, before she can even be a good wife and mother. I heard a smug little gray-haired woman say last week, "No, I don't know anything

about politics. It takes all my time to be a good wife and mother. I haven't time to keep up with other things." Unfortunately her husband, successful doctor that he is, has time to keep up not only with his business and with being what she calls a "wonderful husband and father," but with another woman as well. But that too is one of the things she knows nothing about. . . . Yet who can blame him? He is clever and full of interest in many things, and his wife is dulled with years of living in the four walls he put round her. It is a little unfair that he so encouraged her to stay in the walls that she came to believe in them completely as her place.

But tradition is very strong in this backward country of ours. We Americans are a backward nation in everything except in the making and using of machines. And we are nowhere more backward than we are in our attitude toward our women. We still, morally, shut the door of her home on a woman. We say to her, "Your home ought to be enough for you if you are a nice woman. Your husband ought to be enough—and your children." If she says, "But they aren't enough—what shall I do?", we say, "Go and have a good time, that's a nice girl. Get yourself a new hat or something, or go to the matinée or join a bridge club. Don't worry your pretty head about what is not your business."

If she persists in being interested in things beyond her home we insist that she must be neglecting her home. If she still persists and makes a success through incredible dogged persistence we laugh at her. We even sneer at her and sometimes we treat her with unbelievable rudeness. I do not know the Secretary of Labor in our government, but I have seen her. She looks a quiet, serious, unassuming woman. I have taken pains to inquire of people who know, and it seems her home is not neglected. She has done at least as good a job in Washington as a number of men there in leading positions. But the slurs that have been cast upon her, the rudenesses of private and public talk, the injustices that have been done her merely because she is a woman in a place heretofore occupied by a man, have been amazing to a person unaccustomed to the American attitude toward women. It seems nothing short of barbarous.

And yet, vicious circle that it is, I cannot blame Americans for distrusting the ability of their women. For if the intelligent woman obeys the voice of tradition and limits herself to the traditional four walls she joins the vast ranks of the nervous, restless, average American women whose whimsies torture their families, who spoil the good name of all women because they are often flighty, unreliable, without good judgment in affairs, and given to self-pity. In short, she becomes a neurotic, if not all the time, a good deal of the time. Without knowing it or meaning it she falls too often to being a petty dictator in the home, a nag to her husband and children, and a gossip among her women friends. Too often too she takes no interest in any matters of social importance and refuses all responsibility

in the community which she can avoid. She may be either a gadabout and extravagant or she may turn into a recluse and pride herself on being a "home woman." Neither of these escapes deceives the discerning. When will American men learn that they cannot expect happiness with a wife who is not her whole self? A restless unfulfilled woman is not going to be a satisfied wife or satisfactory lover. It is not that "women are like that." Anyone would be "like that" if he were put into such circumstances—that is, trained and developed for opportunity later denied.

"Plenty of men like that too nowadays," someone may murmur.

Yes, but the times have done it, and not tradition. There is a difference. And one man has as good a chance as another to win or lose, even in hard times. But no woman has a man's chance in hard times, or in any times.

II

I am not so naïve, however, as to believe that one sex is responsible for this unfortunate plight of the American woman. I am not a feminist, but I am an individualist. I do not believe there is any important difference between men and women—certainly not as much as there may be between one woman and another or one man and another. There are plenty of women—and men, for that matter—who would be completely fulfilled in being allowed to be as lazy as possible. If some one will ensconce them in a pleasant home and pay their bills they ask no more of life. It is quite all right for these men and women to live thus so long as fools can be found who will pay so much for nothing much in return. Gigolos, male and female, are to be found in every class and in the best of homes. But when a man does not want to be a gigolo he has the freedom to go out and work and create as well as he can. But a woman has not. Even if her individual husband lets her, tradition in society is against her.

For another thing we Americans cannot seem to believe or understand is that women—some women, any woman, or as I believe, most women—are able to be good wives, ardent lovers, excellent mothers, and yet be themselves too. This seems strange, for as a nation we have fitted woman to be an individual as well as a woman by giving her a physical and mental education and a training superior to that of women in any other nation. But when she comes eagerly to life, ready to contribute her share, not only to home, but to government, sciences, and arts, we raise the old sickening cry of tradition, "This isn't your business! Woman's place is in the home—" and we shut the door in her face.

I am aware that at this point American men will be swearing and shouting, "You don't know what you're talking about! Why, we give our women more than any women on earth have!" With that I perfectly agree. American women are the most privileged in the world. They have all the privileges—far too many. They have so many privileges that a good many

of them are utterly spoiled. They have privileges but they have no equality. "Nobody keeps them back," the American man declares. Ah, nobody, but everybody! For they are kept back by tradition expressed through the prejudices not only of men but of stupid, unthinking, tradition-bound women. Here is what I heard a few days ago.

A young woman wanted a new book to read and her father offered to send it to her. "What do you want?" he asked.

"Anything, only not one by a woman," she said carelessly. "I have a prejudice against books written by women."

Ignoring the rudeness, I asked, "Why?"

"Oh, I dislike women," she said. What she really meant was she despised women so much that she actually disliked women who did anything beyond the traditional jobs that the average women do. There are thousands of women who uphold medieval tradition in America more heartily than do men—just as in China it is the ignorant tradition-bound women who have clung to foot binding for themselves and their daughters. . . . No, women have many enemies among women. It goes back of course to the old jealous sense of general female inferiority. Tradition, if it binds one, should bind all, they feel.

Sometimes, I confess, I do not see how American men can endure some of their women—their imperiousness, their peevishness, their headstrongness, their utter selfishness, their smallness of mind and outlook, their lack of any sense of responsibility toward society, even to be pleasant. And their laziness—look at the motion-picture houses, the theaters, the lecture halls—crowded all day with women! The average house, even with no servant, can be no full-time job or they wouldn't be there in such hordes —they couldn't be there. But children go to school as soon as they stop being babies, and electricity cleans and washes the house and clothing, and husbands are away all day. So what is there for the restless woman to do? She goes to the show—and comes home, if she has any sense, to wonder what life is for, and to think that marriage isn't so much after all, though if she hadn't been married she would have been ashamed of herself. For tradition is there too, and it would have made her seem, if unmarried, unsuccessful as a female.

"But what are we going to do?" the harassed American man cries. "There aren't enough jobs now to go round. And women are getting into industries more and more."

This is nonsense and a masculine bugaboo, though merely getting a job is not what I mean. The truth is the number of women in industries is increasing at so slow a rate that it is shocking when one considers how long they have had an equal chance with men for education and training. In the past fifty years—that is, half a century, during which education for

women has enormously increased—the percentage of women in industry and the professions has increased from fourteen per cent only to twenty-two per cent. That means millions of women have been made ready for work they either had no chance to do or never wanted to do.

As to what men are going to do with women, I do not pretend to know. But I know I have never seen in any country—and I have seen most of the countries of the world—such unsatisfactory personal relationships between men and women as are in America—no, not even in Japan, where women as a class are depressed. For the Japanese are wiser in their treatment of women than we Americans are. They keep them down from the beginning so that they never hope for or expect more than life is to give them. They are not restless or neurotic or despotic, nor are they spoiled children. They have not been trained for equality and they do not expect it. They know they are upper servants, and they fulfil their duties gracefully and ably, and are happier on the whole than women in America. To know what one can have and to do with it, being prepared for no more, is the basis of equilibrium.

III

No, what is wrong in America is this matter of educating women. Life for the American woman is still controlled by old traditions. Men think of women, if at all, in the old simple traditional ways. Then women ought to be prepared for this sort of life and shaped through childhood and girlhood for what is to come. The root of the discontent in American women is that they are too well educated. What is the use of it? They do not need college educations nor even high school educations. What they ought to have is a simple course in reading, writing, and arithmetic—and advanced courses in cosmetics, bridge, sports, how to conduct a club meeting gracefully, how to be an attractive hostess, with or without servants, and how to deal with very young children in the home. This last course, obviously, should be purely optional.

But all this higher present education is unfortunate. It has led American women into having ideas which they can never realize when they come to maturity. A college education may, for instance, persuade a girl to become interested in biology, which may lead her into wanting to become a doctor. And yet she will never have the chance to become a first-rate doctor, however gifted she is by birth. People will not allow it—not only men, but women will not allow it. They will look at her tentative little shingle and shrug their shoulders and say, "I don't feel I'd *trust* a woman doctor as I would a man." So after a while, since she has to earn something, she takes her shingle down and accepts a secondary position in a hospital or a school or goes into baby-clinic work, supplemented by magazine

articles on child care—or she just marries a doctor. But inside herself she knows she still wants to *be* a doctor, only she cannot. Tradition does not allow it.

Or a college education may lead a girl into wanting to be a banker. It is natural for women to be interested in finance since they own about seventy per cent of America's money. But it is unfortunate if a woman thinks she can be a real banker. I have talked with a good many women who work in our American banking system. Not one is where she hoped to be when she began, and a fair percentage are not where they should be with their high executive ability, or where they would be if they were men. As one of the most brilliant of them said to me bitterly, "I know if I were a man I should now, at the age of fifty, and after thirty years of experience, be a bank president. But I'll never be anything but an assistant to a vice-president. I reached the top—for a woman—years ago. I'll never be allowed to go on."

"Why can't you?" I inquired, being then too innocent.

"They say no one would want to put money in a bank run by a woman," she said.

I pondered this. I had then just come from Shanghai, where one of the best modern banks was run and controlled entirely by modern Chinese women. It was a prosperous bank because most people there thought women were probably more honest than men and more practical in the handling of money. So the Chinese women bankers did very well.

A good deal is said too about the profession of teaching for women. There are a great many women teachers in America—many more in proportion to men than in other countries. Men here, it seems, allow women to teach in lower schools because they themselves do not want to teach in anything less than a college. And even the best men do not like to teach in women's colleges nor in co-educational colleges. The finest teaching in America, I am told, is done by men for men.

As for the arts, I know very well that the odds are strongly against the woman. Granted an equally good product, the man is given the favor always. Women artists in any field are not often taken seriously, however serious their work. It is true that they often achieve high popular success. But this counts against them as artists. American men critics may show respect to a foreign woman artist, feeling that perhaps the foreign women are better than their own. But they cannot believe that the fools they see in department stores, in the subways and buses, or running to the movies and lectures, or even in their own homes, can amount to anything in the arts. Indeed they cannot think of a woman at all, but only of "women." And the pathetic efforts of American women to improve their minds by reading and clubs have only heightened the ridicule and contempt in which their men hold them. To educate women, therefore, to think, so that they

need the personal fulfillment of activity and participation in all parts of life is acute cruelty, for they are not allowed this fulfillment. They should be educated not to think beyond the demands of simple household affairs or beyond the small arts and graces of pleasing men who seem always to want mental rest. The present method is not only cruel; it is extremely wasteful. Good money is spent teaching women to do things for which there will be no need. Men strain themselves to furnish educations for their daughters which they would be happier without, and not only happier but better women because they would be more contented women.

It is not only wasteful but dangerous. To educate women as we do for our present state of traditionalism is to put new wine into old bottles. A good deal of ferment is going on. And if we keep this up more will come of it. No one knows the effect upon children, for instance, of so many discontented women as mothers. Amiable, ignorant, bovine women make much better mothers than neurotic college graduates. And a woman does not need to complain aloud to let her children know she is unhappy. The atmosphere about her is gray with her secret discontent and children live deprived of that essential gayety in which they thrive as in sunshine. So few American women are really gay. This must have an effect.

IV

So, though I am impressed with the fact that American women do not, as a group, seem happy, privileged as they are, I am not surprised. I know that happiness comes to an individual only as a result of personal fulfillment through complete functioning of all the energies and capabilities with which one is born. I do not for a moment mean that all women must go out and find jobs and "do something" outside the home. That would be as silly and general a mistake as our present general clinging to tradition. I simply mean let us be realistic. Let us face the fact that as a nation we are in a medieval state of mind about the place of women in society. Let each man ask himself—he need not answer aloud—where he really wants his woman. The majority, if they are honest, must acknowledge that they would like contented adoring women who want no more than their homes. I do not quarrel with that. What is, is. All I say is, let us realize facts. Tradition rules the relation of the sexes in America. Women are not welcome outside the home except in subsidiary positions, doing, on the whole, things men do not want to do. The great injustice to women is in not recognizing this frankly and in not preparing them for it.

Of course there is the chimeralike possibility that we might change tradition. But I do not see anyone capable of changing it. Men certainly will not. They do not even want to talk about it. They do not want the woman question stirred up, having as they say, "enough on their hands already." To them, of course, women "stirred up" simply means nervous,

illogical, clamoring children who must be placated in one way or another. They cannot conceive of woman as a rational being, equal to themselves and not always fundamentally connected with sex. Emotionally, as it has been truly said, many American men are adolescents—kind, delightful, charming adolescents. "He's just like a boy" seems to be considered a compliment to a man in America. It ought to be an insult. The horrible boyishness lingering in persons who should be adult is as dismaying as mental retardation. It is responsible for our childish tendencies to "jazz things up," to make "whoopee," to think of being drunk, of removing "inhibitions," of playing the clown, as the only way to have a good time, to the complete destruction of adult conversation and real wit and subtler humor. It certainly is responsible for wanting women to be nothing but wives, mothers, or leggy relaxations for tired business men. Even a pretty college girl said despairingly not long ago in my presence, "You can't get anywhere with men if you show any brains. I have to make myself a nit-wit if I want dates. Oh, well, that's the way they are!" There are too many nice and rather sad American women who patiently accept even their middle-aged and old men as perennial "boys." "Men are like that," they say, at least as often as men say, "women are like that."

Nothing could show a greater misunderstanding between the sexes than this frequent fatalistic remark. Neither men nor women are like that if "that" means what they now seem to each other. It is a strange fact that in new America, as in old India or China, the real life of each sex is not with each other but away from each other. Men and women in America meet stiffly for social functions, drink together in an earnest effort to feel less inhibited, play the fool guardedly and feel queer about it afterward. Or they meet for physical sex, in the home or out. And they jog along in family life. Of the delight of exploring each other's differing but equally important personalities and points of view, of the pleasure of real mutual comprehension and appreciation and companionship, there is almost none, inside the home or out. Tradition decrees that after marriage real companionship between persons of opposite sex must cease except between husband and wife. Tradition decrees that all companionship indeed between men and women is tinged with sex. Such an idea as interest in each other as persons, aside from sex, is almost unknown. Women, talking of this among themselves, say, "Men don't want anything else." I am inclined to think they are right. The average American man demands amazingly little from his women—nothing much except to look as pretty as possible on as little money as possible, to run the home economically with as little trouble as possible to the man when he comes home tired. What educated, intelligent, clever, gifted woman is going to be satisfied with that? What average woman would be satisfied even? Ask the

average man if he would change places with a woman—any woman. The idea horrifies him. Yet women are far more like him than he knows or wants to know, and modern times have done everything to make her more so.

No, our men, perennial boys, most of them, will not do anything about changing tradition. They do not know how, absorbed as they are in the game of business, abashed as they are in the presence of sex as anything except simply physical, and afraid as they are of women. They are, naturally, afraid of women or they would not cling so to tradition. They were afraid of their mothers when they were children, their imperious, discontented mothers, and that fear carries over into fear of their wives and fear of all women, in industry as well as at home. It leads to the attitude of petty deception which so many perennially boyish men maintain toward their women.

So, naturally enough, men do not want women "getting too smart." I heard a carpenter working in my home say pontifically to his assistant about to be married, "And why would you want a woman eddicated? Says I, if I want eddication I can go to the public library. A woman should know just so much as when it rains she stands on the sheltered side of the street. It's enough." And after a moment he added solemnly, "You don't want a woman what can talk smart. You want one what can keep quiet smart."

The voice of America's perennial boys, I thought—speaking out in a carpenter, but heard as clearly in the embarrassed reserves of an after-dinner circle in a drawing room. And yet, I do not blame them. There are so many women who chatter without thought, who stop all attempts at conversation with continual commonplaces uttered with all the petty authority of ignorance. And the fetters of another tradition—that of chivalry—still hang upon American men. Foolish, haughty women, standing in crowded buses, staring at a tired man in a seat, accepting favors as their right; peevish, idle women, wasting their husbands' money; dogmatic women talking ignorantly about practical important matters—men must try to be polite to them all alike. I do not blame American men, except for not seeing that not all women are the same.

We are so clever with machines, we Americans. But we have done a silly thing with our women. We have put modern high-powered engines into old antiquated vehicles. It is no wonder the thing is not working. And there are only two courses to follow if we do want it to work. We must go back to the old simple one-horse-power engine or else we must change the body to suit the engine—one or the other. If the first, then tradition must be held to from the moment a woman is born, not, as it now is, clamped upon her when, after a free and extraordinarily equal childhood

and girlhood with boys, she attempts to enter into a free and equal adult life with men and finds it denied her, to discover then that her education has had nothing to do with her life.

Or else we must be willing to let her go on as she began. This means that American men must cease being "sweet boys" and grow up emotionally as well as physically and face women as adult men. But they, poor things, have not been fitted for that either! Besides of course they are afraid of what women might do. And women, inexperienced and eager, will probably do as many foolish things as men have until they have had as much practice.

Of one thing I am sure, however. There will be no real content among American women unless they are made and kept more ignorant or unless they are given equal opportunity with men to use what they have been taught. And American men will not be really happy until their women are.

JOHN BROWN

By Gamaliel Bradford (1863-1932)

I

It is always profoundly interesting to study a controversy where there is right on both sides, though neither can see the right in the other. In the American Civil War, the South, with however little fault of its own, was oppressed, smothered by the hideous burden of slavery. On the other hand, it was contending for the original principle of state vitality, the most important element in our Constitution, and one steadily undermined by Federal encroachment and above all by the War.

Up to 1861 the most intense complication of these contending principles was in Kansas. There right and wrong fought their battle with furious bitterness and with a heat of wrath and recrimination which is as pitiful as it is fascinating to behold. And into this thick and bushy tangle of motives and passions John Brown hewed unhesitatingly with the fierce and cruel axe of his unfaltering will. But, as it happens, Brown himself is as complex a puzzle as Kansas, and friends and enemies have torn his memory to pieces in the effort to make him out devil or saint; whereas he was neither, but a human being, with immense aspirations and hopes and struggles, like

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you or me. In any case, he was perhaps the most curious American example of the intensity of fanatical enthusiasm, and as such the analysis of his soul, with its damage and its glory, has a profound and absorbing interest.

Before beginning such analysis, however, we must have a brief summary of his remarkable career, avoiding controversy as much as is possible, where many facts and almost all motives are subject to contest. In making such a summary, we must first acknowledge indebtedness to the admirable biography of Mr. Villard,[1] whose thoroughness of research is equaled only by his obvious desire to be fair to all parties and all men.

Brown was born in Connecticut in 1800. His parents were of English and Dutch stock and his stubbornness through life did not belie his heredity. He had a severe and sternly nurtured youth, growing up with the Bible in one hand and the plough in the other. In later life he wrote a brief autobiography, which depicts the struggles of his youth in the terse, tense, rude English he always used. All through it you can see the earnest, passionate, obstinate boy, with his soul set on one object, all the more furiously when he found himself balked.

The boy was married when a boy, chased fortune in strange fashion all over the country, as a tanner, as a surveyor, as a cattle-breeder, as a wool-merchant, and never once caught her. He had and bred and lost children, lost his wife, married another and had more children, illimitably. How he fed them all is a puzzle. But their feeding was simple, and their lives were simple, and their souls were simple, like his, if all souls were not so bewilderingly complex. Through these financial struggles it comes out increasingly evident that Brown was not a good man of business, though often shrewd and practical, as in his skilful classification of wools. His temperament was speculative, fed on high hopes, if little else. He worked with borrowed capital, his schemes failed, and he came to grief, like many others. Most of us believe that he was fundamentally honest. But some do not. It may be well to quote here the most scathing piece of abuse that I have met with, as an antidote to much that will come later: "I knew the old scoundrel long before the war; long before Kansas was known; long before abolition had many advocates. He tried to blow up his mother-in-law with powder; he was guilty of every meanness. He involved his father at one time in ruin, and everybody else he had anything to do with."[2] So do the saints and martyrs appear to those who have suffered by them.

But if the practical world rejected Brown and misunderstood him, the unpractical had its revenge in yielding him immortal glory. He gave his life with mad abandonment to the American Negro and that sacrifice raised him on a pedestal no envy and no detraction will ever throw down. Just

1. Oswald Garrison Villard, *John Brown*, 1910.
2. Sara T. D. Robinson, *Kansas*, 1899, letter of N. Eggleston, October, 1833.

when Brown's devotion to the abolition cause began cannot be definitely settled. In later years he and his family placed it very early. Mr. H. P. Wilson, who has dissected Brown's soul with searching and ingenious cruelty, but I think with utter misapprehension, believes that this early origin was invented,[3] and that Brown's anti-slavery enthusiasm was merely a hypocritical mask, to conceal the old greed for gain which had been in so many ways disappointed. I do not see how any one who has studied Brown's life and letters with care can question his sincerity for a moment, and I believe, after a consideration of all the evidence, that the passion for freeing the slaves was early conceived and grew and broadened with years until, when he was nearly sixty years old, it broke out in the wild adventures of Kansas and Harper's Ferry.

Several of Brown's sons went to Kansas in 1854 and 1855. They were led in part, no doubt, by the enthusiasm of the free-soil movement, largely also by the instinct of adventure and of seeking fortune under new conditions. Their father was interested in their project from the first. He heard of the violence and aggression of the pro-slavery men, who were thronging into the territory from Missouri, left his wife and other children at his farm in North Elba, New York, and made his way to Kansas, well-armed, eager to help his sons, and passionately curious to see what would turn up. When he arrived, the struggle between the political parties was violently under way. Accounts vary as to the prominence of his earlier part in it. He was never a man to work with others, much less under them. He could contend, command, control: he could not obey. At any rate, he was intimately involved in the furious complications of the end of 1855 and the beginning of 1856, and his antipathy to the advocates of slavery increased in bitterness, if it could. There was wrath and recrimination everywhere, some unwarranted violence, and a luxury of threats, meaning much or little, but all serving to foment hatred. Brown made up his mind that a cruel example was needed. In May, 1856, he and a party of his followers took by night five pro-slavery men from among their Pottawatomie neighbors, men of bad character but not more criminal than others; and butchered them, literally hacked them to pieces with cutlasses. Brown always insisted, in a fashion approaching duplicity, that he had no actual hand in the deed; but the whole responsibility was his. In any case, it was a bloody, brutal murder, and quite without immediate excuse. Brown's admirers declare that it saved Kansas to freedom. Less prejudiced historians believe that it did more harm than good.

Brown's course in the West after Pottawatomie was much what it had been before. He was engaged in several so-called battles, with a few men on each side, and behaved always with absolute intrepidity and sometimes

3. Hill Peebles Wilson, *John Brown, Soldier of Fortune,* 1913.

with shrewdness. Mr. Wilson insists that his chief motive was plunder. There was plenty of disreputable plundering on both sides, horse-stealing in particular. But there can be no serious doubt that Brown regarded it all as a worthy despoiling of the Egyptians and intended religiously to devote all profit to the advancement of the cause.

In the autumn of 1856 Brown left Kansas. The year 1857 he spent in the Middle West and East, gathering funds and arousing enthusiasm in various societies and individuals, with the ostensible purpose of aiding in the Kansas struggle, but with at any rate some further and deeper plans for a more central attack upon the strongholds of slavery. In the summer of 1858 he returned to Kansas, where conditions were again acute, made a raid into Missouri, captured a considerable number of slaves, and, after a journey full of picturesque vicissitudes, carried them triumphantly to Canada where the British flag ensured their permanent freedom. John Brown never entered Kansas again.

II

As there is endless controversy over the date of Brown's first interest in slavery, so historians dispute over his conception of the Harper's Ferry adventure. If the conversation recorded by Frederick Douglass[4] as having taken place in 1847 is to be accepted—and I think it must be in substance —Brown was at that time brooding over the details of some such scheme as he afterwards attempted to carry out. He explained to Douglass this plan for subsisting an army of whites and blacks in the mountain fastnesses and so gradually undermining the whole slave power. In 1849 he made a brief trip to Europe for business objects and he appears to have attempted a more or less extensive study of battles and battle-fields with a military purpose in mind. For, though he was profoundly religious and by profession a hater of war, like many another such he was a born fighter, and relished nothing more than to have God put a scourge into his hands to lash the devil.

His daughter testifies explicitly that he told her of his Harper's Ferry plan before he first went to Kansas. In the interval between his two Kansas visits the general outline of the scheme was certainly made more or less plain to some of his Eastern supporters. And in May, 1858, took place in Chatham, Canada, that singular convention of a few whites and a larger number of Negroes, which adopted the still more singular Provisional Constitution, Brown's elaborate device for governing the nation within a nation that was to be established by the gradual freeing of the Southern slaves. This instrument, with its lofty tone and its complicated discrimination of executive, legislature, judiciary, etc., seems like a Utopian parody

4. *The Life and Times of Frederick Douglass, Written by Himself,* 1883.

of the Constitution of the United States, developed by a slow, thorough, narrow, limited intellect possessed and obsessed by one idea, and such was assuredly Brown's.

Any hope the inventor of this system may have had of putting it immediately into practice was thwarted by the defection of the restless, unreliable adventurer Forbes, who, after being more trusted by his leader than was any one else, deserted the cause and made perilous revelations as to the methods. Brown was obliged to defer action for a year; but his patience was as indomitable as his energy. "Young men must learn to wait. Patience is the hardest lesson to learn. I have waited for twenty years to accomplish my purpose."

At last in the summer of 1859 Brown settled himself and his little band of followers at the Kennedy Farm in Maryland, about five miles from Harper's Ferry. The followers were a somewhat heterogeneous collection. They were by no means all religious men. Perhaps they had not all been virtuous men. They were hardy, vigorous young fellows, ready to risk anything and go anywhere. Most, if not all, of them, had a superstitious horror of slavery. And every one of them adored the old man and was willing to die for him. Just what plan of campaign Brown had adopted, if any definite, will never be known. His friends and his enemies have ingeniously supplied him with several and supported them with what they think are conclusive arguments. But the arguments are as different as the conclusions and none is convincing. Somehow or other Brown hoped to gather a nucleus of slaves and whites whose determined action in seizing Harper's Ferry would finally lead to the liberation of every Southern Negro. But the method of accomplishing this is obscure, and we are obliged largely to fall back upon Brown's trust in the guidance of God. On the one hand we are told by Salmon Brown that "Father had a peculiarity of insisting on *order*. I felt that at Harper's Ferry this very thing would be likely to trap him. He would insist on getting everything arranged just to suit him before he would consent to make a move."[5] On the other hand, we have Brown's own impressive saying: "It is an invariable rule *with me* to be governed by circumstances; or in other words *not to do anything* while *I do not know what to do.*" No doubt these two positions may be reconciled, but they do not make our puzzle much clearer.

At any rate, the conspirators, about twenty in all, lurked at the Kennedy Farm till the middle of October, slowly accumulating arms and supplies and keeping themselves marvelously hidden from the neighbors' curiosity. Then, on the evening of Sunday, October 16th, Brown marched out, at the head of a petty band of adventurers, to challenge deliberately a great nation by assaulting its officers and seizing its property. The complicated

5. Villard, *op. cit.*

evolutions of Sunday night and Monday need not be traced in detail. By Monday night not only the town of Harper's Ferry but the State of Virginia and the whole country had been aroused and had grasped, at least vaguely, the enormous effrontery of Brown's undertaking. Various peaceful citizens had been killed as well as several of Brown's followers. He himself, after getting possession of the different government buildings and picking up from the surrounding country a number of slaves and also a number of slaveholders as hostages, among whom was a member of the family of Washington, was forced to take refuge, with the remains of his band and his prisoners, in the engine-house, and continued there till Tuesday morning. But in the dull gray October dawn a detachment of United States Marines, under Colonel Robert E. Lee, broke in the doors, liberated the prisoners, and killed or captured all of the defenders. Brown was cut down fighting and received several wounds, which were at first thought to be dangerous, but which afterwards proved to be comparatively unimportant.

Virginia and the whole South were naturally infuriated. Brown was speedily tried on various charges and sentenced to be hanged. His Northern friends complained of indecent haste in the proceedings, but later historians agree that on the whole the affair was conducted with as much consideration as could have been expected. Brown bore himself through it all with the admirable dignity that he had shown from the first moment of his capture. Indeed, the testimony of his captors and interrogators to his composure and clear-headedness is as impressive as that of his prisoners to his courage and thoughtful humanity.

During the long weeks of his imprisonment the condemned traitor showed an unfailing self-possession. He discouraged all attempts at escape and urged upon his friends that as a martyr to the cause he would serve it more substantially than by any further living effort. He corresponded widely, and his numerous letters, with their poignant directness and incontrovertible sincerity, afford the best evidence of the great qualities of his character.

On the second of December, 1859, John Brown was hanged at Charlestown, Virginia. Great military preparations were made to ensure a peaceful execution of the sentence and it was carried out with every detail of decorum and decency, except that a painful delay at the last moment prolonged the prisoner's suspense. Brown's bearing was perfect, his courage and calmness without flaw. There were no heroics, no rhetoric. He took an affectionate leave of his companions in arms and gave them each a quarter of a dollar, saying that he should have no further use for money. Of an equally touching simplicity were his words, as he was driven to the gallows: "This *is* a beautiful country. I never had the pleasure of seeing it before," and the phrase seems somehow to give a startling insight into the vivid and intense perception of a man who is opening

his eyes upon the other world. A few hours later the eyes were closed to this, and John Brown had become a strange, great legendary figure in the complicated progress of humanity.

III

So died a typical incarnation of ideal, or fanatical, enthusiasm, a man absolutely convinced of the truth and justice of his own ideas of right and wrong, in certain points at any rate, and determined to impose them upon the world, by persuasion if possible, if not, by bloodshed, agony, and slaughter. He was a theorist, a reasoner, all the more rigorous in his theories because their scope was limited and their range narrow. You can see the rigor in the face, especially before it was bearded, in the set mouth, the cavernous eyes, the sturdy chin, the drawn brows and square forehead. There was a tremendous, indomitable stubbornness in the man. "Let the grand reason, that one course is right and another wrong, be kept continually before your own mind." He kept it always before his and walked straight on, no matter whom his footsteps shattered.

To minds of a different type, reflective, curious, analytical, there is endless interest in studying such a temperament, in weighing the good and evil of its working in the world, good and evil to itself, good and evil to the vast body of its fellow beings. Let us trace out some of the ramifications of this, as illustrated in the case of Brown.

First as to the evil, and the evil to the world at large. Such natures are intolerant; from their point of view they have the right to be so. They know what should be done and what should not. Paltry excuses, quibbling reserves, charitable allowances, what are they but devices of the Evil One, cunningly assorted to obscure the real issue between heaven and hell? "I believe in the Golden Rule and the Declaration of Independence," said Brown. "I think they both mean the same thing; and it is better that a whole generation should pass off the face of the earth—men, women, and children—by a violent death, than that one jot of either should fail *in this country*. I mean exactly *so,* sir." He meant so, he acted so, he lived so.

Such intolerance kills the quiet ease and joy of life. It kills compromise and mutual understanding, and breeds suspicion and mistrust. It breeds wrath and violence, sets father against son and brother against brother, triumphantly justifies such hideous crimes as the brutal murders on the Pottawatomie. And, alas, so often, it does all this from misapprehension, from reasoning with fierce, narrow, unenlightened logic, and reasoning wrong.

The injury of this fanatical temperament to the individual possessor of it is even more obvious than the injury to the world at large. Take intelligence. It cuts him off from curious knowledge, from wide interest in the movement of life and its varied currents and subtle developments. It

makes him feel that all that does not renovate society from his point of view is frivolous and contemptible. Brown read, oh, yes, he read the Bible, always the Bible, and he read Plutarch, and he read books on military science. What if he had read Plato or Montaigne?

And beauty? What room, what leisure is there for beauty, a frivolous distraction, an idle, subtle siren which leads the soul astray from the one clear, arduous path it must forever follow? Brown loved music, loved hymns, they fed his strange melancholy, his strange exaltation. Yet probably he would have said of music, with Cowper: "If it is not used with an unfeigned reference to the worship of God, . . . it degenerates into a sensual delight and becomes a most powerful advocate for the admission of other pleasures, grosser perhaps in degree, but in their kind the same." And Brown loved nature, but we have seen that he walked through it as a man in a dream, and opened his eyes to it only when they were about to close forever.

It was the same with all the comfort of life, ease, fine clothes, delicate food, luxury, grace, elegance, and charm. The grosser man in us, the simple, natural man, unhaunted by far thoughts and tormenting scruples, enjoys these things, savors them, revels in them. But how can any one enjoy them whose mind is forever clouded with the misery of the world? How can a life be happy passed in the midst of those who suffer? To be sure, many lives are; but not this man's. He would cut off human wants, cut off superfluous desires, cut off bare needs. Those poor Negroes were toiling under the lash, and why should he achieve felicity? He wore old, plain clothes and ate the simplest sustenance compatible with life. The painter Hunt saw him once at a social gathering refuse oysters "because 'he was not hungry.' I said to a friend—and Brown was not celebrated then, not having been hanged!—'There's something remarkable about that man. Did you ever know a man to refuse oysters at a party because he was not hungry?' He did not take champagne, because he was 'not thirsty.' Held the glass as you would hold a doll for a baby. Was not going to gorge himself—a man with such a destiny and such a work before him." When Douglass visited him in 1847, he was struck with the utter poverty of everything. "Plain as was the outside of this man's house, the inside was plainer. . . . There was an air of plainness about it which almost suggested destitution." The meal was "such as a man might relish after following the plough all day." "Innocent of paint, veneering, varnish, or table-cloth, the table announced itself unmistakably of pine and of the plainest workmanship." And while the poverty may have resulted in part from lack of business ability, it came far more from absorption in higher things. "For twenty years," said Brown, in 1858, "I have never made any business arrangement which would prevent me at any time answering the call of the Lord. I have kept my affairs in such condition that in two weeks

I could wind them up and be ready to obey that call; permitting nothing to stand in the way of duty—neither wife, children, nor worldly goods."

It is equally evident that these lofty spiritual pursuits do not fit well with the lighter side of social life, with the more kindly human relations, the gay exchange of cordial, empty, daily jest and laughter. Brown had a grim, Old Testamentary humor of his own, that relaxed the iron muscles of those mouth-corners just a trifle. But did he ever laugh with abandon? He mingled with men for his own purposes, though even with those closest to him he had a strange and desperate secrecy. For ordinary social converse he had no taste and no aptitude. "I have one unconquerable weakness," he said, with a smile, in those last unsmiling days: "I have always been more afraid of being taken into an evening party of ladies and gentlemen, than of meeting a company of men with guns." Even the faculty of consolation, that most exquisite, tender link of friendship, was denied to him, or at least not given in large measure: "I never seemed to possess a faculty to console and comfort my friends in their grief; I am inclined, like the poor comforters of Job, to sit down in silence, lest in my miserable way I should only add to their grief."

But the crowning interest of the effect of Brown's great aim in life upon his human relations appears in his dealings with his family. He was devotedly attached to both his wives and to his numerous sons and daughters. He was thoughtful of their worldly welfare, as he saw it, to the very end. He was more than thoughtful, he was tender. He was tender to the animals with whom he dealt so much. He was tender, divinely tender with human beings. When those he loved were ill he would give up food, give up sleep, give up immediately necessary labor to tend them and watch over them with delicate, considerate care. Yet he punished with pitiless severity. When one of his sons had earned a heavy whipping, he inflicted half of it and then made the boy lash the father's own bare back till the blood came. "He compelled his wife to ride to church with him on a pillion on a young and unbroken horse he wished to tame, with the result that she was twice thrown."

Also, he must rule, dominate, control everything that came near him. He dominated animals. "He said that he could always, without moving, make a dog or cat leave the room if he wished, by his eye." Was he not one day to be ruler over thousands? If so, then surely he must dominate at home. "He was intolerant in little things and in little ways. . . . I had it from [his son] Owen, in a quiet way and from other sources in quite a loud way that in his family his methods were of the most arbitrary kind," says a not too friendly witness. Douglass, a most friendly one, observes that "he fulfilled Saint Paul's idea of the head of the family. His wife believed in him, and his children observed him with reverence."

And when a great cause demanded it, both wife and children must be

sacrificed without a moment's hesitation. He said it often, and, when necessary, he did it. The little sacrifices were demanded constantly and given freely. The supreme sacrifice was always held in readiness and accorded at the supreme moment. A son was killed in Kansas, two sons were killed at Harper's Ferry. Still he fought on, if not unmoved or without a tear, absolutely unaltered in his resolution to give what was far dearer than his own life to achieving the one great end of his and their existence on this earth. The strain of living so much apart from all he loved was terrible. It wrung his heart to think of their privation and sickness and sorrow. But even this grief was smothered in the thought of all that greater grief: "The anxiety I feel to see my *wife* and children once more I am unable to describe. . . . The *cries* of my poor *sorrow-stricken despairing children,* whose *'tears on their cheeks'* are *ever* in my *eye* and whose *sighs* are *ever* in my ears, may, however, prevent my enjoying the happiness I so much desire."

Truly, the strain of this man's life in the grip of his overpowering obsession illuminates Heine's passionate saying: "We do not have ideas. The Idea has us and enslaves us and scourges us and drives us into the arena to fight for it like gladiators, who combat, whether they will or no."

IV

And what good comes from this tyrannous mastery of an idea, to balance and compensate all the wide burden of privation and misery? Let us consider such good first as it affects the individual, then as it affects the world at large. To clarify the consideration we must dig a little more deeply into the profound tangle of motives that lies at the base of moral and spiritual, as of all other, effort.

In such a case as Brown's, the persistent, all-excluding nature of the obsession, its constant intrusion in season and out of season, its cruel dominance over all other motives and all other passions, undeniably suggests insanity. This solution has often been urged for Brown. It receives support from the man's singular and unfortunate inheritance. Insanity was rampant in his mother's family and there were a dozen instances in relatives more or less close to him. An effort was made to plead this in court. Brown himself rejected it scornfully. At the same time I think his frequent recurrence to it indicates that its shadow haunted him with some discomfort. "I may be very insane," he wrote; "and I am so, if insane at all. But if that be so, insanity is like a very pleasant dream to me." And again, "If I am insane, of course I should think I know more than all the rest of the world. But I do not think so." Yet this is precisely what he did think, what every enthusiast and fanatic of his type thinks. In that overmastering, overwhelming assurance of knowing more than all the rest of the world, from whatever source, lies all their power—and all their

weakness. In the greatest examples of the type the assurance proves itself well founded. The whole wide world comes in time to think as they did and so to justify their sacrifice and martyrdom. And it is here that more doubt arises in regard to Brown. Strong and vigorous as his intelligence was, it ran so much to the fantastic, and the conception, or misconception, of his final effort was so incoherently disastrous, that it is impossible to credit him with clear, commanding intellectual power. At the same time, it is equally impossible to describe him as in the stricter sense insane. Men who reason as consistently and will as insistently and act as persistently as he did, cannot be set apart as of diseased mind.

Yet to subordinate one's whole existence so completely to an all-engrossing purpose is beyond doubt abnormal. It absorbs life, drinks up the soul, sweeps the man out of the common course of daily interests and cares. And precisely in this absorption, in this excitement, lifting you above all earth, lies one of its charms. Such a nature as Brown's is born to struggle and fight, with something, with anything. He thought he loved peace. So he did, in theory. But the peace he loved was the peace you have to fight for. He was eager, restless. To be quiet was death, and to be comfortable, and even to be happy, was too like being quiet. *"I expect nothing* but to 'endure *hardness,'* " he said. He wanted nothing but to endure hardness. When he was enduring and resisting, he knew he was alive. One of the most instructive sentences he ever wrote was, "I felt for a number of years, *in earlier life,* a steady, strong desire *to die;* but since I saw any prospect of becoming a 'reaper' in the *great* harvest, I have not only felt quite willing to *live,* but have enjoyed life much." He probably enjoyed it most of all in prison, when only a few days of it were left him.

And besides the exhilaration of living for an ideal, there is the element of personal ambition. It is quite unnecessary to assume with Mr. Wilson that Brown was actuated entirely by vulgar greed and narrow personal vanity. Who shall say that the greatest of teachers and prophets is wholly exempt from the delight of feeling, if not saying, I did this thing? The man is worth little who has not the root of such ambition in him. Assuredly Brown had it. Did he not write of himself in youth, "He very early in life became ambitious to excel in doing anything he undertook to perform"? Did he not write in age, when treading on the heels of performance, "I have only had *this one* opportunity, in a life of nearly sixty years; and could I be continued ten times as long again, I might not again have another equal opportunity. God has honored but comparatively *a very small* part of mankind with any possible chance for such mighty and soul-satisfying rewards"?

Further, there is the delight of dominance, of controlling things and leading men, of feeling that your sole, petty, finite will is making at least a portion of the universe bow and bend before it. To some spirits the

thought of this is hateful and the effort for it repulsive. To others it is the supreme joy of life. And such pre-eminently was Brown. He even carried the instinct so far as to find it difficult to obey when obedience is perhaps the deepest secret of final mastery. He could not work well with others. He must rule or be nothing. Both friends and enemies testify to this. "Very superstitious, very selfish and very intolerant, with great self esteem. . . . He could not brook a rival," says one witness cited by Mr. Wilson. "He doted on being the head of the heap, and he was," says Brown's brother-in-law. And his son's comment is equally decided: "The trouble is, you want your boys to be brave as tigers, and still afraid of you." While the father, meditating soberly in his Virginia prison, recognized the same weakness as clearly as any one. He writes of one of his sons, he "always has underrated himself; is bashful and retiring in his habits; is not (like his father) too much inclined to assume and dictate."

Thus, such a temper would like to control and dominate the world, but always for the world's good. In Brown at least there was not a trace of conscious desire to rule for evil or for the gratification of any personal motive of mischief or cruelty. In spite of all he had endured and all the slights and injuries of men, he repeats over and over that no thought of revenge enters into any of his efforts. If the wicked must suffer through his action, it is because they are wicked, not because they have tormented him.

For back of all the personal elements, back even of the abstract desire to do good, there was always God, and in the study of such temperaments as Brown's the obscure, vast mystery of God must always be given the largest place. It is here, I think, chiefly that Mr. Wilson's shrewd analysis is at fault. In all the puzzles, in all the tangles, in all the inconsistencies of this strange man's life, especially in elucidating his plan, or lack of plan, before the attack on Harper's Ferry, we must look to God as the solution. He was a child of destiny, like Napoleon, but with him the destiny was the obvious, constant direction of God. "The Lord had directed him in visions what to do." "He scouted the idea of rest while he held 'a commission direct from God Almighty to act against slavery.' " "God had created him to be the deliverer to slaves the same as Moses had delivered the children of Israel." It is true that Brown several times spoke of himself as naturally sceptical. He was shrewd, hard-headed, far from disposed to accept all the fantastic quips and quirks of credulous superstition. But his intense insistence on what he did believe was all the firmer, and he did believe that God had predestined him from eternity to root out the curse from these United States, he did believe that God bade him do fierce and bloody things that that curse might be rooted out forever. In 1856 Mrs. Coleman asked him, "Then, Captain, you think that God uses you as an instrument in his hands to kill men?" And he answered, "I think

he has used me as an instrument to kill men; and if I live, I think he will use me as an instrument to kill a good many more."

And if this sense of immediate direction from God, of being in the hands of God as a mighty agent for his purposes, for everlasting good, even sometimes through apparent evil, is the greatest motive for human accomplishment, is it not also the greatest source of human rapture? The joy it brings is the most acute and exalted of all joys and the peace it gives is the deepest and the most enduring of all peace. So at least Brown found it, in his prison days, with death awaiting him, having failed in his great undertaking according to the judgment of men, but with the growing consciousness that apparent failure covered God's intention in a mightier triumph which could be made perfect only by his departure from this troubled world. He was "fully persuaded that I am worth inconceivably more to *hang* than for any other purpose." And in that persuasion his spirit found more contentment than it had known in all his restless sixty years. "Tell your father that I am quite cheerful; that I do not feel myself in the least degraded by my imprisonment, my chains, or the near prospect of the gallows. Men cannot imprison, or chain, or hang the soul."[6] And when an effort was made to comfort him, he said, "I sleep peacefully as an infant, or if I am wakeful, glorious thoughts come to me, entertaining my mind."

It is one of the characteristics of this spiritual rapture that it is impelled to extend itself to others. None who feels the ecstasy of God upon him can refrain from communicating it, from striving passionately to make the world over and urging others to make it over also. And none strove thus with more ardor than John Brown. Something magnetic in his obsession touched men of the most diverse temperaments and powers, roused them to think and feel and work as he did.

Take his immediate followers, take that group of boys, or little more than boys, who gathered about him with unquestioning loyalty in the last desperate venture. They were not especially religious. Even Brown's own sons did not adopt his orthodox interpretation of the Bible. But every man of the company had imbibed the spirit of sacrifice, every man was ready to give his life for the cause their leader had preached to them, every man believed that what he said should be done must be done. "They perfectly worshiped the ground the old fellow trod on," said a Southern observer who had no sympathy with them except in the admiration of splendid courage.

Nor was it only over those who came under his immediate command that Brown exercised the magnetism of inspiration and stimulus. After his capture and during his imprisonment he was surrounded by bitter enemies.

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6. T. B. Sanborn, *Life and Letters of John Brown,* 1885

But they grew to respect him and some apparently to have a personal regard for him. Even when they condemned his cause, they esteemed his spirit of sacrifice and his superb singleness of purpose. In the years before the crisis came he met some of the keenest and most intelligent men in the United States and they saw and felt in him a man of power, a man of will, a man of ideals above and beyond the common average and level of trivial earthliness. "No matter how inconsistent, impossible, and desperate a thing might appear to others, if John Brown said he would do it, he was sure to be believed. His words were never taken for empty bravado," wrote Frederick Douglass. That enthusiasts like Gerrit Smith should be carried away was perhaps natural. But Emerson was not an enthusiast, Thoreau was not, Theodore Parker was not. All these men spoke of Brown as one gifted for some divine purpose beyond mortality. All of them thanked the humble farmer and shepherd for that thrill of exaltation which is one of the greatest forces that can touch the heart. No one will call John A. Andrew an enthusiast. He was a practical man of the world, versed in the hard conduct of everyday affairs. Yet Andrew said: "Whatever might be thought of John Brown's acts, John Brown himself was right."

And the influence of such a man and such a life and such a death flowed out and on beyond the men who obeyed him, beyond the men who met him, to those who never knew him and had hardly even heard of him, to the whole country, to the wide world. The song that carries his name inspired millions throughout the great Civil War, it has inspired millions since, and John Brown's soul and sacrifice were back of the song. That is what Brown meant when he said, "I am worth inconceivably more to *hang* than for any other purpose." That is what men of his type achieve by their fierce struggle and their bitter self-denial and their ardent sacrifice. They make others, long years after, others who barely know their names and nothing of their history, achieve also some little or mighty sacrifice, accomplish some vast and far-reaching self-denial, that so the world, through all its doubts and complications and perplexities, may be lifted just a little towards ideal felicity. Whatever their limitations, their errors, whatever taint of earthly damage has infected their souls, it may justly be said that "these men, in teaching us how to die, have at the same time taught us how to live."

THE WINSLOW BOY: A REVIEW

By Brooks Atkinson (1894-)

LET'S take for today's lesson "The Winslow Boy," by Terence Rattigan, author of "French Without Tears" and "O Mistress Mine." "The Winslow Boy" is the best play that has come out of England this season. Moreover, it is staged and acted with a perfection that only the English seem able to achieve. Using an actual incident from before the first World War, Mr. Rattigan has written an overwhelming drama about a small boy who is unjustly accused of stealing money in a naval school, where, apparently, matters of personal honor are strictly adhered to. The Winslow boy's father, who is a man of tenacious and admirable convictions, very nearly wrecks the family's security in a fierce attempt to compel the Navy to hear the case and exonerate the boy.

There is nothing in the theatre, and probably in life as well, more harrowing than callous persecution of young children by mature authority that stands above the law and outside common humanity. When Mr. Rattigan is stating the case in the first act he is superb, both in feeling and in craftsmanship; and at least during that act "The Winslow Boy" is a deeply moving drama with dimensions greater than the poignant little story it is telling.

In fact, it is a pretty good play throughout its length, worth anybody's interest. But during the second act Mr. Rattigan begins to emerge as not so much a dramatist as a play contriver who is devoting his skill to arranging scenes that are effective in the theatre. Since "The Winslow Boy" begins on a high plane of respect for human integrity, the old-fashioned mechanics of the second act are disappointing. In the end Mr. Rattigan seems to have nothing to contribute to the story out of his perceptions as an artist. He delights in theatrical mysteries, like the insufferably pompous barrister who conceals his motives behind a theatrical mask of indifference and condescension. He wins a kind of bogus sympathy for an ineffectual family attorney by introducing a gratuitous proposal scene which he forgets as soon as he has achieved his effect. In another standard scene he melodramatically breaks off the engagement of the Winslow daughter to an ambitious Army officer to establish in his play the social desolation of the Winslow family, who are engaged in an unpopular law case.

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Theatre Effects

He arranges showy theatrical sensations by cunningly leading the audience to expect bad news—as, in the first act, when the celebrated barrister gives every indication of considering the Winslow case an unforgivable fraud, although he really thinks it is genuine; and, as in the second act, when the Winslow triumphs invariably come when the audience has been prepared for disaster. After a while you begin to distrust Mr. Rattigan's sincerity. For he seems to be less interested in the moral values of a fine theme than in the effects he is able to devise in the theatre.

Well, that may be too severe an attitude to take toward a play which does succeed alternately in breaking your heart and in arousing your admiration for people of probity. If Mr. Rattigan is clever in the use of scrappy material in the last act he is able by the same token to handle skillfully the most valid parts of his material in the first act. As a matter of fact, he is writing about the ethical inviolability of civil rights. The American approach would be to make a resounding stump speech in defense of individual freedom under the law—a matter as artificial as Mr. Rattigan's last-act puppetry. But with the decent reticence of an English writer Mr. Rattigan chronicles the Winslow case purely in terms of the home life of an English family.

The Winslows are certainly excellent people. They are dominated, not unkindly, by an ideal representative of the British tradition—a retired banker who is a bit in the gruff and grumbling vein but who has a passionate devotion to personal honor. If all the Winslows stand a little in awe of him, they respect him and his scrupulous standards. Brought up in such a tradition, Ronnie, who is the Winslow boy of the title, understands the gravity of the charge of stealing money. He is almost too frightened to show his father the certificate of his dismissal, but instinctively he tells the truth. Despite his touch of crustiness, Mr. Winslow has the resilience to face a bad situation with candor and personal pride, and he has the strength of character to act on it with initiative and force. Until Mr. Rattigan introduces his bravura barrister in the last scene of the first act, he develops the Winslow case with skill and complete understanding. The first act is obviously the finest work he has done for the theatre.

English Acting

Ever since the appearance here of the Old Vic company and John Gielgud's production of "The Importance of Being Earnest," it has been obvious that the English today have a special gift for carefully detailed performances. Although American acting has more vitality, it rarely touches the immaculate perfection of the best English group work. Under Glen

Byam Shaw's direction, "The Winslow Boy" is brilliantly played by some enormously expert actors in a well-joined performance that is deceptively skillful in the little things as well as the chief parts.

Alan Webb's fine-grained acting of the Winslow father is something worth particular cheering. Add to Mr. Webb's character perception the adroitness of his technique and you have a full-length portrait of rare quality. He is ably abetted by Valerie White, who is playing a loyal and earnest daughter with insight and honesty; and by an excellent cast in general. The part of the pompous barrister is hokum—like William Gillette in "Sherlock Holmes," as Ward Morehouse has pointed out. On those terms Frank Allenby is playing the part effectively with the drive of benign menace. In sum, the only imperfections in "The Winslow Boy" derive from Mr. Rattigan's penchant for hokum devices in a play that deserves the most discriminating writing.

"LET RIGHT BE DONE"

By John Mason Brown (1900-)

AMONG the great cases brought to trial, many and varied, solved and unsolved, but usually having to do with murder, the terrifying plight of Master Archer-Shee holds a fascination of its own. Unlike most courtroom battles of similar notoriety, this one involved no throat cut, no gun fired, no culprit to be hanged.

There was a culprit, however. More accurately, there were two culprits —the Royal Naval Academy at Osborne and the British Admiralty. Though both of these were somewhat outsized for the noose, in this instance they deserved punishment. The crime for which they were responsible was against a small boy. It must, therefore, have seemed like a small crime. At least it must have to many impatient Britishers when first they read in their newspapers that their government, busy with imperial problems, was squandering its time on the guilt or innocence of a mere lad and his alleged theft of a sum too trifling to capture the attention of light-fingered politicians.

No wonder the case caught the interest of the world in those quieter days before the First World War when Martin Archer-Shee, young George's father, was resolved to spend his meager all clearing his innocent son's name. Or that Alexander Woollcott, connoisseur though he

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was in matters gory, had an especially warm spot in his hospitable heart for this particular trial. Or that Terence Rattigan has based on this same suit *The Winslow Boy,*[1] which is beyond dispute the best play he has so far written.

The Archer-Shee case had its undeniable elements of drama. It did not reveal a timid Oliver Twist asking only for more porridge. It disclosed Oliver's parent boldly demanding, with the aid of so preëminent an advocate as Sir Edward Carson, full justice for his son. The contest gained in absorption by being uneven. It pitted one man (as "little" and commonplace as you and I) against the Crown. Hence it made that timeless raid on the sympathies which has always sent cheers into the throats of people everywhere when any David has dared to take on any Goliath in single combat.

There are other, and worthier, reasons why this case deserves remembrance. Infinitely more was at stake than a youngster's reputation, a father's proud and stubborn faith, or a forged and stolen five-shilling postal order. To men with a proper passion for freedom the trial abounded in overtones. Although the situation was exceptional, it touched upon the rights of average citizens. The principles for which the barons met at Runnymede were involved in the fate of a Liverpool family. A small boy and the Magna Carta suddenly and somehow found themselves fused.

Mr. Woollcott went straight to the matter's core. In his admirable retelling of the story in *Long, Long Ago* he described the incident as "a microcosm in which was summed up the long history of British liberty." "Here," said he, "in the small visible compass of one boy's fate was the entire issue of the inviolable sovereignty of the individual."

Mr. Rattigan is no less keenly aware of the implications of the case. His sensing of the story's ricochets and the taste with which he suggests rather than emphasizes these are proofs of his skill in *The Winslow Boy.* Since his concern is the case itself, and only the case, he is stalwart enough to forswear any hint of what actually became of young Archer-Shee. This was the final irony of an ironic career. The boy was thirteen when, in the fall of 1908, he was dismissed from Osborne. Two long and costly years passed before his good name was publicly made good again.

You may feel that Fate by then had already been overgenerous in dealing him unlucky cards. She had been. Even so she had another card, this time an ace of spades, tucked up her sleeve. She slipped it on the table, face up, when he was nineteen. The August of that year, when

1. *The Winslow Boy,* a new play by Terence Rattigan. Directed by Glen Byam Shaw. Setting by Michael Weight. Presented by Atlantis Productions (the Theatre Guild, H. M. Tennent Ltd., John C. Wilson). With a cast including Alan Webb, Frank Allenby, Valerie White, Michael Newell, Madge Compton, Michael Kingsley, George Benson, Owen Holder, etc. At the Empire.

the First World War broke out, found (according to Mr. Woollcott) young Archer-Shee working in New York City for the Wall Street firm of Fisk & Robinson. England was calling up her young men. His love for her was undiminished. He managed to get home. He managed, too, and quite understandably, to get into the Army this time rather than the Navy. He also managed to get over to France. Yes, and to get killed at Ypres in the war's first October.

It is the earlier misfortunes of this same ill-starred English youth to which Mr. Rattigan limits himself. He follows the real case closely in all its key incidents and legal aspects. He may move it a little closer on the calendar to the previous war. The Archer-Shees may have become the Winslows. The Winslows may live in London's Kensington instead of Liverpool. Sir Edward Carson may have been rechristened Sir Robert Morton. The older son may have ceased to be an M.P., a major, and a D.S.O., and dwindled for dramatic contrast into an undergraduate, more devoted to his victrola than his studies, who must sacrifice his degree at Oxford in order to save money for his father's battle for justice. The family may now include a daughter whose marriage to a prig is called off because of the prospective father-in-law's objections to the publicity the trial is attracting.

Nonetheless, the major incidents in a deeply moving story remain identical. The curt letter of dismissal from Osborne. The family's despair. The father's mobilized resolve to demand a hearing. Sir Edward's pulverizing cross-examination in private of Master Archer-Shee before he would undertake the defense. The intricate maneuvering necessary to secure a public trial by having a Petition of Right reach the King and having the monarch scrawl across it the stirring words, "Let right be done." The family's constant temptation to be practical rather than idealistic. The collapse on the witness stand of the postmistress's flimsy testimony. The final triumph in the courtroom, and the crowds cheering on the streets outside, for the courageous father, for Sir Edward, and, more particularly, for justice. The humanizing fact that the boy was young enough to sleep soundly when the case was reaching its crescendo and had slipped off to a theatre when the verdict was turned in. All of these true occurrences chart the action of *The Winslow Boy*.

It is to Mr. Rattigan's credit, however, that he has found his own ingenious ways of developing them, motivating them, and illustrating them in dramatic form. The first two of his four scenes are especially effective. If the last two, though still interesting, lose something of the tightness and urgency of their predecessors, it is because Mr. Rattigan is unwilling to follow his story into the courtroom where it belongs. Instead, he continues to place it in the Winslow living room. This means that several of the characters begin to function as Greek messengers. They must not only

tell us what is happening at the trial, when we would like to see and hear it for ourselves, but they are forced into improbable explanations of their own absence from it.

Despite this slight falling off, *The Winslow Boy* provides an engrossing evening. It is, if anything, better played here than it was in London. As the unfortunate child, Michael Newell continues to give a poignant performance, unspoiled by any blemishes of the stage brat. His suffragette sister is acted by Valerie White so that she dispels for all time the myth that a young woman cannot be at once causeful and desirable. Alan Webb admirably realizes the wit, the crotchets, the kindness, and the averageness of the father. And, as Sir Robert, Frank Allenby succeeds in projecting a figure formidable of mind and austerely aristocratic in appearance, where Emlyn Williams created a barrister who was fearsome to the point of being monstrous.

In a world where the importance of the individual has dwindled, where it is frankly menaced by bureaucratic encroachments, where the respect for what is expedient has alarmingly outdistanced the regard for what is right, and where in many countries there is not even a pretense to justice as we understand the word, the restatement in *The Winslow Boy* of the Archer-Shee case acquires a special significance.

Though it provides theatregoers with an absorbing evening, it cannot be classified as mere make-believe. It is too near the brave and hopeful truth for that. Its almost factual account of how one English family was willing to sacrifice everything for a principle compels us to look into ourselves and wonder how we, as Americans, would act, collectively and individually, under similar circumstances.

The British love of "fair play," especially within their own borders and certainly in the instance of Englishman *versus* Englishman, is a national characteristic so generally admitted as to have become a cliché. The same esteem in which the French hold logic, which we show for personal independence, the British have for justice. It is a British passion; the passion of a people who pride themselves upon keeping their other passions in check.

Mr. Woollcott was right beyond fear of contradiction by Goebbel's ghost or *The Daily Worker* when he said the Archer-Shee case could not have happened in any totalitarian state. He described its story of a whole nation getting worked up about a little matter of principle, and the foremost men of the land taking up the cudgels against the State because a youngster had been unfairly treated, as being "peculiarly English." I wonder. I hope not.

Recently I was in Des Moines. A friend there was kind enough to show me a story which had appeared three days earlier on the front page of that truly liberal, truly courageous, newspaper, the *Des Moines Register*. It was

a terrible and disheartening story, so ably written by George Shane, a staff writer, that I trust it will come to the attention of the Pulitzer judges.

As I read it, I could not help thinking back to the Archer-Shee case. In condensing the story here, I lean heavily on Mr. Shane and apologize to him for the damage I shall do to his own telling of it. Had I been able to get a plane, and had my lecture schedule permitted, I would have flown down to the southwest corner of Iowa myself. For there it was, in a small town of six hundred people, a town known ironically as Pacific Junction, that the whole distressing incident occurred and that, though our own passion for "fair play" showed itself, American justice was reduced to a farce.

Pacific Junction, I gather, is a sleepy village. It includes some two dozen stores, one of which is just now being remodeled into a gospel hall. Mr. Shane noted a couple of sheep grazing in the yard of one home in the eastern part of the business district. Apparently no one would guess from looking at so tranquil a scene that a favorite boast of the place is that "no nigger can light in Pacific Junction for more than twenty-four hours." Not everyone there is prejudiced. Only eighty per cent, one witness guessed later. But, because of them, the other twenty per cent are afraid to speak out.

Well—an American citizen, unaware of this boast, did venture into this town. He just happened to be a Negro. His error, a simple and natural one, was to mistake the place for an American city. No doubt he believed, certainly he behaved as if, he was a free man in the land of freedom. His name was Alfred Twitty, and he came from Washington, D.C. I name him at once because, though he is the person most concerned, he seems to have dropped out of the picture entirely. By now he has long since moved on to another town. I trust one more hospitable, more American.

Twitty had some money on him. He was neat, clean, well spoken, and, in this land of free enterprise, willing to work. Bill Johnson, a local café owner, could, and did, testify to all this. He had paid and fed Twitty for mopping his restaurant. In the opinion of the woman cook, Twitty "did a good job of cleaning up."

But Twitty made a mistake. As an American citizen, he dared to walk openly down a street. It was there that he ran into the mayor of Pacific Junction, John Lutter. Lutter is a man of fifty-eight who has held his high office for two years. Before then he had served thirty-four and a half years in the Navy, specializing in submarine torpedoes. He was a chief warrant officer when he was honorably discharged on February 1, 1945.

Lutter was looking for the Negro. He was aware, as Twitty was not, of Pacific Junction's boast. "I believe you are mooching for work and are a vagrant," was the mayor's charming substitute for a welcome.

Later, when the case had come to trial before a Justice of the Peace,

Lutter caused laughter in the courtroom by mimicking the Negro's answer in "a Deep South voice." What Twitty had replied was only, "Ah'm willin' to work; Ah'm no vagrant." Nothing more. Nothing less. Even if his accent was the same as Bilbo's. Funny that. Funny as hell. This answer did not satisfy the mayor. He gave the Negro an hour to leave town.

When Lutter saw Twitty on Main Street a half-hour later, he repeated his warning. This time, however, Twitty was not alone. This is where the story suddenly brightens.

Six young citizens, five of them veterans, were with the Negro now, discussing his case. He had not known what to do. He had appealed to them. One was Victor Hopkinson, twenty-nine, a millworker; married and the father of three children. Another was Richard E. Stoney, twenty. He is an electrician now, but he had been in the Air Force. Then there was Otis Turner, also twenty. He is a Navy veteran turned cement finisher. And Abe Fisher, Jr., age not given, at present a carpenter, who served with the Navy in the South Pacific. There was also Lawrence Turner, twenty-eight. Although at present a millhand, he went overseas with the 34th Division. For twenty-nine months Turner had been a prisoner in a German camp. He admitted later that these months had given him "quite a bit" of time in which to speculate on man's inhumanity to man. As he put it, in notable words, "If some of these prejudiced people in Pacific Junction went through that for half that time, they would have a lot better understanding of how to live and let live."

Finally there was Russell Coppock, thirty-four. He is a college graduate; is married, and has four sons ranging from three to seven. For a year he has taught in Pacific Junction. He is also the coach at the high school. Spiritually, he must be a cousin of the elder Archer-Shee. He is made of the same stuff and, as you will see, shares the same passion for right. He comes by this willingness to protest naturally. It is in his blood. He may spell his name differently, but he is descended from the family which contributed the Coppoc brothers, Edwin and Barclay, of Springdale, Iowa, to John Brown for the 1859 raid on the Federal Arsenal at Harper's Ferry.

These were the six young Americans Mayor Lutter encountered when, after his first warning to the Negro, he again approached Twitty half an hour later. Warrant officers are not fond of receiving orders from enlisted men. What these veterans were saying must have sounded uncomfortably like insubordination to Lutter's indignant ears.

The six men were excited. Properly so. They may even have been a little angry. Why not? It would have been disgraceful had they not been. At least one of them shook a raised finger in the mayor's face. When it came to Lutter's right to run the Negro out of town, they had their definite opinions. "God damn it, you can't do that!" they shouted. "Very harshly," the mayor later testified, "as if they were going to show me." As Lawrence

Turner put it, "This is the kind of thing we fought a war to do away with."

Hopkinson offered Twitty his shed as a night's lodging. Lawrence Turner was subsequently quoted (again filthy laughter in the courtroom) as saying the Negro could sleep with him. Lutter would have none of this. "By God," cried he, shaking his fist, "I'm running this town."

What happened thereafter is no less shameful than what had already occurred. The mayor did not file a charge against the Negro, but Twitty did leave town. He spent his last night in Pacific Junction sleeping in the depot, waiting for a train to take him to some other refuge in this country founded as a refuge for those in search of freedom.

His defenders, however, faced their difficulties, too. Mayor Lutter swore out warrants the next day against the six of them. The charge was interference with an officer through "violent and tumultuous assembly."

The men are scarcely to be blamed for raising their voices both on the street and later when they were hauled to the home of Mrs. Lola Boquette, Justice of the Peace. I find it heartening that their sense of outrage was so strong that they made it impossible for Mrs. Boquette's hubsand, a railway engineer, to continue reading his evening paper in the same house.

When the Negro's six defenders were given a one-day trial in near-by Glenwood before a six-man jury of their peers, they were found guilty on the first ballot. The jurors recommended, however, that any fine or sentence be suspended. In passing sentence Justice of the Peace William P. Allbee, who confessed he had "thought all night how to make this agreeable to the public," fined each of the young men $25 plus costs of $31.50 to be divided among the group, or $5.25 each. Since the sentence was suspended, the men did not have to pay the $25 fines. But they did have to pay the costs.

To be sure, on the eve of the trial an offer was made that charges would be dropped if the defendants would "apologize" to the mayor. To their credit, and America's also, all six men declined.

Five of them, upon having paid their $5.25, concluded that they could not fight the case further. They had neither the money nor the time. They would have to drop out of it, even as Twitty had dropped out of sight.

Coppock was different. Of course, there were friends—practical people—who came to him and said he should not have got mixed up in the whole affair. They were quick to remind him he had a wife and children to look after. But he, as I say, had in his veins something of that precious fire which burned in Archer-Shee's. Furthermore, he *was* being practical. He knew that back in Pacific Junction his chances of reappointment as a teacher would be slight under a mayor he had dared to oppose. What will happen in the future, I do not know. I am cheered to find that Coppock is

continuing his battle and that the Civil Liberties Union has come to his assistance.[2]

All of which takes me back to *The Winslow Boy* and Mr. Woollcott's insistence that the case upon which it is based was "peculiarly British." Coppock persuades me that it was not. At least in the willingness of an individual to espouse the cause of right. Yet there is a disgraceful difference between the two trials. That we in America share the British love of justice, white man to white man, no one can deny. When we say justice, however, we apparently do not mean equal justice for all Americans.

Justice is a matter of conviction, not of pigmentation. Until we have advanced to the necessary point where all people living in this country are recognized, in and out of the law courts, as Americans, our usage of the word "justice" is bound to be no more than mockery; the kind of mockery it was recently in Glenwood and Pacific Junction.

"Let right be done," indeed.

2. It is heartening to learn that on March 25, 1948, Russell Coppock was exonerated, but disheartening to realize that no amends whatsoever have been made to Twitty.

The Poems

READING A POEM

THE aim of this introductory essay is to acquaint you with a few basic facts about reading poems. Like playing tennis or golf or any other game, reading poems successfully is a skill—a skill which you can develop through an understanding of these basic facts. Your own experience will tell you that you find more fun in the performance of any skill when you have an understanding of its fundamentals. Keep this point in mind as you read the following pages; the whole purpose of this essay is to help you discover that reading a poem can be an enjoyable experience.

The raw material from which poems are made is human experience. Since there is virtually no limit to the number and kinds of experiences which human beings can have, you will not be surprised to discover that poems reflect every conceivable type of human experience, from joy in the beauties of physical nature to grief over the death of a loved one; from the contemplation of abstract, philosophical ideas to the description of soldiers in battle; from the thrills and excitement of personal relationships to the laughter inspired by a good joke. In short, poems reflect the infinite versatility of which human beings are capable.

If you consider a poem as the means by which the poet attempts to convey a human experience to the reader or listener (don't forget that poems fulfill their potentialities most effectively when they are spoken aloud), it follows that all the materials necessary for *re-creating* the original experience of the poet should be contained within the poem itself. Two important conclusions may be deduced from the foregoing statement: first, the aim of a poem is to provide the reader or listener with the means whereby he can share the experience of the poet through a process of re-creating that experience; and second, the purpose of reading or hearing the poem is as nearly as possible to fashion from its materials the human experience which the poem reflects. Thus the poet, the poem, and you the reader are inseparably linked in a process which begins with the poet's experience and is completed with your re-creation of that experience. But don't be fooled; individual differences being what they are, it is probably impossible for you to create for yourself from a poem an experience precisely identical with that of the poet. At best, the successful reading of poems will result in only approximate re-creations of experience. Considered in this light, the best poems are those which enable you to re-create with the greatest approximation of accuracy the experiences of the greatest significance; similarly, the most successful readers of poems are those who can use the materials of the poem most effectively to re-create the experience of the poet.

One pitfall must be avoided here. Such a poem as Milton's sonnet "On His Blindness" (page 190), for example, reflects an experience which those who are not blind cannot fully re-create. You are not, however, excluded from enjoying this poem. Your enjoyment may stem from the awareness the poem gives you of Milton's attitude toward his affliction and toward his relationship to God. You are able to extend the particular experience of this poem to embrace similar experiences; in other words, even though the poem does not enable you to *share* Milton's blindness, it does enable you to *become aware* of another person's experience, and your own limits of consciousness are thus expanded.

If this conception of the aim and purpose of the poet and his relationship to you the reader is sound, then it necessarily follows that no poet of integrity will willfully mislead you or deliberately lead you astray with obscurity. In the simplest terms this means that the poet tries his best to communicate his experience with the utmost clarity and that the materials of his poem have been chosen with the greatest care to enable you to use them in approximating the original experience with the highest degree of accuracy.

A second pitfall must be avoided here. What has been said in the previous paragraph does not imply that every good poem communicates the poet's experience with crystal-clear clarity on the first, casual reading. When Milton refers to "that one talent which is death to hide/Lodged with me useless" ("On His Blindness"), you are aware, of course, that Milton regards his blindness as an obstacle in the way of his using his talent as a poet. But when you realize that Milton probably had in mind the parable of the talents (Matthew 25:14-30), the passage takes on increased significance and your enjoyment of the poem is enriched by your expanded awareness of this allusion. But, you may say, you would never have been aware of such an extension of significance in the word *talent* unless it had been called to your attention. This point is important because it illustrates the fact that the broader your experience (in this case including a knowledge of the Bible), the greater is the possibility of your recognizing what might otherwise be merely complicating obscurities in a poem. For this reason careful analyses and repeated rereadings of poems are most rewarding. The broadening of your own experience in life through reading and living is perhaps the best foundation for enjoyable responses to poems.

The aspects of reading and hearing poems which have been considered thus far may be extended in a general way to apply to other forms of art. Except for the medium by which the experience is communicated, what has been said about the aim and purpose of the poet and his relationship to the reader or listener may be applied to composers, painters, and sculptors and those who enjoy their artistic productions. Indeed, the study

of poems can lead to better understanding and more enjoyable appreciation of all forms of art.

Consider now, however, the uniqueness of poems. What are the distinctive characteristics of poems which distinguish them from other forms of artistic communciation? More particularly, what distinguishes poems from other forms of artistic communication which also use language as a medium? Even inexperienced readers of poems have no difficulty in telling the difference between a poem and a piece of prose; the difference is immediately obvious in the way they appear on the printed page. But suppose that a poem were printed as if it were prose, and a prose piece were set up in type in shorter lines as if it were a poem. Would the difference still be clear? The answer, of course, is yes.

In the long course of the development of writing, reading, and hearing poems, certain characteristics have become intimately associated with poems which distinguish them clearly from prose. You will readily recognize that the most obvious distinction between the two is the presence in poems of regularly recurring rhythmical patterns and the usual absence of such patterns in prose. These rhythmical patterns often intensify the emotions which the words of the poem are designed to arouse. Many poems, though not all, contain words that rhyme (that is, words that have similar sounds); prose usually avoids rhyming words. Another feature which characterizes and distinguishes poems from prose is a noticeable heightening of emotional effects (which most critics regard approvingly if handled with restraint, disapprovingly if mawkish and sentimental). The use of language itself is different in poems from its use in prose; because of this difference many students are confused by poems and deny themselves the pleasures to be had from reading them. The poet characteristically uses figurative language in order to communicate his experience more vividly and in order to secure a concreteness and concentration of expression which will most nearly provide you with the materials for re-creating the experience. The poet frequently depends very heavily on the connotative value of words; this is the quality which certain words have of arousing in your consciousness feelings and suggestions which go beyond the denotative value or dictionary definitions of words. In addition, the poet frequently uses many mechanical devices in order to emphasize his meaning or to give his poem ornamental beauty; among these mechanical devices may be mentioned alliteration, assonance, onomatopoeia, special rhythmical effects (see Glossary). Needless to say, such devices are far more effective in a poem when they are an organic part of it and contribute to its total meaning; when they are used for the sake of ornament alone, they become irrelevant.

Developing your skill in reading poems is much like developing any other skill—it takes practice. And sometimes practice just isn't very much fun (remember when you first began to play a musical instrument?). But

persistent practice pays off in increased skill. One of the most important elements of practice in reading poems is paraphrasing them, that is, substituting your own words for the words of the poem in an attempt to get a satisfactory notion of the intellectual content of the poem. This process involves explanation of individual words and phrases, interpretation of figures of speech, and amplification of allusions; as a result, a prose paraphrase of a poem is always longer than the poem itself. Some persons object to paraphrasing poems because they feel that "picking the poem to pieces" destroys it as a poem. This is true, and paraphrasing would be useless if it ended there. The purpose of a paraphrase remains unfulfilled until you put the poem together again. The experience of many readers is that something has been added to a poem when it is read after a thorough analysis by paraphrase. The curious thing here is that following an analytical paraphrase, the whole poem seems to be equal to more than the sum of its parts. You must always bear in mind, however, that paraphrasing alone is not a complete reading of a poem; it represents a response on just one level; it usually provides you with a statement of the intellectual content of the poem. Because of the close analysis of words, phrases, and images which a paraphrase demands, it may also help you to be aware of the emotional elements in a poem. But it is the poem in its original form as a poem that solicits your responses on other levels: the physical response to its rhythm and other devices of sound, the emotional response to its concentrated use of figurative language, and the aesthetic response to its arrangement of materials.

A special word needs to be said concerning metrics or the scanning of a poem. To say that a sonnet, for example, is written in iambic pentameter does not mean that every single line of the poem will fit this pattern: ∨′ ∨′ ∨′ ∨′ ∨′. Indeed, such regularity of verse form and meter is rarely found, for good poets, like good musical composers, are aware of the value of variation. When you say, then, that a sonnet is written in iambic pentameter, you mean that the dominant pattern has five accented syllables to the line and that most of the feet are iambic in form; but you must expect to find all sorts of variations on this pattern: substitutions of other types of poetic feet; inequality of stress on accented syllables, and sometimes even a lesser or greater number of accented syllables than the usual five. The important thing to remember here is that the metrical pattern is the result of the way the poet puts together his words—it emerges from and is formed by the arrangement of the words, an arrangement which is itself dictated by the organization of the poem. Sometimes the variation from the dominant pattern is dictated by the necessity for making the accent come where it must in the correct pronunciation of a word; sometimes it is the result of the poet's desire either to speed up or slow down the reading of a line in order to reinforce

the meaning of the line. In every case, the variation relieves the dull monotony that would otherwise result from regular, unrelieved rhythm.

The following outline may prove helpful in suggesting some steps that may be taken in analyzing a poem. After all, if you understand what makes up the poem, you have a greater awareness or appreciation of its value, and you are thus in a much better position to enjoy it.

OUTLINE FOR ANALYSIS OF A POEM

I. Intellectual content
   A. Prose paraphrase
   B. Statement of the idea in a single sentence
   C. Explanation of the words and figures of speech, with some consideration of the emotional effect of these words and figures on you
II. Organization
   Explanation of how the parts of the poem fit together to make the whole
III. Analysis of mechanics
   A. Rhyme scheme (entire)
   B. Meter (with irregularities); scan at least three lines and give your opinion of regularity
   C. Unusual rhythmical effects
   D. Alliteration
   E. Assonance
   F. Other poetic devices
   G. The effect of all these mechanics on the meaning of the poem, if any
IV. Your personal response to the poem

You will note that the preceding outline contains no provision for the discussion of the poet's biography or of the period in which he lived. Though in some poems ambiguities and obscurities may be clarified by a knowledge of the poet's life and times, on the whole a good poem must stand by itself and contain within itself the materials necessary for a clear perception and understanding of it.

SUGGESTIONS FOR FURTHER STUDY

Detailed discussion of the points suggested in the foregoing essay (plus helpful analyses of many poems) will be found in the following books:

CLEANTH BROOKS and ROBERT PENN WARREN. *Understanding Poetry*. New York: Henry Holt & Co., 1950.

CHARLES W. COOPER. *Preface to Poetry*. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Co., 1946.

FRED B. MILLETT. *Reading Poetry*. New York: Harper & Brothers, 1950.

GERALD SANDERS. *A Poetry Primer.* New York: Rinehart & Company, 1949.
DONALD A. STAUFFER. *The Nature of Poetry.* New York: W. W. Norton & Company, 1946.
WRIGHT THOMAS and STUART GERRY BROWN. *Reading Poems.* New York: Oxford University Press, 1941.

A GLOSSARY OF CRITICAL TERMS

ALLITERATION recurrence of identical consonant sounds (usually initial).

When to the *s*essions of *s*weet *s*ilent thought
I *s*ummon up remembran*c*e of things pa*s*t.

APOSTROPHE a feigned turning away from the audience to address directly a real or imagined person or thing.

And O, ye Fountains, Meadows, Hills, and Groves,
Forebode not any severing of our loves!

ASSONANCE recurrence of identical vowel sounds with differing consonants.

Beauties in v*ai*n their pretty eyes m*ay* roll.

BALLAD a (usually) short narrative poem, a folk story, written in the ballad stanza

BALLAD STANZA a quatrain of alternating tetrameter and trimeter lines, rhyming *abcb* (occasionally *abab*).

BLANK VERSE unrhymed iambic pentameter. Most of Shakespeare's plays and all of Milton's *Paradise Lost* are written in this form.

CAESURA a pause, either light or heavy, occurring within a line of a poem, indicated thus: ||

A dungeon horrible, || on all sides round.

CONSONANCE recurrence of identical consonant sounds with differing vowels.

It's no use the merrygoround, it's no go the rick*sh*aw,
All we want is a limousine and ticket to the peep*sh*ow.

COUPLET a two-line stanza, rhyming *aa*.

(1) HEROIC COUPLET usually iambic pentameter.
(2) OCTOSYLLABIC COUPLET usually iambic tetrameter.

DRAMATIC MONOLOGUE a narrative poem, spoken by a single person, usually revealing psychological insights into the characters and personalities of others besides the speaker. Browning's "My Last Duchess" is a good example.

ELEGY a lyric poem, usually one expressing grief.

END-STOPPED LINE a line in which the sense and the syntax are completed at the end of the line.

All human things are subject to decay,
And when fate summons, monarchs must obey.

EPIC a long narrative poem concerned with persons and deeds of heroic stature. Homer's *Iliad* and Milton's *Paradise Lost* are examples.

FEMININE ENDING an extra syllable or syllables occurring at the end of an iambic or anapestic line.

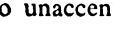
> Now if thou would'st, when all have given him over,
> From death to life thou might'st him yet recover!

FOOT the metrical unit of poems, analogous to measure in music; it contains usually at least one accented and one or more unaccented syllables (but see PYRRHIC FOOT below). The most commonly recurring types of feet in English poems are as follows:

(1) IAMBIC an unaccented followed by an accented syllable.

(2) TROCHAIC an accented followed by an unaccented syllable.

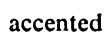
(3) ANAPESTIC two unaccented syllables followed by one accented syllable.



(4) DACTYLIC one accented syllable followed by two unaccented syllables.

(5) SPONDAIC two accented syllables; more often two successive monosyllabic words.

(6) PYRRHIC two unaccented syllables, occurring usually as a variation on the iambic or trochaic foot.



FREE VERSE poems whose lines do not conform to any of the regular or conventional patterns of meter and rhyme. Whitman's "Out of the Cradle Endlessly Rocking" is a good example.

IMAGE any word or group of words which create an appeal to any of the senses. It is a mistake to think of images as being exclusively visual pictures on our mental screens.

LYRIC generally any short poem, often of songlike quality, containing noticeable subjective elements.

METAPHOR a figure of speech expressing a resemblance, in which an element literally applicable to one kind of object or idea is applied to another.

> Oh! 'tis not a tear,
> 'Tis a star about to drop
> From thine eye, its sphere.

METER a specific term referring to the rhythmical pattern of a poem measured by the number of feet in a line. The commonest types of meter in English poems are as follows:

(1) MONOMETER one-foot line
(2) DIMETER two-foot line
(3) TRIMETER three-foot line
(4) TETRAMETER four-foot line
(5) PENTAMETER five-foot line
(6) HEXAMETER six-foot line (also called *Alexandrine*)
(7) HEPTAMETER seven-foot line

MOCK EPIC a poem in which trivial and insignificant persons and actions are ironically treated in the heroic manner of the epic. Pope's "Rape of the Lock" is a good example.

OTTAVA RIMA an eight-line stanza of iambic pentameter, riming *abababcc*.

OCTAVE see SONNET.

ODE a fairly long serious poem of rather complicated rhyme scheme and stanzaic arrangement. Literary historians usually distinguish three types (named for the poets who wrote them): the Pindaric, the Cowleyan, and the Horatian.

ONOMATOPOEIA the concurrence of sound and sense, as when the words themselves suggest their meanings by their sounds.

> Soft is the strain when Zephyr gently blows,
> And the smooth stream in smoother numbers flows;
> But when loud surges lash the sounding shore,
> The hoarse, rough verse should like the torrent roar:
> When Ajax strives some rock's vast weight to throw
> The line too labors, and the words move slow.

PASTORAL a name applied to poems which present the simple (often idealized) life of shepherds and their flocks.

PERSONIFICATION the application of human qualities to abstract qualities or inanimate things.

> My love is of a birth as rare
> As 'tis for object strange and high;
> It was begotten by Despair
> Upon Impossibility.

QUATRAIN a four-line stanza (with varying rhyme scheme).

RHYME identity of sounds, usually at the ends of lines (therefore called END RHYME). The most commonly recurring types of rhyme in English poems are as follows:

(1) MASCULINE RHYME end rhyme in which identical sounds occur in a single final accented syllable.

> survive, deprive
> road, toad

(2) FEMININE RHYME end rhyme in which identical sounds occur in accented syllables followed by one or more unaccented syllables.

notable, quotable
drinking, thinking

(3) INTERNAL RHYME identity of sounds occurring within a line.

The ship was *cheered,* the harbor *cleared.*

RHYME ROYAL a seven-line stanza of iambic pentameter, rhyming *ababbcc.*

RHYME SCHEME the outline of end-rhyming words in a stanza, indicated by letters of the alphabet. The rhyme scheme of a four-line stanza in which the last word of line 1 rhymes with the last word of line 3, and line 2 with line 4, would be *abab.*

RHYTHM a general term referring to the regular recurrence of stressed or accented syllables. See METER.

RUN-ON LINE a line of which the sense and syntax carry over to the next line for completion.

He ended frowning and his look denounced
Desperate revenge and battle dangerous
To less than gods . . . .

SCANSION the system of distinguishing between accented and unaccented syllables and dividing them into feet in order to determine the meter and verse form. Unaccented syllables are indicated ⏑ , accented ′ .

SESTET see SONNET

SIMILE a figure of speech expressing a resemblance; a comparison usually introduced by the words *like* or *as.*

Oh, my luve's like a red, red rose.

SONNET a fourteen-line stanza of iambic pentameter. The two main types are the *Italian* (or *Petrarchan*) and the *English* (or *Shakespearean*).

(1) The *Italian* sonnet rhymes *abbaabba cdecde* (or *cdcdcd,* or other variations); the first eight lines are called the *octave,* the last six the *sestet.*

(2) The *English* sonnet rhymes *abab cdcd efef gg* (three quatrains and a couplet).

SPENSERIAN STANZA a nine-line stanza of iambic pentameter (except the last line, which is iambic hexameter or an *Alexandrine*), rhyming *ababbcbcc.*

STANZA a pattern formed by a particular arrangement of lines.

TERCET (sometimes called a TRIPLET) a three-line stanza, rhyming *aaa.*

TERZA RIMA three-line stanzas of iambic pentameter in linked rhyme: *aba bcb cdc,* and so on.

VERSE a single line of a poem, composed of one or more feet.

Ballads

Anonymous

SIR PATRICK SPENS

THE king sits in Dunfermline toune
Drinking the blude-red wine:
"O whar will I get guid sailor,
To sail this schip of mine?"

Up and spak an eldern knicht,
Sat at the kings richt kne:
"Sir Patrick Spens is the best sailor
That sails upon the se."

The king has written a braid[1] letter,
And signed it wi his hand,
And sent it to Sir Patrick Spens,
Was walking on the sand.

The first line that Sir Patrick red,
A loud lauch[2] lauched he;
The next line that Sir Patrick red,
The teir blinded his ee.

"O wha is this has don this deid,
This ill deid don to me,
To send me out this time o' the yeir,
To sail upon the se!

"Mak hast, mak haste, my mirry men all,
Our guid schip sails the morne":
"O say na sae, my master deir,
For I feir a deadlie storme.

"Late late yestreen I saw the new moone,
Wi the auld moone in hir arme,

1. broad (long). 2. laugh.

And I feir, I feir, my deir master,
That we will cum to harme."

O our Scots nobles wer richt laith[1]
To weet their cork-heild schoone;
Bot lang owre[2] a' play wer playd,
Thair hats they swam aboone.[3]

O lang, lang may their ladies sit,
Wi thair fans into their hand,
Or eir they se Sir Patrick Spens
Cum sailing to the land.

O lang, lang may the ladies stand,
Wi thair gold kems[4] in their hair,
Waiting for thair ain deir lords,
For they'll see thame na mair.

Haf owre, haf owre to Aberdour,
It's fiftie fadom deip,
And thair lies guid Sir Patrick Spens,
Wi the Scots lords at his feit.

Anonymous

EDWARD

"WHY dois your brand sae drap wi bluid,[5]
Edward, Edward,
Why dois your brand sae drap wi bluid,
And why sae sad gang[6] yee O?"
"O I hae killed my hauke sae guid,
Mither, mither,
O I hae killed my hauke sae guid,
And I hae nae mair bot hee O."

1. loath. 2. before. 3. above. 4. combs. 5. sae . . . bluid: so drip with blood. 6. go.

"Your haukis bluid was nevir sae reid,[1]
Edward, Edward,
Your haukis bluid was nevir sae reid,
My deir son I tell thee O."
"O I hae killed my reid-roan steid,[2]
Mither, mither,
O I hae killed my reid-roan steid,
That erst[3] was sae fair and frie O."

"Your steid was auld, and ye hae got mair,
Edward, Edward,
Your steid was auld, and ye hae got mair,
Sum other dule ye drie[4] O."
"O I hae killed my fadir deir,
Mither, mither,
O I hae killed my fadir deir,
Alas, and wae is mee O!"

"And whatten penance wul ye drie for that,
Edward, Edward,
And whatten penance will ye drie for that?
My deir son, now tell me O."
"Ile set my feit in yonder boat,
Mither, mither,
Ile set my feit in yonder boat,
And Ile fare ovir the sea O."

"And what wul ye doe wi your towirs and your ha,
Edward, Edward?
And what wul ye doe wi your towirs and your ha,
That were sae fair to see O?"
"Ile let thame stand tul they doun fa,
Mither, mither,
Ile let thame stand tul they doun fa,
For here nevir mair maun[6] I bee O."

And what wul ye leive to your bairns and your wife,
Edward, Edward?
And what wul yet leive to your bairns and your wife,
Whan ye gang ovir the sea O?"
"The warldis[7] room, late them beg thrae life,
Mither, mither,

1. red. 2. steed. 3. formerly. 4. dule ye drie: torment you suffer. 5. hall. 6. must. 7. world's.

The warldis room, late them beg thrae life,
For thame nevir mair wul I see O."

"And what wul ye leive to your ain mither deir,
Edward, Edward?
And what wul ye leive to your ain mither deir?
My deir son, now tell me O."
"The curse of hell frae me sall ye beir,
Mither, mither,
The curse of hell frae me sall ye beir,
Sic[1] counseils ye gave to me O."

Anonymous

JOHN HENRY

JOHN HENRY tol' his cap'n
Dat a man wuz a natural man,
An' befo' he'd let dat steam drill run him down,
He'd fall dead wid a hammer in his han',
He'd fall dead wid a hammer in his han'.

Cap'n he sez to John Henry:
"Gonna bring me a steam drill 'round;
Take that steel drill out on the job,
Gonna whop that steel on down,
Gonna whop that steel on down."

John Henry sez to his cap'n:
"Send me a twelve-pound hammer aroun',
A twelve-pound hammer wid a fo'-foot handle,
An' I beat yo' steam drill down,
An' I beat yo' steam drill down."

John Henry sez to his shaker:
"Niggah, why don' yo' sing?
I'm throwin' twelve poun' from my hips on down,
Jes' lissen to de col' steel ring,
Jes' lissen to de col' steel ring!"

1. such.

John Henry went down de railroad
Wid a twelve-poun' hammer by his side,
He walked down de track but he didn' come back,
'Cause he laid down his hammer an' he died,
'Cause he laid down his hammer an' he died.

John Henry hammered in de mountains,
De mountains wuz so high.
De las' words I heard de pore boy say:
"Gimme a cool drink o' watah fo' I die,
Gimme a cool drink o' watah fo' I die!"

John Henry had a little baby,
Hel' him in de palm of his han'.
De las' words I heard de pore boy say:
"Son, yo're gonna be a steel-drivin' man,
Son, yo're gonna be a steel-drivin' man!"

John Henry had a 'ooman,
De dress she wo' wuz blue.
De las' words I heard de pore gal say:
"John Henry, I ben true to yo',
John Henry, I ben true to yo'."

John Henry had a li'l 'ooman,
De dress she wo' wuz brown.
De las' words I heard de pore gal say:
"I'm goin' w'eah mah man went down,
I'm goin' w'eah mah man went down!"

John Henry had anothah 'ooman,
De dress she wo' wuz red.
De las' words I heard de pore gal say:
"I'm goin' w'eah mah man drapt daid,
I'm goin' w'eah mah man drapt daid!"

John Henry had a li'l 'ooman,
Her name wuz Polly Ann.
On de day John Henry he drap daid,
Polly Ann hammered steel like a man,
Polly Ann hammered steel like a man.

W'eah did yo' git dat dress!
W'eah did you git dose shoes so fine?

Got dat dress f'm a railroad man,
An' shoes f'm a driver in a mine,
An' shoes f'm a driver in a mine.

William Shakespeare (1564-1616)

FEAR NO MORE THE HEAT O' TH' SUN

(From *Cymbeline*)

FEAR no more the heat o' th' sun,
  Nor the furious winter's rages;
Thou thy worldly task hast done,
  Home art gone, and ta'en thy wages:
Golden lads and girls all must,
As chimney-sweepers, come to dust.

Fear no more the frown o' th' great;
  Thou art past the tyrant's stroke;
Care no more to clothe and eat;
  To thee the reed is as the oak:
The sceptre, learning, physic, must
All follow this, and come to dust.

Fear no more the lightning-flash,
  Nor th' all-dreaded thunder-stone;
Fear not slander, censure rash;
  Thou hast finished joy and moan:
All lovers young, all lovers must
Consign to thee, and come to dust.

No exorciser harm thee!
  Nor no witchcraft charm thee!
Ghost unlaid forbear thee!
  Nothing ill come near thee!
Quiet consummation have;
And renowned be thy grave!

WHEN ICICLES HANG BY THE WALL

(From *Love's Labour's Lost*)

WHEN icicles hang by the wall,
And Dick the shepherd blows his nail,
And Tom bears logs into the hall,
And milk comes frozen home in pail,
When blood is nipped and ways be foul,
Then nightly sings the staring owl,
"Tu-whit, tu-who!" A merry note,
While greasy Joan doth keel[1] the pot.

When all aloud the wind doth blow,
And coughing drowns the parson's saw,
And birds sit brooding in the snow,
And Marian's nose looks red and raw,
When roasted crabs hiss in the bowl,
Then nightly sings the staring owl,
"Tu-whit, tu-who!" A merry note,
While greasy Joan doth keel the pot.

SONNET 18

SHALL I compare thee to a summer's day?
Thou art more lovely and more temperate:
Rough winds do shake the darling buds of May,
And summer's lease hath all too short a date:
Sometime too hot the eye of heaven shines,
And often is his gold complexion dimmed;
And every fair from fair sometime declines,
By chance or nature's changing course untrimmed;
But thy eternal summer shall not fade,
Nor lose possession of that fair thou owest;[2]
Nor shall Death brag thou wander'st in his shade,
When in eternal lines to time thou growest:
So long as men can breathe, or eyes can see,
So long lives this, and this gives life to thee.

1. skim. 2. ownest.

SONNET 29

When, in disgrace with fortune and men's eyes,
I all alone beweep my outcast state
And trouble deaf heaven with my bootless cries
And look upon my self and curse my fate,
Wishing me like to one more rich in hope,
Featured like him, like him with friends possessed,
Desiring this man's art and that man's scope,
With what I most enjoy contented least;
Yet in these thoughts myself almost despising,
Haply I think on thee, and then my state,
Like to the lark at break of day arising
From sullen earth, sings hymns at heaven's gate;
For thy sweet love remembered such wealth brings
That then I scorn to change my state with kings.

SONNET 73

That time of year thou mayst in me behold
When yellow leaves, or none, or few, do hang
Upon those boughs which shake against the cold,
Bare ruined choirs, where late the sweet birds sang.
In me thou see'st the twilight of such day
As after sunset fadeth in the west,
Which by and by black night doth take away,
Death's second self, that seals up all in rest.
In me thou see'st the glowing of such fire
That on the ashes of his youth doth lie,
As the death-bed whereon it must expire,
Consumed with that which it was nourished by.
This thou perceivest, which makes thy love more strong,
To love that well which thou must leave ere long.

SONNET 116

Let me not to the marriage of true minds
Admit impediments. Love is not love
Which alters when it alteration finds,

Or bends with the remover to remove.
O, no! it is an ever-fixed mark
That looks on tempests and is never shaken;
It is the star to every wand'ring bark,
Whose worth's unknown, although his height be taken.
Love's not Time's fool, though rosy lips and cheeks
Within his bending sickle's compass come;
Love alters not with his brief hours and weeks,
But bears it out even to the edge of doom.
If this be error and upon me proved,
I never writ, nor no man ever loved.

John Donne (1573-1631)

SONG

Go and catch a falling star,
Get with child a mandrake[1] root,
Tell me where all past years are,
Or who cleft the devil's foot;
Teach me to hear mermaids singing,
Or to keep off envy's stinging,
And find
What wind
Serves to advance an honest mind.

If thou be'st born to strange sights,
Things invisible go see,
Ride ten thousand days and nights
Till Age snow white hairs on thee;
Thou, when thou return'st, wilt tell me
All strange wonders that befell thee
And swear
No where
Lives a woman true and fair.

1. an herb with a forked root, thought to resemble a human form.

If thou find'st one, let me know;
  Such a pilgrimage were sweet.
Yet do not; I would not go,
  Though at next door we might meet.
Though she were true when you met her,
And last till you write your letter,
    Yet she
    Will be
False, ere I come, to two or three.

LOVE'S DEITY

I LONG to talk with some old lover's ghost,
  Who died before the god of love was born.
I cannot think that he, who then loved most,
  Sunk so low as to love one which did scorn.
But since this god produced a destiny,
And that vice-nature, custom, lets it be,
  I must love her that loves not me.

Sure, they which made him god meant not so much,
  Nor he in his young godhead practiced it;
But when an even flame two hearts did touch,
  His office was indulgently to fit
Actives to passives. Correspondency
Only his subject was; it cannot be
  Love till I love her that loves me.

But every modern god will now extend
  His vast prerogative as far as Jove.
To rage, to lust, to write to, to commend,
  All is the purlieu of the god of love.
Oh, were we wakened by this tyranny
To ungod this child again, it could not be
  I should love her who loves not me.

Rebel and atheist too, why murmur I,
  As though I felt the worst that love could do?
Love might make me leave loving, or might try
  A deeper plague, to make her love me too;
Which, [illegible]ce she loves before, I am loth to see.
Falsehood is worse than hate; and that must be
  If she whom I love should love me.

A HYMN TO GOD THE FATHER

I

WILT Thou forgive that sin where I begun,
Which is my sin, though it were done before?
Wilt Thou forgive those sins, through which I run,
And do run still, though still I do deplore?
When Thou hast done, Thou hast not done,
For I have more.

II

Wilt Thou forgive that sin which I have won
Others to sin? and made my sin their door?
Wilt thou forgive that sin which I did shun
A year or two, but wallowed in a score?
When Thou hast done, Thou hast not done,
For I have more.

III

I have a sin of fear, that when I have spun
My last thread, I shall perish on the shore;
But swear by Thyself, that at my death Thy Son
Shall shine as He shines now, and heretofore;
And, having done that, Thou hast done,
I fear no more.

DEATH, BE NOT PROUD

DEATH, be not proud, though some have called thee
Mighty and dreadful, for thou art not so;
For those whom thou think'st thou dost overthrow
Die not, poor Death, nor yet canst thou kill me.
From rest and sleep, which but thy pictures be,
Much pleasure; then from thee much more must flow,
And soonest our best men with thee do go,
Rest of their bones, and souls' delivery.
Thou art slave to fate, chance, kings, and desperate men,
And dost with poison, war, and sickness dwell,
And poppy or charms can make us sleep as well
And better than thy stroke; why swell'st thou, then?
One short sleep past, we wake eternally,
And Death shall be no more; Death, thou shalt die.

George Herbert (1593-1633)

THE COLLAR

I STRUCK the board, and cried, "No more!
I will abroad!
What! shall I ever sigh and pine?
My lines and life are free; free as the road,
Loose as the wind, as large as store.
Shall I be still in suit?
Have I no harvest but a thorn
To let me blood, and not restore
What I have lost with cordial fruit?
Sure there was wine
Before my sighs did dry it; there was corn
Before my tears did drown it;
Is the year only lost to me?
Have I no bays to crown it,
No flowers, no garlands gay? all blasted,
All wasted?
Not so, my heart, but there is fruit,
And thou hast hands.
Recover all thy sigh-blown age
On double pleasures; leave thy cold dispute
Of what is fit and not; forsake thy cage,
Thy rope of sands
Which petty thoughts have made, and made to thee
Good cable, to enforce and draw,
And be thy law,
While thou didst wink and wouldst not see.
Away! take heed;
I will abroad.
Call in thy death's head there, tie up thy fears;
He that forbears
To suit and serve his need
Deserves his load."
But as I raved, and grew more fierce and wild
At every word,
Methought I heard one calling, "Child";
And I replied, "My Lord."

John Milton (1608-1674)

ON HIS BLINDNESS

When I consider how my light is spent
Ere half my days in this dark world and wide,
And that one talent[1] which is death to hide
Lodged with me useless, though my soul more bent
To serve therewith my Maker, and present
My true account, lest He returning chide;
"Doth God exact day-labor, light denied?"
I fondly[2] ask. But Patience, to prevent
That murmur, soon replies, "God doth not need
Either man's work or his own gifts. Who best
Bear his mild yoke, they serve him best. His state
Is kingly: thousands at his bidding speed,
And post o'er land and ocean without rest;
They also serve who only stand and wait."

Andrew Marvell (1621-1678)

TO HIS COY MISTRESS

Had we but world enough, and time,
This coyness, Lady, were no crime.
We would sit down, and think which way
To walk, and pass our long love's day.
Thou by the Indian Ganges' side
Shouldst rubies find; I by the tide
Of Humber would complain. I would
Love you ten years before the Flood,

1. see Matt. 25:14–30. 2. foolishly.

And you should, if you please, refuse
Till the conversion of the Jews.
My vegetable love should grow
Vaster than empires and more slow;
An hundred years should go to praise
Thine eyes, and on thy forehead gaze;
Two hundred to adore each breast,
But thirty thousand to the rest;
An age at least to every part,
And the last age should show your heart.
For, Lady, you deserve this state,
Nor would I love at lower rate.
  But at my back I always hear
Time's wingèd chariot hurrying near;
And yonder all before us lie
Deserts of vast eternity.
Thy beauty shall no more be found,
Nor, in thy marble vault, shall sound
My echoing song; then worms shall try
That long-preserved virginity,
And your quaint honor turn to dust,
And into ashes all my lust:
The grave's a fine and private place,
But none, I think, do there embrace.
  Now therefore, while the youthful hue
Sits on thy skin like morning dew,
And while thy willing soul transpires
At every pore with instant fires,
Now let us sport us while we may.
And now, like amorous birds of prey,
Rather at once our time devour
Than languish in his slow-chapped[1] power.
Let us roll all our strength and all
Our sweetness up into one ball,
And tear our pleasures with rough strife
Thorough the iron gates of life;
Thus, though we cannot make our sun
Stand still, yet we will make him run.

1. crushing.

William Blake (1757-1827)

THE LAMB

LITTLE Lamb, who made thee?
Dost thou know who made thee?
Gave thee life, and bid thee feed,
By the stream and o'er the mead;
Gave thee clothing of delight,
Softest clothing, woolly, bright;
Gave thee such a tender voice,
Making all the vales rejoice?
Little Lamb, who made thee?
Dost thou know who made thee?

Little Lamb, I'll tell thee,
Little Lamb, I'll tell thee:
He is callèd by thy name,
For He calls Himself a Lamb,
He is meek, and He is mild;
He became a little child.
I a child, and thou a lamb,
We are callèd by His name.
Little Lamb, God bless thee!
Little Lamb, God bless thee!

THE TIGER

TIGER! Tiger! burning bright
In the forests of the night,
What immortal hand or eye
Could frame thy fearful symmetry?

In what distant deeps or skies
Burnt the fire of thine eyes?
On what wings dare he aspire?
What the hand dare seize the fire?

And what shoulder, and what art,
Could twist the sinews of thy heart?
And when thy heart began to beat,
What dread hand and what dread feet?

What the hammer? what the chain?
In what furnace was thy brain?
What the anvil? what dread grasp
Dare its deadly terrors clasp?

When the stars threw down their spears,
And watered heaven with their tears,
Did He smile his work to see?
Did He who made the Lamb make thee?

Tiger! Tiger! burning bright
In the forests of the night,
What immortal hand or eye
Dare frame thy fearful symmetry?

THE LITTLE BLACK BOY

My mother bore me in the southern wild,
And I am black, but O my soul is white!
White as an angel is the English child,
But I am black, as if bereaved of light.

My mother taught me underneath a tree,
And, sitting down before the heat of day,
She took me on her lap and kissèd me,
And, pointing to the east, began to say:

"Look on the rising sun,—there God does live,
And gives His light, and gives His heat away;
And flowers and trees and beasts and men receive
Comfort in morning, joy in the noon-day.

"And we are put on earth a little space,
That we may learn to bear the beams of love;
And these black bodies and this sunburnt face
Is but a cloud, and like a shady grove.

"For when our souls have learned the heat to bear,
The cloud will vanish, we shall hear His voice,
Saying: 'Come out from the grove, my love and care,
And round my golden tent like lambs rejoice.' "

Thus did my mother say, and kissèd me;
And thus I say to little English boy.
When I from black, and he from white cloud free,
And round the tent of God like lambs we joy,

I'll shade him from the heat, till he can bear
To lean in joy upon our Father's knee;
And then I'll stand and stroke his silver hair,
And be like him, and he will then love me.

Robert Burns (1759-1796)

A RED, RED ROSE

O, my luve's like a red, red rose,
That's newly sprung in June;
Oh, my luve's like the melodie
That's sweetly played in tune.

As fair art thou, my bonnie lass,
So deep in luve am I;
And I will luve thee still, my dear,
Till a' the seas gang dry.

Till a' the seas gang dry, my dear,
And the rocks melt wi' the sun:
I will luve thee still, my dear,
While the sands o' life shall run.

And fare thee weel, my only luve!
And fare thee weel a while!
And I will come again, my luve,
Though it were ten thousand mile.

A MAN'S A MAN FOR A' THAT

Is there, for honest poverty,
That hings[1] his head, an' a' that?
The coward slave, we pass him by,
We dare be poor for a' that!
For a' that, an' a' that,
Our toils obscure, an' a' that;
The rank is but the guinea's stamp;
The man's the gowd[2] for a' that.

What though on hamely fare we dine,
Wear hodden[3]-gray, an' a' that;
Gie fools their silks, and knaves their wine,
A man's a man for a' that.
For a' that, an' a' that,
Their tinsel show, an' a' that;
The honest man, tho' e'er sae poor,
Is king o' men for a' that.

Ye see yon birkie,[4] ca'd a lord,
Wha struts, an' stares, an' a' that;
Tho' hundreds worship at his word,
He's but a cuif[5] for a' that:
For a' that, an' a' that,
His riband, star, an' a' that,
The man o' independent mind,
He looks and laughs at a' that.

A prince can mak a belted knight,
A marquis, duke, an' a' that;
But an honest man's aboon[6] his might,
Guid faith, he mauna fa'[7] that!
For a' that, an' a' that,
Their dignities, an' a' that,
The pith o' sense, an' pride o' worth,
Are higher rank than a' that.

Then let us pray that come it may,
(As come it will for a' that)

1. hangs. 2. gold. 3. homespun. 4. fellow. 5. fool. 6. above. 7. mauna fa: cannot claim.

That sense and worth, o'er a' the earth,
Shall bear the gree,[1] an' a' that.
For a' that, an' a' that,
It's coming yet, for a' that,
That man to man, the world o'er,
Shall brithers be for a' that.

William Wordsworth (1770-1850)

THE WORLD IS TOO MUCH WITH US

THE world is too much with us; late and soon,
Getting and spending, we lay waste our powers:
Little we see in Nature that is ours;
We have given our hearts away, a sordid boon!
The sea that bares her bosom to the moon;
The winds that will be howling at all hours,
And are up-gathered now like sleeping flowers;
For this, for everything, we are out of tune;
It moves us not.—Great God! I'd rather be
A Pagan suckled in a creed outworn;
So might I, standing on this pleasant lea,
Have glimpses that would make me less forlorn;
Have sight of Proteus rising from the sea;
Or hear old Triton blow his wreathéd horn.

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 summers, 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,

1. prize.

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
These plots of cottage-ground, these orchard-tufts,
Which at this season, with their unripe 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
Of sportive wood run wild: these pastoral 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,
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
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
Of unremembered pleasure: such, perhaps,
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,
To them I may have owed another gift,
Of aspect more sublime; that blessed mood
In which the burden of the mystery,
In which the heavy and the weary weight
Of all this unintelligible world,
Is lighted:—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:
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—
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,
O sylvan Wye! thou wanderer thro' 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,
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,
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
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
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,
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
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 oftentimes
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 sublime
Of something far more deeply interfused,
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
All thinking things, all objects of all thought,
And rolls through all things. Therefore 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
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
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,[1]
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,
My dear, dear Sister! and this prayer I make,
Knowing that Nature never did betray
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 inform
The mind that is within us, so impress
With quietness and beauty, and so feed
With lofty thoughts, that neither evil tongues,
Rash judgments, nor the sneers of selfish men,

1. Wordsworth's sister Dorothy.

Nor greetings where no kindness is, nor all
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
To blow against thee: and, in after years,
When these wild ecstasies shall be matured
Into a sober pleasure; when thy mind
Shall be a mansion for all lovely forms,
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,
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 forget
That on the banks of this delightful stream
We stood together; and that I, so long
A worshipper 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,
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!

THE SOLITARY REAPER

Behold her, single in the field,
Yon solitary Highland Lass!
Reaping and singing by herself;
Stop here, or gently pass!
Alone she cuts and binds the grain,
And sings a melancholy strain;
O listen! for the vale profound
Is overflowing with the sound.

No nightingale did ever chaunt
More welcome notes to weary bands
Of travelers in some shady haunt,
Among Arabian sands:
A voice so thrilling ne'er was heard
In spring-time from the cuckoo-bird,
Breaking the silence of the seas
Among the farthest Hebrides.

Will no one tell me what she sings?—
Perhaps the plaintive numbers flow
For old, unhappy, far-off things,
And battles long ago:
Or is it some more humble lay,
Familiar matter of to-day?
Some natural sorrow, loss, or pain,
That has been, and may be again?

Whate'er the theme, the maiden sang
As if her song could have no ending;
I saw her singing at her work,
And o'er the sickle bending;—
I listened, motionless and still;
And, as I mounted up the hill,
The music in my heart I bore,
Long after it was heard no more.

Samuel Taylor Coleridge (1772-1834)

KUBLA KHAN

In Xanadu did Kubla Khan
A stately pleasure-dome decree:
Where Alph, the sacred river, ran
Through caverns measureless to man
  Down to a sunless sea.
So twice five miles of fertile ground
With walls and towers were girdled round:

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.

But oh! that deep romantic chasm which slanted
Down the green hill athwart a cedarn cover!
A savage place! as holy and enchanted
As e'er beneath a waning moon was haunted
By woman wailing for her demon-lover!
And from this chasm, with ceaseless turmoil seething,
As if this earth in fast thick pants were breathing,
A mighty fountain momently was forced:
Amid whose swift half-intermitted burst
Huge fragments vaulted like rebounding hail,
Or chaffy grain beneath the thresher's flail:
And 'mid these dancing rocks at once and ever
It flung up momently the sacred river.
Five miles meandering with a mazy motion
Through wood and dale the sacred river ran,
Then reached the caverns measureless to man,
And sank in tumult to a lifeless ocean:
And 'mid this tumult Kubla heard from far
Ancestral voices prophesying war!
  The shadow of the dome of pleasure
  Floated midway on the waves;
  Where was heard the mingled measure
  From the fountain and the caves.
It was a miracle of rare device,
A sunny pleasure-dome with caves of ice!

  A damsel with a dulcimer
  In a vision once I saw:
  It was an Abyssinian maid,
  And on her dulcimer she played,
  Singing of Mount Abora.
  Could I revive within me
  Her symphony and song,
  To such a deep delight 'twould win me,
That with music loud and long,
I would build that dome in air,
That sunny dome! those caves of ice!
And all who heard should see them there,

And all should cry, Beware! Beware!
His flashing eyes, his floating hair!
Weave a circle round him thrice,
And close your eyes with holy dread,
For he on honey-dew hath fed,
And drunk the milk of Paradise.

George Gordon, Lord Byron (1788-1824)

MAID OF ATHENS, ERE WE PART

Ζωή μου, σᾶς ἀγαπῶ.[1]

MAID of Athens, ere we part,
Give, oh give me back my heart!
Or, since that has left my breast,
Keep it now, and take the rest!
Hear my vow before I go,
Ζωή μου, σᾶς ἀγαπῶ.

By those tresses unconfined,
Woo'd by each Aegean wind;
By those lids whose jetty fringe
Kiss thy soft cheeks' blooming tinge;
By those wild eyes like the roe,
Ζωή μου, σᾶς ἀγαπῶ.

By that lip I long to taste;
By that zone-encircled waist;
By all the token-flowers that tell
What words can never speak so well;
By love's alternate joy and woe,
Ζωή μου, σᾶς ἀγαπῶ.

Maid of Athens! I am gone:
Think of me, sweet! when alone.

1. My life, I love thee.

Though I fly to Istambol,
Athens holds my heart and soul:
Can I cease to love thee? No!
Ζωή μου, σᾶς ἀγαπῶ.

SHE WALKS IN BEAUTY

She walks in beauty, like the night
Of cloudless climes and starry skies;
And all that's best of dark and bright
Meet in her aspect and her eyes:
Thus mellowed to that tender light
Which heaven to gaudy day denies.

One shade the more, one ray the less,
Had half impaired the nameless grace
Which waves in every raven tress,
Or softly lightens o'er her face;
Where thoughts serenely sweet express
How pure, how dear their dwelling-place.

And on that cheek, and o'er that brow,
So soft, so calm, yet eloquent,
The smiles that win, the tints that glow,
But tell of days in goodness spent,
A mind at peace with all below,
A heart whose love is innocent!

THE DESTRUCTION OF SENNACHERIB[1]

The Assyrian came down like a wolf on the fold,
And his cohorts were gleaming in purple and gold;
And the sheen of their spears was like stars on the sea,
When the blue wave rolls nightly on deep Galilee.

Like the leaves of the forest when Summer is green,
The host with their banners at sunset were seen:
Like the leaves of the forest when Autumn hath blown,
That host on the morrow lay withered and strown.

1. See II Kings 19. Sennacherib was king of Assyria, 705–681 B.C.

For the Angel of Death spread his wings on the blast,
And breathed in the face of the foe as he passed;
And the eyes of the sleepers waxed deadly and chill,
And their hearts but once heaved, and forever grew still!

And there lay the steed with his nostril all wide,
But through it there rolled not the breath of his pride;
And the foam of his gasping lay white on the turf,
And cold as the spray of the rock-beating surf.

And there lay the rider distorted and pale,
With the dew on his brow, and the rust on his mail:
And the tents were all silent—the banners alone—
The lances uplifted—the trumpet unblown.

And the widows of Ashur are loud in their wail,
And the idols are broke in the temple of Baal;
And the might of the Gentile, unsmote by the sword,
Hath melted like snow in the glance of the Lord!

Percy Bysshe Shelley (1792-1822)

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 enchanter fleeing,

Yellow, and black, and pale, and hectic red,
Pestilence-stricken multitudes: O thou,
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
(Driving sweet buds like flocks to feed in air)
With living hues and odors plain and hill:

Wild Spirit, which art moving everywhere;
Destroyer and preserver; hear, oh, hear!

II

Thou on whose stream, mid the steep sky's commotion,
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

Of some fierce Maenad, 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
Will be the dome of a vast sepulcher,
Vaulted with all thy congregated might

Of vapors, from whose solid atmosphere
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,
Lulled by the coil of his crystalline streams,

Beside a pumice isle in Baiae's bay,
And saw in sleep old palaces and towers
Quivering within the wave's intenser day,

All overgrown with azure moss and flowers
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

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

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
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
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,
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!
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?

HYMN TO INTELLECTUAL BEAUTY

I

THE awful shadow of some unseen Power
Floats though unseen among us, visiting
This various world with as inconstant wing
As summer winds that creep from flower to flower;
Like moonbeams that behind some piny mountain shower,
It visits with inconstant glance
Each human heart and countenance;
Like hues and harmonies of evening,
Like clouds in starlight widely spread,
Like memory of music fled,
Like aught that for its grace may be
Dear, and yet dearer for its mystery.

II

Spirit of BEAUTY, that dost consecrate
With thine own hues all thou dost shine upon
Of human thought or form, where art thou gone?
Why dost thou pass away, and leave our state,
This dim vast vale of tears, vacant and desolate?
Ask why the sunlight not forever
Weaves rainbows o'er yon mountain river;
Why aught should fail and fade that once is shown;
Why fear and dream and death and birth
Cast on the daylight of this earth
Such gloom; why man has such a scope
For love and hate, despondency and hope?

III

No voice from some sublimer world hath ever
To sage or poet these responses given;
Therefore the names of Demon, Ghost, and Heaven,
Remain the records of their vain endeavor,
Frail spells, whose uttered charm might not avail to sever,
From all we hear and all we see,
Doubt, chance, and mutability.
Thy light alone, like mist o'er mountains driven,
Or music by the night wind sent
Through strings of some still instrument,
Or moonlight on a midnight stream,
Gives grace and truth to life's unquiet dream.

IV

Love, Hope, and Self-esteem, like clouds, depart
And come, for some uncertain moments lent.
Man were immortal, and omnipotent,
Didst thou, unknown and awful as thou art,
Keep with thy glorious train firm state within his heart.
Thou messenger of sympathies
That wax and wane in lovers' eyes!
Thou, that to human thought art nourishment,
Like darkness to a dying flame,
Depart not as thy shadows came,
Depart not, lest the grave should be,
Like life and fear, a dark reality!

V

While yet a boy I sought for ghosts, and sped
Through many a listening chamber, cave and ruin,
And starlight wood, with fearful steps pursuing
Hopes of high talk with the departed dead;
I called on poisonous names with which our youth is fed.
I was not heard—I saw them not—
When, musing deeply on the lot
Of life, at that sweet time when winds are wooing
All vital things that wake to bring
News of birds and blossoming,—
Sudden, thy shadow fell on me;
I shrieked, and clasped my hands in ecstasy!

VI

I vowed that I would dedicate my powers
To thee and thine—have I not kept the vow?
With beating heart and streaming eyes, even now
I call the phantoms of a thousand hours
Each from his voiceless grave: they have in visioned bowers
Of studious zeal or love's delight
Outwatched with me the envious night—
They know that never joy illumed my brow
Unlinked with hope that thou wouldst free
This world from its dark slavery,
That thou, O awful LOVELINESS,
Wouldst give whate'er these words cannot express.

VII

The day becomes more solemn and serene
When noon is past; there is a harmony
In autumn, and a luster in its sky,
Which through the summer is not heard or seen,
As if it could not be, as if it had not been!
Thus let thy power, which like the truth
Of nature on my passive youth
Descended, to my onward life supply
Its calm,—to one who worships thee,
And every form containing thee,
Whom, SPIRIT fair, thy spells did bind
To fear himself, and love all humankind.

John Keats (1795-1821)

WHEN I HAVE FEARS THAT I MAY CEASE TO BE

WHEN I have fears that I may cease to be
Before my pen has gleaned my teeming brain,
Before high-piled books, in charactery,
Hold like rich garners the full-ripened grain;
When I behold, upon the night's starred face,
Huge cloudy symbols of a high romance,
And think that I may never live to trace
Their shadows, with the magic hand of chance;
And when I feel, fair creature of an hour,
That I shall never look upon thee more,
Never have relish in the faery power
Of unreflecting love;—then on the shore
Of the wide world I stand alone, and think
Till love and fame to nothingness do sink.

ON FIRST LOOKING INTO CHAPMAN'S HOMER

MUCH have I travelled in the realms of gold,
And many goodly states and kingdoms seen;

Round many western islands have I been
Which bards in fealty to Apollo hold.
Oft of one wide expanse had I been told
That deep-browed Homer ruled as his demesne:
Yet did I never breathe its pure serene
Till I heard Chapman speak out loud and bold:
Then felt I like some watcher of the skies
When a new planet swims into his ken;
Or like stout Cortez[1] when with eagle eyes
He stared at the Pacific—and all his men
Looked at each other with a wild surmise—
Silent, upon a peak in Darien.

ODE ON A GRECIAN URN

THOU still unravished bride of quietness,
Thou foster-child of Silence and slow Time,
Sylvan historian, who canst thus express
A flowery tale more sweetly than our rhyme:
What leaf-fringed legend haunts about thy shape
Of deities or mortals, or of both,
In Tempe or the dales of Arcady?
What men or gods are these? What maidens loth?
What mad pursuit? What struggle to escape?
What pipes and timbrels? What wild ecstasy?

Heard melodies are sweet, but those unheard
Are sweeter; therefore, ye soft pipes, play on;
Not to the sensual ear, but, more endeared,
Pipe to the spirit ditties of no tone:
Fair youth, beneath the trees, thou canst not leave
Thy song, nor ever can those trees be bare;
Bold Lover, never, never canst thou kiss,
Though winning near the goal—yet, do not grieve;
She cannot fade, though thou hast not thy bliss,
Forever wilt thou love, and she be fair!

Ah, happy, happy boughs! that cannot shed
Your leaves, nor ever bid the Spring adieu;
And, happy melodist, unweariéd,

1. It was not Cortez, of course, but Balboa, who discovered the Pacific.

Forever piping songs forever new.
More happy love! more happy, happy love!
Forever warm and still to be enjoyed,
Forever panting, and forever young;
All breathing human passion far above,
That leaves a heart high-sorrowful and cloyed,
A burning forehead, and a parching tongue.

Who are these coming to the sacrifice?
To what green altar, O mysterious priest,
Lead'st thou that heifer lowing at the skies,
And all her silken flanks with garlands dressed?
What little town by river or seashore,
Or mountain-built with peaceful citadel,
Is emptied of this folk, this pious morn?
And, little town, thy streets forevermore
Will silent be; and not a soul to tell
Why thou art desolate, can e'er return.

O Attic shape! Fair attitude! with brede
Of marble men and maidens overwrought,
With forest branches and the trodden weed;
Thou, silent form, dost tease us out of thought
As doth eternity: Cold Pastoral!
When old age shall this generation waste,
Thou shalt remain, in midst of other woe
Than ours, a friend to man, to whom thou say'st,
"Beauty is truth, truth beauty,"—that is all
Ye know on earth, and all ye need to know.

ODE TO A NIGHTINGALE

I

My heart aches, and a drowsy numbness pains
My sense, as though of hemlock I had drunk,
Or emptied some dull opiate to the drains
One minute past, and Lethe-wards had sunk:
'Tis not through envy of thy happy lot,
But being too happy in thine happiness,—
That thou, light-winged Dryad of the trees,
In some melodious plot
Of beechen green, and shadows numberless,
Singest of summer in full-throated ease.

II

O for a draught of vintage! that hath been
  Cooled a long age in the deep-delved earth,
Tasting of Flora and the country green,
  Dance, and Provençal song, and sunburnt mirth!
O for a beaker full of the warm South,
  Full of the true, the blushful Hippocrene,
    With beaded bubbles winking at the brim,
      And purple-stained mouth;
  That I might drink, and leave the world unseen,
    And with thee fade away into the forest dim:

III

Fade far away, dissolve, and quite forget
  What thou among the leaves hast never known,
The weariness, the fever, and the fret
  Here, where men sit and hear each other groan;
Where palsy shakes a few, sad, last gray hairs,
  Where youth grows pale, and spectre-thin, and dies;
    Where but to think is to be full of sorrow
      And leaden-eyed despairs,
  Where Beauty cannot keep her lustrous eyes,
    Or new Love pine at them beyond tomorrow.

IV

Away! away! for I will fly to thee,
  Not charioted by Bacchus and his pards,
But on the viewless wings of Poesy,
  Though the dull brain perplexes and retards:
Already with thee! tender is the night,
  And haply the Queen-Moon is on her throne,
    Clustered around by all her starry Fays;
      But here there is no light,
  Save what from heaven is with the breezes blown
    Through verdurous glooms and winding mossy ways.

V

I cannot see what flowers are at my feet,
  Nor what soft incense hangs upon the boughs,
But, in embalmed darkness, guess each sweet
  Wherewith the seasonable month endows
The grass, the thicket, and the fruit-tree wild;
  White hawthorn, and the pastoral eglantine;

Fast-fading violets covered up in leaves;
And mid-May's eldest child,
The coming must-rose, full of dewy wine,
The murmurous haunt of flies on summer eves.

VI

Darkling I listen; and for many a time
I have been half in love with easeful Death,
Called him soft names in many a mused rhyme,
To take into the air my quiet breath;
Now more than ever seems it rich to die,
To cease upon the midnight with no pain,
While thou art pouring forth thy soul abroad
In such an ecstasy!
Still wouldst thou sing, and I have ears in vain—
To thy high requiem become a sod.

VII

Thou wast not born for death, immortal Bird!
No hungry generations tread thee down;
The voice I hear this passing night was heard
In ancient days by emperor and clown:
Perhaps the self-same song that found a path
Through the sad heart of Ruth,[1] when, sick for home,
She stood in tears amid the alien corn,
The same that oft-times hath
Charmed magic casements, opening on the foam
Of perilous seas, in faery lands forlorn.

VIII

Forlorn! the very word is like a bell
To toll me back from thee to my sole self!
Adieu! the fancy cannot cheat so well
As she is famed to do, deceiving elf.
Adieu! adieu! thy plaintive anthem fades
Past the near meadows, over the still stream,
Up the hill-side; and now 'tis buried deep
In the next valley-glades:
Was it a vision, or a waking dream?
Fled is that music:—Do I wake or sleep?

1. See Ruth 2.

LA BELLE DAME SANS MERCI

O WHAT can ail thee, knight-at-arms,
Alone and palely loitering?
The sedge has withered from the lake,
And no birds sing.

O what can ail thee, knight-at-arms,
So haggard and so woe-begone?
The squirrel's granary is full,
And the harvest's done.

I see a lily on thy brow
With anguish moist and fever dew;
And on thy cheeks a fading rose
Fast withereth too.

"I met a lady in the meads,
Full beautiful—a faery's child;
Her hair was long, her foot was light,
And her eyes were wild.

"I made a garland for her head,
And bracelets too, and fragrant zone;
She looked at me as she did love,
And made sweet moan.

"I set her on my pacing steed,
And nothing else saw all day long;
For sideways would she lean, and sing
A faery's song.

"She found me roots of relish sweet,
And honey wild, and manna-dew,
And sure in language strange she said—
'I love thee true.'

"She took me to her elfin grot,
And there she wept, and sighed full sore,
And there I shut her wild, wild eyes,
With kisses four.

"And there she lullèd me asleep,
And there I dreamed—ah! woe betide!—
The latest dream I ever dreamed
On the cold hill's side.

"I saw pale kings and princes too,
Pale warriors, death-pale were they all,
Who cried—'La Belle Dame sans Merci
Hath thee in thrall!'

"I saw their starved lips in the gloam,
With horrid warning gapèd wide;
And I awoke, and found me here
On the cold hill's side.

"And this is why I sojourn here,
Alone and palely loitering,
Though the sedge is withered from the lake,
And no birds sing."

THE EVE OF ST. AGNES

I

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
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.

II

His prayer he saith, this patient, holy man;
Then takes his lamp, and riseth from his knees,
And back returneth, meager, barefoot, wan,
Along the chapel aisle by slow degrees:
The sculptured dead, on each side, seem to freeze,
Emprisoned in black, purgatorial rails:
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.

III

Northward he turneth through a little door,
And scarce three steps, ere Music's golden tongue
Flattered to tears this aged man and poor;
But no—already had his deathbell 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
Rough ashes sat he for his soul's reprieve,
And all night kept awake, for sinners' sake to grieve.

IV

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,
The silver, snarling trumpets 'gan to chide:
The level chambers, ready with their pride,
Were glowing to receive a thousand guests:
The carvèd angels, ever eager-eyed,
Stared, where upon their heads the cornice rests,
With hair blown back, and wings put cross-wise on their breasts.

V

At length burst in the argent revelry,
With plume, tiara, and all rich array,
Numerous as shadows haunting fairily
The brain, new stuffed, in youth, with triumphs gay
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.

VI

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;
As, supperless to bed they must retire,

And couch supine their beauties, lily white;
Nor look behind, nor sideways, but require
Of Heaven with upward eyes for all that they desire.

VII

Full of this whim was thoughtful Madeline:
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 cavalier,
And back retired; not cooled by high disdain,
But she saw not: her heart was otherwhere:
She sighed for Agnes' dreams, the sweetest of the year.

VIII

She danced along with vague, regardless eyes,
Anxious her lips, her breathing quick and short:
That 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 faery fancy; all amort,[1]
Save to St. Agnes and her lambs unshorn,
And all the bliss to be before tomorrow morn.

IX

So, purposing each moment to retire,
She lingered still. Meantime, across the moors,
Had come young Porphyro, with heart on fire
For Madeline. Beside the portal doors,
Buttressed from moonlight, stands he, and implores
All saints to give him sight of Madeline,
But for one moment in the tedious hours,
That he might gaze and worship all unseen;
Perchance speak, kneel, touch, kiss—in sooth such things have been.

X

He ventures in: let no buzzed whisper tell:
All eyes be muffled, or a hundred swords
Will storm his heart, Love's fev'rous citadel:

1. dead.

For him, those chambers held barbarian hordes,
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.

XI

Ah, happy chance! the aged creature came,
Shuffling along with ivory-headed wand,
To where he stood, hid from the torch's flame,
Behind a broad hall-pillar, far beyond
The sound of merriment and chorus bland:
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 tonight, the whole blood-thirsty race!

XII

"Get hence! get hence! there's dwarfish Hildebrand;
He had a fever late, and in the fit
He cursèd 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, Gossip dear,
We're safe enough; here in this armchair sit,
And tell me how"—"Good Saints! not here, not here;
Follow me, child, or else these stones will be thy bier."

XIII

He followed through a lowly archèd way,
Brushing the cobwebs with his lofty plume;
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
Which none but secret sisterhood may see,
When they St. Agnes' wool are weaving piously."

XIV

"St. Agnes! Ah! it is St. Agnes' Eve—
Yet men will murder upon holy days:

Thou must hold water in a witch's sieve,
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 conjurer plays
This very night: good angels her deceive!
But let me laugh awhile, I've mickle time to grieve."

XV

Feebly she laugheth in the languid moon,
While Porphyro upon her face doth look,
Like puzzled urchin on an aged crone
Who keepeth closed a wond'rous riddle-book,
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 enchantments cold,
And Madeline asleep in lap of legends old.

XVI

Sudden a thought came like a full-blown rose,
Flushing his brow, and in his painèd heart
Made purple riot: then doth he propose
A stratagem, that makes the beldame start:
"A cruel man and impious thou art:
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."

XVII

"I will not harm her, by all saints I swear,"
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;
Or I will, even in a moment's space,
Awake, with horrid shout, my foemen's ears,
And beard them, though they be more fanged than wolves and bears."

XVIII

"Ah! why wilt thou affright a feeble soul?
A poor, weak, palsy-stricken, churchyard thing,

Whose passing-bell may ere the midnight toll;
Whose prayers for thee, each morn and evening,
Were never missed."—Thus plaining, doth she bring
A gentler speech from burning Porphyro;
So woeful, and of such deep sorrowing,
That Angela gives promise she will do
Whatever he shall wish, betide her weal or woe.

XIX

Which was, to lead him, in close secrecy,
Even to Madeline's chamber, and there hide
Him in a closet, of such privacy
That he might see her beauty unespied,
And win perhaps that night a peerless bride,
While legioned fairies paced the coverlet,
And pale enchantment held her sleepy-eyed.
Never on such a night have lovers met,
Since Merlin paid his Demon all the monstrous debt.

XX

"It shall be as thou wishest," said the dame:
"All cates and dainties shall be storèd there
Quickly on this feast-night: by the tambour frame
Her own lute thou wilt see: no time to spare,
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."

XXI

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 agèd eyes aghast
From fright of dim espial. Safe at last,
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.

XXII

Her falt'ring hand upon the balustrade,
Old Angela was feeling for the stair,

When Madeline, St. Agnes' charmèd maid,
Rose, like a missioned spirit, unaware:
With silver taper's light, and pious care,
She turned, and down the agèd gossip led
To a safe level matting. Now prepare,
Young Porphyro, for gazing on that bed;
She comes, she comes again, like ring-dove frayed and fled.

XXIII

Out went the taper as she hurried in;
Its little smoke, in pallid moonshine, died:
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;
As though a tongueless nightingale should swell
Her throat in vain, and die, heart-stifled, in her dell.

XXIV

A casement high and triple-arched there was,
All garlanded with carven imag'ries
Of fruits, and flowers, and bunches of knot-grass,
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 emblazonings,
A shielded scutcheon blushed with blood of queens and kings.

XXV

Full on this casement shone the wintry moon,
And threw warm gules on Madeline's fair breast,
As down she knelt for heaven's grace and boon;
Rose-bloom fell on her hands, together pressed,
And on her silver cross soft amethyst,
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.

XXVI

Anon his heart revives: her vespers done,
Of all its wreathed pearls her hair she frees;

Unclasps her warmèd jewels one by one;
Loosens her fragrant bodice; by degrees
Her rich attire creeps rustling to her knees:
Half-hidden, like a mermaid in seaweed,
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.

XXVII

Soon, trembling in her soft and chilly nest,
In sort of wakeful swoon, perplexed she lay,
Until the poppied warmth of sleep oppressed
Her soothèd limbs, and soul fatigued away;
Flown, like a thought, until the morrow-day;
Blissfully havened both from joy and pain;
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.

XXVIII

Stol'n to this paradise, and so entranced,
Porphyro gazed upon her empty dress,
And listened to her breathing, if it chanced
To wake into a slumberous tenderness;
Which when he heard, that minute did he bless,
And breathed himself: then from the closet crept,
Noiseless as fear in a wide wilderness,
And over the hushed carpet, silent, stepped,
And 'tween the curtains peeped, where, lo!—how fast she slept.

XXIX

Then by the bedside, where the faded moon
Made a dim, silver twilight, soft he set
A table, and, half anguished, threw thereon
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:—
The hall door shuts again, and all the noise is gone.

XXX

And still she slept an azure-lidded sleep,
In blanchèd linen, smooth, and lavendered,

While he from forth the closet brought a heap
Of candied apple, quince, and plum, and gourd;
With jellies soother than the creamy curd,
And lucent syrups, tinct with cinnamon;
Manna and dates, in argosy transferred
From Fez; and spicèd dainties, every one,
From silken Samarcand to cedared Lebanon.

XXXI

These delicates he heaped with glowing hand
On golden dishes and in baskets bright
Of wreathèd silver: sumptuous they stand
In the retired quiet of the night,
Filling the chilly room with perfume light.—
"And now, my love, my seraph fair, awake!
Thou art my heaven, and I thine eremite:[1]
Open thine eyes, for meek St. Agnes' sake,
Or I shall drowse beside thee, so my soul doth ache."

XXXII

Thus whispering, his warm, unnervèd arm
Sank in her pillow. Shaded was her dream
By the dusk curtains:—'twas a midnight charm
Impossible to melt as icèd stream:
The lustrous salvers in the moonlight gleam;
Broad golden fringe upon the carpet lies:
It seemed he never, never could redeem
From such a steadfast spell his lady's eyes;
So mused awhile, entoiled in woofèd phantasies.

XXXIII

Awakening up, he took her hollow lute,—
Tumultuous,—and, in chords that tenderest be,
He played an ancient ditty, long since mute,
In Provence called, "La belle dame sans merci,"
Close to her ear touching the melody;—
Wherewith disturbed she uttered a soft moan:
He ceased—she panted quick—and suddenly
Her blue affrayèd eyes wide open shone:
Upon his knees he sank, pale as smooth-sculptured stone.

1. devoted follower.

XXXIV

Her eyes were open, but she still beheld,
Now wide awake, the vision of her sleep:
There was a painful change, that nigh expelled
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 joinèd hands and piteous eye,
Fearing to move or speak, she looked so dreamingly.

XXXV

"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:
How changed thou art! how pallid, chill, and drear!
Give me that voice again, my Porphyro,
Those looks immortal, those complainings dear!
Oh, leave me not in this eternal woe,
For if thou diest, my Love, I know not where to go."

XXXVI

Beyond a mortal man impassioned far
At these voluptuous accents, he arose,
Ethereal, flushed, and like a throbbing star
Seen mid the sapphire heaven's deep repose;
Into her dream he melted, as the rose
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.

XXXVII

'Tis dark: quick pattereth the flaw-blown sleet:
"This is no dream, my bride, my Madeline!"
'Tis dark: the icèd 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?
I curse not, for my heart is lost in thine,
Though thou forsakest a deceivèd thing;—
A dove forlorn and lost with sick unprunèd wing."

XXXVIII

"My Madeline! sweet dreamer! lovely bride!
Say, may I be for aye thy vassal blest?
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
Saving of thy sweet self; if thou think'st well
To trust, fair Madeline, to no rude infidel.

XXXIX

"Hark, 'tis an elfin-storm from faery land,
Of haggard seeming, but a boon indeed:
Arise—arise! the morning is at hand;—
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 fearless be,
For o'er the southern moors I have a home for thee."

XL

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.—
In all the house was heard no human sound.
A chain-drooped lamp was flickering 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.

XLI

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,
But his sagacious eye an inmate owns:
By one, and one, the bolts full easy slide:—
The chains lie silent on the footworn stones;—
The key turns, and the door upon its hinges groans.

XLII

And they are gone: aye, ages long ago
These lovers fled away into the storm.
That night the Baron dreamt 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 old
Died palsy-twitched, with meager face deform;
The Beadsman, after thousand avès told,
For aye unsought-for slept among his ashes cold.

Alfred, Lord Tennyson (1809-1892)

ULYSSES

It little profits that an idle king,
By this still hearth, among these barren crags,
Matched with an agèd wife, I mete and dole
Unequal laws unto a savage race,
That hoard, and sleep, and feed, and know not me.
I cannot rest from travel; I will drink
Life to the lees. All times I have enjoyed
Greatly, have suffered greatly, both with those
That loved me, and alone; on shore, and when
Through scudding drifts the rainy Hyades
Vexed the dim sea. I am become a name;
For always roaming with a hungry heart
Much have I seen and known,—cities of men,
And manners, climates, councils, governments,
Myself not least, but honored of them all,—
And drunk delight of battle with my peers,
Far on the ringing plains of windy Troy.
I am a part of all that I have met;
Yet all experience is an arch wherethrough
Gleams that untraveled world, whose margin fades
Forever and forever when I move.
How dull it is to pause, to make an end,

To rust unburnished, not to shine in use!
As though to breathe were life! Life piled on life
Were all too little, and of one to me
Little remains: but every hour is saved
From that eternal silence, something more,
A bringer of new things; and vile it were
For some three suns to store and hoard myself,
And this gray spirit yearning in desire
To follow knowledge like a sinking star,
Beyond the utmost bound of human thought.
This is my son, mine own Telemachus,
To whom I leave the scepter and the isle—
Well-loved of me, discerning to fulfill
This labor, by slow prudence to make mild
A rugged people, and through soft degrees
Subdue them to the useful and the good.
Most blameless is he, centered in the sphere
Of common duties, decent not to fail
In offices of tenderness, and pay
Meet adoration to my household gods,
When I am gone. He works his work, I mine.
There lies the port; the vessel puffs her sail;
There gloom the dark broad seas. My mariners,
Souls that have toiled, and wrought, and thought with me,—
That ever with a frolic welcome took
The thunder and the sunshine, and opposed
Free hearts, free foreheads,—you and I are old;
Old age hath yet his honor and his toil.
Death closes all; but something ere the end,
Some work of noble note, may yet be done,
Not unbecoming men that strove with Gods.
The lights begin to twinkle from the rocks;
The long day wanes; the slow moon climbs; the deep
Moans round with many voices. Come, my friends,
'Tis not too late to seek a newer world.
Push off, and sitting well in order smite
The sounding furrows; for my purpose holds
To sail beyond the sunset, and the baths
Of all the western stars, until I die.
It may be that the gulfs will wash us down;
It may be we shall touch the Happy Isles,[1]

1. Happy Isles: the resting place of dead heroes.

And see the great Achilles, whom we knew.
Though much is taken, much abides; and though
We are not now that strength which in old days
Moved earth and heaven; that which we are, we are;
One equal temper of heroic hearts,
Made weak by time and fate, but strong in will
To strive, to seek, to find, and not to yield.

Edgar Allan Poe (1809-1849)

ULALUME—A BALLAD

THE skies they were ashen and sober;
The leaves they were crispéd and sere—
The leaves they were withering and sere:
It was night, in the lonesome October
Of my most immemorial year:
It was hard by the dim lake of Auber,
In the misty mid region of Weir—
It was down by the dank tarn of Auber,
In the ghoul-haunted woodland of Weir.

Here once, through an alley Titanic,
Of cypress, I roamed with my Soul—
Of cypress, with Psyche, my Soul.
These were days when my heart was volcanic
As the scoriac rivers that roll—
As the lavas that restlessly roll
Their sulphurous currents down Yaanek
In the ultimate climes of the Pole—
That groan as they roll down Mount Yaanek
In the realms of the Boreal Pole.

Our talk had been serious and sober,
But our thoughts they were palsied and sere—
Our memories were treacherous and sere;
For we knew not the month was October,
And we marked not the night of the year

(Ah, night of all nights in the year!)—
We noted not the dim lake of Auber
(Though once we had journeyed down here)—
We remembered not the dank tarn of Auber,
Nor the ghoul-haunted woodland of Weir.

And now, as the night was senescent
And star-dials pointed to morn—
As the star-dials hinted of morn—
At the end of our path a liquescent
And nebulous lustre was born,
Out of which a miraculous crescent
Arose with a duplicate horn—
Astarte's bediamonded crescent
Distinct with its duplicate horn.

And I said: "She is warmer than Dian;
She rolls through an ether of sighs—
She revels in a region of sighs.
She has seen that the tears are not dry on
These cheeks, where the worm never dies,
And has come past the stars of the Lion,
To point us the path to the skies—
To the Lethean peace of the skies—
Come up, in despite of the Lion,
To shine on us with her bright eyes—
Come up through the lair of the Lion,
With love in her luminous eyes."

But Psyche, uplifting her finger,
Said: "Sadly this star I mistrust—
Her pallor I strangely mistrust:
Ah, hasten!—ah, let us not linger!
Ah, fly!—let us fly!—for we must."
In terror she spoke, letting sink her
Wings till they trailed in the dust—
In agony sobbed, letting sink her
Plumes till they trailed in the dust—
Till they sorrowfully trailed in the dust.

I replied: "This is nothing but dreaming:
Let us on by this tremulous light!
Let us bathe in this crystalline light!
Its Sibyllic splendor is beaming

With Hope and in Beauty to-night:—
See!—it flickers up the sky through the night!
Ah, we safely may trust to its gleaming,
And be sure it will lead us aright—
We surely may trust to a gleaming,
That cannot but guide us aright,
Since it flickers up to Heaven through the night."

Thus I pacified Psyche and kissed her,
And tempted her out of her gloom—
And conquered her scruples and gloom;
And we passed to the end of the vista,
But were stopped by the door of a tomb—
By the door of a legended tomb;
And I said: "What is written, sweet sister,
On the door of this legended tomb?"
She replied: "Ulalume—Ulalume!—
'T is the vault of thy lost Ulalume!"

Then my heart it grew ashen and sober
As the leaves that were crispéd and sere—
As the leaves that were withering and sere;
And I cried: "It was surely October
On *this* very night of last year
That I journeyed—I journeyed down here!—
That I brought a dread burden down here—
On this night of all nights in the year,
Ah, what demon hath tempted me here?
Well I know, now, this dim lake of Auber—
This misty mid region of Weir—
Well I know, now, this dank tarn of Auber,
This ghoul-haunted woodland of Weir."

Robert Browning (1812-1889)

PORPHYRIA'S LOVER

THE rain set early in tonight,
The sullen wind was soon awake,
It tore the elm-tops down for spite,

And did its worst to vex the lake:
I listened with heart fit to break.
When glided in Porphyria; straight
She shut the cold out and the storm,
And kneeled and made the cheerless grate
Blaze up, and all the cottage warm;
Which done, she rose, and from her form
Withdrew the dripping cloak and shawl,
And laid her soiled gloves by, untied
Her hat and let the damp hair fall,
And, last, she sat down by my side
And called me. When no voice replied,
She put my arm about her waist,
And made her smooth white shoulder bare
And all her yellow hair displaced,
And, stooping, made my cheek lie there,
And spread, o'er all, her yellow hair,
Murmuring how she loved me—she
Too weak, for all her heart's endeavor,
To set its struggling passion free
From pride, and vainer ties dissever,
And give herself to me forever.
But passion sometimes would prevail,
Nor could tonight's gay feast restrain
A sudden thought of one so pale
For love of her, and all in vain:
So, she was come through wind and rain.
Be sure I looked up at her eyes
Happy and proud; at last I knew
Porphyria worshipped me; surprise
Made my heart swell, and still it grew
While I debated what to do.
That moment she was mine, mine, fair,
Perfectly pure and good: I found
A thing to do, and all her hair
In one long yellow string I wound
Three times her little throat around,
And strangled her. No pain felt she;
I am quite sure she felt no pain.
As a shut bud that holds a bee,
I warily oped her lids: again
Laughed the blue eyes without a stain.
And I untightened next the tress

About her neck; her cheek once more
Blushed bright beneath my burning kiss:
I propped her head up as before,
Only, this time my shoulder bore
Her head, which droops upon it still:
The smiling rosy little head,
So glad it has its utmost will,
That all it scorned at once is fled,
And I, its love, am gained instead!
Porphyria's love: she guessed not how
Her darling one wish would be heard.
And thus we sit together now,
And all night long we have not stirred,
And yet God has not said a word!

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 Pandolf's hands
Worked busily a day, and there she stands.
Will't please you sit and look at her? I said
"Fra Pandolf" by design, for never read
Strangers like you that pictured countenance,
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)
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: perhaps
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
For calling up that spot of joy. She had
A heart—how shall I say?—too soon made glad,
Too easily impressed; she liked whate'er

She looked on, and her looks went everywhere.
Sir, 'twas all one! My favor at her breast,
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 approving speech,
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,
—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;
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 pretence
Of mine for dowry will be disallowed;
Though his fair daughter's self, as I avowed
At starting, is my object. Nay, we'll go
Together down, Sir. Notice Neptune, though,
Taming a sea-horse, thought a rarity,
Which Claus of Innsbruck cast in bronze for me!

SOLILOQUY OF THE SPANISH CLOISTER

Gr-r-r—there go, my heart's abhorrence!
Water your damned flower-pots, do!
If hate killed men, Brother Lawrence,
God's blood, would not mine kill you!
What? your myrtle-bush wants trimming?
Oh, that rose has prior claims—

Needs its leaden vase filled brimming?
Hell dry you up with its flames!

At the meal we sit together:
Salve tibi![1] I must hear
Wise talk of the kind of weather,
Sort of season, time of year:
Not a plenteous cork-crop: scarcely
Dare we hope oak-galls, I doubt:
What's the Latin name for "parsley"?
What's the Greek name for Swine's Snout?

Whew! We'll have our platter burnished,
Laid with care on our own shelf!
With a fire-new spoon we're furnished,
And a goblet for ourself,
Rinsed like something sacrificial
Ere 'tis fit to touch our chaps—
Marked with L for our initial!
(He-he! There his lily snaps!)

Saint, forsooth! While brown Dolores
Squats outside the Convent bank
With Sanchicha, telling stories,
Steeping tresses in the tank,
Blue-black, lustrous, thick like horsehairs,
—Can't I see his dead eye glow,
Bright as 'twere a Barbary corsair's?
(That is, if he'd let it show!)

When he finishes refection,
Knife and fork he never lays
Cross-wise, to my recollection,
As do I, in Jesu's praise.
I the Trinity illustrate,
Drinking watered orange-pulp—
In three sips the Arian frustrate;
While he drains his at one gulp.

Oh, those melons! If he's able
We're to have a feast! so nice!

1. *Salve tibi:* How are you?

One goes to the Abbot's table,
All of us get each a slice.
How go on your flowers? None double?
Not one fruit-sort can you spy?
Strange!—And I, too, at such trouble
Keep them close-nipped on the sly!

There's a great text in Galatians,
Once you trip on it, entails
Twenty-nine distinct damnations,
One sure, if another fails:
If I trip him just a-dying,
Sure of heaven as sure can be,
Spin him round and send him flying
Off to hell, a Manichee?

Or, my scrofulous French novel
On gray paper with blunt type!
Simply glance at it, you grovel
Hand and foot in Belial's gripe:
If I double down its pages
At the woeful sixteenth print,
When he gathers his greengages,
Ope a sieve and slip it in't?

Or, there's Satan!—one might venture
Pledge one's soul to him, yet leave
Such a flaw in the indenture
As he'd miss till, past retrieve,
Blasted lay that rose-acacia
We're so proud of! *Hy, Zy, Hine* . . .
'St, there's Vespers! *Plena gratiâ,*
Ave, Virgo![1] Gr-r-r—you swine!

THE BISHOP ORDERS HIS TOMB AT SAINT PRAXED'S CHURCH

Rome, 15——

VANITY, saith the preacher, vanity!
Draw round my bed: is Anselm keeping back?

1. *Plena gratiâ, Ave, Virgo:* Hail, Mary, full of grace.

Nephews—sons mine . . . ah God, I know not! Well—
She, men would have to be your mother once,
Old Gandolf envied me, so fair she was!
What's done is done, and she is dead beside,
Dead long ago, and I am Bishop since,
And as she died so must we die ourselves,
And thence ye may perceive the world's a dream.
Life, how and what is it? As here I lie
In this state-chamber, dying by degrees,
Hours and long hours in the dead night, I ask
"Do I live, am I dead?" Peace, peace seems all.
Saint Praxed's ever was the church for peace;
And so, about this tomb of mine. I fought
With tooth and nail to save my niche, ye know:
—Old Gandolf cozened me, despite my care;
Shrewd was that snatch from out the corner South
He graced his carrion with, God curse the same!
Yet still my niche is not so cramped but thence
One sees the pulpit o' the epistle-side,
And somewhat of the choir, those silent seats,
And up into the aery dome where live
The angels, and a sunbeam's sure to lurk:
And I shall fill my slab of basalt there,
And 'neath my tabernacle take my rest,
With those nine columns round me, two and two,
The odd one at my feet where Anselm stands:
Peach-blossom marble all, the rare, the ripe
As fresh-poured red wine of a mighty pulse.
—Old Gandolf with his paltry onion-stone,[1]
Put me where I may look at him! True peach,
Rosy and flawless: how I earned the prize!
Draw close: that conflagration of my church
—What then? So much was saved if aught were missed!
My sons, ye would not be my death? Go dig
The white-grape vineyard where the oil-press stood,
Drop water gently till the surface sink,
And if ye find . . . Ah God, I know not, I! . . .
Bedded in store of rotten fig-leaves soft,
And corded up in a tight olive-frail,
Some lump, ah God, of *lapis lazuli,*
Big as a Jew's head cut off at the nape,
Blue as a vein o'er the Madonna's breast . . .

1. a poorer marble.

Sons, all have I bequeathed you, villas, all,
That brave Frascati villa with its bath,
So, let the blue lump poise between my knees,
Like God the Father's globe on both his hands
Ye worship in the Jesu Church so gay,
For Gandolf shall not choose but see and burst!
Swift as a weaver's shuttle fleet our years:
Man goeth to the grave, and where is he?
Did I say basalt for my slab, sons? Black—
'Twas ever antique-black I meant! How else
Shall ye contrast my frieze to come beneath?
The bas-relief in bronze ye promised me,
Those Pans and Nymphs ye wot of, and perchance
Some tripod, thyrsus, with a vase or so,
The Savior at his sermon on the mount,
Saint Praxed in a glory, and one Pan
Ready to twitch the Nymph's last garment off,
And Moses with the tables . . . but I know
Ye mark me not! What do they whisper thee,
Child of my bowels, Anselm? Ah, ye hope
To revel down my villas while I gasp
Bricked o'er with beggar's moldy travertine
Which Gandolf from his tomb-top chuckles at!
Nay, boys, ye love me—all of jasper, then!
'Tis jasper ye stand pledged to, lest I grieve.
My bath must needs be left behind, alas!
One block, pure green as a pistachio-nut,
There's plenty jasper somewhere in the world—
And have I not Saint Praxed's ear to pray
Horses for ye, and brown Greek manuscripts,
And mistresses with great smooth marbly limbs?
—That's if ye carve my epitaph aright,
Choice Latin, picked phrase, Tully's every word,
No gaudy ware like Gandolf's second line—
Tully, my masters? Ulpian[1] serves his need!
And then how I shall lie through centuries,
And hear the blessed mutter of the mass,
And see God made and eaten all day long,
And feel the steady candle-flame, and taste
Good strong thick stupefying incense-smoke!
For as I lie here, hours of the dead night,

1. a minor Latin stylist.

Dying in state and by such slow degrees,
I fold my arms as if they clasped a crook,
And stretch my feet forth straight as stone can point,
And let the bedclothes, for a mortcloth, drop
Into great laps and folds of sculptor's-work:
And as yon tapers dwindle, and strange thoughts
Grow, with a certain humming in my ears,
About the life before I lived this life,
And this life too, popes, cardinals and priests,
Saint Praxed at his sermon on the mount,
Your tall pale mother with her talking eyes,
And new-found agate urns as fresh as day,
And marble's language, Latin pure, discreet,
—Aha, *elucescebat*[1] quoth our friend?
No Tully, said I, Ulpian at the best!
Evil and brief hath been my pilgrimage.
All *lapis,* all, sons! Else I give the Pope
My villas! Will ye ever eat my heart?
Ever your eyes were as a lizard's quick,
They glitter like your mother's for my soul,
Or ye would heighten my impoverished frieze,
Piece out its starved design, and fill my vase
With grapes, and add a visor and a Term,[2]
And to the tripod ye would tie a lynx
That in this struggle throws the thyrsus down,
To comfort me on my entablature
Whereon I am to lie till I must ask
"Do I live, am I dead?" There, leave me, there!
For ye have stabbed me with ingratitude
To death—ye wish it—God, ye wish it! Stone—
Gritstone, a-crumble! Clammy squares which sweat
As if the corpse they keep were oozing through—
And no more *lapis* to delight the world!
Well, go! I bless ye. Fewer tapers there,
But in a row: and, going, turn your backs
—Ay, like departing altar-ministrants,
And leave me in my church, the church for peace,
That I may watch at leisure if he leers—
Old Gandolf—at me, from his onion-stone,
As still he envied me, so fair she was!

1. he was famous. 2. a bust on a pedestal.

Herman Melville (1819-1891)

THE PORTENT

HANGING from the beam,
  Slowly swaying (such the law),
Gaunt the shadow on your green,
  Shenandoah!
The cut is on the crown
  (Lo, John Brown),
And the stabs shall heal no more.

Hidden in the cap
  Is the anguish none can draw;
So your future veils its face,
  Shenandoah!
But the streaming beard is shown
  (Weird John Brown),
The meteor of the war.

Walt Whitman (1819-1892)

OUT OF THE CRADLE ENDLESSLY ROCKING

OUT of the cradle endlessly rocking,
Out of the mocking-bird's throat, the musical shuttle,
Out of the Ninth-month midnight,
Over the sterile sands and the fields beyond, where the child leaving his bed wander'd alone, bareheaded, barefoot,
Down from the shower'd halo,
Up from the mystic play of shadows twining and twisting as if they were alive,

Out from the patches of briers and blackberries,
From the memories of the bird that chanted to me,
From your memories, sad brother, from the fitful risings and fallings I heard,
From under that yellow half-moon late-risen and swollen as if with tears,
From those beginning notes of yearning and love there in the mist,
From the thousand responses of my heart never to cease,
From the myriad thence-arous'd words,
From the word stronger and more delicious than any,
From such as now they start the scene revisiting,
As a flock, twittering, rising, or overhead passing,
Borne hither, ere all eludes me, hurriedly,
A man, yet by these tears a little boy again,
Throwing myself on the sand, confronting the waves,
I, chanter of pains and joys, uniter of here and hereafter,
Taking all hints to use them, but swiftly leaping beyond them,
A reminiscence sing.

Once Paumanok,[1]
When the lilac-scent was in the air and Fifth-month grass was growing,
Up this seashore in some briers,
Two feather'd guests from Alabama, two together,
And their nest, and four light-green eggs spotted with brown,
And every day the he-bird to and fro near at hand,
And every day the she-bird crouch'd on her nest, silent, with bright eyes,
And every day I, a curious boy, never too close, never disturbing them,
Cautiously peering, absorbing, translating.

Shine! shine! shine!
Pour down your warmth, great sun!
While we bask, we two together.
Two together!
Winds blow south, or winds blow north,
Day come white, or night come black,
Home, or rivers and mountains from home,
Singing all time, minding no time,
While we two keep together.

Till of a sudden,
May-be kill'd, unknown to her mate,
One forenoon the she-bird crouch'd not on the nest,

1. Long Island.

Nor return'd that afternoon, nor the next,
Nor ever appear'd again.

And thenceforward all summer in the sound of the sea,
And at night under the full of the moon in calmer weather,
Over the hoarse surging of the sea,
Or flitting from brier to brier by day,
I saw, I heard at intervals the remaining one, the he-bird,
The solitary guest from Alabama.

Blow! blow! blow!
Blow up sea-winds along Paumanok's shore;
I wait and I wait till you blow my mate to me.

Yes, when the stars glisten'd,
All night long on the prong of a moss-scallop'd stake,
Down almost amid the slapping waves,
Sat the lone singer wonderful causing tears.

He call'd on his mate,
He pour'd forth the meanings which I of all men know.

Yes my brother I know,
The rest might not, but I have treasur'd every note,
For more than once dimly down to the beach gliding,
Silent, avoiding the moonbeams, blending myself with the shadows,
Recalling now the obscure shapes, the echoes, the sounds and sights after their sorts,
The white arms out in the breakers tirelessly tossing,
I, with bare feet, a child, the wind wafting my hair,
Listen'd long and long.

Listen'd to keep, to sing, now translating the notes,
Following you my brother.

Soothe! soothe! soothe!
Close on its wave soothes the wave behind,
And again another behind embracing and lapping, every one close,
But my love soothes not me, not me.

Low hangs the moon, it rose late,
It is lagging—O I think it is heavy with love, with love.

O madly the sea pushes upon the land,
With love, with love.

O night! do I not see my love fluttering out among the breakers?
What is that little black thing I see there in the white?

Loud! loud! loud!
Loud I call to you, my love!
High and clear, I shoot my voice over the waves,
Surely you must know who is here, is here,
You must know who I am, my love.

Low-hanging moon!
What is that dusky spot in your brown yellow?
O it is the shape, the shape of my mate!
O moon do not keep her from me any longer.

Land! land! O land!
Whichever way I turn, O I think you could give me my mate back again if you only would,
For I am almost sure I see her dimly whichever way I look.

O rising stars!
Perhaps the one I want so much will rise, will rise with some of you.

O throat! O trembling throat!
Sound clearer through the atmosphere!
Pierce the woods, the earth,
Somewhere listening to catch you must be the one I want.

Shake out carols!
Solitary here, the night's carols!
Carols of lonesome love! death's carols!
Carols under that lagging, yellow, waning moon!
O under that moon where she droops almost down into the sea!
O reckless despairing carols.

But soft, sink low!
Soft! let me just murmur,
And do you wait a moment you husky-nois'd sea,
For somewhere I believe I heard my mate responding to me,
So faint, I must be still, be still to listen,
But not altogether still, or then she might not come immediately to me.

Hither my love!
Here I am! here!
With this just-sustain'd note I announce myself to you,
This gentle call is for you my love, for you.

Do not be decoy'd elsewhere,
That is the whistle of the wind, it is not my voice,
That is the fluttering, the fluttering of the spray,
Those are the shadows of leaves.

O darkness! O in vain!
O I am very sick and sorrowful.

O brown halo in the sky near the moon, drooping upon the sea!
O troubled reflection in the sea!
O throat! O throbbing heart!
And I singing uselessly, uselessly all the night.

O past! O happy life! O songs of joy!
In the air, in the woods, over fields,
Loved! loved! loved! loved! loved!
But my mate no more, no more with me!
We two together no more.

The aria sinking,
All else continuing, the stars shining,
The winds blowing, the notes of the bird continuous echoing,
With angry moans the fierce old mother incessantly moaning,
On the sands of Paumanok's shore gray and rustling,
The yellow half-moon enlarged, sagging down, drooping, the face of the sea almost touching,
The boy ecstatic, with his bare feet the waves, with his hair the atmosphere dallying,
The love in the heart long pent, now loose, now at last tumultuously bursting,
The aria's meaning, the ears, the soul, swiftly depositing,
The strange tears down the cheeks coursing,
The colloquy there, the trio, each uttering,
The undertone, the savage old mother incessantly crying,
To the boy's soul's questions sullenly timing, some drown'd secret hissing,
To the outsetting bard.

Demon or bird! (said the boy's soul,)
Is it indeed toward your mate you sing? or is it really to me?
For I, that was a child, my tongue's use sleeping, now I have heard you,

Now in a moment I know what I am for, I awake,
And already a thousand singers, a thousand songs, clearer, louder and more sorrowful than yours,
A thousand warbling echoes have started to life within me, never to die.

O you singer solitary, singing by yourself, projecting me,
O solitary me listening, never more shall I cease perpetuating you,
Never more shall I escape, never more the reverberations,
Never more the cries of unsatisfied love be absent from me,
Never again leave me to be the peaceful child I was before what there in the night,
By the sea under the yellow and sagging moon,
The messenger there arous'd, the fire, the sweet hell within,
The unknown want, the destiny of me.

O give me the clew! (it lurks in the night here somewhere,)
O if I am to have so much, let me have more!

A word then, (for I will conquer it,)
The word final, superior to all,
Subtle, sent up—what is it?—I listen;
Are you whispering it, and have been all the time, you sea-waves?
Is that it from your liquid rims and wet sands?

Whereto answering, the sea,
Delaying not, hurrying not,
Whisper'd me through the night, and very plainly before daybreak,
Lisp'd to me the low and delicious word death,
And again death, death, death, death,
Hissing melodious, neither like the bird nor like my arous'd child's heart,
But edging near as privately for me rustling at my feet,
Creeping thence steadily up to my ears and laving me softly all over,
Death, death, death, death, death.

Which I do not forget,
But fuse the song of my dusky demon and brother,
That he sang to me in the moonlight on Paumanok's gray beach,
With the thousand responsive songs at random,
My own songs awaked from that hour,
And with them the key, the word up from the waves,
The word of the sweetest song and all songs,
That strong and delicious word which, creeping to my feet,
(Or like some old crone rocking the cradle, swathed in sweet garments, bending aside,)
The sea whisper'd me.

Matthew Arnold (1822-1888)

REQUIESCAT

STREW on her roses, roses,
And never a spray of yew!
In quiet she reposes;
Ah, would that I did too!

Her mirth the world required;
She bathed it in smiles of glee.
But her heart was tired, tired,
And now they let her be.

Her life was turning, turning,
In mazes of heat and sound;
But for peace her soul was yearning,
And now peace laps her round.

Her cabined, ample spirit,
It fluttered and failed for breath;
To-night it doth inherit
The vasty hall of death.

DOVER BEACH

THE sea is calm tonight,
The tide is full, the moon lies fair
Upon the straits;—on the French coast the light
Gleams and is gone; the cliffs of England stand,
Glimmering and vast, out in the tranquil bay.
Come to the window, sweet is the night-air!
Only, from the long line of spray
Where the sea meets the moon-blanched land,
Listen! you hear the grating roar
Of pebbles which the waves draw back, and fling,
At their return, up the high strand,

Begin, and cease, and then again begin,
With tremulous cadence slow, and bring
The eternal note of sadness in.

Sophocles long ago
Heard it on the Aegean, and it brought
Into his mind the turbid ebb and flow
Of human misery; we
Find also in the sound a thought,
Hearing it by this distant northern sea.

The Sea of Faith
Was once, too, at the full, and round earth's shore
Lay like the folds of a bright girdle furled.
But now I only hear
Its melancholy, long, withdrawing roar,
Retreating, to the breath
Of the night-wind, down the vast edges drear
And naked shingles[1] of the world.

Ah, love, let us be true
To one another! for the world, which seems
To lie before us like a land of dreams,
So various, so beautiful, so new,
Hath really neither joy, nor love, nor light,
Nor certitude, nor peace, nor help for pain;
And we are here as on a darkling plain
Swept with confused alarms of struggle and flight,
Where ignorant armies clash by night.

Emily Dickinson (1830-1886)

HOW HAPPY IS THE LITTLE STONE

How happy is the little stone
That rambles in the road alone,
And doesn't care about careers,

1. beaches.

And exigencies never fears;
Whose coat of elemental brown
A passing universe put on;
And independent as the sun,
Associates or glows alone,
Fulfilling absolute decree
In casual simplicity.

A THOUGHT WENT UP MY MIND

A THOUGHT went up my mind to-day
That I have had before,
But did not finish,—some way back,
I could not fix the year,

Nor where it went, nor why it came
The second time to me,
Nor definitely what it was,
Have I the art to say.

But somewhere in my soul, I know
I've met the thing before;
It just reminded me—'twas all—
And came my way no more.

WHERE SHIPS OF PURPLE

WHERE ships of purple gently toss
On seas of daffodil,
Fantastic sailors mingle,
And then—the wharf is still.

A ROUTE OF EVANESCENCE

A ROUTE of evanescence
With a revolving wheel;
A resonance of emerald,
A rush of cochineal;
And every blossom on the bush

The poems by Emily Dickinson are from *Poems by Emily Dickinson,* edited by Martha Dickinson Bianchi and Alfred Leete Hampson, by permission of Little, Brown & Company.

Adjusts its tumbled head,—
The mail from Tunis, probably,
An easy morning's ride.

TO FIGHT ALOUD

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,
Who fall, and none observe,
Whose dying eyes no country
Regards with patriot love.

We trust, in plumed procession,
For such the angels go,
Rank after rank, with even feet
And uniforms of snow.

APPARENTLY WITH NO SURPRISE

Apparently with no surprise
To any happy flower,
The frost beheads it at its play
In accidental power.
The blond assassin passes on,
The sun proceeds unmoved
To measure off another day
For an approving God.

William Morris (1834-1896)

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?

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 splash'd wretchedly;
And the wet dripp'd 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,
And very often was his place
Far off from her; he had to ride
Ahead, to see what might betide
When the roads cross'd; and sometimes, when
There rose a murmuring from his men,
Had to turn back with promises;
Ah me! she had but little ease;
And often for pure doubt and dread
She sobb'd, made giddy in the head
By the swift riding; while, for cold,
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
Beside the haystack in the floods.

For when they near'd that old soak'd hay,
They saw across the only way
That Judas, Godmar, and the three
Red running lions dismally
Grinn'd from his pennon, under which
In one straight line along the ditch,
They counted thirty heads.

So then,
While Robert turn'd round to his men,
She saw at once the wretched end,
And, stooping down, tried hard to rend

Her coif the wrong way from her head,
And hid her eyes; while Robert said:
"Nay, love, 't is scarcely two to one;
At Poictiers where we made them run
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
The court at Paris; those six men;
The gratings of the Chatelet;[1]
The swift Seine on some rainy day
Like this, and people standing by,
And laughing, while my weak hands try
To recollect how strong men swim.[2]
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 answer'd not, but cried his cry,
"St. George for Marny!"[3] 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
Upon his sword-hilt, someone 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
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."

1. a prison in Paris. 2. If a person accused of witchcraft drowned when he was thrown into the Seine River, he was judged innocent. 3. Sir Robert's family name.

She laid her hand upon her brow,
Then gazed upon the palm, as though
She thought her forehead bled, and "No,"
She said, and turn'd her head away,
As there were nothing else to say,
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,
And doing that I list to do
To your fair wilful body, while
Your knight lies dead?"

A wicked smile
Wrinkled her face, her lips grew thin,
A long way out she thrust her chin:
"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,
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,
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!
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
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
Of life or death!"

So, scarce awake,
Dismounting, did she leave that place,
And totter some yards: with her face
Turn'd upward to the sky she lay,
Her head on a wet heap of hay,
And fell asleep: and while she slept,
And did not dream, the minutes crept
Round to the twelve again; but she,
Being waked at last, sigh'd quietly,
And strangely childlike came, and said:
"I will not." Straightway Godmar's head,
As though it hung on strong wires, turn'd
Most sharply round, and his face burn'd.

For Robert—both his eyes were dry,
He could not weep, but gloomily
He seem'd to watch the rain; yea, too,
His lips were firm; he tried once more
To touch her lips; she reach'd out, sore
And vain desire so tortured them,
The poor grey lips, and now the hem
Of his sleeve brush'd 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
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,
Right backward the knight Robert fell,
And moan'd as dogs do, being half dead,
Unwitting, as I deem: so then
Godmar turn'd grinning to his men,
Who ran, some five or six, and beat
His head to pieces at their feet.

Then Godmar turn'd again and said:
"So Jehane, the first fitte[1] is read!

1. chapter.

Take note, my lady, that your way
Lies backward to the Chatelet!"
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.

Thomas Hardy (1840-1928)

AT TEA

THE kettle descants in a cosy drone,
And the young wife looks in her husband's face,
And then at her guest's, and shows in her own
Her sense that she fills an envied place;
And the visiting lady is all abloom,
And says there was never so sweet a room.

And the happy young housewife does not know
That the woman beside her was first his choice,
Till the fates ordained it could not be so. . . .
Betraying nothing in look or voice
The guest sits smiling and sips her tea,
And he throws her a stray glance yearningly.

IN TIME OF "THE BREAKING OF NATIONS"

I

ONLY a man harrowing clods
In a slow silent walk
With an old horse that stumbles and nods
Half asleep as they stalk.

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II

Only thin smoke without flame
  From the heaps of couch-grass;
Yet this will go onward the same
  Though Dynasties pass.

III

Yonder a maid and her wight
  Come whispering by:
War's annals will cloud into night
  Ere their story die.

"AH, ARE YOU DIGGING ON MY GRAVE?"

"AH, are you digging on my grave
  My loved one?—planting rue?"
—"No: yesterday he went to wed
One of the brightest wealth has bred.
'It cannot hurt her now,' he said,
  'That I should not be true.' "

"Then who is digging on my grave?
  My nearest dearest kin?"
—"Ah, no: they sit and think, 'What use!
What good will planting flowers produce?
No tendance of her mound can loose
  Her spirit from death's gin.' "

"But some one digs upon my grave?
  My enemy?—prodding sly?"
—"Nay: when she heard you had passed the Gate
That shuts on all flesh soon or late,
She thought you no more worth her hate,
  And cares not where you lie."

"Then who is digging on my grave?
  Say—since I have not guessed!"
—"O it is I, my mistress dear,
Your little dog, who still lives near,
And much I hope my movements here
  Have not disturbed your rest?"

"Ah, yes! *You* dig upon my grave. . .
  Why flashed it not on me
That one true heart was left behind!
What feeling do we ever find
To equal among human kind
  A dog's fidelity!"

"Mistress, I dug upon your grave
  To bury a bone, in case
I should be hungry near this spot
When passing on my daily trot.
I am sorry, but I quite forgot
  It was your resting-place."

Francis Thompson (1859-1907)

THE HOUND OF HEAVEN

I FLED Him, down the nights and down the days;
  I fled Him, down the arches of the years;
I fled Him, down the labyrinthine ways
  Of my own mind; and in the mist of tears
I hid from Him, and under running laughter.
    Up vistaed hopes I sped;
    And shot, precipitated,
Adown Titanic glooms of chasmèd fears,
  From those strong Feet that followed, followed after.
    But with unhurrying chase,
    And unperturbèd pace,
  Deliberate speed, majestic instancy,
    They beat—and a Voice beat
    More instant than the Feet—
  "All things betray thee, who betrayest Me."

    I pleaded, outlaw-wise,
By many a hearted[1] casement, curtained red,
  Trellised with intertwining charities;

1. in the shape of a heart.

(For, though I knew His love Who followèd,
Yet was I sore adread
Lest, having Him, I must have naught beside.)
But, if one little casement parted wide,
The gust of His approach would clash it to.
Fear wist not to evade, as Love wist to pursue.
Across the margent of the world I fled,
And troubled the gold gateways of the stars,
Smiting for shelter on their clangèd bars;
Fretted to dulcet jars
And silvern chatter the pale ports o' the moon.
I said to dawn: Be sudden—to eve: Be soon;
With thy young skiey blossoms heap me over
From this tremendous Lover!
Float thy vague veil about me, lest He see!
I tempted all His servitors, but to find
My own betrayal in their constancy,
In faith to Him their fickleness to me,
Their traitorous trueness, and their loyal deceit.
To all swift things for swiftness did I sue;
Clung to the whistling mane of every wind.
But whether they swept, smoothly fleet,
The long savannahs of the blue;
Or whether, Thunder-driven,
They clanged his chariot 'thwart a heaven,
Plashy with flying lightnings round the spurn o' their feet:—
Fear wist not to evade as Love wist to pursue.
Still with unhurrying chase,
And unperturbèd pace,
Deliberate speed, majestic instancy,
Came on the following Feet,
And a Voice above their beat—
"Naught shelters thee, who wilt not shelter Me."

I sought no more that after which I strayed
In face of man or maid;
But still within the little children's eyes
Seems something, something that replies,
They at least are for me, surely for me!
I turned me to them very wistfully;
But, just as their young eyes grew sudden fair
With dawning answers there,
Their angel plucked them from me by the hair.

"Come then, ye other children, Nature's—share
With me" (said I) "your delicate fellowship;
Let me greet you lip to lip,
Let me twine with your caresses,
Wantoning
With our Lady-Mother's vagrant tresses,
Banqueting
With her in her wind-walled palace,
Underneath her azured daïs,
Quaffing, as your taintless way is,
From a chalice
Lucent-weeping out of the dayspring."
So it was done:
I in their delicate fellowship was one—
Drew the bolt of Nature's secrecies.
I knew all the swift importings
On the wilful face of skies;
I knew how the clouds arise
Spumèd of the wild sea-snortings;
All that's born or dies
Rose and drooped with—made them shapers
Of mine own moods, or wailful or divine—
With them joyed and was bereaven.
I was heavy with the even,
When she lit her glimmering tapers
Round the day's dead sanctities.
I laughed in the morning's eyes.
I triumphed and I saddened with all weather,
Heaven and I wept together,
And its sweet tears were salt with mortal mine;
Against the red throb of its sunset-heart
I laid my own to beat,
And share commingling heat;
But not by that, by that, was eased my human smart.
In vain my tears were wet on Heaven's grey cheek.
For ah! we know not what each other says,
These things and I; in sound *I* speak—
Their sound is but their stir, they speak by silences.
Nature, poor stepdame, cannot slake my drouth;
Let her, if she would owe[1] me,
Drop yon blue bosom-veil of sky, and show me

1. own.

The breasts o' her tenderness:
Never did any milk of hers once bless
My thirsting mouth.
Nigh and nigh draws the chase,
With unperturbèd pace,
Deliberate speed, majestic instancy;
And past those noisèd Feet
A voice comes yet more fleet—
"Lo! naught contents thee, who content'st not Me."

Naked I wait Thy love's uplifted stroke!
My harness piece by piece Thou hast hewn from me,
And smitten me to my knee;
I am defenceless utterly,
I slept, methinks, and woke,
And, slowly gazing, find me stripped in sleep.
In the rash lustihead of my young powers,
I shook the pillaring hours
And pulled my life upon me; grimed with smears,
I stand amid the dust o' the mounded years—
My mangled youth lies dead beneath the heap.
My days have crackled and gone up in smoke,
Have puffed and burst as sun-starts on a stream.
Yea, faileth now even dream
The dreamer, and the lute the lutanist;
Even the linked fantasies, in whose blossomy twist
I swung the earth a trinket at my wrist,
Are yielding; cords of all too weak account
For earth with heavy griefs so overplussed.
Ah! is Thy love indeed
A weed, albeit an amaranthine weed,
Suffering no flowers except its own to mount?
Ah! must—
Designer infinite!—
Ah! must Thou char the wood ere Thou canst limn with it?
My freshness spent its wavering shower i' the dust;
And now my heart is as a broken fount,
Wherein tear-drippings stagnate, spilt down ever
From the dank thoughts that shiver
Upon the sighful branches of my mind.
Such is; what is to be?
The pulp so bitter, how shall taste the rind?
I dimly guess what Time in mists confounds;

Yet ever and anon a trumpet sounds
From the hid battlements of Eternity;
Those shaken mists a space unsettle, then
Round the half-glimpsèd turrets slowly wash again;
But not ere him who summoneth
I first have seen, enwound
With glooming robes purpureal, cypress-crowned;
His name I know, and what his trumpet saith.
Whether man's heart or life it be which yields
Thee harvest, must Thy harvest fields
Be dunged with rotten death?

Now of that long pursuit
Comes on at hand the bruit;
That Voice is round me like a bursting sea:
"And is thy earth so marred,
Shattered in shard on shard?
Lo, all things fly thee, for thou fliest Me!
Strange, piteous, futile thing!
Wherefore should any set thee love apart?
Seeing none but I makes much of naught" (He said),
"And human love needs human meriting:
How hast thou merited—
Of all man's clotted clay the dingiest clot?
Alack, thou knowest not
How little worthy of any love thou art!
Whom wilt thou find to love ignoble thee,
Save Me, save only Me?
All which I took from thee I did but take,
Not for thy harms,
But just that thou might'st seek it in My arms.
All which thy child's mistake
Fancies as lost, I have stored for thee at home:
Rise, clasp My hand, and come!"

Halts by me that footfall:
Is my gloom, after all,
Shade of His hand, outstretched caressingly?
"Ah, fondest, blindest, weakest,
I am He Whom thou seekest!
Thou dravest love from thee, who dravest Me."

Alfred Edward Housman (1859-1936)

TO AN ATHLETE DYING YOUNG

THE time you won your town the race
We chaired you through the market-place;
Man and boy stood cheering by,
And home we brought you shoulder-high.

Today, the road all runners come,
Shoulder-high we bring you home,
And set you at your threshold down,
Townsman of a stiller town.

Smart lad, to slip betimes away
From fields where glory does not stay
And early though the laurel grows
It withers quicker than the rose.

Eyes the shady night has shut
Cannot see the record cut,
And silence sounds no worse than cheers
After earth has stopped the ears.

Now you will not swell the rout
Of lads that wore their honors out,
Runners whom renown outran
And the name died before the man.

So set, before its echoes fade,
The fleet foot on the sill of shade,
And hold to the low lintel up
The still-defended challenge-cup.

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And round that early-laureled head
Will flock to gaze the strengthless dead,
And find unwithered on its curls
The garland briefer than a girl's.

IS MY TEAM PLOWING

"Is my team plowing,
That I was used to drive
And hear the harness jingle
When I was man alive?"

Aye, the horses trample,
The harness jingles now;
No change though you lie under
The land you used to plow.

"Is football playing
Along the river shore,
With lads to chase the leather,
Now I stand up no more?"

Aye, the ball is flying,
The lads play heart and soul;
The goal stands up, the keeper
Stands up to keep the goal.

"Is my girl happy,
That I thought hard to leave,
And has she tired of weeping
As she lies down at eve?"

Aye, she lies down lightly,
She lies not down to weep:
Your girl is well contented.
Be still, my lad, and sleep.

"Is my friend hearty,
Now I am thin and pine;
And has he found to sleep in
A better bed than mine?"

Yes, lad, I lie easy,
I lie as lads would choose;
I cheer a dead man's sweetheart.
Never ask me whose.

WHEN I WAS ONE-AND-TWENTY

When I was one-and-twenty
I heard a wise man say,
"Give crowns and pounds and guineas
But not your heart away;
Give pearls away and rubies
But keep your fancy free."
But I was one-and-twenty,
No use to talk to me.

When I was one-and-twenty
I heard him say again,
"The heart out of the bosom
Was never given in vain;
'Tis paid with sighs a-plenty
And sold for endless rue."
And I am two-and-twenty,
And oh, 'tis true, 'tis true.

William Butler Yeats (1865-1939)

SAILING TO BYZANTIUM

That is no country for old men. The young
In one another's arms, birds in the trees,
—Those dying generations—at their song,
The salmon-falls, the mackerel-crowded seas,
Fish, flesh, or fowl, commend all summer long

From William Butler Yeats: *The Tower,* copyright 1928, by The Macmillan Company and used with their permission and with the permission of Mrs. W. B. Yeats and The Macmillan Company of Canada.

Whatever is begotten, born, and dies.
Caught in that sensual music, all neglect
Monuments of unaging intellect.

An aged man is but a paltry thing,
A tattered coat upon a stick, unless
Soul clap its hands and sing, and louder sing
For every tatter in its mortal dress,
Nor is there singing school but studying
Monuments of its own magnificence;
And therefore I have sailed the seas and come
To the holy city of Byzantium.

O sages standing in God's holy fire
As in the gold mosaic of a wall,
Come from the holy fire, perne in a gyre,[1]
And be the singing-masters of my soul.
Consume my heart away; sick with desire
And fastened to a dying animal
It knows not what it is; and gather me
Into the artifice of eternity.

Once out of nature I shall never take
My bodily form from any natural thing,
But such a form as Grecian goldsmiths make
Of hammered gold and gold enamelling
To keep a drowsy Emperor awake;
Or set upon a golden bough to sing
To lords and ladies of Byzantium
Of what is past, or passing, or to come.

Edwin Arlington Robinson (1869-1935)

MR. FLOOD'S PARTY

OLD Eben Flood, climbing alone one night
Over the hill between the town below
And the forsaken upland hermitage

1. perne in a gyre: move in circular motion.

That held as much as he should ever know
On earth again of home, paused warily.
The road was his with not a native near;
And Eben, having leisure, said aloud,
For no man else in Tilbury Town to hear:

"Well, Mr. Flood, we have the harvest moon
Again, and we may not have many more;
The bird is on the wing, the poet says,
And you and I have said it here before.
Drink to the bird." He raised up to the light
The jug that he had gone so far to fill,
And answered huskily: "Well, Mr. Flood,
Since you propose it, I believe I will."

Alone, as if enduring to the end
A valiant armor of scarred hopes outworn,
He stood there in the middle of the road
Like Roland's ghost winding a silent horn.
Below him, in the town among the trees,
Where friends of other days had honored him,
A phantom salutation of the dead
Rang thinly till old Eben's eyes were dim.

Then, as a mother lays her sleeping child
Down tenderly, fearing it may awake,
He set the jug down slowly at his feet
With trembling care, knowing that most things break;
And only when assured that on firm earth
It stood, as the uncertain lives of men
Assuredly did not, he paced away,
And with his hand extended paused again:

"Well, Mr. Flood, we have not met like this
In a long time; and many a change has come
To both of us, I fear, since last it was
We had a drop together. Welcome home!"
Convivially returning with himself,
Again he raised the jug up to the light;
And with an acquiescent quaver said:
"Well, Mr. Flood, if you insist, I might.

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"Only a very little, Mr. Flood—
For auld lang syne. No more, sir; that will do."
So, for the time, apparently it did,
And Eben evidently thought so too;
For soon amid the silver loneliness
Of night he lifted up his voice and sang,
Secure, with only two moons listening,
Until the whole harmonious landscape rang—

"For auld lang syne." The weary throat gave out,
The last word wavered; and the song being done,
He raised again the jug regretfully
And shook his head, and was again alone.
There was not much that was ahead of him,
And there was nothing in the town below—
Where strangers would have shut the many doors
That many friends had opened long ago.

RICHARD CORY

WHENEVER Richard Cory went down town,
We people on the pavement looked at him:
He was a gentleman from sole to crown,
Clean favored, and imperially slim.

And he was always quietly arrayed,
And he was always human when he talked;
But still he fluttered pulses when he said,
"Good morning," and he glittered when he walked.

And he was rich—yes, richer than a king—
And admirably schooled in every grace:
In fine, we thought that he was everything
To make us wish that we were in his place.

So on we worked, and waited for the light,
And went without the meat, and cursed the bread;
And Richard Cory, one calm summer night,
Went home and put a bullet through his head.

HOW ANNANDALE WENT OUT

"They called it Annandale—and I was there
To flourish, to find words, and to attend:
Liar, physician, hypocrite, and friend,
I watched him; and the sight was not so fair
As one or two that I have seen elsewhere:
An apparatus not for me to mend—
A wreck, with hell between him and the end,
Remained of Annandale; and I was there.

"I knew the ruin as I knew the man;
So put the two together, if you can,
Remembering the worst you know of me.
Now view yourself as I was, on the spot—
With a slight kind of engine. Do you see?
Like this . . . You wouldn't hang me? I thought not."

From *The Town Down the River,* by Edwin Arlington Robinson, copyright 1910 by Charles Scribner's Sons, 1938 by Ruth Nivison; used by permission of the publishers.

Stephen Crane (1871-1900)

From WAR IS KIND

Do not weep, maiden, for war is kind.
Because your lover threw wild hands toward the sky
And the affrighted steed ran on alone,
Do not weep.
War is kind.

Hoarse, booming drums of the regiment,
Little souls who thirst for fight,
These men were born to drill and die.

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The unexplained glory flies above them,
Great is the battle-god, great, and his kingdom—
A field where a thousand corpses lie.

Do not weep, babe, for war is kind.
Because your father tumbled in the yellow trenches,
Raged at his breast, gulped and died,
Do not weep.
War is kind.

Swift blazing flag of the regiment,
Eagle with crest of red and gold,
These men were born to drill and die.
Point for them the virtue of slaughter,
Make plain to them the excellence of killing
And a field where a thousand corpses lie.

Mother whose heart hung humble as a button
On the bright splendid shroud of your son,
Do not weep.
War is kind.

Robert Frost (1875-

BIRCHES

When I see birches bend to left and right
Across the lines of straighter darker trees,
I like to think some boy's been swinging them.
But swinging doesn't bend them down to stay.
Ice-storms do that. Often you must have seen them
Loaded with ice a sunny winter morning
After a rain. They click upon themselves
As the breeze rises, and turn many-colored

The poems by Robert Frost are from *Complete Poems of Robert Frost,* copyright, 1930, 1939, 1949, by Henry Holt and Company, Inc. Used by permission of the publishers.

As the stir cracks and crazes their enamel.
Soon the sun's warmth makes them shed crystal shells
Shattering and avalanching on the snow-crust—
Such heaps of broken glass to sweep away
You'd think the inner dome of heaven had fallen.
They are dragged to the withered bracken by the load,
And they seem not to break; though once they are bowed
So low for long, they never right themselves:
You may see their trunks arching in the woods
Years afterwards, trailing their leaves on the ground
Like girls on hands and knees that throw their hair
Before them over their heads to dry in the sun.
But I was going to say when Truth broke in
With all her matter-of-fact about the ice-storm
(Now am I free to be poetical?)
I should prefer to have some boy bend them
As he went out and in to fetch the cows—
Some boy too far from town to learn baseball,
Whose only play was what he found himself,
Summer or winter, and could play alone.
One by one he subdued his father's trees
By riding them down over and over again
Until he took the stiffness out of them,
And not one but hung limp, not one was left
For him to conquer. He learned all there was
To learn about not launching out too soon
And so not carrying the tree away
Clear to the ground. He always kept his poise
To the top branches, climbing carefully
With the same pains you use to fill a cup
Up to the brim, and even above the brim.
Then he flung outward, feet first, with a swish,
Kicking his way down through the air to the ground.
So was I once myself a swinger of birches.
And so I dream of going back to be.
It's when I'm weary of considerations,
And life is too much like a pathless wood
Where your face burns and tickles with the cobwebs
Broken across it, and one eye is weeping
From a twig's having lashed across it open.
I'd like to get away from earth awhile
And then come back to it and begin over.
May no fate willfully misunderstand me

And half grant what I wish and snatch me away
Not to return. Earth's the right place for love:
I don't know where it's likely to go better.
I'd like to go by climbing a birch tree,
And climb black branches up a snow-white trunk
Toward heaven, till the tree could bear no more,
But dipped its top and set me down again.
That would be good both going and coming back.
One could do worse than be a swinger of birches.

THE ROAD NOT TAKEN

Two roads diverged in a yellow wood,
And sorry I could not travel both
And be one traveler, long I stood
And looked down one as far as I could
To where it bent in the undergrowth;

Then took the other, as just as fair,
And having perhaps the better claim,
Because it was grassy and wanted wear;
Though as for that the passing there
Had worn them really about the same,

And both that morning equally lay
In leaves no step had trodden black.
Oh, I kept the first for another day!
Yet knowing how way leads on to way,
I doubted if I should ever come back.

I shall be telling this with a sigh
Somewhere ages and ages hence:
Two roads diverged in a wood, and I—
I took the one less traveled by,
And that has made all the difference.

HOME BURIAL

He saw her from the bottom of the stairs
Before she saw him. She was starting down,
Looking back over her shoulder at some fear.
She took a doubtful step and then undid it

To raise herself and look again. He spoke
Advancing toward her: "What is it you see
From up there always—for I want to know?"
She turned and sank upon her skirts at that,
And her face changed from terrified to dull.
He said to gain time: "What is it you see?"
Mounting until she cowered under him.
"I will find out now—you must tell me, dear."
She, in her place, refused him any help
With the least stiffening of her neck and silence.
She let him look, sure that he wouldn't see,
Blind creature; and a while he didn't see.
But at last he murmured, "Oh," and again, "Oh."

"What is it—what?" she said.

"Just that I see."

"You don't," she challenged. "Tell me what it is."

"The wonder is I didn't see at once.
I never noticed it from here before.
I must be wonted to it—that's the reason.
The little graveyard where my people are!
So small the window frames the whole of it.
Not so much larger than a bedroom, is it?
There are three stones of slate and one of marble,
Broad-shouldered little slabs there in the sunlight
On the sidehill. We haven't to mind *those*.
But I understand: it is not the stones,
But the child's mound—"

"Don't, don't, don't, don't," she cried.

She withdrew shrinking from beneath his arm
That rested on the banister, and slid downstairs;
And turned on him with such a daunting look,
He said twice over before he knew himself:
"Can't a man speak of his own child he's lost?"

"Not you! Oh, where's my hat? Oh, I don't need it!
I must get out of here. I must get air.
I don't know rightly whether any man can."

"Amy! Don't go to someone else this time.
Listen to me. I won't come down the stairs."
He sat and fixed his chin between his fists.
"There's something I should like to ask you, dear."

"You don't know how to ask it."

"Help me, then."

Her fingers moved the latch for all reply.

"My words are nearly always an offense.
I don't know how to speak of anything
So as to please you. But I might be taught
I should suppose. I can't say I see how.
A man must partly give up being a man
With women-folk. We could have some arrangement
By which I'd bind myself to keep hands off
Anything special you're a-mind to name.
Though I don't like such things 'twixt those that love.
Two that don't love can't live together without them.
But two that do can't live together with them."
She moved the latch a little. "Don't—don't go.
Don't carry it to someone else this time.
Tell me about it if it's something human.
Let me into your grief. I'm not so much
Unlike other folks as your standing there
Apart would make me out. Give me my chance.
I do think, though, you overdo it a little.
What was it brought you up to think it the thing
To take your mother-loss of a first child
So inconsolably—in the face of love.
You'd think his memory might be satisfied—"

"There you go sneering now!"

"I'm not, I'm not!
You make me angry. I'll come down to you.
God, what a woman! And it's come to this,
A man can't speak of his own child that's dead."

"You can't because you don't know how to speak.
If you had any feelings, you that dug

With your own hand—how could you?—his little grave;
I saw you from that very window there,
Making the gravel leap and leap in air,
Leap up, like that, like that, and land so lightly
And roll back down the mound beside the hole.
I thought, Who is that man? I didn't know you.
And I crept down the stairs and up the stairs
To look again, and still your spade kept lifting.
Then you came in. I heard your rumbling voice
Out in the kitchen, and I don't know why,
But I went near to see with my own eyes.
You could sit there with the stains on your shoes
Of the fresh earth from your own baby's grave
And talk about your everyday concerns.
You had stood the spade up against the wall
Outside there in the entry, for I saw it."

"I shall laugh the worst laugh I ever laughed.
I'm cursed. God, if I don't believe I'm cursed."

"I can repeat the very words you were saying.
'Three foggy mornings and one rainy day
Will rot the best birch fence a man can build.'
Think of it, talk like that at such a time!
What had how long it takes a birch to rot
To do with what was in the darkened parlor?
You *couldn't* care! The nearest friends can go
With anyone to death, comes so far short
They might as well not try to go at all.
No, from the time when one is sick to death,
One is alone, and he dies more alone.
Friends make pretense of following to the grave,
But before one is in it, their minds are turned
And making the best of their way back to life
And living people, and things they understand.
But the world's evil. I won't have grief so
If I can change it. Oh, I won't, I won't!"

"There, you have said it all and you feel better.
You won't go now. You're crying. Close the door.
The heart's gone out of it: why keep it up.
Amy! There's someone coming down the road!"

"You—oh, you think the talk is all. I must go—
Somewhere out of this house. How can I make you—"

"If—you—do!" She was opening the door wider.
"Where do you mean to go? First tell me that.
I'll follow and bring you back by force. I *will!*—"

STOPPING BY WOODS ON A SNOWY EVENING

WHOSE woods these are I think I know.
His house is in the village though;
He will not see me stopping here
To watch his woods fill up with snow.

My little horse must think it queer
To stop without a farmhouse near
Between the woods and frozen lake
The darkest evening of the year.

He gives his harness bells a shake
To ask if there is some mistake.
The only other sound's the sweep
Of easy wind and downy flake.

The woods are lovely, dark and deep,
But I have promises to keep,
And miles to go before I sleep,
And miles to go before I sleep.

Wallace Stevens (1879-)

THE EMPEROR OF ICE-CREAM

CALL the roller of big cigars,
The muscular one, and bid him whip
In kitchen cups concupiscent curds.
Let the wenches dawdle in such dress

As they are used to wear, and let the boys
Bring flowers in last month's newspapers.
Let be be finale of seem.
The only emperor is the emperor of ice-cream.

Take from the dresser of deal
Lacking the three glass knobs, that sheet
On which she embroidered fantails once
And spread it so as to cover her face.
If her horny feet protrude, they come
To show how cold she is, and dumb.
Let the lamp affix its beam.
The only emperor is the emperor of ice-cream.

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Robinson Jeffers (1887-)

PROMISE OF PEACE

THE heads of strong old age are beautiful
Beyond all grace of youth. They have strange quiet,
Integrity, health, soundness, to the full
They've dealt with life and been attempered by it.
A young man must not sleep; his years are war
Civil and foreign but the former's worse;
But the old can breathe in safety now that they are
Forgetting what youth meant, the being perverse,
Running the fool's gauntlet and being cut
By the whips of the five senses. As for me,
If I should wish to live long it were but
To trade those fevers for tranquility,
Thinking though that's entire and sweet in the grave
How shall the dead taste the deep treasure they have?

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Thomas Stearns Eliot (1888-)

SWEENEY AMONG THE NIGHTINGALES

ὤμοι πέπληγμαι καιρίαν πληγὴν ἔσω.[1]

APENECK SWEENEY spreads his knees
Letting his arms hang down to laugh,
The zebra stripes along his jaw
Swelling to maculate giraffe.

The circles of the stormy moon
Slide westward toward the River Plate,
Death and the Raven drift above
And Sweeney guards the hornèd gate.

Gloomy Orion and the Dog
Are veiled; and hushed the shrunken seas;
The person in the Spanish cape
Tries to sit on Sweeney's knees

Slips and pulls the table cloth
Overturns a coffee-cup,
Reorganized upon the floor
She yawns and draws a stocking up;

The silent man in mocha brown
Sprawls at the window-sill and gapes;
The waiter brings in oranges
Bananas, figs and hothouse grapes;

The silent vertebrate in brown
Contracts and concentrates, withdraws;

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1. Alas! I am stricken by a timely blow within (from the drama *Agamemnon* of Aeschylus).

Rachel *née* Rabinovitch
Tears at the grapes with murderous paws;

She and the lady in the cape
Are suspect, thought to be in league;
Therefore the man with heavy eyes
Declines the gambit, shows fatigue,

Leaves the room and reappears
Outside the window, leaning in,
Branches of wistaria
Circumscribe a golden grin;

The host with someone indistinct
Converses at the door apart,
The nightingales are singing near
The Convent of the Sacred Heart,

And sang within the bloody wood
When Agamemnon cried aloud,
And let their liquid siftings fall
To stain the stiff dishonoured shroud.

John Crowe Ransom (1888-)

HERE LIES A LADY

HERE lies a lady of beauty and high degree.
Of chills and fever she died, of fever and chills,
The delight of her husband, her aunts, an infant of three,
And of medicos marvelling sweetly on her ills.

For either she burned, and her confident eyes would blaze,
And her fingers fly in a manner to puzzle their heads—

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What was she making? Why, nothing: she sat in a maze
Of old scraps of laces, snipped into curious shreds—

Or this would pass, and the light of her fire decline
Till she lay discouraged and cold as a thin stalk white and blown,
And would not open her eyes, to kisses, to wine;
The sixth of these states was her last; the cold settled down.

Sweet ladies, long may ye bloom, and toughly I hope ye may thole,
But was she not lucky? In flowers and lace and mourning,
In love and great honour we bade God rest her soul
After six little spaces of chill, and six of burning.

Archibald MacLeish (1892-)

ARS POETICA

A POEM should be palpable and mute
As a globed fruit

Dumb
As old medallions to the thumb

Silent as the sleeve-worn stone
Of casement ledges where the moss has grown—

A poem should be wordless
As the flight of birds

. . . . . .

A poem should be motionless in time
As the moon climbs

Leaving, as the moon releases
Twig by twig the night-entangled trees,

Leaving, as the moon behind the winter leaves,
Memory by memory the mind—

The selections from *Poems, 1924–1933,* by Archibald MacLeish, are reprinted by permission of and arrangement with Houghton Mifflin Company, the authorized publishers.

A poem should be motionless in time
As the moon climbs

. . . . . .

A poem should be equal to:
Not true

For all the history of grief
An empty doorway and a maple leaf

For love
The leaning grasses and two lights above the sea—

A poem should not mean
But be

YOU, ANDREW MARVELL

AND here face down beneath the sun
And here upon earth's noonward height
To feel the always coming on
The always rising of the night

To feel creep up the curving east
The earthly chill of dusk and slow
Upon those under lands the vast
And ever climbing shadow grow

And strange at Ecbatan the trees
Take leaf by leaf the evening, strange
The flooding dark about their knees
The mountains over Persia change

And now at Kermanshah the gate
Dark empty and the withered grass
And through the twilight now the late
Few travellers in the westward pass

And Baghdad darken and the bridge
Across the silent river gone
And through Arabia the edge
Of evening widen and steal on

And deepen on Palmyra's street
The wheel rut in the ruined stone
And Lebanon fade out and Crete
High through the clouds and overblown

And over Sicily the air
Still flashing with the landward gulls
And loom and slowly disappear
The sails above the shadowy hulls

And Spain go under and the shore
Of Africa the gilded sand
And evening vanish and no more
The low pale light across that land

Nor now the long light on the sea

And here face downward in the sun
To feel how swift how secretly
The shadow of the night comes on . . .

Ogden Nash (1902-)

THE PURIST

I GIVE you now Professor Twist,
A conscientious scientist.
Trustees exclaimed, "He never bungles!"
And sent him off to distant jungles.
Camped on a tropic riverside,
One day he missed his loving bride.
She had, the guide informed him later,
Been eaten by an alligator.
Professor Twist could not but smile.
"You mean," he said, "a crocodile."

From *I'm a Stranger Here Myself* by Ogden Nash, by permission of Little, Brown & Co. Copyright, 1938, by Ogden Nash.

The Short Stories

READING A SHORT STORY

You enjoy reading a short story because you want to find out *what* happens next and *why*. You are in a state of suspense until you discover whether the boy and girl fall in love; also, if your curiosity goes a little deeper, you want to know why these two persons fall in love. Your enjoyment is further increased if the author introduces obstacles to the happy ending of this love affair, such as lack of money or a job on the part of the boy, or parents who are not sympathetic to the marriage, or a villain with a late model convertible. And finally, after the boy and girl and the other characters have been involved in a chain of events (plot), you are pleased (or displeased) with the outcome, which may or may not be of the Hollywood (happy) type.

The plot outlined above is one that has been used by writers of fiction, with more or less skill, from the time of Homer (some thousand years before Christ) down to the present. Fundamentally, it is the basic pattern underlying "soap operas," Saturday-afternoon movie serials, and comic books; fundamentally, it is the same pattern used by Henry James and James Joyce in their highly finished short stories and novelettes. Implicit in this design is a definition of a short story: a brief narrative in prose artistically presenting characters in a conflict which leads to an outcome. Once again, as with the essay, you are reading a type of literature which gives, in artistic form, order and significance to some aspect of human experience. And once again, when you have acquired some knowledge and understanding of the technique of the short story and of its range of material, your pleasure from reading this art form will increase. You will find yourself preferring the short stories of James Joyce to soap operas because of the greater skill with which Joyce handles his materials and the greater validity of his insights.

Since you are probably more familiar with the novel (another kind of narrative fiction) than with the short story, it will be informative to see how these two forms differ. The principal difference between them is that the short story possesses a higher degree of concentration than the novel, a concentration that is found in the following characteristics of the short story: *brevity* (according to Edgar Allan Poe, the short story must be brief enough to be read at a single sitting); *economy of language* (every word and sentence must point up the author's intention); *a single setting; one main action* (which begins quickly and ends quickly); *a limited number of characters* (sometimes as few as two or three); and *unity of effect* or *mood*. These characteristics indicate that the writing of the short story is a highly selective art which requires from its practitioners an expert skill.

What that skill calls for (and what you as the reader will find pleasure in analyzing) can be suggested by examining some of the processes of writing the short story. As part of that process the author selects that material (characters, actions, settings) which he believes will best communicate his ideas and emotions and observations to you. In "Night Club" (page 388), for example, Katharine Brush wants to show how insensible a certain type of person can be to the varied and exciting life about her (and how, ironically, this character resorts to magazines and newspapers for contact with actuality). The author, in achieving her purpose, selects a night club for her setting (where, presumably, the action is full and externally vivid) and a woman attendant as the chief character (a person who ought to be in a position to see and understand all that is taking place). Miss Brush, then, has made a deliberate choice of setting and character for her story; and you the reader are warranted in criticizing her choice of material.

The writer also chooses a point of view from which to present his material. He may select one of the following: (1) that of the *omniscient author,* from which point of view the author knows what all his characters are doing and thinking, no matter where they are; (2) that of the *witness,* a person outside the story who sees the events unfold without himself being involved; (3) that of a *character within the story* (sometimes the author or a person identified with him) either in the first or third person. Today many writers believe that a story gains in verisimilitude when it is written from this third point of view; they hold that the character who sees and tells the story has the limited and restricted vision of a person in real life, who obviously does not know everything that goes on around him and who only gradually perceives the truth. Sometimes these several points of view are combined, as in "Night Club," where the point of view is that of both the author (omniscient) and the main character; it is part of the irony of the general situation that you see and know not only what comes within the ken of the main character but also more than what she observes. Here, as in all good narrative writing, the choice of technique points up the significance of the story. Manner and matter are the warp and woof of one and the same cloth.

Having chosen his material and point of view, the author writes his story in a method that best allows him to communicate it to you. Again, he has a choice of methods: (1) he may baldly describe the appearances and mental and emotional states of his characters and then summarize their actions, as though he were writing a plot synopsis; (2) he may permit his characters to present themselves, largely through dialogue (with only a brief description of the actions and background by the author), in a dramatic fashion that gives the impression of reality; or (3) he may

describe the thoughts and emotions of his characters as they pass through a series of experiences, jotting down in stenographic fashion everything that appears in their minds (a modern technique that is called *stream-of-consciousness,* best exemplified, among the authors represented in this collection, by James Joyce). In "Night Club" Katharine Brush largely uses the second of these methods. After an extended description of the ladies' dressing room (the setting warrants this attention because of its importance in the story) the author allows the patrons of the night club to wander into the room, where first their physical appearance is briefly described and then their conversation recorded. But nowhere does the author delve into the minds and hearts of her creations and tell you what they are thinking and feeling; nor does she stop to interpret and explain for you. Like the woman attendant in the story, you see and understand only what it is within your power to see and understand. (Of course, you are aided in your comprehension by the storytelling skill of Miss Brush.)

Other elements of the short story, which are suggested in the "Scheme for the Study of the Short Story" at the end of this discussion, concern the use of conflict, character development and motivation, plot (antecedent action, initial impulse, rising action, climax, falling action, dénouement), integration of materials, and suspense.

When you read a short story, your appreciation and understanding of it will be greatly enhanced if you are aware of the author's craftsmanship as evidenced by his mastery of some of the technical qualities just discussed. Just as important as technique, however, is the author's insight into some aspect of experience, whether it be knowledge of a human being, or the relationships between human beings, or the atmosphere of a place, or an emotion, or an idea, or a bit of physical nature. For example, at the end of "The Dead" (page 321), James Joyce depicts the emotion of a man, Gabriel Conroy, whose wife has just told him about her youthful lover—now long dead. That emotion begins in resentment and anger, but ends in an all-embracing compassion—for himself, for his wife, for the lover, for all people: "his soul swooned slowly as he heard the snow falling faintly through the universe and faintly falling, like the descent of their last end, upon all the living and the dead." Your part in the reading of this story is to re-create and re-experience the emotion of Gabriel Conroy; if you succeed, you will be realizing to the full the purpose of a fine art, literature, which gives you, not life, but the quality of life—life which has been transformed and heightened. Of help to you in projecting yourself into such a story as "The Dead" and identifying yourself with the emotions of its principal character are your own experiences, the experiences of other persons, and, above all, your imagination.

A SCHEME FOR THE STUDY OF THE SHORT STORY

Answering some or all of the following questions will help you better to analyze short stories and thus prepare yourself for classroom discussion.

1. Summarize the plot in no more than 100 words.
2. What is the theme?
3. What feeling is the reader expected to have for the main character? (Consider such emotions as love, admiration, respect, sympathetic understanding, indifference, amusement, dislike.)
4. (a) What are the major conflicting forces in the story as a whole? (b) In the main character?
5. What details are hardest for you to believe?
6. What are the main divisions (antecedent action, episodes, conclusion)?
7. How are the transitions made between the various episodes? (Con sider such devices as time, action, character, and idea.)
8. Find instances of preparation for later details.
9. What are the chief elements of suspense?
10. What significance attaches to the way in which the story ends?

THE CASK OF AMONTILLADO

By Edgar Allan Poe (1809-1849)

THE thousand injuries of Fortunato I had borne as I best could; but when he ventured upon insult, I vowed revenge. You, who so well know the nature of my soul, will not suppose, however, that I gave utterance to a threat. *At length* I would be avenged; this was a point definitively settled; but the very definitiveness with which it was resolved precluded the idea of risk. I must not only punish, but punish with impunity. A wrong is unredressed when retribution overtakes its redresser. It is equally unredressed when the avenger fails to make himself felt as such to him who has done the wrong.

It must be understood that neither by word nor deed had I given Fortunato cause to doubt my good-will. I continued, as was my wont, to smile in his face, and he did not perceive that my smile *now* was at the thought of his immolation.

He had a weak point, this Fortunato, although in other regards he was a man to be respected and even feared. He prided himself on his connoisseurship in wine. Few Italians have the true virtuoso spirit. For the most part their enthusiasm is adopted to suit the time and opportunity, to practice imposture upon the British and Austrian millionaires. In painting and gemmary Fortunato, like his countrymen, was a quack; but in the matter of old wines he was sincere. In this respect I did not differ from him materially: I was skillful in the Italian vintages myself, and bought largely whenever I could.

It was about dusk one evening, during the supreme madness of the carnival season, that I encountered my friend. He accosted me with excessive warmth, for he had been drinking much. The man wore motley. He had on a tight-fitting parti-striped dress, and his head was surmounted by the conical cap and bells. I was so pleased to see him that I thought I should never have done wringing his hand.

I said to him: "My dear Fortunato, you are luckily met. How remarkably well you are looking to-day! But I have received a pipe of what passes for Amontillado, and I have my doubts."

"How?" said he. "Amontillado? A pipe? Impossible! And in the middle of the carnival!"

"I have my doubts," I replied; "and I was silly enough to pay the full Amontillado price without consulting you in the matter. You were not to be found, and I was fearful of losing a bargain."

"Amontillado!"

"I have my doubts."

"Amontillado!"

"And I must satisfy them."

"Amontillado!"

"As you are engaged, I am on my way to Luchesi. If any one has a critical turn, it is he. He will tell me—"

"Luchesi cannot tell Amontillado from sherry."

"And yet some fools will have it that his taste is a match for your own."

"Come, let us go."

"Whither?"

"To your vaults."

"My friend, no; I will not impose upon your good-nature. I perceive you have an engagement. Luchesi—"

"I have no engagement; come."

"My friend, no. It is not the engagement, but the severe cold with which I perceive you are afflicted. The vaults are insufferably damp. They are incrusted with niter."

"Let us go, nevertheless. The cold is merely nothing. Amontillado! You have been imposed upon. And as for Luchesi, he cannot distinguish sherry from Amontillado."

Thus speaking, Fortunato possessed himself of my arm. Putting on a mask of black silk, and drawing a *roquelaure* closely about my person, I suffered him to hurry me to my palazzo.

There were no attendants at home; they had absconded to make merry in honor of the time. I had told them that I should not return until the morning, and had given them explicit orders not to stir from the house. These orders were sufficient, I well knew, to insure their immediate disappearance, one and all, as soon as my back was turned.

I took from their sconces two flambeaux, and, giving one to Fortunato, bowed him through several suites of rooms to the archway that led into the vaults. I passed down a long and winding staircase, requesting him to be cautious as he followed. We came at length to the foot of the descent, and stood together on the damp ground of the catacombs of the Montresors.

The gait of my friend was unsteady, and the bells upon his cap jingled as he strode.

"The pipe?" said he.

"It is farther on," said I; "but observe the white webwork which gleams from these cavern walls."

He turned towards me, and looked into my eyes with two filmy orbs that distilled the rheum of intoxication.

"Niter?" he asked at length.

"Niter," I replied. "How long have you had that cough?"

"Ugh! ugh! ugh!—ugh! ugh! ugh!—ugh! ugh! ugh!—ugh! ugh! ugh!—ugh! ugh! ugh!"

My poor friend found it impossible to reply for many minutes.

"It is nothing," he said, at last.

"Come," I said, with decision, "we will go back; your health is precious. You are rich, respected, admired, beloved; you are happy, as once I was. You are a man to be missed. For me it is no matter. We will go back; you will be ill, and I cannot be responsible. Besides, there is Luchesi—"

"Enough," he said; "the cough is a mere nothing; it will not kill me. I shall not die of a cough."

"True—true," I replied; "and, indeed, I had no intention of alarming you unnecessarily; but you should use all proper caution. A draught of this Medoc will defend us from the damps."

Here I knocked off the neck of a bottle which I drew from a long row of its fellows that lay upon the mold.

"Drink," I said, presenting him the wine.

He raised it to his lips with a leer. He paused and nodded to me familiarly, while his bells jingled.

"I drink," he said, "to the buried that repose around us."

"And I to your long life."

He again took my arm and we proceeded.

"These vaults," he said, "are extensive."

"The Montresors," I replied, "were a great and numerous family."

"I forget your arms."

"A huge human foot d'or, in a field azure; the foot crushes a serpent rampant whose fangs are imbedded in the heel."

"And the motto?'

"Nemo me impune lacessit."[1]

"Good!" he said.

The wine sparkled in his eyes and the bells jingled. My own fancy grew warm with the Medoc. We had passed through walls of piled bones, with casks and puncheons intermingling, into the inmost recesses of the catacombs. I paused again, and this time I made bold to seize Fortunato by an arm above the elbow.

"The niter!" I said; "see, it increases. It hangs like moss upon the vaults. We are below the river's bed. The drops of moisture trickle among the bones. Come, we will go back ere it is too late. Your cough—"

"It is nothing," he said; "let us go on. But first, another draught of the Medoc."

I broke and reached him a flagon of De Grâve. He emptied it at a breath. His eyes flashed with a fierce light. He laughed and threw the bottle upward with a gesticulation I did not understand.

I looked at him in surprise. He repeated the movement—a grotesque one.

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1. No one injures me with impunity.

"You do not comprehend?" he said.

"Not I," I replied.

"Then you are not of the brotherhood."

"How?"

"You are not of the masons."

"Yes, yes," I said; "yes, yes."

"You? Impossible! A mason?"

"A mason," I replied.

"A sign," he said.

"It is this," I answered, producing a trowel from beneath the folds of my *roquelaure*.

"You jest!" he exclaimed, recoiling a few paces. "But let us proceed to the Amontillado."

"Be it so," I said, replacing the tool beneath the cloak, and again offering him my arm. He leaned upon it heavily. We continued our route in search of the Amontillado. We passed through a range of low arches, descended, passed on, and, descending again, arrived at a deep crypt, in which the foulness of the air caused our flambeaux rather to glow than flame.

At the most remote end of the crypt there appeared another less spacious. Its walls had been lined with human remains, piled to the vault overhead, in the fashion of the great catacombs of Paris. Three sides of this interior crypt were still ornamented in this manner. From the fourth the bones had been thrown down, and lay promiscuously upon the earth, forming at one point a mound of some size. Within the wall thus exposed by the displacing of the bones we perceived a still interior recess, in depth about four feet, in width three, in height six or seven. It seemed to have been constructed for no especial use within itself, but formed merely the interval between two of the colossal supports of the roof of the catacombs, and was backed by one of their circumscribing walls of solid granite.

It was in vain that Fortunato, uplifting his dull torch, endeavored to pry into the depth of the recess. Its termination the feeble light did not enable us to see.

"Proceed," I said; "herein is the Amontillado. As for Luchesi—"

"He is an ignoramus," interrupted my friend, as he stepped unsteadily forward, while I followed immediately at his heels. In an instant he had reached the extremity of the niche, and, finding his progress arrested by the rock, stood stupidly bewildered. A moment more and I had fettered him to the granite. In its surface were two iron staples, distant from each other about two feet, horizontally. From one of these depended a short chain, from the other a padlock. Throwing the links about his waist, it was but the work of a few seconds to secure it. He was too much astounded to resist. Withdrawing the key, I stepped back from the recess.

"Pass your hand," I said, "over the wall; you cannot help feeling the

niter. Indeed it is *very* damp. Once more let me *implore* you to return. No? Then I must positively leave you. But I must first render you all the little attentions in my power."

"The Amontillado!" ejaculated my friend, not yet recovered from his astonishment.

"True," I replied: "the Amontillado."

As I said these words I busied myself among the pile of bones of which I have before spoken. Throwing them aside, I soon uncovered a quantity of building stone and mortar. With these materials and with the aid of my trowel, I began vigorously to wall up the entrance of the niche.

I had scarcely laid the first tier of the masonry when I discovered that the intoxication of Fortunato had in a great measure worn off. The earliest indication I had of this was a low, moaning cry from the depth of the recess. It was *not* the cry of a drunken man. There was then a long and obstinate silence. I laid the second tier, and the third, and the fourth; and then I heard the furious vibrations of the chain. The noise lasted for several minutes, during which, that I might harken to it with the more satisfaction, I ceased my labors and sat down upon the bones. When at last the clanking subsided, I resumed the trowel, and finished without interruption the fifth, the sixth, and the seventh tier. The wall was now nearly upon a level with my breast. I again paused, and, holding the flambeaux over the masonwork, threw a few feeble rays upon the figure within.

A succession of loud and shrill screams, bursting suddenly from the throat of the chained form, seemed to thrust me violently back. For a brief moment I hesitated, I trembled. Unsheathing my rapier, I began to grope with it about the recess; but the thought of an instant reassured me. I placed my hand upon the solid fabric of the catacombs and felt satisfied. I reapproached the wall. I replied to the yells of him who clamored. I re-echoed, I aided, I surpassed them in volume and in strength. I did this, and the clamorer grew still.

It was now midnight, and my task was drawing to a close. I had completed the eighth, the ninth, and the tenth tier. I had finished a portion of the last and the eleventh; there remained but a single stone to be fitted and plastered in. I struggled with its weight; I placed it partially in its destined position. But now there came from out the niche a low laugh that erected the hairs upon my head. It was succeeded by a sad voice, which I had difficulty in recognizing as that of the noble Fortunato. The voice said:

"Ha! ha! ha!—he! he!—a very good joke indeed, an excellent jest. We will have many a rich laugh about it at the palazzo—he! he! he!—over our wine—he! he! he!"

"The Amontillado!" I said.

"He! he! he!—he! he! he!—yes, the Amontillado. But is it not getting

late? Will not they be awaiting us at the palazzo,—the Lady Fortunato and the rest? Let us be gone."

"Yes," I said, "let us be gone."

"For the love of God, Montresor!"

"Yes," I said, "for the love of God!"

But to these words I harkened in vain for a reply. I grew impatient. I called aloud:

"Fortunato!"

No answer. I called again.

"Fortunato!"

No answer still. I thrust a torch through the remaining aperture and let it fall within. There came forth in return only a jingling of the bells. My heart grew sick—on account of the dampness of the catacombs. I hastened to make an end of my labor. I forced the last stone into its position; I plastered it up. Against the new masonry I re-erected the old rampart of bones. For the half of a century no mortal has disturbed them. *In pace requiescat*![2]

THE THREE STRANGERS

By Thomas Hardy (1840-1928)

AMONG the few features of agricultural England which retain an appearance but little modified by the lapse of centuries, may be reckoned the high, grassy and furzy downs, coombs, or ewe leases, as they are indifferently called, that fill a large area of certain counties in the south and southwest. If any mark of human occupation is met with hereon, it usually takes the form of the solitary cottage of some shepherd.

Fifty years ago such a lonely cottage stood on such a down, and may possibly be standing there now. In spite of its loneliness, however, the spot, by actual measurement, was not more than five miles from a county town. Yet that affected it little. Five miles of irregular upland, during the long inimical seasons, with their sleets, snows, rains, and mists, afford withdrawing space enough to isolate a Timon or a Nebuchadnezzar; much less, in fair weather, to please that less repellent tribe, the poets, philosophers, artists, and others who "conceive and meditate of pleasant things."

Some old earthen camp or barrow, some clump of trees, at least some starved fragment of ancient hedge is usually taken advantage of in the

2. May he rest in peace.

erection of these forlorn dwellings. But, in the present case, such a kind of shelter had been disregarded. Higher Crowstairs, as the house was called, stood quite detached and undefended. The only reason for its precise situation seemed to be the crossing of two footpaths at right angles hard by, which may have crossed there and thus for a good five hundred years. Hence the house was exposed to the elements on all sides. But, though the wind up here blew unmistakably when it did blow, and the rain hit hard whenever it fell, the various weathers of the winter season were not quite so formidable on the coomb as they were imagined to be by dwellers on low ground. The raw rimes were not so pernicious as in the hollows, and the frosts were scarcely so severe. When the shepherd and his family who tenanted the house were pitied for their sufferings from the exposure, they said that upon the whole they were less inconvenienced by "wuzzes and flames" (hoarses and phlegms) than when they had lived by the stream of a snug neighboring valley.

The night of March 28, 182–, was precisely one of the nights that were wont to call forth these expressions of commiseration. The level rainstorm smote walls, slopes, and hedges like the clothyard shafts of Senlac and Crecy. Such sheep and outdoor animals as had no shelter stood with their buttocks to the winds; while the tails of little birds trying to roost on some scraggy thorn were blown inside out like umbrellas. The gable end of the cottage was stained with wet, and the eavesdroppings flapped against the wall. Yet never was commiseration for the shepherd more misplaced. For that cheerful rustic was entertaining a large party in glorification of the christening of his second girl.

The guests had arrived before the rain began to fall, and they were all now assembled in the chief or living room of the dwelling. A glance into the apartment at eight o'clock on this eventful evening would have resulted in the opinion that it was as cozy and comfortable a nook as could be wished for in boisterous weather. The calling of its inhabitant was proclaimed by a number of highly polished sheep crooks without stems that were hung ornamentally over the fireplace, the curl of each shining crook varying from the antiquated type engraved in the patriarchal pictures of old family Bibles to the most approved fashion of the last local sheep fair. The room was lighted by half a dozen candles, having wicks only a trifle smaller than the grease which enveloped them, in candlesticks that were never used but at high days, holy days, and family feasts. The lights were scattered about the room, two of them standing on the chimney piece. This position of candles was in itself significant. Candles on the chimney piece always meant a party.

On the hearth, in front of a back-brand to give substance, blazed a fire of thorns, that crackled "like the laughter of the fool."

Nineteen persons were gathered here. Of these, five women, wearing

gowns of various bright hues, sat in chairs along the wall; girls shy and not shy filled the window-bench; four men, including Charley Jake, the hedge-carpenter, Elijah New, the parish-clerk, and John Pitcher, a neighboring dairyman, the shepherd's father-in-law, lolled in the settle; a young man and maid, who were blushing over tentative *pourparlers* on a life-companionship, sat beneath the corner-cupboard; and an elderly engaged man of fifty or upward moved restlessly about from spots where his betrothed was not to the spot where she was. Enjoyment was pretty general, and so much the more prevailed in being unhampered by conventional restrictions. Absolute confidence in each other's good opinion begat perfect ease, while the finishing stroke of manner, amounting to a truly princely serenity, was lent to the majority by the absence of any expression or trait denoting that they wished to get on in the world, enlarge their minds, or do any eclipsing thing whatever—which nowadays so generally nips the bloom and *bonhomie* of all except the two extremes of the social scale.

Shepherd Fennel had married well, his wife being a dairyman's daughter from a vale at a distance, who brought fifty guineas in her pocket—and kept them there, till they should be required for ministering to the needs of a coming family. This frugal woman had been somewhat exercised as to the character that should be given to the gathering. A sit-still party had its advantages; but an undisturbed position of ease in chairs and settles was apt to lead on the men to such an unconscionable deal of toping that they would sometimes fairly drink the house dry. A dancing party was the alternative; but this, while avoiding the foregoing objection on the score of good drink, had a counterbalancing disadvantage in the matter of good victuals, the ravenous appetites engendered by the exercise causing immense havoc in the buttery. Shepherdess Fennel fell back upon the intermediate plan of mingling short dances with short periods of talk and singing, so as to hinder any ungovernable rage in either. But this scheme was entirely confined to her own gentle mind: the shepherd himself was in the mood to exhibit the most reckless phases of hospitality.

The fiddler was a boy of those parts, about twelve years of age, who had a wonderful dexterity in jigs and reels, though his fingers were so small and short as to necessitate a constant shifting for the high notes, from which he scrambled back to the first position with sounds not of unmixed purity of tone. At seven the shrill tweedle-dee of this youngster had begun, accompanied by a booming groundbass from Elijah New, the parish clerk, who had thoughtfully brought with him his favorite musical instrument, the serpent. Dancing was instantaneous, Mrs. Fennel privately enjoining the players on no account to let the dance exceed the length of a quarter of an hour.

But Elijah and the boy, in the excitement of their position, quite forgot the injunction. Moreover, Oliver Giles, a man of seventeen, one of the

dancers, who was enamored of his partner, a fair girl of thirty-three rolling years, had recklessly handed a new crown piece to the musicians, as a bribe to keep going as long as they had muscle and wind. Mrs. Fennel, seeing the steam begin to generate on the countenances of her guests, crossed over and touched the fiddler's elbow and put her hand on the serpent's mouth. But they took no notice, and fearing she might lose her character of genial hostess if she were to interfere too markedly, she retired and sat down helpless. And so the dance whizzed on with cumulative fury, the performers moving in their planet-like courses, direct and retrograde, from apogee to perigee, till the hand of the well-kicked clock at the bottom of the room had traveled over the circumference of an hour.

While these cheerful events were in course of enactment within Fennel's pastoral dwelling, an incident having considerable bearing on the party had occurred in the gloomy night without. Mrs. Fennel's concern about the growing fierceness of the dance corresponded in point of time with the ascent of a human figure to the solitary hill of Higher Crowstairs from the direction of the distant town. This personage strode on through the rain without a pause, following the little-worn path which, further on in its course, skirted the shepherd's cottage.

It was nearly the time of full moon, and on this account, though the sky was lined with a uniform sheet of dripping cloud, ordinary objects out of doors were readily visible. The sad wan light revealed the lonely pedestrian to be a man of supple frame; his gait suggested that he had somewhat passed the period of perfect and instinctive agility, though not so far as to be otherwise than rapid of motion when occasion required. At a rough guess, he might have been about forty years of age. He appeared tall, but a recruiting sergeant, or other person accustomed to the judging of men's heights by the eye, would have discerned that this was chiefly owing to his gauntness, and that he was not more than five-feet-eight or nine.

Notwithstanding the regularity of his tread, there was caution in it, as in that of one who mentally feels his way; and despite the fact that it was not a black coat nor a dark garment of any sort that he wore, there was something about him which suggested that he naturally belonged to the black-coated tribes of men. His clothes were of fustian, and his boots hobnailed, yet in his progress he showed not the mud-accustomed bearing of hobnailed and fustianed peasantry.

By the time that he had arrived abreast of the shepherd's premises the rain came down, or rather came along, with yet more determined violence. The outskirts of the little settlement partially broke the force of wind and rain, and this induced him to stand still. The most salient of the shepherd's domestic erections was an empty sty at the forward corner of his hedgeless garden, for in these latitudes the principle of masking the homelier features of your establishment by a conventional frontage was un-

known. The traveler's eye was attracted to this small building by the pallid shine of the wet slates that covered it. He turned aside, and, finding it empty, stood under the pent-roof for shelter.

While he stood, the boom of the serpent within the adjacent house, and the lesser strains of the fiddler, reached the spot as an accompaniment to the surging hiss of the flying rain on the sod, its louder beating on the cabbage leaves of the garden, on the eight or ten beehives just discernible by the path, and its dripping from the eaves into a row of buckets and pans that had been placed under the walls of the cottage. For at Higher Crowstairs, as at all such elevated domiciles, the grand difficulty of housekeeping was an insufficiency of water; and a casual rainfall was utilized by turning out, as catchers, every utensil that the house contained. Some queer stories might be told of the contrivances for economy in suds and dishwaters that are absolutely necessitated in upland habitations during the droughts of summer. But at this season there were no such exigencies; a mere acceptance of what the skies bestowed was sufficient for an abundant store.

At last the notes of the serpent ceased and the house was silent. This cessation of activity aroused the solitary pedestrian from the reverie into which he had lapsed, and, emerging from the shed, with an apparently new intention, he walked up the path to the house door. Arrived here, his first act was to kneel down on a large stone beside the row of vessels, and to drink a copious draught from one of them. Having quenched his thirst he rose and lifted his hand to knock, but paused with his eye upon the panel. Since the dark surface of the wood revealed absolutely nothing, it was evident that he must be mentally looking through the door, as if he wished to measure thereby all the possibilities that a house of this sort might include, and how they might bear upon the question of his entry.

In his decision he turned and surveyed the scene around. Not a soul was anywhere visible. The garden path stretched downward from his feet, gleaming like the track of a snail; the roof of the little well (mostly dry), the well cover, the top rail of the garden gate, were varnished with the same dull liquid glaze; while, far away in the vale, a faint whiteness of more than usual extent showed that the rivers were high in the meads. Beyond all this winked a few bleared lamplights through the beating drops—lights that denoted the situation of the county town from which he had appeared to come. The absence of all notes of life in that direction seemed to clinch his intentions, and he knocked at the door.

Within, a desultory chat had taken the place of movement and musical sound. The hedge-carpenter was suggesting a song to the company, which nobody just then was inclined to undertake, so that the knock afforded a not unwelcome diversion.

"Walk in!" said the shepherd promptly.

The latch clicked upward, and out of the night our pedestrian appeared upon the door mat. The shepherd arose, snuffed two of the nearest candles, and turned to look at him.

Their light disclosed that the stranger was dark in complexion and not unprepossessing as to feature. His hat, which for a moment he did not remove, hung low over his eyes, without concealing that they were large, open, and determined, moving with a flash rather than a glance round the room. He seemed pleased with his survey, and, baring his shaggy head, said, in a rich deep voice, "The rain is so heavy, friends, that I ask leave to come in and rest awhile."

"To be sure, stranger," said the shepherd. "And faith, you've been lucky in choosing your time, for we are having a bit of a fling for a glad cause—though, to be sure, a man could hardly wish that glad cause to happen more than once a year."

"Nor less," spoke up a woman. "For 'tis best to get your family over and done with, as soon as you can, so as to be all the earlier out of the fag o't."

"And what may be this glad cause?" asked the stranger.

"A birth and christening," said the shepherd.

The stranger hoped his host might not be made unhappy, either by too many or too few of such episodes, and being invited by a gesture to a pull at the mug, he readily acquiesced. His manner, which, before entering, had been so dubious, was now altogether that of a careless and candid man.

"Late to be traipsing athwart this coomb—hey?" said the engaged man of fifty.

"Late it is, master, as you say.—I'll take a seat in the chimney corner, if you have nothing to urge against it, ma'am; for I am a little moist on the side that was next the rain."

Mrs. Shepherd Fennel assented, and made room for the self-invited comer, who, having got completely inside the chimney corner, stretched out his legs and his arms with the expansiveness of a person quite at home.

"Yes, I am rather cracked in the vamp," he said freely, seeing that the eyes of the shepherd's wife fell upon his boots, "and I am not well fitted either. I have had some rough times lately, and have been forced to pick up what I can get in the way of wearing, but I must find a suit better fit for working days when I reach home."

"One of hereabouts?" she inquired.

"Not quite that—further up the country."

"I thought so. And so be I; and by your tongue you come from my neighborhood."

"But you would hardly have heard of me," he said quickly. "My time would be long before yours, ma'am, you see."

This testimony to the youthfulness of his hostess had the effect of stopping her cross-examination.

"There is only one thing more wanted to make me happy," continued the newcomer. "And that is a little baccy, which I am sorry to say I am out of."

"I'll fill your pipe," said the shepherd.

"I must ask you to lend me a pipe likewise."

"A smoke, and no pipe about 'ee?"

"I have dropped it somewhere on the road."

The shepherd filled and handed him a new clay pipe, saying, as he did so, "Hand me your baccy-box—I'll fill that too, now I am about it."

The man went through the movement of searching his pockets.

"Lost that too?" said his entertainer, with some surprise.

"I am afraid so," said the man with some confusion. "Give it to me in a screw of paper." Lighting his pipe at the candle with a suction that drew the whole flame into the bowl, he resettled himself in the corner and bent his looks upon the faint steam from his damp legs, as if he wished to say no more.

Meanwhile the general body of guests had been taking little notice of this visitor by reason of an absorbing discussion in which they were engaged with the band about a tune for the next dance. The matter being settled, they were about to stand up when an interruption came in the shape of another knock at the door.

At sound of the same the man in the chimney corner took up the poker and began stirring the brands as if doing it thoroughly were the one aim of his existence; and a second time the shepherd said, "Walk in!" In a moment another man stood upon the straw-woven door mat. He too was a stranger.

This individual was one of a type radically different from the first. There was more of the commonplace in his manner, and a certain jovial cosmopolitanism sat upon his features. He was several years older than the first arrival, his hair being slightly frosted, his eyebrows bristly, and his whiskers cut back from his cheeks. His face was rather full and flabby, and yet it was not altogether a face without power. A few grog-blossoms marked the neighborhood of his nose. He flung back his long drab great-coat, revealing that beneath it he wore a suit of cinder-gray shade throughout, large heavy seals, of some metal or other that would take a polish, dangling from his fob as his only personal ornament. Shaking the water drops from his low-crowned glazed hat, he said, "I must ask for a few minutes' shelter, comrades, or I shall be wetted to my skin before I get to Casterbridge."

"Make yourself at home, master," said the shepherd, perhaps a trifle less heartily than on the first occasion. Not that Fennel had the least

tinge of niggardliness in his composition; but the room was far from large, spare chairs were not numerous, and damp companions were not altogether desirable at close quarters for the women and girls in their bright-colored gowns.

However, the second comer, after taking off his greatcoat, and hanging his hat on a nail in one of the ceiling beams as if he had been specially invited to put it there, advanced and sat down at the table. This had been pushed so closely into the chimney corner, to give all available room to the dancers, that its inner edge grazed the elbow of the man who had ensconced himself by the fire; and thus the two strangers were brought into close companionship. They nodded to each other by way of breaking the ice of unacquaintance, and the first stranger handed his neighbor the family mug—a huge vessel of brown ware, having its upper edge worn away like a threshold by the rub of whole generations of thirsty lips that had gone the way of all flesh, and bearing the following inscription burnt upon its rotund side in yellow letters:

THERE IS NO FUN
UNTILL I CUM

The other man, nothing loth, raised the mug to his lips, and drank on, and on, and on—till a curious blueness overspread the countenance of the shepherd's wife, who had regarded with no little surprise the first stranger's free offer to the second of what did not belong to him to dispense.

"I knew it!" said the toper to the shepherd with much satisfaction. "When I walked up your garden before coming in, and saw the hives all of a row, I said to myself, 'Where there's bees there's honey, and where there's honey there's mead.' But mead of such a truly comfortable sort as this I really didn't expect to meet in my older days." He took yet another pull at the mug, till it assumed an ominous elevation.

"Glad you enjoy it!" said the shepherd warmly.

"It is goodish mead," assented Mrs. Fennel, with an absence of enthusiasm which seemed to say that it was possible to buy praise for one's cellar at too heavy a price. 'It is trouble enough to make—and really I hardly think we shall make any more. For honey sells well, and we ourselves can make shift with a drop o' small mead and metheglin for common use from the comb-washings."

"Oh, but you'll never have the heart!" reproachfully cried the stranger in cinder gray, after taking up the mug a third time and setting it down empty. "I love mead, when 'tis old like this, as I love to go to church o' Sundays, or to relieve the needy any day of the week."

"Ha, ha, ha!" said the man in the chimney corner, who, in spite of the taciturnity induced by the pipe of tobacco, could not or would not refrain from this slight testimony to his comrade's humor.

Now the old mead of those days, brewed of the purest first year or maiden honey, four pounds to the gallon—with its due complement of white of eggs, cinnamon, ginger, cloves, mace, rosemary, yeast, and processes of working, bottling, and cellaring—tasted remarkably strong; but it did not taste so strong as it actually was. Hence, presently, the stranger in cinder gray at the table, moved by its creeping influence, unbuttoned his waistcoat, threw himself back in his chair, spread his legs, and made his presence felt in various ways.

"Well, well, as I say," he resumed, "I am going to Casterbridge, and to Casterbridge I must go. I should have been almost there by this time; but the rain drove me into your dwelling, and I'm not sorry for it."

"You don't live in Casterbridge?" said the shepherd.

"Not as yet, though I shortly mean to move there."

"Going to set up in trade, perhaps?"

"No, no," said the shepherd's wife. "It is easy to see that the gentleman is rich, and don't want to work at anything."

The cinder-gray stranger paused, as if to consider whether he would accept that definition of himself. He presently rejected it by answering, "Rich is not quite the word for me, dame. I do work, and I must work. And even if I only get to Casterbridge by midnight I must begin work there at eight tomorrow morning. Yes, het or wet, blow or snow, famine or sword, my day's work tomorrow must be done."

"Poor man! Then, in spite o' seeming, you be worse off than we?" replied the shepherd's wife.

" 'Tis the nature of my trade, men and maidens. 'Tis the nature of my trade more than my poverty. . . . But really and truly I must up and off, or I shan't get a lodging in the town." However, the speaker did not move, and directly added, "There's time for one more draught of friendship before I go; and I'd perform it at once if the mug were not dry."

"Here's a mug o' small," said Mrs. Fennel. "Small, we call it, though to be sure 'tis only the first wash o' the combs."

"No," said the stranger disdainfully. "I won't spoil your first kindness by partaking o' your second."

"Certainly not," broke in Fennel. "We don't increase and multiply every day, and I'll fill the mug again." He went away to the dark place under the stairs where the barrel stood. The shepherdess followed him.

"Why should you do this?" she said reproachfully, as soon as they were alone. "He's emptied it once, though it held enough for ten people; and now he's not contented wi' the small, but must needs call for more o' the strong! And a stranger unbeknown to any of us. For my part, I don't like the look o' the man at all."

"But he's in the house, my honey; and 'tis a wet night, and a christening. Daze it, what's a cup of mead more or less? There'll be plenty more next bee-burning."

"Very well—this time, then," she answered, looking wistfully at the barrel. "But what is the man's calling, and where is he one of, that he should come in and join us like this?"

"I don't know. I'll ask him again."

The catastrophe of having the mug drained dry at one pull by the stranger in cinder gray was effectually guarded against this time by Mrs. Fennel. She poured out his allowance in a small cup, keeping the large one at a discreet distance from him. When he had tossed off his portion the shepherd renewed his inquiry about the stranger's occupation.

The latter did not immediately reply, and the man in the chimney corner, with sudden demonstrativeness, said, "Anybody may know my trade—I'm a wheelwright."

"A very good trade for these parts," said the shepherd.

"And anybody may know mine—if they've the sense to find it out," said the stranger in cinder gray.

"You may generally tell what a man is by his claws," observed the hedge-carpenter, looking at his own hands. "My fingers be as full of thorns as an old pin-cushion is of pins."

The hands of the man in the chimney corner instinctively sought the shade, and he gazed into the fire as he resumed his pipe. The man at the table took up the hedge-carpenter's remark, and added smartly, "True; but the oddity of my trade is that, instead of setting a mark upon me, it sets a mark upon my customers."

No observation being offered by anybody in elucidation of this enigma, the shepherd's wife once more called for a song. The same obstacles presented themselves as at the former time—one had no voice, another had forgotten the first verse. The stranger at the table, whose soul had now risen to a good working temperature, relieved the difficulty by exclaiming that, to start the company, he would sing himself. Thrusting one thumb into the armhole of his waistcoat, he waved the other hand in the air, and, with an extemporizing gaze at the shining sheepcrooks above the mantelpiece, began:

O my trade it is the rarest one,
Simple shepherds all—
My trade is a sight to see;
For my customers I tie, and take them up on high,
And waft 'em to a far countree!

The room was silent when he had finished the verse—with one exception, that of the man in the chimney corner, who, at the singer's word, "Chorus!" joined him in a deep bass voice of musical relish:

And waft 'em to a far countree!

Oliver Giles, John Pitcher the dairyman, the parish-clerk, the engaged man of fifty, the row of young women against the wall, seemed lost in

thought not of the gayest kind. The shepherd looked meditatively on the ground, the shepherdess gazed keenly at the singer, and with some suspicion; she was doubting whether this stranger were merely singing an old song from recollection, or was composing one there and then for the occasion. All were as perplexed at the obscure revelation as the guests at Belshazzar's Feast, except the man in the chimney corner, who quietly said, "Second verse, stranger," and smoked on.

The singer thoroughly moistened himself from his lips inwards, and went on with the next stanza as requested:

> My tools are but common ones,
> Simple shepherds all—
> My tools are no sight to see:
> A little hempen string, and a post whereon to swing,
> Are implements enough for me!

Shepherd Fennel glanced round. There was no longer any doubt that the stranger was answering his question rhythmically. The guests one and all started back with suppressed exclamations. The young woman engaged to the man of fifty fainted halfway, and would have proceeded, but finding him wanting in alacrity for catching her she sat down trembling.

"Oh, he's the—!" whispered the people in the background, mentioning the name of an ominous public officer. "He's come to do it! 'Tis to be at Casterbridge jail tomorrow—the man for sheep-stealing—the poor clockmaker we heard of, who used to live away at Shottsford and had no work to do—Timothy Summers, whose family were a-starving, and so he went out of Shottsford by the highroad, and took a sheep in open daylight, defying the farmer and the farmer's wife and the farmer's lad, and every man jack among 'em. He" (and they nodded towards the stranger of the deadly trade) "is come from up the country to do it because there's not enough to do in his own county town, and he's got the place here now our own county man's dead; he's going to live in the same cottage under the prison wall."

The stranger in cinder gray took no notice of this whispered string of observations, but again wetted his lips. Seeing that his friend in the chimney corner was the only one who reciprocated his joviality in any way, he held out his cup towards that appreciative comrade, who also held out his own. They clinked together, the eyes of the rest of the room hanging upon the singer's actions. He parted his lips for the third verse; but at that moment another knock was audible upon the door. This time the knock was faint and hesitating.

The company seemed scared; the shepherd looked with consternation towards the entrance, and it was with some effort that he resisted his

alarmed wife's deprecatory glance, and uttered for the third time the welcoming words, "Walk in!"

The door was gently opened, and another man stood upon the mat. He, like those who had preceded him, was a stranger. This time it was a short, small personage, of fair complexion, and dressed in a decent suit of dark clothes.

"Can you tell me the way to—?" he began: when, gazing round the room to observe the nature of the company amongst whom he had fallen, his eyes lighted on the stranger in cinder gray. It was just at the instant when the latter, who had thrown his mind into his song with such a will that he scarcely heeded the interruption, silenced all whispers and inquiries by bursting into his third verse:

> Tomorrow is my working day,
> Simple shepherds all—
> Tomorrow is a working day for me:
> For the farmer's sheep is slain, and the lad who did it ta'en,
> And on his soul may God ha' merc-y!

The stranger in the chimney corner, waving cups with the singer so heartily that his mead splashed over on the hearth, repeated in his bass voice as before:

> And on his soul may God ha' merc-y!

All this time the third stranger had been standing in the doorway. Finding now that he did not come forward or go on speaking, the guests particularly regarded him. They noticed to their surprise that he stood before them the picture of abject terror—his knees trembling, his hand shaking so violently that the door latch by which he supported himself rattled audibly: his white lips were parted, and his eyes fixed on the merry officer of justice in the middle of the room. A moment more and he had turned, closed the door, and fled.

"What a man can it be?" said the shepherd.

The rest, between the awfulness of their late discovery and the odd conduct of this third visitor looked as if they knew not what to think, and said nothing. Instinctively they withdrew further and further from the grim gentleman in their midst, whom some of them seemed to take for the Prince of Darkness himself, till they formed a remote circle, an empty space of floor being left between them and him:

> . . . circulus, cujus centrum diabolus.

The room was so silent—though there were more than twenty people in it—that nothing could be heard but the patter of the rain against the window shutters, accompanied by the occasional hiss of a stray drop that

fell down the chimney into the fire, and the steady puffing of the man in the corner, who had now resumed his pipe of long clay.

The stillness was unexpectedly broken. The distant sound of a gun reverberated through the air—apparently from the direction of the county town.

"Be jiggered!" cried the stranger who had sung the song, jumping up.

"What does that mean?" asked several.

"A prisoner escaped from the jail—that's what it means."

All listened. The sound was repeated, and none of them spoke but the man in the chimney corner, who said quickly, "I've often been told that in this county they fire a gun at such times; but I never heard it till now."

"I wonder if it is *my* man?" murmured the personage in cinder gray.

"Surely it is!" said the shepherd involuntarily. "And surely we've zeed him! That little man who looked in at the door by now, and quivered like a leaf when he zeed ye and heard your song!"

"His teeth chattered, and the breath went out of his body," said the dairyman.

"And his heart seemed to sink within him like a stone," said Oliver Giles.

"And he bolted as if he'd been shot at," said the hedge-carpenter.

"True—his teeth chattered, and his heart seemed to sink; and he bolted as if he'd been shot at," slowly summed up the man in the chimney corner.

"I didn't notice it," remarked the hangman.

"We were all a-wondering what made him run off in such a fright," faltered one of the women against the wall, "and now 'tis explained!"

The firing of the alarm-gun went on at intervals, low and sullenly, and their suspicions became a certainty. The sinister gentleman in cinder gray roused himself. "Is there a constable here?" he asked, in thick tones. "If so, let him step forward."

The engaged man of fifty stepped quavering out from the wall, his betrothed beginning to sob on the back of the chair.

"You are a sworn constable?"

"I be, sir."

"Then pursue the criminal at once, with assistance, and bring him back here. He can't have gone far."

"I will, sir, I will—when I've got my staff. I'll go home and get it, and come sharp here, and start in a body."

"Staff!—never mind your staff; the man'll be gone!"

"But I can't do nothing without my staff—can I, William, and John, and Charles Jake? No; for there's the king's royal crown a painted on en in yaller and gold, and the lion and the unicorn, so as when I raise en up and hit my prisoner, 'tis made a lawful blow thereby. I wouldn't 'tempt

to take up a man without my staff—no, not I. If I hadn't the law to gie me courage, why, instead o' my taking up him he might take up me!"

"Now, I'm a king's man myself, and can give you authority enough for this," said the formidable officer in gray. "Now then, all of ye, be ready. Have ye any lanterns?"

"Yes—have ye any lanterns?—I demand it!" said the constable.

"And the rest of you able-bodied—"

"Able-bodied men—yes—the rest of ye!" said the constable.

"Have you some good stout staves and pitchforks—"

"Staves and pitchforks—in the name o' the law! And take 'em in yer hands and go in quest, and do as we in authority tell ye!"

Thus aroused, the men prepared to give chase. The evidence was, indeed, though circumstantial, so convincing, that but little argument was needed to show the shepherd's guests that after what they had seen it would look very much like connivance if they did not instantly pursue the unhappy third stranger, who could not as yet have gone more than a few hundred yards over such uneven country.

A shepherd is always well provided with lanterns; and, lighting these hastily, and with hurdle-staves in their hands, they poured out of the door, taking a direction along the crest of the hill, away from the town, the rain having fortunately a little abated.

Disturbed by the noise, or possibly by unpleasant dreams of her baptism, the child who had been christened began to cry heartbrokenly in the room overhead. These notes of grief came down through the chinks of the floor to the ears of the women below, who jumped up one by one, and seemed glad of the excuse to ascend and comfort the baby, for the incidents of the last half-hour greatly oppressed them. Thus in the space of two or three minutes the room on the ground floor was deserted quite.

But it was not for long. Hardly had the sound of footsteps died away when a man returned round the corner of the house from the direction the pursuers had taken. Peeping in at the door, and seeing nobody there, he entered leisurely. It was the stranger of the chimney corner, who had gone out with the rest. The motive of his return was shown by his helping himself to a cut piece of skimmer-cake that lay on a ledge beside where he had sat, and which he had apparently forgotten to take with him. He also poured out half a cup more mead from the quantity that remained, ravenously eating and drinking these as he stood. He had not finished when another figure came in just as quietly—his friend in cinder gray.

"Oh—you here?" said the latter, smiling. "I thought you had gone to help in the capture." And this speaker also revealed the object of his return by looking solicitously round for the fascinating mug of old mead.

"And I thought you had gone," said the other, continuing his skimmer-cake with some effort.

"Well, on second thoughts, I felt there were enough without me," said the first confidentially, "and such a night as it is, too. Besides, 'tis the business o' the Government to take care of its criminals—not mine."

"True; so it is. And I felt as you did, that there were enough without me."

"I don't want to break my limbs running over the humps and hollows of this wild country."

"Nor I neither, between you and me."

"These shepherd-people are used to it—simple-minded souls, you know, stirred up to anything in a moment. They'll have him ready for me before the morning, and no trouble to me at all."

"They'll have him, and we shall have saved ourselves all labor in the matter."

"True, true. Well, my way is to Casterbridge; and 'tis as much as my legs will do to take me that far. Going the same way?"

"No, I am sorry to say! I have to get home over there" (he nodded indefinitely to the right), "and I feel as you do, that it is quite enough for my legs to do before bedtime."

The other had by this time finished the mead in the mug, after which, shaking hands heartily at the door, and wishing each other well, they went their several ways.

In the meantime the company of pursuers had reached the end of the hog's-back elevation which dominated this part of the down. They had decided on no particular plan of action; and, finding that the man of the baleful trade was no longer in their company, they seemed quite unable to form any such plan now. They descended in all directions down the hill, and straightway several of the party fell into the snare set by Nature for all misguided midnight ramblers over this part of the cretaceous formation. The "lanchets," or flint slopes, which belted the escarpment at intervals of a dozen yards, took the less cautious ones unawares, and losing their footing on the rubbly steep they slid sharply downwards, the lanterns rolling from their hands to the bottom, and there lying on their sides till the horn was scorched through.

When they had again gathered themselves together, the shepherd, as the man who knew the country best, took the lead, and guided them round these treacherous inclines. The lanterns, which seemed rather to dazzle their eyes and warn the fugitive than to assist them in the exploration, were extinguished, due silence was observed; and in this more rational order they plunged into the vale. It was a grassy, briery, moist defile, affording some shelter to any person who had sought it; but the party perambulated it in vain, and ascended on the other side. Here they wandered apart, and after an interval closed together again to report progress. At the second time of closing in they found themselves near a lonely

ash, the single tree on this part of the coomb, probably sown there by a passing bird some fifty years before. And here, standing a little to one side of. the trunk, as motionless as the trunk itself, appeared the man they were in quest of, his outline being well defined against the sky beyond. The band noiselessly drew up and faced him.

"Your money or your life!" said the constable sternly to the still figure.

"No, no," whispered John Pitcher. " 'Tisn't our side ought to say that. That's the doctrine of vagabonds like him, and we be on the side of the law."

"Well, well," replied the constable impatiently; "I must say something, mustn't I? and if you had all the weight o' this undertaking upon your mind, perhaps you'd say the wrong thing too!—Prisoner at the bar, surrender, in the name of the Father—the Crown, I mane!"

The man under the tree seemed now to notice them for the first time, and, giving them no opportunity whatever for exhibiting their courage, he strolled slowly towards them. He was, indeed, the little man, the third stranger; but his trepidation had in a great measure gone.

"Well, travelers," he said, "did I hear ye speak to me?"

"You did: you've got to come and be our prisoner at once!" said the constable. "We arrest 'ee on the charge of not biding in Casterbridge jail in a decent proper manner to be hung tomorrow morning. Neighbors, do your duty, and seize the culpet!"

On hearing the charge, the man seemed enlightened, and, saying not another word, resigned himself with preternatural civility to the search party, who, with their staves in their hands, surrounded him on all sides, and marched him back towards the shepherd's cottage.

It was eleven o'clock by the time they arrived. The light shining from the open door, a sound of men's voices within, proclaimed to them as they approached the house that some new events had arisen in their absence. On entering they discovered the shepherd's living room to be invaded by two officers from Casterbridge jail, and a well-known magistrate who lived at the nearest county seat, intelligence of the escape having become generally circulated.

"Gentlemen," said the constable, "I have brought back your man—not without risk and danger; but everyone must do his duty! He is inside this circle of able-bodied persons, who have lent me useful aid, considering their ignorance of Crown work. Men, bring forward your prisoner!" And the third stranger was led to the light.

"Who is this?" said one of the officials.

"The man," said the constable.

"Certainly not," said the turnkey; and the first corroborated his statement.

"But how can it be otherwise?" asked the constable. "Or why was he

so terrified at sight o' the singing instrument of the law who sat there?" Here he related the strange behavior of the third stranger on entering the house during the hangman's song.

"Can't understand it," said the officer coolly. "All I know is that it is not the condemned man. He's quite a different character from this one; a gauntish fellow, with dark hair and eyes, rather good-looking, and with a musical bass voice that if you heard it once you'd never mistake as long as you lived."

"Why, souls—'twas the man in the chimney corner!"

"Hey—what?" said the magistrate, coming forward after inquiring particulars from the shepherd in the background. "Haven't you got the man after all?"

"Well, sir," said the constable, "he's the man we were in search of, that's true; and yet he's not the man we were in search of. For the man we were in search of was not the man we wanted, sir, if you understand my everyday way; for 'twas the man in the chimney corner!"

"A pretty kettle of fish altogether!" said the magistrate. "You had better start for the other man at once."

The prisoner now spoke for the first time. The mention of the man in the chimney corner seemed to have moved him as nothing else could do. "Sir," he said, stepping forward to the magistrate, "take no more trouble about me. The time is come when I may as well speak. I have done nothing; my crime is that the condemned man is my brother. Early this afternoon I left home at Shottsford to tramp it all the way to Casterbridge jail to bid him farewell. I was benighted, and called here to rest and ask the way. When I opened the door I saw before me the very man, my brother, that I thought to see in the condemned cell at Casterbridge. He was in this chimney corner; and jammed close to him, so that he could not have got out if he had tried, was the executioner who'd come to take his life, singing a song about it and not knowing that it was his victim who was close by, joining in to save appearances. My brother looked a glance of agony at me, and I knew he meant, 'Don't reveal what you see; my life depends on it.' I was so terror-struck that I could hardly stand, and, not knowing what I did, I turned and hurried away."

The narrator's manner and tone had the stamp of truth, and his story made a great impression on all around. "And do you know where your brother is at the present time?" asked the magistrate.

"I do not. I have never seen him since I closed this door."

"I can testify to that, for we've been between ye ever since," said the constable.

"Where does he think to fly to?—what is his occupation?"

"He's a watch-and-clock-maker, sir."

" 'A said 'a was a wheelwright—a wicked rogue," said the constable.

"The wheels of clocks and watches he meant, no doubt," said Shepherd Fennel. "I thought his hands were palish for's trade."

"Well, it appears to me that nothing can be gained by retaining this poor man in custody," said the magistrate; "your business lies with the other, unquestionably."

And so the little man was released off-hand; but he looked nothing the less sad on that account, it being beyond the power of magistrate or constable to raze out the written troubles in his brain, for they concerned another whom he regarded with more solicitude than himself. When this was done, and the man had gone his way, the night was found to be so far advanced that it was deemed useless to renew the search before the next morning.

Next day, accordingly, the quest for the clever sheepstealer became general and keen, to all appearance at least. But the intended punishment was cruelly disproportioned to the transgression, and the sympathy of a great many country folk in that district was strongly on the side of the fugitive. Moreover, his marvelous coolness and daring in hob-and-nobbing with the hangman, under the unprecedented circumstances of the shepherd's party, won their admiration. So that it may be questioned if all those who ostensibly made themselves so busy in exploring woods and fields and lanes were quite so thorough when it came to the private examination of their own lofts and outhouses. Stories were afloat of a mysterious figure being occasionally seen in some old overgrown trackway or other, remote from turnpike roads; but when a search was instituted in any of these suspected quarters nobody was found. Thus the days and weeks passed without tidings.

In brief, the bass-voiced man of the chimney corner was never recaptured. Some said that he went across the sea, others that he did not, but buried himself in the depths of a populous city. At any rate, the gentleman in cinder gray never did his morning's work at Casterbridge, nor met anywhere at all, for business purposes, the genial comrade with whom he had passed an hour of relaxation in the lonely house on the coomb.

The grass has long been green on the graves of Shepherd Fennel and his frugal wife; the guests who made up the christening party have mainly followed their entertainers to the tomb; the baby in whose honor they all had met is a matron in the sere and yellow leaf. But the arrival of the three strangers at the shepherd's that night, and the details connected therewith, is a story as well known as ever in the country about Higher Crowstairs.

THE JEWELS

By Guy De Maupassant (1850-1893)

At a party given by the assistant-chief of his office, M. Lantin met a young girl and fell completely in love with her.

The daughter of a provincial tax-collector, who had been dead for several years, she and her mother had come to Paris, where they often visited several bourgeois families in the neighborhood, hoping to find a husband for the young girl. They were poor and respectable, quiet and gentle. The girl appeared to be a paragon of virtue such as all wise young men dream of marrying. Her modest beauty had a charm of angelic reserve, and the trace of a smile which was constantly on her lips seemed to mirror her innocent heart.

She was praised by all; all who knew her kept repeating: "The man who gets her will be happy. He could do no better."

M. Lantin, at that time chief clerk in the Ministry of the Interior, at an annual salary of three thousand five hundred francs, asked her to marry him and was accepted.

He was incredibly happy with her. She managed his house so shrewdly that they seemed to be living luxuriously. He was the object of every attention, consideration, and endearment; and so great was her charm that even after six years he loved her more than he had at the start.

She had two tastes which disturbed him: her love of the theater and of imitation jewelry.

Her friends (the wives of some minor officials) always provided her with box seats for popular plays, occasionally even for first nights; she dragged her husband to these performances against his will. But they tired him frightfully after a hard day at the office. After a while he urged her to attend these performances with one of her female friends who would afterwards come home with her. Since she thought this arrangement somewhat unconventional at first, it was some time before she agreed. When at length she good-naturedly agreed, her hubsand's gratitude was boundless.

Soon her taste for the theater bred in her a desire to dress more fashionably. Her clothes remained quite simple, to be sure, always tasteful and modest; and her soft and irresistible beauty, humble and smiling, seemed to take on a new simplicity. But she formed the habit of wearing two large rhinestone earrings which looked like diamonds, imitation pearl necklaces, gold-plated bracelets, and combs studded with glass simulating precious stones.

Translated especially for this volume by Samuel N. Bogorad and Jack Trevithick.

Her husband, who took slight offense at this love for glittering display, often said: "My dear, a wife who cannot afford to pay for genuine jewels ought to show herself graced only by her own beauty and charm, which are her choicest ornaments."

But she would smile gently and reply: "What's the difference? I like it. It's my weakness. Even though I know you are right, I cannot change my nature. I do so love jewels!"

Then she would fondle the pearl necklaces, make the crystal-cut facets sparkle, and say: "But see how well made these are. You would swear they were the real thing."

He would smile and reply: "Your taste is bohemian."

Occasionally, of an evening, when they were sitting alone before the fire, having tea, she would place on the table the morocco-bound box in which she kept her "trinkets," as her husband called them; and she would examine her imitation jewels with such passionate attention that she seemed to be experiencing some secret and profound ecstasy. And then she would insist on putting a necklace around her husband's neck, laughing with all her heart and exclaiming: "How funny you are!" Then she would throw herself into his arms and kiss him fervidly.

One winter evening, after she had been to the Opéra, she returned home shivering with cold. The next morning she was coughing. A week later she died of pneumonia.

Lantin well-nigh followed her to the grave. His despair was so terrible that his hair turned white within a month. He wept from morning to night, his spirit racked with an unbearable torment, haunted by the memory of his dead wife—her smile, her voice, all her charm.

Time failed to temper his grief. Often, at the office, when his friends would drop in to chat with him, they would notice his cheeks suddenly swell, his nose wrinkle up, and his eyes fill with tears; he would make a ghastly face and begin to sob.

He had preserved his wife's room without change, and he would shut himself up in it every day to think of her; all the furniture, even her clothes, remained as they had been on the day she died.

But life was becoming hard for him. His salary, which, as managed by his wife, had sufficed for all the household needs, now proved insufficient for him alone. And he wondered with amazement how she had always been able to provide such excellent wines and delicacies, which he could no longer afford with his modest means.

He incurred some debts and ran after money as though he were in desperate straits. One morning, without a sou to his name, and a week to go before pay-day, it occurred to him to sell something; and immediately the thought came to him to dispose of his wife's "trinkets," for deep down in his heart he had always harbored a grudge against these

"deceptions," which used to irritate him. Seeing them every day somewhat spoiled the memory of his beloved.

For a long time he searched through the pile of gawdy jewels, left behind by his wife, for to the day she died she had obstinately bought them, bringing home a new jewel almost every night. He finally chose the large necklace which had been her favorite, thinking it might be worth six or eight francs, so very carefully was it made for an imitation.

He put it in his pocket and walked toward his office along the boulevards where he hoped to find a jeweler's shop which he might feel confident enough to enter.

Finally he saw one and went in, somewhat ashamed of displaying his poverty and of trying to sell a thing of so little value.

"Sir," he said to the merchant, "I should like to know what you think this trifle is worth."

The man took the necklace, looked at it, turned it over, weighed it, examined it through a magnifying glass, called his clerk, whispered something to him, placed the necklace on the counter and looked at it from a distance in order to judge its effect better.

M. Lantin, annoyed by all this ceremony, opened his mouth to say, "Oh! I know very well it isn't worth anything," upon which the jeweler declared:

"Sir, that is worth from twelve to fifteen thousand francs; but I could buy it only if you can assure me exactly where it comes from."

The widower opened his eyes wide in gaping amazement, not understanding. Finally, he stammered: "You say . . . ? Are you sure?" The other misunderstood his astonishment and dryly said: "You can try elsewhere if you think you can do better. As far as I'm concerned, it is worth at most fifteen thousand. You can come back to me if you cannot do better."

M. Lantin, completely astonished, took back the necklace and left, obeying a confused need to be alone and think.

But no sooner was he in the street than he felt like laughing, and he thought: "Oh! What a fool! What a fool! What if I had taken him at his word? That jeweler cannot distinguish the false from the real!"

And he entered the shop of another merchant at the entrance of the Rue de la Paix. As soon as he saw the jewel, the goldsmith cried out:

"Ah, well, well. Indeed, I recognize this necklace—it comes from my shop."

M. Lantin, very much troubled, asked:

"How much is it worth?"

"Sir, I sold it for twenty-five thousand. I am prepared to buy it back for eighteen thousand as soon as you inform me how you come to have it. The law requires me to secure this information."

This time, M. Lantin sat down in paralyzed astonishment. He replied:

"But . . . but, examine it carefully, sir. Up to now I had thought it was an . . . imitation."

The jeweler said: "Will you tell me your name, sir?"

"Certainly, my name is Lantin, I work for the Ministry of the Interior, and I live at 16, Rue des Martyrs."

The merchant opened his records, looked through them, and said: "This necklace was in fact sent to the address of Madame Lantin, 16, Rue des Martyrs, on July 20, 1876."

And the two men looked into each other's eyes, M. Lantin dumb with surprise, the goldsmith smelling a thief.

The latter asked: "Will you leave the necklace here for just twenty-four hours? I'll give you a receipt for it."

M. Lantin stammered: "Why, yes, of course." And he went out, folding the receipt and placing it in his pocket.

Then he crossed the street, walked up it, saw that he had taken the wrong way, came back to the Tuileries, crossed the Seine, saw again that he had made a mistake, and returned to the Champs Élysées without an idea in his head. He made an effort to reason, to understand. His wife could not have bought a necklace of such value. No, indeed. Why, then, it must have been a present! A present! From whom? Why?

He had stopped, and he remained standing in the middle of the avenue. A horrible doubt began to come over him. She? But then all the other jewels were also presents! It seemed to him that the earth was trembling, that a tree directly in front of him was falling; he stretched out his arms and collapsed, unconscious.

He regained consciousness in a pharmacist's shop, where some passers-by had carried him. He asked to be taken home and he shut himself up.

Until night he wept bitterly, biting a handkerchief to keep from crying aloud. Then he went to bed, overcome by fatigue and grief, and he slept heavily.

A ray of sunlight awakened him and he got up slowly to go to the office. It was difficult to work after such shocks. He thought then that he would ask his chief to excuse him; accordingly, he wrote him a note. Then he recalled that he had to go to the jeweler's; and he was covered with shame. He thought about it for a long time. He could not leave the necklace at the shop; so he dressed and went out.

It was a beautiful day—the blue sky covered the city, which seemed to smile. The streets were full of idlers with their hands in their pockets.

Watching them pass by, Lantin mused: "How happy are the rich! With money one can forget his griefs, go where he wishes, travel, relax. Oh! If only I were rich!"

He realized that he was hungry, not having eaten for two days. But he had no money. And then, remembering the necklace, he said to himself: "Eighteen thousand francs! Eighteen thousand francs! That was a sum!"

He reached the Rue de la Paix, and he began to pace up and down on the sidewalk across the street from the jeweler's. Eighteen thousand francs! Twenty times he was on the point of going in; but shame kept preventing him.

Yet he was hungry, very hungry indeed, and not a sou to his name. Suddenly he made up his mind, ran across the street so that he would have no time to think, and rushed into the jeweler's shop.

As soon as the merchant saw him, he welcomed him eagerly, offering him a seat with smiling politeness. Even the clerks came forward, slyly looking at Lantin, with smirks in their eyes and on their lips.

The jeweler declared: "I have made inquiries, sir, and if you are still of the same mind, I am ready to pay you the sum I mentioned."

Lantin stammered: "Why, yes, certainly."

The jeweler took out from a drawer eighteen thousand-franc notes, counted them, and handed them to Lantin, who signed a receipt and with trembling hands placed the money in his pocket.

Then, as he was leaving, he turned to the merchant, who was still smiling, and, lowering his eyes, said: "I have . . . I have some other jewels . . . which came to me . . . from the same source. Would you consider buying them also?"

The merchant bowed: "Why certainly, sir."

One of the clerks left so he could laugh out loud; another blew his nose loudly.

Lantin, unaffected, red in the face and serious, said: "I'll bring them to you."

And he took a cab to get the jewels.

When he returned to the jeweler's an hour later, he had not yet had his lunch. They began to examine the jewels piece by piece, appraising each one. Almost all of them had been purchased in that shop.

Lantin, at this moment, was inclined to dispute the evaluations, to become angry, to demand that he be shown the records of the sales, and to talk louder as the amounts increased.

The large diamond earrings were worth twenty thousand francs; the bracelets thirty-five thousand; the brooches, rings and lockets sixteen thousand; an emerald and sapphire necklace fourteen thousand; a gold chain with a diamond solitaire forty thousand: the total reached the figure of one hundred and ninety-six thousand francs.

The merchant remarked jokingly: "All this comes from a person whose savings were put into jewels."

Lantin said soberly: "That is as good a way as any of investing one's money." And he left, having agreed with the purchaser that on the next day another appraisal would be made.

When he was outside, he looked at the Colonne Vendôme as if it

were a greasy pole, at a carnival, which he might climb. He felt light enough to play leapfrog with the statue of Napoleon at the top of it.

He lunched at Voisin's and ordered wine at twenty francs a bottle.

Then he took a cab and rode through the Bois. He looked at the carriages with a certain amount of scorn, filled with the desire to shout at their occupants: "I too am rich. I'm worth two hundred thousand francs!"

Then he remembered his office. He had himself driven there, entered his chief's office pompously, and announced:

"I come, sir, to hand in my resignation. I have come into a fortune of three hundred thousand francs." He shook hands with his former co-workers and confided in them his plans for his new life. Then he dined at the Café Anglais.

Finding himself seated near a distinguished-looking gentleman, he could not resist the temptation to confide in him, with a certain affectation, that he had just inherited four hundred thousand francs.

For the first time in his life he was not bored at the theater, and he passed the night with some girls.

Six months later he married again. His second wife was very respectable, but with a peevish personality. She made him suffer a great deal.

VANKA

By Anton Pavlovich Chekhov (1860-1904)

NINE-YEAR-OLD Vanka Zhukov, who had been apprentice to the shoemaker Aliakhin for three months, did not go to bed the night before Christmas. He waited till the master and mistress and the assistants had gone out to an early church-service, to procure from his employer's cupboard a small phial of ink and a penholder with a rusty nib; then, spreading a crumpled sheet of paper in front of him, he began to write.

Before, however, deciding to make the first letter, he looked furtively at the door and at the window, glanced several times at the sombre ikon, on either side of which stretched shelves full of lasts, and heaved a heart-rending sigh. The sheet of paper was spread on a bench, and he himself was on his knees in front of it.

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"Dear Grandfather Konstantin Makarych," he wrote, "I am writing you a letter. I wish you a Happy Christmas and all God's holy best. I have no mamma or papa, you are all I have."

Vanka gave a look towards the window in which shone the reflection of his candle, and vividly pictured to himself his grandfather, Konstantin Makarych, who was nightwatchman at Messrs. Zhivarev. He was a small, lean, unusually lively and active old man of sixty-five, always smiling and blear-eyed. All day he slept in the servants' kitchen or trifled with the cooks. At night, enveloped in an ample sheep-skin coat, he strayed around the domain tapping with his cudgel. Behind him, each hanging his head, walked the old bitch Kashtanka, and the dog Viun, so named because of his black coat and long body and his resemblance to a loach. Viun was an unusually civil and friendly dog, looking as kindly at a stranger as at his masters, but he was not to be trusted. Beneath his deference and humbleness was hid the most inquisitorial maliciousness. No one knew better than he how to sneak up and take a bite at a leg, or slip into the larder or steal a muzhik's chicken. More than once they had nearly broken his hind-legs, twice he had been hung up, every week he was nearly flogged to death, but he always recovered.

At this moment, for certain, Vanka's grandfather must be standing at the gate, blinking his eyes at the bright red windows of the village church, stamping his feet in their high-felt boots, and jesting with the people in the yard; his cudgel will be hanging from his belt, he will be hugging himself with cold, giving a little dry, old man's cough, and at times pinching a servant-girl or cook.

"Won't we take some snuff?" he asks, holding out his snuff-box to the women. The women take a pinch of snuff, and sneeze.

The old man goes into indescribable ecstasies, breaks into loud laughter, and cries:

"Off with it, it will freeze your nose!"

He gives his snuff to the dogs, too. Kashtanka sneezes, twitches her nose, and walks away offended. Viun deferentially refuses to sniff and wags his tail. It is glorious weather, not a breath of wind, clear, and frosty; it is a dark night, but the whole village, its white roofs and streaks of smoke from the chimneys, the trees silvered with hoarfrost, and the snowdrifts, you can see it all. The sky scintillates with bright twinkling stars, and the Milky Way stands out so clearly that it looks as if it had been polished and rubbed over for the holidays. . . .

Vanka sighs, dips his pen in the ink, and continues to write:

"Last night I got a thrashing, my master dragged me by my hair into the yard, and belaboured me with a shoemaker's stirrup, because, while I was rocking his brat in its cradle, I unfortunately fell asleep. And during the week, my mistress told me to clean a herring, and I began by its tail,

so she took the herring and stuck its snout into my face. The assistants tease me, send me to the tavern for vodka, make me steal the master's cucumbers, and the master beats me with whatever is handy. Food there is none; in the morning it's bread, at dinner, gruel, and in the evening bread again. As for tea or sour-cabbage soup, the master and the mistress guzzle that. They make me sleep in the vestibule, and when their brat cries, I don't sleep at all, but have to rock the cradle. Dear Grandpapa, for Heaven's sake, take me away from here, home to our village, I can't bear this anymore. . . . I bow to the ground to you, and will pray to God for ever and ever, take me from here or I shall die. . . ."

The corners of Vanka's mouth went down, he rubbed his eyes with his dirty fist, and sobbed.

"I'll grate your tobacco for you," he continued, "I'll pray to God for you, and if there is anything wrong, then flog me like the grey goat. And if you really think I shan't find work, then I'll ask the manager, for Christ's sake, to let me clean the boots, or I'll go instead of Fedya as underherdsman. Dear Grandpapa, I can't bear this anymore, it'll kill me. . . . I wanted to run away to our village, but I have no boots, and I was afraid of the frost, and when I grow up I will look after you, no one shall harm you, and when you die I'll pray for the repose of your soul, just like I do for mamma Pelagueya.

"As for Moscow, it is a large town, there are all gentlemen's houses, lots of horses, no sheep, and the dogs are not vicious. The children don't come round at Christmas with a star, no one is allowed to sing in the choir, and once I saw in a shop window hooks on a line and fishing rods, all for sale, and for every kind of fish, awfully convenient. And there was one hook which would catch a sheat-fish weighing a pound. And there are shops with guns, like the master's, and I am sure they must cost 100 rubles each. And in the meat-shops there are woodcocks, partridges, and hares, but who shot them or where they come from, the shopman won't say.

"Dear Grandpa, and when the masters give a Christmas tree, take a golden walnut and hide it in my green box. Ask the young lady, Olga Ignatyevna, for it, say it's for Vanka."

Vanka sighed convulsively, and again stared at the window. He remembered that his grandfather always went to the forest for the Christmas tree, and took his grandson with him. What happy times! The frost crackled, his grandfather crackled, and as they both did, Vanka did the same. Then before cutting down the Christmas tree his grandfather smoked his pipe, took a long pinch of snuff, and made fun of poor frozen little Vanka. . . . The young fir trees, wrapt in hoar-frost, stood motionless, waiting for which of them would die. Suddenly a hare springing from somewhere would dart over the snowdrift. . . . His grandfather could not help shouting:

"Catch it, catch it, catch it! Ah, short-tailed devil!"

When the tree was down, his grandfather dragged it to the master's house, and there they set about decorating it. The young lady, Olga Ignatyevna, Vanka's great friend, busied herself most about it. When little Vanka's mother, Pelagueya, was still alive, and was servant-woman in the house, Olga Ignatyevna used to stuff him with sugar-candy, and, having nothing to do, taught him to read, write, count up to one hundred, and even to dance the quadrille. When Pelagueya died, they placed the orphan Vanka in the kitchen with his grandfather, and from the kitchen he was sent to Moscow to Aliakhin, the shoemaker.

"Come quick, dear Grandpapa," continued Vanka, "I beseech you for Christ's sake take me from here. Have pity on a poor orphan, for here they beat me, and I am frightfully hungry, and so sad that I can't tell you, I cry all the time. The other day the master hit me on the head with a last; I fell to the ground, and only just returned to life. My life is a misfortune, worse than any dog's. . . . I send greetings to Aliona, to one-eyed Tegor, and the coachman, and don't let anyone have my mouth-organ. I remain, your grandson, Ivan Zhukov, dear Grandpapa, do come."

Vanka folded his sheet of paper in four, and put it into an envelope purchased the night before for a kopek. He thought a little, dipped the pen into the ink, and wrote the address:

"The village, to my grandfather." He then scratched his head, thought again, and added: "Konstantin Makarych." Pleased at not having been interfered with in his writing, he put on his cap, and, without putting on his sheep-skin coat, ran out in his shirtsleeves into the street.

The shopman at the poulterer's, from whom he had inquired the night before, had told him that letters were to be put into postboxes, and from there they were conveyed over the whole earth in mail troikas by drunken post-boys and to the sound of bells. Vanka ran to the first postbox and slipped his precious letter into the slit.

An hour afterwards, lulled by hope, he was sleeping soundly. In his dreams he saw a stove, by the stove his grandfather sitting with his legs dangling down, barefooted, and reading a letter to the cooks, and Viun walking round the stove wagging his tail.

THE OPEN WINDOW

By Saki (H. H. Munro) (1870-1916)

"My AUNT will be down presently, Mr. Nuttel," said a very self-possessed young lady of fifteen; "in the meantime you must try and put with me."

Framton Nuttel endeavoured to say the correct something which should duly flatter the niece of the moment without unduly discounting the aunt that was to come. Privately he doubted more than ever whether these formal visits on a succession of total strangers would do much towards helping the nerve cure which he was supposed to be undergoing.

"I know how it will be," his sister had said when he was preparing to migrate to this rural retreat; "you will bury yourself down there and not speak to a living soul, and your nerves will be worse than ever from moping. I shall just give you letters of introduction to all the people I know there. Some of them, as far as I can remember, were quite nice."

Framton wondered whether Mrs. Sappleton, the lady to whom he was presenting one of the letters of introduction, came into the nice division.

"Do you know many of the people round here?" asked the niece, when she judged that they had had sufficient silent communion.

"Hardly a soul," said Framton. "My sister was staying here, at the rectory, you know, some four years ago, and she gave me letters of introduction to some of the people here."

He made the last statement in a tone of distinct regret.

"Then you know practically nothing about my aunt?" pursued the self-possessed young lady.

"Only her name and address," admitted the caller. He was wondering whether Mrs. Sappleton was in the married or widowed state. An undefinable something about the room seemed to suggest masculine habitation.

"Her great tragedy happened just three years ago," said the child; "that would be since your sister's time."

"Her tragedy?" asked Framton; somehow in this restful country spot tragedies seemed out of place.

"You may wonder why we keep that window wide open on an October afternoon," said the niece, indicating a large French window that opened on to a lawn.

"It is quite warm for the time of the year," said Framton; "but has that window got anything to do with the tragedy?"

"Out through that window, three years ago to a day, her husband and her two young brothers went off for their day's shooting. They never came back. In crossing the moor to their favourite snipe-shooting ground they were all three engulfed in a treacherous piece of bog. It had been that dreadful wet summer, you know, and places that were safe in other years gave way suddenly without warning. Their bodies were never recovered. That was the dreadful part of it." Here the child's voice lost its self-possessed note and became falteringly human. "Poor aunt always thinks that they

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will come back some day, they and the little brown spaniel that was lost with them, and walk in at that window just as they used to do. That is why the window is kept open every evening till it is quite dusk. Poor dear aunt, she has often told me how they went out, her husband with his white waterpoof coat over his arm, and Ronnie, her youngest brother, singing, 'Bertie, why do you bound?' as he always did to tease her, because she said it got on her nerves. Do you know, sometimes on still, quiet evenings like this, I almost get a creepy feeling that they will all walk in through that window—"

She broke off with a little shudder. It was a relief to Framton when the aunt bustled into the room with a whirl of apologies for being late in making her appearance.

"I hope Vera has been amusing you?" she said.

"She has been very interesting," said Framton.

"I hope you don't mind the open window," said Mrs. Sappleton briskly; "my husband and brothers will be home directly from shooting, and they always come in this way. They've been out for snipe in the marshes today, so they'll make a fine mess over my poor carpets. So like you men-folk, isn't it?"

She rattled on cheerfully about the shooting and the scarcity of birds, and the prospects for duck in the winter. To Framton it was all purely horrible. He made a desperate but only partially successful effort to turn the talk on to a less ghastly topic; he was conscious that his hostess was giving him only a fragment of her attention, and her eyes were constantly straying past him to the open window and the lawn beyond. It was certainly an unfortunate coincidence that he should have paid his visit on this tragic anniversary.

"The doctors agree in ordering me complete rest, an absence of mental excitement, and avoidance of anything in the nature of violent physical exercise," announced Framton, who laboured under the tolerably widespread delusion that total strangers and chance acquaintances are hungry for the least detail of one's ailments and infirmities, their cause and cure. "On the matter of diet they are not so much in agreement," he continued.

"No?" said Mrs. Sappleton, in a voice which only replaced a yawn at the last moment. Then she suddenly brightened into alert attention—but not to what Framton was saying.

"Here they are at last!" she cried. "Just in time for tea, and don't they look as if they were muddy up to the eyes!"

Framton shivered slightly and turned towards the niece with a look intended to convey sympathetic comprehension. The child was staring out through the open window with dazed horror in her eyes. In a chill shock of nameless fear Framton swung around in his seat and looked in the same direction.

In the deepening twilight three figures were walking across the lawn towards the window; they all carried guns under their arms, and one of them was additionally burdened with a white coat hung over his shoulders. A tired brown spaniel kept close at their heels. Noiselessly they neared the house, and then a hoarse young voice chanted out of the dusk: "I said, Bertie, why do you bound?"

Framton grabbed wildly at his stick and hat; the hall-door, the gravel-drive, and the front gate were dimly noted stages in his headlong retreat. A cyclist coming along the road had to run into the hedge to avoid imminent collision.

"Here we are, my dear," said the bearer of the white mackintosh, coming in through the window; "fairly muddy, but most of it's dry. Who was that who bolted out as we came up?"

"A most extraordinary man, a Mr. Nuttel," said Mrs. Sappleton; "could only talk about his illness, and dashed off without a word of good-bye or apology when you arrived. One would think he had seen a ghost."

"I expect it was the spaniel," said the niece calmly; "he told me he had a horror of dogs. He was once hunted into a cemetery somewhere on the banks of the Ganges by a pack of pariah dogs, and had to spend the night in a newly dug grave with the creatures snarling and grinning and foaming just above him. Enough to make any one lose their nerve."

Romance at short notice was her specialty.

THE DEAD

By James Joyce (1882-1941)

LILY, the caretaker's daughter, was literally run off her feet. Hardly had she brought one gentleman into the little pantry behind the office on the ground floor and helped him off with his overcoat than the wheezy hall-door bell clanged again and she had to scamper along the bare hallway to let in another guest. It was well for her she had not to attend to the ladies also. But Miss Kate and Miss Julia had thought of that and had converted the bathroom upstairs into a ladies' dressing-room. Miss Kate and Miss Julia were there, gossiping and laughing and fussing, walking after each other to the head of the stairs, peering down over the banisters and calling down to Lily to ask her who had come.

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It was always a great affair, the Misses Morkan's annual dance. Everybody who knew them came to it, members of the family, old friends of the family, the members of Julia's choir, any of Kate's pupils that were grown up enough, and even some of Mary Jane's pupils too. Never once had it fallen flat. For years and years it had gone off in splendid style, as long as anyone could remember; ever since Kate and Julia, after the death of their brother Pat, had left the house in Stoney Batter and taken Mary Jane, their only niece, to live with them in the dark, gaunt house on Usher's Island, the upper part of which they had rented from Mr. Fulham, the corn-factor on the ground floor. That was a good thirty years ago if it was a day. Mary Jane, who was then a little girl in short clothes, was now the main prop of the household, for she had the organ in Haddington Road. She had been through the Academy and gave a pupils' concert every year in the upper room of the Ancient Concert Rooms. Many of her pupils belonged to the better-class families on the Kingstown and Dalkey line. Old as they were, her aunts also did their share. Julia, though she was quite grey, was still the leading soprano in Adam and Eve's, and Kate, being too feeble to go about much, gave music lessons to beginners on the old square piano in the back room. Lily, the caretaker's daughter, did housemaid's work for them. Though their life was modest, they believed in eating well; the best of everything: diamond-bone sirloins, three-shilling tea and the best bottled stout. But Lily seldom made a mistake in the orders, so that she got on well with her three mistresses. They were fussy, that was all. But the only thing they would not stand was back answers.

Of course, they had good reason to be fussy on such a night. And then it was long after ten o'clock and yet there was no sign of Gabriel and his wife. Besides they were dreadfully afraid that Freddy Malins might turn up screwed. They would not wish for worlds that any of Mary Jane's pupils should see him under the influence; and when he was like that it was sometimes very hard to manage him. Freddy Malins always came late, but they wondered what could be keeping Gabriel: and that was what brought them every two minutes to the banisters to ask Lily had Gabriel or Freddy come.

"O, Mr. Conroy," said Lily to Gabriel when she opened the door for him, "Miss Kate and Miss Julia thought you were never coming. Goodnight, Mrs. Conroy."

"I'll engage they did," said Gabriel, "but they forget that my wife here takes three mortal hours to dress herself."

He stood on the mat, scraping the snow from his goloshes, while Lily led his wife to the foot of the stairs and called out:

"Miss Kate, here's Mrs. Conroy."

Kate and Julia came toddling down the dark stairs at once. Both of them

kissed Gabriel's wife, said she must be perished alive, and asked was Gabriel with her.

"Here I am as right as the mail, Aunt Kate! Go on up. I'll follow," called out Gabriel from the dark.

He continued scraping his feet vigorously while the three women went upstairs, laughing, to the ladies' dressing-room. A light fringe of snow lay like a cape on the shoulders of his overcoat and like toecaps on the toes of his goloshes; and, as the buttons of his overcoat slipped with a squeaking noise through the snow-stiffened frieze, a cold, fragrant air from out-of-doors escaped from crevices and folds.

"Is it snowing again, Mr. Conroy?" asked Lily.

She had preceded him into the pantry to help him off with his overcoat. Gabriel smiled at the three syllables she had given his surname and glanced at her. She was a slim, growing girl, pale in complexion and with hay-coloured hair. The gas in the pantry made her look still paler. Gabriel had known her when she was a child and used to sit on the lowest step nursing a rag doll.

"Yes, Lily," he answered, "and I think we're in for a night of it."

He looked up at the pantry ceiling, which was shaking with the stamping and shuffling of feet on the floor above, listened for a moment to the piano and then glanced at the girl, who was folding his overcoat carefully at the end of a shelf.

"Tell me, Lily," he said in a friendly tone, "do you still go to school?"

"O no, sir," she answered. "I'm done schooling this year and more."

"O, then," said Gabriel gaily, "I suppose we'll be going to your wedding one of these fine days with your young man, eh?"

The girl glanced back at him over her shoulder and said with great bitterness:

"The men that is now is only all palaver and what they can get out of you."

Gabriel coloured, as if he felt he had made a mistake and, without looking at her, kicked off his goloshes and flicked actively with his muffler at his patent-leather shoes.

He was a stout, tallish young man. The high colour of his cheeks pushed upwards even to his forehead, where it scattered itself in a few formless patches of pale red; and on his hairless face there scintillated restlessly the polished lenses and the bright gilt rims of the glasses which screened his delicate and restless eyes. His glossy black hair was parted in the middle and brushed in a long curve behind his ears where it curled slightly beneath the groove left by his hat.

When he had flicked lustre into his shoes he stood up and pulled his waistcoat down more tightly on his plump body. Then he took a coin rapidly from his pocket.

"O Lily," he said, thrusting it into her hands, "it's Christmas-time, isn't it? Just . . . here's a little . . ."

He walked rapidly towards the door.

"O no, sir!" cried the girl, following him. "Really, sir, I wouldn't take it."

"Christmas-time! Christmas-time!" said Gabriel, almost trotting to the stairs and waving his hand to her in deprecation.

The girl, seeing that he had gained the stairs, called out after him:

"Well, thank you, sir."

He waited outside the drawing-room door until the waltz should finish, listening to the skirts that swept against it and to the shuffling of feet. He was still discomposed by the girl's bitter and sudden retort. It had cast a gloom over him which he tried to dispel by arranging his cuffs and the bows of his tie. He then took from his waistcoat pocket a little paper and glanced at the headings he had made for his speech. He was undecided about the lines from Robert Browning, for he feared they would be above the heads of his hearers. Some quotations that they would recognise from Shakespeare or from the Melodies would be better. The indelicate clacking of the men's heels and the shuffling of their soles reminded him that their grade of culture differed from his. He would only make himself ridiculous by quoting poetry to them which they could not understand. They would think that he was airing his superior education. He would fail with them just as he had failed with the girl in the pantry. He had taken up a wrong tone. His whole speech was a mistake from first to last, an utter failure.

Just then his aunts and his wife came out of the ladies' dressing-room. His aunts were two small, plainly dressed old women. Aunt Julia was an inch or so the taller. Her hair, drawn low over the tops of her ears, was grey; and grey also, with darker shadows, was her large flaccid face. Though she was stout in build and stood erect, her slow eyes and parted lips gave her the appearance of a woman who did not know where she was or where she was going. Aunt Kate was more vivacious. Her face, healthier than her sister's, was all puckers and creases, like a shrivelled red apple, and her hair, braided in the same old-fashioned way, had not lost its ripe nut colour.

They both kissed Gabriel frankly. He was their favourite nephew, the son of their dead elder sister, Ellen, who had married T. J. Conroy of the Port and Docks.

"Gretta tells me you're not going to take a cab back to Monkstown tonight, Gabriel," said Aunt Kate.

"No," said Gabriel, turning to his wife, "we had quite enough of that last year, hadn't we? Don't you remember, Aunt Kate, what a cold Gretta got out of it? Cab windows rattling all the way, and the east wind blowing in after we passed Merrion. Very jolly it was. Gretta caught a dreadful cold."

Aunt Kate frowned severely and nodded her head at every word.

"Quite right, Gabriel, quite right," she said. "You can't be too careful."

"But as for Gretta there," said Gabriel, "she'd walk home in the snow if she were let."

Mrs. Conroy laughed.

"Don't mind him, Aunt Kate," she said. "He's really an awful bother, what with green shades for Tom's eyes at night and making him do the dumb-bells, and forcing Eva to eat the stirabout. The poor child! And she simply hates the sight of it! . . . O, but you'll never guess what he makes me wear now!"

She broke out into a peal of laughter and glanced at her husband, whose admiring and happy eyes had been wandering from her dress to her face and hair. The two aunts laughed heartily, too, for Gabriel's solicitude was a standing joke with them.

"Goloshes!" said Mrs. Conroy. "That's the latest. Whenever it's wet underfoot I must put on my goloshes. Tonight even, he wanted me to put them on, but I wouldn't. The next thing he'll buy me will be a diving suit."

Gabriel laughed nervously and patted his tie reassuringly, while Aunt Kate nearly doubled herself, so heartily did she enjoy the joke. The smile soon faded from Aunt Julia's face and her mirthless eyes were directed towards her nephew's face. After a pause she asked:

"And what are goloshes, Gabriel?"

"Goloshes, Julia!" exclaimed her sister. "Goodness me, don't you know what goloshes are? You wear them over your . . . over your boots, Gretta, isn't it?"

"Yes," said Mrs. Conroy. "Guttapercha things. We both have a pair now. Gabriel says everyone wears them on the Continent."

"O, on the Continent," murmured Aunt Julia, nodding her head slowly.

Gabriel knitted his brows and said, as if he were slightly angered:

"It's nothing very wonderful, but Gretta thinks it very funny because she says the word reminds her of Christy Minstrels."

"But tell me, Gabriel," said Aunt Kate, with brisk tact. "Of course, you've seen about the room. Gretta was saying . . ."

"O, the room is all right," replied Gabriel. "I've taken one in the Gresham."

"To be sure," said Aunt Kate, "by far the best thing to do. And the children, Gretta, you're not anxious about them?"

"O, for one night," said Mrs. Conroy. "Besides, Bessie will look after them."

"To be sure," said Aunt Kate again. "What a comfort it is to have a girl like that, one you can depend on! There's that Lily, I'm sure I don't know what has come over her lately. She's not the girl she was at all."

Gabriel was about to ask his aunt some questions on this point, but she

broke off suddenly to gaze after her sister, who had wandered down the stairs and was craning her neck over the banisters.

"Now, I ask you," she said almost testily, "where is Julia going? Julia! Julia! Where are you going?"

Julia, who had gone half way down one flight, came back and announced blandly: "Here's Freddy."

At the same moment a clapping of hands and a final flourish of the pianist told that the waltz had ended. The drawing-room door was opened from within and some couples came out. Aunt Kate drew Gabriel aside hurriedly and whispered into his ear:

"Slip down, Gabriel, like a good fellow and see if he's all right, and don't let him up if he's screwed. I'm sure he's screwed. I'm sure he is."

Gabriel went to the stairs and listened over the banisters. He could hear two persons talking in the pantry. Then he recognized Freddy Malins' laugh. He went down the stairs noisily.

"It's such a relief," said Aunt Kate to Mrs. Conroy, "that Gabriel is here. I always feel easier in my mind when he's here. . . . Julia, there's Miss Daly and Miss Power will take some refreshment. Thanks for your beautiful waltz, Miss Daly. It made lovely time."

A tall wizen-faced man, with a stiff grizzled moustache and swarthy skin, who was passing out with his partner, said:

"And may we have some refreshment, too, Miss Morkan?"

"Julia," said Aunt Kate summarily, "and here's Mr. Browne and Miss Furlong. Take them in, Julia, with Miss Daly and Miss Power."

"I'm the man for the ladies," said Mr. Browne, pursing his lips until his moustache bristled and smiling in all his wrinkles. "You know, Miss Morkan, the reason they are so fond of me is—"

He did not finish his sentence, but, seeing that Aunt Kate was out of earshot, at once led the three young ladies into the back room. The middle of the room was occupied by two square tables placed end to end, and on these Aunt Julia and the caretaker were straightening and smoothing a large cloth. On the sideboard were arrayed dishes and plates, and glasses and bundles of knives and forks and spoons. The top of the closed square piano served also as a sideboard for viands and sweets. At a smaller sideboard in one corner two young men were standing, drinking hop-bitters.

Mr. Browne led his charges thither and invited them all, in jest, to some ladies' punch, hot, strong and sweet. As they said they never took anything strong, he opened three bottles of lemonade for them. Then he asked one of the young men to move aside, and, taking hold of the decanter, filled out for himself a goodly measure of whisky. The young men eyed him respectfully while he took a trial sip.

"God help me," he said, smiling, "it's the doctor's orders."

His wizened face broke into a broader smile, and the three young

ladies laughed in musical echo to his pleasantry, swaying their bodies to and fro, with nervous jerks of their shoulders. The boldest said:

"O, now, Mr. Browne, I'm sure the doctor never ordered anything of the kind."

Mr. Browne took another sip of his whisky and said, with sidling mimicry:

"Well, you see, I'm like the famous Mrs. Cassidy, who is reported to have said: 'Now, Mary Grimes, if I don't take it, make me take it, for I feel I want it.' "

His hot face had leaned forward a little too confidentially and he had assumed a very low Dublin accent so that the young ladies, with one instinct, received his speech in silence. Miss Furlong, who was one of Mary Jane's pupils, asked Miss Daly what was the name of the pretty waltz she had played; and Mr. Browne, seeing that he was ignored, turned promptly to the two young men who were more appreciative.

A red-faced young woman, dressed in pansy, came into the room, excitedly clapping her hands and crying:

"Quadrilles! Quadrilles!"

Close on her heels came Aunt Kate, crying:

"Two gentlemen and three ladies, Mary Jane!"

"O, here's Mr. Bergin and Mr. Kerrigan," said Mary Jane. "Mr. Kerrigan, will you take Miss Power? Miss Furlong, may I get you a partner, Mr. Bergin. O, that'll just do now."

"Three ladies, Mary Jane," said Aunt Kate.

The two young gentlemen asked the ladies if they might have the pleasure, and Mary Jane turned to Miss Daly.

"O, Miss Daly, you're really awfully good, after playing for the last two dances, but really we're so short of ladies tonight."

"I don't mind in the least, Miss Morkan."

"But I've a nice partner for you, Mr. Bartell D'Arcy, the tenor. I'll get him to sing later on. All Dublin is raving about him."

"Lovely voice, lovely voice!" said Aunt Kate.

As the piano had twice begun the prelude to the first figure Mary Jane led her recruits quickly from the room. They had hardly gone when Aunt Julia wandered slowly into the room, looking behind her at something.

"What is the matter, Julia?" asked Aunt Kate anxiously. "Who is it?"

Julia, who was carrying in a column of table-napkins, turned to her sister and said, simply, as if the question had surprised her:

"It's only Freddy, Kate, and Gabriel with him."

In fact right behind her Gabriel could be seen piloting Freddy Malins across the landing. The latter, a young man of about forty, was of Gabriel's size and build, with very round shoulders. His face was fleshy and pallid, touched with colour only at the thick hanging lobes of his ears and at the

wide wings of his nose. He had coarsė features, a blunt nose, a convex and receding brow, tumid and protruded lips. His heavy-lidded eyes and the disorder of his scanty hair made him look sleepy. He was laughing heartily in a high key at a story which he had been telling Gabriel on the stairs and at the same time rubbing the knuckles of his left fist backwards and forwards into his left eye.

"Good evening, Freddy," said Aunt Julia.

Freddy Malins bade the Misses Morkan good-evening in what seemed an offhand fashion by reason of the habitual catch in his voice and then, seeing that Mr. Browne was grinning at him from the sideboard, crossed the room on rather shaky legs and began to repeat in an undertone the story he had just told to Gabriel.

"He's not so bad, is he?" said Aunt Kate to Gabriel.

Gabriel's brows were dark but he raised them quickly and answered:

"O, no, hardly noticeable."

"Now, isn't he a terrible fellow!" she said. "And his poor mother made him take the pledge on New Year's Eve. But come on, Gabriel, into the drawing-room."

Before leaving the room with Gabriel she signalled to Mr. Browne by frowning and shaking her forefinger in warning to and fro. Mr. Browne nodded in answer and, when she had gone, said to Freddy Malins:

"Now, then, Teddy, I'm going to fill you out a good glass of lemonade just to buck you up."

Freddy Malins, who was nearing the climax of his story, waved the offer aside impatiently but Mr. Browne, having first called Freddy Malins' attention to a disarray in his dress, filled out and handed him a full glass of lemonade. Freddy Malins' left hand accepted the glass mechanically, his right hand being engaged in the mechanical readjustment of his dress. Mr. Browne, whose face was once more wrinkling with mirth, poured out for himself a glass of whisky while Freddy Malins exploded, before he had well reached the climax of his story, in a kink of high-pitched bronchitic laughter and, setting down his untasted and overflowing glass, began to rub the knuckles of his left fist backwards and forwards into his left eye, repeating words of his last phrase as well as his fit of laughter would allow him.

Gabriel could not listen while Mary Jane was playing her Academy piece, full of runs and difficult passages, to the hushed drawing-room. He liked music but the piece she was playing had no melody for him and he doubted whether it had any melody for the other listeners, though they had begged Mary Jane to play something. Four young men, who had come from the refreshment-room to stand in the doorway at the sound of the piano, had gone away quietly in couples after a few minutes. The only

persons who seemed to follow the music were Mary Jane herself, her hands racing along the key-board or lifted from it at the pauses like those of a priestess in momentary imprecation, and Aunt Kate standing at her elbow to turn the page.

Gabriel's eyes, irritated by the floor, which glittered with beeswax under the heavy chandelier, wandered to the wall above the piano. A picture of the balcony scene in *Romeo and Juliet* hung there and beside it was a picture of the two murdered princes in the Tower which Aunt Julia had worked in red, blue and brown wools when she was a girl. Probably in the school they had gone to as girls that kind of work had been taught for one year. His mother had worked for him as a birthday present a waistcoat of purple tabinet, with little foxes' heads upon it, lined with brown satin and having round mulberry buttons. It was strange that his mother had had no musical talent though Aunt Kate used to call her the brains carrier of the Morkan family. Both she and Julia had always seemed a little proud of their serious and matronly sister. Her photograph stood before the pierglass. She held an open book on her knees and was pointing out something in it to Constantine who, dressed in a man-o'-war suit, lay at her feet. It was she who had chosen the names of her sons for she was very sensible of the dignity of family life. Thanks to her, Constantine was now senior curate in Balbriggan and, thanks to her, Gabriel himself had taken his degree in the Royal University. A shadow passed over his face as he remembered her sullen opposition to his marriage. Some slighting phrases she had used still rankled in his memory; she had once spoken of Gretta as being country cute and that was not true of Gretta at all. It was Gretta who had nursed her during all her last long illness in their house at Monkstown.

He knew that Mary Jane must be near the end of her piece for she was playing again the opening melody with runs of scales after every bar and while he waited for the end the resentment died down in his heart. The piece ended with a trill of octaves in the treble and a final deep octave in the bass. Great applause greeted Mary Jane as, blushing and rolling up her music nervously, she escaped from the room. The most vigorous clapping came from the four young men in the doorway who had gone away to the refreshment-room at the beginning of the piece but had come back when the piano had stopped.

Lancers were arranged. Gabriel found himself partnered with Miss Ivors. She was a frank-mannered talkative young lady, with a freckled face and prominent brown eyes. She did not wear a low-cut bodice and the large brooch which was fixed in the front of her collar bore on it an Irish device and motto.

When they had taken their places she said abruptly:

"I have a crow to pluck with you."

"With me?" said Gabriel.

She nodded her head gravely.

"What is it?" asked Gabriel, smiling at her solemn manner.

"Who is G. C.?" answered Miss Ivors, turning her eyes upon him.

Gabriel coloured and was about to knit his brows, as if he did not understand, when she said bluntly:

"O, innocent Amy! I have found out that you write for *The Daily Express*. Now, aren't you ashamed of yourself?"

"Why should I be ashamed of myself?" asked Gabriel, blinking his eyes and trying to smile.

"Well, I'm ashamed of you," said Miss Ivors frankly. "To say you'd write for a paper like that. I didn't think you were a West Briton."

A look of perplexity appeared on Gabriel's face. It was true that he wrote a literary column every Wednesday in *The Daily Express,* for which he was paid fifteen shillings. But that did not make him a West Briton surely. The books he received for review were almost more welcome than the paltry cheque. He loved to feel the covers and turn over the pages of newly printed books. Nearly every day when his teaching in the college was ended he used to wander down the quays to the second-hand booksellers, to Hickey's on Bachelor's Walk, to Webb's or Massey's on Aston's Quay, or to O'Clohissey's in the by-street. He did not know how to meet her charge. He wanted to say that literature was above politics. But they were friends of many years' standing and their careers had been parallel, first at the University and then as teachers: he could not risk a grandiose phrase with her. He continued blinking his eyes and trying to smile and murmured lamely that he saw nothing political in writing reviews of books.

When their turn to cross had come he was still perplexed and inattentive. Miss Ivors promptly took his hand in a warm grasp and said in a soft friendly tone:

"Of course, I was only joking. Come, we cross now."

When they were together again she spoke of the University question and Gabriel felt more at ease. A friend of hers had shown her his review of Browning's poems. That was how she had found out the secret: but she liked the review immensely. Then she said suddenly:

"O, Mr. Conroy, will you come for an excursion to the Aran Isles this summer? We're going to stay there a whole month. It will be splendid out in the Atlantic. You ought to come. Mr. Clancy is coming, and Mr. Kilkelly and Kathleen Kearney. It would be splendid for Gretta too if she'd come. She's from Connacht, isn't she?"

"Her people are," said Gabriel shortly.

"But you will come, won't you?" said Miss Ivors, laying her warm hand eagerly on his arm.

"The fact is," said Gabriel, "I have just arranged to go—"

"Go where?" asked Miss Ivors.

"Well, you know, every year I go for a cycling tour with some fellows and so—"

"But where?" asked Miss Ivors.

"Well, we usually go to France or Belgium or perhaps Germany," said Gabriel awkwardly.

"And why do you go to France and Belgium," said Miss Ivors, "instead of visiting your own land?"

"Well," said Gabriel, "it's partly to keep in touch with the languages and partly for a change."

"And haven't you your own language to keep in touch with—Irish?" asked Miss Ivors.

"Well," said Gabriel, "if it comes to that, you know, Irish is not my language."

Their neighbours had turned to listen to the cross-examination. Gabriel glanced right and left nervously and tried to keep his good humour under the ordeal which was making a blush invade his forehead.

"And haven't you your own land to visit," continued Miss Ivors, "that you know nothing of, your own people, and your own country?"

"O, to tell you the truth," retorted Gabriel suddenly, "I'm sick of my own country, sick of it!"

"Why?" asked Miss Ivors.

Gabriel did not answer for his retort had heated him.

"Why?" repeated Miss Ivors.

They had to go visiting together and, as he had not answered her, Miss Ivors said warmly:

"Of course, you've no answer."

Gabriel tried to cover his agitation by taking part in the dance with great energy. He avoided her eyes for he had seen a sour expression on her face. But when they met in the long chain he was surprised to feel his hand firmly pressed. She looked at him from under her brows for a moment quizzically until he smiled. Then, just as the chain was about to start again, she stood on tiptoe and whispered into his ear:

"West Briton!"

When the lancers were over Gabriel went away to a remote corner of the room where Freddy Malins' mother was sitting. She was a stout feeble old woman with white hair. Her voice had a catch in it like her son's and she stuttered slightly. She had been told that Freddy had come and that he was nearly all right. Gabriel asked her whether she had had a good crossing. She lived wth her married daughter in Glasgow and came to Dublin on a visit once a year. She answered placidly that she had had a beautiful crossing and that the captain had been most attentive to her. She spoke also of the beautiful house her daughter kept in Glasgow, and

of all the friends they had there. While her tongue rambled on Gabriel tried to banish from his mind all memory of the unpleasant incident with Miss Ivors. Of course the girl or woman, or whatever she was, was an enthusiast but there was a time for all things. Perhaps he ought not to have answered her like that. But she had no right to call him a West Briton before people, even in joke. She had tried to make him ridiculous before people, heckling him and staring at him with her rabbit's eyes.

He saw his wife making her way towards him through the waltzing couples. When she reached him she said into his ear:

"Gabriel, Aunt Kate wants to know won't you carve the goose as usual. Miss Daly will carve the ham and I'll do the pudding."

"All right," said Gabriel.

"She's sending in the younger ones first as soon as this waltz is over so that we'll have the table to ourselves."

"Were you dancing?" asked Gabriel.

"Of course I was. Didn't you see me? What row had you with Molly Ivors?"

"No row. Why? Did she say so?"

"Something like that. I'm trying to get that Mr. D'Arcy to sing. He's full of conceit, I think."

"There was no row," said Gabriel moodily, "only she wanted me to go for a trip to the west of Ireland and I said I wouldn't."

His wife clasped her hands excitedly and gave a little jump.

"O, do go, Gabriel," she cried. "I'd love to see Galway again."

"You can go if you like," said Gabriel coldly.

She looked at him for a moment, then turned to Mrs. Malins and said:

"There's a nice husband for you, Mrs. Malins."

While she was threading her way back across the room Mrs. Malins, without adverting to the interruption, went on to tell Gabriel what beautiful places there were in Scotland and beautiful scenery. Her son-in-law brought them every year to the lakes and they used to go fishing. Her son-in-law was a splendid fisher. One day he caught a beautiful big fish and the man in the hotel cooked it for their dinner.

Gabriel hardly heard what she said. Now that supper was coming near he began to think again about his speech and about the quotation. When he saw Freddy Malins coming across the room to visit his mother Gabriel left the chair free for him and retired into the embrasure of the window. The room had already cleared and from the back room came the clatter of plates and knives. Those who still remained in the drawing-room seemed tired of dancing and were conversing quietly in little groups. Gabriel's warm trembling fingers tapped the cold pane of the window. How cool it must be outside! How pleasant it would be to walk out alone, first along by the river and then through the park! The snow would be lying on the

branches of the trees and forming a bright cap on the top of the Wellington Monument. How much more pleasant it would be there than at the supper-table!

He ran over the headings of his speech: Irish hospitality, sad memories, the Three Graces, Paris, the quotation from Browning. He repeated to himself a phrase he had written in his review: "One feels that one is listening to a thought-tormented music." Miss Ivors had praised the review. Was she sincere? Had she really any life of her own behind all her propagandism? There had never been any ill-feeling between them until that night. It unnerved him to think that she would be at the supper-table, looking up at him while he spoke with her critical quizzing eyes. Perhaps she would not be sorry to see him fail in his speech. An idea came into his mind and gave him courage. He would say, alluding to Aunt Kate and Aunt Julia: "Ladies and Gentlemen, the generation which is now on the wane among us may have had its faults but for my part I think it had certain qualities of hospitality, of humour, of humanity, which the new and very serious and hyper-educated generation that is growing up around us seems to me to lack." Very good: that was one for Miss Ivors. What did he care that his aunts were only two ignorant old women?

A murmur in the room attracted his attention. Mr. Browne was advancing from the door, gallantly escorting Aunt Julia, who leaned upon his arm, smiling and hanging her head. An irregular musketry of applause escorted her also as far as the piano and then, as Mary Jane seated herself on the stool, and Aunt Julia, no longer smiling, half turned so as to pitch her voice fairly into the room, gradually ceased. Gabriel recognised the prelude. It was that of an old song of Aunt Julia's—*Arrayed for the Bridal.* Her voice, strong and clear in tone, attacked with great spirit the runs which embellish the air and though she sang very rapidly she did not miss even the smallest of the grace notes. To follow the voice, without looking at the singer's face, was to feel and share the excitement of swift and secure flight. Gabriel applauded loudly with all the others at the close of the song and loud applause was borne in from the invisible supper-table. It sounded so genuine that a little colour struggled into Aunt Julia's face as she bent to replace in the music-stand the old leather-bound songbook that had her initials on the cover. Freddy Malins, who had listened with his head perched sideways to hear her better, was still applauding when everyone else had ceased and talking animatedly to his mother who nodded her head gravely and slowly in acquiescense. At last, when he could clap no more, he stood up suddenly and hurried across the room to Aunt Julia whose hand he seized and held in both his hands, shaking it when words failed him or the catch in his voice proved too much for him.

"I was just telling my mother," he said, "I never heard you sing so well, never. No, I never heard your voice so good as it is tonight. Now! Would

you believe that now? That's the truth. Upon my word and honour that's the truth. I never heard your voice sound so fresh and so . . . so clear and fresh, never."

Aunt Julia smiled broadly and murmured something about compliments as she released her hand from his grasp. Mr. Browne extended his open hand towards her and said to those who were near him in the manner of a showman introducing a prodigy to an audience:

"Miss Julia Morkan, my latest discovery!"

He was laughing very heartily at this himself when Freddy Malins turned to him and said:

"Well, Browne, if you're serious you might make a worse discovery. All I can say is I never heard her sing half so well as long as I am coming here. And that's the honest truth."

"Neither did I," said Mr. Browne. "I think her voice has greatly improved."

Aunt Julia shrugged her shoulders and said with meek pride:

"Thirty years ago I hadn't a bad voice as voices go."

"I often told Julia," said Aunt Kate emphatically, "that she was simply thrown away in that choir. But she never would be said by me."

She turned as if to appeal to the good sense of the others against a refractory child while Aunt Julia gazed in front of her, a vague smile of reminiscence playing on her face.

"No," continued Aunt Kate, "she wouldn't be said or led by anyone, slaving there in that choir night and day, night and day. Six o'clock on Christmas morning! And all for what?"

"Well, isn't it for the honour of God, Aunt Kate?" asked Mary Jane, twisting round on the piano-stool and smiling.

Aunt Kate turned fiercely on her niece and said:

"I know all about the honour of God, Mary Jane, but I think it's not at all honourable for the pope to turn out the women out of the choirs that have slaved there all their lives and put little whipper-snappers of boys over their heads. I suppose it is for the good of the Church if the pope does it. But it's not just, Mary Jane, and it's not right."

She had worked herself into a passion and would have continued in defence of her sister for it was a sore subject with her but Mary Jane, seeing that all the dancers had come back, intervened pacifically:

"Now, Aunt Kate, you're giving scandal to Mr. Browne who is of the other persuasion."

Aunt Kate turned to Mr. Browne, who was grinning at this allusion to his religion, and said hastily:

"O, I don't question the pope's being right. I'm only a stupid old woman and I wouldn't presume to do such a thing. But there's such a thing as common everyday politeness and gratitude. And if I were in Julia's place I'd tell that Father Healey straight up to his face . . ."

"And besides, Aunt Kate," said Mary Jane, "we really are all hungry and when we are hungry we are all very quarrelsome."

"And when we are thirsty we are also quarrelsome," added Mr. Browne.

"So that we had better go to supper," said Mary Jane, "and finish the discussion afterwards."

On the landing outside the drawing-room Gabriel found his wife and Mary Jane trying to persuade Miss Ivors to stay for supper. But Miss Ivors, who had put on her hat and was buttoning her cloak, would not stay. She did not feel in the least hungry and she had already overstayed her time.

"But only for ten minutes, Molly," said Mrs. Conroy. "That won't delay you."

"To take a pick itself," said Mary Jane, "after all your dancing."

"I really couldn't," said Miss Ivors.

"I am afraid you didn't enjoy yourself at all," said Mary Jane hopelessly.

"Ever so much, I assure you," said Miss Ivors, "but you really must let me run off now."

"But how can you get home?" asked Mrs. Conroy.

"O, it's only two steps up the quay."

Gabriel hesitated a moment and said:

"If you will allow me, Miss Ivors, I'll see you home if you are really obliged to go."

But Miss Ivors broke away from them.

"I won't hear of it," she cried. "For goodness' sake go in to your suppers and don't mind me. I'm quite well able to take care of myself."

"Well, you're the comical girl, Molly," said Mrs. Conroy frankly.

"Beannacht libh," cried Miss Ivors, with a laugh, as she ran down the staircase.

Mary Jane gazed after her, a moody puzzled expression on her face, while Mrs. Conroy leaned over the banisters to listen for the hall-door. Gabriel asked himself was he the cause of her abrupt departure. But she did not seem to be in ill humour: she had gone away laughing. He stared blankly down the staircase.

At the moment Aunt Kate came toddling out of the supper-room, almost wringing her hands in despair.

"Where is Gabriel?" she cried. "Where on earth is Gabriel? There's everyone waiting in there, stage to let, and nobody to carve the goose!"

"Here I am, Aunt Kate!" cried Gabriel, with sudden animation, "ready to carve a flock of geese, if necessary."

A fat brown goose lay at one end of the table and at the other end, on a bed of creased paper strewn with sprigs of parsley, lay a great ham, stripped of its outer skin and peppered over with crust crumbs, a neat paper frill round its shin and beside this was a round of spiced beef. Between these rival ends ran parallel lines of side-dishes: two little minsters of jelly, red and yellow; a shallow dish full of blocks of blancmange and

red jam, a large green leaf-shaped dish with a stalk-shaped handle, on which lay bunches of purple raisins and peeled almonds, a companion dish on which lay a solid rectangle of Smyrna figs, a dish of custard topped with grated nutmeg, a small bowl full of chocolates and sweets wrapped in gold and silver papers and a glass vase in which stood some tall celery stalks. In the centre of the table there stood, as sentries to a fruit-stand which upheld a pyramid of oranges and American apples, two squat old-fashioned decanters of cut glass, one containing port and the other dark sherry. On the closed square piano a pudding in a huge yellow dish lay in waiting and behind it were three squads of bottles of stout and ale and minerals, drawn up according to the colours of their uniforms, the first two black, with brown and red labels, the third and smallest squad white, with transverse green sashes.

Gabriel took his seat boldly at the head of the table and, having looked to the edge of the carver, plunged his fork firmly into the goose. He felt quite at ease now for he was an expert carver and liked nothing better than to find himself at the head of a well-laden table.

"Miss Furlong, what shall I send you?" he asked. "A wing or a slice of the breast?"

"Just a small slice of the breast."

"Miss Higgins, what for you?"

"O, anything at all, Mr. Conroy."

While Gabriel and Miss Daly exchanged plates of goose and plates of ham and spiced beef Lily went from guest to guest with a dish of hot floury potatoes wrapped in a white napkin. This was Mary Jane's idea and she had also suggested apple sauce for the goose but Aunt Kate had said that plain roast goose without any apple sauce had always been good enough for her and she hoped she might never eat worse. Mary Jane waited on her pupils and saw that they got the best slices and Aunt Kate and Aunt Julia opened and carried across from the piano bottles of stout and ale for the gentlemen and bottles of minerals for the ladies. There was a great deal of confusion and laughter and noise, the noise of orders and counter-orders, of knives and forks, of corks and glass-stoppers. Gabriel began to carve second helpings as soon as he had finished the first round without serving himself. Everyone protested loudly so that he compromised by taking a long draught of stout for he found the carving hot work. Mary Jane settled down quietly to her supper but Aunt Kate and Aunt Julia were still toddling round the table, walking on each other's heels, getting in each other's way and giving each other unheeded orders. Mr. Browne begged of them to sit down and eat their suppers and so did Gabriel but they said there was time enough, so that, at last, Freddy Malins stood up and, capturing Aunt Kate, plumped her down on her chair amid general laughter.

When everyone had been well served Gabriel said, smiling:

"Now, if anyone wants a little more of what vulgar people call stuffing let him or her speak."

A chorus of voices invited him to begin his own supper and Lily came forward with three potatoes which she had reserved for him.

"Very well," said Gabriel amiably, as he took another preparatory draught, "kindly forget my existence, ladies and gentlemen, for a few minutes."

He set to his supper and took no part in the conversation with which the table covered Lily's removal of the plates. The subject of talk was the opera company which was then at the Theatre Royal. Mr. Bartell D'Arcy, the tenor, a dark-complexioned young man with a smart moustache, praised very highly the leading contralto of the company but Miss Furlong thought she had a rather vulgar style of production. Freddy Malins said there was a Negro chieftain singing in the second part of the Gaiety pantomime who had one of the finest tenor voices he had ever heard.

"Have you heard him?" he asked Mr. Bartell D'Arcy across the table.

"No," answered Mr. Bartell D'Arcy carelessly.

"Because," Freddy Malins explained, "now I'd be curious to hear your opinion of him. I think he has a grand voice."

"It takes Teddy to find out the really good things," said Mr. Browne familiarly to the table.

"And why couldn't he have a voice too?" asked Freddy Malins sharply. "Is it because he's only a black?"

Nobody answered this question and Mary Jane led the table back to the legitimate opera. One of her pupils had given her a pass for *Mignon.* Of course it was very fine, she said, but it made her think of poor Georgina Burns. Mr. Browne could go back farther still, to the old Italian companies that used to come to Dublin—Tietjens, Ilma de Murzka, Campanini, the great Trebelli, Giuglini, Ravelli, Aramburo. Those were the days, he said, when there was something like singing to be heard in Dublin. He told too of how the top gallery of the old Royal used to be packed night after night, of how one night an Italian tenor had sung five encores to *Let me like a Soldier fall,* introducing a high C every time, and of how the gallery boys would sometimes in their enthusiasm unyoke the horses from the carriage of some great *prima donna* and pull her themselves through the streets to her hotel. Why did they never play the grand old operas now, he asked, *Dinorah, Lucrezia Borgia?* Because they could not get the voices to sing them: that was why.

"O, well," said Mr. Bartell D'Arcy, "I presume there are as good singers today as there were then."

"Where are they?" asked Mr. Browne defiantly.

"In London, Paris, Milan," said Mr. Bartell D'Arcy warmly. "I sup-

pose Caruso, for example, is quite as good, if not better than any of the men you have mentioned."

"Maybe so," said Mr. Browne. "But I may tell you I doubt it strongly."

"O, I'd give anything to hear Caruso sing," said Mary Jane.

"For me," said Aunt Kate, who had been picking a bone, "there was only one tenor. To please me, I mean. But I suppose none of you ever heard of him."

"Who was he, Miss Morkan?" asked Mr. Bartell D'Arcy politely.

"His name," said Aunt Kate, "was Parkinson. I heard him when he was in his prime and I think he had then the purest tenor voice that was ever put into a man's throat."

"Strange," said Mr. Bartell D'Arcy. "I never even heard of him."

"Yes, yes, Miss Morkan is right," said Mr. Browne. "I remember hearing of old Parkinson but he's too far back for me."

"A beautiful, pure, sweet, mellow English tenor," said Aunt Kate with enthusiasm.

Gabriel having finished, the huge pudding was transferred to the table. The clatter of forks and spoons began again. Gabriel's wife served out spoonfuls of the pudding and passed the plates down the table. Midway down they were held up by Mary Jane, who replenished them with raspberry or orange jelly or with blancmange and jam. The pudding was of Aunt Julia's making and she received praises for it from all quarters. She herself said that it was not quite brown enough.

"Well, I hope, Miss Morkan," said Mr. Browne, "that I'm brown enough for you because, you know, I'm all brown."

All the gentlemen, except Gabriel, ate some of the pudding out of compliment to Aunt Julia. As Gabriel never ate sweets the celery had been left for him. Freddy Malins also took a stalk of celery and ate it with his pudding. He had been told that celery was a capital thing for the blood and he was just then under doctor's care. Mrs. Malins, who had been silent all through the supper, said that her son was going down to Mount Melleray in a week or so. The table then spoke of Mount Melleray, how bracing the air was down there, how hospitable the monks were and how they never asked for a penny-piece from their guests.

"And do you mean to say," asked Mr. Browne incredulously, "that a chap can go down there and put up there as if it were a hotel and live on the fat of the land and then come away without paying anything?"

"O, most people give some donation to the monastery when they leave," said Mary Jane.

"I wish we had an institution like that in our Church," said Mr. Browne candidly.

He was astonished to hear that the monks never spoke, got up at two in the morning and slept in their coffins. He asked what they did it for.

"That's the rule of the order," said Aunt Kate firmly.

"Yes, but why?" asked Mr. Browne.

Aunt Kate repeated that it was the rule, that was all. Mr. Browne still seemed not to understand. Freddy Malins explained to him, as best he could, that the monks were trying to make up for the sins committed by all the sinners in the outside world. The explanation was not very clear for Mr. Browne grinned and said:

"I like that idea very much but wouldn't a comfortable spring bed do them as well as a coffin?"

"The coffin," said Mary Jane, "is to remind them of their last end."

As the subject had grown lugubrious it was buried in a silence of the table during which Mrs. Malins could be heard saying to her neighbour in an indistinct undertone:

"They are very good men, the monks, very pious men."

The raisins and almonds and figs and apples and oranges and chocolates and sweets were now passed about the table and Aunt Julia invited all the guests to have either port or sherry. At first Mr. Bartell D'Arcy refused to take either but one of his neighbours nudged him and whispered something to him upon which he allowed his glass to be filled. Gradually as the last glasses were being filled the conversation ceased. A pause followed, broken only by the noise of the wine and by unsettlings of chairs. The Misses Morkan, all three, looked down at the tablecloth. Someone coughed once or twice and then a few gentlemen patted the table gently as a signal for silence. The silence came and Gabriel pushed back his chair and stood up.

The patting at once grew louder in encouragement and then ceased altogether. Gabriel leaned his ten trembling fingers on the tablecloth and smiled nervously at the company. Meeting a row of upturned faces he raised his eyes to the chandelier. The piano was playing a waltz tune and he could hear the skirts sweeping against the drawing-room door. People, perhaps, were standing in the snow on the quay outside, gazing up at the lighted windows and listening to the waltz music. The air was pure there. In the distance lay the park where the trees were weighted with snow. The Wellington Monument wore a gleaming cap of snow that flashed westward over the white field of Fifteen Acres.

He began:

"Ladies and Gentlemen,

"It has fallen to my lot this evening, as in years past, to perform a very pleasing task but a task for which I am afraid my poor powers as a speaker are all too inadequate."

"No, no!" said Mr. Browne.

"But, however that may be, I can only ask you tonight to take the will for the deed and to lend me your attention for a few moments while

I endeavour to express to you in words what my feelings are on this occasion.

"Ladies and Gentlemen, it is not the first time that we have gathered together under this hospitable roof, around this hospitable board. It is not the first time that we have been the recipients—or perhaps, I had better say, the victims—of the hospitality of certain good ladies."

He made a circle in the air with his arm and paused. Everyone laughed or smiled at Aunt Kate and Aunt Julia and Mary Jane who all turned crimson with pleasure. Gabriel went on more boldly:

"I feel more strongly with every recurring year that our country has no tradition which does it so much honour and which it should guard so jealously as that of its hospitality. It is a tradition that is unique as far as my experience goes (and I have visited not a few places abroad) among the modern nations. Some would say, perhaps, that with us it is rather a failing than anything to be boasted of. But granted even that, it is, to my mind, a princely failing, and one that I trust will long be cultivated among us. Of one thing, at least, I am sure. As long as this one roof shelters the good ladies aforesaid—and I wish from my heart it may do so for many and many a long year to come—the tradition of genuine warm-hearted courteous Irish hospitality, which our forefathers have handed down to us and which we in turn must hand down to our descendants, is still alive among us."

A hearty murmur of assent ran round the table. It shot through Gabriel's mind that Miss Ivors was not there and that she had gone away discourteously: and he said with confidence in himself:

"Ladies and Gentlemen,

"A new generation is growing up in our midst, a generation actuated by new ideas and new principles. It is serious and enthusiastic for these new ideas and its enthusiasm, even when it is misdirected, is, I believe, in the main sincere. But we are living in a sceptical and, if I may use the phrase, a thought-tormented age: and sometimes I fear that this new generation, educated or hypereducated as it is, will lack those qualities of humanity, of hospitality, of kindly humour which belonged to an older day. Listening tonight to the names of all those great singers of the past it seemed to me, I must confess, that we were living in a less spacious age. Those days might, without exaggeration, be called spacious days: and if they are gone beyond recall let us hope, at least, that in gatherings such as this we shall still speak of them with pride and affection, still cherish in our hearts the memory of those dead and gone great ones whose fame the world will not willingly let die."

"Hear, hear!" said Mr. Browne loudly.

"But yet," continued Gabriel, his voice falling into a softer inflection, "there are always in gatherings such as this sadder thoughts that will recur to our minds: thoughts of the past, of youth, of changes, of absent faces

that we miss here tonight. Our path through life is strewn with many such sad memories: and were we to brood upon them always we could not find the heart to go on bravely with our work among the living. We have all of us living duties and living affections which claim, and rightly claim, our strenuous endeavours.

"Therefore, I will not linger on the past. I will not let any gloomy moralising intrude upon us here tonight. Here we are gathered together for a brief moment from the bustle and rush of our everyday routine. We are met here as friends, in the spirit of good-fellowship, as colleagues, also to a certain extent, in the true spirit of *camaraderie,* and as the guests of—what shall I call them?—the Three Graces of the Dublin musical world."

The table burst into applause and laughter at this allusion. Aunt Julia vainly asked each of her neighbours in turn to tell her what Gabriel had said.

"He says we are the Three Graces, Aunt Julia," said Mary Jane.

Aunt Julia did not understand but she looked up, smiling, at Gabriel, who continued in the same vein:

"Ladies and Gentlemen,

"I will not attempt to play tonight the part that Paris played on another occasion. I will not attempt to choose between them. The task would be an invidious one and one beyond my poor powers. For when I view them in turn, whether it be our chief hostess herself, whose good heart, whose too good heart, has become a byword with all who know her, or her sister, who seems to be gifted with perennial youth and whose singing must have been a surprise and a revelation to us all tonight, or, last but not least, when I consider our youngest hostess, talented, cheerful, hard-working and the best of nieces, I confess, Ladies and Gentlemen, that I do not know to which of them I should award the prize."

Gabriel glanced down at his aunts and, seeing the large smile on Aunt Julia's face and the tears which had risen to Aunt Kate's eyes, hastened to his close. He raised his glass of port gallantly, while every member of the company fingered a glass expectantly, and said loudly:

"Let us toast them all three together. Let us drink to their health, wealth, long life, happiness and prosperity and may they long continue to hold the proud and self-won position which they hold in their profession and the position of honour and affection which they hold in our hearts."

All the guests stood up, glass in hand, and turning towards the three seated ladies, sang in unison, with Mr. Browne as leader:

For they are jolly gay fellows,
For they are jolly gay fellows,
For they are jolly gay fellows,
Which nobody can deny.

Aunt Kate was making frank use of her handkerchief and even Aunt Julia seemed moved. Freddy Malins beat time with his pudding-fork and the singers turned towards one another, as if in melodious conference, while they sang with emphasis:

Unless he tells a lie,
Unless he tells a lie,

Then, turning once more towards their hostesses, they sang:

For they are jolly gay fellows,
For they are jolly gay fellows,
For they are jolly gay fellows,
Which nobody can deny.

The acclamation which followed was taken up beyond the door of the supper-room by many of the other guests and renewed time after time, Freddy Malins acting as officer with his fork on high.

The piercing morning air came into the hall where they were standing so that Aunt Kate said:

"Close the door, somebody. Mrs. Malins will get her death of cold."

"Browne is out there, Aunt Kate," said Mary Jane.

"Browne is everywhere," said Aunt Kate, lowering her voice.

Mary Jane laughed at her tone.

"Really," she said archly, "he is very attentive."

"He has been laid on here like the gas," said Aunt Kate in the same tone, "all during the Christmas."

She laughed herself this time good-humouredly and then added quickly:

"But tell him to come in, Mary Jane, and close the door. I hope to goodness he didn't hear me."

At that moment the hall-door was opened and Mr. Browne came in from the doorstep, laughing as if his heart would break. He was dressed in a long green overcoat with mock astrakhan cuffs and collar and wore on his head an oval fur cap. He pointed down the snow-covered quay from where the sound of shrill prolonged whistling was borne in.

"Teddy will have all the cabs in Dublin out," he said.

Gabriel advanced from the little pantry behind the office, struggling into his overcoat and, looking round the hall, said:

"Gretta not down yet?"

"She's getting on her things, Gabriel," said Aunt Kate.

"Who's playing up there?" asked Gabriel.

"Nobody. They're all gone."

"O no, Aunt Kate," said Mary Jane. "Bartell D'Arcy and Miss O'Callaghan aren't gone yet."

"Someone is fooling at the piano anyhow," said Gabriel.

Mary Jane glanced at Gabriel and Mr. Browne and said with a shiver:

"It makes me feel cold to look at you two gentlemen muffled up like that. I wouldn't like to face your journey home at this hour."

"I'd like nothing better this minute," said Mr. Browne stoutly, "than a rattling fine walk in the country or a fast drive with a good spanking goer between the shafts."

"We used to have a very good horse and trap at home," said Aunt Julia sadly.

"The never-to-be-forgotten Johnny," said Mary Jane, laughing.

Aunt Kate and Gabriel laughed too.

"Why, what was wonderful about Johnny?" asked Mr. Browne.

"The late lamented Patrick Morkan, our grandfather, that is," explained Gabriel, "commonly known in his later years as the old gentleman, was a glue-boiler."

"O, now, Gabriel," said Aunt Kate, laughing, "he had a starch mill."

"Well, glue or starch," said Gabriel, "the old gentleman had a horse by the name of Johnny. And Johnny used to work in the old gentleman's mill, walking round and round in order to drive the mill. That was all very well; but now comes the tragic part about Johnny. One fine day the old gentleman thought he'd like to drive out with the quality to a military review in the park."

"The Lord have mercy on his soul," said Aunt Kate compassionately.

"Amen," said Gabriel. "So the old gentleman, as I said, harnessed Johnny and put on his very best tall hat and his very best stock collar and drove out in grand style from his ancestral mansion somewhere near Back Lane, I think."

Everyone laughed, even Mrs. Malins, at Gabriel's manner and Aunt Kate said:

"O, now, Gabriel, he didn't live in Back Lane, really. Only the mill was there."

"Out from the mansion of his forefathers," continued Gabriel, "he drove with Johnny. And everything went on beautifully until Johnny came in sight of King Billy's statue: and whether he fell in love with the horse King Billy sits on or whether he thought he was back again in the mill, anyhow he began to walk round the statue."

Gabriel paced in a circle round the hall in his goloshes amid the laughter of the others.

"Round and round he went," said Gabriel, "and the old gentleman, who was a very pompous old gentleman, was highly indignant. 'Go on, sir! What do you mean, sir? Johnny! Johnny! Most extraordinary conduct! Can't understand the horse!' "

The peal of laughter which followed Gabriel's imitation of the incident was interrupted by a resounding knock at the hall door. Mary Jane ran

to open it and let in Freddy Malins. Freddy Malins, with his hat well back on his head and his shoulders humped with cold, was puffing and steaming after his exertions.

"I could only get one cab," he said.

"O, we'll find another along the quay," said Gabriel.

"Yes," said Aunt Kate. "Better not keep Mrs. Malins standing in the draught."

Mrs. Malins was helped down the front steps by her son and Mr. Browne and, after many manœuvres, hoisted into the cab. Freddy Malins clambered in after her and spent a long time settling her on the seat, Mr. Browne helping him with advice. At last she was settled comfortably and Freddy Malins invited Mr. Browne into the cab. There was a good deal of confused talk, and then Mr. Browne got into the cab. The cabman settled his rug over his knees, and bent down for the address. The confusion grew greater and the cabman was directed differently by Freddy Malins and Mr. Browne, each of whom had his head out through a window of the cab. The difficulty was to know where to drop Mr. Browne along the route, and Aunt Kate, Aunt Julia and Mary Jane helped the discussion from the doorstep with cross-directions and contradictions and abundance of laughter. As for Freddy Malins he was speechless with laughter. He popped his head in and out of the window every moment to the great danger of his hat, and told his mother how the discussion was progressing, till at last Mr. Browne shouted to the bewildered cabman above the din of everybody's laughter:

"Do you know Trinity College?"

"Yes, sir," said the cabman.

"Well, drive bang up against Trinity College gates," said Mr. Browne, "and then we'll tell you where to go. You understand now?"

"Yes, sir," said the cabman.

"Make like a bird for Trinity College."

"Right, sir," said the cabman.

The horse was whipped up and the cab rattled off along the quay amid a chorus of laughter and adieus.

Gabriel had not gone to the door with the others. He was in a dark part of the hall gazing up the staircase. A woman was standing near the top of the first flight, in the shadow also. He could not see her face but he could see the terra-cotta and salmon-pink panels of her skirt which the shadow made appear black and white. It was his wife. She was leaning on the banisters, listening to something. Gabriel was surprised at her stillness and strained his ear to listen also. But he could hear little save the noise of laughter and dispute on the front steps, a few chords struck on the piano and a few notes of a man's voice singing.

He stood still in the gloom of the hall, trying to catch the air that the

voice was singing and gazing up at his wife. There was grace and mystery in her attitude as if she were a symbol of something. He asked himself what is a woman standing on the stairs in the shadow, listening to distant music, a symbol of. If he were a painter he would paint her in that attitude. Her blue felt hat would show off the bronze of her hair against the darkness and the dark panels of her skirt would show off the light ones. *Distant Music* he would call the picture if he were a painter.

The hall-door was closed; and Aunt Kate, Aunt Julia and Mary Jane came down the hall, still laughing.

"Well, isn't Freddy terrible?" said Mary Jane. "He's really terrible."

Gabriel said nothing but pointed up the stairs towards where his wife was standing. Now that the hall-door was closed the voice and the piano could be heard more clearly. Gabriel held up his hand for them to be silent. The song seemed to be in the old Irish tonality and the singer seemed uncertain both of his words and of his voice. The voice, made plaintive by distance and by the singer's hoarseness, faintly illuminated the cadence of the air with words expressing grief:

O, the rain falls on my heavy locks
And the dew wets my skin,
My babe lies cold . . .

"O," exclaimed Mary Jane. "It's Bartell D'Arcy singing and he wouldn't sing all the night. O, I'll get him to sing a song before he goes."

"O, do, Mary Jane," said Aunt Kate.

Mary Jane brushed past the others and ran to the staircase, but before she reached it the singing stopped and the piano was closed abruptly.

"O, what a pity!" she cried. "Is he coming down, Gretta?"

Gabriel heard his wife answer yes and saw her come down towards them. A few steps behind her were Mr. Bartell D'Arcy and Miss O'Callaghan.

"O, Mr. D'Arcy," cried Mary Jane, "it's downright mean of you to break off like that when we were all in raptures listening to you."

"I have been at him all the evening," said Miss O'Callaghan, "and Mrs. Conroy, too, and he told us he had a dreadful cold and couldn't sing."

"O, Mr. D'Arcy," said Aunt Kate, "now that was a great fib to tell."

"Can't you see that I'm as hoarse as a crow?" said Mr. D'Arcy roughly.

He went into the pantry hastily and put on his overcoat. The others, taken aback by his rude speech, could find nothing to say. Aunt Kate wrinkled her brows and made signs to the others to drop the subject. Mr. D'Arcy stood swathing his neck carefully and frowning.

"It's the weather," said Aunt Julia, after a pause.

"Yes, everybody has colds," said Aunt Kate readily, "everybody."

"They say," said Mary Jane, "we haven't had snow like it for thirty

years; and I read this morning in the newspapers that the snow is general all over Ireland."

"I love the look of snow," said Aunt Julia sadly.

"So do I," said Miss O'Callaghan. "I think Christmas is never really Christmas unless we have the snow on the ground."

"But poor Mr. D'Arcy doesn't like the snow," said Aunt Kate, smiling.

Mr. D'Arcy came from the pantry, fully swathed and buttoned, and in a repentant tone told them the history of his cold. Everyone gave him advice and said it was a great pity and urged him to be very careful of his throat in the night air. Gabriel watched his wife, who did not join in the conversation. She was standing right under the dusty fanlight and the flame of the gas lit up the rich bronze of her hair, which he had seen her drying at the fire a few days before. She was in the same attitude and seemed unaware of the talk about her. At last she turned towards them and Gabriel saw that there was colour on her cheeks and that her eyes were shining. A sudden tide of joy went leaping out of his heart.

"Mr. D'Arcy," she said, "what is the name of that song you were singing?"

"It's called *The Lass of Aughrim,*" said Mr. D'Arcy, "but I couldn't remember it properly. Why? Do you know it?"

"The Lass of Aughrim," she repeated. "I couldn't think of the name."

"It's a very nice air," said Mary Jane. "I'm sorry you were not in voice tonight."

"Now, Mary Jane," said Aunt Kate, "don't annoy Mr. D'Arcy. I won't have him annoyed."

Seeing that all were ready to start she shepherded them to the door, where good-night was said:

"Well, good-night, Aunt Kate, and thanks for the pleasant evening."

"Good-night, Gabriel. Good-night, Gretta!"

"Good-night, Aunt Kate, and thanks ever so much. Good-night, Aunt Julia."

"O, good-night, Gretta, I didn't see you."

"Good-night, Mr. D'Arcy. Good-night, Miss O'Callaghan."

"Good-night, Miss Morkan."

"Good-night, again."

"Good-night, all. Safe home."

"Good-night. Good night."

The morning was still dark. A dull, yellow light brooded over the houses and the river; and the sky seemed to be descending. It was slushy underfoot; and only streaks and patches of snow lay on the roofs, on the parapets of the quay and on the area railings. The lamps were still burning redly in the murky air and, across the river, the palace of the Four Courts stood out menacingly against the heavy sky.

She was walking on before him with Mr. Bartell D'Arcy, her shoes in a brown parcel tucked under one arm and her hands holding her skirt up from the slush. She had no longer any grace of attitude, but Gabriel's eyes were still bright with happiness. The blood went bounding along his veins; and the thoughts went rioting through his brain, proud, joyful, tender, valorous.

She was walking on before him so lightly and so erect that he longed to run after her noiselessly, catch her by the shoulders and say something foolish and affectionate into her ear. She seemed to him so frail that he longed to defend her against something and then to be alone with her. Moments of their secret life together burst like stars upon his memory. A heliotrope envelope was lying beside his breakfast-cup and he was caressing it with his hand. Birds were twittering in the ivy and the sunny web of the curtain was shimmering along the floor: he could not eat for happiness. They were standing on the crowded platform and he was placing a ticket inside the warm palm of her glove. He was standing with her in the cold, looking in through a grated window at a man making bottles in a roaring furnace. It was very cold. Her face, fragrant in the cold air, was quite close to his; and suddenly he called out to the man at the furnace:

"Is the fire hot, sir?"

But the man could not hear with the noise of the furnace. It was just as well. He might have answered rudely.

A wave of yet more tender joy escaped from his heart and went coursing in warm flood along his arteries. Like the tender fire of stars moments of their life together, that no one knew of or would ever know of, broke upon and illumined his memory. He longed to recall to her those moments, to make her forget the years of their dull existence together and remember only their moments of ecstasy. For the years, he felt, had not quenched his soul or hers. Their children, his writing, her household cares had not quenched all their souls' tender fire. In one letter that he had written to her then he had said: "Why is it that words like these seem to me so dull and cold? Is it because there is no word tender enough to be your name?"

Like distant music these words that he had written years before were borne towards him from the past. He longed to be alone with her. When the others had gone away, when he and she were in the room in the hotel, then they would be alone together. He would call her softly:

"Gretta!"

Perhaps she would not hear at once: she would be undressing. Then something in his voice would strike her. She would turn and look at him. . . .

At the corner of Winetavern Street they met a cab. He was glad of

its rattling noise as it saved him from conversation. She was looking out of the window and seemed tired. The others spoke only a few words, pointing out some building or street. The horse galloped along wearily under the murky morning sky, dragging his old rattling box after his heels, and Gabriel was again in a cab with her, galloping to catch the boat, galloping to their honeymoon.

As the cab drove across O'Connell Bridge Miss O'Callaghan said:

"They say you never cross O'Connell Bridge without seeing a white horse."

"I see a white man this time," said Gabriel.

"Where?" asked Mr. Bartell D'Arcy.

Gabriel pointed to the statue, on which lay patches of snow. Then he nodded familiarly to it and waved his hand.

"Good-night, Dan," he said gaily.

When the cab drew up before the hotel, Gabriel jumped out and, in spite of Mr. Bartell D'Arcy's protest, paid the driver. He gave the man a shilling over his fare. The man saluted and said:

"A prosperous New Year to you, sir."

"The same to you," said Gabriel cordially.

She leaned for a moment on his arm in getting out of the cab and while standing at the curbstone, bidding the others good-night. She leaned lightly on his arm, as lightly as when she had danced with him a few hours before. He had felt proud and happy then, happy that she was his, proud of her grace and wifely carriage. But now, after the kindling again of so many memories, the first touch of her body, musical and strange and perfumed, sent through him a keen pang of lust. Under cover of her silence he pressed her arm closely to his side; and, as they stood at the hotel door, he felt that they had escaped from their lives and duties, escaped from home and friends and run away together with wild and radiant hearts to a new adventure.

An old man was dozing in a great hooded chair in the hall. He lit a candle in the office and went before them to the stairs. They followed him in silence, their feet falling in soft thuds on the thickly carpeted stairs. She mounted the stairs behind the porter, her head bowed in the ascent, her frail shoulders curved as with a burden, her skirt girt tightly about her. He could have flung his arms about her hips and held her still, for his arms were trembling with desire to seize her and only the stress of his nails against the palms of his hands held the wild impulse of his body in check. The porter halted on the stairs to settle his guttering candle. They halted, too, on the steps below him. In the silence Gabriel could hear the falling of the molten wax into the tray and the thumping of his own heart against his ribs.

The porter led them along a corridor and opened a door. Then he

set his unstable candle down on a toilet-table and asked at what hour they were to be called in the morning.

"Eight," said Gabriel.

The porter pointed to the tap of the electric-light and began a muttered apology, but Gabriel cut him short.

"We don't want any light. We have light enough from the street. And I say," he added, pointing to the candle, "you might remove that handsome article, like a good man."

The porter took up his candle again, but slowly, for he was surprised by such a novel idea. Then he mumbled good-night and went out. Gabriel shot the lock to.

A ghastly light from the street lamp lay in a long shaft from one window to the door. Gabriel threw his overcoat and hat on a couch and crossed the room towards the window. He looked down into the street in order that his emotion might calm a little. Then he turned and leaned against a chest of drawers with his back to the light. She had taken off her hat and cloak and was standing before a large swinging mirror, unhooking her waist. Gabriel paused for a few moments, watching her, and then said:

"Gretta!"

She turned away from the mirror slowly and walked along the shaft of light towards him. Her face looked so serious and weary that the words would not pass Gabriel's lips. No, it was not the moment yet.

"You looked tired," he said.

"I am a little," she answered.

"You don't feel ill or weak?"

"No, tired: that's all."

She went on to the window and stood there, looking out. Gabriel waited again and then, fearing that diffidence was about to conquer him, he said abruptly:

"By the way, Gretta!"

"What is it?"

"You know that poor fellow Malins?" he said quickly.

"Yes. What about him?"

"Well, poor fellow, he's a decent sort of chap, after all," continued Gabriel in a false voice. "He gave me back that sovereign I lent him, and I didn't expect it, really. It's a pity he wouldn't keep away from that Browne, because he's not a bad fellow, really."

He was trembling now with annoyance. Why did she seem so abstracted? He did not know how he could begin. Was she annoyed, too, about something? If she would only turn to him or come to him of her own accord! To take her as she was would be brutal. No, he must see some ardour in her eyes first. He longed to be master of her strange mood.

"When did you lend him the pound?" she asked, after a pause.

Gabriel strove to restrain himself from breaking out into brutal language about the sottish Malins and his pound. He longed to cry to her from his soul, to crush her body against his, to overmaster her. But he said:

"O, at Christmas, when he opened that little Christmas-card shop in Henry Street."

He was in such a fever of rage and desire that he did not hear her come from the window. She stood before him for an instant, looking at him strangely. Then, suddenly raising herself on tiptoe and resting her hands lightly on his shoulders, she kissed him.

"You are a very generous person, Gabriel," she said.

Gabriel, trembling with delight at her sudden kiss and at the quaintness of her phrase, put his hands on her hair and began smoothing it back, scarcely touching it with his fingers. The washing had made it fine and brilliant. His heart was brimming over with happiness. Just when he was wishing for it she had come to him of her own accord. Perhaps her thoughts had been running with his. Perhaps she had felt the impetuous desire that was in him, and then the yielding mood had come upon her. Now that she had fallen to him so easily, he wondered why he had been so diffident.

He stood, holding her head between his hands. Then, slipping one arm swiftly about her body and drawing her towards him, he said softly:

"Gretta, dear, what are you thinking about?"

She did not answer nor yield wholly to his arm. He said again, softly:

"Tell me what it is, Gretta. I think I know what is the matter. Do I know?"

She did not answer at once. Then she said in an outburst of tears:

"O, I am thinking about that song, *The Lass of Aughrim.*"

She broke loose from him and ran to the bed and, throwing her arms across the bed-rail, hid her face. Gabriel stood stock-still for a moment in astonishment and then followed her. As he passed in the way of the cheval-glass he caught sight of himself in full length, his broad, well-filled shirt-front, the face whose expression always puzzled him when he saw it in a mirror, and his glimmering gilt-rimmed eyeglasses. He halted a few paces from her and said:

"What about the song? Why does that make you cry?"

She raised her head from her arms and dried her eyes with the back of her hand like a child. A kinder note than he had intended went into his voice.

"Why, Gretta?" he asked.

"I am thinking about a person long ago who used to sing that song."

"And who was the person long ago?" asked Gabriel, smiling.

"It was a person I used to know in Galway when I was living with my grandmother," she said.

The smile passed away from Gabriel's face. A dull anger began to gather again at the back of his mind and the dull fires of his lust began to glow angrily in his veins.

"Someone you were in love with?" he asked ironically.

"It was a young boy I used to know," she answered, "named Michael Furey. He used to sing that song, *The Lass of Aughrim.* He was very delicate."

Gabriel was silent. He did not wish her to think that he was interested in this delicate boy.

"I can see him so plainly," she said, after a moment. "Such eyes as he had: big, dark eyes! And such an expression in them—an expression!"

"O, then, you are in love with him?" said Gabriel.

"I used to go out walking with him," she said, "when I was in Galway."

A thought flew across Gabriel's mind.

"Perhaps that was why you wanted to go to Galway with that Ivors girl?" he said coldly.

She looked at him and asked in surprise:

"What for?"

Her eyes made Gabriel feel awkward. He shrugged his shoulders and said:

"How do I know? To see him, perhaps."

She looked away from him along the shaft of light towards the window in silence.

"He is dead," she said at length. "He died when he was only seventeen. Isn't it a terrible thing to die so young as that?"

"What was he?" asked Gabriel, still ironically.

"He was in the gasworks," she said.

Gabriel felt humiliated by the failure of his irony and by the evocation of this figure from the dead, a boy in the gasworks. While he had been full of memories of their secret life together, full of tenderness and joy and desire, she had been comparing him in her mind with another. A shameful consciousness of his own person assailed him. He saw himself as a ludicrous figure, acting as a pennyboy for his aunts, a nervous, well-meaning sentimentalist, orating to vulgarians and idealising his own clownish lusts, the pitiable fatuous fellow he had caught a glimpse of in the mirror. Instinctively he turned his back more to the light lest she might see the shame that burned upon his forehead.

He tried to keep up his tone of cold interrogation, but his voice when he spoke was humble and indifferent.

"I suppose you were in love with this Michael Furey, Gretta," he said.

"I was great with him at that time," she said.

Her voice was veiled and sad. Gabriel, feeling now how vain it would be to try to lead her whither he had purposed, caressed one of her hands and said, also sadly:

"And what did he die of so young, Gretta? Consumption, was it?"

"I think he died for me," she answered.

A vague terror seized Gabriel at this answer, as if, at that hour when he had hoped to triumph, some impalpable and vindictive being was coming against him, gathering forces against him in its vague world. But he shook himself free of it with an effort of reason and continued to caress her hand. He did not question her again, for he felt that she would tell him of herself. Her hand was warm and moist: it did not respond to his touch, but he continued to caress it just as he had caressed her first letter to him that spring morning.

"It was in the winter," she said, "about the beginning of the winter when I was going to leave my grandmother's and come up here to the convent. And he was ill at the time in his lodgings in Galway and wouldn't be let out, and his people in Oughterard were written to. He was in decline, they said, or something like that. I never knew rightly."

She paused for a moment and sighed.

"Poor fellow," she said. "He was very fond of me and he was such a gentle boy. We used to go out together, walking, you know, Gabriel, like the way they do in the country. He was going to study singing only for his health. He had a very good voice, poor Michael Furey."

"Well; and then?" asked Gabriel.

"And then when it came to the time for me to leave Galway and come up to the convent he was much worse and I wouldn't be let see him so I wrote him a letter saying I was going up to Dublin and would be back in the summer, and hoping he would be better then."

She paused for a moment to get her voice under control, and then went on:

"Then the night before I left, I was in my grandmother's house in Nuns' Island, packing up, and I heard gravel thrown up against the window. The window was so wet I couldn't see, so I ran downstairs as I was and slipped out the back into the garden and there was the poor fellow at the end of the garden, shivering."

"And did you not tell him to go back?" asked Gabriel.

"I implored of him to go home at once and told him he would get his death in the rain. But he said he did not want to live. I can see his eyes as well as well! He was standing at the end of the wall where there was a tree."

"And did he go home?" asked Gabriel.

"Yes, he went home. And when I was only a week in the convent he

died and he was buried in Oughterard, where his people came from. O, the day I heard that, that he was dead!"

She stopped, choking with sobs, and, overcome by emotion, flung herself face downward on the bed, sobbing in the quilt. Gabriel held her hand for a moment longer, irresolutely, and then, shy of intruding on her grief, let it fall gently and walked quietly to the window.

She was fast asleep.

Gabriel, leaning on his elbow, looked for a few moments unresentfully on her tangled hair and half-open mouth, listening to her deep-drawn breath. So she had had that romance in her life: a man had died for her sake. It hardly pained him now to think how poor a part he, her husband, had played in her life. He watched her while she slept, as though he and she had never lived together as man and wife. His curious eyes rested long upon her face and on her hair: and, as he thought of what she must have been then, in that time of her first girlish beauty, a strange, friendly pity for her entered his soul. He did not like to say even to himself that her face was no longer beautiful, but he knew that it was no longer the face for which Michael Furey had braved death.

Perhaps she had not told him all the story. His eyes moved to the chair over which she had thrown some of her clothes. A petticoat string dangled to the floor. One boot stood upright, its limp upper fallen down: the fellow of it lay upon its side. He wondered at his riot of emotions of an hour before. From what had it proceeded? From his aunt's supper, from his own foolish speech, from the wine and dancing, the merry-making when saying good-night in the hall, the pleasure of the walk along the river in the snow. Poor Aunt Julia! She, too, would soon be a shade with the shade of Patrick Morkan and his horse. He had caught that haggard look upon her face for a moment when she was singing *Arrayed for the Bridal.* Soon, perhaps, he would be sitting in that same drawing-room, dressed in black, his silk hat on his knees. The blinds would be drawn down and Aunt Kate would be sitting beside him, crying and blowing her nose and telling him how Julia had died. He would cast about in his mind for some words that might console her, and would find only lame and useless ones. Yes, yes: that would happen very soon.

The air of the room chilled his shoulders. He stretched himself cautiously along under the sheets and lay down beside his wife. One by one, they were all becoming shades. Better pass boldly into that other world, in the full glory of some passion, than fade and wither dismally with age. He thought of how she who lay beside him had locked in her heart for so many years that image of her lover's eyes when he had told her that he did not wish to live.

Generous tears filled Gabriel's eyes. He had never felt like that himself

towards any woman, but he knew that such a feeling must be love. The tears gathered more thickly in his eyes and in the partial darkness he imagined he saw the form of a young man standing under a dripping tree. Other forms were near. His soul had approached that region where dwell the vast hosts of the dead. He was conscious of, but could not apprehend, their wayward and flickering existence. His own identity was fading out into a grey impalpable world: the solid world itself, which these dead had one time reared and lived in, was dissolving and dwindling.

A few light taps upon the pane made him turn to the window. It had begun to snow again. He watched sleepily the flakes, silver and dark, falling obliquely against the lamplight. The time had come for him to set out on his journey westward. Yes, the newspapers were right: snow was general all over Ireland. It was falling on every part of the dark central plain, on the treeless hills, falling softly upon the Bog of Allen and, farther westward, softly falling into the dark mutinous Shannon waves. It was falling, too, upon every part of the lonely churchyard on the hill where Michael Furey lay buried. It lay thickly drifted on the crooked crosses and headstones, on the spears of the little gate, on the barren thorns. His soul swooned slowly as he heard the snow falling faintly through the universe and faintly falling, like the descent of their last end, upon all the living and the dead.

A CUP OF TEA

By Katherine Mansfield (1890-1923)

ROSEMARY FELL was not exactly beautiful. No, you couldn't have called her beautiful. Pretty? Well, if you took her to pieces. . . . But why be so cruel as to take any one to pieces? She was young, brilliant, extremely modern, exquisitely well dressed, amazingly well read in the newest of the new books, and her parties were the most delicious mixture of the really important people and . . . artists—quaint creatures, discoveries of hers, some of them too terrifying for words, but others quite presentable and amusing.

Rosemary had been married two years. She had a duck of a boy. No, not Peter—Michael. And her husband absolutely adored her. They were rich, really rich, not just comfortably well off, which is odious and stuffy

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and sounds like one's grandparents. But if Rosemary wanted to shop she would go to Paris as you and I would go to Bond Street. If she wanted to buy flowers, the car pulled up at that perfect shop in Regent Street, and Rosemary inside the shop just gazed in her dazzled, rather exotic way, and said: "I want those and those and those. Give me four bunches of those. And that jar of roses. Yes, I'll have all the roses in the jar. No, no lilac. I hate lilac. It's got no shape." The attendant bowed and put the lilac out of sight, as though this was only too true; lilac was dreadfully shapeless. "Give me those stumpy little tulips. Those red and white ones " And she was followed to the car by a thin shopgirl staggering under an immense white paper armful that looked like a baby in long clothes. . . .

One winter afternoon she had been buying something in a little antique shop in Curzon Street. It was a shop she liked. For one thing, one usually had it to oneself. And then the man who kept it was ridiculously fond of serving her. He beamed whenever she came in. He clasped his hands; he was so gratified that he could scarcely speak. Flattery, of course. All the same, there was something . . .

"You see, madam," he would explain in his low respectful tones, "I love my things. I would rather not part with them than sell them to some one who does not appreciate them, who has not that fine feeling which is so rare. . . ." And, breathing deeply, he unrolled a tiny square of blue velvet and pressed it on the glass counter with his pale finger-tips.

Today it was a little box. He had been keeping it for her. He had shown it to nobody as yet. An exquisite little enamel box with a glaze so fine it looked as though it had been baked in cream. On the lid a minute creature stood under a flowery tree, and a more minute creature still had her arms around his neck. Her hat, really no bigger than a geranium petal, hung from a branch; it had green ribbons. And there was a pink cloud like a watchful cherub floating above their heads. Rosemary took her hands out of her long gloves. She always took off her gloves to examine such things. Yes, she liked it very much. She loved it; it was a great duck. She must have it. And, turning the creamy box, opening and shutting it, she couldn't help noticing how charming her hands were against the blue velvet. The shopman, in some dim cavern of his mind, may have dared to think so too. For he took a pencil, leant over the counter, and his pale bloodless fingers crept timidly towards those rosy, flashing ones, as he murmured gently: "If I may venture to point out to madam, the flowers on the little lady's bodice."

"Charming!" Rosemary admired the flowers. But what was the price? For a moment the shopman did not seem to hear. Then a murmur reached her. "Twenty-eight guineas, madam."

"Twenty-eight guineas." Rosemary gave no sign. She laid the little box down; she buttoned her gloves again. Twenty-eight guineas. Even if one

is rich. . . . She looked vague. She stared at a plump tea-kettle like a plump hen above the shopman's head, and her voice was dreamy as she answered: "Well, keep it for me—will you? I'll . . ."

But the shopman had already bowed as though keeping it for her was all any human being could ask. He would be willing, of course, to keep it for her for ever.

The discreet door shut with a click. She was outside on the step, gazing at the winter afternoon. Rain was falling, and with the rain it seemed the dark came too, spinning down like ashes. There was a cold bitter taste in the air, and the new-lighted lamps looked sad. Sad were the lights in the houses opposite. Dimly they burned as if regretting something. And people hurried by, hidden under their hateful umbrellas. Rosemary felt a strange pang. She pressed her muff to her breast; she wished she had the little box, too, to cling to. Of course, the car was there. She'd only to cross the pavement. But still she waited. There are moments, horrible moments in life, when one emerges from shelter and looks out, and it's awful. One oughtn't to give way to them. One ought to go home and have an extra-special tea. But at the very instant of thinking that, a young girl, thin, dark, shadowy—where had she come from?—was standing at Rosemary's elbow and a voice like a sigh, almost like a sob, breathed: "Madam, may I speak to you a moment?"

"Speak to me?" Rosemary turned. She saw a little battered creature with enormous eyes, some one quite young, no older than herself, who clutched at her coat-collar with reddened hands, and shivered as though she had just come out of the water.

"M-madam," stammered the voice. "Would you let me have the price of a cup of tea?"

"A cup of tea?" There was something simple, sincere in that voice; it wasn't in the least the voice of a beggar. "Then have you no money at all?" asked Rosemary.

"None, madam," came the answer.

"How extraordinary!" Rosemary peered through the dusk, and the girl gazed back at her. How more than extraordinary! And suddenly it seemed to Rosemary such an adventure. It was like something out of a novel by Dostoevsky, this meeting in the dusk. Supposing she took the girl home? Supposing she did do one of those things she was always reading about or seeing on the stage, what would happen? It would be thrilling. And she heard herself saying afterwards to the amazement of her friends: "I simply took her home with me," as she stepped forward and said to that dim person beside her: "Come home to tea with me."

The girl drew back startled. She even stopped shivering for a moment. Rosemary put out a hand and touched her arm. "I mean it," she said, smiling. And she felt how simple and kind her smile was. "Why won't you? Do. Come home with me now in my car and have tea."

"You—you don't mean it, madam," said the girl, and there was pain in her voice.

"But I do," cried Rosemary. "I want you to. To please me. Come along."

The girl put her fingers to her lips and her eyes devoured Rosemary. "You're—you're not taking me to the police station?" she stammered.

"The police station!" Rosemary laughed out. "Why should I be so cruel? No, I only want to make you warm and to hear—anything you care to tell me."

Hungry people are easily led. The footman held the door of the car open, and a moment later they were skimming through the dusk.

"There!" said Rosemary. She had a feeling of triumph as she slipped her hand through the velvet strap. She could have said, "Now I've got you," as she gazed at the little captive she had netted. But of course she meant it kindly. Oh, more than kindly. She was going to prove to this girl that—wonderful things did happen in life, that—fairy godmothers were real, that—rich people had hearts, and that women *were* sisters. She turned impulsively, saying: "Don't be frightened. After all, why shouldn't you come back with me? We're both women. If I'm the more fortunate, you ought to expect . . ."

But happily at that moment, for she didn't know how the sentence was going to end, the car stopped. The bell was rung, the door opened, and with a charming, protecting, almost embracing movement, Rosemary drew the other into the hall. Warmth, softness, light, a sweet scent, all those things so familiar to her she never even thought about them, she watched that other receive. It was fascinating. She was like the little rich girl in her nursery with all the cupboards to open, all the boxes to unpack.

"Come, come upstairs," said Rosemary, longing to begin to be generous. "Come up to my room." And, besides, she wanted to spare this poor little thing from being stared at by the servants; she decided as they mounted the stairs she would not even ring for Jeanne, but take off her things by herself. The great thing was to be natural!

And "There!" cried Rosemary again, as they reached her beautiful big bedroom with the curtains drawn, the fire leaping on her wonderful lacquer furniture, her gold cushions and the primrose and blue rugs.

The girl stood just inside the door; she seemed dazed. But Rosemary didn't mind that.

"Come and sit down," she cried, dragging her big chair up to the fire, "in this comfy chair. Come and get warm. You look so dreadfully cold."

"I daren't, madam," said the girl, and she edged backwards.

"Oh, please,"—Rosemary ran forward—"you mustn't be frightened, you musn't, really. Sit down, and when I've taken off my things we shall go into the next room and have tea and be cozy. Why are you afraid?" And gently she half pushed the thin figure into its deep cradle.

But there was no answer. The girl stayed just as she had been put, with her hands by her sides and her mouth slightly open. To be quite sincere, she looked rather stupid. But Rosemary wouldn't acknowledge it. She leant over her, saying: "Won't you take off your hat? Your pretty hair is all wet. And one is so much more comfortable without a hat, isn't one?"

There was a whisper that sounded like, "Very good, madam," and the crushed hat was taken off.

"Let me help you off with your coat, too," said Rosemary.

The girl stood up. But she held on to the chair with one hand and let Rosemary pull. It was quite an effort. The other scarcely helped her at all. She seemed to stagger like a child, and the thought came and went through Rosemary's mind, that if people wanted helping they must respond a little, just a little, otherwise it became very difficult indeed. And what was she to do with the coat now? She left it on the floor, and the hat too. She was just going to take a cigarette off the mantelpiece when the girl said quickly, but so lightly and strangely: "I'm very sorry, madam, but I'm going to faint. I shall go off, madam, if I don't have something."

"Good heavens, how thoughtless I am!" Rosemary rushed to the bell.

"Tea! Tea at once! And some brandy immediately!"

The maid was gone again, but the girl almost cried out: "No, I don't want no brandy. I never drink brandy. It's a cup of tea I want, madam." And she burst into tears.

It was a terrible and fascinating moment. Rosemary knelt beside her chair.

"Don't cry, poor little thing," she said. "Don't cry." And she gave the other her lace handkerchief. She really was touched beyond words. She put her arm round those thin, birdlike shoulders.

Now at last the other forgot to be shy, forgot everything except that they were both women, and gasped out: "I can't go on no longer like this. I can't bear it. I shall do away with myself. I can't bear no more."

"You shan't have to. I'll look after you. Don't cry any more. Don't you see what a good thing it was that you met me? We'll have tea and you'll tell me everything. And I shall arrange something. I promise. *Do* stop crying. It's so exhausting. Please!"

The other did stop just in time for Rosemary to get up before the tea came. She had the table placed between them. She plied the poor little creature with everything, all the sandwiches, all the bread and butter, and every time her cup was empty she filled it with tea, cream and sugar. People always said sugar was so nourishing. As for herself she didn't eat; she smoked and looked away tactfully so that the other should not be shy.

And really the effect of that slight meal was marvelous. When the tea-table was carried away a new being, a light, frail creature with tangled hair,

dark lips, deep, lighted eyes, lay back in the big chair in a kind of sweet languor, looking at the blaze. Rosemary lit a fresh cigarette; it was time to begin.

"And when did you have your last meal?" she asked softly.

But at that moment the door-handle turned.

"Rosemary, may I come in?" It was Philip.

"Of course."

He came in. "Oh, I'm so sorry," he said, and stopped and stared.

"It's quite all right," said Rosemary, smiling. "This is my friend, Miss—"

"Smith, madam," said the languid figure, who was strangely still and unafraid.

"Smith," said Rosemary. "We are going to have a little talk."

"Oh, yes," said Philip. "Quite," and his eye caught sight of the coat and hat on the floor. He came over to the fire and turned his back to it. "It's a beastly afternoon," he said curiously, still looking at that listless figure, looking at its hands and boots, and then at Rosemary again.

"Yes, isn't it?" said Rosemary enthusiastically. "Vile."

Philip smiled his charming smile. "As a matter of fact," said he, "I wanted you to come into the library for a moment. Would you? Will Miss Smith excuse us?"

The big eyes were raised to him, but Rosemary answered for her. "Of course she will." And they went out of the room together.

"I say," said Philip, when they were alone. "Explain. Who is she? What does it all mean?"

Rosemary, laughing, leaned against the door and said: "I picked her up in Curzon Street. Really. She's a real pick-up. She asked me for the price of a cup of tea, and I brought her home with me."

"But what on earth are you going to do with her?" cried Philip.

"Be nice to her," said Rosemary quickly. "Be frightfully nice to her. Look after her. I don't know how. We haven't talked yet. But show her—treat her—make her feel—"

"My darling girl," said Philip, "you're quite mad, you know. It simply can't be done."

"I knew you'd say that," retorted Rosemary. "Why not? I want to. Isn't that a reason? And besides, one's always reading about these things. I decided—"

"But," said Philip slowly, and he cut the end of a cigar, "she's so astonishingly pretty."

"Pretty?" Rosemary was so surprised that she blushed. "Do you think so? I—I hadn't thought about it."

"Good Lord!" Philip struck a match. "She's absolutely lovely. Look again, my child. I was bowled over when I came into your room just now. However . . . I think you're making a ghastly mistake. Sorry, darling, if I'm

crude and all that. But let me know if Miss Smith is going to dine with us in time for me to look up *The Milliner's Gazette.*"

"You absurd creature!" said Rosemary, and she went out of the library, but not back to her bedroom. She went to her writing-room and sat down at her desk. Pretty! Absolutely lovely! Bowled over! Her heart beat like a heavy bell. Pretty! Lovely! She drew her check book towards her. But no, checks would be of no use, of course. She opened a drawer and took out five pound notes, looked at them, put two back, and holding the three squeezed in her hand, she went back to her bedroom.

Half an hour later Philip was still in the library, when Rosemary came in.

"I only wanted to tell you," said she, and she leaned against the door again and looked at him with her dazzled exotic gaze, "Miss Smith won't dine with us tonight."

Philip put down the paper. "Oh, what's happened? Previous engagement?"

Rosemary came over and sat down on his knee. "She insisted on going," said she, "so I gave the poor little thing a present of money. I couldn't keep her against her will, could I?" she added softly.

Rosemary had just done her hair, darkened her eyes a little, and put on her pearls. She put up her hands and touched Philip's cheeks.

"Do you like me?" said she, and her tone, sweet, husky, troubled him.

"I like you awfully," he said, and he held her tighter. "Kiss me."

There was a pause.

Then Rosemary said dreamily, "I saw a fascinating little box today. It cost twenty-eight guineas. May I have it?"

Philip jumped her on his knee. "You may, little wasteful one," said he.

But that was not really what Rosemary wanted to say.

"Philip," she whispered, and she pressed his head against her bosom, "am I *pretty?*"

BABYLON REVISITED

By F. Scott Fitzgerald (1896-1940)

I

"And where's Mr. Campbell?" Charlie asked.

"Gone to Switzerland. Mr. Campbell's a pretty sick man, Mr. Wales."

"I'm sorry to hear that. And George Hardt?" Charlie inquired.

"Back in America, gone to work."

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"And where is the Snow Bird?"

"He was in here last week. Anyway, his friend, Mr. Schaeffer, is in Paris."

Two familiar names from the long list of a year and a half ago. Charlie scribbled an address in his notebook and tore out the page.

"If you see Mr. Schaeffer, give him this," he said. "It's my brother-in-law's address. I haven't settled on a hotel yet."

He was not really disappointed to find Paris was so empty. But the stillness in the Ritz bar was strange and portentous. It was not an American bar any more—he felt polite in it, and not as if he owned it. It had gone back into France. He felt the stillness from the moment he got out of the taxi and saw the doorman, usually in a frenzy of activity at this hour, gossiping with a *chasseur* by the servants' entrance.

Passing through the corridor, he heard only a single, bored voice in the once-glamorous women's room. When he turned into the bar he travelled the twenty feet of green carpet with his eyes fixed straight ahead by old habit; and then, with his foot firmly on the rail, he turned and surveyed the room, encountering only a single pair of eyes that fluttered up from a newspaper in the corner. Charlie asked for the head barman, Paul, who in the latter days of the bull market had come to work in his own custom-built car—disembarking, however, with due nicety at the nearest corner. But Paul was at his country house today and Alix giving him information.

"No, no more," Charlie said, "I'm going slow these days."

Alix congratulated him. "You were going pretty strong a couple of years ago."

"I'll stick to it all right," Charlie assured him. "I've stuck to it for over a year and a half now."

"How do you find conditions in America?"

"I haven't been to America for months. I'm in business in Prague, representing a couple of concerns there. They don't know about me down there."

Alix smiled.

"Remember the night of George Hardt's bachelor dinner here?" said Charlie. "By the way, what's become of Claude Fessenden?"

Alix lowered his voice confidentially: "He's in Paris, but he doesn't come here any more. Paul doesn't allow it. He ran up a bill of thirty thousand francs, charging all his drinks and his lunches, and usually his dinner, for more than a year. And when Paul finally told him he had to pay, he gave him a bad check."

Alix shook his head sadly.

"I don't understand it, such a dandy fellow. Now he's all bloated up—" He made a plump apple of his hands.

Charlie watched a group of strident queens installing themselves in a corner.

"Nothing affects them," he thought. "Stocks rise and fall, people loaf or work, but they go on forever." The place oppressed him. He called for the dice and shook with Alix for the drink.

"Here for long, Mr. Wales?"

"I'm here for four or five days to see my little girl."

"Oh-h! You have a little girl?"

Outside, the fire-red, gas-blue, ghost-green signs shone smokily through the tranquil rain. It was late afternoon and the streets were in movement; the *bistros* gleamed. At the corner of the Boulevard des Capucines he took a taxi. The Place de la Concorde moved by in pink majesty; they crossed the logical Seine, and Charlie felt the sudden provincial quality of the Left Bank.

Charlie directed his taxi to the Avenue de l'Opera, which was out of his way. But he wanted to see the blue hour spread over the magnificent façade, and imagine that the cab horns, playing endlessly the first few bars of *Le Plus que Lent,* were the trumpets of the Second Empire. They were closing the iron grill in front of Brentano's Book-store, and people were already at dinner behind the trim little bourgeois hedge of Duval's. He had never eaten at a really cheap restaurant in Paris. Five-course dinner, four francs fifty, eighteen cents, wine included. For some odd reason he wished that he had.

As they rolled on to the Left Bank and he felt its sudden provincialism, he thought, "I spoiled this city for myself. I didn't realize it, but the days came along one after another, and then two years were gone, and everything was gone, and I was gone."

He was thirty-five, and good to look at. The Irish mobility of his face was sobered by a deep wrinkle between his eyes. As he rang his brother-in-law's bell in the Rue Palatine, the wrinkle deepened till it pulled down his brows; he felt a cramping sensation in his belly. From behind the maid who opened the door darted a lovely little girl of nine who shrieked "Daddy!" and flew up, struggling like a fish, into his arms. She pulled his head around by one ear and set her cheek against his.

"My old pie," he said.

"Oh, daddy, daddy, daddy, daddy, dads, dads, dads!"

She drew him into the salon, where the family waited, a boy and girl his daughter's age, his sister-in-law and her husband. He greeted Marion with his voice pitched carefully to avoid either feigned enthusiasm or dislike, but her response was more frankly tepid, though she minimized her expression of unalterable distrust by directing her regard toward his child. The two men clasped hands in a friendly way and Lincoln Peters rested his for a moment on Charlie's shoulder.

The room was warm and comfortably American. The three children moved intimately about, playing through the yellow oblongs that led to other rooms; the cheer of six o'clock spoke in the eager smacks of the fire and the sounds of French activity in the kitchen. But Charlie did not relax; his heart sat up rigidly in his body and he drew confidence from his daughter, who from time to time came close to him, holding in her arms the doll he had brought.

"Really extremely well," he declared in answer to Lincoln's question. "There's a lot of business there that isn't moving at all, but we're doing even better than ever. In fact, damn well. I'm bringing my sister over from America next month to keep house for me. My income last year was bigger than it was when I had money. You see, the Czechs—"

His boasting was for a specific purpose; but after a moment, seeing a faint restiveness in Lincoln's eye, he changed the subject:

"Those are fine children of yours, well brought up, good manners."

"We think Honoria's a great little girl, too."

Marion Peters came back from the kitchen. She was a tall woman with worried eyes, who had once possessed a fresh American loveliness. Charlie had never been sensitive to it and was always surprised when people spoke of how pretty she had been. From the first there had been an instinctive antipathy between them.

"Well, how do you find Honoria?" she asked.

"Wonderful. I was astonished how much she's grown in ten months. All the children are looking well."

"We haven't had a doctor for a year. How do you like being back in Paris?"

"It seems very funny to see so few Americans around."

"I'm delighted," Marion said vehemently. "Now at least you can go into a store without their assuming you're a millionaire. We've suffered like everybody, but on the whole it's a good deal pleasanter."

"But it was nice while it lasted," Charlie said. "We were a sort of royalty, almost infallible, with a sort of magic around us. In the bar this afternoon"—he stumbled, seeing his mistake—"there wasn't a man I knew."

She looked at him keenly. "I should think you'd have had enough of bars."

"I only stayed a minute. I take one drink every afternoon, and no more."

"Don't you want a cocktail before dinner?" Lincoln asked.

"I take only one drink every afternoon, and I've had that."

"I hope you keep to it," said Marion.

Her dislike was evident in the coldness with which she spoke, but Charlie only smiled; he had larger plans. Her very aggressiveness gave him an advantage, and he knew enough to wait. He wanted them to initiate the discussion of what they knew had brought him to Paris.

At dinner he couldn't decide whether Honoria was most like him or her mother. Fortunate if she didn't combine the traits of both that had brought them to disaster. A great wave of protectiveness went over him. He thought he knew what to do for her. He believed in character; he wanted to jump back a whole generation and trust in character again as the eternally valuable element. Everything wore out.

He left soon after dinner, but not to go home. He was curious to see Paris by night with clearer and more judicious eyes than those of other days. He bought a *strapontin* for the Casino and watched Josephine Baker go through her chocolate arabesques.

After an hour he left and strolled toward Montmartre, up the Rue Pigalle into the Place Blanche. The rain had stopped and there were a few people in evening clothes disembarking from taxis in front of cabarets, and *cocottes* prowling singly or in pairs, and many Negroes. He passed a lighted door from which issued music, and stopped with the sense of familiarity; it was Bricktop's, where he had parted with so many hours and so much money. A few doors farther on he found another ancient rendezvous and incautiously put his head inside. Immediately an eager orchestra burst into sound, a pair of professional dancers leaped to their feet and a maître d'hôtel swooped toward him, crying, "Crowd just arriving, sir!" But he withdrew quickly.

"You have to be damn drunk," he thought.

Zelli's was closed, the bleak and sinister cheap hotels surrounding it were dark; up in the Rue Blanche there was more light and a local, colloquial French crowd. The Poet's Cave had disappeared, but the two great mouths of the Café of Heaven and the Café of Hell still yawned—even devoured, as he watched, the meagre contents of a tourist bus—a German, a Japanese, and an American couple who glanced at him with frightened eyes.

So much for the effort and ingenuity of Montmartre. All the catering to vice and waste was on an utterly childish scale, and he suddenly realized the meaning of the word "dissipate"—to dissipate into thin air; to make nothing out of something. In the little hours of the night every move from place to place was an enormous human jump, an increase of paying for the privilege of slower and slower motion.

He remembered thousand-franc notes given to an orchestra for playing a single number, hundred-franc notes tossed to a doorman for calling a cab.

But it hadn't been given for nothing.

It had been given, even the most wildly squandered sum, as an offering to destiny that he might not remember the things most worth remembering, the things that now he would always remember—his child taken from his control, his wife escaped to a grave in Vermont.

In the glare of a *brasserie* a woman spoke to him. He bought her some eggs and coffee, and then, eluding her encouraging stare, gave her a twenty-franc note and took a taxi to his hotel.

II

He woke upon a fine fall day—football weather. The depression of yesterday was gone and he liked the people on the streets. At noon he sat opposite Honoria at Le Grand Vatel, the only restaurant he could think of not reminiscent of champagne dinners and long luncheons that began at two and ended in a blurred and vague twilight.

"Now, how about vegetables? Oughtn't you to have some vegetables?"

"Well, yes."

"Here's *épinards* and *chou-fleur* and carrots and *haricots.*"

"I'd like *chou-fleur.*"

"Wouldn't you like to have two vegetables?"

"I usually only have one at lunch."

The waiter was pretending to be inordinately fond of children. *"Qu'elle est mignonne, la petite! Elle parle exactement comme une française."*

"How about dessert? Shall we wait and see?"

The waiter disappeared. Honoria looked at her father expectantly.

"What are we going to do?"

"First, we're going to that toy store in the Rue Saint-Honoré and buy you anything you like. And then we're going to the vaudeville at the Empire."

She hesitated. "I like it about the vaudeville, but not the toy store."

"Why not?"

"Well, you brought me this doll." She had it with her. "And I've got lots of things. And we're not rich any more, are we?"

"We never were. But today you are to have anything you want."

"All right," she agreed resignedly.

When there had been her mother and a French nurse he had been inclined to be strict; now he extended himself, reached out for a new tolerance; he must be both parents to her and not shut any of her out of communication.

"I want to get to know you," he said gravely. "First let me introduce myself. My name is Charles J. Wales, of Prague."

"Oh, daddy!" her voice cracked with laughter.

"And who are you, please?" he persisted, and she accepted a rôle immediately: "Honoria Wales, Rue Palatine, Paris."

"Married or single?"

"No, not married. Single."

He indicated the doll. "But I see you have a child, madame."

Unwilling to disinherit it, she took it to her heart and thought quickly:

"Yes, I've been married, but I'm not married now. My husband is dead."

He went on quickly, "And the child's name?"

"Simone. That's after my best friend at school."

"I'm very pleased that you're doing so well at school."

"I'm third this month," she boasted. "Elsie—that was her cousin—"is only about eighteenth, and Richard is about at the bottom."

"You like Richard and Elsie, don't you?"

"Oh, yes. I like Richard quite well and I like her all right."

Cautiously and casually he asked: "And Aunt Marion and Uncle Lincoln—which do you like best?"

"Oh, Uncle Lincoln, I guess."

He was increasingly aware of her presence. As they came in, a murmur of ". . . adorable" followed them, and now the people at the next table bent all their silences upon her, staring as if she were something no more conscious than a flower.

"Why don't I live with you?" she asked suddenly. "Because mamma's dead?"

"You must stay here and learn more French. It would have been hard for daddy to take care of you so well."

"I don't really need much taking care of any more. I do everything for myself."

Going out of the restaurant, a man and a woman unexpectedly hailed him.

"Well, the old Wales!"

"Hello there, Lorraine. . . . Dunc."

Sudden ghosts out of the past: Duncan Schaeffer, a friend from college. Lorraine Quarrles, a lovely, pale blonde of thirty; one of a crowd who had helped them make months into days in the lavish times of three years ago.

"My husband couldn't come this year," she said, in answer to his question. "We're poor as hell. So he gave me two hundred a month and told me I could do my worst on that. . . . This your little girl?"

"What about coming back and sitting down?" Duncan asked.

"Can't do it." He was glad for an excuse. As always, he felt Lorraine's passionate, provocative attraction, but his own rhythm was different now.

"Well, how about dinner?" she asked.

"I'm not free. Give me your address and let me call you."

"Charlie, I believe you're sober," she said judicially. "I honestly believe he's sober, Dunc. Pinch him and see if he's sober."

Charlie indicated Honoria with his head. They both laughed.

"What's your address?" said Duncan sceptically.

He hesitated, unwilling to give the name of his hotel.

"I'm not settled yet. I'd better call you. We're going to see the vaudeville at the Empire."

"There! That's what I want to do," Lorraine said. "I want to see some clowns and acrobats and jugglers. That's just what we'll do, Dunc."

"We've got to do an errand first," said Charlie. "Perhaps we'll see you there."

"All right, you snob. . . . Good-by, beautiful little girl."

"Good-by."

Honoria bobbed politely.

Somehow, an unwelcome encounter. They liked him because he was functioning, because he was serious; they wanted to see him, because he was stronger than they were now, because they wanted to draw a certain sustenance from his strength.

At the Empire, Honoria proudly refused to sit upon her father's folded coat. She was already an individual with a code of her own and Charlie was more and more absorbed by the desire of putting a little of himself into her before she crystallized utterly. It was hopeless to try to know her in so short a time.

Between the acts they came upon Duncan and Lorraine in the lobby where the band was playing.

"Have a drink?"

"All right, but not up at the bar. We'll take a table."

"The perfect father."

Listening abstractedly to Lorraine, Charlie watched Honoria's eyes leave their table, and he followed them wistfully about the room, wondering what they saw. He met her glance and she smiled.

"I liked that lemonade," she said.

What had she said? What had he expected? Going home in a taxi afterward, he pulled her over until her head rested against his chest.

"Darling, do you ever think about your mother?"

"Yes, sometimes," she answered vaguely.

"I don't want you to forget her. Have you got a picture of her?"

"Yes, I think so. Anyhow, Aunt Marion has. Why don't you want me to forget her?"

"She loved you very much."

"I loved her too."

They were silent for a moment.

"Daddy, I want to come and live with you," she said suddenly.

His heart leaped; he had wanted it to come like this.

"Aren't you perfectly happy?"

"Yes, but I love you better than anybody. And you love me better than anybody, don't you, now that mummy's dead?"

"Of course I do. But you won't always like me best, honey. You'll grow

up and meet somebody your own age and go marry him and forget you ever had a daddy."

"Yes, that's true," she agreed tranquilly.

He didn't go in. He was coming back at nine o'clock and he wanted to keep himself fresh and new for the thing he must say then.

"When you're safe inside, just show yourself in that window."

"All right. Good-by, dads, dads, dads, dads."

He waited in the dark street until she appeared, all warm and glowing, in the window above and kissed her fingers out into the night.

III

They were waiting. Marion sat behind the coffee service in a dignified black dinner dress that just faintly suggested mourning. Lincoln was walking up and down with the animation of one who had already been talking. They were as anxious as he was to get into the question. He opened it almost immediately:

"I suppose you know what I want to see you about—why I really came to Paris."

Marion played with the black stars on her necklace and frowned.

"I'm awfully anxious to have a home," he continued. "And I'm awfully anxious to have Honoria in it. I appreciate your taking in Honoria for her mother's sake, but things have changed now"—he hesitated and then continued more forcibly—"changed radically with me, and I want to ask you to reconsider the matter. It would be silly for me to deny that about three years ago I was acting badly—"

Marion looked up at him with hard eyes.

"—but all that's over. As I told you, I haven't had more than a drink a day for over a year, and I take that drink deliberately, so that the idea of alcohol won't get too big in my imagination. You see the idea?"

"No," said Marion succinctly.

"It's a sort of stint I set myself. It keeps the matter in proportion."

"I get you," said Lincoln. "You don't want to admit it's got any attraction for you."

"Something like that. Sometimes I forget and don't take it. But I try to take it. Anyhow, I couldn't afford to drink in my position. The people I represent are more than satisfied with what I've done, and I'm bringing my sister over from Burlington to keep house for me, and I want awfully to have Honoria too. You know that even when her mother and I weren't getting along well we never let anything that happened touch Honoria. I know she's fond of me and I know I'm able to take care of her and—well, there you are. How do you feel about it?"

He knew that now he would have to take a beating. It would last an hour or two hours, and it would be difficult, but if he modulated his in-

evitable resentment to the chastened attitude of the reformed sinner, he might win his point in the end.

Keep your temper, he told himself. You don't want to be justified. You want Honoria.

Lincoln spoke first: "We've been talking it over ever since we got your letter last month. We're happy to have Honoria here. She's a dear little thing, and we're glad to be able to help her, but of course that isn't the question—"

Marion interrupted suddenly. "How long are you going to stay sober, Charlie?" she asked.

"Permanently, I hope."

"How can anybody count on that?"

"You know I never did drink heavily until I gave up business and came over here with nothing to do. Then Helen and I began to run around with—"

"Please leave Helen out of it. I can't bear to hear you talk about her like that."

He stared at her grimly; he had never been certain how fond of each other the sisters were in life.

"My drinking only lasted about a year and a half—from the time we came over until I—collapsed."

"It was time enough."

"It was time enough," he agreed.

"My duty is entirely to Helen," she said. "I try to think what she would have wanted me to do. Frankly, from the night you did that terrible thing you haven't really existed for me. I can't help that. She was my sister."

"Yes."

"When she was dying she asked me to look out for Honoria. If you hadn't been in a sanitarium then, it might have helped matters."

He had no answer.

"I'll never in my life be able to forget the morning when Helen knocked at my door, soaked to the skin and shivering, and said you'd locked her out."

Charlie gripped the sides of the chair. This was more difficult than he expected; he wanted to launch out into a long expostulation and explanation, but he only said: "The night I locked her out—" and she interrupted, "I don't feel up to going over that again."

After a moment's silence Lincoln said: "We're getting off the subject. You want Marion to set aside her legal guardianship and give you Honoria. I think the main point for her is whether she has confidence in you or not."

"I don't blame Marion," Charlie said slowly, "but I think she can have entire confidence in me. I had a good record up to three years ago. Of course, it's within human possibilities I might go wrong any time. But if

we wait much longer I'll lose Honoria's childhood and my chance for a home." He shook his head, "I'll simply lose her, don't you see?"

"Yes, I see," said Lincoln.

"Why didn't you think of all this before?" Marion asked.

"I suppose I did, from time to time, but Helen and I were getting along badly. When I consented to the guardianship, I was flat on my back in a sanitarium and the market had cleaned me out. I knew I'd acted badly, and I thought if it would bring any peace to Helen, I'd agree to anything. But now it's different. I'm functioning, I'm behaving damn well, so far as—"

"Please don't swear at me," Marion said.

He looked at her, startled. With each remark the force of her dislike became more and more apparent. She had built up all her fear of life into one wall and faced it toward him. This trivial reproof was possibly the result of some trouble with the cook several hours before. Charlie became increasingly alarmed at leaving Honoria in this atmosphere of hostility against himself; sooner or later it would come out, in a word here, a shake of the head there, and some of that distrust would be irrevocably implanted in Honoria. But he pulled his temper down out of his face and shut it up inside him; he had won a point, for Lincoln realized the absurdity of Marion's remark and asked her lightly since when she had objected to the word "damn."

"Another thing," Charlie said: "I'm able to give her certain advantages now. I'm going to take a French governess to Prague with me. I've got a lease on a new apartment—"

He stopped, realizing that he was blundering. They couldn't be expected to accept with equanimity the fact that his income was again twice as large as their own.

"I suppose you can give her more luxuries than we can," said Marion. "When you were throwing away money we were living along watching every ten francs. . . . I suppose you'll start doing it again."

"Oh, no," he said. "I've learned. I worked hard for ten years, you know—until I got lucky in the market, like so many people. Terribly lucky. It didn't seem any use working any more, so I quit. It won't happen again.

There was a long silence. All of them felt their nerves straining, and for the first time in a year Charlie wanted a drink. He was sure now that Lincoln Peters wanted him to have his child.

Marion shuddered suddenly; part of her saw that Charlie's feet were planted on the earth now, and her own maternal feeling recognized the naturalness of his desire; but she had lived for a long time with a prejudice—a prejudice founded on a curious disbelief in her sister's happiness, and which, in the shock of one terrible night, had turned to hatred for him. It had all happened at a point in her life where the discouragement of

ill health and adverse circumstances made it necessary for her to believe in tangible villainy and a tangible villain.

"I can't help what I think!" she cried out suddenly. "How much you were responsible for Helen's death, I don't know. It's something you'll have to square with your own conscience."

An electric current of agony surged through him; for a moment he was almost on his feet, an unuttered sound echoing in his throat. He hung on to himself for a moment, another moment.

"Hold on there," said Lincoln uncomfortably. "I never thought you were responsible for that."

"Helen died of heart trouble," Charlie said dully.

"Yes, heart trouble." Marion spoke as if the phrase had another meaning for her.

Then, in the flatness that followed her outburst, she saw him plainly and she knew he had somehow arrived at control over the situation. Glancing at her husband, she found no help from him, and as abruptly as if it were a matter of no importance, she threw up the sponge.

"Do what you like!" she cried, springing up from her chair. "She's your child. I'm not the person to stand in your way. I think if it were my child I'd rather see her—" She managed to check herself. "You two decide it. I can't stand this. I'm sick. I'm going to bed."

She hurried from the room; after a moment Lincoln said:

"This has been a hard day for her. You know how strongly she feels—" His voice was almost apologetic: "When a woman gets an idea in her head."

"Of course."

"It's going to be all right. I think she sees now that you—can provide for the child, and so we can't very well stand in your way or Honoria's way."

"Thank you, Lincoln."

"I'd better go along and see how she is."

"I'm going."

He was still trembling when he reached the street, but a walk down the Rue Bonaparte to the quais set him up, and as he crossed the Seine, fresh and new by the quai lamps, he felt exultant. But back in his room he couldn't sleep. The image of Helen haunted him. Helen whom he had loved so until they had senselessly begun to abuse each other's love, tear it into shreds. On that terrible February night that Marion remembered so vividly, a slow quarrel had gone on for hours. There was a scene at the Florida, and then he attempted to take her home, and then she kissed young Webb at a table; after that there was what she had hysterically said. When he arrived home alone he turned the key in the lock in wild anger. How could he know she would arrive an hour later alone, that there would be a snow-

storm in which she wandered about in slippers, too confused to find a taxi? Then the aftermath, her escaping pneumonia by a miracle, and all the attendant horror. They were "reconciled," but that was the beginning of the end, and Marion, who had seen with her own eyes and who imagined it to be one of many scenes from her sister's martyrdom, never forgot.

Going over it again brought Helen nearer, and in the white, soft light that steals upon half sleep near morning he found himself talking to her again. She said that he was perfectly right about Honoria and that she wanted Honoria to be with him. She said she was glad he was being good and doing better. She said a lot of other things—very friendly things—but she was in a swing in a white dress, and swinging faster and faster all the time, so that at the end he could not hear clearly all that she said.

IV

He woke up feeling happy. The door of the world was open again. He made plans, vistas, futures for Honoria and himself, but suddenly he grew sad, remembering all the plans he and Helen had made. She had not planned to die. The present was the thing—work to do and someone to love. But not to love too much, for he knew the injury that a father can do to a daughter or a mother to a son by attaching them too closely: afterward, out in the world, the child would seek in the marriage partner the same blind tenderness and, failing probably to find it, turn against love and life.

It was another bright, crisp day. He called Lincoln Peters at the bank where he worked and asked if he could count on taking Honoria when he left for Prague. Lincoln agreed that there was no reason for delay. One thing—the legal guardianship. Marion wanted to retain that a while longer. She was upset by the whole matter, and it would oil things if she felt that the situation was still in her control for another year. Charlie agreed, wanting only the tangible, visible child.

Then the question of a governess. Charlie sat in a gloomy agency and talked to a cross Bernaise and to a buxom Breton peasant, neither of whom he could have endured. There were others whom he would see tomorrow.

He lunched with Lincoln Peters at Griffons, trying to keep down his exultation.

"There's nothing quite like your own child," Lincoln said. "But you understand how Marion feels too."

"She's forgotten how hard I worked for seven years there," Charlie said. "She just remembers one night."

"There's another thing." Lincoln hesitated. "While you and Helen were tearing around Europe throwing money away, we were just getting along. I didn't touch any of the prosperity because I never got ahead enough to carry anything but my insurance. I think Marion felt there was some kind

of injustice in it—you not even working toward the end, and getting richer and richer."

"It went just as quick as it came," said Charlie.

"Yes, a lot of it stayed in the hands of *chasseurs* and saxophone players and maîtres d'hôtel—well, the big party's over now. I just said that to explain Marion's feeling about those crazy years. If you drop in about six o'clock tonight before Marion's too tired, we'll settle the details on the spot."

Back at his hotel, Charlie found a *pneumatique* that had been redirected from the Ritz bar where Charlie had left his address for the purpose of finding a certain man.

DEAR CHARLIE: You were so strange when we saw you the other day that I wondered if I did something to offend you. If so, I'm not conscious of it. In fact, I have thought about you too much for the last year, and it's always been in the back of my mind that I might see you if I came over here. We *did* have such good times that crazy spring, like the night you and I stole the butcher's tricycle, and the time we tried to call on the president and you had the old derby rim and the wire cane. Everybody seems so old lately, but I don't feel old a bit. Couldn't we get together some time today for old time's sake? I've got a vile hang-over for the moment, but will be feeling better this afternoon and will look for you about five in the sweat-shop at the Ritz.

Always devotedly,

LORRAINE.

His first feeling was one of awe that he had actually, in his mature years, stolen a tricycle and pedalled Lorraine all over the Étoile between the small hours and dawn. In retrospect it was a nightmare. Locking out Helen didn't fit in with any other act of his life, but the tricycle incident did—it was one of many. How many weeks or months of dissipation to arrive at that condition of utter irresponsibility?

He tried to picture how Lorraine had appeared to him then—very attractive; Helen was unhappy about it, though she said nothing. Yesterday, in the restaurant, Lorraine had seemed trite, blurred, worn away. He emphatically did not want to see her, and he was glad Alix had not given away his hotel address. It was a relief to think, instead, of Honoria, to think of Sundays spent with her and of saying good morning to her and of knowing she was there in his house at night, drawing her breath in the darkness.

At five he took a taxi and bought presents for all the Peters—a piquant cloth doll, a box of Roman soldiers, flowers for Marion, big linen handkerchiefs for Lincoln.

He saw, when he arrived in the apartment, that Marion had accepted the inevitable. She greeted him now as though he were a recalcitrant mem-

ber of the family, rather than a menacing outsider. Honoria had been told she was going; Charlie was glad to see that her tact made her conceal her excessive happiness. Only on his lap did she whisper her delight and the question "When?" before she slipped away with the other children.

He and Marion were alone for a minute in the room, and on an impulse he spoke out boldly:

"Family quarrels are bitter things. They don't go according to any rules. They're not like aches or wounds; they're more like splits in the skin that won't heal because there's not enough material. I wish you and I could be on better terms."

"Some things are hard to forget," she answered. "It's a question of confidence." There was no answer to this and presently she asked, "When do you propose to take her?"

"As soon as I can get a governess. I hoped the day after tomorrow."

"That's impossible. I've got to get her things in shape. Not before Saturday."

He yielded. Coming back into the room, Lincoln offered him a drink.

"I'll take my daily whisky," he said.

It was warm here, it was a home, people together by a fire. The children felt very safe and important; the mother and father were serious, watchful. They had things to do for the children more important than his visit here. A spoonful of medicine was, after all, more important than the strained relations between Marion and himself. They were not dull people, but they were very much in the grip of life and circumstances. He wondered if he couldn't do something to get Lincoln out of his rut at the bank.

A long peal at the door-bell; the *bonne de toute faire* passed through and went down the corridor. The door opened upon another long ring, and then voices, and the three in the salon looked up expectantly; Richard moved to bring the corridor within his range of vision, and Marion rose. Then the maid came back along the corridor, closely followed by the voices, which developed under the light into Duncan Schaeffer and Lorraine Quarrles.

They were gay, they were hilarious, they were roaring with laughter. For a moment Charlie was astounded; unable to understand how they ferreted out the Peters' address.

"Ah-h-h!" Duncan wagged his finger rougishly at Charlie. "Ah-h-h!"

They both slid down another cascade of laughter. Anxious and at a loss, Charlie shook hands with them quickly and presented them to Lincoln and Marion. Marion nodded, scarcely speaking. She had drawn back a step toward the fire; her little girl stood beside her, and Marion put an arm about her shoulder.

With growing annoyance at the intrusion, Charlie waited for them to explain themselves. After some concentration Duncan said:

"We came to invite you out to dinner. Lorraine and I insist that all this shishi, cagy business 'bout your address got to stop."

Charlie came closer to them, as if to force them backward down the corridor.

"Sorry, but I can't. Tell me where you'll be and I'll phone you in half an hour."

This made no impression. Lorraine sat down suddenly on the side of a chair, and focussing her eyes on Richard, cried, "Oh, what a nice little boy! Come here, little boy." Richard glanced at his mother, but did not move. With a perceptible shrug of her shoulders, Lorraine turned back to Charlie:

"Come and dine. Sure your cousins won' mine. See you so sel'om. Or solemn."

"I can't," said Charlie sharply. "You two have dinner and I'll phone you."

Her voice became suddenly unpleasant. "All right, we'll go. But I remember once when you hammered on my door at four A.M. I was enough of a good sport to give you a drink. Come on, Dunc."

Still in slow motion, with blurred, angry faces, with uncertain feet, they retired along the corridor.

"Good night," Charlie said.

"Good night!" responded Lorraine emphatically.

When he went back into the salon Marion had not moved, only now her son was standing in the circle of her other arm. Lincoln was still swinging Honoria back and forth like a pendulum from side to side.

"What an outrage!" Charlie broke out. "What an absolute outrage!"

Neither of them answered. Charlie dropped into an armchair, picked up his drink, set it down again and said:

"People I haven't seen for two years having the colossal nerve—"

He broke off. Marion had made the sound "Oh!" in one swift, furious breath, turned her body from him with a jerk and left the room.

Lincoln set down Honoria carefully.

"You children go in and start your soup," he said, and when they obeyed, he said to Charlie:

"Marion's not well and she can't stand shocks. That kind of people make her really physically sick."

"I didn't tell them to come here. They wormed your name out of somebody. They deliberately—"

"Well, it's too bad. It doesn't help matters. Excuse me a minute."

Left alone, Charlie sat tense in his chair. In the next room he could hear the children eating, talking in monosyllables, already oblivious to the scene between their elders. He heard a murmur of conversation from a farther room and then the ticking bell of a telephone receiver picked

up, and in a panic he moved to the other side of the room and out of earshot.

In a minute Lincoln came back. "Look here, Charlie. I think we'd better call off dinner for tonight. Marion's in bad shape."

"Is she angry with me?"

"Sort of," he said, almost roughly. "She's not strong and—"

"You mean she's changed her mind about Honoria?"

"She's pretty bitter right now. I don't know. You phone me at the bank tomorrow."

"I wish you'd explain to her I never dreamed these people would come here. I'm just as sore as you are."

"I couldn't explain anything to her now."

Charlie got up. He took his coat and hat and started down the corridor. Then he opened the door of the dining room and said in a strange voice, "Good night, children."

Honoria rose and ran around the table to hug him.

"Good night, sweetheart," he said vaguely, and then trying to make his voice more tender, trying to conciliate something, "Good night, dear children."

V

Charlie went directly to the Ritz bar with the furious idea of finding Lorraine and Duncan, but they were not there, and he realized that in any case there was nothing he could do. He had not touched his drink at the Peters', and now he ordered a whisky-and-soda. Paul came over to say hello.

"It's a great change," he said sadly. "We do about half the business we did. So many fellows I hear about back in the States lost everything, maybe not in the first crash, but then in the second. Your friend George Hardt lost every cent, I hear. Are you back in the States?"

"No, I'm in business in Prague."

"I heard that you lost a lot in the crash."

"I did," and he added grimly, "but I lost everything I wanted in the boom."

"Selling short."

"Something like that."

Again the memory of those days swept over him like a nightmare—the people they had met travelling; the people who couldn't add a row of figures or speak a coherent sentence. The little man Helen had consented to dance with at the ship's party, who had insulted her ten feet from the table; the women and girls carried screaming with drink or drugs out of public places—

—The men who locked their wives out in the snow, because the snow

of twenty-nine wasn't real snow. If you didn't want it to be snow, you just paid some money.

He went to the phone and called the Peters' apartment; Lincoln answered.

"I called up because this thing is on my mind. Has Marion said anything definite?"

"Marion's sick," Lincoln answered shortly. "I know this thing isn't altogether your fault, but I can't have her go to pieces about it. I'm afraid we'll have to let it slide for six months; I can't take the chance of working her up to this state again."

"I see."

"I'm sorry, Charlie."

He went back to his table. His whisky glass was empty, but he shook his head when Alix looked at it questioningly. There wasn't much he could do now except send Honoria some things; he would send her a lot of things tomorrow. He thought rather angrily that this was just money —he had given so many people money. . . .

"No, no more," he said to another waiter. "What do I owe you?"

He would come back some day; they couldn't make him pay forever. But he wanted his child, and nothing was much good now, besides that fact. He wasn't young any more, with a lot of nice thoughts and dreams to have by himself. He was absolutely sure Helen wouldn't have wanted him to be so alone.

THE HOUND

By William Faulkner (1897-)

To Cotton the shot was the loudest thing he had ever heard in his life. It was too loud to be heard all at once. It continued to build up about the thicket, the dim, faint road, long after the hammerlike blow of the ten-gage shotgun had shocked into his shoulder and long after the smoke of the black powder with which it was charged had dissolved, and after the maddened horse had whirled twice and then turned galloping, diminishing, the empty stirrups clashing against the empty saddle.

It made too much noise. It was outrageous, unbelievable—a gun which he had owned for twenty years. It stunned him with amazed outrage,

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seeming to press him down into the thicket, so that when he could make the second shot, it was too late and the hound, too, was gone.

Then he wanted to run. He had expected that. He had coached himself the night before. "Right after it you'll want to run," he told himself. "But you can't run. You got to finish it. You got to clean it up. It will be hard, but you got to do it. You got to set there in the bushes and shut your eyes and count slow until you can make to finish it."

He did that. He laid the gun down and sat where he had lain behind the log. His eyes were closed. He counted slowly, until he had stopped shaking and until the sound of the gun and the echo of the galloping horse had died out of his ears. He had chosen his place well. It was a quiet road, little used, marked not once in three months save by that departed horse; a short cut between the house where the owner of the horse lived and Varner's store; a quiet, fading, grass-grown trace along the edge of the river bottom, empty save for the two of them, the one squatting in the bushes, the other lying on his face in the road.

Cotton was a bachelor. He lived in a chinked log cabin floored with clay on the edge of the bottom, four miles away. It was dusk when he reached home. In the well-house at the back he drew water and washed his shoes. They were not muddier than usual, and he did not wear them save in severe weather, but he washed them carefully. Then he cleaned the shotgun and washed it too, barrel and stock; why he could not have said, since he had never heard of fingerprints, and immediately afterward he picked up the gun again and carried it into the house and put it away. He kept firewood, a handful of charred pine knots, in the chimney corner. He built a fire on the clay hearth and cooked his supper and ate and went to bed. He slept on a quilt pallet on the floor; he went to bed by barring the door and removing his overalls and lying down. It was dark after the fire burned out; he lay in the darkness. He thought about nothing at all save that he did not expect to sleep. He felt no triumph, vindication, nothing. He just lay there, thinking about nothing at all, even when he began to hear the dog. Usually at night he would hear dogs, single dogs ranging alone in the bottom, or coon- or cat-hunting packs. Having nothing else to do, his life, his heredity, and his heritage centered within a five-mile radius of Varner's store. He knew almost any dog he would hear by its voice, as he knew almost any man he would hear by his voice. He knew this dog's voice. It and the galloping horse with the flapping stirrups and the owner of the horse had been inseparable: where he saw one of them, the other two would not be far away—a lean, rangy brute that charged savagely at any one who approached its master's house, with something of the master's certitude

and overbearance; and to-day was not the first time he had tried to kill it, though only now did he know why he had not gone through with it. "I never knowed my own luck," he said to himself, lying on the pallet. "I never knowed. If I had went ahead and killed it, killed the dog . . ."

He was still not triumphant. It was too soon yet to be proud, vindicated. It was too soon. It had to do with death. He did not believe that a man could pick up and move that irrevocable distance at a moment's notice. He had completely forgotten about the body. So he lay with his gaunt, underfed body empty with waiting, thinking of nothing at all, listening to the dog. The cries came at measured intervals, timbrous, sourceless, with the sad, peaceful, abject quality of a single hound in the darkness, when suddenly he found himself sitting bolt upright on the pallet.

"Nigger talk," he said. He had heard (he had never known a negro himself, because of the antipathy, the economic jealousy, between his kind and negroes) how negroes claimed that a dog would howl at the recent grave of its master. "Hit's nigger talk," he said, all the time he was putting on his overalls and his recently cleaned shoes. He opened the door. From the dark river bottom below the hill on which the cabin sat the howling of the dog came, bell-like and mournful. From a nail just inside the door he took down a coiled plowline and descended the slope.

Against the dark wall of the jungle fireflies winked and drifted; from beyond the black wall came the booming and grunting of frogs. When he entered the timber he could not see his own hand. The footing was treacherous with slime and creepers and bramble. They possessed the perversity of inanimate things, seeming to spring out of the darkness and clutch him with spiky tentacles. From the musing impenetrability ahead the voice of the hound came steadily. He followed the sound, muddy again; the air was chill, yet he was sweating. He was quite near the sound. The hound ceased. He plunged forward, his teeth drying under his dry lip, his hands clawed and blind, toward the ceased sound, the faint phosphorescent glare of the dog's eyes. The eyes vanished. He stopped, panting, stooped, the plowline in his hand, looking for the eyes. He cursed the dog, his voice a dry whisper. He could hear silence but nothing else.

He crawled on hands and knees, telling where he was by the shape of the trees on the sky. After a time, the brambles raking and slashing at his face, he found a shallow ditch. It was rank with rotted leaves; he waded ankle-deep in the pitch darkness, in something not earth and not water, his elbow crooked before his face. He stumbled upon something, an object with a slack feel. When he touched it, something gave

a choked, infantlike cry, and he started back, hearing the creature scuttle away. "Just a possum," he said. "Hit was just a possum."

He wiped his hands on his flanks in order to pick up the shoulders. His flanks were foul with slime. He wiped his hands on his shirt, across his breast, then he picked up the shoulders. He walked backward, dragging it. From time to time he would stop and wipe his hands on his shirt. He stopped beside a tree, a rotting cypress shell, topless, about ten feet tall. He had put the coiled plowline into his bosom. He knotted it about the body and climbed the stump. The top was open, rotted out. He was not a large man, not as large as the body, yet he hauled it up to him hand over hand, bumping and scraping it along the stump, until it lay across the lip like a half-filled meal sack. The knot in the rope had slipped tight. At last he took out his knife and cut the rope and tumbled the body into the hollow stump.

It didn't fall far. He shoved at it, feeling around it with his hands for the obstruction; he tied the rope about the stub of a limb and held the end of it in his hands and stood on the body and began to jump up and down upon it, whereupon it fled suddenly beneath him and left him dangling on the rope.

He tried to climb the rope, rasping off with his knuckles the rotten fiber, a faint, damp powder of decay like snuff in his nostrils. He heard the stub about which the rope was tied crack and felt it begin to give. He leaped upward from nothing, scrabbling at the rotten wood, and got one hand over the edge. The wood crumbled beneath his fingers; he climbed perpetually without an inch of gain, his mouth cracked upon his teeth, his eyes glaring at the sky.

The wood stopped crumbling. He dangled by his hands, breathing. He drew himself up and straddled the edge. He sat there for a while. Then he climbed down and leaned against the hollow trunk.

When he reached his cabin he was tired, spent. He had never been so tired. He stopped at the door. Fireflies still blew along the dark band of timber, and owls hooted and the frogs still boomed and grunted. "I ain't never been so tired," he said, leaning against the house, the wall which he had built log by log. "Like ever thing had got outen hand. Climbing that stump, and the noise that shot made. Like I had got to be somebody else without knowing it, in a place where noise was louder, climbing harder to climb, without knowing it." He went to bed. He took off the muddy shoes, the overalls, and lay down; it was late then. He could tell by a summer star that came into the square window at two o'clock and after.

Then, as if it had waited for him to get settled and comfortable, the hound began to howl again. Lying in the dark, he heard the first cry come up from the river bottom, mournful, timbrous, profound.

Five men in overalls squatted against the wall of Varner's store. Cotton made the sixth. He sat on the top step, his back against a gnawed post which supported the wooden awning of the veranda. The seventh man sat in the single splint chair; a fat, slow man in denim trousers and a collarless white shirt, smoking a cob pipe. He was past middle-age. He was sheriff of the county. The man about whom they were talking was named Houston.

"He hadn't no reason to run off," one said. "To disappear. To send his horse back home with a empty saddle. He hadn't no reason. Owning his own land, his house. Making a good crop ever year. He was as well-fixed as ere a man in the county. A bachelor too. He hadn't no reason to disappear. You can mark it. He never run. I don't know what; but Houston never run."

"I don't know," a second said. "You can't tell what a man has got in his mind. Houston might a had reason that we don't know, for making it look like something had happened to him. For clearing outen the country and leaving it to look like something had happened to him. It's been done before. Folks before him has had reason to light out for Texas with a changed name."

Cotton sat a little below their eyes, his face lowered beneath his worn, stained, shabby hat. He was whittling at a stick, a piece of pine board.

"But a fellow can't disappear without leaving no trace," a third said. "Can he, Sheriff?"

"Well, I don't know," the Sheriff said. He removed the cob pipe and spat neatly across the porch into the dust. "You can't tell what a man will do when he's pinched. Except it will be something you never thought of. Never counted on. But if you can find just what pinched him you can pretty well tell what he done."

"Houston was smart enough to do ere a thing he taken a notion to," the second said. "If he'd wanted to disappear, I reckon we'd a known about what we know now."

"And what's that?" the third said.

"Nothing," the second said.

"That's a fact," the first said. "Houston was a secret man."

"He wasn't the only secret man around here," a fourth said.

To Cotton it sounded sudden, since the fourth man had said no word before. He sat against the post, his hat slanted forward so that his face was invisible, believing that he could feel their eyes. He watched the sliver peel slow and smooth from the stick, ahead of his worn knife blade. "I got to say something," he told himself.

"He warn't no smarter than nobody else," he said. Then he wished he had not spoken. He could see their feet beneath his hat-brim. He trimmed the stick, watching the knife, the steady sliver. "It's got to trim

off smooth," he told himself. "It don't dast to break." He was talking; he could hear his voice: "Swelling around like he was the biggest man in the county. Setting that ere dog on folks' stock." He believed that he could feel their eyes, watching their feet, watching the sliver trim smooth and thin and unhurried beneath the knife blade. Suddenly he thought about the gun, the loud crash, the jarring shock. "Maybe I'll have to kill them all," he said to himself—a mild man in worn overalls, with a gaunt face and lack-luster eyes like a sick man, whittling a stick with a thin hand, thinking about killing them. "Not them: just the words, the talk." But the talk was familiar, the intonation, the gestures; but so was Houston. He had known Houston all his life: that prosperous and overbearing man. "With a dog," Cotton said, watching the knife return and bite into another sliver. "A dog that et better than me. I work, and eat worse than his dog. If I had been his dog, I would not have . . . We're better off without him," he said, blurted. He could feel their eyes, sober, intent.

"He always did rile Ernest," the first said.

"He taken advantage of me," Cotton said, watching the infallible knife. "He taken advantage of ever man he could."

"He was an overbearing man," the Sheriff said.

Cotton believed that they were still watching him, hidden behind their detached voices.

"Smart, though," the third said.

"He wasn't smart enough to win that suit against Ernest over that hog."

"That's so. How much did Ernest get outen that lawing? He ain't never told, has he?"

Cotton believed that they knew how much he had got from the suit. The hog had come into his lot one October. He penned it up; he tried by inquiry to find the owner. But none claimed it until he had wintered it on his corn. In the spring Houston claimed the hog. They went to court. Houston was awarded the hog, though he was assessed a sum for the wintering of it, and one dollar, a pound-fee for a stray. "I reckon that's Ernest's business," the Sheriff said, after a time.

Again Cotton heard himself talking, blurting. "It was a dollar," he said, watching his knuckles whiten about the knife handle. "One dollar." He was trying to make his mouth stop talking. "After all I taken offen him. . . ."

"Juries does queer things," the Sheriff said, "in little matters. But in big matters they're mostly right."

Cotton whittled, steady and deliberate. "At first you want to run," he told himself. "But you got to finish it. You got to count a hundred, if it needs, and finish it."

"I heard that dog again last night," the third said.

"You did?" the Sheriff said.

"It ain't been home since the day the horse come in with the saddle empty," the first said.

"It's out hunting, I reckon," the Sheriff said. "It'll come in when it gets hungry."

Cotton trimmed at the stick. He did not move.

"Niggers claim a hound'll howl till a dead body's found," the second said.

"I've heard that," the Sheriff said. After a time a car came up and the Sheriff got into it. The car was driven by a deputy. "We'll be late for supper," the Sheriff said. The car mounted the hill; the sound died away. It was getting toward sundown.

"He ain't much bothered," the third said.

"Why should he be?" the first said. "After all, a man can leave his house and go on a trip without telling everybody."

"Looks like he'd unsaddled that mare, though," the second said. "And there's something the matter with that dog. It ain't been home since, and it ain't treed, I been hearing it ever night. It ain't treed. It's howling. It ain't been home since Tuesday. And that was the day Houston rid away from the store here on that mare."

Cotton was the last one to leave the store. It was after dark when he reached home. He ate some cold bread and loaded the shotgun and sat beside the open door until the hound began to howl. Then he descended the hill and entered the bottom.

The dog's voice guided him; after a while it ceased, and he saw its eyes. They were not motionless; in the red glare of the explosion he saw the beast entire in sharp relief. He saw it in the act of leaping into the ensuing welter of darkness; he heard the thud of its body. But he couldn't find it. He looked carefully, quartering back and forth, stopping to listen. But he had seen the shot strike it and hurl it backward, and he turned aside for about a hundred yards in the pitch darkness and came to a slough. He flung the shotgun into it, hearing the sluggish splash, watching the vague water break and recover, until the last ripple fled. He went home and to bed.

He didn't go to sleep though, although he knew he would not hear the dog. "It's dead," he told himself, lying on his quilt pallet in the dark. "I saw the bullets knock it down. I could count the shot. The dog is dead." But still he did not sleep. He did not need to sleep; he did not feel tired or stale in the mornings, though he knew it was not the dog. So he took to spending the nights sitting up in a chair in the door, watching the fireflies and listening to the frogs and the owls.

He entered Varner's store. It was in mid-afternoon; the porch was

empty, save for the clerk, whose name was Snopes. "Been looking for you for two-three days," Snopes said. "Come inside."

Cotton entered. The store smelled of cheese and leather and new earth. Snopes went behind the counter and reached from under the counter a shotgun. It was caked with mud. "This is yourn, ain't it?" Snopes said. "Vernon Tull said it was. A nigger squirl hunter found it in a slough."

Cotton came to the counter and looked at the gun. He did not touch it; he just looked at it. "It ain't mine," he said.

"Ain't nobody around here got one of them old Hadley ten-gages except you," Snopes said. "Tull says it's yourn."

"It ain't none of mine," Cotton said. "I got one like it. But mine's to home."

Snopes lifted the gun. He breeched it. "It had one empty and one load in it," he said. "Who you reckon it belongs to?"

"I don't know," Cotton said. "Mine's to home." He had come to purchase food. He bought it: crackers, cheese, a tin of sardines. It was not dark when he reached home, yet he opened the sardines and ate his supper. When he lay down he did not even remove his overalls. It was as though he waited for something, stayed dressed to move and go at once. He was still waiting for whatever it was when the window turned gray and then yellow and then blue; when, framed by the square window, he saw against the fresh morning a single soaring speck. By sunrise there were three of them, and then seven.

All that day he watched them gather, wheeling and wheeling, drawing their concentric black circles, watching the lower ones wheel down and down and disappear below the trees. He thought it was the dog. "They'll be through by noon," he said. "It wasn't a big dog."

When noon came they had not gone away; there were still more of them, while still the lower ones dropped down and disappeared below the trees. He watched them until dark came, until they went away, flapping singly and sluggishly up from beyond the trees. "I got to eat," he said. "With the work I got to do to-night." He went to the hearth and knelt and took up a pine knot, and he was kneeling, nursing a match into flame, when he heard the hound again; the cry deep, timbrous, unmistakable, and sad. He cooked his supper and ate.

With his axe in his hand he descended through his meager corn patch. The cries of the hound could have guided him, but he did not need it. He had not reached the bottom before he believed that his nose was guiding him. The dog still howled. He paid it no attention, until the beast sensed him and ceased, as it had done before; again he saw its eyes. He paid no attention to them. He went to the hollow cypress trunk and swung his axe into it, the axe sinking helve-deep into the rotten wood. While he was tugging at it something flowed silent and savage out of the dark-

ness behind him and struck him a slashing blow. The axe had just come free; he fell with the axe in his hand, feeling the hot reek of the dog's breath on his face and hearing the click of its teeth as he struck it down with his free hand. It leaped again; he saw its eyes now. He was on his knees, the axe raised in both hands now. He swung it, hitting nothing, feeling nothing; he saw the dog's eyes, crouched. He rushed at the eyes; they vanished. He waited a moment, but heard nothing. He returned to the tree.

At the first stroke of the axe the dog sprang at him again. He was expecting it, so he whirled and struck with the axe at the two eyes and felt the axe strike something and whirl from his hands. He heard the dog whimper, he could hear it crawling away. On his hands and knees he hunted for the axe until he found it.

He began to chop at the base of the stump, stopping between blows to listen. But he heard nothing, saw nothing. Overhead the stars were swinging slowly past; he saw the one that looked into his window at two o'clock. He began to chop steadily at the base of the stump.

The wood was rotten; the axe sank helve-deep at each stroke, as into sand or mud; suddenly Cotton knew that it was not imagination he smelled. He dropped the axe and began to tear at the rotten wood with his hands. The hound was beside him, whimpering; he did not know it was there, not even when it thrust its head into the opening, crowding against him, howling.

"Git away," he said, still without being conscious that it was the dog. He dragged at the body, feeling it slough upon its own bones, as though it were too large for itself; he turned his face away, his teeth glared, his breath furious and outraged and restrained. He could feel the dog surge against his legs, its head in the orifice, howling.

When the body came free, Cotton went over backward. He lay on his back on the wet ground, looking up at a faint patch of starry sky. "I ain't never been so tired," he said. The dog was howling, with an abject steadiness. "Shut up," Cotton said. "Hush. Hush." The dog didn't hush. "It'll be daylight soon," Cotton said to himself. "I got to get up."

He got up and kicked at the dog. It moved away, but when he stooped and took hold of the legs and began to back away, the dog was there again, moaning to itself. When he would stop to rest, the dog would howl again; he kicked at it. Then it began to be dawn, the trees coming spectral and vast out of the miasmic darkness. He could see the dog plainly. It was gaunt, thin, with a long bloody gash across its face. "I'll have to get shut of you," he said. Watching the dog, he stooped and found a stick. It was rotten, foul with slime. He clutched it. When the hound lifted its muzzle to howl, he struck. The dog whirled; there was a long fresh scar running from shoulder to flank. It leaped at him, without a sound; he

struck again. The stick took it fair between the eyes. He picked up the ankles and tried to run.

It was almost light. When he broke through the undergrowth upon the river bank the channel was invisible; a long bank of what looked like cotton batting, though he could hear the water beneath it somewhere. There was a freshness here; the edges of the mist licked into curling tongues. He stooped and lifted the body and hurled it into the bank of mist. At the instant of vanishing he saw it—a sluggish sprawl of three limbs instead of four, and he knew why it had been so hard to free from the stump. "I'll have to make another trip," he said; then he heard a pattering rush behind him. He didn't have time to turn when the hound struck him and knocked him down. It didn't pause. Lying on his back, he saw it in midair like a bird, vanish into the mist with a single short, choking cry.

He got to his feet and ran. He stumbled and caught himself and ran again. It was full light. He could see the stump and the black hole which he had chopped in it; behind him he could hear the swift, soft feet of the dog. As it sprang at him he stumbled and fell and saw it soar over him, its eyes like two cigar-coals; it whirled and leaped at him again before he could rise. He struck at its face with his bare hands and began to run. Together they reached the tree. It leaped at him again, slashing his arms as he ducked into the tree, seeking that member of the body which he did not know was missing until after he had released it into the mist, feeling the dog surging about his legs. Then the dog was gone. Then a voice said:

"We got him. You can come out, Ernest."

The county seat was fourteen miles away. They drove to it in a battered Ford. On the back seat Cotton and the Sheriff sat, their inside wrists locked together by handcuffs. They had to drive for two miles before they reached the highroad. It was hot, ten o'clock in the morning. "You want to swap sides out of the sun?" the Sheriff said.

"I'm all right," Cotton said.

At two o'clock they had a puncture. Cotton and the Sheriff sat under a tree while the driver and the second deputy went across a field and returned with a glass jar of buttermilk and some cold food. They ate, repaired the tire, and went on.

When they were within three or four miles of town, they began to pass wagons and cars going home from market day in town, the wagon teams plodding homeward in their own inescapable dust. The Sheriff greeted them with a single gesture of his fat arm. "Home for supper, anyway," he said. "What's the matter, Ernest? Feeling sick? Here, Joe; pull up a minute."

"I'll hold my head out," Cotton said. "Never mind." The car went on. Cotton thrust his head out the V strut of the top stanchion. The Sheriff shifted his arm, giving him play. "Go on," Cotton said, "I'll be all right." The car went on. Cotton slipped a little farther down in the seat. By moving his head a little he could wedge his throat into the apex of the iron V, the uprights gripping his jaws beneath the ears. He shifted again until his head was tight in the vise, then he swung his legs over the door, trying to bring the weight of his body sharply down against his imprisoned neck. He could hear his vertebrae; he felt a kind of rage at his own toughness; he was struggling then against the jerk on the manacle, the hands on him.

Then he was lying on his back beside the road, with water on his face and in his mouth, though he could not swallow. He couldn't speak, trying to curse, cursing in no voice. Then he was in the car again, on the smooth street where children played in the big, shady yards in small, bright garments, and men and women went home toward supper, to plates of food and cups of coffee in the long twilight of summer.

They had a doctor for him in his cell. When the doctor had gone he could smell supper cooking somewhere—ham and hot bread and coffee. He was lying on a cot; the last ray of copper sunlight slid through a narrow window, stippling the bars upon the wall above his head. His cell was near the common room, where the minor prisoners lived, the ones who were in jail for minor offenses or for three meals a day; the stairway from below came up into that room. It was occupied for the time by a group of negroes from the chain-gang that worked the streets, in jail for vagrancy or for selling a little whiskey or shooting craps for ten or fifteen cents. One of the negroes was at the window above the street, yelling down to someone. The others talked among themselves, their voices rich and murmurous, mellow and singsong. Cotton rose and went to the door of his cell and held to the bars, looking at the negroes.

"Hit," he said. His voice made no sound. He put his hand to his throat; he produced a dry croaking sound, at which the negroes ceased talking and looked at him, their eyeballs rolling. "It was all right," Cotton said, "until it started coming to pieces on me. I could a handled that dog." He held his throat, his voice harsh, dry, and croaking. "But it started coming to pieces on me. . . ."

"Who him?" one of the negroes said. They whispered among themselves, watching him, their eyeballs white in the dusk.

"It would a been all right," Cotton said, "but it started coming to pieces. . . ."

"Hush up, white man," one of the negroes said. "Don't you be telling us no truck like that."

"Hit would a been all right," Cotton said, his voice harsh, whispering.

Then it failed him again altogether. He held to the bars with one hand, holding his throat with the other, while the negroes watched him, huddled, their eyeballs white and sober. Then with one accord they turned and rushed across the room, toward the staircase; he heard slow steps and then he smelled food, and he clung to the bars, trying to see the stairs. "Are they going to feed them niggers before they feed a white man?" he said, smelling the coffee and the ham.

NIGHT CLUB

By Katharine Brush (1902-)

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."

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"Go wan!" said Mrs. Brady. "It's only ten to ten. *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 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 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 say 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 marcels. 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 field 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 somewhere."

"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.

BOY IN THE SUMMER SUN

By Mark Schorer (1908-)

UNALLOYED, summer had lingered miraculously into late September without a suggestion that autumn was at hand. Leaves and grass were green still, smoke had not yet come into the air, and the lake was calm, almost sapphire blue. Mid-mornings were hot, like mornings in July. So they walked where the woods were thickest, where the air

From *The State of Mind: 32 Stories* by Mark Schorer, 1947. Reprinted by permission of and arrangement with Houghton Mifflin Company, the authorized publishers.

was always slightly damp and the cool of night never quite gone. They did not speak much but went silently along the path, almost shoulder to shoulder, their hands touching, or their arms, as they moved. Now and then the girl spoke, quietly, briefly pointed out a bird, a flower, once a green snake gliding through the grass, and the boy answered with a nod or a monosyllable, his face touched with abstraction and a slight worry. After they came to a place in the wood where they stretched out now with their arms about each other lightly as if the place and this gesture were habitual, they did not speak at all until at last the girl, Rachel, asked suddenly, "Why are you so quiet? Is it Max? Are you angry because he's coming, Will?"

The boy started and looked into her face. "Angry? No, I'm not angry . . . I was just thinking about that lousy job. When I'm out here it's hard to believe that a job like that can be waiting for me when I get back."

The girl looked away into the depth of the wood. "Is it, Will?" she asked. "Or is it just that in college we never learn that for most people life finally comes down to work?"

"Maybe that's it."

"Or is it foul, Will? Is it worse than most jobs in the city, in summer?"

"Maybe not. But it's still foul."

They were quiet again, and it seemed a long time later, to him, when Rachel said, "Anyway, I'm glad it isn't Max."

His arms tightened around her shoulders. Then he sat up, his eyes narrowed in the shade, and he asked, "Why should it be?"

She said, "It shouldn't."

He lay down beside her again. He stared up into the lacework of green leaves arched above them, and at the rare patches of blue sky that the leaves did not cover. Why should it be Max? Or why should she think it might be?

He had been awakened that morning by the ringing telephone, and lay sleepily in bed listening to Rachel's voice talking to someone in a way that did disturb him vaguely then, although now it seemed only mildly irritating that this week-end should be intruded upon. "But darling!" her voice had cried over the telephone. "What are you doing here? Come over at once! Mind? Of course not! We'll love it! In two hours? Good!"

When he came to breakfast, she smiled brightly and cried, "Guess who's coming, Will! Max Garey! He got bored and started out early this morning, and just now called from the village. Isn't it grand? Mother's so fond of him—she'll take care of him."

"Does your mother know him? I didn't know she did."

"Oh, yes! I must have told you."

"No, you didn't," he said. And now he wondered why she had not told him.

Then Mrs. Harley came out on the porch. "Good morning, Will," she said brightly as she patted her white hair. "Isn't it *nice* that Mr. Garey can come! I'm so fond of Mr. Garey!"

"Yes, isn't it?" Will said into his coffee, and looked across the table into Rachel's eyes, which, shining with pleasure, were heedless of the question in his.

"Did you have any work with Mr. Garey, Will? Rachel thought him such a splendid teacher."

"No, I didn't," Will said. "His classes were always filled with girls."

Rachel looked at him quickly. "Now you're being unfair, Will. Everybody thinks he's a good teacher."

"I'm sorry," he said, and felt suddenly lonely in the bright morning with Rachel only across the table from him.

He was feeling that loneliness again now. "Maybe it is more than the job," he said. "Everything's different since June. I don't know why."

"What do you mean, Will?"

"Just a feeling that everything's breaking up."

They were quiet then until Rachel said, "I know. I'm different, too. Something's changed in me. There's something sad, some ache . . ."

Will knew that something had changed in her. She was older than she had been in June. There was something about her now that bewildered him, the feeling that she lived without him, an aloofness and self-sufficiency which was new. She was like a woman, sometimes, putting up with a boy. He had felt it almost every week-end, and this and the more general sadness of the summer had darkened otherwise bright hours. Yet her kisses, her sweet arms around him, her yielding body, all denied his feeling. With him, there still came from her throat a little moan of pain and passion which he knew no one else had ever heard. And yet, now in the deep cool wood as she lay in his arms, he felt that she had forgotten him beside her.

She spoke at last as with an effort, as if recalling herself from a dream. "You know, Will, after you left college, in that week I stayed on, I saw Max rather often. Then mother met him. She invited him to come up. He was here earlier in the summer. Didn't I tell you?"

"No," he said, his throat contracting. "You must have forgotten."

His sadness knotted in his throat intensely, and he remembered then very clearly, almost as if she were saying it again now, something she had said before he left her in June. "Sometimes I wonder if this can last. We know each other as I think people almost never do. Now it begins to seem a little unreal, perhaps because it's been too lovely, part of this unreal life we're leaving. I wonder if that sometimes happens, Will."

Then he had laughed; but now, as he remembered, his arms tightened around her suddenly, as if from fright, and he leaned down and kissed her. Her lips were quiet, without response. He saw that her eyes were fixed

on some remote object in the arch of trees or beyond, some dream, something far from him. He stood up and moved away. "Let's go back," he said, and without waiting for her started quickly up the path, toward the house.

All the afternoon they lay on the raft, Rachel between them. Max talked, his voice reflective and lazy, mixing with the sun of that afternoon and the endless laziness in the sounds that insects made in the woods and in the long grass along the shore, his voice spinning itself out, pausing now and then to listen to itself, and going on again, with Rachel lying quiet between them, her eyes closed and the oil gleaming on her brown skin. Will's head was turned toward her, his eyes wandering back and forth from her parted lips and her gleaming lashes to the swell of her breasts under her white swimming suit, to her long browned legs and her crossed feet at the end of the raft.

All the time Max's voice went on, the lazy, professor's voice. Will could tell as he heard it that it was a voice that always talked and that always had listeners, and yet, now, it did not irritate him. He was almost content to lie in the sun with the sensation of burning on his skin, the soft warm glow of skin absorbing bright sun enough in the afternoon to allay for the moment the morning's inarticulate fears, even though it was Max who was lying stretched out beyond Rachel, who was talking, pausing, talking, sometimes falling silent and no word coming from Rachel or himself, and then starting up again, the voice spinning itself out softly in the afternoon sun, with all the laziness of the afternoon in his slow words.

". . . and so in Donne the central factor is death . . . death, of course . . . he, more than any of the poets, built what he wrote upon what may be called a metaphysic of death . . . death as the great leveler on the one hand, the great destroyer of everything, beauty, love . . . and death as the figure at the gate of Heaven . . . these two, this one . . . the central factor, always present . . ."

His voice was slow, modulated, a little affected, quite soft, and in it, Will knew as he looked at Rachel's face, there was some magic of wisdom and experience that enthralled her.

Rachel's voice began, slow and soft as if infected by Max's voice, as warm as the sun, and speaking lines that Max first spoke to her, perhaps—only perhaps—in the classroom:

> When I died last, and, Dear, I die
> As often as from thee I go,
> Though it be but an hour ago,
> And Lovers hours be full eternity,
> I can remember yet, that I
> Something did say, and something did bestow. . . .

Max laughed. "But darling," he said, "that's still another kind of death, not so serious."

Rachel said nothing. And the sun wove around them its bright and golden web, and the whole world then as they lay there had slipped away and left the three of them stranded together in an unreality of sunlight on burning skin and closed eyelids, and nothing more. And Will, too, felt out of the world of fact, was empty of feeling, as if pure sensation had replaced it. And only slowly did a faint jangling come into his mind, the jangle of Max's word *darling,* like something shaken in a metal box, some harsh sound, or a feeling perhaps, shaking him abruptly from the web. He stirred. He turned. And in turning the web was broken, and he was free of it again, his hand plunged in the cold blue water of the lake and left to dangle there, his eyes turned from Rachel and Max for the moment but seeing nothing in the indeterminable depths of the blue water that gently lapped his hand.

"Not nearly so serious," Max said. "Only a metaphor, a way of speaking . . ."

Will turned toward them again and he saw in Rachel's face how serious it was, for she looked suddenly ill for all the glow of her skin, her face turned away from him and her lips fallen apart, and every line in her face and body taut suddenly, yearning, aching suddenly with sharp longing, sharp pain, she quite sick for love. Will's hands closed at his sides and opened again, turned empty to the sun.

"Poetry is full of such conventions, formalized short cuts to express familiar sentiments," Max was saying. "In Donne, of course, there's enough fire, usually, to vitalize them, but in others . . . mere metaphors . . ."

Something in Will's mind snapped, then seemed to shout, *Who cares? For God's sake, who cares?* He was enraged beyond endurance by the man's pompous classroom manner, his easy presence, his way of excluding Will, as if he were alone with Rachel and no one else existed. He hated him, and the very presence of Rachel there made his throat ache with something like the pressure of tears coming. The sun had lost its spell. The buzz of insects on the shore seemed for a moment unbearably loud, and the sun no longer warm, but hot, searing, parching his throat and mouth, blinding him. For now he hated Max, and he knew as he remembered Rachel's voice speaking those lines, that she was lost to him, that he had nothing more for her, that Max had all. And there Max lay, as if he belonged there, had every right to be there, talking and priding himself in his talk, delighting to hear his own words, lecturing as though he were in the classroom and Rachel in the front row looking up at him with wide eyes, lecturing as though Rachel and he were alone in the room and Will did not exist.

Will's eyes clouded in anger as he stared down into the water disturbed by his hand. He tried not to hear what their low voices said, and only when they were silent did he turn again suddenly on the raft to see how their bodies had moved together, so that their legs touched, and Max's hand lay quite near Rachel's hair. He stood abruptly, stirring the raft in the water, and then dived deep, swam quickly out and away from them, his arms beating the water in his anger, in a frantic effort to forget the hurt which came from Rachel's willing reception of the man's intolerable arrogance.

He struck out into the lake. The water was cold on his skin, and as he swam his anger cooled. But when his anger was gone, he felt sad and futile again, swam more slowly, felt helpless and wounded, felt almost weak in the water, so that he grew angry with himself instead and wished that he could hold that other anger. When he turned back and swam slowly toward the shore, only the hurt remained, and he did not go to the raft. There Max's words would still be spinning themselves out in the sunlight, catching Rachel's mind in their spell, catching her heart firmly and her whole mind and life, and holding them there, as if the words were really magic.

He walked up the beach and stretched out on the sand. He lay on his back and looked up into the blue sky, and as he lay there he felt suddenly that this was the last time in his life that he would be doing quite this. All summer he had been coming from the sweltering, grimy city, and in seeing Rachel in the country, in living in her mother's friendly house, in swimming and dancing and drinking and finding cool spots in the woods where the moss was thick and only the trees and birds made sound—in all of this it had seemed that nothing had changed or was ending. And this in spite of the fact that when they parted in June, when they walked for the last time along familiar walks between familiar buildings, they had vaguely felt that an end had come to a period, that a new life was waiting for both of them, and that (Rachel felt) somehow they were therefore ending for one another. But then Max was nothing to him, only a professor whom she liked; so for him nothing really ended.

Now the golden day was unbearable. He turned over on his stomach and put his face in his arms. Almost at once he could feel the sun burning his neck, his back. But it alleviated nothing. There was the dull ache in his chest and throat, the constant feeling that at any moment he would cry out like a child in sobs. It was a pressure in his body that he could not put into thoughts, only the feeling that something was ending, inevitably ending. He thought of his past and it was all gold, all brightness and gold, all magic landscape, all love, all an idyl, all a bright day, and all ending.

He thought he must cry. All his youth was gathered into a knot of pain that choked him, that, dull and heavy, pressed against his heart. He thought of going back to the city, to the hot office, to stupid work sweating over

accounts, of the years he had ahead of him in which to slave there. And he knew as he lay in the sand, really *knew* for the first time, that all of that was no mere interlude.

He felt a touch on his shoulder, turned, and looked up. It was Rachel, brown in the sun, saying, "Darling, don't be rude."

He sat up. "Am I being rude?"

"Does he bore you?"

"Yes. I don't like him much."

"Well, I'm sorry he came, Will, but I couldn't help it. Come back and try to bear him. He's not bad, you know."

"No?" Will asked as he got up.

She looked at him swiftly, then smiled. "Don't be silly, darling."

"No, *darling.*"

"Good."

Then they went up the shore, back to the raft where Max still lay in the lessening glare of the sun.

Then finally he could put up with him no longer. The whole thing, suddenly, was impossible, too much for him. He sat at the table for a minute more and fought against the impulse to leave. But Mrs. Harley, cooing in a voice that almost made him ill ("But how *interesting,* Mr. Garey. *Do* go on! Do you *really* believe that?") and Max, toying with his fork and smiling with what Will supposed was great "charm" before continuing his monologue, decided him. He looked quickly at Rachel. She sat at the end of the table, opposite her mother. She looked very cool in a white dress, brown throat and arms cool and lovely, her lips slightly parted, her eyes fixed—lost to him.

Then he rose quickly to his feet. "Excuse me, please," he said, and went to the porch, and then outside, down the steps, stumbled down toward the shore under the pines. He sat down in the grass. His fingers fumbled for a cigarette and a match in his pocket. Then he stared out at the water and the new moon hanging close over the opposite shore. In the reeds the frogs sang. From above came the ring of silver on china. He bit hard into his lower lip when he knew suddenly that the salt he tasted was of tears.

Then everything broke, collapsed in him like a sail when the wind dies. He wept as he had not wept since he was a small boy; and there, for a time in the night, he felt that he was a small boy still, alone in the dark and empty night. He lay on the grass and sobbed, and there was a violence in his weeping as of a body tortured. He smothered the sound in the grass.

But he could not smother the pain in his chest. It was like a live thing in his heart, heavy and pressing, torturing, not relieved by sobs. It came over him in waves of torment, and now it was no longer anything of the

mind, but of the body alone, a physical pressure, wracking and violent, eruptive and convulsive, as if his very life, well-loved, were ending in the torment.

He did not feel Rachel's hand on his shoulder. It was her voice that recalled him: "Will—darling—please!"

Even then he could not prevent his sobs from coming. It was as if they were something separate from him, separate from his will, as if they had their own life, must come to their own slow end. He felt no shame before her, had no feelings at all, no thoughts, was given over entirely to what seemed wholly a physical act. Then slowly, at last, his shoulders grew quieter. Slowly his breathing quieted. Slowly his eyes dried. And it was over at last. He felt empty, weak, desolate as he turned slowly over on his back to look at her.

The moon was almost in the water. He could see it, touching the opposite shore. The sky was dark, sprinkled with cold stars. These too he saw, blurred and faint, unsteady in the darkness. Beside him knelt Rachel, her white dress a vague lightness, her face above him a blur. She spoke again; "Darling, what is it, what's *wrong?*"

He swallowed hard but could not speak. He lay on his back and looked at the blur of her face. His hand reached out and seized hers, held it tightly. Then she lay down beside him suddenly, put her arms around him, and her cheek to his mouth. He smelled the familiar perfume of her hair and moved away from her a little. Now he could see the stars more clearly; their light was brighter, harder, they were steadier in the sky, fixed and remote. Then, although Rachel's arms were around him and her face so close that he could feel her warm breath sweet on his face, he was alone, desolate, empty, alone on the shore under the stars. He did not say this then, nor did he even quite feel it, but he knew it, his body, empty and quiet, knew it—the cold loneliness of the stars even on a summer night. He lay still and looked up. Something momentous had happened.

"I felt sick," he said at last, though Rachel had not spoken again.

She said nothing for a while, then whispered, "I'm sorry."

"It's all right now."

As if startled by the deadly quiet of his voice, she sat up and looked closely into his face. "*Are* you all right now, Will?"

"Yes, it's all right now." He said it clearly.

"What was it, though?" she asked.

"You know."

"No."

"Yes, you do."

"Not *Max*, Will?"

"What else?"

"Oh, but *darling*——"

"It doesn't matter, Rachel."

"What do you mean—doesn't matter? Do you think——"

"I know, Rachel. I knew it this morning. But only tonight, suddenly, at the table, when I saw your face while he was talking—it took that long until I really could believe it. But it doesn't matter now."

"You think I love him?"

"You do love him."

Then she did not answer.

"Yesterday I wouldn't have believed that things like this happen. For over a year . . ." He paused. Then, "Nothing will ever be the same again—love, or anything."

"Please, Will. Nothing's happened."

"Everything's happened. Now it's over."

She looked at him closely. Then she said, "I've never heard you talk like that. You're different. Your voice—it's . . ."

"What?"

"You're different. Your voice frightens me. It's so quiet and cold and far away, so different—" She spoke jerkily. "So dead!"

He sat up, leaned back on his elbows. The moon was gone, sunk under the water. The sky was darker, and the stars seemed brighter still, separate, and farther away. Then he lay down again and she beside him. They were both very quiet. Finally she said, "Do you hate me?"

He turned to her. "No," he answered. He watched her face. He saw her eyes sparkling with tears. He said, "What are you crying for?"

"I can't tell you why, I can't say, I don't know. I'm afraid. I do love you, Will. Only now I'm afraid, because I do love someone else—more. I don't want to. But I do. It frightens me!"

Now she was no longer older than he. She was a girl again, her woman's poise, given her briefly by this new love, taken from her again by that same love because, in the face of it, she was afraid. She was afraid of its swiftness, of what it might hold, of her own heart, turning. Now he felt older than she, felt that he could tell her something. He said, "I know what it is. It isn't just that we've been in love. We've had such a fine time. I don't know if I can say this, but it's something like this anyway—you weren't just yourself for me, and I wasn't just myself for you. We were both in love with much more than each other. You were all of that life for me, and maybe I was that for you, too. We were that whole life for each other, and we didn't want to lose it, but we couldn't help ourselves, we couldn't keep it any longer."

She was crying. She put her face on his shoulder and he felt her tears on his neck. Then he put his arms around her and held her close. But he felt no less alone. And he thought then that this aloneness would never entirely leave him again, but that when he got back to the city next day,

after he had been there awhile, working in the office, after a week or two or perhaps a whole year, finally anyway, it would have left him somewhat less empty, less deadly calm. Then this day and this summer and all the golden days would have become the dream; and the other life would be real.

"How did your poem go, Rachel? 'When I last died, and, dear, I die whenever you go from me. . . . ?' "

"Please—don't," she said.

He began to stroke her hair. She was quiet now, no longer crying, held close in his arms. He said, "Maybe it's always like this. Maybe the end of every love is a kind of little death, when you have to put behind more than just the love itself, but all the life, too, in which the love was wrapped. Maybe living is really a lot of little dyings."

For a moment more they sat together and then she said, "We must go back. They'll wonder . . ."

"All right," he said.

Then, clinging together like children still under the stars, helping each other up the slope, they went back to the house, where the lights were and the sounds of voices.

THE PORTABLE PHONOGRAPH

By Walter Van Tilburg Clark (1909-)

THE red sunset with narrow, black cloud strips like threads across it, lay on the curved horizon of the prairie. The air was still and cold, and in it settled the mute darkness and greater cold of night. High in the air there was wind, for through the veil of the dusk the clouds could be seen gliding rapidly south and changing shapes. A queer sensation of torment, of two-sided, unpredictable nature, arose from the stillness of the earth air beneath the violence of the upper air. Out of the sunset, through the dead, matted grass and isolated weed stalks of the prairie, crept the narrow and deeply rutted remains of a road. In the road, in places, there were crusts of shallow, brittle ice. There were little islands of an old oiled pavement in the road too, but most of it was mud, now frozen rigid. The frozen mud still bore the toothed impress of great tanks, and a wanderer on the neighboring undulations might have stumbled, in this light, into large, partially filled-in and weed-grown cavities, their banks

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channelled and beginning to spread into badlands. These pits were such as might have been made by falling meteors, but they were not. They were the scars of gigantic bombs, their rawness already made a little natural by rain, seed, and time. Along the road, there were rakish remnants of fence. There was also, just visible, one portion of tangled and multiple barbed wire still erect, behind which was a shelving ditch with small caves, now very quiet and empty, at intervals in its back wall. Otherwise there was no structure or remnant of a structure visible over the dome of the darkling earth, but only, in sheltered hollows, the darker shadows of young trees trying again.

Under the wuthering arch of the high wind a V of wild geese fled south. The rush of their pinions sounded briefly, and the faint, plaintive notes of their expeditionary talk. Then they left a still greater vacancy. There was the smell and expectation of snow, as there is likely to be when the wild geese fly south. From the remote distance, towards the red sky, came faintly the protracted howl and quick yap-yap of a prairie wolf.

North of the road, perhaps a hundred yards, lay the parallel and deeply intrenched course of a small creek, lined with leafless alders and willows. The creek was already silent under ice. Into the bank above it was dug a sort of cell, with a single opening, like the mouth of a mine tunnel. Within the cell there was a little red of fire, which showed dully through the opening, like a reflection or a deception of the imagination. The light came from the chary burning of four blocks of poorly aged peat, which gave off a petty warmth and much acrid smoke. But the precious remnants of wood, old fence posts and timbers from the long-deserted dugouts, had to be saved for the real cold, for the time when a man's breath blew white, the moisture in his nostrils stiffened at once when he stepped out, and the expansive blizzards paraded for days over the vast open, swirling and settling and thickening, till the dawn of the cleared day when the sky was thin blue-green and the terrible cold, in which a man could not live for three hours unwarmed, lay over the uniformly drifted swell of the plain.

Around the smoldering peat, four men were seated cross-legged. Behind them, traversed by their shadows, was the earth bench, with two old and dirty army blankets, where the owner of the cell slept. In a niche in the opposite wall were a few tin utensils which caught the glint of the coals. The host was rewrapping in a piece of daubed burlap four fine, leather-bound books. He worked slowly and very carefully, and at last tied the bundle securely with a piece of grass-woven cord. The other three looked intently upon the process, as if a great significance lay in it. As the host tied the cord, he spoke. He was an old man, his long, matted beard and hair gray to nearly white. The shadows made his brows and cheekbones appear gnarled, his eyes and cheeks deeply sunken. His big hands, rough with frost and swollen by rheumatism, were awkward but gentle at their task.

He was like a prehistoric priest performing a fateful ceremonial rite. Also his voice had in it a suitable quality of deep, reverent despair, yet perhaps at the moment, a sharpness of selfish satisfaction.

"When I perceived what was happening," he said, "I told myself, 'It is the end. I cannot take much; I will take these.'

"Perhaps I was impractical," he continued. "But for myself, I do not regret, and what do we know of those who will come after us? We are the doddering remnant of a race of mechanical fools. I have saved what I love; the soul of what was good in us is here; perhaps the new ones will make a strong enough beginning not to fall behind when they become clever."

He rose with slow pain and placed the wrapped volumes in the niche with his utensils. The others watched him with the same ritualistic gaze.

"Shakespeare, the Bible, *Moby Dick,* the *Divine Comedy,*" one of them said softly. "You might have done worse, much worse."

"You will have a little soul left until you die," said another harshly. "That is more than is true of us. My brain becomes thick, like my hands." He held the big, battered hands, with their black nails, in the glow to be seen.

"I want paper to write on," he said. "And there is none."

The fourth man said nothing. He sat in the shadow farthest from the fire, and sometimes his body jerked in its rags from the cold. Although he was still young, he was sick and coughed often. Writing implied a greater future than he now felt able to consider.

The old man seated himself laboriously, and reached out, groaning at the movement, to put another block of peat on the fire. With bowed heads and averted eyes, his three guests acknowledged his magnanimity.

"We thank you, Doctor Jenkins, for the reading," said the man who had named the books.

They seemed then to be waiting for something. Doctor Jenkins understood, but was loath to comply. In an ordinary moment he would have said nothing. But the words of *The Tempest,* which he had been reading, and the religious attention of the three made this an unusual occasion.

"You wish to hear the phonograph," he said grudgingly.

The two middle-aged men stared into the fire, unable to formulate and expose the enormity of their desire.

The young man, however, said anxiously, between suppressed coughs, "Oh, please," like an excited child.

The old man rose again in his difficult way, and went to the back of the cell. He returned and placed tenderly upon the packed floor, where the firelight might fall upon it, an old portable phonograph in a black case. He smoothed the top with his hand, and then opened it. The lovely green-felt-covered disk became visible.

"I have been using thorns as needles," he said. "But tonight, because we

have a musician among us"—he bent his head to the young man, almost invisible in the shadow—"I will use a steel needle. There are only three left."

The two middle-aged men stared at him in speechless adoration. The one with the big hands, who wanted to write, moved his lips, but the whisper was not audible.

"Oh, don't!" cried the young man, as if he were hurt. "The thorns will do beautifully."

"No," the old man said. "I have become accustomed to the thorns, but they are not really good. For you, my young friend, we will have good music tonight."

"After all," he added generously, and beginning to wind the phonograph, which creaked, "they can't last forever."

"No, nor we," the man who needed to write said harshly. "The needle, by all means."

"Oh, thanks," said the young man. "Thanks," he said again in a low, excited voice, and then stifled his coughing with a bowed head.

"The records, though," said the old man when he had finished winding, "are a different matter. Already they are very worn. I do not play them more than once a week. One, once a week, that is what I allow myself.

"More than a week I cannot stand it; not to hear them," he apologized.

"No, how could you?" cried the young man. "And with them here like this."

"A man can stand anything," said the man who wanted to write, in his harsh, antagonistic voice.

"Please, the music," said the young man.

"Only the one," said the old man. "In the long run, we will remember more that way."

He had a dozen records with luxuriant gold and red seals. Even in that light the others could see that the threads of the records were becoming worn. Slowly he read out the titles and the tremendous, dead names of the composers and the artists and the orchestras. The three worked upon the names in their minds, carefully. It was difficult to select from such a wealth what they would at once most like to remember. Finally, the man who wanted to write named Gershwin's "New York."

"Oh, no," cried the sick young man, and then could say nothing more because he had to cough. The others understood him, and the harsh man withdrew his selection and waited for the musician to choose.

The musician begged Doctor Jenkins to read the titles again, very slowly, so that he could remember the sounds. While they were read, he lay back against the wall, his eyes closed, his thin, horny hand pulling at his light beard, and listened to the voices and the orchestras and the single instruments in his mind.

When the reading was done he spoke despairingly. "I have forgotten," he complained; "I cannot hear them clearly.

"There are things missing," he explained.

"I know," said Doctor Jenkins. "I thought that I knew all of Shelley by heart. I should have brought Shelley."

"That's more soul than we can use," said the harsh man. "*Moby Dick* is better."

"By God, we can understand that," he emphasized.

The Doctor nodded.

"Still," said the man who had admired the books, "we need the absolute if we are to keep a grasp on anything.

"Anything but these sticks and peat clods and rabbit snares," he said bitterly.

"Shelley desired an ultimate absolute," said the harsh man. "It's too much," he said. "It's no good; no earthly good."

The musician selected a Debussy nocturne. The others considered and approved. They rose to their knees to watch the Doctor prepare for the playing, so that they appeared to be actually in an attitude of worship. The peat glow showed the thinness of their bearded faces, and the deep lines in them, and revealed the condition of their garments. The other two continued to kneel as the old man carefully lowered the needle onto the spinning disk, but the musician suddenly drew back against the wall again, with his knees up, and buried his face in his hands.

At the first notes of the piano the listeners were startled. They stared at each other. Even the musician lifted his head in amazement, but then quickly bowed it again, strainingly, as if he were suffering from a pain he might not be able to endure. They were all listening deeply, without movement. The wet, blue-green notes tinkled forth from the old machine, and were individual, delectable presences in the cell. The individual, delectable presences swept into a sudden tide of unbearably beautiful dissonance, and then continued fully the swelling and ebbing of that tide, the dissonant inpourings, and the resolutions, and the diminishments, and the little, quiet wavelets of interlude lapping between. Every sound was piercing and singularly sweet. In all the men except the musician, there occurred rapid sequences of tragically heightened recollection. He heard nothing but what was there. At the final, whispering disappearance, but moving quietly so that the others would not hear him and look at him, he let his head fall back in agony, as if it were drawn there by the hair, and clenched the fingers of one hand over his teeth. He sat that way while the others were silent, and until they began to breathe again normally. His drawn-up legs were trembling violently.

Quickly Doctor Jenkins lifted the needle off, to save it and not to spoil the recollection with scraping. When he had stopped the whirling of the

sacred disk, he courteously left the phonograph open and by the fire, in sight.

The others, however, understood. The musician rose last, but then abruptly, and went quickly out at the door without saying anything. The others stopped at the door and gave their thanks in low voices. The Doctor nodded magnificently.

"Come again," he invited, "in a week. We will have the 'New York.' "

When the two had gone together, out towards the rimed road, he stood in the entrance, peering and listening. At first, there was only the resonant boom of the wind overhead, and then far over the dome of the dead, dark plain, the wolf cry lamenting. In the rifts of clouds the Doctor saw four stars flying. It impressed the Doctor that one of them had just been obscured by the beginning of a flying cloud at the very moment he heard what he had been listening for, a sound of suppressed coughing. It was not near-by, however. He believed that down against the pale alders he could see the moving shadow.

With nervous hands he lowered the piece of canvas which served as his door, and pegged it at the bottom. Then quickly and quietly, looking at the piece of canvas frequently, he slipped the records into the case, snapped the lid shut, and carried the phonograph to his couch. There, pausing often to stare at the canvas and listen, he dug earth from the wall and disclosed a piece of board. Behind this there was a deep hole in the wall, into which he put the phonograph. After a moment's consideration, he went over and reached down his bundle of books and inserted it also. Then, guardedly, he once more sealed up the hole with the board and the earth. He also changed his blankets, and the grass-stuffed sack which served as a pillow, so that he could lie facing the entrance. After carefully placing two more blocks of peat upon the fire, he stood for a long time watching the stretched canvas, but it seemed to billow naturally with the first gusts of a lowering wind. At last he prayed, and got in under his blankets, and closed his smoke-smarting eyes. On the inside of the bed, next the wall, he could feel with his hand the comfortable piece of lead pipe.

The Plays

READING A PLAY

PLAYS, unlike children, should be both seen and heard. Indeed, a play is not a play until you have seen it acted on a stage by actors before an audience. If this statement suggests a fundamental artificiality in reading a play, the suggestion is deliberate. Although the drama as literature has a long and distinguished tradition, it is only in the theater that the potentialities of a play as a form of art are fully realized. Nevertheless, you will find that reading a play, in spite of its inherent limitations, can be pleasurable.

Like most college students, you have probably had considerable experience in reading other types of fiction, especially short stories and novels. You will find it useful, therefore, to consider the problem of communication as it is faced by the story writer on the one hand and the playwright on the other. In a story, the author has at his disposal various devices to aid him in the presentation of his material. He may, for example, use several paragraphs or pages to describe what a room looks like; he creates a word picture of the scene so specifically that you have no difficulty in re-creating the scene. The story writer may sketch in the past history of a character, in as much detail as is necessary, in order that you may fully understand a given situation. In short, the writer of fiction, since he is not faced with the necessity for preserving a constant dramatic situation, may, in addition to dialogue, make use of the more expansive and discursive types of writing: narration, description, and exposition. But the playwright must think and write in terms of a stage and of actors who will be talking, moving, and gesturing. He cannot describe his scene in a leisurely way; his scene must *be* there, right on the stage, and it must make a direct and immediate impression on the spectator. Whereas a novelist would tell you that there is a fireplace at one end of a room, the playwright provides you with an *actual* fireplace on the stage. Whereas a novelist would tell you, in great detail, just how a character looks, what he is wearing, and what intonations of voice he uses, the playwright provides you with an actual character on the stage, whose looks, clothing, and intonations are immediately perceived by the audience.

As everyone who has ever read a play knows, the playwright can also use some of the techniques of the novelist in the printed version of his play. Sets are described, characterization is suggested, and various types of stage directions are invariably included with the text of a play. But you must always remember that these devices are your special advantage as a reader; they are not available to the spectator. Therefore, the play as it is acted on the stage must convey through set design, dialogue, and acting everything that would otherwise appear in print.

All this should suggest that as a reader of a play you have some advantages over a spectator in the theater. You can reread any passage you wish, you can pause to savor the quality of a scene, you can stop to think over any special significances conveyed by the dialogue. Indeed, the price of a printed play entitles you to any number of repeat performances; a ticket to a live play is good for one performance only.

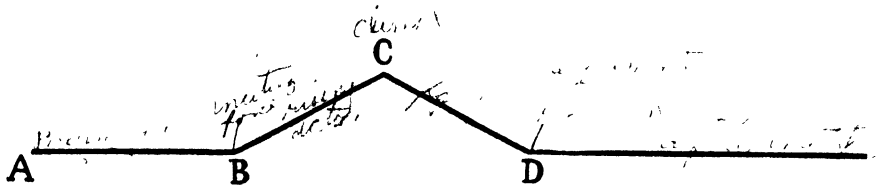
It should be clear from what has been said above that your aim in reading a play is to re-create imaginatively its scenes and characters. As a reader, therefore, you must call upon all your powers of visualization, so that you create in your imagination a "theater of the mind." A sensitive reader can give to such imaginative reconstructions all of the life and warmth and feeling which live performances possess.

The facile distinction between tragedy and comedy, which defines the former as a play that ends unhappily and the latter as a play that ends happily, is not useful to the critical reader of plays. Neither term lends itself to simple definition; actually, a broad experience in reading plays from earliest times down to the present is necessary for a full understanding of the limits of tragedy and comedy. It is useful to distinguish, however, between these time-honored genres (always remembering that any briefly stated distinction hardly begins to tell the full story). Tragedy includes those plays in which the conflict (see the discussion of "conflict" on page 417, below) is serious and in which the results of the conflict are unfortunate for the character or characters for whom the most sympathy has been aroused. Comedy, on the other hand, includes those plays in which the conflict, though serious, produces results which are not unfortunate for the character or characters for whom the most sympathy has been aroused.

Farce is a type of comedy which depends less on conflicts in plot and character than on exaggerated and improbable situations (frequently including horseplay, slapstick, coarse wit, and the like). Primarily intended to amuse, farces usually present caricatures rather than well-rounded characters. Melodrama is a type of play in which a serious conflict may be presented with either fortunate or unfortunate results for the chief characters, but the conflict is usually so exaggerated and motivation is usually so superficial that the issues in the play become unimportant.

On the modern stage, however, these traditional and historical distinctions have been largely blurred. Today there are virtually only three genres of drama: (1) the serious (or problem) play, like *The Winslow Boy;* (2) comedies (including farces), like *The Twelve-Pound Look;* and (3) musical comedies. Shakespeare's *The First Part of King Henry the Fourth,* which is also included in this volume, is a historical play with elements of both comedy and tragedy and bits of farce and melodrama.

You will want to give certain elements of a play special attention. As in the short story, *plot* is of the utmost importance. The plot of a play generally presents a conflict or a struggle, usually between a protagonist (who receives most of the playwright's attention and arouses the most sympathy from the audience) and the antagonist (which may be another character or group of characters; some external force like nature, society, or environment; or an internal force in the protagonist's own makeup—an overwhelming emotion, a temptation, a habit, or some other aspect of his personality). The plot of a play presents this conflict in action. A simple and general plot may be diagrammed as follows:



The portion of the plot from *A* to *B* may be called the preliminary action, in which you become acquainted with some (not necessarily all) of the characters and the situation. Point *B* in the action introduces the inciting force, that is, the situation, idea, or character with which the conflict begins to take shape. *B* to *C* represents the rising action, that is, the development of the conflict in successive scenes which reach a climax *C*, the turning point in the struggle (the point after which the fortunes of the protagonist are decided definitely one way or another). *C* to *D* represents the falling action, that is, those scenes which show the direction in which the fortunes of the protagonist are headed. Point *D*, the dénouement, or resolution, reveals the ultimate fate of the protagonist. From *D* until the end of the play, the aftermath of the struggle is presented; it is the final portion of the play in which the loose ends are tied up.

If the plot of a play is a series of related events that carry the actions of the characters through a conflict to a conclusion, you may well raise certain questions in your consideration of this element of a play.

1. Does the plot in fact show a series of related events that carry the actions of the characters through a conflict to a conclusion? Are the events arranged in a cause and effect relationship?
2. Does the plot reveal the mental, emotional, spiritual, and physical qualities of the characters? Does the plot grow out of the characters instead of vice versa?
3. Does the plot properly carry the central idea which the playwright wishes to communicate?

4. To what extent does the plot depend on setting?
5. Is the plot sufficiently varied, lively, and otherwise interesting in itself? Is there sufficient action (both *physical* on the stage, and *intellectual*) in the plot? Is the play too talky?

Other elements of a play which merit your consideration are suggested in the following questions:

1. Are the *characters* true to life? Are they well motivated? Are they static or dynamic; that is, do they remain unchanged as a result of the action or do they change or develop?
2. What is the *theme* of the play, that is, what is the play about? What fundamental attitude toward life does it convey? What is the significance of the play?
3. What is the *setting* of the play? What are the time and place of the action? How and to what extent do the actual stage settings contribute to the atmosphere of the play?
4. What is the nature of the *dialogue* of the play? Are the speeches suited to the characters? Is the talk of the play believable?

Needless to say, these elements of a play do not exist in separate and mutually exclusive compartments; in a well-rounded play they supplement and reinforce one another. And in an effective performance you should expect to find a similar integration of these elements. It also goes without saying that the success of a play on the stage depends not only on the intrinsic qualities of the play itself but also on the casting, acting, and directing of it, and on the skillful contributions of scene designers, costumers, stagehands, lighting technicians, and a host of other behind-the-scenes operators.

This discussion may well conclude with a few suggestions for the more pleasurable reading of a play. Perhaps your instructor will ask you and others in the class to read some portions of a play aloud. Also, you will want to discuss the costuming, stage business, and settings. In short, you will want to attempt bringing the play to life. When you are studying a play in your own room, you will find that reading it aloud is very helpful; it will assist you in projecting yourself into the various characters and in visualizing the costumes, settings, and stage business. The following outline may also prove useful.

OUTLINE FOR ANALYSIS OF A PLAY

I. Summarize the main actions of the plot in about a hundred words.
II. Describe the setting: time, place, and atmosphere.
III. Briefly describe the main characters.

IV. Diagram the plot, including all the parts suggested in the diagram described above.

V. State the central theme or significance of the play in a single sentence.

VI. State the central conflict or conflicts.

THE FIRST PART OF

KING HENRY THE FOURTH

William Shakespeare (1564-1616)

DRAMATIS PERSONAE

KING HENRY IV
HENRY, PRINCE OF WALES } sons to the King
JOHN OF LANCASTER }
EARL OF WESTMORELAND
SIR WALTER BLUNT
THOMAS PERCY, earl of Worcester
HENRY PERCY, earl of Northumberland
HENRY PERCY, surnamed HOTSPUR, his son
EDMUND MORTIMER, earl of March
RICHARD SCROOP, archbishop of York
ARCHIBALD, earl of Douglas
OWEN GLENDOWER
SIR RICHARD VERNON
SIR JOHN FALSTAFF
SIR MICHAEL, a friend to the archbishop of York.
POINS GADSHILL PETO BARDOLPH
LADY PERCY, wife to Hotspur, and sister to Mortimer
LADY MORTIMER, daughter to Glendower, and wife to Mortimer
MISTRESS QUICKLY, hostess of a tavern in Eastcheap
Lords, Officers, Sheriff, Vintner, Chamberlain, Drawers, two Carriers, Travellers, and Attendants

SCENE: *England and Wales*

ACT I, SCENE I

London. The Palace.

Enter King Henry, Lord John of Lancaster, the Earl of Westmoreland, [Sir Walter Blunt,] with others.

KING. So shaken as we are, so wan with care,
Find we a time for frighted peace to pant,
And breathe short-winded accents of new broils
To be commenc'd in stronds[1] afar remote.
No more the thirsty entrance of this soil

1. shores.

Shall daub her lips with her own children's blood;
No more shall trenching war channel her fields,
Nor bruise her flowerets with the armed hoofs
Of hostile paces: those opposed eyes,
Which, like meteors of a troubled heaven,
All of one nature, of one substance bred,
Did lately meet in the intestine[2] shock
And furious close of civil butchery,
Shall now, in mutual well-beseeming ranks,
March all one way, and be no more oppos'd
Against acquaintance, kindred, and allies.
The edge of war, like an ill-sheathed knife,
No more shall cut his master. Therefore, friends,
As far as to the sepulchre of Christ,
Whose soldier now, under whose blessed cross
We are impressed[3] and engag'd to fight,
Forthwith a power of English shall we levy;
Whose arms were moulded in their mothers' womb
To chase these pagans in those holy fields
Over whose acres walk'd those blessed feet
Which fourteen hundred years ago were nail'd
For our advantage on the bitter cross.
But this our purpose now is twelvemonth old,
And bootless[4] 'tis to tell you we will go;
Therefore we meet not now. Then let me hear
Of you, my gentle cousin Westmoreland,
What yesternight our council did decree
In forwarding this dear expedience.[5]

WEST. My liege, this haste was hot in question,[6]
And many limits of the charge[7] set down
But yesternight; when all athwart[8] there came
A post from Wales loaden with heavy news;
Whose worst was, that the noble Mortimer,
Leading the men of Herefordshire to fight
Against the irregular and wild Glendower,
Was by the rude hands of that Welshman taken
A thousand of his people butchered;
Upon whose dead corpse there was such misuse,
Such beastly shameless transformation
By those Welshwomen done, as may not be
Without much shame retold or spoken of.

2. internal. 3. enlisted. 4. useless. 5. dear expedience: long-desired expedition. 6. hot in question: warmly debated. 7. expense. 8. thwarting our purpose.

KING. It seems then that the tidings of this broil
Brake off our business for the Holy Land.
WEST. This match'd with other did, my gracious lord;
For more uneven and unwelcome news
Came from the north, and thus it did import:
On Holy-rood day,[9] the gallant Hotspur there,
Young Harry Percy and brave Archibald,
That ever-valiant and approved Scot,
At Holmedon met,
Where they did spend a sad and bloody hour,
As by discharge of their artillery,
And shape of likelihood,[10] the news was told;
For he that brought them, in the very heat
And pride[11] of their contention did take horse,
Uncertain of the issue any way.
KING. Here is a dear, a true industrious friend,
Sir Walter Blunt, new lighted from his horse,
Stain'd with the variation of each soil
Betwixt that Holmedon and this seat of ours;
And he hath brought us smooth and welcome news.
The Earl of Douglas is discomfited;
Ten thousand bold Scots, two and twenty knights,
Balk'd[12] in their own blood did Sir Walter see
On Holmedon's plains. Of prisoners, Hotspur took
Murdoch Earl of Fife, and eldest son
To beaten Douglas; and the Earl of Athole,
Of Moray, Angus, and Menteith:
And is not this an honourable spoil?
A gallant prize, ha, cousin, is it not?
WEST. In faith,
It is a conquest for a prince to boast of.
KING. Yea, there thou mak'st me sad, and mak'st me sin
In envy that my Lord Northumberland
Should be the father to so blest a son,
A son who is the theme of honour's tongue,
Amongst a grove the very straightest plant,
Who is sweet Fortune's minion[13] and her pride;
Whilst I, by looking on the praise of him,
See riot and dishonour stain the brow
Of my young Harry. O that it could be prov'd
That some night-tripping fairy had exchang'd

9. Holy-rood day: September 14. 10. shape of likelihood: probability. 11. intensity. 12. piled. 13. favorite.

In cradle-clothes our children where they lay,
And call'd mine Percy, his Plantagenet![14]
Then would I have his Harry, and he mine.
But let him from my thoughts. What think you, coz,[15]
Of this young Percy's pride? The prisoners,
Which he in this adventure hath surpris'd,
To his own use he keeps; and sends me word
I shall have none but Murdoch Earl of Fife.

WEST. This is his uncle's teaching; this is Worcester,
Malevolent to you in all aspects;
Which makes him prune[16] himself, and bristle up
The crest of youth against your dignity.

KING. But I have sent for him to answer this;
And for this cause awhile we must neglect
Our holy purpose to Jerusalem.
Cousin, on Wednesday next our council we
Will hold at Windsor. So inform the lords;
But come yourself with speed to us again,
For more is to be said and to be done
Than out of anger can be uttered.

WEST. I will, my liege. *Exeunt.*

14. the family name of the king. 15. a term of affectionate familiarity. 16. preen.

SCENE II

London. An apartment of the Prince's.

Enter the Prince of Wales and Falstaff.

FAL. Now, Hal, what time of day is it, lad?

PRINCE. Thou art so fat-witted, with drinking of old sack[1] and unbuttoning thee after supper and sleeping upon benches after noon, that thou hast forgotten to demand that truly which thou wouldest truly know. What a devil hast thou to do with the time of the day? Unless hours were cups of sack, and minutes capons, and clocks the tongues of bawds, and dials the signs of leaping-houses,[2] and the blessed sun himself a fair hot wench in flame-coloured taffeta, I see no reason why thou shouldest be so superfluous to demand the time of the day.

FAL. Indeed, you come near me now, Hal; for we that take purses go by the moon and the seven stars, and not by Phœbus, he, "that wand'ring knight so fair." And, I prithee, sweet wag, when thou art a king, as,

1. a Spanish wine. 2. brothels.

God save thy Grace,—Majesty I should say, for grace thou wilt have none,—

PRINCE. What, none?

FAL. No, by my troth, not so much as will serve to be prologue to an egg and butter.

PRINCE. Well, how then? Come, roundly,[3] roundly.

FAL. Marry,[4] then, sweet wag, when thou art king, let not us that are squires of the night's body be called thieves of the day's beauty. Let us be Diana's foresters, gentlemen of the shade, minions of the moon; and let men say we be men of good government, being governed, as the sea is, by our noble and chaste mistress the moon, under whose countenance we steal.

PRINCE. Thou say'st well, and it holds well too; for the fortune of us that are the moon's men doth ebb and flow like the sea, being governed, as the sea is, by the moon. As, for proof, now: a purse of gold most resolutely snatch'd on Monday night and most dissolutely spent on Tuesday morning; got with swearing "Lay by"[5] and spent with crying "Bring in";[6] now in as low an ebb as the foot of the ladder, and by and by in as high a flow as the ridge of the gallows.

FAL. By the Lord, thou sayest true, lad. And is not my hostess of the tavern a most sweet wench?

PRINCE. As the honey of Hybla,[7] my old lad of the castle. And is not a buff jerkin[8] a most sweet robe of durance?[9]

FAL. How now, how now, mad wag! What, in thy quips and thy quiddities?[10] what a plague have I to do with a buff jerkin?

PRINCE. Why, what a pox have I to do with my hostess of the tavern?

FAL. Well, thou hast call'd her to a reckoning[11] many a time and oft.

PRINCE. Did I ever call for thee to pay thy part?

FAL. No; I'll give thee thy due, thou hast paid all there.

PRINCE. Yea, and elsewhere, so far as my coin would stretch; and where it would not, I have us'd my credit.

FAL. Yea, and so us'd it that, were it not here apparent that thou art heir apparent—But, I prithee, sweet wag, shall there be gallows standing in England when thou art king? and resolution thus fobb'd[12] as it is with the rusty curb of old father antic[13] the law? Do not thou, when thou art king, hang a thief.

PRINCE. No; thou shalt.

FAL. Shall I? O rare! By the Lord, I'll be a brave[14] judge.

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3. plainly. 4. by Mary (an oath). 5. Lay by: a highwayman's command. 6. Bring in: an order to a waiter for wine. 7. a town in Sicily. 8. buff jerkin: a sheriff's leather jacket. 9. a durable garment—prison garb. 10. witticisms. 11. accounting. 12. cheated. 13. buffoon. 14. fine.

PRINCE. Thou judgest false already. I mean, thou shalt have the hanging of the thieves and so become a rare hangman.

FAL. Well, Hal, well; and in some sort it jumps[15] with my humour[16] as well as waiting in the court, I can tell you.

PRINCE. For obtaining of suits?

FAL. Yea, for obtaining of suits, whereof the hangman hath no lean wardrobe. 'Sblood, I am as melancholy as a gib cat,[17] as a lugg'd bear.[18]

PRINCE. Or an old lion, or a lover's lute.

FAL. Yea, or the drone of a Lincolnshire bagpipe.

PRINCE. What sayest thou to a hare,[19] or the melancholy of Moor-ditch?[20]

FAL. Thou hast the most unsavory similes and art indeed the most comparative,[21] rascalliest, sweet young prince. But, Hal, I prithee, trouble me no more with vanity. I would to God thou and I knew where a commodity[22] of good names were to be bought. An old lord of the council rated[23] me the other day in the street about you, sir, but I mark'd him not; and yet he talk'd very wisely, but I regarded him not; and yet he talk'd wisely, and in the street too.

PRINCE. Thou didst well; for wisdom cries out in the streets, and no man regards it.

FAL. O, thou hast damnable iteration[24] and art indeed able to corrupt a saint. Thou hast done much harm upon me, Hal; God forgive thee for it! Before I knew thee, Hal, I knew nothing; and now am I, if a man should speak truly, little better than one of the wicked. I must give over this life, and I will give it over. By the Lord, an[25] I do not, I am a villain. I'll be damn'd for never a king's son in Christendom.

PRINCE. Where shall we take a purse to-morrow, Jack?

FAL. 'Zounds,[26] where thou wilt, lad; I'll make one. An I do not, call me villain and baffle[27] me.

PRINCE. I see a good amendment of life in thee; from praying to purse-taking.

FAL. Why, Hal, 'tis my vocation, Hal. 'Tis no sin for a man to labour in his vocation.

Enter Poins.

Poins! Now shall we know if Gadshill have set a match.[28] O, if men were to be saved by merit, what hole in hell were hot enough for him? This is the most omnipotent villain that ever cried "Stand!" to a true man.

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15. agrees. 16. disposition. 17. gib cat: tom cat. 18. lugg'd bear: a bear led by a rope. 19. symbol of melancholy. 20. an open sewer outside of London. 21. full of witty comparisons. 22. lot. 23. berated. 24. trick of twisting meanings. 25. if. 26. God's wounds. 27. disgrace. 28. set a match: planned a robbery.

PRINCE. Good morrow, Ned.

POINS. Good morrow, sweet Hal. What says Monsieur Remorse? What says Sir John Sack and Sugar? Jack! how agrees the devil and thee about thy soul, that thou soldest him on Good Friday last for a cup of Madeira[29] and a cold capon's leg?

PRINCE. Sir John stands to his word, the devil shall have his bargain; for he was never a breaker of proverbs. He will give the devil his due.

POINS. Then art thou damn'd for keeping thy word with the devil.

PRINCE. Else he had been damn'd for cozening[30] the devil.

POINS. But, my lads, to-morrow morning, by four o'clock, early at Gadshill![31] There are pilgrims going to Canterbury with rich offerings, and traders riding to London with fat purses. I have vizards[32] for you all; you have horses for yourselves. Gadshill lies to-night in Rochester. I have bespoke supper to-morrow night in Eastcheap.[33] We may do it as secure as sleep. If you will go, I will stuff your purses full of crowns; if you will not, tarry at home and be hang'd.

FAL. Hear ye, Yedward; if I tarry at home and go not, I'll hang you for going.

POINS. You will, chops?[34]

FAL. Hal, wilt thou make one?

PRINCE. Who? I rob? I a thief? Not I, by my faith.

FAL. There's neither honesty, manhood, nor good fellowship in thee, nor thou cam'st not of the blood royal,[35] if thou dar'st not stand for ten shillings.

PRINCE. Well, then, once in my days I'll be a madcap.

FAL. Why, that's well said.

PRINCE. Well, come what will, I'll tarry at home.

FAL. By the lord, I'll be a traitor then, when thou art king.

PRINCE. I care not.

POINS. Sir John, I prithee, leave the Prince and me alone. I will lay him down such reasons for this adventure that he shall go.

FAL. Well, God give thee the spirit of persuasion and him the ears of profiting, that what thou speakest may move and what he hears may be believed, that the true prince may, for recreation sake, prove a false thief; for the poor abuses[36] of the time want countenance. Farewell; you shall find me in Eastcheap.

PRINCE. Farewell, thou latter spring! Farewell, All-hallown[37] summer! *Exit Falstaff.*

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29. a kind of wine. 30. cheating. 31. here the name of a hill near Rochester; also the name of one of the robbers. 32. masks. 33. a street in London, the location of the Boar's Head Tavern. 34. fat face. 35. a coin worth ten shillings. 36. poor abuses . . . want countenance: social reforms are neglected. 37. All-hallows (All Saints) Day, referring to Indian summer.

POINS. Now, my good sweet honey lord, ride with us to-morrow; I have a jest to execute that I cannot manage alone. Falstaff, Bardolph, Peto and Gadshill shall rob those men that we have already waylaid; yourself and I will not be there; and when they have the booty, if you and I do not rob them, cut this head off from my shoulders.

PRINCE. How shall we part with them in setting forth?

POINS. Why, we will set forth before or after them, and appoint them a place of meeting, wherein it is at our pleasure to fail, and then will they adventure upon the exploit themselves; which they shall have no sooner achieved, but we'll set upon them.

PRINCE. Yea, but 'tis like that they will know us by our horses, by our habits,[38] and by every other appointment,[39] to be ourselves.

POINS. Tut! our horses they shall not see; I'll tie them in the wood; our vizards we will change after we leave them: and, sirrah, I have cases of buckram[40] for the nonce,[41] to immask our noted[42] outward garments.

PRINCE. Yea, but I doubt[43] they will be too hard for us.

POINS. Well, for two of them, I know them to be as true-bred cowards as ever turn'd back; and for the third, if he fight longer than he sees reason, I'll forswear arms. The virtue of this jest will be the incomprehensible lies that this same fat rogue will tell us when we meet at supper; how thirty, at least, he fought with; what wards,[44] what blows, what extremities he endured; and in the reproof[45] of this lies the jest.

PRINCE. Well, I'll go with thee. Provide us all things necessary and meet me to-morrow night in Eastcheap; there I'll sup. Farewell.

POINS. Farewell, my lord. *Exit.*

PRINCE. I know you all, and will a while uphold
The unyok'd humour[46] of your idleness;
Yet herein will I imitate the sun,
Who doth permit the base contagious[47] clouds
To smother up his beauty from the world,
That when he please again to be himself,
Being wanted, he may be more wond'red at
By breaking through the foul and ugly mists
Of vapours that did seem to strangle him.
If all the year were playing holidays,
To sport would be as tedious as to work;
But when they seldom come, they wish'd for come,
And nothing pleaseth but rare accidents.[48]

38. clothes. 39. equipment. 40. cases of buckram: suits of coarse cloth. 41. occasion. 42. known. 43. fear. 44. guards in fencing. 45. disproof. 46. unyok'd humour; unrestrained whim. 47. disease-carrying. 48. happenings.

So, when this loose behaviour I throw off
And pay the debt I never promised,
By how much better than my word I am,
By so much shall I falsify men's hopes;
And like bright metal on a sullen ground,[49]
My reformation, glitt'ring o'er my fault,
Shall show more goodly and attract more eyes
Than that which hath no foil[50] to set it off.
I'll so offend, to make offence a skill,
Redeeming time when men think least I will.

Exit.

49. sullen ground: dull background. 50. contrast.

SCENE III

London. The palace.

Enter the King, Northumberland, Worcester, Hotspur, Sir Walter Blunt, with others.

KING. My blood hath been too cold and temperate,
Unapt to stir at these indignities,
And you have found me; for accordingly
You tread upon my patience. But be sure
I will from henceforth rather be myself,
Mighty and to be fear'd, than my condition;[1]
Which hath been smooth as oil, soft as young down,
And therefore lost that title of respect
Which the proud soul ne'er pays but to the proud.

WOR. Our house, my sovereign liege, little deserves
The scourge of greatness to be us'd on it;
And that same greatness too which our own hands
Have holp[2] to make so portly.[3]

NORTH. My lord,—

KING. Worcester, get thee gone: for I do see
Danger and disobedience in thine eye.
O, sir, your presence is too bold and peremptory,
And majesty might never yet endure
The moody frontier[4] of a servant brow.
You have good leave to leave us. When we need
Your use and counsel, we shall send for you.

Exit Worcester.

You were about to speak.

1. natural disposition. 2. helped. 3. stately. 4. outward fortification.

NORTH. Yea, my good lord.
Those prisoners in your Highness' name demanded,
Which Harry Percy here at Holmedon took,
Were, as he says, not with such strength denied
As is delivered to your Majesty.
Either envy, therefore, or misprision[5]
Is guilty of this fault, and not my son.
HOT. My liege, I did deny no prisoners.
But I remember, when the fight was done,
When I was dry with rage and extreme toil,
Breathless and faint, leaning upon my sword,
Came there a certain lord, neat, trimly dress'd,
Fresh as a bridegroom; and his chin new reap'd
Show'd like a stubble-land at harvest-home.
He was perfumed like a milliner;
And 'twixt his finger and his thumb he held
A pouncet-box,[6] which ever and anon
He gave his nose and took 't away again;
Who therewith angry, when it next came there,
Took it in snuff; and still he smil'd and talk'd,
And as the soldiers bore dead bodies by,
He call'd them untaught knaves, unmannerly,
To bring a slovenly unhandsome corse
Betwixt the wind and his nobility.
With many holiday and lady terms
He question'd me; amongst the rest, demanded
My prisoners in your Majesty's behalf.
I then, all smarting with my wounds being cold,
To be so pestered with a popinjay,[7]
Out of my grief and my impatience
Answer'd neglectingly—I know not what,
He should, or he should not; for he made me mad
To see him shine so brisk and smell so sweet
And talk so like a waiting-gentlewoman
Of guns and drums and wounds,—God save the mark![8]—
And telling me the sovereign'st[9] thing on earth
Was parmaceti[10] for an inward bruise;
And that it was great pity, so it was,
This villanous saltpetre should be digg'd
Out of the bowels of the harmless earth,

5. misunderstanding. 6. perfume box. 7. parrot. 8. God save the mark!: a phrase of contempt. 9. best. 10. an ointment derived from whales.

Which many a good tall[11] fellow had destroy'd
So cowardly; and but for these vile guns,
He would himself have been a soldier.
This bald unjointed chat of his, my lord,
I answered indirectly, as I said;
And I beseech you, let not his report
Come current for an accusation
Betwixt my love and your high Majesty.

BLUNT. The circumstance considered, good my lord,
Whate'er Lord Harry Percy then had said
To such a person and in such a place,
At such a time, with all the rest retold,
May reasonably die and never rise
To do him wrong or any way impeach
What then he said, so he unsay it now.

KING. Why, yet he doth deny his prisoners
But[12] with proviso and exception
That we at our own charge shall ransom straight
His brother-in-law, the foolish Mortimer,
Who, on my soul, hath wilfully betray'd
The lives of those that he did lead to fight
Against that great magician, damn'd Glendower,
Whose daughter, as we hear, the Earl of March[13]
Hath lately married. Shall our coffers, then,
Be emptied to redeem a traitor home?
Shall we buy treason, and indent[14] with fears,
When they have lost and forfeited themselves?
No, on the barren mountains let him starve;
For I shall never hold that man my friend
Whose tongue shall ask me for one penny cost
To ransom home revolted Mortimer.

HOT. Revolted Mortimer!
He never did fall off, my sovereign liege,
But by the chance of war. To prove that true
Needs no more but one tongue for all those wounds,
Those mouthed wounds, which valiantly he took,
When on the gentle Severn's sedgy bank,
In single opposition, hand to hand,
He did confound[15] the best part of an hour
In changing[16] hardiment[17] with great Glendower.
Three times they breath'd and three time did they drink,

11. valiant. 12. except. 13. Earl of March: Mortimer. 14. come to terms. 15. consume. 16. exchanging. 17. feats of valor.

Upon agreement, of swift Severn's flood;
Who then, affrighted with their bloody looks,
Ran fearfully among the trembling reeds,
And hid his crisp[18] head in the hollow bank
Bloodstained with these valiant combatants.
Never did base and rotten policy
Colour[19] her working with such deadly wounds;
Nor never could the noble Mortimer
Receive so many, and all willingly.
Then let not him be sland'red with revolt.

KING. Thou dost belie him, Percy, thou dost belie him;
He never did encounter with Glendower.
I tell thee,
He durst as well have met the devil alone
As Owen Glendower for an enemy.
Art thou not asham'd? But, sirrah, henceforth
Let me not hear you speak of Mortimer.
Send me your prisoners with the speediest means,
Or you shall hear in such a kind from me
As will displease you. My Lord Northumberland,
We license your departure with your son.
Send us your prisoners, or you'll hear of it.

Exeunt King Henry, Blunt, and train.

HOT. An if the devil come and roar for them,
I will not send them. I will after straight
And tell him so; for I will ease my heart,
Albeit I make a hazard of my head.

NORTH. What, drunk with choler? Stay and pause a while.
Here comes your uncle.

Re-enter Worcester.

HOT. Speak of Mortimer!
'Zounds, I will speak of him; and let my soul
Want mercy, if I do not join with him.
Yea, on his part I'll empty all these veins,
And shed my dear blood drop by drop in the dust,
But I will lift the down-trod Mortimer
As high in the air as this unthankful king,
As this ingrate and cankered[20] Bolingbroke[21]

NORTH. Brother, the king hath made your nephew mad.

WOR. Who struck this heat up after I was gone?

18. rippled. 19. disguise. 20. rotten. 21. King Henry, so called because he was born in Bolingbroke Castle.

HOT. He will, forsooth, have all my prisoners:
And when I urg'd the ransom once again
Of my wife's brother, then his cheek look'd pale,
And on my face he turn'd an eye of death,
Trembling even at the name of Mortimer.
WOR. I cannot blame him. Was not he proclaim'd
By Richard, that dead is, the next of blood?
NORTH. He was; I heard the proclamation.
And then it was when the unhappy king,—
Whose wrongs in us God pardon!—did set forth
Upon his Irish expedition;
From whence he intercepted did return
To be depos'd and shortly murdered.
WOR. And for whose death we in the world's wide mouth
Live scandaliz'd and foully spoken of.
HOT. But, soft, I pray you; did King Richard then
Proclaim my brother Edmund Mortimer
Heir to the crown?
NORTH. He did; myself did hear it.
HOT. Nay, then I cannot blame his cousin king,
That wish'd him on the barren mountains starve.
But shall it be, that you, that set the crown
Upon the head of this forgetful man
And for his sake wear the detested blot
Of murderous subornation,[22] shall it be
That you a world of curses undergo,
Being the agents, or base second means,
The cords, the ladder, or the hangman rather?
O, pardon me that I descend so low,
To show the line[23] and the predicament[24]
Wherein you range[25] under this subtle king!
Shall it for shame be spoken in these days,
Or fill up chronicles in time to come,
That men of your nobility and power
Did gage[26] them both in an unjust behalf,
As both of you—God pardon it!—have done,
To put down Richard, that sweet lovely rose,
And plant this thorn, this canker,[27] Bolingbroke?
And shall it in more shame be further spoken,
That you are fool'd, discarded, and shook off
By him for whom these shames ye underwent?

22. murderous subornation: abetting murder. 23. rank. 24. situation. 25. stand. 26. pledge. 27. wild rose.

No; yet time serves wherein you may redeem
Your banish'd honours and restore yourselves
Into the good thoughts of the world again,
Revenge the jeering and disdain'd contempt
Of this proud king, who studies day and night
To answer all the debt he owes to you
Even with the bloody payment of your deaths.
Therefore, I say,—

WOR. Peace, cousin, say no more;
And now I will unclasp a secret book,
And to your quick-conceiving[28] discontents
I'll read you matter deep and dangerous,
As full of peril and adventurous spirit
As to o'er-walk a current roaring loud
On the unsteadfast footing of a spear.

HOT. If he fall in, good night! or sink or swim.[29]
Send danger from the east unto the west,
So honour cross it from the north to south,
And let them grapple. O, the blood more stirs
To rouse a lion than to start a hare!

NORTH. Imagination of some great exploit
Drives him beyond the bounds of patience.

HOT. By heaven, methinks it were an easy leap,
To pluck bright honour from the pale-fac'd moon,
Or dive into the bottom of the deep,
Where fathom-line could never touch the ground,
And pluck up drowned honour by the locks;
So he that doth redeem her thence might wear
Without corrival[30] all her dignities.
But out upon this half-fac'd fellowship!

WOR. He apprehends a world of figures here,
But not the form of what he should attend.
Good cousin, give me audience for a while.

HOT. I cry you mercy.

WOR. Those same noble Scots
That are your prisoners,—

HOT. I'll keep them all!
By God, he shall not have a Scot of them;
No, if a Scot would save his soul, he shall not!
I'll keep them, by this hand.

WOR. You start away

28. readily understanding. 29. or sink or swim: whether he sink or swim.
30. rival.

And lend no ear unto my purposes.
Those prisoners you shall keep.

HOT. Nay, I will; that's flat.
He said he would not ransom Mortimer;
Forbad my tongue to speak of Mortimer;
But I will find him when he lies asleep,
And in his ear I'll holla "Mortimer!"
Nay,
I'll have a starling shall be taught to speak
Nothing but "Mortimer," and give it him,
To keep his anger still in motion.

WOR. Hear you, cousin; a word.

HOT. All studies here I solemnly defy,
Save how to gall and pinch this Bolingbroke;
And that same sword-and-buckler Prince of Wales,
But that I think his father loves him not
And would be glad he met with some mischance,
I would have him poison'd with a pot of ale.

WOR. Farewell, kinsman! I'll talk to you
When you are better temper'd to attend.

NORTH. Why, what a wasp-stung and impatient fool
Art thou to break into this woman's mood,
Tying thine ear to no tongue but thine own!

HOT. Why, look you, I am whipp'd and scourg'd with rods,
Nettled and stung with pismires,[31] when I hear
Of this vile politician, Bolingbroke.
In Richard's time,—what do you call the place?—
A plague upon it, it is in Gloucestershire;
'Twas where the madcap duke his uncle kept,[32]
His uncle York; where I first bow'd my knee
Unto this king of smiles, this Bolingbroke,—
'Sblood!—
When you and he came back from Ravenspurgh.

NORTH. At Berkley castle.

HOT. You say true.
Why, what a candy deal[33] of courtesy
This fawning greyhound then did proffer me!
Look, "when his infant fortune came to age,"
And "gentle Harry Percy," and "kind cousin;"
O, the devil take such cozeners![34]—God forgive me!
Good uncle, tell your tale; for I have done.

WOR. Nay, if you have not, to't again;

31. ants. 32. lived. 33. candy deal: sweet lot. 34. cheaters.

We'll stay your leisure.
HOT. I have done, i' faith.
WOR. Then once more to your Scottish prisoners.
Deliver them up without their ransom straight,
And make the Douglas' son your only mean
For powers in Scotland; which, for divers reasons
Which I shall send you written, be assur'd,
Will easily be granted. You, my lord,
To Northumberland.
Your son in Scotland being thus employ'd,
Shall secretly into the bosom creep
Of that same noble prelate, well belov'd,
The Archbishop.
HOT. Of York, is it not?
WOR. True; who bears hard
His brother's death at Bristol, the Lord Scroop.
I speak not this in estimation,[35]
As what I think might be, but what I know
Is ruminated, plotted, and set down,
And only stays but to behold the face
Of that occasion that shall bring it on.
HOT. I smell it. Upon my life, it will do well.
NORTH. Before the game's afoot, thou still let'st slip.[36]
HOT. Why, it cannot choose but be a noble plot.
And then the power of Scotland and of York,
To join with Mortimer, ha?
WOR. And so they shall.
HOT. In faith, it is exceedingly well aim'd.
WOR. And 'tis no little reason bids us speed,
To save our heads by raising of a head;[37]
For, bear ourselves as even[38] as we can,
The king will always think him in our debt,
And think we think ourselves unsatisfied,
Till he hath found a time to pay us home.
And see already how he doth begin
To make us strangers to his looks of love.
HOT. He does, he does. We'll be reveng'd on him.
WOR. Cousin, farewell! No further go in this
Than I by letter shall direct your course.
When time is ripe, which will be suddenly,
I'll steal to Glendower and Lord Mortimer;
Where you and Douglas and our powers at once,

35. speculation. 36. let'st slip: unleash the hounds. 37. army. 38. carefully.

As I will fashion it, shall happily meet,
To bear our fortunes in our own strong arms,
Which now we hold at much uncertainty.

NORTH. Farewell, good brother! We shall thrive, I trust.

HOT. Uncle, adieu! O, let the hours be short
Till fields and blows and groans applaud our sport!

Exeunt.

ACT II, SCENE I

Rochester. An inn yard.

Enter a Carrier with a lantern in his hand.

1. CAR. Heigh-ho! an it be not four by the day,
I'll be hang'd. Charles' wain[1] is over the new chimney, and yet our horse not pack'd. What, ostler!

OST. [*Within.*] Anon,[2] anon.

1. CAR. I prithee, Tom, beat Cut's saddle, put a few flocks[3] in the point.[4] The poor jade is wrung[5] in the withers[6] out of all cess.[7]

Enter another Carrier.

2. CAR. Peas and beans are as dank here as a dog, and that is the next way to give poor jades the bots.[8] This house is turned upside down since Robin Ostler died.

1. CAR. Poor fellow, never joy'd since the price of oats rose; it was the death of him.

2. CAR. I think this be the most villainous house in all London road for fleas. I am stung like a tench.[9]

1. CAR. Like a tench! by the mass, there is ne'er a king christen[10] could be better bit than I have been since the first cock.

2. CAR. Why, they will allow us ne'er a jordan,[11] and then we leak in your chimney; and your chamber-lye[12] breeds fleas like a loach.[13]

1. CAR. What, ostler! come away and be hang'd! Come away.

2. CAR. I have a gammon of bacon and two razes[14] of ginger, to be delivered as far as Charing-cross.[15]

1. CAR. God's body! the turkeys in my pannier are quite starved. What, ostler! A plague on thee! hast thou never an eye in thy head? Canst not hear? And 'twere not as good deed as drink, to break the pate on thee, I am a very villain. Come, and be hang'd! Hast no faith in thee?

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1. Charles' wain: a constellation, the Great Bear or Dipper. 2. in a minute. 3. pieces of wool. 4. head of the saddle. 5. rubbed. 6. shoulder ridge. 7. out of all cess: excessively. 8. worms. 9. a red-spotted fish. 10. king christen: Christian king. 11. chamber-pot. 12. urine. 13. a type of prolific fish. 14. roots. 15. in Shakespeare's time, a village some distance from London.

Enter Gadshill.

GADS. Good morrow, carriers. What's o'clock?

1. CAR. I think it be two o'clock.

GADS. I prithee, lend me thy lantern, to see my gelding in the stable.

1. CAR. Nay, by God, soft; I know a trick worth two of that, i' faith.

GADS. I pray thee, lend me thine.

2. CAR. Ay, when? canst tell? Lend me thy lantern, quoth he? Marry, I'll see thee hang'd first.

GADS. Sirrah carrier, what time do you mean to come to London?

2. CAR. Time enough to go to bed with a candle, I warrant thee. Come, neighbour Mugs, we'll call up the gentlemen. They will along with company, for they have great charge.[16]

Exeunt Carriers.

Enter Chamberlain.

GADS. What, ho! chamberlain!

CHAM. At hand, quoth pick-purse.

GADS. That's even as fair as—at hand, quoth the chamberlain; for thou variest no more from picking of purses than giving direction doth from labouring; thou lay'st the plot how.

CHAM. Good morrow, Master Gadshill. It holds current[17] that I told you yesternight: there's a franklin[18] in the wild of Kent hath brought three hundred marks with him in gold. I heard him tell it to one of his company last night at supper; a kind of auditor;[19] one that hath abundance of charge too, God knows what. They are up already, and call for eggs and butter. They will away presently.

GADS. Sirrah, if they meet not with Saint Nicholas' clerks,[20] I'll give thee this neck.

CHAM. No, I'll none of it. I pray thee, keep that for the hangman; for I know thou worshipp'st Saint Nicholas as truly as a man of falsehood may.

GADS. What talkest thou to me of the hangman? If I hang, I'll make a fat pair of gallows; for if I hang, old Sir John hangs with me, and thou know'st he is no starveling. Tut! there are other Trojans[21] that thou dream'st not of, the which for sport sake are content to do the profession some grace, that would, if matters should be look'd into, for their own credit sake, make all whole. I am joined with no foot land-rakers,[22] no longstaff sixpenny strikers,[23] none of these mad

16. money or valuable baggage. 17. holds current: remains true. 18. a man of means. 19. revenue officer. 20. Saint Nicholas' clerks: robbers. 21. a cant term for thieves. 22. foot land-rakers: footpads. 23. longstaff sixpenny strikers: petty thieves.

mustachio purple-hued malt-worms;[24] but with nobility and tranquillity, burgomasters and great oneyers;[25] such as can hold in,[26] such as will strike sooner than speak, and speak sooner than drink, and drink sooner than pray; and yet, 'zounds, I lie; for they pray continually to their saint, the commonwealth; or rather, not pray to her, but prey on her, for they ride up and down on her and make her their boots.[27]

CHAM. What, the commonwealth their boots? Will she hold out water in foul way?

GADS. She will, she will; justice hath liquor'd[28] her. We steal as in a castle,[29] cock-sure; we have the receipt of fern-seed,[30] we walk invisible.

CHAM. Nay, by my faith, I think you are more beholding to the night than to fern-seed for your walking invisible.

GADS. Give me thy hand. Thou shalt have a share in our purchase, as I am a true man.

CHAM. Nay, rather let me have it as you are a false thief.

GADS. Go to; *homo* is a common name to all men. Bid the ostler bring my gelding out of the stable. Farewell, you muddy[31] knave.

Exeunt.

24. mad mustachio purple-hued malt-worms: drinkers whose mustaches are stained by beer. 25. great ones. 26. hold in: keep counsel. 27. booty. 28. greased, waterproofed. 29. as in a castle: without danger. 30. a popular superstition held that fern seed made one invisible. 31. stupid.

SCENE II

The highway, near Gadshill.

Enter Prince Henry and Poins.

POINS. Come, shelter, shelter! I have remov'd Falstaff's horse, and he frets like a gumm'd velvet.[1] *They step back.*

PRINCE. Stand close.

Enter Falstaff

FAL. Poins! Poins, and be hang'd! Poins!

PRINCE. Peace, ye fat-kidney'd rascal! what a brawling dost thou keep!

FAL. Where's Poins, Hal?

PRINCE. He is walk'd up to the top of the hill; I'll go seek him.

FAL. I am accursed to rob in that thief's company. The rascal hath removed my horse, and tied him I know not where. If I travel but four foot by the squire[2] further afoot, I shall break my wind. Well, I doubt

1. gumm'd velvet: stiffened with gum and easily wearing out. 2. foot-rule.

not but to die a fair death for all this, if I scape hanging for killing that rogue. I have forsworn his company hourly any time this two and twenty years, and yet I am bewitch'd with the rogue's company. If the rascal have not given me medicines to make me love him, I'll be hang'd. It could not be else; I have drunk medicines. Poins! Hal! a plague upon you both! Bardolph! Peto! I'll starve ere I'll rob a foot further. And 'twere not as good a deed as drink, to turn true man and to leave these rogues, I am the veriest varlet that ever chewed with a tooth. Eight yards of uneven ground is threescore and ten miles afoot with me; and the stony-hearted villains know it well enough. A plague upon it when thieves cannot be true one to another! [*They whistle.*] Whew! A plague upon you all! Give me my horse, you rogues; give me my horse, and be hang'd!

PRINCE. Peace, ye fat-guts! lie down. Lay thine ear close to the ground and list if thou canst hear the tread of travellers.

FAL. Have you any levers to lift me up again, being down? 'Sblood, I'll not bear mine own flesh so far afoot again for all the coin in thy father's exchequer. What a plague mean ye to colt[3] me thus?

PRINCE. Thou liest; thou art not colted, thou art uncolted.

FAL. I prithee, good prince Hal, help me to my horse, good king's son.

PRINCE. Out, ye rogue! shall I be your ostler?

FAL. Hang thyself in thine own heir-apparent garters! If I be ta'en, I'll peach[4] for this. An I have not ballads made on you all and sung to filthy tunes, let a cup of sack be my poison. When a jest is so forward, and afoot too! I hate it.

Enter Gadshill, Bardolph and Peto with him.

GADS. Stand.

FAL. So I do, against my will.

POINS. O, 'tis our setter;[5] I know his voice. Bardolph, what news?

BARD. Case[6] ye, case ye; on with your vizards. There's money of the king's coming down the hill; 'tis going to the king's exchequer.

FAL. You lie, ye rogue; 'tis going to the king's tavern.

GADS. There's enough to make us all.

FAL. To be hang'd.

PRINCE. Sirs, you four shall front them in the narrow lane; Ned Poins and I will walk lower. If they scape from your encounter, then they light on us.

PETO. How many be there of them?

GADS. Some eight or ten.

FAL. 'Zounds, will they not rob us?

PRINCE. What, a coward, Sir John Paunch?

3. trick. 4. turn informer. 5. the arranger of a robbery. 6. mask.

FAL. Indeed, I am not John of Gaunt, your grandfather; but yet no coward, Hal.

PRINCE. Well, we leave that to the proof.

POINS. Sirrah Jack, thy horse stands behind the hedge; when thou need'st him, there thou shalt find him. Farewell, and stand fast.

FAL. Now cannot I strike him, if I should be hang'd.

PRINCE. Ned, where are our disguises?

POINS. Here, hard by. Stand close.

Exeunt Prince and Poins.

FAL. Now, my masters, happy man be his dole,[7] say I. Every man to his business.

Enter the Travellers.

FIRST TRAV. Come, neighbour; the boy shall lead our horses down the hill. We'll walk afoot a while, and ease our legs.

THIEVES. Stand!

TRAVELLERS. Jesus bless us!

FAL. Strike; down with them! Cut the villains' throats! Ah! whoreson caterpillars![8] bacon-fed knaves! they hate us youth. Down with them! Fleece them!

TRAVELLERS. O, we are undone, both we and ours for ever!

FAL. Hang ye, gorbellied[9] knaves, are ye undone? No, ye fat chuffs;[10] I would your store were here! On, bacons, on! What, ye knaves! young men must live. You are grandjurors,[11] are ye? We'll jure ye, faith.

Here they rob them and bind them. *Exeunt.*

Re-enter Prince Henry and Poins.

PRINCE. The thieves have bound the true men. Now, could thou and I rob the thieves and go merrily to London, it would be argument for a week, laughter for a month, and a good jest for ever.

POINS. Stand close; I hear them coming.

Enter the Thieves again.

FAL. Come, my masters, let us share, and then to horse before day. An the Prince and Poins be not two arrant cowards there's no equity stirring. There's no more valour in that Poins than in a wild-duck.

PRINCE. Your money!

POINS. Villains!

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7. happy man be his dole: good luck be our share. 8. whoreson caterpillars: miserable grafters. 9. potbellied. 10. misers. 11. in Shakespeare's day only men of means served on grand juries.

As they are sharing, the Prince and Poins set upon them; they all run away; and Falstaff, after a blow or two, runs away too, leaving the booty behind them.

PRINCE. Got with much ease. Now merrily to horse. The thieves are all scattered and possess'd with fear
So strongly that they dare not meet each other;
Each takes his fellow for an officer.
Away, good Ned. Falstaff sweats to death,
And lards the lean earth as he walks along.
Were't not for laughing, I should pity him.

POINS. How the rogue roar'd! *Exeunt.*

SCENE III

Warkworth Castle.

Enter Hotspur, alone, reading a letter.

HOT. "But, for mine own part, my lord, I could be well contented to be there, in respect of the love I bear your house." He could be contented: why is he not, then? In respect of the love he bears our house: he shows in this, he loves his own barn better than he loves our house. Let me see some more. "The purpose you undertake is dangerous;"—why, that's certain. 'Tis dangerous to take a cold, to sleep, to drink; but I tell you, my lord fool, out of this nettle, danger, we pluck this flower, safety. "The purpose you undertake is dangerous; the friends you have named uncertain; the time itself unsorted;[1] and your whole plot too light for the counterpoise of[2] so great an opposition." Say you so, say you so? I say unto you again, you are a shallow, cowardly hind,[3] and you lie. What a lack-brain is this! By the Lord, our plot is a good plot as ever was laid; our friends true and constant; a good plot, good friends, and full of expectation; an excellent plot, very good friends. What a frosty-spirited rogue is this! Why, my Lord of York commends the plot and the general course of the action. 'Zounds, an I were now by this rascal, I could brain him with his lady's fan. Is there not my father, my uncle, and myself? Lord Edmund Mortimer, my Lord of York, and Owen Glendower? Is there not besides the Douglas? Have I not all their letters to meet me in arms by the ninth of the next month? and are they not some of them set forward already? What a pagan rascal is this! an infidel! Ha! you shall see now in very sincerity of fear and cold heart, will he to the king and lay open all our proceedings. O, I

1. unfit. 2. for the counterpoise of: to counterbalance. 3. servant.

could divide myself and go to buffets,[4] for moving such a dish of skim-milk with so honourable an action! Hang him! let him tell the king; we are prepared. I will set forward to-night.

Enter Lady Percy.

How now, Kate! I must leave you within these two hours.

LADY. O, my good lord, why are you thus alone?
For what offence have I this fortnight been
A banish'd woman from my Harry's bed?
Tell me, sweet lord, what is't that takes from thee
Thy stomach,[5] pleasure, and thy golden sleep?
Why dost thou bend thine eyes upon the earth,
And start so often when thou sit'st alone?
Why hast thou lost the fresh blood in thy cheeks,
And given my treasures and my rights of thee
To thick-ey'd musing and curst melancholy?
In thy faint slumbers I by thee have watch'd,
And heard thee murmur tales of iron wars;
Speak terms of manage to thy bounding steed;
Cry "Courage! to the field!" And thou hast talk'd
Of sallies and retires, of trenches, tents,
Of palisadoes, frontiers, parapets,
Of basilisks,[6] of cannon, culverin,[7]
Of prisoners' ransom, and of soldiers slain,
And all the currents of a heady fight.
Thy spirit within thee hath been so at war
And thus hath so bestirr'd thee in thy sleep,
That beads of sweat have stood upon thy brow,
Like bubbles in a late-disturbed stream;
And in thy face strange motions have appear'd,
Such as we see when men restrain their breath
On some great sudden hest.[8] O, what portents are these?
Some heavy business hath my lord in hand,
And I must know it, else he loves me not.

HOT. What, ho!

Enter Servant.

Is Gilliams with the packet gone?

SERV. He is, my lord, an hour ago.

HOT. Hath Butler brought those horses from the sheriff?

SERV. One horse, my lord, he brought even now.

4. divide myself and go to buffets: split myself into two parts and fight with myself.
5. appetite. 6. large cannon. 7. long cannon. 8. command.

HOT. What horse? a roan, a crop-ear, is it not?
SERV. It is, my lord.
HOT. That roan shall be my throne.
Well, I will back him straight. *O Esperance!*[9]
Bid Butler lead him forth into the park.

Exit Servant.

LADY. But hear you, my lord.
HOT. What say'st thou, my lady?
LADY. What is it carries you away?
HOT. Why, my horse, my love, my horse.
LADY. Out, you mad-headed ape!
A weasel hath not such a deal of spleen[10]
As you are toss'd with. In faith,
I'll know your business, Harry, that I will.
I fear my brother Mortimer doth stir
About his title, and hath sent for you
To line[11] his enterprise; but if you go,—
HOT. So far afoot, I shall be weary, love.
LADY. Come, come, you paraquito,[12] answer me
Directly unto this question that I ask.
In faith, I'll break thy little finger, Harry,
An if thou wilt not tell me all things true.
HOT. Away,
Away, you trifler! Love! I love thee not,
I care not for thee, Kate. This is no world
To play with mammets[13] and to tilt with lips.
We must have bloody noses and crack'd crowns,
And pass them current[14] too. God's me, my horse!
What say'st thou, Kate? What would'st thou have with me?
LADY. Do you not love me? Do you not, indeed?
Well, do not then; for since you love me not,
I will not love myself. Do you not love me?
Nay, tell me if you speak in jest or no.
HOT. Come, wilt thou see me ride?
And when I am o' horseback, I will swear
I love thee infinitely. But hark you, Kate;
I must not have you henceforth question me
Whither I go, nor reason whereabout.
Whither I must, I must; and, to conclude,
This evening must I leave you, gentle Kate.

9. *O Esperance:* hope, the motto of the Percys. 10. capriciousness. 11. strengthen. 12. small parrot. 13. dolls. 14. pass them current: make them acceptable.

I know you wise; but yet not farther wise
Than Harry Percy's wife. Constant you are,
But yet a woman; and for secrecy,
No lady closer; for I well believe
Thou wilt not utter what thou dost not know;
And so far will I trust thee, gentle Kate.

LADY. How! so far?

HOT. Not an inch further. But hark you, Kate:
Whither I go, thither shall you go too;
To-day will I set forth, to-morrow you.
Will this content you, Kate?

LADY. It must of force.

Exeunt.

SCENE IV

The Boar's-Head Tavern, Eastcheap.

Enter the Prince and Poins.

PRINCE. Ned, prithee, come out of that fat[1] room, and lend me thy hand to laugh a little.

POINS. Where hast been, Hal?

PRINCE. With three or four loggerheads amongst three or four score hogsheads. I have sounded the very base-string of humility. Sirrah, I am sworn brother to a leash of drawers;[2] and can call them all by their christen names, as Tom, Dick, and Francis. They take it already upon their salvation, that though I be but Prince of Wales, yet I am the king of courtesy; and tell me flatly I am no proud Jack, like Falstaff, but a Corinthian,[3] a lad of mettle, a good boy, (by the Lord, so they call me,) and when I am king of England, I shall command all the good lads in Eastcheap. They call drinking deep, dyeing scarlet; and when you breathe in your watering, they cry "hem!" and bid you play it off.[4] To conclude, I am so good a proficient in one quarter of an hour, that I can drink with any tinker in his own language during my life. I tell thee, Ned, thou hast lost much honour, that thou wert not with me in this action. But, sweet Ned,—to sweeten which name of Ned, I give thee this penny-worth of sugar, clapp'd even now into my hand by an under-skinker,[5] one that never spake other English in his life than "Eight shillings and sixpence," and "You are welcome," with this shrill addition, "Anon, anon, sir! Score a pint of bastard[6] in the Half-moon,"[7] or so. But, Ned, to drive away

1. vat (stuffy). 2. bartenders. 3. boon companion. 4. play it off: drink it up. 5. bartender's assistant. 6. a sweet Spanish wine. 7. name of a room in the tavern.

the time till Falstaff come, I prithee, do thou stand in some by-room, while I question my puny drawer to what end he gave me the sugar; and do thou never leave calling "Francis," that his tale to me may be nothing but "Anon." Step aside, and I'll show thee a precedent.[8]

POINS. Francis!

PRINCE. Thou art perfect.

POINS. Francis!

Exit Poins.

Enter drawer [*Francis*].

FRAN. Anon, anon, sir. Look down into the Pomgarnet,[9] Ralph.

PRINCE. Come hither, Francis.

FRAN. My lord?

PRINCE. How long hast thou to serve, Francis?

FRAN. Forsooth, five years, and as much as to—

POINS. [*Within.*] Francis!

FRAN. Anon, anon, sir.

PRINCE. Five year! by'r lady, a long lease for the clinking of pewter. But, Francis, darest thou be so valiant as to play the coward with thy indenture and show it a fair pair of heels and run from it?

FRAN. O lord, sir, I'll be sworn upon all the books in England, I could find in my heart—

POINS. [*Within.*] Francis!

FRAN. Anon, sir.

PRINCE. How old art thou, Francis?

FRAN. Let me see—about Michaelmas[10] next I shall be—

POINS. [*Within.*] Francis!

FRAN. Anon, sir. Pray you, stay a little, my lord.

PRINCE. Nay, but hark you, Francis: for the sugar thou gavest me, 'twas a pennyworth, was't not?

FRAN. O Lord, I would it had been two!

PRINCE. I will give thee for it a thousand pound. Ask me when thou wilt, and thou shalt have it.

POINS. [*Within.*] Francis!

FRAN. Anon, anon.

PRINCE. Anon, Francis? No, Francis; but tomorrow, Francis; or Francis, o' Thursday; or indeed, Francis, when thou wilt. But, Francis!

FRAN. My lord?

PRINCE. Wilt thou rob this leathern jerkin, crystal-button, not-pated,[11]

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8. example. 9. name of a room in the tavern. 10. September 29. 11. short-haired.

agate-ring, puke[12]-stocking, caddis[13]-garter, smooth-tongue, Spanish-pouch,[14]—

FRAN. O Lord, sir, who do you mean?

PRINCE. Why, then, your brown bastard is your only drink; for look you, Francis, your white canvas doublet will sully. In Barbary, sir, it cannot come to so much.[15]

FRAN. What, sir?

POINS. [*Within.*] Francis!

PRINCE. Away, you rogue! dost thou not hear them call?

Here they both call him; the drawer stands amazed, not knowing which way to go.

Enter Vintner.

VINT. What stand'st thou still, and hear'st such a calling? Look to the guests within. [*Exit Francis.*] My lord, old Sir John with half-a-dozen more are at the door; shall I let them in?

PRINCE. Let them alone a while, and then open the door. *Exit Vintner.* Poins!

POINS. [*Within.*] Anon, anon, sir.

Re-enter Poins.

PRINCE. Sirrah, Falstaff and the rest of the thieves are at the door; shall we be merry?

POINS. As merry as crickets, my lad. But hark ye; what cunning match[16] have you made with this jest of the drawer? Come, what's the issue?

PRINCE. I am now of all humours that have showed themselves humours since the old days of goodman Adam to the pupil[17] age of this present twelve o'clock at midnight.

Re-enter Francis.

What's o'clock, Francis?

FRAN. Anon, anon, sir. *Exit.*

PRINCE. That ever this fellow should have fewer words than a parrot, and yet the son of a woman! His industry is upstairs and downstairs; his eloquence the parcel of a reckoning.[18] I am not yet of Percy's mind, the Hotspur of the north; he that kills me some six or seven dozen of Scots at a breakfast, washes his hands, and says to his wife, "Fie upon this quiet life! I want work." "O my sweet Harry," says she, "how many hast thou kill'd to-day?" "Give my roan horse a drench,"[19] says he; and answers, "Some fourteen," an hour after; "a trifle, a

12. dark. 13. tape. 14. The Prince is describing Francis' employer. 15. A nonsensical speech designed to mystify Francis. 16. game. 17. young. 18. parcel of a reckoning: item on a bill. 19. dose of medicine.

trifle." I prithee, call in Falstaff. I'll play Percy, and that damn'd brawn[20] shall play Dame Mortimer his wife. "Rivo!"[21] says the drunkard. Call in ribs, call in tallow.

Enter Falstaff, Gadshill, Bardolph, and Peto; Francis following with wine.

POINS. Welcome, Jack! Where hast thou been?

FAL. A plague of all cowards, I say, and a vengeance too! marry, and amen! Give me a cup of sack, boy. Ere I lead this life long, I'll sew nether stocks,[22] and mend them and foot them too. A plague of all cowards! Give me a cup of sack, rogue. Is there no virtue extant?

He drinks.

PRINCE. Didst thou never see Titan[23] kiss a dish of butter (pitiful-hearted Titan) that melted at the sweet tale of the sun? If thou didst, then behold that compound.

FAL. You rogue, here's lime[24] in this sack too. There is nothing but roguery to be found in villanous man; yet a coward is worse than a cup of sack with lime in it. A villanous coward! Go thy ways, old Jack; die when thou wilt, if manhood, good manhood, be not forgot upon the face of the earth, then am I a shotten herring.[25] There lives not three good men unhang'd in England; and one of them is fat and grows old. God help the while! a bad world, I say. I would I were a weaver; I could sing psalms or anything. A plague of all cowards, I say still.

PRINCE. How now, wool-sack! what mutter you?

FAL. A king's son! If I do not beat thee out of thy kingdom with a dagger of lath, and drive all thy subjects afore thee like a flock of wild-geese, I'll never wear hair on my face more. You Prince of Wales!

PRINCE. Why, you whoreson round man, what's the matter?

FAL. Are not you a coward? Answer me to that; and Poins there?

POINS. 'Zounds, ye fat paunch, an ye call me coward, by the Lord, 'll stab thee.

FAL. *I* call thee coward! I'll see thee damn'd ere I call thee coward; but I would give a thousand pound I could run as fast as thou canst. You are straight enough in the shoulders; you care not who sees your back. Call you that backing of your friends? A plague upon such backing! give me them that will face me. Give me a cup of sack. I am a rogue, if I drunk to-day.

PRINCE. O villain! thy lips are scarce wip'd since thou drunk'st last.

FAL. All's one for that. [*He drinks.*] A plague of all cowards, still say I.

PRINCE. What's the matter?

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20. fat pig. 21. a shout used by drinkers. 22. nether stocks: stockings. 23. the sun. 24. sometimes added to wine to make it sparkle. 25. shotten herring: a herring that has discharged its roe, therefore a lean herring.

FAL. What's the matter! There be four of us here have ta'en a thousand pound this day morning.

PRINCE. Where is it, Jack, where is it?

FAL. Where is it! Taken from us it is; a hundred upon poor four of us.

PRINCE. What, a hundred, man?

FAL. I am a rogue, if I were not at half-sword with a dozen of them two hours together. I have 'scaped by miracle. I am eight times thrust through the doublet, four through the hose; my buckler[26] cut through and through; my sword hack'd like a hand-saw—*ecce signum!*[27] I never dealt better since I was a man; all would not do. A plague of all cowards! Let them speak; if they speak more or less than truth, they are villains and the sons of darkness.

PRINCE. Speak, sirs; how was it?

GADS. We four set upon some dozen—

FAL. Sixteen at least, my lord.

GADS. And bound them.

PETO. No, no, they were not bound.

FAL. You rogue, they were bound, every man of them, or I am a Jew else, an Ebrew Jew.

GADS. As we were sharing, some six or seven fresh men set upon us—

FAL. And unbound the rest, and then come in the other.

PRINCE. What, fought you with them all?

FAL. All! I know not what you call all; but if I fought not with fifty of them, I am a bunch of radish. If there were not two or three and fifty upon poor old Jack, then am I no two-legg'd creature.

PRINCE. Pray God you have not murd'red some of them.

FAL. Nay, that's past praying for; I have pepper'd two of them. Two I am sure I have paid, two rogues in buckram suits. I tell thee what, Hal, if I tell thee a lie, spit in my face, call me horse. Thou knowest my old ward:[28] here I lay, and thus I bore my point. Four rogues in buckram let drive at me—

PRINCE. What, four? Thou saidst but two even now.

FAL. Four, Hal; I told thee four.

POINS. Ay, ay, he said four.

FAL. These four came all a-front, and mainly[29] thrust at me. I made me no more ado but took all their seven points in my target,[30] thus.

PRINCE. Seven? why, there were but four even now.

FAL. In buckram?

POINS. Ay, four, in buckram suits.

FAL. Seven, by these hilts, or I am a villain else.

PRINCE. Prithee, let him alone; we shall have more anon.

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26. shield. 27. *ecce signum:* here's proof. 28. guard in fencing.
29. strongly. 30. shield.

FAL. Dost thou hear me, Hal?

PRINCE. Ay, and mark thee too, Jack.

FAL. Do so, for it is worth the listening to. These nine in buckram that I told thee of—

PRINCE. So, two more already.

FAL. Their points[31] being broken,—

POINS. Down fell their hose.[32]

FAL. Began to give me ground; but I followed me close, came in foot and hand, and with a thought seven of the eleven I paid.

PRINCE. O monstrous! eleven buckram men grown out of two!

FAL. But, as the devil would have it, three misbegotten knaves in Kendal green came at my back and let drive at me; for it was so dark, Hal, that thou couldst not see thy hand.

PRINCE. These lies are like their father that begets them; gross as a mountain, open, palpable. Why, thou clay-brain'd guts, thou knotty-pated fool, thou whoreson, obscene, greasy tallow-catch,[33]—

FAL. What, art thou mad? art thou mad? Is not the truth the truth?

PRINCE. Why, how couldst thou know these men in Kendal green, when it was so dark thou couldst not see thy hand? Come, tell us your reason; what say'st thou to this?

POINS. Come, your reason, Jack, your reason.

FAL. What, upon compulsion? 'Zounds, an I were at the strappado,[34] or all the racks in the world, I would not tell you on compulsion. Give you a reason on compulsion! If reasons were as plenty as blackberries, I would give no man a reason upon compulsion, I.

PRINCE. I'll be no longer guilty of this sin. This sanguine coward, this bed-presser, this horseback-breaker, this huge hill of flesh,—

FAL. 'Sblood, you starveling, you elf-skin, you dried neat's[35] tongue, you bull's pizzle, you stockfish![36] O for breath to utter what is like thee! you tailor's-yard, you sheath, you bowcase, you vile standing-tuck,[37]—

PRINCE. Well, breathe a while, and then to it again; and when thou hast tired thyself in base comparisons, hear me speak but this:—

POINS. Mark, Jack.

PRINCE. We two saw you four set on four and bound them, and were masters of their wealth. Mark now, how a plain tale shall put you down. Then did we two set on you four; and, with a word, out-fac'd you from your prize, and have it, yea, and can show it you here in the house; and, Falstaff, you carried your guts away as nimbly, with as quick dexterity, and roar'd for mercy, and still run and roar'd, as ever I heard bullcalf. What a slave art thou, to hack thy sword as thou

31. 1) sword points, 2) laces that hold up the breeches. 32. breeches. 33. lump of fat. 34. a kind of torture. 35. ox. 36. dried cod. 37. rapier standing on its point.

hast done, and then say it was in fight! What trick, what device, what starting-hole,[38] canst thou now find out to hide thee from this open and apparent shame?

POINS. Come, let's hear, Jack; what trick hast thou now?

FAL. By the Lord, I knew ye as well as he that made ye. Why, hear you, my masters. Was it for me to kill the heir-apparent? Should I turn upon the true prince? Why, thou knowest I am as valiant as Hercules; but beware instinct; the lion will not touch the true prince. Instinct is a great matter; I was now a coward on instinct. I shall think the better of myself and thee during my life; I for a valiant lion, and thou for a true prince. But, by the Lord, lads, I am glad you have the money. Hostess, clap to the doors! Watch to-night, pray to-morrow. Gallants, lads, boys, hearts of gold, all the titles of good fellowship come to you! What, shall we be merry? Shall we have a play extempore?

PRINCE. Content; and the argument[39] shall be thy running away.

FAL. Ah, no more of that, Hal, an thou lovest me!

Enter Hostess.

HOST. O Jesu, my lord the Prince!

PRINCE. How now, my lady the hostess! what say'st thou to me?

HOST. Marry, my lord, there is a nobleman of the court at door would speak with you. He says he comes from your father.

PRINCE. Give him as much as will make him a royal[40] man, and send him back again to my mother.

FAL. What manner of man is he?

HOST. An old man.

FAL. What doth gravity out of his bed at midnight? Shall I give him his answer?

PRINCE. Prithee, do, Jack.

FAL. Faith, and I'll send him packing. *Exit.*

PRINCE. Now, sirs, by'r lady, you fought fair; so did you, Peto; so did you, Bardolph. You are lions too, you ran away upon instinct, you will not touch the true prince; no, fie!

BARD. Faith, I ran when I saw others run.

PRINCE. Faith, tell me now in earnest, how came Falstaff's sword so hack'd?

PETO. Why, he hack'd it with his dagger, and said he would swear truth out of England but he would make you believe it was done in fight, and persuaded us to do the like.

BARD. Yea, and to tickle our noses with speargrass to make them bleed,

38. shelter. 39. theme. 40. a coin, worth ten shillings; a noble is a coin of lesser value (a third of a pound).

and then to beslubber our garments with it and swear it was the blood of true men. I did that I did not this seven year before, I blush'd to hear his monstrous devices.

PRINCE. O villain, thou stolest a cup of sack eighteen years ago, and wert taken with the manner,[41] and ever since thou hast blush'd extempore. Thou hadst fire and sword on thy side, and yet thou ran'st away; what instinct hadst thou for it?

BARD. My lord, do you see these meteors?[42] Do you behold these exhalations?[42]

PRINCE. I do.

BARD. What think you they portend?

PRINCE. Hot livers and cold purses.

BARD. Choler, my lord, if rightly taken.

Re-enter Falstaff.

PRINCE. No, if rightly taken, halter. Here comes lean Jack, here comes bare-bone. How now, my sweet creature of bombast! How long is 't ago, Jack, since thou sawest thine own knee?

FAL. My own knee? When I was about thy years, Hal, I was not an eagle's talon in the waist; I could have crept into any alderman's thumb-ring. A plague of sighing and grief! it blows a man up like a bladder. There's villanous news abroad. Here was Sir John Bracy from your father; you must to the court in the morning. That same mad fellow of the north, Percy, and he of Wales that gave Amamon[43] the bastinado and made Lucifer cuckold and swore the devil his true liegeman upon the cross of a Welsh hook[44]—what a plague call you him?

POINS. O, Glendower.

FAL. Owen. Owen, the same; and his son-in-law Mortimer, and old Northumberland, and that sprightly Scot of Scots, Douglas, that runs o' horseback up a hill perpendicular,—

PRINCE. He that rides at high speed and with his pistol kills a sparrow flying.

FAL. You have hit it.

PRINCE. So did he never the sparrow.

FAL. Well, that rascal hath good mettle in him; he will not run.

PRINCE. Why, what a rascal art thou then, to praise him so for running!

FAL. O' horseback, ye cuckoo; but afoot he will not budge a foot.

PRINCE. Yes, Jack, upon instinct.

FAL. I grant ye, upon instinct. Well, he is there too, and one Murdoch, and a thousand bluecaps[45] more. Worcester is stolen away to-night.

41. with the manner: in the act. 42. meteors, exhalations: Bardolph points to his red nose and face. 43. name of a devil. 44. Welsh hook: a hooked weapon like a halberd. 45. Scotchmen.

Thy father's beard is turn'd white with the news. You may buy land now as cheap as stinking mackerel.

PRINCE. Why, then, it is like, if there come a hot June and this civil buffeting hold, we shall buy maidenheads as they buy hob-nails, by the hundreds.

FAL. By the mass, lad, thou say'st true; it is like we shall have good trading that way. But tell me, Hal, art not thou horrible afeard? Thou being heir-apparent, could the world pick thee out three such enemies again as that fiend Douglas, that spirit Percy, and that devil Glendower? Art thou not horribly afraid? Doth not thy blood thrill at it?

PRINCE. Not a whit, i' faith; I lack some of thy instinct.

FAL. Well, thou wilt be horribly chid to-morrow when thou comest to thy father. If thou love me, practise an answer.

PRINCE. Do thou stand for my father, and examine me upon the particulars of my life.

FAL. Shall I? Content. This chair shall be my state, this dagger my sceptre, and this cushion my crown.

PRINCE. Thy state is taken for a join't-stool, thy golden sceptre for a leaden dagger, and thy precious rich crown for a pitiful bald crown!

FAL. Well, an the fire of grace be not quite out of thee, now shalt thou be moved. Give me a cup of sack to make my eyes look red, that it may be thought I have wept; for I must speak in passion, and I will do it in King Cambyses'[46] vein.

PRINCE. Well, here is my leg.[47]

FAL. And here is my speech. Stand aside, nobility.

HOST. O Jesu, this is excellent sport, i' faith!

FAL. Weep not, sweet queen; for trickling tears are vain.

HOST. O, the father, how he holds his countenance!

FAL. For God's sake, lords, convey my tristful queen;
For tears do stop the flood-gates of her eyes.

HOST. O Jesu, he doth it as like one of these harlotry[48] players as ever I see!

FAL. Peace, good pint-pot; peace, good tickle-brain. Harry, I do not only marvel where thou spendest thy time, but also how thou art accompanied; for though the camomile,[49] the more it is trodden on the faster it grows, yet youth, the more it is wasted the sooner it wears. That thou art my son, I have partly thy mother's word, partly my own opinion, but chiefly a villanous trick of thine eye and a foolish hanging of thy nether lip, that doth warrant me. If then thou be son to me, here lies the point; why, being son to me, art thou so pointed at? Shall the blessed sun of heaven prove a micher[50] and eat blackberries? a question not to be ask'd. Shall the son of England prove a thief and

46. King Cambyses' vein: bombastic style. 47. here is my leg: the Prince bows. 48. rascally. 49. a strong-scented herb. 50. truant.

take purses? a question to be ask'd. There is a thing, Harry, which thou hast often heard of and it is known to many in our land by the name of pitch. This pitch, as ancient writers do report, doth defile; so doth the company thou keepest: for, Harry, now I do not speak to thee in drink but in tears, not in pleasure but in passion, not in words only, but in woes also; and yet there is a virtuous man whom I have often noted in thy company, but I know not his name.

PRINCE. What manner of man, an it like your Majesty?

FAL. A goodly portly man, i' faith, and a corpulent; of a cheerful look, a pleasing eye, and a most noble carriage; and, as I think, his age some fifty, or, by'r lady, inclining to threescore; and now I remember me, his name is Falstaff. If that man should be lewdly given, he deceiveth me; for, Harry, I see virtue in his looks. If then the tree may be known by the fruit, as the fruit by the tree, then, peremptorily I speak it, there is virtue in that Falstaff; him keep with, the rest banish. And tell me now, thou naughty varlet, tell me, where hast thou been this month?

PRINCE. Dost thou speak like a king? Do thou stand for me, and I'll play my father.

FAL. Depose me? If thou dost it half so gravely, so majestically, both in word and matter, hang me up by the heels for a rabbit-sucker[51] or a poulter's hare.

PRINCE. Well, here I am set.

FAL. And here I stand. Judge, my masters.

PRINCE. Now, Harry, whence come you?

FAL. My noble lord, from Eastcheap.

PRINCE. The complaints I hear of thee are grievous.

FAL. 'Sblood, my lord, they are false.—Nay, I'll tickle ye for a young prince, i' faith.

PRINCE. Swearest thou, ungracious boy? Henceforth ne'er look on me. Thou art violently carried away from grace. There is a devil haunts thee in the likeness of an old fat man; a tun of man is thy companion. Why dost thou converse with that trunk of humours, that bolting-hutch[52] of beastliness, that swollen parcel of dropsies, that huge bombard[53] of sack, that stuff'd cloak-bag of guts, that roasted Manningtree[54] ox with the pudding in his belly, that reverend vice, that grey iniquity, that father ruffian, that vanity in years? Wherein is he good, but to taste sack and drink it? wherein neat and cleanly, but to carve a capon and eat it? wherein cunning, but in craft? wherein crafty, but in villany? wherein villanous, but in all things? wherein worthy, but in nothing?

51. suckling rabbit. 52. huge bin. 53. large leather wine container. 54. a town in Essex noted for large oxen.

FAL. I would your Grace would take me with you. Whom means your Grace?

PRINCE. That villanous abominable misleader of youth, Falstaff, that old white-bearded Satan.

FAL. My lord, the man I know.

PRINCE. I know thou dost.

FAL. But to say I know more harm in him than in myself, were to say more than I know. That he is old, the more the pity, his white hairs do witness it; but that he is, saving your reverence, a whoremaster, that I utterly deny. If sack and sugar be a fault, God help the wicked! If to be old and merry be a sin, then many an old host that I know is damn'd. If to be fat be to be hated, then Pharaoh's lean kine are to be loved. No, my good lord; banish Peto, banish Bardolph, banish Poins; but for sweet Jack Falstaff, kind Jack Falstaff, true Jack Falstaff, valiant Jack Falstaff, and therefore more valiant, being, as he is, old Jack Falstaff, banish not him thy Harry's company, banish not him thy Harry's company. Banish plump Jack, and banish all the world.

PRINCE. I do, I will.

A knocking heard. Exeunt Hostess and Bardolph.

Re-enter Bardolph, running.

BARD. O, my lord, my lord! the sheriff with a most monstrous watch is at the door.

FAL. Out, ye rogue! Play out the play; I have much to say in the behalf of that Falstaff.

Re-enter the Hostess.

HOST. O Jesu, my lord, lord!

PRINCE. Heigh, heigh! the devil rides upon a fiddlestick. What's the matter?

HOST. The sheriff and all the watch are at the door; they are come to search the house. Shall I let them in?

FAL. Dost thou hear, Hal? Never call a true piece of gold a counterfeit. Thou art essentially mad, without seeming so.

PRINCE. And thou a natural coward, without instinct.

FAL. I deny your major.[55] If you will deny the sheriff, so; if not, let him enter. If I become not a cart[56] as well as another man, a plague on my bringing up! I hope I shall as soon be strangled with a halter as another.

PRINCE. Go, hide thee behind the arras;[57] the rest walk up above. Now, my masters, for a true face and good conscience.

FAL. Both which I had had; but their date is out, and therefore I'll hide me. *Exit.*

55. major premise. 56. used to carry criminals to the gallows. 57. wall hangings.

PRINCE. Call in the sheriff.

Exeunt all except the Prince and Peto.

Enter Sheriff and the Carrier.

Now, master sheriff, what is your will with me?

SHER. First, pardon me, my lord. A hue and cry
Hath followed certain men unto this house.

PRINCE. What men?

SHER. One of them is well known, my gracious lord,
A gross fat man.

CAR. As fat as butter.

PRINCE. The man, I do assure you, is not here,
For I myself at this time have employ'd him.
And, sheriff, I will engage my word to thee
That I will, by to-morrow dinner-time,
Send him to answer thee or any man
For anything he shall be charg'd withal.
And so let me entreat you leave the house.

SHER. I will, my lord. There are two gentlemen
Have in this robbery lost three hundred marks.

PRINCE. It may be so. If he have robb'd these men,
He shall be answerable; and so farewell.

SHER. Good night, my noble lord.

PRINCE. I think it is good morrow, is it not?

SHER. Indeed, my lord, I think it be two o'clock.

Exeunt Sheriff and Carrier.

PRINCE. This oily rascal is known as well as Paul's.[58]
Go, call him forth.

PETO. Falstaff!—Fast asleep behind the arras, and snorting like a horse.

PRINCE. Hark, how hard he fetches breath. Search his pockets. [*He searches his pockets, and finds certain papers.*] What hast thou found?

PETO. Nothing but papers, my lord.

PRINCE. Let's see what they be. Read them.

PETO. [*Reads.*]

Item, A capon	2s.	2d.
Item, Sauce		4d.
Item, Sack, two gallons	5s.	8d.
Item, Anchovies and sack after supper	2s.	6d.
Item, Bread		ob.[59]

PRINCE. O monstrous! but one half-penny-worth of bread to this intolerable deal of sack! What there is else, keep close; we'll read it at more

58. St. Paul's Cathedral. 59. obolus, a halfpenny.

advantage. There let him sleep till day. I'll to the court in the morning. We must all to the wars, and thy place shall be honourable. I'll procure this fat rogue a charge of foot;[60] and I know his death will be a march of twelve-score. The money shall be paid back again with advantage.[61] Be with me betimes in the morning; and so, good morrow, Peto.

PETO. Good morrow, good my lord. *Exeunt.*

60. charge of foot: command of infantry. 61. interest.

ACT III, SCENE I

Bangor. The Archdeacon's house.

Enter Hotspur, Worcester, Mortimer, and Glendower.

MORT. These promises are fair, the parties sure,
And our induction[1] full of prosperous hope.

HOT. Lord Mortimer, and cousin Glendower,
Will you sit down?
And uncle Worcester,—a plague upon it!
I have forgot the map.

GLEND. No, here it is.
Sit, cousin Percy; sit, good cousin Hotspur,
For by that name as oft as Lancaster[2]
Doth speak of you, his cheek looks pale and with
A rising sigh he wishes you in heaven.

HOT. And you in hell, as oft as he hears
Owen Glendower spoke of.

GLEND. I cannot blame him. At my nativity
The front of heaven was full of fiery shapes,
Of burning cressets;[3] and at my birth
The frame and huge foundations of the earth
Shak'd like a coward.

HOT. Why, so it would have done at the same season, if your mother's cat had but kitten'd, though yourself had never been born.

GLEND. I say the earth did shake when I was born.

HOT. And I say the earth was not of my mind,
If you suppose as fearing you it shook.

GLEND. The heavens were all on fire, the earth did tremble.

HOT. O, then the earth shook to see the heavens on fire,
And not in fear of your nativity.
Diseased nature oftentimes breaks forth
In strange eruptions; oft the teeming earth

1. beginning. 2. King Henry. 3. lighted torches.

Is with a kind of colic pinch'd and vex'd
By the imprisoning of unruly wind
Within her womb; which, for enlargement striving,
Shakes the old beldam earth, and topples down
Steeples and moss-grown towers. At your birth
Our grandam earth, having this distemperature,
In passion shook.

GLEND. Cousin, of many men
I do not bear these crossings. Give me leave
To tell you once again that at my birth
The front of heaven was full of fiery shapes,
The goats ran from the mountains, and the herds
Were strangely clamorous to the frighted fields.
These signs have mark'd me extraordinary;
And all the courses of my life do show
I am not in the roll of common men.
Where is he living, clipp'd in with[4] the sea
That chides the banks of England, Scotland, Wales,
Which calls me pupil, or hath read to me?
And bring him out that is but woman's son
Can trace me in the tedious ways of art
And hold me pace in deep experiments.

HOT. I think there's no man speaks better Welsh.
I'll to dinner.

MORT. Peace, cousin Percy; you will make him mad.

GLEND. I can call spirits from the vasty deep.

HOT. Why, so can I, or so can any man;
But will they come when you do call for them?

GLEND. Why, I can teach you, cousin, to command
The devil.

HOT. And I can teach thee, coz, to shame the devil
By telling truth. Tell truth and shame the devil.
If thou have power to raise him, bring him hither,
And I'll be sworn I have power to shame him hence.
O, while you live, tell truth and shame the devil!

MORT. Come, come, no more of this unprofitable chat.

GLEND. Three times hath Henry Bolingbroke made head
Against my power; thrice from the banks of Wye
And sandy-bottom'd Severn have I sent him
Bootless[5] home and weather-beaten back.

HOT. Home without boots, and in foul weather too!
How scapes he agues, in the devil's name?

4. clipp'd in with: bound by. 5. unsuccessful.

GLEND. Come, here's the map. Shall we divide our right
According to our threefold order ta'en?
MORT. The Archdeacon hath divided it
Into three limits very equally.
England, from Trent and Severn hitherto,
By south and east is to my part assign'd;
All westward, Wales beyond the Severn shore,
And all the fertile land within that bound,
To Owen Glendower; and, dear coz, to you
The remnant northward, lying off from Trent.
And our indentures tripartite[6] are drawn;
Which being sealed interchangeably,
A business that this night may execute,
To-morrow, cousin Percy, you and I
And my good Lord of Worcester will set forth
To meet your father and the Scottish power,
As is appointed us, at Shrewsbury.
My father Glendower is not ready yet,
Nor shall we need his help these fourteen days.
Within that space you may have drawn together
Your tenants, friends, and neighbouring gentlemen.
GLEND. A shorter time shall send me to you, lords;
And in my conduct[7] shall your ladies come,
From whom you now must steal and take no leave,
For there will be a world of water shed
Upon the parting of your wives and you.
HOT. Methinks my moiety, north from Burton here,
In quantity equals not one of yours.
See how this river comes me cranking[8] in,
And cuts me from the best of all my land
A huge half-moon, a monstrous cantle[9] out.
I'll have the current in this place damm'd up;
And here the smug and silver Trent shall run
In a new channel, fair and evenly.
It shall not wind with such a deep indent,
To rob me of so rich a bottom[10] here.
GLEND. Not wind? It shall, it must; you see it doth.
MORT. Yea, but
Mark how he bears his course, and runs me up
With like advantage on the other side;
Gelding[11] the opposed continent[12] as much

6. indentures tripartite: three-part agreement. 7. escort. 8. winding. 9. segment. 10. fertile valley. 11. cutting out. 12. land.

As on the other side it takes from you.
WOR. Yea, but a little charge[13] will trench him here
And on this north side win this cape of land;
And then he runs straight and even.
HOT. I'll have it so; a little charge will do it.
GLEND. I'll not have it alt'red.
HOT. Will not you?
GLEND. No, nor you shall not.
HOT. Who shall say me nay?
GLEND. Why, that will I.
HOT. Let me not understand you, then; speak it in Welsh.
GLEND. I can speak English, lord, as well as you;
For I was train'd up in the English court;
Where, being but young, I framed to the harp
Many an English ditty lovely well
And gave the tongue a helpful ornament,
A virtue that was never seen in you.
HOT. Marry,
And I am glad of it with all my heart.
I had rather be a kitten and cry mew
Than one of these same metre ballad-mongers.
I had rather hear a brazen canstick[14] turn'd,[15]
Or a dry wheel grate on the axle-tree;
And that would set my teeth nothing on edge,
Nothing so much as mincing poetry.
'Tis like the forc'd gait of a shuffling nag.
GLEND. Come, you shall have Trent turn'd.
HOT. I do not care. I'll give thrice so much land
To any well-deserving friend;
But in the way of bargain, mark ye me,
I'll cavil on the ninth part of a hair.
Are the indentures drawn? Shall we be gone?
GLEND. The moon shines fair; you may away by night.
I'll haste the writer, and withal
Break with[16] your wives of your departure hence.
I am afraid my daughter will run mad,
So much she doteth on her Mortimer. *Exit.*
MORT. Fie, cousin Percy! how you cross my father!
HOT. I cannot choose. Sometime he angers me
With telling me of the moldwarp[17] and the ant,
Of the dreamer Merlin and his prophecies,

13. expenditure. 14. candlestick. 15. *i.e.*, on a lathe. 16. break with: tell. 17. mole.

And of a dragon and a finless fish,
A clip-wing'd griffin and a moulten raven,
A couching lion and a ramping cat,
And such a deal of skimble-skamble stuff
As puts me from my faith. I tell you what:
He held me last night at least nine hours
In reckoning up the several devils' names
That were his lackeys. I cried "hum," and "well, go to,"
But mark'd him not a word. O, he is as tedious
As a tired horse, a railing wife;
Worse than a smoky house. I had rather live
With cheese and garlic in a windmill, far,
Than feed on cates[18] and have him talk to me
In any summer-house in Christendom.

MORT. In faith, he is a worthy gentleman,
Exceedingly well read, and profited[19]
In strange concealments, valiant as a lion
And wondrous affable, and as bountiful
As mines of India. Shall I tell you, cousin?
He holds your temper in a high respect
And curbs himself even of his natural scope
When you come 'cross his humour. Faith, he does.
I warrant you, that man is not alive
Might so have tempted him as you have done,
Without the taste of danger and reproof.
But do not use it oft, let me entreat you.

WOR. In faith, my lord, you are too wilful-blame;
And since your coming hither have done enough
To put him quite besides his patience.
You must needs learn, lord, to amend this fault.
Though sometimes it show greatness, courage, blood,—
And that's the dearest grace it renders you,—
Yet oftentimes it doth present harsh rage,
Defect of manners, want of government,[20]
Pride, haughtiness, opinion, and disdain;
The least of which haunting a nobleman
Loseth men's hearts and leaves behind a stain
Upon the beauty of all parts besides,
Beguiling[21] them of commendation.

HOT. Well, I am school'd. Good manners be your speed!
Here come our wives, and let us take our leave.

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18. delicacies. 19. proficient. 20. self-control. 21. cheating.

Re-enter Glendower with the ladies.

MORT. This is the deadly spite that angers me;
My wife can speak no English, I no Welsh.
GLEND. My daughter weeps; she will not part with you.
She'll be a soldier too, she'll to the wars.
MORT. Good father, tell her that she and my aunt Percy
Shall follow in your conduct speedily.
Glendower speaks to her in Welsh, and she answers him in the same.
GLEND. She is desperate here; a peevish self-will'd harlotry,[22] one that no persuasion can do good upon. *The lady speaks in Welsh.*
MORT. I understand thy looks. That pretty Welsh
Which thou pourest down from these swelling heavens
I am too perfect in; and, but for shame,
In such a parley should I answer thee.
The lady speaks again in Welsh.
I understand thy kisses and thou mine,
And that's a feeling disputation.[23]
But I will never be a truant, love,
Till I have learn'd thy language; for thy tongue
Makes Welsh as sweet as ditties highly penn'd,
Sung by a fair queen in a summer's bower,
With ravishing division,[24] to her lute.
GLEND. Nay, if you melt, then will she run mad.
The lady speaks again in Welsh.
MORT. O, I am ignorance itself in this!
GLEND. She bids you on the wanton rushes lay you down
And rest your gentle head upon her lap,
And she will sing the song that pleaseth you
And on your eyelids crown the god of sleep,
Charming your blood with pleasing heaviness,
Making such difference 'twixt wake and sleep
As is the difference 'twixt day and night
The hour before the heavenly-harness'd team
Begins his golden progress in the east.
MORT. With all my heart I'll sit and hear her sing.
By that time will our book,[25] I think, be drawn.
GLEND. Do so;
And those musicians that shall play to you
Hang in the air a thousand leagues from hence,
And straight they shall be here. Sit, and attend.

22. hussy (used affectionately). 23. feeling disputation: sentimental exchange. 24. modulation. 25. indentures.

HOT. Come, Kate, thou art perfect in lying down.
Come, quick, quick, that I may lay my head in thy lap.
LADY P. Go, ye giddy goose. *The music plays.*
HOT. Now I perceive the devil understands Welsh;
And 'tis no marvel he is so humorous.
By'r lady, he is a good musician.
LADY P. Then should you be nothing but musical, for you are altogether governed by humours. Lie still, ye thief, and hear the lady sing in Welsh.
HOT. I had rather hear Lady, my brach,[26] howl in Irish.
LADY P. Wouldst thou have thy head broken?
HOT. No.
LADY P. Then be still.
HOT. Neither; 'tis a woman's fault.
LADY P. Now God help thee!
HOT. To the Welsh lady's bed.
LADY P. What's that?
HOT. Peace! she sings.
Here the lady sings a Welsh song.
HOT. Come, Kate, I'll have your song too.
LADY P. Not mine, in good sooth.
HOT. Not yours, in good sooth! Heart, you swear like a comfit-maker's[27] wife. "Not you, in good sooth," and "as true as I live," and "as God shall mend me," and "as sure as day;"
And givest such sarcenet[28] surety for thy oaths
As if thou never walk'st further than Finsbury.[29]
Swear me, Kate, like a lady as thou art,
A good mouth-filling oath, and leave "in sooth,"
And such protest of pepper-gingerbread,
To velvet-guards[30] and Sunday-citizens.
Come, sing.
LADY P. I will not sing.
HOT. 'Tis the next way to turn tailor,[31] or be red-breast teacher. An the indentures be drawn,
I'll away within these two hours; and so, come in when ye will. *Exit.*
GLEND. Come, come, Lord Mortimer; you are as slow
As hot Lord Percy is on fire to go.
By this our book is drawn. We'll but seal,
And then to horse immediately.
MORT. With all my heart.
Exeunt.

26. bitch hound. 27. confectioner's. 28. flimsy. 29. a park frequented by respectable citizens. 30. citizens' wives who wear velvet-trimmed gowns. 31. proverbially thought of as a singer.

SCENE II

London. The palace.

Enter the King, Prince of Wales, and others.

KING. Lords, give us leave; the Prince of Wales and I
Must have some private conference; but be near at hand,
For we shall presently have need of you.

Exeunt Lords.

I know not whether God will have it so,
For some displeasing service I have done,
That, in his secret doom, out of my blood
He'll bleed revengement and a scourge for me;
But thou dost in thy passages of life
Make me believe that thou art only mark'd
For the hot vengeance and the rod of heaven
To punish my mistreadings. Tell me else,
Could such inordinate and low desires,
Such poor, such bare, such lewd, such mean attempts,
Such barren pleasures, rude society,
As thou art match'd withal and grafted to,
Accompany the greatness of thy blood
And hold their level with thy princely heart?

PRINCE. So please your Majesty, I would I could
Quit all offences with as clear excuse
As well as I am doubtless I can purge
Myself of many I am charg'd withal.
Yet such extenuation let me beg,
As, in reproof[1] of many tales devis'd,
Which oft the ear of greatness needs must hear,
By smiling pick-thanks[2] and base newsmongers,
I may, for some things true, wherein my youth
Hath faulty wand'red and irregular,
Find pardon on my true submission.

KING. God pardon thee! yet let me wonder, Harry,
At thy affections, which do hold a wing
Quite from the flight of all thy ancestors.
Thy place in council thou hast rudely lost,
Which by thy younger brother is suppli'd,
And art almost an alien to the hearts
Of all the court and princes of my blood.
The hope and expectation of thy time
Is ruin'd, and the soul of every man

1. disproof. 2. flatterers.

Prophetically do forethink thy fall.
Had I so lavish of my presence been,
So common-hackney'd in the eyes of men,
So stale and cheap to vulgar company,
Opinion, that did help me to the crown,
Had still kept loyal to possession[3]
And left me in reputeless banishment,
A fellow of no mark nor likelihood.
By being seldom seen, I could not stir
But like a comet I was wondered at;
That men would tell their children, "This is he;"
Others would say, "Where, which is Bolingbroke?"
And then I stole all courtesy from heaven,
And dress'd myself in such humility
That I did pluck allegiance from men's hearts,
Loud shouts and salutations from their mouths,
Even in the presence of the crowned king.
Thus did I keep my person fresh and new,
My presence, like a robe pontifical,
Ne'er seen but wond'red at; and so my state,
Seldom but sumptuous, show'd like a feast
And won by rareness such solemnity.
The skipping king, he ambled up and down
With shallow jesters and rash bavin[4] wits,
Soon kindled and soon burnt; carded[5] his state,
Mingled his royalty with capering fools,
Had his great name profaned with their scorns,
And gave his countenance, against his name,
To laugh at gibing boys and stand the push
Of every beardless vain comparative;[6]
Grew a companion to the common streets,
Enfeoff'd[7] himself to popularity;
That, being daily swallowed by men's eyes,
They surfeited with honey and began
To loathe the taste of sweetness, whereof a little
More than a little is by much too much.
So when he had occasion to be seen,
He was but as the cuckoo is in June,
Heard, not regarded; seen, but with such eyes
As, sick and blunted with community,[8]
Afford no extraordinary gaze,

3. the possessor, Richard II. 4. brushwood, used for kindling. 5. debased. 6. would-be wit. 7. sold himself for a fee. 8. commonness.

Such as is bent on sun-like majesty
When it shines seldom in admiring eyes;
But rather drows'd and hung their eyelids down,
Slept in his face and rend'red such aspect
As cloudy[9] men use to their adversaries,
Being with his presence glutted, gorg'd and full.
And in that very line, Harry, standest thou;
For thou hast lost thy princely privilege
With vile participation. Not an eye
But is a-weary of thy common sight,
Save mine, which hath desir'd to see thee more;
Which now doth that I would not have it do,
Make blind itself with foolish tenderness.

PRINCE. I shall hereafter, my thrice gracious lord,
Be more myself.

KING. For all the world
As thou art to this hour was Richard then
When I from France set foot at Ravenspurgh,
And even as I was then is Percy now.
Now, by my sceptre and my soul to boot,
He hath more worthy interest to the state
Than thou, the shadow of succession.
For of no right, nor colour like to right,
He doth fill fields with harness[10] in the realm,
Turns head against the lion's armed jaws,
And, being no more in debt to years than thou,
Leads ancient lords and reverend bishops on
To bloody battles and to bruising arms.
What never-dying honour hath he got
Against renowned Douglas! whose high deeds,
Whose hot incursions and great name in arms
Holds from all soldiers chief majority[11]
And military title capital[12]
Through all the kingdoms that acknowledge Christ.
Thrice hath this Hotspur, Mars in swathling clothes,
This infant warrior, in his enterprises
Discomfited great Douglas, ta'en him once,
Enlarged[13] him and made a friend of him,
To fill the mouth of deep defiance up
And shake the peace and safety of our throne.
And what say you to this? Percy, Northumberland,

9. frowning. 10. armed men. 11. preëminence. 12. chief. 13. freed.

The Archbishop's grace of York, Douglas, Mortimer,
Capitulate[14] against us and are up.
But wherefore do I tell these news to thee?
Why, Harry, do I tell thee of my foes,
Which art my nearest and dearest enemy?
Thou that art like enough, through vassal fear,
Base inclination, and the start of spleen,[15]
To fight against me under Percy's pay,
To dog his heels and curtsy at his frowns,
To show how much thou art degenerate.

PRINCE. Do not think so; you shall not find it so:
And God forgive them that so much have sway'd
Your Majesty's good thoughts away from me!
I will redeem all this on Percy's head,
And in the closing of some glorious day
Be bold to tell you that I am your son;
When I will wear a garment all of blood
And stain my favour[16] in a bloody mask,
Which, wash'd away, shall scour my shame with it.
And that shall be the day, whene'er it lights,
That this same child of honour and renown,
This gallant Hotspur, this all-praised knight,
And your unthought-of Harry chance to meet.
For every honour sitting on his helm,
Would they were multitudes, and on my head
My shames redoubled! For the time will come,
That I shall make this northern youth exchange
His glorious deeds for my indignities.
Percy is but my factor,[17] good my lord,
To engross[18] up glorious deeds on my behalf;
And I will call him to so strict account
That he shall render every glory up,
Yea, even the slightest worship of his time,
Or I will tear the reckoning from his heart.
This, in the name of God, I promise here;
The which if He be pleas'd I shall perform,
I do beseech your Majesty may salve
The long-grown wounds of my intemperance.
If not, the end of life cancels all bands;[19]
And I will die a hundred thousand deaths
Ere break the smallest parcel of this vow.

14. combine. 15. start of spleen: capricious impulse. 16. features. 17. agent. 18. pile. 19. bonds.

KING. A hundred thousand rebels die in this.
Thou shalt have charge and sovereign trust herein.

Enter Blunt.

How now, good Blunt? Thy looks are full of speed.
BLUNT. So hath the business that I come to speak of.
Lord Mortimer of Scotland hath sent word
That Douglas and the English rebels met
The eleventh of this month at Shrewsbury.
A mighty and a fearful head they are,
If promises be kept on every hand,
As ever offered foul play in a state.
KING. The Earl of Westmoreland set forth to-day,
With him my son, Lord John of Lancaster,
For this advertisement[20] is five days old.
On Wednesday next, Harry, you shall set forward;
On Thursday we ourselves will march. Our meeting
Is Bridgenorth: and, Harry, you shall march
Through Gloucestershire; by which account,
Our business valued,[21] some twelve days hence
Our general forces at Bridgenorth shall meet.
Our hands are full of business; let's away.
Advantage feeds him fat, while men delay.

Exeunt.

20. news. 21. properly evaluated.

SCENE III

Eastcheap. The Boar's-Head Tavern.

Enter Falstaff and Bardolph.

FAL. Bardolph, am I not fallen away vilely since this last action? Do I not bate?[1] Do I not dwindle? Why, my skin hangs about me like an old lady's loose gown; I am withered like an old apple-john.[2] Well, I'll repent, and that suddenly, while I am in some liking.[3] I shall be out of heart shortly, and then I shall have no strength to repent. An I have not forgotten what the inside of a church is made of, I am a peppercorn, a brewer's horse.[4] The inside of a church! Company, villanous company, hath been the spoil of me.
BARD. Sir John, you are so fretful, you cannot live long.
FAL. Why, there is it. Come sing me a bawdy song; make me merry. I

1. abate, decrease. 2. shriveled apple. 3. some liking: good shape. 4. brewer's horse: a worn-out horse.

was as virtuously given as a gentleman need to be; virtuous enough, swore little, dic'd not above seven times a week, went to a bawdy-house not above once in a quarter—of an hour, paid money that I borrowed three or four times, lived well and in good compass;[5] and now I live out of all order, out of all compass.

BARD. Why, you are so fat, Sir John, that you must needs be out of all compass, out of all reasonable compass, Sir John.

FAL. Do thou amend thy face, and I'll amend my life. Thou art our admiral;[6] thou bearest the lantern in the poop, but 'tis in the nose of thee. Thou art the Knight of the Burning Lamp.

BARD. Why, Sir John, my face does you no harm.

FAL. No, I'll be sworn; I make as good use of it as many a man doth of a Death's-head or a *memento mori;*[7] I never see thy face but I think upon hell-fire and Dives[8] that lived in purple; for there he is in his robes, burning, burning. If thou wert any way given to virtue, I would swear by thy face; my oath should be, "By this fire, that's God's angel;" but thou art altogether given over, and wert indeed, but for the light in thy face, the son of utter darkness. When thou ran'st up Gadshill in the night to catch my horse, if I did not think thou hadst been an *ignis fatuus*[9] or a ball of wildfire, there's no purchase in money. O, thou art a perpetual triumph, an everlasting bonfire-light! Thou hast saved me a thousand marks in links[10] and torches, walking with thee in the night betwixt tavern and tavern; but the sack that thou hast drunk me would have bought me lights as good cheap at the dearest chandler's in Europe. I have maintain'd that salamander[11] of yours with fire any time this two and thirty years; God reward me for it!

BARD. 'Sblood, I would my face were in your belly!

FAL. God-a-mercy! so should I be sure to be heart-burn'd.

Enter Hostess.

How now, Dame Partlet[12] the hen! have you inquir'd yet who pick'd my pocket?

HOST. Why, Sir John, what do you think, Sir John? Do you think I keep thieves in my house? I have search'd, I have inquired, so has my husband, man by man, boy by boy, servant by servant. The tithe of a hair was never lost in my house before.

FAL. Ye lie, hostess. Bardolph was shav'd and lost many a hair; and I'll be sworn my pocket was pick'd. Go to, you are a woman, go.

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5. in good compass: within bounds. 6. flagship. 7. *memento mori:* reminder of death. 8. the rich man mentioned in Luke, 16: 19-31. 9. *ignis fatuus:* will o' the wisp. 10. torches. 11. a lizard supposedly able to live in fire. 12. common name for a hen.

HOST. Who? I? No; I defy thee. God's light, I was never call'd so in mine own house before.

FAL. Go to, I know you well enough.

HOST. No, Sir John; you do not know me, Sir John. I know you, Sir John; you owe me money, Sir John; and now you pick a quarrel to beguile me of it. I bought you a dozen of shirts to your back.

FAL. Dowlas, filthy dowlas.[13] I have given them away to bakers' wives; they have made bolters[14] of them.

HOST. Now, as I am a true woman, holland[15] of eight shillings an ell. You owe money here besides, Sir John, for your diet and by-drinkings, and money lent you, four and twenty pound.

FAL. He had his part of it; let him pay.

HOST. He? Alas, he is poor, he hath nothing.

FAL. How! poor? Look upon his face; what call you rich? Let them coin his nose, let them coin his cheeks. I'll not pay a denier.[16] What, will you make a younker[17] of me? Shall I not take mine ease in mine inn but I shall have my pocket pick'd? I have lost a seal-ring of my grandfather's worth forty mark.

HOST. O Jesu, I have heard the Prince tell him, I know not how oft, that that ring was copper!

FAL. How! the Prince is a Jack, a sneak-cup. 'Sblood, an he were here, I would cudgel him like a dog, if he would say so.

Enter the Prince and Peto, marching, and Falstaff meets them playing on his truncheon like a fife.

How now, lad! is the wind in that door, i' faith? Must we all march?

RARD. Yea, two and two, Newgate[18] fashion.

HOST. My lord, I pray you, hear me.

PRINCE. What say'st thou, Mistress Quickly? How doth thy husband? I love him well; he is an honest man.

HOST. Good my lord, hear me.

FAL. Prithee, let her alone, and list to me.

PRINCE. What say'st thou, Jack?

FAL. The other night I fell asleep here behind the arras and had my pocket pick'd. This house is turn'd bawdy-house; they pick pockets.

PRINCE. What didst thou lose, Jack?

FAL. Wilt thou believe me, Hal? Three or four bonds of forty pound a-piece, and a seal-ring of my grandfather's.

PRINCE. A trifle, some eight-penny matter.

HOST. So I told him, my lord, and I said I heard your Grace say so; and,

13. cheap cloth. 14. sieves. 15. fine linen. 16. farthing. 17. greenhorn. 18. a London prison.

my lord, he speaks most vilely of you, like a foul-mouth'd man as he is, and said he would cudgel you.

PRINCE. What! he did not?

HOST. There's neither faith, truth, nor womanhood in me else.

FAL. There's no more faith in thee than in a stew'd prune; nor no more truth in thee than in a drawn fox;[19] and for womanhood, Maid Marian[20] may be the deputy's wife of the ward to thee. Go, you thing, go.

HOST. Say, what thing? what thing?

FAL. What thing? Why, a thing to thank God on.

HOST. I am no thing to thank God on, I would thou shouldst know it. I am an honest man's wife; and, setting thy knighthood aside, thou art a knave to call me so.

FAL. Setting thy womanhood aside, thou art a beast to say otherwise.

HOST. Say, what beast, thou knave, thou?

FAL. What beast? Why, an otter.

PRINCE. An otter, Sir John! Why an otter?

FAL. Why, she's neither fish nor flesh; a man knows not where to have her.

HOST. Thou art an unjust man in saying so. Thou or any man knows where to have me, thou knave, thou!

PRINCE. Thou say'st true, hostess; and he slanders thee most grossly.

HOST. So he doth you, my lord; and said this other day you ought[21] him a thousand pound.

PRINCE. Sirrah, do I owe you a thousand pound?

FAL. A thousand pound, Hal! A million. Thy love is worth a million; thou ow'st me thy love.

HOST. Nay, my lord, he called you Jack, and said he would cudgel you.

FAL. Did I, Bardolph?

BARD. Indeed, Sir John, you said so.

FAL. Yea, if he said my ring was copper.

PRINCE. I say 'tis copper. Dar'st thou be as good as thy word now?

FAL. Why, Hal, thou know'st, as thou art but man, I dare; but as thou art Prince, I fear thee as I fear the roaring of the lion's whelp.

PRINCE. And why not as the lion?

FAL. The king himself is to be feared as the lion. Dost thou think I'll fear thee as I fear thy father? Nay, an I do, I pray God my girdle break.

PRINCE. Oh, if it should, how would thy guts fall about thy knees! But, sirrah, there's no room for faith, truth, nor honesty in this bosom of thine; it is all filled up with guts and midriff. Charge an honest woman with picking thy pocket! Why, thou whoreson, impudent,

19. drawn fox: a tricky fox driven from cover. 20. Maid Marian: a woman of questionable reputation. 21. owed.

emboss'd[22] rascal, if there were anything in thy pocket but tavern-reckonings, memorandums of bawdy-houses, and one poor penny-worth of sugar-candy to make thee long-winded, if thy pocket were enrich'd with any other injuries but these, I am a villain. And yet you will stand to it; you will not pocket up wrong. Art thou not asham'd?

FAL. Dost thou hear, Hal? Thou know'st in the state of innocency Adam fell; and what should poor Jack Falstaff do in the days of villainy? Thou seest I have more flesh than another man, and therefore more frailty. You confess then, you pick'd my pocket?

PRINCE. It appears so by the story.

FAL. Hostess, I forgive thee. Go, make ready breakfast; love thy husband, look to thy servants, cherish thy guests. Thou shalt find me tractable to any honest reason; thou seest I am pacified still. Nay, prithee, be gone.

Exit Hostess.

Now, Hal, to the news at court. For the robbery, lad, how is that answered?

PRINCE. O my sweet beef, I must still be good angel to thee. The money is paid back again.

FAL. O, I do not like that paying back; 'tis a double labour.

PRINCE. I am good friends with my father and may do anything.

FAL. Rob me the exchequer the first thing thou doest, and do it with unwash'd hands[23] too.

BARD. Do, my lord.

PRINCE. I have procured thee, Jack, a charge of foot.

FAL. I would it had been of horse. Where shall I find one that can steal well? O for a fine thief, of the age of two and twenty or thereabouts! I am heinously unprovided. Well, God be thanked for these rebels, they offend none but the virtuous. I laud them, I praise them.

PRINCE. Bardolph!

BARD. My lord?

PRINCE. Go bear this letter to Lord John of Lancaster, to my brother John; this to my Lord of Westmoreland. [*Exit Bardolph.*] Go, Peto, to horse, to horse; for thou and I have thirty miles to ride yet ere dinner time. [*Exit Peto.*] Jack, meet me to-morrow in the Temple hall at two o'clock in the afternoon.

There shalt thou know thy charge, and there receive
Money and order for their furniture.[24]
The land is burning; Percy stands on high;
And either we or they must lower lie. *Exit.*

22. swollen. 23. with unwash'd hands: immediately. 24. equipment.

FAL. Rare words! brave world! Hostess, my breakfast, come!
O, I could wish this tavern were my drum!

Exit.

ACT IV, SCENE I

The rebel camp near Shrewsbury.

Enter Hotspur, Worcester, and Douglas.

HOT. Well said, my noble Scot! If speaking truth
In this fine age were not thought flattery,
Such attribution[1] should the Douglas have
As not a soldier of this season's stamp
Should go so general current through the world.
By God, I cannot flatter; I do defy
The tongues of soothers;[2] but a braver place
In my heart's love hath no man than yourself.
Nay, task me to my word; approve[3] me, lord.
DOUG. Thou art the king of honour.
No man so potent breathes upon the ground
But I will beard him.

Enter a Messenger with letters.

HOT. Do so, and 'tis well.—
What letters hast thou there?—I can but thank you.
MESS. These letters come from your father.
HOT. Letters from him! Why comes he not himself?
MESS. He cannot come, my lord; he is grievous sick.
HOT. 'Zounds! how has he the leisure to be sick
In such a justling[4] time? Who leads his power?
Under whose government come they along?
MESS. His letters bears his mind, not I, my lord.
WOR. I prithee, tell me, doth he keep his bed?
MESS. He did, my lord, four days ere I set forth;
And at the time of my departure thence
He was much fear'd by his physicians.
WOR. I would the state of time had first been whole
Ere he by sickness had been visited.
His health was never better worth than now.
HOT. Sick now! droop now! This sickness doth infect
The very life-blood of our enterprise;
'Tis catching hither, even to our camp.
He writes me here, that inward sickness—

1. praise. 2. flatterers. 3. test. 4. turbulent.

And that his friends by deputation could not
So soon be drawn, nor did he think it meet
To lay so dangerous and dear a trust
On any soul remov'd[5] but on his own.
Yet doth he give us bold advertisement
That with our small conjunction[6] we should on
To see how fortune is dispos'd to us;
For, as he writes, there is no quailing now,
Because the king is certainly possess'd
Of all our purposes. What say you to it?

WOR. Your father's sickness is a maim to us.

HOT. A perilous gash, a very limb lopp'd off.
And yet, in faith, 'tis not; his present want[7]
Seems more than we shall find it. Were it good
To set the exact wealth of all our states
All at one cast? to set so rich a main[8]
On the nice hazard of one doubtful hour?
It were not good; for therein should we read
The very bottom and the soul of hope,
The very list,[9] the very utmost bound
Of all our fortunes.

DOUG. Faith, and so we should;
Where now remains a sweet reversion,[10]
We may boldly spend upon the hope of what
Is to come in.
A comfort of retirement lives in this.

HOT. A rendezvous, a home to fly unto,
If that the devil and mischance look big
Upon the maidenhead[11] of our affairs.

WOR. But yet I would your father had been here.
The quality and hair[12] of our attempt
Brooks no division. It will be thought
By some that know not why he is away,
That wisdom, loyalty, and mere dislike
Of our proceedings kept the earl from hence;
And think how such an apprehension
May turn the tide of fearful faction
And breed a kind of question in our cause.
For well you know we of the offering[13] side
Must keep aloof from strict arbitrement,[14]

5. any soul remov'd: any other person. 6. united forces. 7. absence. 8. wager. 9. limit. 10. hopeful expectation. 11. outset. 12. character. 13. attacking. 14. arbitration.

And stop all sight-holes, every loop from whence
The eye of reason may pry in upon us.
This absence of your father's draws[15] a curtain,
That shows the ignorant a kind of fear
Before not dreamt of.

HOT. You strain too far.
I rather of his absence make this use:
It lends a lustre and more great opinion,
A larger dare to our great enterprise,
Than if the earl were here; for men must think,
If we without his help can make a head
To push against a kingdom, with his help
We shall o'erturn it topsy-turvy down.
Yet all goes well, yet all our joints are whole.

DOUG. As heart can think. There is not such a word
Spoke of in Scotland as this term of fear.

Enter Sir Richard Vernon.

HOT. My cousin Vernon! welcome, by my soul.

VER. Pray God my news be worth a welcome, lord.
The Earl of Westmoreland, seven thousand strong,
Is marching hitherwards; with him Prince John.

HOT. No harm. What more?

VER. And further, I have learn'd,
The king himself in person is set forth,
Or hitherwards intended speedily,
With strong and mighty preparation.

HOT. He shall be welcome too. Where is his son,
The nimble-footed madcap Prince of Wales,
And his comrades, that daff'd[16] the world aside,
And bid it pass?

VER. All furnish'd, all in arms
All plum'd like estridges[17] that with the wind
Bated;[18] like eagles having lately bath'd;
Glittering in golden coats, like images;
As full of spirit as the month of May,
And gorgeous as the sun at midsummer;
Wanton as youthful goats, wild as young bulls.
I saw young Harry, with his beaver[19] on,
His cuisses[20] on his thighs, gallantly arm'd,
Rise from the ground like feathered Mercury,

15. opens. 16. thrust. 17. ostriches. 18. flapped their wings. 19. helmet. 20. thigh-armor.

And vaulted with such ease into his seat,
As if an angel dropp'd down from the clouds
To turn and wind a fiery Pegasus
And witch the world with noble horsemanship.

HOT. No more, no more! Worse than the sun in March,
This praise doth nourish agues.[21] Let them come!
They come like sacrifices in their trim,[22]
And to the fire-ey'd maid of smoky war
All hot and bleeding will we offer them.
The mailed Mars shall on his altar sit
Up to the ears in blood. I am on fire
To hear this rich reprisal[23] is so nigh
And yet not ours. Come, let me taste my horse,
Who is to bear me like a thunderbolt
Against the bosom of the Prince of Wales,
Harry to Harry shall, hot horse to horse,
Meet and ne'er part till one drop down a corse.
O that Glendower were come!

VER. There is more news.
I learn'd in Worcester, as I rode along,
He cannot draw his power this fourteen days.

DOUG. That's the worst tidings that I hear of yet.

WOR. Ay, by my faith, that bears a frosty sound.

HOT. What may the king's whole battle[24] reach unto?

VER. To thirty thousand.

HOT. Forty let it be!
My father and Glendower being both away,
The powers of us may serve so great a day.
Come, let us take a muster speedily.
Doomsday is near; die all, die merrily.

DOUG. Talk not of dying; I am out of fear
Of death or death's hand for this one-half year.

Exeunt.

21. fevers. 22. trappings. 23. prize. 24. troops.

SCENE II

A public road near Coventry.

Enter Falstaff and Bardolph.

FAL. Bardolph, get thee before to Coventry; fill me a bottle of sack.
Our soldiers shall march through; we'll to Sutton Co'fil' to-night.

BARD. Will you give me money, captain?

FAL. Lay out, lay out.

BARD. This bottle makes an angel.[1]

FAL. An if it do, take it for thy labour; and if it make twenty, take them all; I'll answer the coinage. Bid my lieutenant Peto meet me at town's end.

BARD. I will, captain; farewell. *Exit.*

FAL. If I be not asham'd of my soldiers, I am a sous'd gurnet.[2] I have misus'd the king's press[3] damnably. I have got, in exchange of a hundred and fifty soldiers, three hundred and odd pounds. I press me none but good householders, yeoman's sons; inquire me out contracted bachelors, such as had been ask'd twice on the banns; such a commodity[4] of warm slaves, as had as lieve hear the devil as a drum; such as fear the report of a caliver[5] worse than a struck fowl or a hurt wild-duck. I press'd me none but such toasts-and-butter, with hearts in their bellies no bigger than pins' heads; and they have bought out their services; and now my whole charge consists of ancients,[6] corporals, lieutenants, gentlemen of companies, slaves as ragged as Lazarus in the painted cloth,[7] where the glutton's dogs licked his sores; and such as, indeed, were never soldiers, but discarded unjust serving-men, younger sons to younger brothers, revolted tapsters and ostlers trade-fallen, the cankers[8] of a calm world and a long peace, ten times more dishonourable ragged than an old fac'd ancient;[9] and such have I, to fill up the rooms of them that have bought out their services, that you would think that I had a hundred and fifty tatter'd prodigals lately come from swine-keeping, from eating draff[10] and husks. A mad fellow met me on the way and told me I had unloaded all the gibbets and press'd the dead bodies. No eye hath seen such scarecrows. I'll not march through Coventry with them, that's flat. Nay, and the villains march wide betwixt the legs, as if they had gyves[11] on; for indeed I had the most of them out of prison. There's but a shirt and a half in all my company; and the half shirt is two napkins tack'd together and thrown over the shoulders like an herald's coat without sleeves; and the shirt, to say the truth, stolen from my host at Saint Alban's, or the red-nose inkeeper of Daventry. But that's all one; they'll find linen enough on every hedge.

Enter the Prince and Westmoreland.

PRINCE. How now, blown Jack! how now, quilt!

FAL. What, Hal! how now, mad wag! what a devil dost thou in Warwick-

1. ten shillings. 2. sous'd gurnet: pickled fish. 3. right to impress soldiers. 4. lot. 5. gun. 6. ensigns. 7. painted cloth: a cheap tapestry. 8. parasites. 9. fac'd ancient: tattered flag. 10. swill. 11. irons.

shire? My good Lord of Westmoreland, I cry you mercy! I thought your honour had already been at Shrewsbury.

WEST. Faith, Sir John, 'tis more than time that I were there, and you too; but my powers are there already. The king, I can tell you, looks for us all. We must away all night.

FAL. Tut, never fear me. I am as vigilant as a cat to steal cream.

PRINCE. I think, to steal cream indeed, for thy theft hath already made thee butter. But tell me, Jack, whose fellows are these that come after?

FAL. Mine, Hal, mine.

PRINCE. I did never see such pitiful rascals.

FAL. Tut, tut; good enough to toss;[12] food for powder, food for powder; they'll fill a pit as well as better. Tush, man, mortal men, mortal men.

WEST. Ay, but, Sir John, methinks they are exceeding poor and bare, too beggarly.

FAL. Faith, for their poverty, I know not where they had that; and for their bareness, I am sure they never learn'd that of me.

PRINCE. No, I'll be sworn; unless you call three fingers on the ribs bare. But, sirrah, make haste. Percy is already in the field.

FAL. What, is the king encamp'd?

WEST. He is, Sir John. I fear we shall stay too long.

FAL. Well,

To the latter end of a fray and the beginning of a feast
Fits a dull fighter and a keen guest. *Exeunt.*

12. *i.e.*, on a pike.

SCENE III

The rebel camp near Shrewsbury.

Enter Hotspur, Worcester, Douglas, and Vernon.

HOT. We'll fight with him to-night.

WOR. It may not be.

DOUG. You give him then advantage.

VER. Not a whit.

HOT. Why say you so? Looks he not for supply?

VER. So do we.

HOT. His is certain, ours is doubtful.

WOR. Good cousin, be advis'd; stir not to-night.

VER. Do not my lord.

DOUG. You do not counsel well.
You speak it out of fear and cold heart.

VER. Do me no slander, Douglas. By my life,

And I dare well maintain it with my life,
If well-respected[1] honour bid me on,
I hold as little counsel with weak fear
As you, my lord, or any Scot that this day lives.
Let it be seen to-morrow in the battle
Which of us fears.

DOUG. Yea, or to-night.

VER. Content.

HOT. To-night, say I.

VER. Come, come, it may not be. I wonder much,
Being men of such great leading as you are,
That you foresee not what impediments
Drag back our expedition.[2] Certain horse
Of my cousin Vernon's are not yet come up.
Your uncle Worcester's horse came but to-day;
And now their pride and mettle is asleep,
Their courage with hard labour tame and dull,
That not a horse is half the half of himself.

HOT. So are the horses of the enemy
In general, journey-bated and brought low.
The better part of ours are full of rest.

WOR. The number of the king exceedeth ours.
For God's sake, cousin, stay till all come in.

The trumpet sounds a parley.

Enter Sir Walter Blunt.

BLUNT. I come with gracious offers from the king,
If you vouchsafe me hearing and respect.

HOT. Welcome, Sir Walter Blunt; and would to God
You were of our determination!
Some of us love you well; and even those some
Envy your great deservings and good name,
Because you are not of our quality,[3]
But stand against us like an enemy.

BLUNT. And God defend but still I should stand so,
So long as out of limit and true rule
You stand against anointed majesty.
But to my charge. The king hath sent to know
The nature of your griefs, and whereupon
You conjure from the breast of civil peace
Such bold hostility, teaching his duteous land
Audacious cruelty. If that the king

1. well-considered. 2. haste. 3. side.

Have any way your good deserts forgot,
Which he confesseth to be manifold,
He bids you name your griefs; and with all speed
You shall have your desires with interest
And pardon absolute for yourself and these
Herein misled by your suggestion.

HOT. The king is kind; and well we know the king
Knows at what time to promise, when to pay.
My father and my uncle and myself
Did give him that same royalty he wears;
And when he was not six and twenty strong,
Sick in the world's regard, wretched and low,
A poor unminded outlaw sneaking home,
My father gave him welcome to the shore;
And when he heard him swear and vow to God
He came but to be Duke of Lancaster,
To sue his livery[4] and beg his peace,
With tears of innocence and terms of zeal,
My father, in kind heart and pity mov'd,
Swore him assistance and perform'd it too.
Now when the lords and barons of the realm
Perceiv'd Northumberland did lean to him,
The more and less came in with cap and knee;
Met him in boroughs, cities, villages,
Attended him on bridges, stood in lanes,
Laid gifts before him, proffer'd him their oaths.
Gave him their heirs as pages, followed him
Even at the heels in golden multitudes.
He presently, as greatness knows itself,
Steps me a little higher than his vow
Made to my father, while his blood was poor,
Upon the naked shore at Ravenspurgh;
And now, forsooth, takes on him to reform
Some certain edicts and some strait[5] decrees
That lie too heavy on the commonwealth,
Cries out upon abuses, seems to weep
Over his country's wrongs; and by this face,[6]
This seeming brow of justice, did he win
The hearts of all that he did angle for;
Proceeded further; cut me off the heads
Of all the favourites that the absent king

4. sue his livery: to make a claim for the delivery of his own lands. 5. strict. 6. pretext.

In deputation left behind him here,
When he was personal in the Irish war.

BLUNT. Tut, I came not to hear this.

HOT. Then to the point.
In short time after, he depos'd the king;
Soon after that, depriv'd him of his life;
And in the neck of that, task'd[7] the whole state.
To make that worse, suffer'd his kinsman March,
Who is, if every owner were well plac'd,
Indeed his king, to be engag'd in Wales,
There without ransom to lie forfeited;
Disgrac'd me in my happy victories,
Sought to entrap me by intelligence;[8]
Rated[9] mine uncle from the council-board;
In rage dismiss'd my father from the court;
Broke oath on oath, committed wrong on wrong,
And in conclusion drove us to seek out
This head of safety;[10] and withal to pry
Into his title, the which we find
Too indirect[11] for long continuance.

BLUNT. Shall I return this answer to the king?

HOT. Not so, Sir Walter; we'll withdraw a while.
Go to the king; and let there be impawn'd
Some surety for a safe return again,
And in the morning early shall mine uncle
Bring him our purposes: and so farewell.

BLUNT. I would you would accept of grace and love.

HOT. And may be so we shall.

BLUNT. Pray God you do.

Exeunt.

7. taxed. 8. spies. 9. drove. 10. head of safety: protecting army. 11. far from the true succession.

SCENE IV

York. The Archbishop's palace.

Enter the Archbishop of York and Sir Michael.

ARCH. Hie, good Sir Michael; bear this sealed brief[1]
With winged haste to the Lord Marshal,
This to my cousin Scroop, and all the rest

1. letter.

To whom they are directed. If you knew
How much they do import, you would make haste.
SIR. M. My good lord,
I guess their tenour.
ARCH. Like enough you do.
To-morrow, good Sir Michael, is a day
Wherein the fortune of ten thousand men
Must bide the touch;[2] for, sir, at Shrewsbury,
As I am truly given to understand,
The king with mighty and quick-raised power
Meets with Lord Harry; and, I fear, Sir Michael,
What with the sickness of Northumberland,
Whose power was in the first proportion,
And what with Owen Glendower's absence thence,
Who with them was a rated sinew[3] too
And comes not in, o'er-rul'd by prophecies,
I fear the power of Percy is too weak
To wage an instant trial with the king.
SIR M. Why, my good lord, you need not fear;
There is Douglas and Lord Mortimer.
ARCH. No, Mortimer is not there.
SIR M. But there is Murdoch, Vernon, Lord Harry Percy,
And there is my Lord of Worcester, and a head
Of gallant warriors, noble gentlemen.
ARCH. And so there is; but yet the king hath drawn
The special head of all the land together:
The Prince of Wales, Lord John of Lancaster,
The noble Westmoreland, and warlike Blunt;
And many moe corrivals[4] and dear men
Of estimation and command in arms.
SIR M. Doubt not, my lord, they shall be well oppos'd.
ARCH. I hope no less, yet needful 'tis to fear;
And, to prevent the worst, Sir Michael, speed;
For if Lord Percy thrive not, ere the king
Dismiss his power he means to visit us,
For he hath heard of our confederacy,
And 'tis but wisdom to make strong against him.
Therefore make haste. I must go write again
To other friends; and so farewell, Sir Michael.

Exeunt.

2. bide the touch: stand the test. 3. rated sinew: force counted upon. 4. moe corrivals: more comrades.

ACT V, SCENE I

The King's camp near Shrewsbury.

Enter the King, Prince of Wales, Lord John of Lancaster, Sir Walter Blunt, and Falstaff.

KING. How bloodily the sun begins to peer
Above yon busky[1] hill! The day looks pale
At his distemperature.[2]
PRINCE. The southern wind
Doth play the trumpet to his purposes,
And by his hollow whistling in the leaves
Foretells a tempest and a blust'ring day.
KING. Then with the losers let it sympathize,
For nothing can seem foul to those that win.

The trumpet sounds.

Enter Worcester and Vernon.

How now, my Lord of Worcester! 'tis not well
That you and I should meet upon such terms
As now we meet. You have deceiv'd our trust,
And made us doff our easy robes of peace,
To crush our old limbs in ungentle steel.
This is not well, my lord, this is not well.
What say you to it? Will you again unknit
This churlish knot of all-abhorred war?
And move in that obedient orb again
Where you did give a fair and natural light,
And be no more an exhal'd meteor,
A prodigy of fear and a portent
Of broached[3] mischief to the unborn times?
WOR. Hear me, my liege.
For mine own part, I could be well content
To entertain the lag-end of my life
With quiet hours; for I do protest,
I have not sought the day of this dislike.
KING. You have not sought it! How comes it, then?
FAL. Rebellion lay in his way, and he found it.
PRINCE. Peace, chewet,[4] peace!
WOR. It pleas'd your Majesty to turn your looks
Of favour from myself and all our house;
And yet I must remember[5] you, my lord,

1. wooded. 2. unnatural appearance. 3. already begun. 4. chattering jackdaw. 5. remind.

We were the first and dearest of your friends.
For you my staff of office did I break
In Richard's time; and posted day and night
To meet you on the way, and kiss your hand,
When yet you were in place and in account
Nothing so strong and fortunate as I.
It was myself, my brother, and his son,
That brought you home and boldly did outdare
The dangers of the time. You swore to us,
And you did swear that oath at Doncaster,
That you did nothing purpose 'gainst the state;
Nor claim no further than your new-fallen right,
The seat of Gaunt, dukedom of Lancaster.
To this we swore our aid. But in short space
It rain'd down fortune show'ring on your head;
And such a flood of greatness fell on you,
What with our help, what with the absent king,
What with the injuries of a wanton time,
The seeming sufferances[6] that you had borne,
And the contrarious winds that held the king
So long in his unlucky Irish wars
That all in England did repute him dead;
And from this swarm of fair advantages
You took occasion to be quickly woo'd
To gripe the general sway into your hand;
Forgot your oath to us at Doncaster;
And being fed by us you us'd us so
As that ungentle gull,[7] the cuckoo's bird,
Useth the sparrow; did oppress our nest;
Grew by our feeding to so great a bulk
That even our love durst not come near your sight
For fear of swallowing; but with nimble wing
We were enforc'd, for safety sake, to fly
Out of your sight and raise this present head;
Whereby we stand opposed by such means
As you yourself have forg'd against yourself
By unkind usage, dangerous countenance,
And violation of all faith and troth
Sworn to us in your younger enterprise.

KING. These things indeed you have articulate,[8]
Proclaim'd at market-crosses, read in churches,
To face[9] the garment of rebellion

6. sufferings. 7. fledgling bird. 8. specified. 9. adorn.

With some fine colour that may please the eye
Of fickle changelings and poor discontents,
Which gape and rub the elbow[10] at the news
Of hurly-burly innovation.[11]
And never yet did insurrection want
Such water-colours[12] to impaint his cause;
Nor moody beggars, starving for a time
Of pell-mell havoc and confusion.

PRINCE. In both your armies there is many a soul
Shall pay full dearly for this encounter,
If once they join in trial. Tell your nephew,
The Prince of Wales doth join with all the world
In praise of Henry Percy. By my hopes,
This present enterprise set off his head,[13]
I do not think a braver gentleman,
More active-valiant or more valiant-young,
More daring or more bold, is now alive
To grace this latter age with noble deeds.
For my part, I may speak it to my shame,
I have a truant been to chivalry;
And so I hear he doth account me too;
Yet this before my father's majesty:
I am content that he shall take the odds
Of his great name and estimation,
And will, to save the blood on either side,
Try fortune with him in a single fight.

KING. And, Prince of Wales, so dare we venture thee,
Albeit considerations infinite
Do make against it. No, good Worcester, no,
We love our people well; even those we love
That are misled upon your cousin's part;
And, will they take the offer of our grace,
Both he and they and you, yea, every man
Shall be my friend again and I'll be his.
So tell your cousin, and bring me word
What he will do. But if he will not yield,
Rebuke and dread correction wait on us
And they shall do their office. So, be gone;
We will not now be troubled with reply.
We offer fair; take it advisedly.

Exeunt Worcester and Vernon.

10. rub the elbow: feel pleased. 11. revolution. 12. shallow reasons. 13. set off his head: not taken into account.

PRINCE. It will not be accepted, on my life.
The Douglas and the Hotspur both together
Are confident against the world in arms.
KING. Hence, therefore, every leader to his charge,
For, on their answer, will we set on them;
And God befriend us, as our cause is just!
Exeunt all but the Prince of Wales and Falstaff.
FAL. Hal, if thou see me down in the battle and bestride me, so; 'tis a point of friendship.
PRINCE. Nothing but a colossus can do thee that friendship. Say thy prayers, and farewell.
FAL. I would 'twere bed-time, Hal, and all well.
PRINCE. Why, thou owest God a death. *Exit.*
FAL. 'Tis not due yet; I would be loath to pay him before his day. What need I be so forward with him that calls not on me? Well, 'tis no matter; honour pricks[14] me on. Yea, but how if honour prick me off when I come on? How then? Can honour set to a leg? No. Or an arm? No. Or take away the grief of a wound? No. Honour hath no skill in surgery, then? No. What is honour? A word. What is in that word honour? What is that honour? Air; a trim reckoning! Who hath it? He that died o' Wednesday. Doth he feel it? No. Doth he hear it? No. 'Tis insensible, then? Yea, to the dead. But will it not live with the living? No. Why? Detraction will not suffer it. Therefore I'll none of it. Honour is a mere scutcheon:[15] and so ends my catechism.
Exit.

14. spurs. 15. coat of arms associated with funerals.

SCENE II

The rebel camp.

Enter Worcester and Vernon.

WOR. O, no, my nephew must not know, Sir Richard,
The liberal and kind offer of the king.
VER. 'Twere best he did.
WOR. Then are we all undone.
It is not possible, it cannot be,
The king should keep his word in loving us.
He will suspect us still, and find a time
To punish this offence in other faults.
Suspicion all our lives shall be stuck full of eyes;
For treason is but trusted like the fox,
Who, ne'er so tame, so cherish'd and lock'd up,

Will have a wild trick of his ancestors.
Look how we can, or sad or merrily,
Interpretation will misquote our looks,
And we shall feed like oxen at a stall,
The better cherish'd, still the nearer death.
My nephew's trespass may be well forgot;
It hath the excuse of youth and heat of blood,
And an adopted name of privilege,[1]
A hare-brain'd Hotspur, govern'd by a spleen.
All his offences live upon my head
And on his father's. We did train him on,
And, his corruption being ta'en from us,
We, as the spring of all, shall pay for all.
Therefore, good cousin, let not Harry know,
In any case, the offer of the king.

VER. Deliver what you will; I'll say 'tis so.
Here comes your cousin.

Enter Hotspur and Douglas.

HOT. My uncle is return'd;
Deliver up my Lord of Westmoreland.
Uncle, what news?

WOR. The king will bid you battle presently.

DOUG. Defy him by the Lord of Westmoreland.

HOT. Lord Douglas, go you and tell him so.

DOUG. Marry, and shall, and very willingly. *Exit.*

WOR. There is no seeming mercy in the king.

HOT. Did you beg any? God forbid!

WOR. I told him gently of our grievances,
Of his oath-breaking; which he mended thus,
By now forswearing that he is forsworn.
He calls us rebels, traitors; and will scourge
With haughty arms this hateful name in us.

Re-enter Douglas.

DOUG. Arm, gentlemen; to arms! for I have thrown
A brave defiance in King Henry's teeth,
And Westmoreland, that was engag'd, did bear it;
Which cannot choose but bring him quickly on.

WOR. The Prince of Wales stepp'd forth before the king,
And, nephew, challeng'd you to single fight.

HOT. O, would the quarrel lay upon our heads,

1. adopted name of privilege: nickname which carries privileges.

And that no man might draw short breath to-day
But I and Harry Monmouth! Tell me, tell me,
How show'd his tasking?[2] Seem'd it in contempt?

VER. No, by my soul; I never in my life
Did hear a challenge urg'd more modestly,
Unless a brother should a brother dare
To gentle exercise and proof of arms.
He gave you all the duties of a man,
Trimm'd up your praises with a princely tongue,
Spoke your deservings like a chronicle,
Making you ever better than his praise
By still dispraising praise valued with you;
And, which became him like a prince indeed,
He made a blushing cital[3] of himself,
And chid his truant youth with such a grace
As if he mast'red there a double spirit
Of teaching and of learning instantly.
There did he pause; but let me tell the world,
If he outlive the envy of this day,
England did never owe[4] so sweet a hope,
So much misconstrued in his wantonness.

HOT. Cousin, I think thou art enamoured
On his follies. Never did I hear
Of any prince so wild a liberty.
But be he as he will, yet once ere night
I will embrace him with a soldier's arm,
That he shall shrink under my courtesy.
Arm, arm with speed! and, fellows, soldiers, friends,
Better consider what you have to do
Than I, that have not well the gift of tongue,
Can lift your blood up with persuasion.

Enter a Messenger.

MESS. My lord, here are letters for you.

HOT. I cannot read them now.
O gentlemen, the time of life is short!
To spend that shortness basely were too long,
If life did ride upon a dial's point,[5]
Still ending at the arrival of an hour.
An if we live, we live to tread on kings;
If die, brave death, when princes die with us!

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2. challenge. 3. mention. 4. own. 5. dial's point: hand of a clock.

Now, for our consciences, the arms are fair,
When the intent of bearing them is just.

Enter another Messenger.

MESS. My lord, prepare; the king comes on apace.
HOT. I thank him that he cuts me from my tale,
For I profess not talking; only this—
Let each man do his best; and here draw I
A sword, whose temper I intend to stain
With the best blood that I can meet withal
In the adventure of this perilous day.
Now *Esperance!* Percy! and set on.
Sound all the lofty instruments of war,
And by that music let us all embrace;
For, heaven to earth, some of us never shall
A second time do such a courtesy.

They embrace and exeunt.

SCENE III

Plain between the camps.

The King enters with his power. Alarum to the battle. Then enter Douglas and Sir Walter Blunt.

BLUNT. What is thy name, that in the battle thus
Thou crossest me? What honour dost thou seek
Upon my head?
DOUG. Know then, my name is Douglas;
And I do haunt thee in the battle thus
Because some tell me that thou art a king.
BLUNT. They tell thee true.
DOUG. The Lord of Stafford dear to-day hath bought
Thy likeness, for instead of thee, King Harry,
This sword hath ended him. So shall it thee,
Unless thou yield thee as my prisoner.
BLUNT. I was not born a yielder, thou proud Scot;
And thou shalt find a king that will revenge
Lord Stafford's death.

They fight. Douglas kills Blunt.

Enter Hotspur.

HOT. O Douglas, hadst thou fought at Holmedon thus,
I never had triumph'd upon a Scot.
DOUG. All's done, all's won; here breathless lies the king.

HOT. Where?
DOUG. Here.
HOT. This, Douglas? No. I know this face full well.
A gallant knight he was, his name was Blunt;
Semblably furnish'd[1] like the king himself.
DOUG. A fool go with thy soul, whither it goes!
A borrowed title hast thou bought too dear.
Why didst thou tell me that thou wert a king?
HOT. The king hath many marching in his coats.
DOUG. Now, by my sword, I will kill all his coats;
I'll murder all his wardrobe, piece by piece,
Until I meet the king.
HOT. Up, and away!
Our soldiers stand full fairly for the day!

Exeunt.

Alarum. Enter Falstaff, alone.

FAL. Though I could scape shot-free[2] at London, I fear the shot here; here's no scoring but upon the pate. Soft! who are you? Sir Walter Blunt. There's honour for you! Here's no vanity! I am as hot as molten lead, and as heavy too. God keep lead out of me! I need no more weight than mine own bowels. I have led my ragamuffins where they are pepper'd. There's not three of my hundred and fifty left alive; and they are for the town's end, to beg during life. But who comes here?

Enter the Prince.

PRINCE. What, stand'st thou idle here? Lend me thy sword.
Many a nobleman lies stark and stiff
Under the hoofs of vaunting enemies,
Whose deaths are yet unreveng'd. I prithee, lend me thy sword.
FAL. O Hal, I prithee, give me leave to breathe a while. Turk[3] Gregory[4] never did such deeds in arms as I have done this day. I have paid Percy, I have made him sure.
PRINCE. He is, indeed; and living to kill thee. I prithee, lend me thy sword.
FAL. Nay, before God, Hal, if Percy be alive, thou gets not my sword; but take my pistol, if thou wilt.
PRINCE. Give it me. What, is it in the case?
FAL. Ay, Hal; 'tis hot, 'tis hot. There's that will sack a city.
The Prince draws it out, and finds it to be a bottle of sack.
PRINCE. What, is it a time to jest and dally now?
He throws the bottle at him. Exit.

1. Semblably furnish'd: similarly equipped. 2. without having to pay. 3. ferocious. 4. Hildebrand (later Pope Gregory VII), famous as a soldier.

FAL. Well, if Percy be alive, I'll pierce him. If he do come in my way, so; if he do not, if I come in his willingly, let him make a carbonado[5] of me. I like not such grinning honour as Sir Walter hath. Give me life, which if I can save, so; if not, honour comes unlook'd for, and there's an end. *Exit.*

5. slice of meat.

SCENE IV

Another part of the field.

Alarum. Excursions. Enter the King, the Prince, Lord John of Lancaster, and Earl of Westmoreland.

KING. I prithee,
Harry, withdraw thyself; thou bleedest too much.
Lord John of Lancaster, go you with him.

LAN. Not I, my lord, unless I did bleed too.

PRINCE. I beseech your Majesty, make up,[1]
Lest your retirement do amaze[2] your friends.

KING. I will do so.
My Lord of Westmoreland, lead him to his tent.

WEST. Come, my lord, I'll lead you to your tent.

PRINCE. Lead me, my lord? I do not need your help:
And God forbid a shallow scratch should drive
The Prince of Wales from such a field as this,
Where stain'd nobility lies trodden on,
And rebels' arms triumph in massacres!

LAN. We breathe too long. Come, cousin Westmoreland,
Our duty this way lies; for God's sake, come.
Exeunt Prince John and Westmoreland.

PRINCE. By God, thou hast deceiv'd me, Lancaster;
I did not think thee lord of such a spirit.
Before, I lov'd thee as a brother, John;
But now, I do respect thee as my soul.

KING. I saw him hold Lord Percy at the point
With lustier maintenance than I did look for
Of such an ungrown warrior.

PRINCE. O, this boy
Lends mettle to us all! *Exit.*

Enter Douglas.

DOUG. Another king! they grow like Hydra's[3] heads.

1. make up: go forward. 2. dismay. 3. a fabulous monster who grew two new heads for each one it lost.

I am the Douglas, fatal to all those
That wear those colours on them. What art thou,
That counterfeit'st the person of a king?

KING. The king himself; who, Douglas, grieves at heart
So many of his shadows thou hast met
And not the very king. I have two boys
Seek Percy and thyself about the field;
But, seeing thou fall'st on me so luckily,
I will assay thee; so, defend thyself.

DOUG. I fear thou art another counterfeit;
And yet, in faith, thou bear'st thee like a king.
But mine I am sure thou art, whoe'er thou be,
And thus I win thee.

They fight; the King being in danger, re-enter Prince of Wales.

PRINCE. Hold up thy head, vile Scot, or thou art like
Never to hold it up again! The spirits
Of valiant Shirley, Stafford, Blunt, are in my arms.
It is the Prince of Wales that threatens thee,
Who never promiseth but he means to pay.

They fight; Douglas flies.

Cheerly, my lord, how fares your Grace?
Sir Nicholas Gawsey hath for succour sent,
And so hath Clifton. I'll to Clifton straight.

KING. Stay, and breathe a while.
Thou hast redeem'd thy lost opinion,
And show'd thou mak'st some tender of[4] my life,
In this fair rescue thou hast brought to me.

PRINCE. O God! they did me too much injury
That ever said I hearkened[5] for your death.
If it were so, I might have let alone
The insulting hand of Douglas over you,
Which would have been as speedy in your end
As all the poisonous potions in the world,
And sav'd the treacherous labour of your son.

KING. Make up to Clifton. I'll to Sir Nicholas Gawsey. *Exit.*

Enter Hotspur.

HOT. If I mistake not, thou art Harry Monmouth.

PRINCE. Thou speak'st as if I would deny my name.

HOT. My name is Harry Percy.

PRINCE. Why, then I see
A very valiant rebel of the name.

4. mak'st some tender of: have some regard for. 5. listened for news of.

I am the Prince of Wales; and think not, Percy,
To share with me in glory any more.
Two stars keep not their motion in one sphere;
Nor can one England brook a double reign
Of Harry Percy and the Prince of Wales.

HOT. Nor shall it, Harry; for the hour is come
To end the one of us; and would to God
Thy name in arms were now as great as mine!

PRINCE. I'll make a greater ere I part from thee;
And all the budding honours on thy crest
I'll crop, to make a garland for my head.

HOT. I can no longer brook thy vanities.

They fight.

Enter Falstaff.

FAL. Well said, Hal! to it, Hal! Nay, you shall find no boy's play here, I can tell you.

Re-enter Douglas; he fights with Falstaff, who falls down as if he were dead and exit Douglas. The Prince wounds Percy.

HOT. O, Harry, thou hast robb'd me of my youth!
I better brook the loss of brittle life
Than those proud titles thou hast won of me.
They wound my thoughts worse than thy sword my flesh.
But thought's the slave of life, and life time's fool;
And time, that takes survey of all the world,
Must have a stop. O, I could prophesy,
But that the earthy and cold hand of death
Lies on my tongue. No, Percy, thou art dust,
And food for— *Dies.*

PRINCE. For worms, brave Percy. Fare thee well, great heart!
Ill-weav'd ambition, how much art thou shrunk!
When that this body did contain a spirit,
A kingdom for it was too small a bound;
But now two paces of the vilest earth
Is room enough. This earth that bears thee dead
Bears not alive so stout a gentleman.
If thou wert sensible of courtesy,
I should not make so dear a show of zeal;
But let my favours[6] hide thy mangled face;
And, even in thy behalf, I'll thank myself
For doing these fair rites of tenderness.

6. a scarf.

Adieu, and take thy praise with thee to heaven!
Thy ignominy sleep with thee in the grave,
But not rememb'red in thy epitaph!

He spies Falstaff on the ground.

What, old acquaintance! could not all this flesh
Keep in a little life? Poor Jack, farewell!
I could have better spar'd a better man.
O, I should have a heavy miss of thee,
If I were much in love with vanity!
Death hath not struck so fat a deer to-day,
Though many dearer, in this bloody fray.
Embowell'd will I see thee by and by;
Till then in blood by noble Percy lie. *Exit.*

FAL. [*Rising up.*] Embowell'd! if thou embowel me to-day, I'll give you leave to powder[7] me and eat me too to-morrow. 'Sblood, 'twas time to counterfeit, or that hot termagant[8] Scot had paid me scot and lot[9] too. Counterfeit? I lie, I am no counterfeit. To die is to be a counterfeit, for he is but the counterfeit of a man who hath not the life of a man; but to counterfeit dying, when a man thereby liveth, is to be no counterfeit, but the true and perfect image of life indeed. The better part of valour is discretion; in the which better part I have saved my life. 'Zounds, I am afraid of this gunpowder Percy, though he be dead. How, if he should counterfeit too and rise? By my faith, I am afraid he would prove the better counterfeit. Therefore I'll make him sure; yea, and I'll swear I kill'd him. Why may not he rise as well as I? Nothing confutes me but eyes, and nobody sees me. Therefore, sirrah [*stabbing him*], with a new wound in your thigh, come you along with me.

Takes up Hotspur on his back.

Re-enter the Prince of Wales and Lord John of Lancaster.

PRINCE. Come, brother John; full bravely hast thou flesh'd
Thy maiden sword.

LAN. But, soft! whom have we here?
Did you not tell me this fat man was dead?

PRINCE. I did; I saw him dead,
Breathless and bleeding on the ground. Art thou alive?
Or is it fantasy that plays upon our eyesight?
I prithee, speak; we will not trust our eyes
Without our ears. Thou art not what thou seem'st.

FAL. No, that's certain; I am not a double man; but if I be not Jack Falstaff, then am I a Jack. There is Percy [*throwing the body down*]. If

7. salt. 8. violent. 9. scot and lot: completely.

your father will do me any honour, so; if not, let him kill the next Percy himself. I look to be either earl or duke, I can assure you.

PRINCE. Why, Percy I kill'd myself, and saw thee dead.

FAL. Didst thou? Lord, Lord, how this world is given to lying! I grant you I was down and out of breath, and so was he; but we rose both at an instant and fought a long hour by Shrewsbury clock. If I may be believed, so; if not, let them that should reward valour bear the sin upon their own heads. I'll take it upon my death, I gave him this wound in the thigh. If the man were alive and would deny it, 'zounds, I would make him eat a piece of my sword.

LAN. This is the strangest tale that ever I heard.

PRINCE. This is the strangest fellow, brother John.
Come, bring your luggage nobly on your back.
For my part, if a lie may do thee grace,
I'll gild it with the happiest terms I have.

A retreat is sounded.

The trumpet sounds retreat; the day is ours.
Come, brother, let us to the highest of the field,
To see what friends are living, who are dead.

Exeunt Prince of Wales and Lancaster.

FAL. I'll follow, as they say, for reward. He that rewards me, God reward him! If I do grow great, I'll grow less; for I'll purge, and leave sack, and live cleanly as a nobleman should do. *Exit.*

SCENE V

Another part of the field.

The trumpets sound. Enter the King, Prince of Wales, Lord John of Lancaster, Earl of Westmoreland, with Worcester and Vernon prisoners.

KING. Thus ever did rebellion find rebuke.
Ill-spirited Worcester! did not we send grace,
Pardon, and terms of love to all of you?
And wouldst thou turn our offers contrary?
Misuse the tenour of thy kinsman's trust?
Three knights upon our party slain to-day,
A noble earl, and many a creature else
Had been alive this hour,
If like a Christian thou hadst truly borne
Betwixt our armies true intelligence.

WOR. What I have done my safety urg'd me to;
And I embrace this fortune patiently,
Since not to be avoided it falls on me.

KING. Bear Worcester to the death and Vernon too.
Other offenders we will pause upon.
Exeunt Worcester and Vernon guarded.
How goes the field?

PRINCE. The noble Scot, Lord Douglas, when he saw
The fortune of the day quite turn'd from him,
The noble Percy slain, and all his men
Upon the foot of fear, fled with the rest;
And falling from a hill, he was so bruis'd
That the pursuers took him. At my tent
The Douglas is; and I beseech your Grace
I may dispose of him.

KING. With all my heart.

PRINCE. Then, brother John of Lancaster, to you
This honourable bounty shall belong.
Go to the Douglas, and deliver him
Up to his pleasure, ransomless and free.
His valours shown upon our crests to-day
Have taught us how to cherish such high deeds
Even in the bosom of our adversaries.

LAN. I thank your Grace for this high courtesy,
Which I shall give away immediately.

KING. Then this remains, that we divide our power.
You, son John, and my cousin Westmoreland
Towards York shall bend you with your dearest speed,
To meet Northumberland and the prelate Scroop,
Who, as we hear, are busily in arms.
Myself and you, son Harry, will towards Wales,
To fight with Glendower and the Earl of March.
Rebellion in this land shall lose his sway,
Meeting the check of such another day;
And since this business so fair is done,
Let us not leave till all our own be won.

Exeunt.

THE TWELVE-POUND LOOK

By James M. Barrie (1860-1937)

If quite convenient (as they say about cheques) you are to conceive that the scene is laid in your own house, and that HARRY SIMS *is you. Perhaps the ornamentation of the house is a trifle ostentatious, but if you cavil at that we are willing to re-decorate: you don't get out of being* HARRY SIMS *on a mere matter of plush and dados. It pleases us to make him a city man, but (rather than lose you) he can be turned with a scrape of the pen into a* K. C.,[1] *fashionable doctor, Secretary of State, or what you will. We conceive him of a pleasant rotundity with a thick red neck, but we shall waive that point if you know him to be thin.*

It is that day in your career when everything went wrong just when everything seemed to be superlatively right.

In HARRY'S *case it was a woman who did the mischief. She came to him in his great hour and told him she did not admire him. Of course he turned her out of the house and was soon himself again, but it spoilt the morning for him. This is the subject of the play, and quite enough too.*

HARRY *is to receive the honour of knighthood in a few days, and we discover him in the sumptuous "snuggery" of his home in Kensington (or is it Westminster?), rehearsing the ceremony with his wife. They have been at it all the morning, a pleasing occupation.* MRS. SIMS *(as we may call her for the last time, as it were, and strictly as a good-natured joke) is wearing her presentation gown, and personates the august one who is about to dub her* HARRY *knight. She is seated regally. Her jewelled shoulders proclaim aloud her husband's generosity. She must be an extraordinarily proud and happy woman, yet she has a drawn face and shrinking ways as if there were some one near her of whom she is afraid. She claps her hands, as the signal to* HARRY. *He enters bowing, and with a graceful swerve of the leg. He is only partly in costume, the sword and the real stockings not having arrived yet. With a gliding motion that is only delayed while one leg makes up to the other, he reaches his wife, and, going on one knee, raises her hand superbly to his lips. She taps him on the shoulder with a paper-knife and says huskily, "Rise, Sir Harry." He rises, bows, and glides about the room, going on his knees to various articles of furniture, and rises from each a knight. It is a radiant domestic scene, and* HARRY *is as dignified as if he knew that royalty was rehearsing it at the other end.*

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1. King's Counsel.

SIR HARRY. [*complacently*] Did that seem all right, eh?

LADY SIMS. [*much relieved*] I think perfect.

SIR HARRY. But was it dignified?

LADY SIMS. Oh, very. And it will be still more so when you have the sword.

SIR HARRY. The sword will lend it an air. There are really the five moments—[*suiting the action to the word*]—the glide—the dip—the kiss—the tap—and you back out a knight. It's short, but it's a very beautiful ceremony. [*kindly*] Anything you can suggest?

LADY SIMS. No—oh no. [*nervously, seeing him pause to kiss the tassel of a cushion*] You don't think you have practised till you know what to do almost too well? [*He has been in a blissful temper, but such niggling criticism would try any man.*]

SIR HARRY. I do not. Don't talk nonsense. Wait till your opinion is asked for.

LADY SIMS. [*abashed*] I'm sorry, Harry. [*A perfect butler appears and presents a card.*] "The Flora Typewriting Agency."

SIR HARRY. Ah, yes. I telephoned them to send some one. A woman, I suppose, Tombes?

TOMBES. Yes, Sir Harry.

SIR HARRY. Show her in here. [*He has very lately become a stickler for etiquette.*] And, Tombes, strictly speaking, you know, I am not Sir Harry till Thursday.

TOMBES. Beg pardon, sir, but it is such a satisfaction to us.

SIR HARRY. [*good-naturedly*] Ah, they like it downstairs, do they?

TOMBES. [*unbending*] Especially the females, Sir Harry.

SIR HARRY. Exactly. You can show her in, Tombes. [*The butler departs on his mighty task.*] You can tell the woman what she is wanted for, Emmy, while I change. [*He is too modest to boast about himself, and prefers to keep a wife in the house for that purpose.*] You can tell her the sort of things about me that will come better from you. [*smiling happily*] You heard what Tombes said, "Especially the females." And he is right. Success! The women like it even better than the men. And rightly. For they share. *You* share, *Lady* Sims. Not a woman will see that gown without being sick with envy of it. I know them. Have all our lady friends in to see it. It will make them ill for a week. [*These sentiments carry him off lightheartedly, and presently the disturbing element is shown in. She is a mere typist, dressed in uncommonly good taste, but at contemptibly small expense, and she is carrying her typewriter in a friendly way rather than as a badge of slavery, as of course it is. Her eye is clear; and in odd contrast to* LADY SIMS, *she is self-reliant and serene.*]

KATE. [*respectfully, but she should have waited to be spoken to*] Good morning, madam.

LADY SIMS. [*in her nervous way, and scarcely noticing that the typist*

is a little too ready with her tongue] Good morning. [*As a first impression she rather likes the woman, and the woman, though it is scarcely worth mentioning, rather likes her.* LADY SIMS *has a maid for buttoning and unbuttoning her, and proabably another for waiting on the maid, and she gazes with a little envy perhaps at a woman who does things for herself.*] Is that the type-writing machine?

KATE. [*who is getting it ready for use*] Yes. [*not "Yes, madam," as it ought to be*] I suppose if I am to work here I may take this off. I get on better without it. [*She is referring to her hat.*]

LADY SIMS. Certainly. [*But the hat is already off.*] I ought to apologise for my gown. I am to be presented this week, and I was trying it on. [*Her tone is not really apologetic. She is rather clinging to the glory of her gown, wistfully, as if not absolutely certain, you know, that it is a glory.*]

KATE. It is beautiful, if I may presume to say so. [*She frankly admires it. She probably has a best, and a second best of her own: that sort of thing.*]

LADY SIMS. [*with a flush of pride in the gown*] Yes, it is very beautiful. [*The beauty of it gives her courage.*] Sit down, please.

KATE. [*the sort of woman who would have sat down in any case*] I suppose it is some copying you want done? I got no particulars. I was told to come to this address, but that was all.

LADY SIMS. [*almost with the humility of a servant*] Oh, it is not work for me, it is for my husband, and what he needs is not exactly copying. [*swelling, for she is proud of* HARRY] He wants a number of letters answered—hundreds of them—letters and telegrams of congratulation.

KATE. [*as if it were all in the day's work*] Yes?

LADY SIMS. [*remembering that* HARRY *expects every wife to do her duty*] My husband is a remarkable man. He is about to be knighted. [*Pause, but* KATE *does not fall to the floor.*] He is to be knighted for his services to—[*on reflection*]—for his services. [*She is conscious that she is not doing* HARRY *justice.*] He can explain it so much better than I can.

KATE. [*in her business-like way*] And I am to answer the congratulations?

LADY SIMS. [*afraid that it will be a hard task*] Yes.

KATE. [*blithely*] It is work I have had some experience of. [*She proceeds to type.*]

LADY SIMS. But you can't begin till you know what he wants to say.

KATE. Only a specimen letter. Won't it be the usual thing?

LADY SIMS. [*to whom this is a new idea*] Is there a usual thing?

KATE. Oh, yes. [*She continues to type, and* LADY SIMS, *half-mesmerised, gazes at her nimble fingers. The useless woman watches the useful one, and she sighs, she could not tell why.*]

LADY SIMS. How quickly you do it! It must be delightful to be able to do something, and to do it well.

KATE. [*thankfully*] Yes, it is delightful.

LADY SIMS. [*again remembering the source of all her greatness*] But, excuse me, I don't think that will be any use. My husband wants me to explain to you that his is an exceptional case. He did not try to get this honour in any way. It was a complete surprise to him——

KATE [*who is a practical* KATE *and no dealer in sarcasm*] That is what I have written.

LADY SIMS. [*in whom sarcasm would meet a dead wall*] But how could you know?

KATE. I only guessed.

LADY SIMS. Is that the usual thing?

KATE. Oh, yes.

LADY SIMS. They don't try to get it?

KATE. I don't know. That is what we are told to say in the letters. [*To her at present the only important thing about the letters is that they are ten shillings the hundred.*]

LADY SIMS. [*returning to surer ground*] I should explain that my husband is not a man who cares for honours. So long as he does his duty——

KATE. Yes, I have been putting that in.

LADY SIMS. Have you? But he particularly wants it to be known that he would have declined a title were it not——

KATE. I have got it here.

LADY SIMS. What have you got?

KATE. [*reading*] "Indeed, I would have asked to be allowed to decline had it not been that I want to please my wife."

LADY SIMS. [*heavily*] But how could you know it was that?

KATE. Is it?

LADY SIMS. [*who after all is the one with the right to ask questions*] Do they all accept it for that reason?

KATE. That is what we are told to say in the letters.

LADY SIMS. [*thoughtlessly*] It is quite as if you knew my husband.

KATE. I assure you, I don't even know his name.

LADY SIMS. [*suddenly showing that she knows him*] Oh, he wouldn't like that! [*And it is here that* HARRY *re-enters in his city garments, looking so gay, feeling so jolly that we bleed for him. However, the annoying* KATHERINE *is to get a shock also.*]

LADY SIMS. This is the lady, Harry.

SIR HARRY. [*shooting his cuffs*] Yes, yes. Good morning, my dear. [*Then they see each other, and their mouths open, but not for words. After the first surprise* KATE *seems to find some humour in the situation, but* HARRY *lowers like a thundercloud.*]

LADY SIMS. [*who has seen nothing*] I have been trying to explain to her——

SIR HARRY. Eh—what? [*He controls himself.*] Leave it to me, Emmy; I'll attend to her. [LADY SIMS *goes, with a dread fear that somehow she has vexed her lord, and then* HARRY *attends to the intruder.*]

SIR HARRY. [*with concentrated scorn*] You!

KATE. [*as if agreeing with him*] Yes, it's funny.

SIR HARRY. The shamelessness of your daring to come here.

KATE. Believe me, it is not less a surprise to me than it is to you. I was sent here in the ordinary way of business. I was given only the number of the house. I was not told the name.

SIR HARRY. [*withering her*] The ordinary way of business! This is what you have fallen to—a typist!

KATE. [*unwithered*] Think of it!

SIR HARRY. After going through worse straits, I'll be bound.

KATE. [*with some grim memories*] Much worse straits.

SIR HARRY. [*alas, laughing coarsely*] My congratulations!

KATE. Thank you, Harry.

SIR HARRY. [*who is annoyed, as any man would be, not to find her abject*] Eh? What was that you called me, madam?

KATE. Isn't it Harry? On my soul, I almost forget.

SIR HARRY. It isn't Harry to you. My name is Sims, if you please.

KATE. Yes, I had not forgotten that. It was my name, too, you see.

SIR HARRY. [*in his best manner*] It was your name till you forfeited the right to bear it.

KATE. Exactly.

SIR HARRY. [*gloating*] I was furious to find you here, but on second thoughts it pleases me. [*from the depths of his moral nature*] There is a grim justice in this.

KATE. [*sympathetically*] Tell me?

SIR HARRY. Do you know what you were brought here to do?

KATE. I have just been learning. You have been made a knight, and I was summoned to answer the messages of congratulation.

SIR HARRY. That's it, that's it. You come on this day as my servant!

KATE. I, who might have been Lady Sims.

SIR HARRY. And you are her typist instead. And she has four men-servants. Oh, I am glad you saw her in her presentation gown.

KATE. I wonder if she would let me do her washing, Sir Harry? [*Her want of taste disgusts him.*]

SIR HARRY. [*with dignity*] You can go. The mere thought that only a few flights of stairs separates such as you from my innocent children—— [*He will never know why a new light has come into her face.*]

KATE. [*slowly*] You have children?

SIR HARRY. [*inflated*] Two. [*He wonders why she is so long in answering.*]

KATE [*resorting to impertinence*] Such a nice number.

SIR HARRY. [*with an extra turn of the screw*] Both boys.

KATE. Successful in everything. Are they like you, Sir Harry?

SIR HARRY. [*expanding*] They are very like me.

KATE. That's nice. [*Even on such a subject as this she can be ribald.*]

SIR HARRY. Will you please to go.

KATE. Heigho! What shall I say to my employer?

SIR HARRY. That is no affair of mine.

KATE. What will you say to Lady Sims?

SIR HARRY. I flatter myself that whatever I say, Lady Sims will accept without comment. [*She smiles, heaven knows why, unless her next remark explains it.*]

KATE. Still the same Harry.

SIR HARRY. What do you mean?

KATE. Only that you have the old confidence in your profound knowledge of the sex.

SIR HARRY. [*beginning to think as little of her intellect as of her morals*] I suppose I know my wife.

KATE. [*hopelessly dense*] I suppose so. I was only remembering that you used to think you knew her in the days when I was the lady. [*He is merely wasting his time on her, and he indicates the door. She is not sufficiently the lady to retire worsted.*] Well, good-bye, Sir Harry. Won't you ring, and the four men-servants will show me out? [*But he hesitates.*]

SIR HARRY. [*in spite of himself*] As you are here, there is something I want to get out of you. [*wishing he could ask it less eagerly*] Tell me, who was the man? [*The strange woman—it is evident now that she has always been strange to him—smiles tolerantly.*]

KATE. You never found out?

SIR HARRY. I could never be sure.

KATE. [*reflectively*] I thought that would worry you.

SIR HARRY. [*sneering*] It's plain that he soon left you.

KATE. Very soon.

SIR HARRY. As I could have told you. [*But still she surveys him with the smile of Mona Lisa. The badgered man has to entreat.*] Who was he? It was fourteen years ago, and cannot matter to any of us now. Kate, tell me who he was? [*It is his first youthful moment, and perhaps because of that she does not wish to hurt him.*]

KATE. [*shaking a motherly head*] Better not ask.

SIR HARRY. I do ask. Tell me.

KATE. It is kinder not to tell you.

SIR HARRY. [*violently*] Then, by James, it was one of my own pals.

Was it Bernard Roche? [*She shakes her head.*] It may have been some one who comes to my house still.

KATE. I think not. [*reflecting*] Fourteen years! You found my letter that night when you went home?

SIR HARRY. [*impatient*] Yes.

KATE. I propped it against the decanters. I thought you would be sure to see it there. It was a room not unlike this, and the furniture was arranged in the same attractive way. How it all comes back to me. Don't you see me, Harry, in hat and cloak, putting the letter there, taking a last look round, and then stealing out into the night to meet——

SIR HARRY. Whom?

KATE. Him. Hours pass, no sound in the room but the tick-tack of the clock, and then about midnight you return alone. You take——

SIR HARRY. [*gruffly*] I wasn't alone.

KATE. [*the picture spoilt*] No? oh. [*plaintively*] Here have I all these years been conceiving it wrongly. [*She studies his face.*] I believe something interesting happened?

SIR HARRY. [*growling*] Something confoundedly annoying.

KATE. [*coaxing*] Do tell me.

SIR HARRY. We won't go into that. Who was the man? Surely a husband has a right to know with whom his wife bolted.

KATE. [*who is detestably ready with her tongue*] Surely the wife has a right to know how he took it. [*The woman's love of bargaining comes to her aid.*] A fair exchange. You tell me what happened, and I will tell you who he was.

SIR HARRY. You will? Very well. [*It is the first point on which they have agreed, and, forgetting himself, he takes a place beside her on the fire-seat. He is thinking only of what he is to tell her, but she, woman-like, is conscious of their proximity.*]

KATE. [*tastelessly*] Quite like old times. [*He moves away from her indignantly.*] Go on, Harry.

SIR HARRY. [*who has a manful shrinking from saying anything that is to his disadvantage*] Well, as you know, I was dining at the club that night.

KATE. Yes.

SIR HARRY. Jack Lamb drove me home. Mabbett Green was with us, and I asked them to come in for a few minutes.

KATE. Jack Lamb, Mabbett Green? I think I remember them. Jack was in Parliament.

SIR HARRY. No, that was Mabbett. They came into the house with me and—[*with sudden horror*]—was it him?

KATE. [*bewildered*] Who?

SIR HARRY. Mabbett?

KATE. What?

SIR HARRY. The man?

KATE. What man? [*understanding*] Oh, no. I thought you said he came into the house with you.

SIR HARRY. It might have been a blind.

KATE. Well, it wasn't. Go on.

SIR HARRY. They came in to finish a talk we had been having at the club.

KATE. An interesting talk, evidently.

SIR HARRY. The papers had been full that evening of the elopement of some countess woman with a fiddler. What was her name?

KATE. Does it matter?

SIR HARRY. No. [*Thus ends the countess.*] We had been discussing the thing and—[*He pulls a wry face.*]—and I had been rather warm——

KATE. [*with horrid relish*] I begin to see. You had been saying it served the husband right, that the man who could not look after his wife deserved to lose her. It was one of your favorite subjects. Oh, Harry, say it was that!

SIR HARRY. [*slowly*] It may have been something like that.

KATE. And all the time the letter was there, waiting; and none of you knew except the clock. Harry, it is sweet of you to tell me. [*His face is not sweet. The illiterate woman has used the wrong adjective.*] I forget what I said precisely in the letter.

SIR HARRY. [*pulverising her*] So do I. But I have it still.

KATE. [*not pulverised*] Do let me see it again. [*She has observed his eye wandering to the desk.*]

SIR HARRY. You are welcome to it as a gift. [*The fateful letter, a poor little dead thing, is brought to light from a locked drawer.*]

KATE. [*taking it*] Yes, this is it. Harry, how you did crumple it! [*She reads, not without curiosity.*] "Dear husband—I call you that for the last time—I am off. I am what you call making a bolt of it. I won't try to excuse myself nor to explain, for you would not accept the excuses nor understand the explanation. It will be a little shock to you, but only to your pride; what will astound you is that any woman could be such a fool as to leave such a man as you. I am taking nothing with me that belongs to you. May you be very happy.—Your ungrateful Kate. *P.S.*—You need not try to find out who he is. You will try, but you won't succeed." [*She folds the nasty little thing up.*] I may really have it for my very own?

SIR HARRY. You really may.

KATE. [*impudently*] If you would care for a typed copy—?

SIR HARRY. [*in a voice with which he used to frighten his grandmother*] None of your sauce! [*wincing*] I had to let them see it in the end.

KATE. I can picture Jack Lamb eating it.

SIR HARRY. A penniless parson's daughter.

KATE. That is all I was.

SIR HARRY. We searched for the two of you high and low.

KATE. Private detectives?

SIR HARRY. They couldn't get on the track of you.

KATE. [*smiling*] No?

SIR HARRY. But at last the courts let me serve the papers by advertisement on a man unknown, and I got my freedom.

KATE. So I saw. It was the last I heard of you.

SIR HARRY. [*each word a blow for her*] And I married again just as soon as ever I could.

KATE. They say that is always a compliment to the first wife.

SIR HARRY. [*violently*] I showed them.

KATE. You soon let them see that if one woman was a fool, you still had the pick of the basket to choose from.

SIR HARRY. By James, I did.

KATE. [*bringing him to earth again*] But still, you wondered who he was.

SIR HARRY. I suspected everybody—even my pals. I felt like jumping at their throats and crying, "It's you!"

KATE. You had been so admirable to me, an instinct told you that I was sure to choose another of the same.

SIR HARRY. I thought, it can't be money, so it must be looks. Some dolly face. [*He stares at her in perplexity.*] He must have had something wonderful about him to make you willing to give up all that you had with me.

KATE. [*as if he was the stupid one*] Poor Harry.

SIR HARRY. And it couldn't have been going on for long, for I would have noticed the change in you.

KATE. Would you?

SIR HARRY. I knew you so well.

KATE. You amazing man.

SIR HARRY. So who was he? Out with it.

KATE. You are determined to know?

SIR HARRY. Your promise. You gave your word.

KATE. If I must—[*She is the villain of the piece, but it must be conceded that in this matter she is reluctant to pain him.*] I am sorry I promised. [*looking at him steadily*] There was no one, Harry; no one at all.

SIR HARRY. [*rising*] If you think you can play with me—

KATE. I told you that you wouldn't like it.

SIR HARRY. [*rasping*] It is unbelievable.

KATE. I suppose it is; but it is true.

SIR HARRY. Your letter itself gives you the lie.

KATE. That was intentional. I saw that if the truth were known you might have a difficulty in getting your freedom; and as I was getting mine it seemed fair that you should have yours also. So I wrote my good-bye in words that would be taken to mean what you thought they meant, and I knew the law would back you in your opinion. For the law, like you, Harry, has a profound understanding of women.

SIR HARRY. [*trying to straighten himself*] I don't believe you yet.

KATE. [*looking not unkindly into the soul of this man*] Perhaps that is the best way to take it. It is less unflattering than the truth. But you were the only one. [*summing up her life*] You sufficed.

SIR HARRY. Then what mad impulse—

KATE. It was no impulse, Harry. I had thought it out for a year.

SIR HARRY. A year? [*dazed*] One would think to hear you that I hadn't been a good husband to you.

KATE. [*with a sad smile*] You were a good husband according to your lights.

SIR HARRY. [*stoutly*] *I* think so.

KATE. And a moral man, and chatty, and quite the philanthropist.

SIR HARRY. [*on sure ground*] All women envied you.

KATE. How you loved me to be envied.

SIR HARRY. I swaddled you in luxury.

KATE. [*making her great revelation*] That was it.

SIR HARRY. [*blankly*] What?

KATE. [*who can be serene because it is all over*] How you beamed at me when I sat at the head of your fat dinners in my fat jewellery, surrounded by our fat friends.

SIR HARRY. [*aggrieved*] They weren't so fat.

KATE. [*a side issue*] All except those who were so thin. Have you ever noticed, Harry, that many jewels make women either incredibly fat or incredibly thin?

SIR HARRY. [*shouting*] I have not. [*Is it worth while to argue with her any longer?*] We had all the most interesting society of the day. It wasn't only business men. There were politicians, painters, writers——

KATE. Only the glorious, dazzling successes. Oh, the fat talk while we ate too much—about who had made a hit and who was slipping back, and what the noo house cost and the noo motor and the gold soup-plates, and who was to be the noo knight.

SIR HARRY. [*who it will be observed is unanswerable from first to last*] Was anybody getting on better than me, and consequently you?

KATE. Consequently me! Oh, Harry, you and your sublime religion.

SIR HARRY. [*honest heart*] My religion? I never was one to talk about religion, but——

KATE. Pooh, Harry, you don't even know what your religion was and

is and will be till the day of your expensive funeral. [*And here is the lesson that life has taught her.*] One's religion is whatever he is most interested in, and yours is Success.

SIR HARRY. [*quoting from his morning paper*] Ambition—it is the last infirmity of noble minds.

KATE. Noble minds!

SIR HARRY. [*at last grasping what she is talking about*] You are not saying that you left me because of my success?

KATE. Yes, that was it. [*And now she stands revealed to him.*] I couldn't endure it. If a failure had come now and then—but your success was suffocating me. [*She is rigid with emotion.*] The passionate craving I had to be done with it, to find myself among people who had not got on.

SIR HARRY. [*with proper spirit*] There are plenty of them.

KATE. There were none in our set. When they began to go down-hill they rolled out of our sight.

SIR HARRY. [*clenching it*] I tell you I am worth a quarter of a million.

KATE. [*unabashed*] That is what you are worth to yourself. I'll tell you what you are worth to me: exactly twelve pounds. For I made up my mind that I could launch myself on the world alone if I first proved my mettle by earning twelve pounds; and as soon as I had earned it I left you.

SIR HARRY. [*in the scales*] Twelve pounds!

KATE. That is your value to a woman. If she can't make it she has to stick to you.

SIR HARRY. [*remembering perhaps a rectory garden*] You valued me at more than that when you married me.

KATE. [*seeing it also*] Ah, I didn't know you then. If only you had been a man, Harry.

SIR HARRY. A man? What do you mean by a man?

KATE. [*leaving the garden*] Haven't you heard of them? They are something fine; and every woman is loath to admit to herself that her husband is not one. When she marries, even though she has been a very trivial person, there is in her some vague stirring toward a worthy life, as well as a fear of her capacity for evil. She knows her chance lies in him. If there is something good in him, what is good in her finds it, and they join forces against the baser parts. So I didn't give you up willingly, Harry. I invented all sorts of theories to explain you. Your hardness—I said it was a fine want[2] of mawkishness. Your coarseness—I said it goes with strength. Your contempt for the weak—I called it virility. Your want of ideals was clear-sightedness. Your ignoble views of women—I tried to think them funny. Oh, I clung to you to save myself. But I had to let go; you had only the one quality, Harry, success; you had it so strong that it swallowed all the others.

2. lack.

SIR HARRY. [*not to be diverted from the main issue*] How did you earn that twelve pounds?

KATE. It took me nearly six months; but I earned it fairly. [*She presses her hand on the typewriter as lovingly as many a woman has pressed a rose.*] I learned this. I hired it and taught myself. I got some work through a friend, and with my first twelve pounds I paid for my machine. Then I considered that I was free to go, and I went.

SIR HARRY. All this going on in my house while you were living in the lap of luxury! [*She nods.*] By God, you were determined.

KATE. [*briefly*] By God, I was.

SIR HARRY. [*staring*] How you must have hated me.

KATE. [*smiling at the childish word*] Not a bit—after I saw that there was a way out. From that hour you amused me, Harry; I was even sorry for you, for I saw that you couldn't help yourself. Success is just a fatal gift.

SIR HARRY. Oh, thank you.

KATE. [*thinking, dear friends in front, of you and me perhaps*] Yes, and some of your most successful friends knew it. One or two of them used to look very sad at times, as if they thought they might have come to something if they hadn't got on.

SIR HARRY. [*who has a horror of sacrilege*] The battered crew you live among now—what are they but folk who have tried to succeed and failed?

KATE. That's it; they try, but they fail.

SIR HARRY. And always will fail.

KATE. Always. Poor souls—I say of them. Poor soul—they say of me. It keeps us human. That is why I never tire of them.

SIR HARRY. [*comprehensively*] Bah! Kate, I tell you I'll be worth half a million yet.

KATE. I'm sure you will. You're getting stout, Harry.

SIR HARRY. No, I'm not.

KATE. What was the name of that fat old fellow who used to fall asleep at our dinner-parties?

SIR HARRY. If you mean Sir William Crackley——

KATE. That was the man. Sir William was to me a perfect picture of the grand success. He had got on so well that he was very, very stout, and when he sat on a chair it was thus [*her hands meeting in front of her*] —as if he were holding his success together. That is what you are working for, Harry. You will have that and the half million about the same time.

SIR HARRY. [*who has surely been very patient*] Will you please to leave my house?

KATE. [*putting on her gloves, soiled things*] But don't let us part in anger. How do you think I am looking, Harry, compared to the dull, inert thing that used to roll round in your padded carriages?

SIR HARRY. [*in masterly fashion*] I forget what you were like. I'm very sure you never could have held a candle to the present Lady Sims.

KATE. That is a picture of her, is it not?

SIR HARRY. [*seizing his chance again*] In her wedding-gown. Painted by an R.A.

KATE. [*wickedly*] A knight?

SIR HARRY. [*deceived*] Yes.

KATE. [*who likes* LADY SIMS: *a piece of presumption on her part*] It is a very pretty face.

SIR HARRY. [*with the pride of possession*] Acknowledged to be a beauty everywhere.

KATE. There is a merry look in the eyes, and character in the chin.

SIR HARRY. [*like an auctioneer*] Noted for her wit.

KATE. All her life before her when that was painted. It is a *spirituelle* face too. [*Suddenly she turns on him with anger, for the first and only time in the play.*] Oh, Harry, you brute!

SIR HARRY. [*staggered*] Eh, What?

KATE. That dear creature capable of becoming a noble wife and mother —she is the spiritless woman of no account that I saw here a few minutes ago. I forgive you for myself, for I escaped, but that poor lost soul, oh, Harry, Harry.

SIR HARRY. [*waving her to the door*] I'll thank you—— If ever there was a woman proud of her husband and happy in her married life, that woman is Lady Sims.

KATE. I wonder.

SIR HARRY. Then you needn't wonder.

KATE. [*slowly*] If I was a husband—it is my advice to all of them— I would often watch my wife quietly to see whether the twelve-pound look was not coming into her eyes. Two boys, did you say, and both like you?

SIR HARRY. What is that to you?

KATE. [*with glistening eyes*] I was only thinking that somewhere there are two little girls who, when they grow up—the dear, pretty girls who are all meant for the men that don't get on! Well, good-bye, Sir Harry.

SIR HARRY. [*showing a little human weakness, it is to be feared*] Say first that you're sorry.

KATE. For what?

SIR HARRY. That you left me. Say you regret it bitterly. You know you do. [*She smiles and shakes her head. He is pettish. He makes a terrible announcement.*] You have spoilt the day for me.

KATE. [*to hearten him*] I am sorry for that; but it is only a pin-prick, Harry. I suppose it is a little jarring in the moment of your triumph to

find that there is—one old friend—who does not think you a success; but you will soon forget it. Who cares what a typist thinks?

SIR HARRY. [*heartened*] Nobody. A typist at eighteen shillings a week!

KATE. [*proudly*] Not a bit of it, Harry. I double that.

SIR HARRY. [*neatly*] Magnificent! [*There is a timid knock at the door.*]

LADY SIMS. May I come in?

SIR HARRY. [*rather appealingly*] It is Lady Sims.

KATE. I won't tell. She is afraid to come into her husband's room without knocking!

SIR HARRY. She is not. [*uxoriously*] Come in, dearest. [*Dearest enters carrying the sword. She might have had the sense not to bring it in while this annoying person is here.*]

LADY SIMS. [*thinking she has brought her welcome with her*] Harry, the sword has come.

SIR HARRY. [*who will dote on it presently*] Oh, all right.

LADY SIMS. But I thought you were so eager to practice with it. [*The person smiles at this. He wishes he had not looked to see if she was smiling.*]

SIR HARRY. [*sharply*] Put it down. [LADY SIMS *flushes a little as she lays the sword aside.*]

KATE. [*with her confounded courtesy*] It is a beautiful sword, if I may say so.

LADY SIMS. [*helped*] Yes. [*The person thinks she can put him in the wrong, does she? He'll show her.*]

SIR HARRY. [*with one eye on* KATE] Emmy, the one thing your neck needs is more jewels.

LADY SIMS. [*faltering*] More!

SIR HARRY. Some ropes of pearls. I'll see to it. It's a bagatelle to me. [KATE *conceals her chagrin, so she had better be shown the door. He rings.*] I won't detain you any longer, miss.

KATE. Thank you.

LADY SIMS. Going already? You have been very quick.

SIR HARRY. The person doesn't suit, Emmy.

LADY SIMS. I'm sorry.

KATE. So am I, madam, but it can't be helped. Good-bye, your ladyship—good-bye, Sir Harry. [*There is a suspicion of an impertinent curtsy, and she is escorted off the premises by* TOMBES. *The air of the room is purified by her going.* SIR HARRY *notices it at once.*]

LADY SIMS. [*whose tendency is to say the wrong thing*] She seemed such a capable woman.

SIR HARRY. [*on his hearth*] I don't like her style at all.

LADY SIMS. [*meekly*] Of course you know best. [*This is the right kind of woman.*]

SIR HARRY. [*rather anxious for corroboration*] Lord, how she winced when I said I was to give you those ropes of pearls.

LADY SIMS. Did she? I didn't notice. I suppose so.

SIR HARRY. [*frowning*] Suppose? Surely I know enough about women to know that.

LADY SIMS. Yes, oh yes.

SIR HARRY. [*Odd that so confident a man should ask this.*] Emmy, I know you well, don't I? I can read you like a book, eh?

LADY SIMS. [*nervously*] Yes, Harry.

SIR HARRY. [*jovially, but with an inquiring eye*] What a different existence yours is from that poor lonely wretch's.

LADY SIMS. Yes, but she has a very contented face.

SIR HARRY. [*with a stamp of his foot*] All put on. What?

LADY SIMS. [*timidly*] I didn't say anything.

SIR HARRY. [*snapping*] One would think you envied her.

LADY SIMS. Envied? Oh no—but I thought she looked so alive. It was while she was working the machine.

SIR HARRY. Alive! That's no life. It is you that are alive. [*curtly*] I'm busy, Emmy. [*He sits at his writing-table.*]

LADY SIMS. [*dutifully*] I'm sorry; I'll go, Harry. [*inconsequentially*] Are they very expensive?

SIR HARRY. What?

LADY SIMS. Those machines? [*When she has gone the possible meaning of her question startles him. The curtain hides him from us, but we may be sure that he will soon be bland again. We have a comfortable feeling, you and I, that there is nothing of* HARRY SIMS *in us.*]

THE WINSLOW BOY

By Terence Rattigan (1911-)

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The Winslow Boy was first produced at the Lyric Theatre in London on May 23, 1946, and subsequently at the Empire Theatre, New York City, on October 29, 1947.

Cast of Characters

RONNIE WINSLOW
VIOLET
ARTHUR WINSLOW
GRACE WINSLOW
DICKIE WINSLOW
CATHERINE WINSLOW
JOHN WATHERSTONE
DESMOND CURRY
MISS BARNES
FRED, *the photographer*
SIR ROBERT MORTON

The action passes in the drawing-room of a house in Kensington, and extends over two years of a period which, though unspecified, may be taken as preceding the war of 1914–1918.

Act I

SCENE 1: A Sunday morning in July.
SCENE 2: An evening in April. Nine months later.

Act II

SCENE 1: An evening in January. Nine months later.
SCENE 2: An afternoon in June. Five months later.

Act I, Scene 1

The drawing-room of a house in Courtfield Gardens, South Kensington, at some period not long before the war of 1914–18. The furnishings betoken solid but not undecorative upper middle-class comfort. It is a Sunday morning in July. Church bells are heard. As the curtain rises they fade. RONNIE, *a boy of about fourteen, is staring with wide, unblinking eyes at a portrait of himself on the piano. He is dressed in the uniform of an Osborne naval cadet. There is something rigid and tense in his attitude, and his face is blank and without expression. He turns and wanders aimlessly across to the fireplace. There is a sound from the hall. He looks despairingly round as though contemplating flight.* VIOLET, *an elderly maid, enters up* C. *She carries a tray with a cigarette box, ashtrays and match box on it. At the sight of* RONNIE *she stops in the doorway in astonishment.*

VIOLET. Master Ronnie!

RONNIE. (*With ill-managed sang-froid.*) Hullo, Violet.

VIOLET. (*Moving down to table* R. C.) Why, good gracious! We weren't expecting you back till Tuesday. (*She puts tray on table.*)

RONNIE. Yes, I know.

VIOLET. (*Moving to* R. *of* GRACE'S *chair* L. *of* C.) Why ever didn't you let us know you were coming, you silly boy? Your mother should have been at the station to meet you. The idea of a child like you wandering all over London by yourself. I never did! How ever did you get in? By the garden, I suppose—— (*She moves to table* R. C.)

RONNIE. No. The front door. I rang and cook opened it.

VIOLET. Where's your trunk and your tuckbox?[1] (*She puts cigarette box, matches and one ashtray on table.*)

RONNIE. Upstairs. The taximan carried them up——

VIOLET. Taximan? You took a taxi? (RONNIE *nods.*) All by yourself? Well, I don't know what little boys are coming to, I'm sure. What your father and mother will say, I don't know——

RONNIE. Where are they, Violet?

VIOLET. Church, of course.

RONNIE. (*Vacantly.*) Oh, yes. It's Sunday, isn't it? (*He moves toward table* R. C.)

VIOLET. (*Crossing to fireplace* L. *with two ashtrays.*) What's the matter with you? What have they been doing to you at Osborne? (*She puts ashtrays on mantelpiece.*)

RONNIE. (*Turning to her, sharply.*) What do you mean?

VIOLET. They seem to have made you a bit soft in the head, or some-

1. lunchbox.

thing. (*She fusses with cushions in armchair down* L.) Well—I suppose I'd better get your unpacking done—Mr. Dickie's been using your chest of drawers for all his dress clothes and things. I'll just clear 'em out and put 'em on his bed—that's what I'll do. (*She straightens up and turns to* RONNIE.) He can find room for 'em somewhere else.

RONNIE. (*Taking step toward* GRACE'S *chair.*) Shall I help you?

VIOLET. (*Scornfully.*) I know *your* help. With *your* help I'll be at it all day. No, you just wait down here for your mother and father. (*She crosses to table* R. C., *and picks up tray.*) They'll be back in a minute. (RONNIE *nods and turns hopelessly to fireplace.* VIOLET *looks at his retreating back, puzzled.*) Well?

RONNIE. (*Turning.*) Yes?

VIOLET. Don't I get a kiss or are you too grown-up for that now? (*She moves to* C.)

RONNIE. Sorry, Violet. (*He goes up to her and is enveloped in her ample bosom.*)

VIOLET. That's better. My, what a big boy you're getting! (*She holds him at arm's length and inspects him.*) Quite the little naval officer, aren't you?

RONNIE. (*Smiling forlornly.*) Yes. That's right.

VIOLET. Well, well, I must be getting on—— (VIOLET *releases him and goes out up* C. *Closes door.* RONNIE *resumes his attitude of utter dejection. Takes out of his pocket a letter in a sealed envelope. After a second's hesitation, he opens it, and reads contents. The perusal appears to increase his misery. He takes two or three quick steps toward* U. C. *hall door. Then stops, uncertainly. Sound of voices in hall.* RONNIE, *with a strangled sob, runs to window* R. *and out into garden. Door up* C. *opens.* ARTHUR WINSLOW, RONNIE'S *father, enters, a man of about sixty with a rather deliberately cultured patriarchal air. He carries a prayer-book and is leaning heavily on a stick. He makes for fireplace, sitting in his armchair, followed by* RONNIE'S *mother,* GRACE. *She is about ten years younger and has the faded remnants of prettiness. She, too, carries a prayer-book.*)

GRACE. (*Entering* U. C.) But he's so old, dear. From the back of the church you really can't hear a word he says. (*She comes above table* R. C., *and puts down her prayer-book on it.* CATHERINE, RONNIE'S *sister, enters* U. C. *She is approaching thirty and has an air of masculinity about her which is at odd variance with her mother's intense femininity. She carries a handbag. She makes for armchair down* L. DICKIE, RONNIE'S *brother, follows her in. He is an Oxford undergraduate, large, noisy and cheerful. He hovers up* C.)

ARTHUR. He's a good man, Grace.

GRACE. But what's the use of being good, if you're inaudible?

CATHERINE. A problem in ethics for you, Father. (*She takes book*

from small table in extreme down L. *corner, sits on arm of armchair rear and reads.* ARTHUR, *at fireplace, looks around at open French windows.*)

ARTHUR. There's a draught, Grace.

GRACE. Oh dear—it's coming on to rain. (*She moves to settee down* L. *of piano, taking off her hat and coat. Puts them on settee.*)

DICKIE. I'm on Mother's side. The old boy's so doddery now he can hardly finish the course at all. I timed him today. It took him seventy-five seconds dead from a flying start to reach the pulpit, and then he needed the whip coming round the bend. I call that pretty bad going.

ARTHUR. I'm afraid I don't think that's very funny, Richard.

DICKIE. Oh, don't you, Father?

ARTHUR. Doddery though Mr. Jackson may seem now, I very much doubt if, when he was at Oxford, he failed in his pass mods.[2]

DICKIE. (*Coming down below table* R. C.; *aggrieved.*) Dash it—Father —you promised not to mention that again this vac—— (*He sits on downstage edge of table.*)

GRACE. You did, you know, Arthur.

ARTHUR. There was a condition to my promise—if you remember—that Dickie should provide me with reasonable evidence of his intentions to work. (GRACE *takes tin of cigarettes from desk* R. *and fills box on table* R. C.)

DICKIE. Well, haven't I, Father? Didn't I stay in all last night—a Saturday night—and work?

ARTHUR. You stayed in, Dickie. I would be the last to deny that.

GRACE. You *were* making rather a noise, dear, with that old gramophone of yours. I really can't believe you could have been doing much work with that going on all the time.

DICKIE. Funnily enough, Mother, it helps me to concentrate.

ARTHUR. Concentrate on what?

DICKIE. Work, of course.

ARTHUR. That wasn't exactly what you appeared to be concentrating on when I came down to fetch a book, sleep—may I say—having been rendered out of the question, by the hideous sounds emanating from this room.

DICKIE. Edwina and her brother just looked in on their way to the Grahams' dance—they only stayed a minute.

GRACE. What an idiotic girl that is! Oh, sorry, Dickie—I was forgetting. You're rather keen on her, aren't you?

ARTHUR. You would have had ample proof of that fact, Grace, if you had seen them in the attitude in which I found them last night.

DICKIE. We were practising the Bunny Hug.

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2. public examinations for the B. A. degree.

GRACE. The what, dear?

DICKIE. The Bunny Hug. It's the new dance.

CATHERINE. (*Helpfully.*) It's like the Turkey Trot—only more dignified. (*She sits in chair by down* R. *table.*)

GRACE. Oh, I thought that was the Tango.

DICKIE. No. More like a Fox Trot, really. Something between a Boston Glide and a Kangaroo Hop.

ARTHUR. We appear to be straying from the point. Whatever animal was responsible for the posture I found you in has little to do with the fact that to my certain knowledge you have not yet done one single stroke of work so far this vacation.

DICKIE. Oh. Well, I do work awfully fast, you know—once I get down to it.

ARTHUR. Indeed? That assumption can hardly be based on experience, I take it.

DICKIE. Dash it, Father! (*He rises and crosses to desk* R.) You are laying in to me, this morning. (*He sits on stool by desk.*)

ARTHUR. I think it's time you found out, Dickie, that I'm not spending two hundred pounds a year keeping you at Oxford, merely that you may make a lot of useless friends and learn to dance the Bunny Hop. (GRACE *moves to desk and replaces cigarette tin.*)

DICKIE. Hug, Father.

ARTHUR. The exact description of the obscenity is immaterial.

GRACE. (*Patting* DICKIE *on head.*) Father's quite right, you know, dear. You really have been going the pace a bit, this vac.

DICKIE. Yes, I know, Mother—but the season's nearly over now.

GRACE. (*Looking to piano* U. R. *at* RONNIE'S *portrait, with a sigh.*) I wish you were as good about work as Ronnie.

DICKIE. (*Hotly.*) I like that. That's a bit thick, I must say. All Ronnie ever has to do with his footling little homework is to add two and two, while I——

ARTHUR. Ronnie, may I remind you, is at least proving a good deal more successful in adding two and two than you were at his age.

DICKIE. (*Rising and crossing to* C.; *now furious.*) Oh yes, *I* know. *I* know. *He* got into Osborne and *I* failed. That's going to be brought up again.

GRACE. Nobody's bringing it up, dear.

DICKIE. Oh, yes they are. It's going to be brought up against me all my life. Ronnie's the good little boy, I'm the bad little boy. You've just stuck a couple of labels on us that nothing on earth is ever going to change.

GRACE. Don't be so absurd, dear——

DICKIE. It's not absurd. It's quite true. Isn't it, Kate? (CATHERINE *looks up.*)

CATHERINE. I'm sorry, Dickie. I haven't been listening. Isn't what quite true?

DICKIE. That in the eyes of Mother and Father nothing that Ronnie does is ever wrong, and nothing that I do is ever right? (CATHERINE *rises and crosses* L., *with her book, to below* GRACE'S *chair. She faces* DICKIE *a moment before she speaks. She leaves her handbag on chair.*)

CATHERINE. If I were you, Dickie, dear, I'd go and have a nice lie-down before lunch.

DICKIE. (*After pause.*) Perhaps you're right. (*He goes toward door up* C.)

ARTHUR. If you're going to your room, I suggest you take that object with you. (*He points to gramophone on desk down* R. CATHERINE *sits in* GRACE'S *chair* L. *and reads.*) It's out of place in a drawing-room. (DICKIE, *with an air of hauteur, crosses to desk* R., *picks up gramophone and carries it to door up* C.) It might help you to concentrate on the work you're going to do this afternoon. (DICKIE *stops at door, then turns slowly.*)

DICKIE. (*With dignity.*) That is out of the question, I'm afraid.

ARTHUR. Indeed? Why?

DICKIE. I have an engagement with Miss Gunn.

ARTHUR. On a Sunday afternoon? You're escorting her to the National Gallery, no doubt?

DICKIE. No. The Victoria and Albert Museum. (DICKIE *goes out with as much dignity as is consistent with the carrying of a very bulky gramophone.* ARTHUR *picks up "Punch" from table by his chair and sits in chair.*)

GRACE. How stupid of him to say that about labels. (*She turns and goes toward French window.*) There's no truth in it at all—is there, Kate?

CATHERINE. (*Deep in her book.*) No, Mother.

GRACE. Oh, dear, it's simply pelting. (*She turns from window and crosses to* CATHERINE.) What are you reading, Kate?

CATHERINE. Len Roger's Memoirs.

GRACE. Who's Len Rogers?

CATHERINE. A Trades Union leader.

GRACE. Does John know you're a radical?

CATHERINE. Oh, yes.

GRACE. And a suffragette?

CATHERINE. Certainly.

GRACE. (*With a smile.*) And he still wants to marry you?

CATHERINE. He seems to.

GRACE. Oh, by the way, I've told him to come early for lunch—so that he can have a few words with Father first.

CATHERINE. Good idea. (*To* ARTHUR.) I hope you've been primed, have you, Father? (*She rises, leaves her book in chair and goes to* ARTHUR.)

ARTHUR. What's that?

CATHERINE. (*Sitting on* R. *arm of* ARTHUR'S *chair.*) You know what you're going to say to John, don't you? You're not going to let me down and forbid the match, or anything, are you? Because I warn you, if you do, I shall elope.

ARTHUR. (*Taking her hand.*) Never fear, my dear. I'm far too delighted at the prospect of getting you off our hands at last.

CATHERINE. (*Smiling.*) I'm not sure I like that "at last."

GRACE. Do you love him, dear?

CATHERINE. John? Yes, I do.

GRACE. You're such a funny girl. You never show your feelings much, do you? You don't behave as if you were in love.

CATHERINE. How does one behave as if one is in love?

ARTHUR. One doesn't read Len Rogers. One reads Byron.

CATHERINE. I do both.

ARTHUR. An odd combination.

CATHERINE. A satisfying one.

GRACE. I meant—you don't talk about him much, do you?

CATHERINE. No. I suppose I don't.

GRACE. (*Sighing.*) I don't think you modern girls have the feelings our generation did. It's this New Woman attitude.

CATHERINE. (*Rising and facing* GRACE.) Very well, Mother. I love John in every way that a woman can love a man, and far, far more than he loves me. Does that satisfy you?

GRACE. (*Embarrassed.*) Well, really, Kate, darling—I didn't ask for anything quite like that—— (*To* ARTHUR.) What are you laughing at, Arthur?

ARTHUR. (*Chuckling.*) One up to the New Woman.

GRACE. Nonsense. (*She turns and goes toward French window.*) She misunderstood me, that's all. (*At window.*) Just look at the rain! (*She turns to* CATHERINE.) Kate, darling, does Desmond know about you and John?

CATHERINE. I haven't told him. (*She picks up her book.*) On the other hand, if he hasn't guessed, he must be very dense.

ARTHUR. He *is* very dense.

GRACE. Oh, no. He's quite clever, if you really get under his skin.

ARTHUR. Oddly enough, I've never had that inclination. (CATHERINE *smiles. She crosses downstage to* R. *desk.*)

GRACE. (*Moving to settee.*) I think he's a dear. (*She turns toward* CATHERINE.) Kate, darling, you *will* be kind to him, won't you? (*She picks up her coat and hat.*)

CATHERINE. (*Patiently.*) Yes, Mother. Of course I will.

GRACE. Poor Desmond! He's really a very good sort—— (*She breaks*

off suddenly and stares out of French window.) Hello! There's someone in our garden. (*She crosses to window.*)

CATHERINE. (*Going to window.*) Where?

GRACE. (*Pointing.*) Over there, do you see?

CATHERINE. No.

GRACE. He's just gone behind that bush. It was a boy, I think. Probably Mrs. Williamson's awful little Dennis.

CATHERINE. (*Turning into room.*) Well, whoever it is must be getting terribly wet. (*She puts her book on desk.*)

GRACE. Why can't he stick to his own garden? (*A sound of voices outside in hall.*) Is that John?

CATHERINE. It sounded like it. (*They both listen for a moment.*)

GRACE. Yes. It's John. (*To* CATHERINE.) Quick! In the dining-room!

CATHERINE. All right. (*She dashes across to door up* L.)

GRACE. Here! You've forgotten your bag. (*She darts to chair down* L., *picks up bag and takes it to* CATHERINE *at door.* CATHERINE *takes bag and goes out* U. L. *into dining-room.*)

ARTHUR. (*Startled.*) What on earth is going on?

GRACE. (*In a stage whisper.*) We're leaving you alone with John. When you've finished, cough or something.

ARTHUR. (*Testily.*) What do you mean, or something?

GRACE. I know. Knock on the floor with your stick—three times. Then we'll come in.

ARTHUR. You don't think that might look a trifle coincidental?

GRACE. Sh! (GRACE *disappears into dining-room. At same moment* VIOLET *enters up* C.)

VIOLET. (*Announcing.*) Mr. Watherstone. (JOHN WATHERSTONE *comes in. He is a man of about thirty, dressed in an extremely well-cut morning coat and striped trousers, an attire which, though excused by church parade, we may well feel has been donned for this occasion. He moves down* L. *of* GRACE'S *chair to* ARTHUR. VIOLET *goes out* U. C.)

ARTHUR. How are you, John? I'm very glad to see you.

JOHN. How do you do, sir?

ARTHUR. Will you forgive me not getting up? My arthritis has been troubling me rather a lot lately.

JOHN. I'm very sorry to hear that, sir. Catherine told me it was better.

ARTHUR. It was, for a time. Now it's worse again. Do you smoke? (*He indicates cigarette box on table* R. C.)

JOHN. Yes, sir. I do. (*He crosses to table.*) Thank you. (*He takes cigarette, and adds hastily:*) In moderation, of course.

ARTHUR. (*With a faint smile.*) Of course. (*A pause while* JOHN *lights cigarette.* ARTHUR *watches him.*) Well, now. I understand you wish to marry my daughter.

JOHN. Yes, sir. That's to say, I've proposed to her and she's done me the honor of accepting me.

ARTHUR. I see. I trust when you corrected yourself, your second statement wasn't a denial of your first? (JOHN *looks puzzled.*) I mean, you do *really* wish to marry her?

JOHN. Of course, sir.

ARTHUR. Why, of course? There are plenty of people about who don't wish to marry her?

JOHN. I meant, of course, because I proposed to her.

ARTHUR. That, too, doesn't necessarily follow. However, we don't need to quibble. We'll take the sentimental side of the project for granted. As regards the more practical aspect, perhaps you won't mind if I ask you a few rather personal questions. (*He waves* JOHN *to sit in* GRACE'S *chair.*)

JOHN. (*Sitting.*) Naturally not, sir. It's your duty.

ARTHUR. Quite so. Now your income: are you able to live on it?

JOHN. No, sir. I'm in the regular army.

ARTHUR. Yes, of course.

JOHN. But my army pay is supplemented by an allowance from my father.

ARTHUR. So I understand. Now your father's would be, I take it, about twenty-four pounds a month.

JOHN. (*Surprised.*) Yes, sir, that's exactly right.

ARTHUR. So that your total income—with your subaltern's pay and allowances plus the allowance from your father, would be, I take it, about four hundred and twenty pounds a year.

JOHN. (*More surprised.*) Again, exactly the figure.

ARTHUR. Well, well. It all seems perfectly satisfactory. I really don't think I need delay my congratulations any longer. (*He extends his hand.* JOHN *rises and gratefully takes* ARTHUR'S *hand.*)

JOHN. Thank you, sir, very much.

ARTHUR. I must say, it was very good of you to be so frank and informative.

JOHN. Not at all.

ARTHUR. Your answers to my questions deserve an equal frankness from me about Catherine's own affairs. I'm afraid she's not—just in case you thought otherwise—the daughter of a rich man.

JOHN. I didn't think otherwise, sir.

ARTHUR. Good. Well, now—— (*He suddenly cocks his head on one side and listens. There is the sound of a gramophone playing "Hitchey-Koo" from somewhere upstairs.*) Would you be so good as to touch the bell? (JOHN *crosses to fireplace and rings bell. It is heard distantly. He turns and stands with his back to fireplace.*) Thank you. Well, now, continuing

about my own financial affairs. The Westminster Bank pays me a small pension—three hundred and fifty, to be precise—and my wife has about two hundred a year of her own. Apart from that we have nothing, except such savings as I've been able to make during my career at the bank—the interest from which raises my total income to about eight hundred pounds per annum. VIOLET *comes in up* C.)

VIOLET. You rang, sir?

ARTHUR. Yes, Violet, my compliments to Mr. Dickie and if he doesn't stop that cacophonous hullabaloo at once, I'll throw him and his infernal machine into the street.

VIOLET. Yes, sir. What was that word again? Cac-something——

ARTHUR. Never mind. Say anything you like, only stop him.

VIOLET. Well, sir, I'll do my best, but you know what Master Dickie's like with his blessed old ragtime.

ARTHUR. Yes, Violet, I do.

VIOLET. I could say you don't think it's quite nice on a Sunday.

ARTHUR. (*Roaring.*) You can say I don't think it's quite nice on any day. Just stop him making that confounded din, that's all.

VIOLET. Yes, sir. (VIOLET *goes out* U. C.)

ARTHUR. (*Apologetically.*) Our Violet has no doubt already been explained to you?

JOHN. I don't thing so. Is any explanation necessary?

ARTHUR. I fear it is. She came to us direct from an orphanage a very long time ago, as a sort of under-between maid on probation, and in that capacity she was quite satisfactory; but I'm afraid, as parlormaid, she has developed certain marked eccentricities in the performance of her duties —due, no doubt, to the fact that she has never fully known what they were. Well, now, where were we? Ah, yes. I was telling you about my sources of income, was I not?

JOHN. Yes, sir.

ARTHUR. Now, in addition to the ordinary expenses of life, I have to maintain two sons—one at Osborne, and the other at Oxford—neither of whom, I'm afraid, will be in a position to support themselves for some time to come—one, because of his extreme youth and the other because of—er—other reasons. (*Gramophone record stops suddenly.*) So, you see, I am not in a position to be very lavish as regards Catherine's dowry.

JOHN. No, sir, I quite see that.

ARTHUR. I propose to settle on her one sixth of my total capital—which, worked out to the final fraction, is exactly eight hundred and thirty-three pounds six and eightpence. But let us deal in round figures and say eight hundred and fifty pounds.

JOHN. I call that very generous, sir.

ARTHUR. Not as generous as I would have liked, I'm afraid. However—as my wife would say—beggars can't be choosers.

JOHN. Exactly, sir.

ARTHUR. Well, then, if you're agreeable to that arrangement, I don't think there's anything more we need discuss.

JOHN. No, sir.

ARTHUR. Splendid. (*A pause.* ARTHUR *takes his stick and raps it, with an air of studied unconcern, three times on floor. They wait. Nothing happens.*)

JOHN. (*Crossing above table* R. C.) Pretty rotten weather, isn't it?

ARTHUR. Yes. Vile. (*He raps again. A pause. Again nothing happens.*) Would you care for another cigarette?

JOHN. No, thank you, sir. I'm still smoking. (ARTHUR *takes up stick to rap again, then thinks better of it. He struggles out of his chair and goes slowly but firmly to door up* L. *He throws open door. In apparent surprise.*) Well, imagine that! My wife and daughter are in here, of all places. Come in, Grace. Come in, Catherine. John's here. (GRACE *comes in.* CATHERINE *follows.*)

GRACE. (*Crossing* ARTHUR.) Why, John—how nice! (JOHN *steps forward and they meet* C. *They shake hands.*) My, you do look a swell! Doesn't he, Kate, darling?

CATHERINE. (*Between* ARTHUR *and* GRACE.) Quite, indeed. (*A pause.*)

GRACE. (*Unable to repress herself—coyly.*) Well?

ARTHUR. Well, what?

GRACE. How did your little talk go?

ARTHUR. (*Testily.*) I understood you weren't supposed to know we were having a little talk.

GRACE. Oh, you are infuriating! Is everything all right, John? (JOHN *nods, smiling.*) Oh, I'm so glad. I really am.

JOHN. Thank you, Mrs. Winslow.

GRACE. May I kiss you? After all, I'm practically your mother now.

JOHN. Yes. Of course. (JOHN *allows himself to be kissed.* ARTHUR *crosses up* C., *comes down between* JOHN *and* GRACE.)

ARTHUR. (*To John.*) While I, by the same token, am practically your father, but if you will forgive me——

JOHN. (*Smiling.*) Certainly, sir.

ARTHUR. Grace, I think we might allow ourselves a little modest celebration at luncheon. Will you find me the key of the cellars? (ARTHUR *turns and goes out door up* C.)

GRACE. (*Following him.*) Yes, dear. (*She turns at door; coyly.*) I don't suppose you two will mind being left alone for a few minutes, will you? (GRACE *follows* ARTHUR *out.*)

CATHERINE. Was it an ordeal?

JOHN. I was scared to death.

CATHERINE. My poor darling—— (*She goes quickly to him. They kiss.*)

JOHN. The annoying thing was that I had a whole lot of neatly turned phrases ready for him and he wouldn't let me use them.

CATHERINE. Such as? (JOHN *brings her down* C.)

JOHN. Oh—how proud and honored I was by your acceptance of me, and how determined I was to make you a loyal and devoted husband—and to maintain you in the state to which you were accustomed—all that sort of thing. All very sincerely meant.

CATHERINE. Anything about loving me a little?

JOHN. (*Lightly.*) That I thought we could take for granted. So did your father, incidentally. (*He leans against edge of table* R. C.)

CATHERINE. I see. (*She gazes at him.*) Goodness, you do look smart!

JOHN. Not bad, is it? Poole's.

CATHERINE. What about *your* father? How did he take it?

JOHN. All right.

CATHERINE. I bet he didn't.

JOHN. Oh, yes. He's been wanting me to get married for years. Getting worried about grandchildren, I suppose. (JOHN *holds out his hand to her.* CATHERINE *takes it and goes to him.*)

CATHERINE. He disapproves of me, doesn't he?

JOHN. Oh, no. Whatever makes you think that?

CATHERINE. He has a way of looking at me through his monocle that shrivels me up.

JOHN. He's just being a colonel, darling, that's all. All colonels look at you like that. Anyway, what about the way your father looks at me! Tell me, are all your family as scared of him as I am?

CATHERINE. Dickie is, of course; and Ronnie, though he doesn't need to be. Father worships him. I don't know about mother being scared of him. Sometimes perhaps. I'm not—ever.

JOHN. You're not scared of anything, are you?

CATHERINE. Oh, yes. Heaps of things.

JOHN. Such as?

CATHERINE. (*With a smile.*) Oh . . . They're nearly all concerned with you. (RONNIE *looks cautiously in at French windows. He now presents a very bedraggled and woe-begone appearance, with his uniform wringing wet, and his damp hair over his eyes.*)

JOHN. You might be a little more explicit . . .

RONNIE. (*In a low voice.*) Kate! (CATHERINE *turns and sees him.*)

CATHERINE. (*Amazed*). Ronnie! What on earth——

RONNIE. Where's Father? (*He stands just inside French windows.*)

CATHERINE. I'll go and tell him—— (*She makes a slight move toward door.*)

RONNIE. (*Urgently.*) No, don't; please, Kate, don't! (CATHERINE *stops up* C., *puzzled.*)

CATHERINE. What's the trouble, Ronnie? (RONNIE, *trembling on the edge of tears, does not answer.* JOHN *rises and breaks* C. *He looks slightly puzzled. As she goes to* RONNIE.) You're wet through. You'd better go and change.

RONNIE. No.

CATHERINE. (*Gently.*) What's the trouble, darling? You can tell me. (RONNIE *looks at* JOHN.) You know John Watherstone, Ronnie. You met him last holidays, don't you remember? (RONNIE *remains silent, obviously reluctant to talk in front of a comparative stranger.*)

JOHN. (*Tactfully.*) I'll disappear. (*He moves to door up* C.)

CATHERINE. (*Pointing to door up* L.) In there, do you mind? (JOHN *goes out* U. L. *quietly up* L. RONNIE *crosses below table* R. C.) Now, darling, tell me. What is it? Have you run away? (RONNIE, *his back to her, shakes his head, evidently not trusting himself to speak. She comes down to him.*) What is it, then? (RONNIE *pulls out letter from his pocket and slowly hands it to her. She reads it quietly.*) Oh, God!

RONNIE. (*Turning to her.*) I didn't do it. (CATHERINE *re-reads letter in silence.*) Kate, I didn't. Really, I didn't.

CATHERINE. (*Abstractedly.*) No, darling. (*She seems uncertain what to do.*) This letter is addressed to Father. Did you open it?

RONNIE. Yes.

CATHERINE. You shouldn't have done that——

RONNIE. I was going to tear it up. Then I heard you come in from church and ran into the garden—I didn't know what to do——

CATHERINE. (*Still distracted.*) Did they send you up alone?

RONNIE. They sent a Petty Officer up with me. He was supposed to wait and see Father, but I sent him away. (*Indicating letter.*) Kate—shall we tear it up now?

CATHERINE. No, darling.

RONNIE. We could tell Father term had ended two days sooner——

CATHERINE. No, darling.

RONNIE. I didn't do it, Kate, really I didn't—— (DICKIE *comes in up* C. *He does not seem surprised to see* RONNIE.)

DICKIE. (*Coming down c., cheerfully.*) Hello, Ronnie, old lad. How's everything? (RONNIE *turns away from him.*)

CATHERINE. (*To Dickie.*) You knew he was here?

DICKIE. Oh, yes. His trunks and things are all over our room. Trouble?

CATHERINE. Yes.

DICKIE. I'm sorry. (*He crosses to desk* R., *examines some gramophone records.*)

CATHERINE. You stay here with him. I'll find Mother.

DICKIE. All right. (CATHERINE *goes up* C. *A pause.*) What's up, old chap?

RONNIE. Nothing.

DICKIE. Come on—tell me.

RONNIE. It's all right.

DICKIE. Have you been sacked? (RONNIE *nods.*) Bad luck. What for?

RONNIE. I didn't do it.

DICKIE. (*Reassuringly.*) No, of course you didn't.

RONNIE. Honestly, I didn't.

DICKIE. That's all right, old chap. No need to go on about it. I believe you.

RONNIE. You don't.

DICKIE. Well, I don't know what it is they've sacked you for, yet——

RONNIE. (*In a low voice.*) Stealing.

DICKIE. (*Evidently relieved.*) Oh, is that all? Good Lord! I didn't know they sacked chaps for *that,* these days.

RONNIE. I didn't do it.

DICKIE. Why, good heavens, at school we used to pinch everything we could jolly well lay our hands on. All of us. (*As he speaks he quietly approaches* RONNIE.) I remember there was one chap—Carstairs his name was—captain of cricket, believe it or not—absolutely nothing was safe with him—nothing at all. Pinched a squash racket of mine once, I remember—— (*He puts his arm on* RONNIE'S *shoulder.*) Believe me, old chap, pinching's nothing. Nothing at all. I say—you're a bit damp, aren't you?

RONNIE. I've been out in the rain.

DICKIE. You're shivering a bit, too, aren't you? Oughtn't you to go and change? I mean, we don't want you catching pneumonia——

RONNIE. I'm all right. (GRACE *comes in up* C. CATHERINE *follows.* GRACE *comes quickly to* RONNIE. *He sees her, turns away from* DICKIE *and runs into her arms.*)

GRACE. There, darling! It's all right, now. (RONNIE *begins to cry quietly, his head buried in her dress.*)

RONNIE. (*His voice muffled.*) I didn't do it, Mother.

GRACE. No, darling. Of course you didn't. We'll go upstairs now, shall we, and get out of these nasty wet clothes?

RONNIE. Don't tell Father.

GRACE. No, darling. Not yet. I promise. Come along, now. (*She leads him up* C. *toward door.*) Your new uniform, too. What a shame! (GRACE *and* RONNIE *go out up* C.)

DICKIE. I'd better go and keep *cave* for them. Ward off the old man if he looks like going upstairs. (*He goes to door up* C. CATHERINE *nods.*) I say—who's going to break the news to him eventually? I mean, someone'll have to.

CATHERINE. Don't let's worry about that now.

DICKIE. Well, you can count me out. In fact, I don't want to be within a thousand miles of that explosion. (DICKIE *goes out up* C. CATHERINE *moves to door up* L. *and opens it.*)

CATHERINE. (*Calling.*) John. (*She leaves door open and comes down to fireplace.* JOHN *comes in.*)

JOHN. (*Entering.*) Bad news? (*He comes down by* ARTHUR'S *chair.* CATHERINE *nods.*) That's rotten for you. I'm awfully sorry.

CATHERINE. (*Violently.*) How can people be so cruel?

JOHN. (*Uncomfortably.*) Expelled, I suppose? (JOHN *gets his answer from* CATHERINE'S *silence, while she recovers herself.*)

CATHERINE. God, how little imagination some people have! Why should they torture a child of that age, John? What's the point of it?

JOHN. What's he supposed to have done?

CATHERINE. Stolen some money.

JOHN. Oh.

CATHERINE. Ten days ago, it said in the letter. Why on earth didn't they let us know? Just think what that poor little creature has been going through these last ten days down there, entirely alone, without anyone to look after him, knowing what he had to face at the end of it! And then, finally, they send him up to London with a Petty Officer. Is it any wonder he's nearly out of his mind?

JOHN. It does seem pretty heartless, I know——

CATHERINE. Heartless? It's cold, calculated—inhumanity. God, how I'd love to have that Commanding Officer here for just two minutes. I'd—I'd—— (*She crosses below* JOHN *and turns up* C.)

JOHN. (*Gently.*) Darling—it's quite natural you should feel angry about it, but you must remember, he's not really at school. He's in the Service.

CATHERINE. What difference does that make?

JOHN. Well, they have ways of doing things in the Service which may seem to an outsider horribly brutal, but at least they're always scrupulously fair. You can take it from me, that there must have been a very full inquiry before they'd take a step of this sort. What's more, if there's been a delay of ten days, it would only have been in order to give the boy a better chance to clear himself—— (*He pauses.* CATHERINE *is silent. She turns away and moves above table* R. C.) I'm sorry, Catherine darling. I'd have done better to keep my mouth shut. (*He crosses to her.*)

CATHERINE. No. What you said was perfectly true——

JOHN. It was tactless of me to say it, though. I'm sorry.

CATHERINE. (*Lightly.*) That's all right.

JOHN. Forgive me? (*Lays his arm on her shoulder.*)

CATHERINE. Nothing to forgive.

JOHN. Believe me, I'm awfully sorry. (*He pauses.*) How will your father take it?

CATHERINE. (*Simply.*) It might kill him—— (*Sound of voices in hall.*) Oh, heavens! We've got Desmond to lunch. I'd forgotten——

JOHN. Who?

CATHERINE. (*Crossing above* JOHN *to door up* C.) Desmond Curry—our family solicitor. Oh, Lord! (*In a hasty whisper.*) Darling—be polite to him, won't you?

JOHN. Why? Am I usually so rude to your guests?

CATHERINE. No, but he doesn't know about us yet——

JOHN. Who does?

CATHERINE. (L. *of door, still in a whisper.*) Yes, but he's been in love with me for years—it's a family joke—— (VIOLET *comes in up* C.)

VIOLET. (*Announcing.*) Mr. Curry. (DESMOND CURRY *comes in up* C. *A man of about forty-five, with the figure of an athlete gone to seed. He has a mildly furtive manner, rather as if he had just absconded with his firm's petty cash, and hopes no one is going to be too angry about it.* JOHN, *when he sees him, cannot repress a faint smile at the thought of him loving* CATHERINE. VIOLET *goes out.*)

CATHERINE. Hullo, Desmond. (*They shake hands.*) I don't think you know John Watherstone——

DESMOND. No—but, of course, I've heard a lot about him—— (*He turns to* JOHN.)

JOHN. How do you do? (JOHN *wipes the smile off his face, as he meets* CATHERINE'S *glance. He and* DESMOND *shake hands. A pause.*)

DESMOND. Well, well, well. I trust I'm not early?

CATHERINE. No. Dead on time, Desmond—as always.

DESMOND. Capital. Capital. (*Another pause.*)

JOHN. } (*Together.*) { Pretty ghastly, this rain.
CATHERINE. } { Tell me, Desmond.

JOHN. I'm so sorry.

CATHERINE. It's quite all right. I was only going to ask how you did in your cricket match yesterday, Desmond?

DESMOND. Not too well, I'm afraid. My shoulder's still giving me trouble—— (*Another pause. At length.*) Well, well. I hear I'm to congratulate you both——

CATHERINE. Desmond—you know?

DESMOND. Violet told me, just now—in the hall. Yes—I must congratulate you both.

CATHERINE. Thank you so much, Desmond.

JOHN. Thank you.

DESMOND. Of course, it's quite expected, I know. Quite expected. Still, it was rather a surprise, hearing it like that—from Violet in the hall.

CATHERINE. We were going to tell you, Desmond, dear. It was only official this morning, you know. In fact, you're the first person to hear it.

DESMOND. Am I? Am I, indeed? Well, I'm sure you'll both be very happy.

JOHN. } (*Murmuring together.*) { Thank you, Desmond.
CATHERINE. } { Thank you.

DESMOND. Only this morning? Fancy. (GRACE *comes in up* C.)

GRACE. (*Coming between* DESMOND *and* CATHERINE.) Hello, Desmond, dear.

DESMOND. Hello, Mrs. Winslow.

GRACE. (*To* CATHERINE.) I've got him to bed—— (CATHERINE *drops down below table* R. C. *and sits in chair* R. *of it.* JOHN *follows her and stands below table. They both take cigarettes.*)

CATHERINE. Good.

DESMOND. Nobody ill, I hope?

GRACE. No, no. Nothing wrong at all—— (ARTHUR *comes in up* C. *He carries a bottle under his arm and has a corkscrew.*)

ARTHUR. Grace, when did we last have the cellars seen to?

GRACE. (*Breaking up* L.) I can't remember, dear.

ARTHUR. Well, they're in a shocking condition. (*He turns and shuts door.*) Hello, Desmond. How are you? You're not looking well.

DESMOND. Am I not? I've strained my shoulder, you know.

ARTHUR. Well, why do you play these ridiculous games of yours? Resign yourself to the onrush of middle age, and abandon them, my dear Desmond. (*He moves to fireplace. Prepares to draw cork.*)

DESMOND. Oh, I could never do that. Not give up cricket. Not altogether.

JOHN. (*Making conversation.*) Are you any relation of D. W. H. Curry who used to play for Middlesex?

DESMOND. (*Whose moment has come.*) I *am* D. W. H. Curry.

GRACE. (*Coming down to her chair.*) Didn't you know we had a great man in the room? (*She sits.*)

JOHN. Gosh! Curry of Curry's match?

DESMOND. That's right. (*He comes down* C.)

JOHN. Hat trick against the Players in—what year was it?

DESMOND. 1895. At Lord's. Twenty-six overs, nine maidens, thirty-seven runs, eight wickets.

JOHN. Gosh! Do you know you used to be a schoolboy hero of mine?

DESMOND. Did I? Did I, indeed?

JOHN. Yes. I had a signed photograph of you.

DESMOND. Yes, I used to sign a lot once, for schoolboys, I remember.

ARTHUR. Only for schoolboys, Desmond? (*He rings bell.*)

DESMOND. I fear so—yes. Girls took no interest in cricket in those days.

JOHN. Gosh! D. W. H. Curry—in person. Well, I'd never have thought it.

DESMOND. (*Sadly.*) I know. Very few people would nowadays.

CATHERINE. (*Quickly.*) Oh, John didn't mean that, Desmond.

DESMOND. I fear he did. (*Pats his protuberant stomach.*) This is the main trouble. Too much office work and too little exercise, I fear.

ARTHUR. Nonsense. Too much exercise and too little office work. (VIOLET *comes in up* C.)

VIOLET. You rang, sir?

ARTHUR. Yes, Violet. Bring some glasses, would you?

VIOLET. Very good, sir. (VIOLET *goes out up* C.)

ARTHUR. I thought we'd try a little of the Madeira before luncheon—we're celebrating, you know, Desmond—(GRACE *furtively indicates* DESMOND. *He adds hastily.*)—my wife's fifty-fourth birthday.

GRACE. Arthur! Really!

CATHERINE. It's all right, Father, Desmond knows——

DESMOND. Yes, indeed. It's wonderful news, isn't it? I'll most gladly drink a toast to the—er—to the——

ARTHUR. (*Politely.*) Happy pair, I think, is the phrase that is eluding you.

DESMOND. Well, as a matter of fact, I was looking for something new to say.

ARTHUR. (*Murmuring.*) A forlorn quest, my dear Desmond.

GRACE. (*Protestingly.*) Arthur, really! You mustn't be so rude.

ARTHUR. I meant, naturally, that no one—with the possible exception of Voltaire—could find anything new to say about an engaged couple—— (DICKIE *opens door up* C. *He allows* VIOLET *to enter with tray of glasses, then follows her in.* VIOLET *comes to table by* ARTHUR'S *chair and puts tray on it.*) Ah, my dear Dickie—just in time for a glass of Madeira in celebration of Kate's engagement to John—— (*He begins to pour the wine.*)

DICKIE. Oh, is that all finally spliced up now? Kate definitely being withdrawn to stud? Good egg! (*He crosses above table to* CATHERINE *and kisses her, then crosses below her to* JOHN, *shakes hands.*)

ARTHUR. Quite so. I should have added just now—with the possible exception of Voltaire and Dickie Winslow. (*To* VIOLET.) Take these round, will you, Violet? (*General buzz of conversation.* VIOLET *takes tray first to* GRACE, *then to* CATHERINE, *then to* JOHN. ARTHUR *puts bottle on table at his* R.)

CATHERINE. Are we allowed to drink our own healths? (DICKIE *takes a glass.*)

ARTHUR. I think it's permissible.

GRACE. No. It's bad luck. (VIOLET *offers glass to* DESMOND.)

JOHN. We defy augury. Don't we, Kate?

GRACE. You mustn't say that, John, dear. I know. You can drink each other's healths. That's all right. (VIOLET *goes to* ARTHUR.)

ARTHUR. Are my wife's superstitious terrors finally allayed? Good. (*He takes a drink.* VIOLET *moves above* ARTHUR'S *chair. Puts bottle on tray and tray on table, toasting.*) Catherine and John. (*All drink*—CATHERINE *and* JOHN *to each other.* VIOLET *lingers, smiling. Seeing* VIOLET.) Ah, Violet! We mustn't leave you out. You must join this toast.

VIOLET. Well—thank you, sir. (ARTHUR *pours her out a glass.*) Not too much, sir, please. Just a sip.

ARTHUR. Quite so. (*He holds out glass.*) Your reluctance would be more convincing if I hadn't noticed you'd brought an extra glass——

VIOLET. (*Taking glass from* ARTHUR.) Oh, I didn't bring it for myself, sir. I brought it for Master Ronnie—— (*She extends her glass.*) Miss Kate and Mr. John. (*She take a sip.*)

ARTHUR. You brought an extra glass for Master Ronnie, Violet?

VIOLET. (*Mistaking his bewilderment.*) Well—I thought you might allow him just a sip, sir. Just to drink the toast. He's that grown-up these days. (DESMOND *is staring gloomily into his glass. Others are frozen with apprehension.*)

ARTHUR. Master Ronnie isn't due back from Osborne until Tuesday, Violet.

VIOLET. Oh, no, sir. He's back already. Came back unexpectedly this morning, all by himself.

ARTHUR. No, Violet. That isn't true. Someone has been playing a joke.

VIOLET. Well, I saw him in here with my own two eyes, sir, as large as life just before you come in from church—and then I heard Mrs. Winslow talking to him in his room——

ARTHUR. Grace—what does this mean?

CATHERINE. (*Rising and crossing to* C., *between* GRACE *and* DESMOND; *instinctively taking charge.*) All right, Violet. You can go——

VIOLET. Yes, Miss. (VIOLET *goes out up* C.)

ARTHUR. (*To* CATHERINE.) Did *you* know Ronnie was back?

CATHERINE. Yes——

ARTHUR. And you, Dickie?

DICKIE. Yes, Father.

ARTHUR. Grace?

GRACE. (*Helplessly.*) We thought it best you shouldn't know—for the time being. Only for the time being, Arthur.

ARTHUR. (*Slowly.*) Is the boy ill? (*No one answers.* ARTHUR *looks from one face to another in bewilderment.*) Answer me, someone! Is the boy very ill? Why must I be kept in the dark like this? Surely I have the right to know. If he's ill I must be with him——

CATHERINE. (*Steadily.*) No, Father. He's not ill. (*She takes a step closer to* GRACE. ARTHUR *suddenly realizes the truth from the tone of her voice.*)

ARTHUR. Will someone tell me what has happened, please? (GRACE *looks at* CATHERINE *with helpless inquiry.* CATHERINE *nods.* GRACE *takes letter from her dress.*)

GRACE. (*Timidly.*) He brought this letter for you—Arthur.

ARTHUR. Read it to me, please——

GRACE. Arthur—not in front of——

ARTHUR. Read it to me, please. (GRACE *again looks at* CATHERINE *for advice, and again receives a nod.* ARTHUR *is sitting with head bowed.* GRACE *begins to read.*)

GRACE. "Confidential. I am commanded by My Lord's Commissioners of the Admiralty to inform you that they have received a communication from the Commanding Officer of the Royal Naval College at Osborne, reporting the theft of a five-shilling postal order at the College on the 7th instant, which was afterwards cashed at the post office. Investigation of the circumstances of the case leaves no other conclusion possible than that the postal order was taken by your son, Cadet Ronald Arthur Winslow. My Lords deeply regret that they must therefore request you to withdraw your son from the College." It's signed by someone—I can't quite read his name—— (*She turns away quickly to hide her tears.* CATHERINE *puts a comforting hand on her shoulder.* ARTHUR *has not changed his attitude. A pause. The gong sounds in hall outside.*)

ARTHUR. (*At length.*) Desmond—be so good as to call Violet. (DESMOND *goes up* C., *opens door and steps into hall. Gong stops. He returns at once and holds door.* VIOLET *enters.*) Violet, ask Master Ronnie to come down and see me.

GRACE. (*Rising.*) Arthur—he's in bed.

ARTHUR. You told me he wasn't ill.

GRACE. He's not at all well.

ARTHUR. Do as I say, Violet.

VIOLET. Very good, sir. (VIOLET *goes out up* C., *closing door.*)

ARTHUR. Perhaps the rest of you would go in to luncheon? Grace, would you take them in?

GRACE. (*Hovering.*) Arthur—don't you think——

ARTHUR. (*Ignoring her.*) Dickie, will you decant that bottle of claret I brought up from the cellar?

DICKIE. Yes, Father. (*Puts his empty glass on table* R. C.)

ARTHUR. I put it on the sideboard in the dining-room.

DICKIE. (*Crossing below* JOHN *and up* C. *to door up* L.) Yes, Father. (DICKIE *goes out up* L.)

ARTHUR. Will you go in, Desmond? And John? (DESMOND *and* JOHN *move to door up* L. *and go out.* CATHERINE *follows them to door and waits.* GRACE *is still hovering.*)

GRACE. Arthur?

ARTHUR. Yes, Grace?

GRACE. Please don't—please don't—— (*She stops, uncertainly.*)

ARTHUR. What musn't I do?

GRACE. Please don't forget he's only a child—— (ARTHUR *does not answer her.*)

CATHERINE. Come on, Mother. (GRACE *goes up to* CATHERINE *at door. She looks back at* ARTHUR. *He has still not altered his position and is ignoring her. She goes into dining-room up* L., *followed by* CATHERINE. ARTHUR *does not move after they are gone. After an appreciative pause there comes a timid knock on door up* C.)

ARTHUR. Come in. (RONNIE *appears in doorway. He is in a dressing-gown. He stands on threshold.*) Come in and shut the door. (RONNIE *closes door behind him.*) Come over here. (RONNIE *walks slowly to his father, who gazes at him steadily for some time, without speaking. At length.*) Why aren't you in your uniform?

RONNIE. (*Murmuring.*) It got wet.

ARTHUR. How did it get wet?

RONNIE. I was out in the garden in the rain.

ARTHUR. Why?

RONNIE. (*Reluctantly.*) I was hiding.

ARTHUR. From me? (RONNIE *nods.*) Do you remember once, you promised me that if ever you were in trouble of any sort you would come to me first?

RONNIE. Yes, Father.

ARTHUR. Why didn't you come to me now? Why did you have to go and hide in the garden?

RONNIE. I don't know, Father.

ARTHUR. Are you so frightened of me? (RONNIE *does not reply.* ARTHUR *gazes at him a moment, then holds up letter.*) In this letter it says you stole a postal order. (RONNIE *opens his mouth to speak.* ARTHUR *stops him.*) Now I don't want you to say a word until you've heard what *I've* got to say. If you did it, you must tell me. I shan't be angry with you, Ronnie—provided you tell me the truth. But if you tell me a lie, I shall know it, because a lie between you and me can't be hidden. I shall know it, Ronnie—so remember that before you speak. (*He pauses.*) Did you steal this postal order?

RONNIE. (*With hesitation.*) No, Father. I didn't. (ARTHUR *takes step towards him.*)

ARTHUR. (*Staring into his eyes.*) Did you steal this postal order?

RONNIE. No, Father. I didn't. (ARTHUR *continues to stare into his eyes for a second, then relaxes.*)

ARTHUR. Go on back to bed. (RONNIE *goes gratefully to door up* C.) And in future I trust that a son of mine will at least show enough sense to come in out of the rain.

RONNIE. Yes, Father. (RONNIE *goes out.* ARTHUR *crosses down* R. *to desk. He picks up phone on desk.*)

ARTHUR. (*Into phone.*) Hullo. Are you there? (*Speaks very distinctly.*) I want to put a trunk call through, please. A trunk call. . . . Yes. . . . The Royal Naval College, Osborne. . . . That's right. . . . Replace receiver? Certainly. (*He replaces receiver and then, after a moment's meditation, turns and crosses briskly up* L. *and goes out into dining-room up* L.)

QUICK CURTAIN

ACT I, SCENE 2

Same, nine month later. About six o'clock, a spring evening. DICKIE *is winding up his gramophone which, somehow or other, appears to have found its way back into the drawing-room and is now on piano. A pile of books and an opened notebook on desk provide evidence of interrupted labors.* DICKIE *has a book in one hand. He starts gramophone and it emits a scratchy and muffled rendering of "Alexander's Ragtime Band."* DICKIE *listens for a few seconds with evident appreciation, then essays a little* pas seul, *at same time reading book.* CATHERINE *comes in up* C. *She is in evening dress, and carries a cloak, gloves, bag and scarf.* DICKIE *goes to gramophone and stops it. He puts book on piano.*

DICKIE. Hullo? Do you think the old man can hear this upstairs?

CATHERINE. I shouldn't think so. I couldn't. (*She puts her things on chair* L. *of door.*)

DICKIE. Soft needle and an old sweater down the horn. Is the doctor still with him? (*He changes record.* CATHERINE *nods.*) What's the verdict, do you know?

CATHERINE. I heard him say Father needed a complete rest—— (*She moves down to fireplace.*)

DICKIE. Don't we all?

CATHERINE. (*Indicating books on desk.*) It doesn't look as if *you* did. (*She looks at her hair in mirror.*) He said he ought to go to the country and forget all his worries.

DICKIE. Fat chance there is of that, I'd say.

CATHERINE. I know. (*She picks up her bag.*)

DICKIE. I say, you look a treat. New dress?

CATHERINE. (*Turning to him.*) Is it likely? No, it's an old one I've had done up.

DICKIE. Where are you going to?

CATHERINE. Daly's. Dinner first—at the Cri'. (*She takes a step down* C.)

DICKIE. Nice. You wouldn't care to take me along with you, I suppose?

CATHERINE. You suppose quite correctly.

DICKIE. John wouldn't mind.

CATHERINE. I dare say not. I would.

DICKIE. I wish I had someone to take me out. In your new feminine world do you suppose women will be allowed to do some of the paying?

CATHERINE. Certainly.

DICKIE. Really? Then the next time you're looking for someone to chain themselves to Mr. Asquith, you can jolly well call on me.

CATHERINE. (*Laughing.*) Edwina might take you out if you gave her the hint. She's very rich——

DICKIE. If I gave Edwina a hint of that sort I wouldn't see her this side of Doomsday.

CATHERINE. You sound a little bitter, Dickie, dear.

DICKIE. Oh, no. Not bitter, Just realistic. (VIOLET *comes in up* C. *with evening paper on salver.*) Good egg! "The Star"! . . . (*He moves to* C. *and makes a grab for it.* CATHERINE *makes a grab for it, and gets it before* DICKIE. *She comes down to back of table* R. C. *with it.* DICKIE *follows and cranes his neck over her shoulder.*)

VIOLET. You won't throw it away, will you, Miss? If there's anything in it again, cook and I would like to read it, after you. (CATHERINE *is hastily turning over pages.*)

CATHERINE. (*Placing her bag on table.*) No. That's all right, Violet. (VIOLET *goes out.*) Here it is. (DICKIE *sits on chair* R. *of table.*) "The Osborne Cadet." There are two more letters. "Sir—I am entirely in agreement with your correspondent, Democrat, concerning the scandalously highhanded treatment by the Admiralty of the case of the Osborne Cadet. The efforts of Mr. Arthur Winslow to secure a fair trial for his son have evidently been thwarted at every turn by a soulless oligarchy——"

DICKIE. Soulless oligarchy! That's rather good.

CATHERINE. "It is high time private and peaceful citizens of this country awoke to the increasing encroachment of their ancient freedom by the new despotism of Whitehall. The Englishman's home was once said to be his castle. It seems it is rapidly becoming his prison. Your obedient servant, Libertatis Amator."

DICKIE. Good for old Amator!

CATHERINE. The other's from "Perplexed." "Dear Sir—I cannot understand what all the fuss is about in the case of the Osborne Cadet. Surely,

we have more important matters to get ourselves worked up about than a fourteen-year-old boy and a five-shilling postal order." Silly old fool!

DICKIE. How do you know he's old? (*He rises.*)

CATHERINE. Isn't it obvious? "With the present troubles in the Balkans and a certain major European Power rapidly outbuilding our Navy, the Admiralty might be forgiven if it stated that it had rather more urgent affairs to deal with than Master Ronnie Winslow's little troubles. A further inquiry before the judge advocate of the Fleet has now fully confirmed the original findings that the boy was guilty. I sincerely trust that this will finally end this ridiculous and sordid little storm in a teacup. I am, Sir, etc., Perplexed." (*A pause.*)

DICKIE. (*Reading over her shoulder.*) "This correspondence must now cease.—Editor." Damn!

CATHERINE. Oh dear! (*She sits in chair* L. *of table.*) How hopeless it seems sometimes.

DICKIE. Yes, it does, doesn't it? (*He pauses. Thoughtfully:*) You know, Kate—don't give me away to the Old Man, will you?—but the awful thing is, if it hadn't been my own brother I think I might quite likely have seen Perlexed's point.

CATHERINE. Might you?

DICKIE. Well, I mean—looking at it from every angle and all that—it does seem rather a much ado about damn all. I mean to say—a mere matter of pinching. (*Bitterly.*) And it's all so beastly expensive. . . . Let's cheer ourselves up with some music. (*He turns up to gramophone and sets it going.*)

CATHERINE. (*Listening to record.*) Is that what it's called?

DICKIE. Come and practise a few steps. (CATHERINE *rises and joins* DICKIE *above table. They dance, in the manner of the period, with arms fully outstretched and working up and down, pump-handle style. Surprised.*) I say! Jolly good!

CATHERINE. Thank you, Dickie.

DICKIE. Who taught you? John, I suppose.

CATHERINE. No. I taught John, as it happens——

DICKIE. Feminism—even in love? (CATHERINE *nods, smiling. They continue to dance. After a pause.*) When's the happy date now?

CATHERINE. Postponed again.

DICKIE. On, no! Why?

CATHERINE. His father's gone abroad for six months.

DICKIE. Why pay any attention to that old—(*He substitutes word.*) gentleman?

CATHERINE. I wouldn't—but John does—so I have to. (*Something in her tone makes* DICKIE *stop dancing and gaze at her seriously.*)

DICKIE. I say—nothing wrong, is there? (CATHERINE *shakes head, smil-*

ing, but not too emphatically.) I mean—you're not going to be left on the altar rails or anything, are you?

CATHERINE. Oh, no. I'll get him past the altar rails, if I have to drag him there.

DICKIE. Do you think you might have to?

CATHERINE. Quite frankly, yes.

DICKIE. Competition?

CATHERINE. Not yet. Only—differences of opinion. (*They resume dancing.*)

DICKIE. I see. Well, take some advice from an old hand, will you?

CATHERINE. Yes, Dickie.

DICKIE. Suppress your opinions. Men don't like 'em in their lady friends, even if they agree with 'em. And if they don't—it's fatal. Pretend to be half-witted, like Edwina, then he'll adore you.

CATHERINE. I know. I do, sometimes, and then I forget. Still, you needn't worry. If there's ever a clash between what I believe and what I feel, there's not much doubt about which will win.

DICKIE. That's the girl! Of course, I don't know why you didn't fall in love with Ramsay Macdonald. . . . (ARTHUR *comes in up* C. *He is walking with more difficulty than when we last saw him.* DICKIE *and* CATHERINE *hastily stop dancing. They have finished down* R. DICKIE *moves quickly up* R. *and turns off gramophone.*)

CATHERINE. (*Moving up* C. *to* ARTHUR; *quickly.*) It was entirely my fault, Father. I enticed Dickie from his work to show me a few dance steps.

ARTHUR. Oh? I must admit I am surprised you succeeded. (*He moves to fireplace.*)

DICKIE. (*Getting off subject.*) What did the doctor say, Father?

ARTHUR. He said, if I remember his exact words, that we weren't quite as well as when we last saw each other. (*He turns at fireplace.*) That information seems expensive at a guinea. (*He sees paper.*) Oh, is that "The Star"? Let me see it, please. (CATHERINE *moves quickly to table and crosses to* ARTHUR *with paper.* ARTHUR *sits in his chair.*) John will be calling for you here, I take it? (DICKIE *takes his book from piano, moves down* R. *and sits at desk.*)

CATHERINE. Yes, Father.

ARTHUR. It might be better, perhaps, if you didn't ask him in. This room will shortly be a clutter of journalists, solicitors, barristers, and other impedimenta.

CATHERINE. (*Examining her hair in mirror over fireplace.*) Is Sir Robert Morton coming to see you here?

ARTHUR. (*Reading papers.*) I could hardly go and see him, could I? (*A short pause.* DICKIE, *in deference to his father's presence, continues*

to work. ARTHUR *reads "The Star."* CATHERINE *glances at herself in mirror, then wanders to door up* C.)

CATHERINE. I must go and do something about my hair.

DICKIE. What's the matter with your hair?

CATHERINE. Nothing, except I don't like it very much. (CATHERINE *goes out up* C. DICKIE *opens two more books with a busy air.* ARTHUR *finishes reading paper and stares moodily into space.*)

ARTHUR. (*At length.*) I wonder if I could sue "Perplexed"?

DICKIE. It might be a way of getting the case into court.

ARTHUR. On the other hand, he has not been libellous. Merely base. (*He throws paper away from him, and regards* DICKIE *thoughtfully.* DICKIE, *feeling his father's eye on him, is elaborately industrious. At length, politely.*) Do you mind if I disturb you for a moment?

DICKIE. (*Pushing books away.*) No, Father.

ARTHUR. I want to ask you a question, but before I do, I must impress on you the urgent necessity for an absolutely truthful answer.

DICKIE. Naturally.

ARTHUR. Naturally means by nature, and I'm afraid I have not yet noticed that it has invariably been your nature to answer my questions truthfully.

DICKIE. (*Rising.*) Oh. (*He crosses to* ARTHUR.) Well, I will this one, Father. I promise.

ARTHUR. Very well. (*He stares at him for a moment.*) What do you suppose one of your bookmaker friends would lay in the way of odds against your getting a degree? (*A pause.*)

DICKIE. Oh. Well, let's think. Say—about evens.

ARTHUR. Hm. I rather doubt if at that price your friend would find many takers.

DICKIE. Well—perhaps seven to four against.

ARTHUR. I see. And what about the odds against your eventually becoming a civil servant?

DICKIE. Well—a bit steeper, I suppose.

ARTHUR. Exactly. Quite a bit steeper. (*A pause.*)

DICKIE. You don't want to have a bet, do you?

ARTHUR. No, Dickie. I'm not a gambler. And that's exactly the trouble. Unhappily, I'm no longer in a position to gamble two hundred pounds a year on what you yourself admit is an outside chance.

DICKIE. Not an outside chance, Father. A good chance.

ARTHUR. Not good enough, Dickie, I'm afraid—with things as they are at the moment. Definitely not good enough. I fear my mind is finally made up. (*A long pause.*)

DICKIE. You want me to leave Oxford—is that it?

ARTHUR. I'm afraid so, Dickie.

DICKIE. Oh. (*He turns away, unable to face* ARTHUR.) Straight away?

ARTHUR. No. You can finish your second year.

DICKIE. And what then?

ARTHUR. I can get you a job in the bank.

DICKIE. (*Quietly.*) Oh, Lord!

ARTHUR. (*After pause; rather apologetically.*) It'll be quite a good job, you know. Luckily, my influence in the bank still counts for something.

DICKIE. (*Turning to* ARTHUR.) Father—if I promised you—I mean, *really* promised you—that from now on I'll work like a black—— (ARTHUR *shakes head slowly.*) It's the case, I suppose?

ARTHUR. It's costing me a lot of money.

DICKIE. I know. It must be. Still, couldn't you—I mean, isn't there any way——- (ARTHUR *again shakes head. As he turns away again.*) Oh, Lord!

ARTHUR. I'm afraid this is rather a shock for you. I'm sorry.

DICKIE. What? No. No, it isn't, really. I've been rather expecting it as a matter of fact—especially since I hear you are hoping to brief Sir Robert Morton. Still, I can't say but what it isn't a bit of a slap in the face—— (*Front doorbell rings.*)

ARTHUR. There is a journalist coming to see me. Do you mind if we talk about this some other time?

DICKIE. (*Crossing slowly to desk.*) No. Of course not, Father. (*He begins forlornly to gather his books.*)

ARTHUR. (*With a half-smile.*) I should leave those there, if I were you.

DICKIE. Yes, I will. Good idea. (*He goes to door up* C.)

ARTHUR. (*Politely.*) Tell me—how is your friend Miss Edwina Gunn these days?

DICKIE. (*Turning and coming down to* C.) Very well, thanks awfully.

ARTHUR. You don't suppose she'd mind if you took her to the theatre —or gave her a little present, perhaps?

DICKIE. Oh, I'm sure she wouldn't.

ARTHUR. (*Taking coin purse from waistcoat pocket.*) I'm afraid I can only make it a couple of sovereigns. (*He extracts two coins.*)

DICKIE. (*Crossing to* ARTHUR *and taking them.*) Thanks awfully, Father.

ARTHUR. With what's left over, you can always buy something for yourself.

DICKIE. Oh. Well, as a matter of fact, I don't suppose there will be an awful lot left over. Still, it's jolly decent of you. I say, Father—I think I could do with a little spot of something. Would you mind?

ARTHUR. Of course not. You'll find the decanter in the dining-room.

DICKIE. Thanks awfully. (*He moves up toward door up* L.)

ARTHUR. I must thank you, Dickie, for bearing what must have been a very unpleasant blow with some fortitude.

DICKIE. (*Uncomfortably.*) Oh, rot, Father! (DICKIE *goes out up* L. ARTHUR *sighs deeply.* VIOLET *comes in up* C.)

VIOLET. (*Announcing proudly.*) The "Daily News"! (MISS BARNES *comes in, a rather untidily-dressed woman of about forty, with a gushing manner.* ARTHUR *rises.*)

MISS BARNES. Mr. Winslow? So good of you to see me. (*Comes down to* ARTHUR.)

ARTHUR. How do you do?

MISS BARNES. (*Simpering.*) You're surprised to see a lady reporter? I know. Everyone is. And yet why not? What could be more natural?

ARTHUR. What, indeed? Pray sit down—— (MISS BARNES *sits in* GRACE'S *chair.*)

MISS BARNES. My paper usually sends me out on stories which have a special appeal to women—stories with a little heart, you know, like this one—a father's fight for his little son's honor. . . . (ARTHUR *winces visibly.*)

ARTHUR. I venture to think this case has rather wider implications than that. . . .

MISS BARNES. Oh, yes. The political angle. I know. Very interesting, but not *quite* my line of country. Now what I'd really like to do is to get a nice picture of you and your little boy together. I've brought my assistant and camera. They're in the hall. Where is your little boy?

ARTHUR. My son is arriving from school in a few minutes. His mother has gone to the station to meet him.

MISS BARNES. (*Making note.*) From school? How interesting. So you got a school to take him? I mean, they didn't mind the unpleasantness?

ARTHUR. No.

MISS BARNES. And why is he coming back this time?

ARTHUR. He hasn't been expelled again, if that is what you're implying. He is coming to London to be examined by Sir Robert Morton, whom we are hoping to brief——

MISS BARNES. Sir Robert Morton! (*She whistles appreciatively.*) Well!

ARTHUR. Exactly.

MISS BARNES. (*Doubtingly.*) But do you *really* think he'll take a little case like this?

ARTHUR. (*Explosively.*) It is not a little case, madam——

MISS BARNES. No, no. Of course not. But still—Sir Robert Morton!

ARTHUR. I understand that he is the best advocate in the country. He is certainly the most expensive——

MISS BARNES. Oh, yes. I suppose if one is prepared to pay his fee one can get him for almost *any* case.

ARTHUR. Once more, madam—this is *not* almost any case——

MISS BARNES. No, no. Of course not. Well now, perhaps you wouldn't mind giving me a few details. When did it all start?

ARTHUR. Nine months ago. The first thing I knew of the charge was when my son arrived home with a letter from the Admiralty informing me of his expulsion. I telephoned Osborne to protest, and was referred by them to the Lords of the Admiralty. My solicitors then took the matter up and demanded from the Admiralty the fullest possible inquiry. For weeks we were ignored, then met with a blank refusal, and only finally got reluctant permission to view the evidence.

MISS BARNES. (*Indifferently.*) Really?

ARTHUR. My solicitors decided that the evidence was highly unsatisfactory, and fully justified the re-opening of proceedings. We applied to the Admiralty for a Court Martial. They ignored us. We applied for a civil trial. They ignored us again.

MISS BARNES. They ignored you?

ARTHUR. Yes. But after tremendous pressure had been brought to bear —letters to the papers, questions in the House, and other means open to private citizens of this country—the Admiralty eventually agreed to what they called an independent inquiry.

MISS BARNES. (*Vaguely.*) Oh, good!

ARTHUR. It was not good, madam. At that independent inquiry, conducted by the Judge Advocate of the Fleet—against whom I am saying nothing, mind you—my son—a child of fourteen, was not represented by counsel, solicitors or friends. What do you think of that?

MISS BARNES. Fancy!

ARTHUR. You may well say "fancy."

MISS BARNES. And what happened at the inquiry?

ARTHUR. Inevitably he was found guilty again, and thus branded for the second time before the world as a thief and a forger——

MISS BARNES. (*Her attention wandering.*) What a shame!

ARTHUR. I need hardly tell you, madam, that I am not prepared to let the matter rest there. I shall continue to fight this monstrous injustice with every weapon and every means at my disposal. Now it happens I have a plan. . . . (*He sits in his chair.*)

MISS BARNES. (*Starting at French window.*) Oh, what charming curtains! (*She rises.*) What are they made of? (*She crosses to window, examines heavy curtains.* ARTHUR *sits for a moment in paralyzed silence.*)

ARTHUR. (*At length.*) Madam—I fear I have no idea. (*Sound of voices in hall.*)

MISS BARNES. (*Leaving curtains; brightly.*) Ah! Do I hear the poor little chap himself? (RONNIE *comes in up* C., *boisterously, followed by* GRACE. *He is evidently in the highest of spirits.*)

RONNIE. Hullo, Father! (*He runs to* ARTHUR.)

ARTHUR. Hullo, Ronnie. (GRACE *crosses up* R. *toward window and greets* MISS BARNES.)

RONNIE. (*Excitedly.*) I say, Father—Mr. Moore says I'm to tell you I needn't come back till Monday, if you like—so that gives me three whole days. (*He sits against* L. *arm of chair.*)

ARTHUR. Mind my leg!

RONNIE. Sorry, Father.

ARTHUR. (*Kissing* RONNIE *on forehead.*) How are you, my boy? (*He puts* L. *arm round* RONNIE.)

RONNIE. Oh, I'm absolutely tophole, Father. Mother says I've grown an inch.

MISS BARNES. (*Crossing downstage to* C.) Ah! Now that's exactly the way I'd like to take my picture. Would you hold it, Mr. Winslow? (*She goes to door up* C. *and calls.*) Fred! Come in now, will you?

RONNIE. (*In a sibilant whisper.*) Who's she? (FRED *enters up* C. *He is a listless photographer, complete with apparatus.*)

FRED. (*Gloomily.*) 'Afternoon, all.

MISS BARNES. (*Coming down* C.) That's the pose I suggest. (FRED *comes down to* MISS BARNES, *looks briefly at* ARTHUR *and* RONNIE.)

FRED. Yes. It'll do. (*He begins to set up apparatus down* C. *Moves* GRACE'S *chair and chair* L. *of table.* ARTHUR *continues to hold* RONNIE *close against him in pose suggested. He turns his head to* GRACE.)

ARTHUR. Grace, dear, this lady is from the "Daily News." She is extremely interested in your curtains.

GRACE. (*Delighted.*) Oh, really? How nice! (*She moves to window.*)

MISS BARNES. Yes, indeed. (*She moves to window.*) I was wondering what they were made of.

GRACE. } (*Together*) { Well, it's an entirely new material, you know. I'm afraid I don't know what it's called, but I got them at Barker's last year. Apparently it's a sort of mixture of wild silk and . . .

RONNIE. } { Father, are we going to be in the "Daily News"?

ARTHUR. It appears so.

MISS BARNES. } (*Together*) { (*Now genuinely busy with her pencil and pad.*) Just a second, Mrs. Winslow. I'm afraid my shorthand isn't very good. I must just get that down.

RONNIE. } { Oh, good! They get the "Daily News" in the school library, and everyone's bound to see it.

FRED. Quite still, please. (*Everybody looks at* FRED. FRED *takes photograph.*) All right, Miss Barnes. (*Gathers up his apparatus.*)

MISS BARNES. (*Engrossed with* GRACE.) Thank you, Fred. (*She crosses to* L. C. *to* ARTHUR.) Good-bye, Mr. Winslow, and the very best of good fortune in your inspiring fight. (FRED *goes out up* C. GRACE *crosses to* C., *turns to* RONNIE.) Good-bye, little chap. Remember—the darkest hour is just before the dawn. (*She turns up* C. *to* GRACE.) Well, it was very good of you to tell me all that, Mrs. Winslow. I'm sure our readers will be most interested. (*She moves up to door.*)

RONNIE. What's she talking about? (MISS BARNES *goes out up* C. GRACE *follows her out.*)

ARTHUR. The case, I imagine.

RONNIE. (*Crossing to piano.*) Oh, the case! Father, do you know the train had fourteen coaches? (*Plays with gramophone.*)

ARTHUR. Did it indeed?

RONNIE. Yes. All corridor.

ARTHUR. Remarkable.

RONNIE. Of course, it was one of the very biggest expresses—I walked all the way down it from one end to the other.

ARTHUR. I had your half-term report, Ronnie.

RONNIE. (*Suddenly silenced by perturbation.*) Oh, yes?

ARTHUR. On the whole it was pretty fair.

RONNIE. Oh, good.

ARTHUR. I'm glad you seem to be settling down so well—very glad indeed. (GRACE *comes in up* C.)

GRACE. What a charming woman, Arthur! (RONNIE *moves down* R.)

ARTHUR. Charming. I trust you gave her full details about our curtains?

GRACE. (*Coming down to table* R. C.) Oh, yes. I told her everything. (*She replaces chair* L. *of table.*)

ARTHUR. (*Wearily.*) I'm so glad.

GRACE. I do think women reporters are a good idea. (*Moves to her chair and straightens it.*)

RONNIE. (*Crossing to* ARTHUR; *excitedly.*) I say, Father—will it be all right for me to stay till Monday? I mean, I won't be missing any work—only Divinity—— (*He jogs his father's leg again.*)

ARTHUR. Mind my leg!

RONNIE. Oh, sorry, Father! Is it bad?

ARTHUR. Yes, it is. (*To* GRACE.) Grace, take him upstairs and get him washed. Sir Robert will be here in a few minutes.

GRACE. (*To Ronnie.*) Come on, darling. (*She goes to door and opens it.*)

RONNIE. All right. (*As he goes to door up* C.) I say, do you know how long the train took? A hundred and twenty-three miles in two hours and

fifty-two minutes. Violet! Violet! I'm back. (RONNIE *goes out up* C. *chattering shrilly.* GRACE *closes door after him and comes down to* ARTHUR.)

GRACE. Did the doctor say anything, dear?

ARTHUR. A great deal—but very little to the purpose.

GRACE. Violet says he left an ointment for your back. Four massages a day. Is that right?

ARTHUR. Something of the kind.

GRACE. I think you'd better have one now, hadn't you, Arthur?

ARTHUR. No.

GRACE. But, dear, you've got plenty of time before Sir Robert comes, and if you don't have one now you won't be able to have another before you go to bed.

ARTHUR. Precisely.

GRACE. But really, Arthur, it does seem awfully silly to spend all this money on doctors if you're not even going to do what they say——

ARTHUR. (*Impatiently.*) All right, Grace. All right. All right. (*He rises.*)

GRACE. Thank you, dear. (*Turns upstage.* CATHERINE *comes in up* C.)

CATHERINE. Ronnie's back, judging by the noise——

GRACE. (*Examining* CATHERINE.) I must say that old frock has come out very well. John'll never know it isn't brand new. . . .

CATHERINE. (*Up* C.) He's late, curse him.

ARTHUR. Grace, go on up and attend to Ronnie and prepare the witches' brew for me. I'll come up when you're ready.

GRACE. Very well, dear. (*To* CATHERINE.) Yes, that does look good. I must say Mme. Dupont's a treasure. (GRACE *goes out up* C. CATHERINE *comes down to table* R. C. *She picks up her bag.*)

ARTHUR. (*Wearily.*) Oh, Kate, Kate! Are we both mad, you and I? (*He moves to* C.)

CATHERINE. (*Searching in her bag.*) What's the matter, Father? (*Closes her bag and puts it down on table.*)

ARTHUR. I don't know. I suddenly feel suicidally inclined. (*Bitterly.*) A father's fight for his little boy's honor. Special appeal to all women. Photo inset of Mrs. Winslow's curtains. Is there any hope for the world?

CATHERINE. (*Going to him; smiling.*) I think so, Father.

ARTHUR. Shall we drop the whole thing, Kate?

CATHERINE. (*Taking a step back.*) I don't consider that a serious question, Father.

ARTHUR. (*Slowly.*) You realize that if we go on, your marriage settlement must go?

CATHERINE. (*Lightly.*) Oh, yes. I gave that up for lost weeks ago. (*She turns back to table, takes cigarette and lights it.*)

ARTHUR. Things are all right between you and John, aren't they?

CATHERINE. Oh, yes, Father, of course. Everything's perfect.

ARTHUR. I mean—it won't make any difference between you, will it?

CATHERINE. Good heavens, no!

ARTHUR. Very well, then. Let us pin our faith to Sir Robert Morton. (CATHERINE *is silent.* ARTHUR *looks at her as if he had expected an answer, then nods.*) I see I'm speaking only for myself in saying that.

CATHERINE. (*Lightly.*) You know what I think of Sir Robert Morton, Father. Don't let's go into it again now. It's too late, anyway.

ARTHUR. It's not too late. He hasn't accepted the brief yet.

CATHERINE. (*Shortly.*) Then I'm rather afraid I hope he never does. And that has nothing to do with my marriage settlement, either. (*A pause.* ARTHUR *looks angry for a second, then subsides.*)

ARTHUR. (*Mildly.*) I made inquiries about that fellow you suggested—I am told he is not nearly as good an advocate as Morton.

CATHERINE. (*Looking out of window.*) He's not nearly so fashionable.

ARTHUR. (*Doubtfully.*) I want the best——

CATHERINE. The best in this case certainly isn't Morton.

ARTHUR. Then why does everyone say he is?

CATHERINE. (*Moving to* ARTHUR; *roused.*) Because if one happens to be a large monopoly attacking a trade union or a Tory paper libelling a Labor leader, he *is* the best. But it utterly defeats me how you or anyone else could expect a man of his record to have even a tenth of his heart in a case where the boot is entirely on the other foot.

ARTHUR. Well, I imagine if his heart isn't in it, he won't accept the brief.

CATHERINE. He might still. It depends what there is in it for him. Luckily there isn't much——

ARTHUR. (*Bitterly.*) There is a fairly substantial check.

CATHERINE. He doesn't want money. He must be a very rich man.

ARTHUR. What does he want, then?

CATHERINE. Anything that advances his interests. (*She turns away and moves below table* R. C. ARTHUR *shrugs shoulders.*)

ARTHUR. (*After pause.*) I believe you are prejudiced because he spoke against women's suffrage.

CATHERINE. I am. I'm prejudiced because he is always speaking against what is right and just. Did you read his speech in the House on the Trades disputes Bill?

GRACE. (*Off, calling.*) Arthur! Arthur! (*A pause.*)

ARTHUR. (*Smiling.*) Oh, well—in the words of the Prime Minister, let us wait and see! (*Turns and goes up* C. *At door he turns back to* CATHERINE.) You're my only ally, Kate. Without you I believe I should have given up long ago.

CATHERINE. Rubbish.

ARTHUR. It's true. Still, you must sometimes allow me to make my own decisions. I have an instinct about Morton. (CATHERINE *does not reply.*

Doubtfully.) We'll see which is right—my instinct or your reason, eh? (ARTHUR *goes out up* C.)

CATHERINE. (*Half to herself.*) I'm afraid we will. (*She realizes it is getting dark and moves swiftly to the door up* C. *She switches on lights; then crosses up to window.* DICKIE *enters from up* L. *door.*)

DICKIE. (*Bitterly.*) Hullo, Kate! (*He closes door.*)

CATHERINE. (*Closing curtains.*) Hullo, Dickie. (*She turns to him.* DICKIE *crosses mournfully to door up* C. *She crosses to* DICKIE *up* C.) What's the matter? Edwina jilted you or something?

DICKIE. Haven't you heard? (CATHERINE *shakes her head.*) I'm being scratched from the Oxford Stakes at the end of the year.

CATHERINE. Oh, Dickie! I'm awfully sorry.

DICKIE. Did you know it was in the wind?

CATHERINE. I knew there was a risk—— (*She breaks away to up* R. C.)

DICKIE. You might have warned a fellow. I fell plumb into the old man's trap. My gosh, I could just about murder that little brother of mine. (*Bitterly.*) What's he have to go about pinching postal orders for? And why the hell does he have to get himself nabbed doing it? Silly little blighter! (DICKIE *goes out gloomily up* C. *He leaves door open. Front doorbell rings.* CATHERINE *imagines it is* JOHN *and quickly picks up her bag and goes to door up* C.)

CATHERINE. (*Going into hall; calling.*) All right, Violet. It's only Mr. Watherstone. I'll answer it. (CATHERINE *turns back into room. She picks up cloak, gloves and scarf from chair* L. *of door, then goes out up* C. *She closes door. Sound of voices in hall.* CATHERINE *enters up* C. *As she enters.*) I'm so sorry. I was expecting a friend. (DESMOND *and* SIR ROBERT MORTON *follow her in.* DESMOND *carries brief-case.* SIR ROBERT *is a man in the early forties; tall, thin, cadaverous and immensely elegant. He wears long overcoat and carries his hat. He looks rather a fop and his supercilious expression bears out this view.* CATHERINE *comes down* C. *Drops cloak, scarf and gloves over* GRACE'S *chair and continues to fireplace.* SIR ROBERT *passes* DESMOND *and comes to chair* L. *of the table* R. C.) Won't you sit down, Sir Robert? My father won't be long. (SIR ROBERT *bows slightly, and sits down on chair* L. *of table, still in his overcoat.*) Won't you sit here. (*She indicates* ARTHUR'S *chair.*) It's far more comfortable.

SIR ROBERT. No, thank you.

DESMOND. (*At* SIR ROBERT'S L. *elbow, fussing.*) Sir Robert has a most important dinner engagement, so we came a little early.

CATHERINE. I see.

DESMOND. I'm afraid he can only spare us a very few minutes of his most valuable time this evening. Of course, it's a long way for him to come —so far from his chambers—and very good of him to do it, too, if I may say so. . . . (*He bows to* SIR ROBERT, *who bows slightly back.*)

CATHERINE. I know. I can assure you we're very conscious of it. (SIR ROBERT *gives her a quick look, and a faint smile.*)

DESMOND. Perhaps I had better advise your father of our presence——

CATHERINE. Yes, do, Desmond. You'll find him in his bedroom—having his leg rubbed.

DESMOND. Oh, I see. (DESMOND *goes out up* C. *A pause.*)

CATHERINE. Is there anything I can get you, Sir Robert? A whisky and soda, or a brandy?

SIR ROBERT. No, thank you.

CATHERINE. Will you smoke?

SIR ROBERT. No, thank you.

CATHERINE. (*Holding up her cigarette.*) I hope you don't mind me smoking?

SIR ROBERT. Why should I?

CATHERINE. Some people find it shocking.

SIR ROBERT. (*Indifferently.*) A lady in her own home is surely entitled to behave as she wishes. (*A pause.*)

CATHERINE. Won't you take your coat off, Sir Robert?

SIR ROBERT. No, thank you.

CATHERINE. You find it cold in here? I'm sorry.

SIR ROBERT. It's perfectly all right. (*Conversation languishes again.* SIR ROBERT *looks at his watch.*)

CATHERINE. What time are you dining?

SIR ROBERT. Eight o'clock.

CATHERINE. Far from here?

SIR ROBERT. Devonshire House.

CATHERINE. Oh. Then of course, you mustn't on any account be late.

SIR ROBERT. No. (*Another pause.*)

CATHERINE. I suppose you know the history of this case, do you, Sir Robert?

SIR ROBERT. (*Examining his nails.*) I believe I have seen most of the relevant documents.

CATHERINE. Do you think we can bring the case into court by a collusive action?

SIR ROBERT. I really have no idea——

CATHERINE. Curry and Curry seem to think that might hold——

SIR ROBERT. Do they? They are a very reliable firm. (CATHERINE *is on the verge of losing her temper.*)

CATHERINE. (*After a pause.*) I'm rather surprised that a case of this sort should interest you, Sir Robert.

SIR ROBERT. Are you?

CATHERINE. It seems such a very trivial affair, compared to most of your great forensic triumphs. (SIR ROBERT *does not reply.*) I was in court during

your cross-examination of Len Rogers, in the Trades Union embezzlement case.

SIR ROBERT. Really?

CATHERINE. It was masterly.

SIR ROBERT. Thank you.

CATHERINE. I suppose you heard that he committed suicide—a few months ago?

SIR ROBERT. Yes. I had heard.

CATHERINE. Many people believed him innocent, you know.

SIR ROBERT. So I understand. (*After a faint pause.*) As it happens, however, he was guilty. (GRACE *comes in hastily up* C.)

GRACE. (*Coming down* C.) Sir Robert? My husband's so sorry to have kept you, but he's just coming. (SIR ROBERT *rises. He and* GRACE *shake hands.*)

SIR ROBERT. It's perfectly all right. How do you do?

CATHERINE. Sir Robert is dining at Devonshire House, Mother.

GRACE. Oh, really? Oh, then you have to be punctual, of course, I do see that. It's the politeness of princes, isn't it? (*She crosses downstage to lamp by desk and switches it on.*)

SIR ROBERT. So they say.

GRACE. In this case, the other way round, of course. Ah, I think I hear my husband on the stairs. I hope Catherine entertained you all right?

SIR ROBERT. (*With a faint bow to* CATHERINE.) Very well, thank you. (ARTHUR *comes in up* C. DESMOND *follows him in.*)

ARTHUR. (*Coming down* C.) Sir Robert? I am Arthur Winslow.

SIR ROBERT. How do you do?

ARTHUR. I understand you are rather pressed for time. (DESMOND comes above table R. C.)

GRACE. Yes. He's dining at Devonshire House. (*She moves round end of table to* DESMOND.)

ARTHUR. Are you, indeed? My son should be down in a minute. I expect you will wish to examine him. (GRACE *takes cigarette box and ashtray from table. She crosses upstage and puts them on mantelpiece.*)

SIR ROBERT. (*Indifferently.*) Just a few questions. I fear that is all I will have time for this evening.

ARTHUR. I am rather sorry to hear that. He has made the journey especially from school for this interview and I was hoping that by the end of it, I should know definitely yes or no if you would accept the brief. (GRACE *sits in armchair down* L.)

DESMOND. (*Pacifically.*) Well, perhaps, Sir Robert would consent to finish his examination some other time? (*He opens his briefcase on table and takes out documents.*)

SIR ROBERT. It might be arranged.

ARTHUR. Tomorrow?

SIR ROBERT. Tomorrow is impossible. I am in court all the morning, and in the House of Commons for the rest of the day. (*Carelessly.*) If a further examination should prove necessary it will have to be some time next week.

ARTHUR. I see. Will you forgive me if I sit down? (*Moves to his chair and sits.*) Curry has been telling me you think it might be possible to proceed by Petition of Right (SIR ROBERT *sits* L. *of table.*)

CATHERINE. What's a Petition of Right?

DESMOND. Well—granting the assumption that the Admiralty, as the Crown, can do no wrong——

CATHERINE. (*Murmuring.*) I thought that was exactly the assumption we refused to grant?

DESMOND. In law, I mean. Now a subject can sue the Crown, nevertheless, by Petition of Right, redress being granted as a matter of grace—and the custom is for the Attorney-General—on behalf of the King—to endorse the Petition, and allow the case to come to court. (*He moves documents along table in front of* SIR ROBERT.)

SIR ROBERT. It is interesting to note that the exact words he uses on such occasions are: Let Right be done.

ARTHUR. Let Right be done. I like that phrase, sir.

SIR ROBERT. It has a certain ring about it—has it not? (*Languidly.*) Let Right be done. (RONNIE *comes in up* C. *He is in an Eton suit, looking very spick and span.*)

ARTHUR. This is my son, Ronald. Ronnie, this is Sir Robert Morton.

RONNIE. (*Coming down* C.) How do you do, sir? (*Shakes hands with* SIR ROBERT.)

ARTHUR. He is going to ask you a few questions. You must answer them all truthfully—as you always have. (*Begins to struggle out of his chair.*) I expect you would like us to leave——

SIR ROBERT. No, provided, of course, that you don't interrupt. (*To* CATHERINE.) Miss Winslow, will you sit down, please? (CATHERINE *sits on pouffe by fireplace. To* RONNIE.) Will you stand at the table, facing me? (RONNIE *moves round table and stands above chair* R. *of it.*) That's right. (DESMOND *crosses behind* SIR ROBERT *to* L. C. *He faces* RONNIE *across table and begins examination very quietly.*) How old are you?

RONNIE. Fourteen and seven months.

SIR ROBERT. You were, then, thirteen and ten months old when you left Osborne; is that right?

RONNIE. Yes, sir.

SIR ROBERT. Now I would like you to cast your mind back to July 7th of last year. Will you tell me in your own words exactly what happened to you on that day?

RONNIE. All right. Well, it was a half-holiday, so we didn't have any work after dinner——

SIR ROBERT. Dinner?

RONNIE. Yes. At one o'clock. Until Prep. at seven——

SIR ROBERT. Prep. at seven?

RONNIE. Yes. Just before dinner I went to the Chief Petty Officer and asked him to let me have fifteen and six out of what I had in the College Bank——

SIR ROBERT. Why did you do that?

RONNIE. I wanted to buy an air pistol.

SIR ROBERT. Which cost fifteen and six?

RONNIE. Yes, sir.

SIR ROBERT. And how much money did you have in the College Bank at the time?

RONNIE. Two pounds three shillings.

ARTHUR. So you see, sir, what incentive could there possibly be for him to steal five shillings?

SIR ROBERT. (*Coldly.*) I must ask you to be good enough not to interrupt me, sir. (*To* RONNIE.) After you had withdrawn the fifteen and six, what did you do?

RONNIE. I had dinner.

SIR ROBERT. Then what?

RONNIE. I went to the locker-room and put the fifteen and six in my locker.

SIR ROBERT. Yes. Then?

RONNIE. I went to get permission to go down to the post office. Then I went to the locker-room again, got out my money, and went down to the post office.

SIR ROBERT. I see. Go on.

RONNIE. I bought my postal order——

SIR ROBERT. For fifteen and six?

RONNIE. Yes. Then I went back to college. Then I met Elliott minor,[3] and he said: "I say, isn't it rot? Someone's broken into my locker and pinched a postal order. I've reported it to the P.O."

SIR ROBERT. Those were Elliott minor's exact words?

RONNIE. He might have used another word for rot——

SIR ROBERT. I see. Continue——

RONNIE. Well then, just before Prep., I was told to go along and see Commander Flower. The woman from the post office was there, and the

3. in English public schools, designating the younger of two students having the same name.

Commander said: "Is this the boy?" and she said, "It might be. I can't be sure. They all look so much alike."

ARTHUR. You see? She couldn't identify him. (SIR ROBERT *glares at* ARTHUR.)

SIR ROBERT. (*To* RONNIE.) Go on.

RONNIE. Then she said: "I only know that the boy who bought a postal order for fifteen and six was the same boy that cashed one for five shillings." So the Commander said: "Did you buy a postal order for fifteen and six?" And I said, "Yes," and then they made me write Elliott minor's name on an envelope, and compared it to the signature on the postal order—then they sent me to the sanatorium, and ten days later I was sacked—I mean—expelled.

SIR ROBERT. I see. (*He rises. Quietly.*) Did you cash a postal order belonging to Elliott minor for five shillings?

RONNIE. No, sir.

SIR ROBERT. Did you break into his locker and steal it?

RONNIE. No, sir. (DICKIE *enters up* C. *Stands furtively in doorway, not knowing whether to come in or go out.*)

SIR ROBERT. And that is the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth?

RONNIE. Yes, sir. (ARTHUR *waves* DICKIE *impatiently to come and stand behind his chair.*)

SIR ROBERT. Right. When the Commander asked you to write Elliott's name on an envelope, how did you write it? With Christian name or initials?

RONNIE. I wrote: "Charles K. Elliott."

SIR ROBERT. Charles K. Elliott. Did you by any chance happen to see the forged postal order in the Commander's office?

RONNIE. Oh, yes. The Commander showed it to me.

SIR ROBERT. Before or after you had written Elliott's name on the envelope?

RONNIE. After.

SIR ROBERT. After. And did you happen to see how Elliott's name was written on the postal order?

RONNIE. Yes, sir. The same.

SIR ROBERT. The same? Charles K. Elliott?

RONNIE. Yes, sir.

SIR ROBERT. When you wrote on the envelope—what made you choose that particular form?

RONNIE. That was the way he usually signed his name.

SIR ROBERT. How did you know?

RONNIE. Well—he was a friend of mine——

SIR ROBERT. That is no answer. How did you know?

RONNIE. I'd seen him sign things.

SIR ROBERT. What things?

RONNIE. Oh—ordinary things.

SIR ROBERT. I repeat—what things?

RONNIE. (*Reluctantly.*) Bits of paper.

SIR ROBERT. Bits of paper? And why did he sign his name on bits of paper?

RONNIE. I don't know.

SIR ROBERT. You do know. Why did he sign his name on bits of paper?

RONNIE. He was practising his signature.

SIR ROBERT. And you saw him?

RONNIE. Yes.

SIR ROBERT. Did he know you saw him?

RONNIE. Well—yes——

SIR ROBERT. In other words, he showed you exactly how he wrote his signature?

RONNIE. Yes. I suppose he did.

SIR ROBERT. Did you practise writing it yourself?

RONNIE. I might have done.

SIR ROBERT. What do you mean, you might have done? Did you, or did you not?

RONNIE. Yes.

ARTHUR. (*Sharply.*) Ronnie! You never told me that.

RONNIE. It was only for a joke——

SIR ROBERT. Never mind whether it was for a joke or not. The fact is, you practised forging Elliott's signature.

RONNIE. It wasn't forging——

SIR ROBERT. What do you call it, then?

RONNIE. Writing.

SIR ROBERT. Very well. Writing. Whoever stole the postal order and cashed it also *wrote* Elliott's signature, didn't he?

RONNIE. Yes.

SIR ROBERT. And, oddly enough, in the exact form in which you had earlier been practising *writing* his signature.

RONNIE. (*Indignantly.*) I say! Which side are you on?

SIR ROBERT. (*Snarling.*) Don't be impertinent! (*He consults a document.*) Are you aware that the Admiralty sent up the forged postal order to Mr. Ridgley-Pearce—the greatest handwriting expert in England?

RONNIE. Yes.

SIR ROBERT. And you know that Mr. Ridgley-Pearce affirmed that there was no doubt that the signature on the postal order and the signature you wrote on the envelope were by one and the same hand?

RONNIE. Yes.

SIR ROBERT. And you still say that you didn't forge that signature?

RONNIE. Yes, I do.

SIR ROBERT. In other words, Mr. Ridgley-Pearce doesn't know his job?

RONNIE. Well, he's wrong, anyway.

SIR ROBERT. When you went into the locker-room after lunch, were you alone?

RONNIE. I don't remember.

SIR ROBERT. I think you do. Were you alone in the locker-room?

RONNIE. Yes.

SIR ROBERT. And you knew which was Elliott's locker?

RONNIE. Yes. Of course.

SIR ROBERT. Why did you go in there at all?

RONNIE. I've told you. To put my fifteen and six away.

SIR ROBERT. Why?

RONNIE. I thought it would be safer.

SIR ROBERT. Why safer than your pocket?

RONNIE. I don't know.

SIR ROBERT. You had it in your pocket at dinner-time. Why this sudden fear for its safety?

RONNIE. (*Plainly rattled.*) I tell you I don't know——

SIR ROBERT. It was rather an odd thing to do, wasn't it? The money was perfectly safe in your pocket. Why did you suddenly feel yourself impelled to put it away in your locker?

RONNIE. (*Almost shouting.*) I don't know.

SIR ROBERT. Was it because you knew you would be alone in the locker-room at that time?

RONNIE. No.

SIR ROBERT. Where was Elliott's locker in relation to yours?

RONNIE. Next to it but one.

SIR ROBERT. Next but one. What time did Elliott put his postal order in his locker?

RONNIE. I don't know. I didn't even know he had a postal order in his locker. I didn't know he had a postal order at all.

SIR ROBERT. Yet you say he was a great friend of yours——

RONNIE. He didn't tell me he had one.

SIR ROBERT. How very secretive of him. (*Makes note on document.*) What time did you go to the locker-room?

RONNIE. I don't remember.

SIR ROBERT. Was it directly after dinner?

RONNIE. Yes, I think so.

SIR ROBERT. What did you do after leaving the locker-room?

RONNIE. I told you. I went for permission to go to the post office.

SIR ROBERT. What time was that?

RONNIE. About a quarter past two.

SIR ROBERT. Dinner is over at a quarter to two. Which means that you were alone in the locker-room for half an hour?

RONNIE. I wasn't there all that time——

SIR ROBERT. How long were you there?

RONNIE. About five minutes.

SIR ROBERT. What were you doing for the other twenty-five?

RONNIE. I don't remember.

SIR ROBERT. It's odd that your memory is so good about some things and so bad about others——

RONNIE. Perhaps I waited outside the C.O.'s office.

SIR ROBERT. (*With searing sarcasm.*) Perhaps you waited outside the C.O.'s office. And perhaps no one saw you there, either?

RONNIE. No. I don't think they did.

SIR ROBERT. What were you thinking about outside the C.O.'s office for twenty-five minutes?

RONNIE. (*Wildly.*) I don't even know if I was there. I can't remember. Perhaps I wasn't there at all.

SIR ROBERT. No. Perhaps you were still in the locker-room rifling Elliott's locker——

ARTHUR. (*Indignantly.*) Sir Robert, I must ask you——

SIR ROBERT. Quiet! (RONNIE *makes a slight move in to table.*)

RONNIE. I remember now. I remember. Someone did see me outside the C.O.'s office. A chap called Casey. I remember I spoke to him.

SIR ROBERT. What did you say?

RONNIE. I said: "Come down to the post office with me. I'm going to cash a postal order."

SIR ROBERT. (*Triumphantly.*) Cash a postal order!

RONNIE. I mean get.

SIR ROBERT. You said cash. Why did you say cash if you meant get?

RONNIE. I don't know.

SIR ROBERT. I suggest cash was the truth.

RONNIE. No, no. It wasn't. It wasn't really. You're muddling me.

SIR ROBERT. You seem easily muddled. How many other lies have you told?

RONNIE. None. Really I haven't.

SIR ROBERT. (*Bending forward malevolently.*) I suggest your whole testimony is a lie.

RONNIE. No! It's the truth.

SIR ROBERT. I suggest there is barely one single word of truth in anything you have said either to me, or to the judge advocate, or to the Commander. I suggest that you broke into Elliott's locker, that you stole the

postal order for five shillings belonging to Elliott, and you cashed it by means of forging his name.

RONNIE. (*Wailing.*) I didn't. I didn't.

SIR ROBERT. I suggest that you did it for a joke, meaning to give Elliott the five shillings back, but that when you met him and he said he had reported the matter that you got frightened and decided to keep quiet.

RONNIE. No, no, no. It isn't true.

SIR ROBERT. I suggest that by continuing to deny your guilt you are causing great hardship to your own family, and considerable annoyance to high and important persons in this country——

CATHERINE. (*On her feet.*) That's a disgraceful thing to say!

ARTHUR. (*Rising.*) I agree.

SIR ROBERT. (*Leaning forward and glaring at* RONNIE *with utmost venom.*) I suggest that the time has at last come for you to undo some of the misery you have caused by confessing to us all now that you are a forger, a liar and a thief. (GRACE *rises.*)

RONNIE. (*In tears.*) I'm not! I'm not! I'm not! I didn't do it. (GRACE *crosses swiftly down to* RONNIE *and envelops him.*)

ARTHUR. This is outrageous, sir. (DESMOND *crosses above* SIR ROBERT *to table and collects documents.* JOHN *enters up* C., *dressed in evening clothes.*)

JOHN. Kate, dear, I'm late. I'm terribly sorry—— (*He stops short as he takes in the scene.* RONNIE *is sobbing hysterically on his mother's breast.* ARTHUR *and* CATHERINE *are glaring indignantly at* SIR ROBERT, *who is engaged in putting his papers together.*)

SIR ROBERT. (*To* DESMOND.) Can I drop you anywhere? My car is at the door.

DESMOND. Er—no—I thank you.

SIR ROBERT. (*Carelessly.*) Well, send all this stuff round to my chambers tomorrow morning, will you?

DESMOND. But—but will you need it now?

SIR ROBERT. Oh, yes. The boy is plainly innocent. I accept the brief. (SIR ROBERT *bows to* ARTHUR *and* CATHERINE *and walks languidly to door past the bewildered* JOHN, *to whom he gives a polite nod as he goes out.* RONNIE *continues to sob hysterically.*)

QUICK CURTAIN

ACT II, SCENE 1

Same. Nine months later. An evening in January, about ten-thirty. ARTHUR *is sitting in his armchair reading aloud from evening paper. Listening to him are* RONNIE *and* GRACE, *though neither seems to be doing*

so with much concentration. RONNIE *is sitting in armchair down* L., *finding it hard to keep his eyes open and* GRACE, *sitting in her chair, darning, has evidently other and, to her, more important matters on her mind. The only light in the room comes from fire, and lamp above* ARTHUR'S *chair.*

ARTHUR. (*Reading.*) "—the Admiralty, during the whole of this long-drawn-out dispute, have at no time acted hastily or ill-advisedy, and it is a matter of mere histrionic hyperbole for the Right Honorable and learned gentleman opposite to characterize the conduct of my department as that of callousness so inhuman as to amount to deliberate malice towards the boy Winslow. Such unfounded accusations I can well choose to ignore. (An Honorable Member: "You can't.") Honorable Members opposite may interrupt as much as they please, but I repeat—there is nothing whatever that the Admiralty has done, or failed to do, in the case of this cadet for which I, as First Lord, need to apologize. (Further Opposition interruptions.)" (*He stops reading and looks up.*) I must say it looks as if the First Lord's having rather a rough passage—— (ARTHUR *breaks off, noticing* RONNIE'S *head has fallen back on cushions and he is asleep. At* RONNIE.) I trust my reading isn't keeping you awake. (*No answer.*) I say I trust my reading isn't keeping you awake! (*Again no answer. Helplessly.*) Grace!

GRACE. My poor sleepy little lamb! It's long past his bedtime, Arthur.

ARTHUR. Grace, dear—at this very moment your poor sleepy little lamb is the subject of a very violent and heated debate in the House of Commons. I should have thought, in the circumstances, it might have been possible for him to contrive to stay awake for a few minutes past his bedtime——

GRACE. I expect he's over-excited—— (ARTHUR *and* GRACE *both look at the tranquilly oblivious form.*)

ARTHUR. A picture of over-excitement. (*Sharply.*) Ronnie! Ronnie! (*No answer.*) Ronnie!

RONNIE. (*Opening his eyes.*) Yes, Father?

ARTHUR. I am reading the account of the debate. Would you like to listen, or would you rather go to bed?

RONNIE. Oh, I'd like to listen, of course, Father. I was listening, too, only I had my eyes shut——

ARTHUR. Very well. (*He reads.*) "The First Lord continued amid further interruptions: the chief point of criticism against the Admiralty appears to center in the purely legal question of the Petition of Right brought by Mr. Arthur Winslow and the Admiralty's demurrer thereto. Sir Robert Morton has made great play with his eloquent reference to the liberty of the individual menaced, as he puts it, by the new despotism of beaurocracy—and I was as moved as any Honorable Member opposite by his resonant use of the words: "Let Right be done"—the time-honored phrase with which, in his opinion, the Attorney-General should, without question,

have endorsed Mr. Winslow's Petition of Right. Nevertheless, the matter is not nearly as simple as he appears to imagine. Cadet Ronald Winslow was a servant of the Crown, and has therefore no more right than any other member of His Majesty's forces—to sue the Crown in open court. To allow him to do so—would undoubtedly raise the most dangerous precedents. There is no doubt whatever in my mind that in certain cases private rights may have to be sacrificed for the public good——" (*He looks up.*) And what other excuse, pray, did Charles I make for ship money? (RONNIE, *after a manful attempt to keep his eyes open by self-pinchings and other devices, has once more succumbed to oblivion. Sharply.*) Ronnie! Ronnie! (RONNIE *stirs, turns over, slides more comfortably into cushions.*) Would you believe it!

GRACE. He's dead tired. I'd better take him up to his bed——

ARTHUR. No, if he must sleep, let him sleep there.

GRACE. Oh, but he'd be much more comfy in his little bed——

ARTHUR. I dare say; but the debate continues and until it's ended the cause of it all will certainly not make himself comfy in his little bed. (VIOLET *comes in up* C.)

VIOLET. (*To Arthur.*) There are three more reporters in the hall, sir. Want to see you very urgently. Shall I let them in?

ARTHUR. No. Certainly not. I issued a statement yesterday. Until the debate is over I have nothing more to say.

VIOLET. Yes, sir. That's what I told them, but they wouldn't go.

ARTHUR. Well, make them. Use force, if necessary.

VIOLET. Yes, sir. And shall I cut some sandwiches for Miss Catherine. as she missed her dinner?

GRACE. Yes, Violet. Good idea.

VIOLET. Yes, ma'am. (VIOLET *goes out up* C. *As she closes door, to unseen persons in hall.*) No. No good. No more statements.

ARTHUR. Grace, dear——

GRACE. Yes?

ARTHUR. I fancy this might be a good opportunity of talking to Violet.

GRACE. (*Quite firmly.*) No, dear.

ARTHUR. Meaning that it isn't a good opportunity? Or meaning that you have no intention at all of ever talking to Violet?

GRACE. I'll do it one day, Arthur. Tomorrow, perhaps. Not now.

ARTHUR. I believe you'd do better to grasp the nettle. Delay only adds to your worries——

GRACE. (*Bitterly.*) My worries? What do you know about my worries? (*She rises with darning work in her hand.*)

ARTHUR. A good deal, Grace. But I feel they would be a lot lessened if you faced the situation squarely.

GRACE. It's easy for you to talk, Arthur. You don't have to do it.

ARTHUR. I will, if you like.

GRACE. No, dear. (*She picks up workbasket on pouffe and goes up to workbasket by door, into which she puts smaller basket and darning work.*)

ARTHUR. If you explain the dilemma to her carefully—if you even show her the figures I jotted down for you yesterday—I venture to think you won't find her unreasonable.

GRACE. It won't be easy for her to find another place.

ARTHUR. We'll give her an excellent reference.

GRACE. That won't alter the fact that she's never been properly trained as a parlormaid and—well—you know yourself how we're always having to explain her to people. No, Arthur, I don't mind how many figures she's shown, it's a brutal thing to do (*Comes down to* ARTHUR'S R.)

ARTHUR. Facts are brutal things.

GRACE. (*A shade hysterically.*) Facts? I don't think I know what facts are any more—— (*Turns away towards* C.)

ARTHUR. The facts at this moment are that we have a half of the income we had a year ago and we're living at nearly the same rate. However you look at it that's bad economics——

GRACE. (*Turning to him.*) I'm not talking about economics, Arthur—I'm talking about ordinary, common or garden facts—things we took for granted a year ago and which now don't seem to matter any more.

ARTHUR. Such as?

GRACE. (*Moving to* ARTHUR *with rising voice.*) Such as a happy home and peace and quiet and an ordinary respectable life, and some sort of future for us and our children. In the last year you've thrown all that overboard, Arthur. There's your return for it, I suppose—(*She indicates headline in paper.*)—and it's all very exciting and important, I'm sure, but it doesn't bring back any of the things that we've lost—— (RONNIE *stirs in his sleep. She lowers her voice.*) I can only pray to God that you know what you're doing. (*She turns to pouffe and picks up two pieces of underwear.*)

ARTHUR. (*After a pause, rising.*) I know exactly what I'm doing, Grace. I'm going to publish my son's innocence before the world, and for that end I am not prepared to weigh the cost.

GRACE. (*Taking step towards* ARTHUR.) But the cost may be out of all proportion——

ARTHUR. It may be. That doesn't concern me. I hate heroics, Grace, but you force me to say this. An injustice has been done. I am going to set it right, and there is no sacrifice in the world I am not prepared to make in order to do so.

GRACE. (*With sudden violence.*) Oh, I wish I could see the sense of it all! (*Points to* RONNIE.) He's perfectly happy, at a good school, doing very well. No one need ever have known about Osborne, if you hadn't

gone and shouted it out to the whole world. As it is, whatever happens now, he'll go through the rest of his life as the boy in that Winslow case—the boy who stole that postal order——

ARTHUR. (*Grimly.*) The boy didn't steal that postal order.

GRACE. (*Wearily.*) What's the difference? When millions are talking and gossiping about him a "did" or a "didn't" hardly matters. The Winslow boy is bad enough. You talk about sacrificing everything for him; but when he's grown up he won't thank you for it, Arthur—even though you've given your life to—publish his innocence, as you call it. (ARTHUR *makes an impatient gesture.*) Yes, Arthur—your life. You talk gaily about arthritis and a touch of gout and old age and the rest of it, but you know as well as any of the doctors what really is the matter with you. (*Nearly in tears.*) You're destroying yourself, Arthur, and me and your family besides—and for what, I'd like to know? I've asked you and Kate to tell me a hundred times—but you never can. For what, Arthur?

ARTHUR. (*Quietly.*) For justice, Grace.

GRACE. That sounds very noble. Are you sure it's true? Are you sure it isn't just plain pride and self-importance and sheer brute stubbornness?

ARTHUR. (*Putting a hand out to her.*) No, Grace. I don't think it is. I really don't think it is——

GRACE. No. This time I'm not going to cry and say I'm sorry, and make it all up again. I can stand anything if there is a reason for it. But for no reason at all, it's unfair to ask so much of me. It's unfair. . . . (GRACE *breaks down, moves swiftly to door up* C. *and goes out.* RONNIE *opens his eyes.* ARTHUR *makes a move as though he is about to follow* GRACE.)

RONNIE. What's the matter, Father?

ARTHUR. (*Turning up* C.) Your mother is a little upset.

RONNIE. (*Drowsily.*) Why? Aren't things going well?

ARTHUR. Oh, yes. (*Murmuring.*) Very well. Very well, indeed. (RONNIE *contentedly closes his eyes again.* ARTHUR *comes down to his chair and sits. Gently.*) You'd better go to bed now, Ronnie. You'll be more comfortable. (*He sees* RONNIE *is asleep again. Leans forward and makes as if to wake him, then shrugs shoulders and sits back.* VIOLET *comes in up* C. *with sandwiches on a plate, and letter on a salver. She puts sandwiches on table* R. C.; *then crosses to* ARTHUR, *hands him letter.* ARTHUR *puts it down on table beside him without opening it.* VIOLET *turns up* C.) Thank you, Violet. Oh, Violet——

VIOLET. (*Turning up* C. *placidly.*) Yes, sir?

ARTHUR. How long have you been with us?

VIOLET. Twenty-four years come April, sir.

ARTHUR. As long as that?

VIOLET. Yes, sir. Miss Kate was that high when I first came (*She indicates a small child.*) and Mr. Dickie hadn't even been thought of——

ARTHUR. I remember your coming to us, now. I remember it well. What do you think of this case, Violet?

VIOLET. A fine old rumpus that is, and no mistake.

ARTHUR. It is, isn't it? A fine old rumpus.

VIOLET. There was a bit in the "Evening News." Did you read it, sir?

ARTHUR. No. What did it say?

VIOLET. Oh, about how it was a fuss about nothing and a shocking waste of the Government's time, but how it was a good thing all the same because it could only happen in England——

ARTHUR. There seems to be a certain lack of logic in that argument——

VIOLET. Well, perhaps they put it a bit different, sir. Still, that's what it said all right. And when you think it's all because of our Master Ronnie I have to laugh about it sometimes, I really do. Wasting the Government's time at his age! I never did. Well, wonders will never cease.

ARTHUR. I know. Wonders will never cease.

VIOLET. Well—would that be all, sir?

ARTHUR. (*After slight pause.*) Yes, Violet. That'll be all. (VIOLET *opens door up* C. *and comes face to face with* CATHERINE.)

CATHERINE. Good evening, Violet.

VIOLET. Good evening, Miss. (CATHERINE *comes in.* VIOLET *switches on lights, then goes out, shutting door.*)

CATHERINE. (*Coming down to* ARTHUR.) Hullo, Father. (*She kisses him. Indicates* RONNIE.) An Honorable Member described *that* this evening as a piteous little figure, crying aloud to humanity for justice and redress. I wish he could see him now.

ARTHUR. (*Testily.*) It's long past his bedtime. What's happened? Is the debate over?

CATHERINE. (*Going up* R. *and putting cloak and gloves on settee.*) As good as. The First Lord gave an assurance that in future there would be no inquiry at Osborne or Dartmouth without informing the parents first. That seemed to satisfy most Members——

ARTHUR. But what about our case? Is he going to allow us a fair trial?

CATHERINE. Apparently not.

ARTHUR. But that's iniquitous. I thought he would be forced to——

CATHERINE. I thought so, too. The House evidently thought otherwise.

ARTHUR. Will there be a division?

CATHERINE. There may be. If there is the Government will win.

ARTHUR. What is the motion?

CATHERINE. (*Coming down to table* R. C.) To reduce the First Lord's salary by a hundred pounds. (*With a faint smile.*) Naturally, no one really wants to do that. (*She sees sandwiches.*) Are those for me?

ARTHUR. Yes. (CATHERINE *starts to eat sandwiches.*) So we're back where we started, then?

CATHERINE. It looks like it.

ARTHUR. The debate has done us no good at all?

CATHERINE. It's aired the case a little, perhaps. A few more thousand people will say to each other at breakfast tomorrow: "That boy ought to be allowed a fair trial." (*She sits in chair* L. *of table.*)

ARTHUR. What's the good of that, if they can't make themselves heard?

CATHERINE. I think they can—given time.

ARTHUR. Given time? (*He pauses.*) But didn't Sir Robert make any protest when the First Lord refused a trial?

CATHERINE. Not a verbal protest. Something far more spectacular and dramatic. He'd had his feet on the Treasury table and his hat over his eyes, during most of the First Lord's speech—and suddenly got up very deliberately, glared at the First Lord, threw a whole bundle of notes on the floor, and stalked out of the House. It made a magnificent effect. If I hadn't known I could have sworn he was genuinely indignant——

ARTHUR. Of course he was genuinely indignant. So would any man of feeling be.

CATHERINE. Sir Robert, Father dear, is not a man of feeling. I don't think any emotion at all can stir that fishy heart——

ARTHUR. Except, perhaps, a single-minded love of justice.

CATHERINE. Nonsense. A single-minded love of Sir Robert Morton.

ARTHUR. You're very ungrateful to him, considering all he's done for us these last months—— (CATHERINE *rises and turns up* C.)

CATHERINE. I'm not ungrateful, Father. He's been wonderful—I admit it freely. No one could have fought a harder fight.

ARTHUR. Well, then——

CATHERINE. It's only his motives I question. At least I don't question them at all. I know them.

ARTHUR. What are they?

CATHERINE. First—publicity—you know—"Look at me, the staunch defender of the little man"—and then second—a nice popular stick to beat the Government with. Both very useful to an ambitious man. Luckily for him we've provided them. (*Comes down a step.*)

ARTHUR. Luckily for us, too, Kate.

CATHERINE. Oh, I agree. But don't fool yourself about him, Father, for all that. The man is a fish, a hard, cold-blooded, supercilious, sneering fish. (VIOLET *enters up* C.)

VIOLET. (*Announcing.*) Sir Robert Morton. (CATHERINE *chokes over her sandwich. Moves above chair* L. *of table.* SIR ROBERT *comes in up* C.)

SIR ROBERT. Good evening. (*He comes down* C.)

CATHERINE. (*Still choking.*) Good evening.

SIR ROBERT. Something gone down the wrong way?

CATHERINE. Yes.

SIR ROBERT. May I assist? (*He pats her on back.*)

CATHERINE. Thank you.

SIR ROBERT. (*To* ARTHUR.) Good evening, sir. I thought I would call, and give you an account of the day's proceedings, but I see your daughter has forestalled me.

CATHERINE. Did you know I was in the gallery?

SIR ROBERT. (*Gallantly.*) In such a charming hat, how could I have missed you?

ARTHUR. It was very good of you to call, sir, nevertheless.

SIR ROBERT. (*Seeing* RONNIE.) Ah. The *casus belli*—dormant—— (ARTHUR *rises and stretches across to wake* RONNIE.) No, no, I beg of you. Please do not disturb his innocent slumbers.

CATHERINE. *Innocent* slumbers?

SIR ROBERT. Exactly. Besides, I fear since our first encounter he is, rather pardonably, a trifle nervous of me.

CATHERINE. (*Sitting* L. *of table.*) Will you betray a technical secret, Sir Robert? What happened in that first examination to make you so sure of his innocence?

SIR ROBERT. Three things. First of all, he made far too many damaging admissions. A guilty person would have been much more careful—much more on his guard. Secondly, I laid him a trap; and thirdly, left him a loophole. Anyone who was guilty would have fallen into the one and darted through the other. He did neither.

CATHERINE. The trap was to ask him suddenly what time Elliott put the postal order in his locker. Wasn't it?

SIR ROBERT. Yes.

ARTHUR. And the loophole?

SIR ROBERT. I then suggested to him that he had stolen the postal order for a joke—which, had he been guilty he would surely have admitted to as being the lesser of two evils.

CATHERINE. I see. It was very cleverly thought out.

SIR ROBERT. (*With a litle bow.*) Thank you.

ARTHUR. May we offer you some refreshment, Sir Robert? A whisky and soda?

SIR ROBERT. No, thank you. Nothing at all. (*Sits in* GRACE'S *chair and puts one foot on pouffe.*)

ARTHUR. My daughter has told me of your demonstration during the First Lord's speech. She described it as—magnificent.

SIR ROBERT. (*With glance at* CATHERINE.) Did she? That was good of her. It's a very old trick, you know. I've done it, many times in the Courts. It's nearly always surprisingly effective—— (CATHERINE *catches her father's eye and nods triumphantly. To* CATHERINE.) Was the First Lord at all put out by it—did you notice?

CATHERINE. How could he have failed to be? (*She rises and crosses to* ARTHUR.) I wish you could have seen it, Father—it was—— (*She notices letter on table beside* ARTHUR *and snatches it up with a sudden gesture. She examines envelope.*) When did this come?

ARTHUR. A few minutes ago. Do you know the writing?

CATHERINE. Yes. (*She puts letter back on table.*)

ARTHUR. Whose is it?

CATHERINE. I shouldn't bother to read it, if I were you. (ARTHUR *looks at her, puzzled, then takes up letter.*)

ARTHUR. (*To* SIR ROBERT.) Will you forgive me?

SIR ROBERT. Of course. (ARTHUR *opens letter and begins to read.* CATHERINE *watches him for a moment, then sits on arm of his chair and turns with a certain forced liveliness to* SIR ROBERT.)

CATHERINE. Well, what do you think the next step should be?

SIR ROBERT. I have already been considering that, Miss Winslow—I believe that perhaps the best plan would be to renew our efforts to get the Director of Public Prosecutions to act.

CATHERINE. (*With one eye on her father.*) But do you think there's any chance of that?

SIR ROBERT. Oh, yes. In the main it will chiefly be a question of making ourselves a confounded nuisance——

CATHERINE. We've certainly done that quite successfully so far, thanks to you——

SIR ROBERT. (*Suavely.*) Ah. That is perhaps the only quality I was born with—the ability to make myself a confounded nuisance. (*He, too, has his eyes on* ARTHUR, *sensing something amiss.* ARTHUR *finishes reading letter.*)

CATHERINE. (*With false vivacity.*) Father—Sir Robert thinks we might get the Director of Public Prosecutions to act.

ARTHUR. What?

SIR ROBERT. We were discussing how to proceed with the case——

ARTHUR. The case? (*He stares a little blankly, from the one to the other.*) Yes. We must think of that, mustn't we? (*He pauses.*) How to proceed with the case? (*To* SIR ROBERT, *abruptly.*) I'm afraid I don't think, all things considered, that much purpose would be served by going on—— (*He hands letter to* CATHERINE. SIR ROBERT *stares blankly at* ARTHUR. CATHERINE *crosses up* R., *reading letter.*)

SIR ROBERT. (*With sudden change of tone.*) Of course we must go on.

ARTHUR. (*In a low voice.*) It is not for you to choose, sir. The choice is mine.

SIR ROBERT. (*Harshly.*) Then you must reconsider it. To give up now would be insane.

ARTHUR. Insane? My sanity has already been called in question tonight —for carrying the case as far as I have.

SIR ROBERT. Whatever the contents of that letter—or whatever has happened to make you lose heart, I insist that we continue the fight——

ARTHUR. Insist? We? It is my fight—my fight alone—and it is for me alone to judge when the time has come to give up.

SIR ROBERT. (*Violently.*) Give up? But why give up? In Heaven's name, man, why? (*Rises and faces* ARTHUR.)

ARTHUR. (*Slowly.*) I have made many sacrifices for this case. Some of them I had no right to make, but I made them, none the less. But there is a limit, and I have reached it. I am sorry, Sir Robert. More sorry, perhaps, than you are, but the Winslow case is now closed.

SIR ROBERT. Balderdash! (*He turns away and crosses down* R. ARTHUR *looks surprised at this unparliamentary expression.* CATHERINE *has read, and re-read, the letter, and now breaks silence in a calm, methodical voice.*)

CATHERINE. My father doesn't mean what he says, Sir Robert.

SIR ROBERT. I'm glad to hear it.

CATHERINE. Perhaps I should explain that this letter——

ARTHUR. No, Kate.

CATHERINE. Sir Robert knows so much about our family affairs, Father, I don't see it will matter much if he learns a little more. (*To* SIR ROBERT.) This letter is from a certain Colonel Watherstone who is the father of the man I'm engaged to. We've always known he was opposed to the case, so it really comes as no surprise. In it he says that our efforts to discredit the Admiralty in the House of Commons today have resulted merely in our making the name of Winslow a nation-wide laughing-stock. I think that's his phrase. (*She consults letter.*) Yes. That's right. "A nation-wide laughing-stock."

SIR ROBERT. I don't care for his English——

CATHERINE. It's not very good, is it? He goes on to say that unless my father will give him a firm undertaking to drop this "whining and reckless agitation"—I suppose he means the case—he will exert every bit of influence he has over his son to prevent his marrying me.

SIR ROBERT. I see. An ultimatum.

CATHERINE. Yes—but a pointless one.

SIR ROBERT. He has no influence over his son?

CATHERINE. Oh, yes. A little, naturally. But his son is of age, and his own master——

SIR ROBERT. Is he dependent on his father for money?

CATHERINE. He gets an allowance. But he can live perfectly well—we both can live perfectly well—without it. (SIR ROBERT *stares hard at* CATHERINE, *then turns abruptly and crosses to* ARTHUR.)

SIR ROBERT. Well, sir?

ARTHUR. I'm afraid I can't go back on what I have already said. I will give you a decision in a few days——

SIR ROBERT. Your daughter seems prepared to take the risk—— (CATHERINE *comes down to table and takes cigarette.*)

ARTHUR. I am not. Not, at least, until I know how great a risk it is——

SIR ROBERT. (*Turning to* CATHERINE.) How do you estimate the risk, Miss Winslow? (CATHERINE, *for all her bravado, is plainly scared. She is engaged in lighting cigarette as* SIR ROBERT *asks his question.*)

CATHERINE. (*After a pause.*) Negligible. (SIR ROBERT *stares at her again. Feeling his eyes on her,* CATHERINE *returns his glance defiantly. A pause.*)

SIR ROBERT. (*Returning abruptly to his languid manner.*) I see. May I take a cigarette, too? (*He crosses to table* R. C.)

CATHERINE. Yes, of course. I thought you didn't smoke.

SIR ROBERT. Only occasionally. (*He takes cigarette. To* ARTHUR.) I really must apologize to you, sir, for speaking to you as I did, just now. It was unforgivable.

ARTHUR. Not at all. You were upset at giving up the case—and, to be frank, I liked you for it——

SIR ROBERT. (*With deprecating gesture.*) It has been rather a tiring day. The House of Commons is a peculiarly exhausting place, you know. Too little ventilation and far too much hot air—I really am most truly sorry.

ARTHUR. (*Dismissing matter.*) Please. (*He sits in his chair.*)

SIR ROBERT. (*Carelessly.*) Of course, you must decide about the case as you wish. (*To* CATHERINE.) That really is a most charming hat, Miss Winslow——

CATHERINE. I'm glad you like it.

SIR ROBERT. It seems decidedly wrong to me that a lady of your political persuasion should be allowed to adorn herself with such a very feminine allurement. It really looks so awfully like trying to have the best of both worlds——

CATHERINE. I'm not a militant, you know, Sir Robert. I don't go about breaking shop windows with a hammer or pouring acid down pillar boxes.

SIR ROBERT. (*Languidly.*) I am truly glad to hear it. Both those activities would be highly unsuitable in that hat—— (CATHERINE *glares at him, but suppresses an angry retort. She moves to chair* R. *of table and sits.*) I have never yet fully grasped what active steps you do take to propagate your cause, Miss Winslow?

CATHERINE. (*Shortly.*) I'm an organizing secretary at the West London Branch of the Women's Suffrage Association.

SIR ROBERT. Indeed? Is the work hard?

CATHERINE. Very.

SIR ROBERT. But not, I should imagine, particularly lucrative.

CATHERINE. The work is voluntary and unpaid.

SIR ROBERT. (*Murmuring.*) Dear me! What sacrifices you young ladies seem prepared to make for your convictions—— (VIOLET *enters up* C.)

VIOLET. (*To* CATHERINE.) Mr. Watherstone is in the hall, Miss. Says he would like to have a word with you in private—most particular—— (*A pause.*)

CATHERINE. Oh. (*She rises.*) I'll come out to him——

ARTHUR. No. See him in here. (*He begins to struggle out of his chair.*) You wouldn't mind coming to the dining-room, would you, Sir Robert, for a moment?

SIR ROBERT. Not in the least.

CATHERINE. All right, Violet. (*She moves up* R. C.)

VIOLET. (*Speaking into hall.*) Will you come in, sir? (JOHN *comes in, looking depressed and anxious.* CATHERINE *greets him with a smile, which he returns only half-heartedly. This exchange is lost on* ARTHUR, *who has his back to them, but not on* SIR ROBERT. VIOLET *goes out and shuts door.*)

CATHERINE. Hullo, John.

JOHN. Hullo. (*To* ARTHUR.) Good evening, sir.

ARTHUR. (*Turning upstage, moving toward door up* L.) Good evening. (*He continues to dining-room, opens door, and switches on light.*)

CATHERINE. I don't think you've met Sir Robert Morton.

JOHN. No. I haven't. How do you do, sir? (SIR ROBERT *moves up between* CATHERINE *and* JOHN; *they shake hands.*)

SIR ROBERT. How do you do? (*He sizes him up quickly, then crosses up* L. *to* ARTHUR.) I think you promised me a whisky and soda. (*Turns to* JOHN.) May I offer my very belated congratulations?

JOHN. Congratulations? Oh, yes. Thank you. (ARTHUR *and* SIR ROBERT *go out into dining-room up* L. *A pause.* CATHERINE *is watching* JOHN *with an anxious expression.* JOHN *moves down* L. *to* RONNIE.) Is he asleep?

CATHERINE. Yes. (*She takes off her hat and drops it on settee.*)

JOHN. (*Still looking at* RONNIE.) Sure he's not shamming?

CATHERINE. Yes.

JOHN. (*After a pause.*) My father's written your father a letter.

CATHERINE. I know. I've read it.

JOHN. Oh!

CATHERINE. Did you?

JOHN. Yes. He showed it to me. (*A pause.* JOHN *is carefully not looking at* CATHERINE.) Well, what's his answer?

CATHERINE. My father? I don't suppose he'll send one.

JOHN. You think he'll ignore it?

CATHERINE. Isn't that the best answer to blackmail?

JOHN. (*Muttering.*) It was damned high-handed of the old man, I admit.

CATHERINE. High-handed?

JOHN. I tried to get him not to send it.

CATHERINE. I'm glad.

JOHN. The trouble is—he's perfectly serious.

CATHERINE. I never thought he wasn't.

JOHN. If your father does decide to go on with the case, I'm very much afraid he'll do everything he threatens.

CATHERINE. Forbid the match?

JOHN. Yes.

CATHERINE. (*Almost pleadingly.*) Isn't that rather an empty threat, John?

JOHN. (*Slowly.*) Well, there's always the allowance.

CATHERINE. (*Dully.*) Yes, I see. There's always the allowance——

JOHN. I tell you, Kate, darling, this is going to need damned careful handling; otherwise we'll find ourselves in the soup.

CATHERINE. Without your allowance would we be in the soup?

JOHN. And without your settlement? My dear old girl, of course we would. Dash it all, I can't even live on my pay as it is, but with two of us——

CATHERINE. I've heard it said that two can live as cheaply as one.

JOHN. Don't you believe it. Two can live as cheaply as two, and that's all there is to it.

CATHERINE. (*Moving slowly downstage.*) Yes, I see. I didn't know. (*She sits on chair* L. *of table.*)

JOHN. (*Moving* C. *to her.*) Unlike you, I have a practical mind, Kate. I'm sorry, but it's no use dashing blindly ahead without thinking of these things first. The problem has got to be faced.

CATHERINE. I'm ready to face it, John. What do you suggest?

JOHN. (*Cautiously.*) Well—I think you should consider very carefully before you take the next step.

CATHERINE. I can assure you we will, John. The question is—what is the next step——? (JOHN *turns* GRACE'S *chair round and sits on arm.*)

JOHN. Well—this is the way I see it. I'm going to be honest now. I hope you don't mind——

CATHERINE. No. I should welcome it.

JOHN. Your young brother over there pinches or doesn't pinch a five bob[4] postal order. For over a year you and your father fight a magnificent fight on his behalf, and I'm sure everyone admires you for it.

CATHERINE. Your father hardly seems to.

JOHN. Well, he's a diehard, like these old admirals you've been up against. I meant ordinary reasonable people like myself. But now look—

4. colloquial term for shilling.

you've had two inquiries, the Petition of Right case which the Admiralty had thrown out of court, and the Appeal. And now, good heavens, you've had the whole damned House of Commons getting themselves worked up into a frenzy about it. Surely, darling, that's enough for you? My God! Surely, the case can end there?

CATHERINE. (*Slowly.*) Yes. I suppose the case *can* end there. (*Rises and crosses to fireplace.*)

JOHN. (*Pointing to* RONNIE.) *He* won't mind.

CATHERINE. No. I know he won't.

JOHN. Look at him! (*He gazes down at* RONNIE.) Perfectly happy and content. Not a care in the world. How do you know what's going on in his mind? How can you be so sure he didn't do it?

CATHERINE. (*Also gazing down at* RONNIE.) I'm not so sure he didn't do it.

JOHN. (*Rising; appalled.*) Good Lord! Then why in Heaven's name have you and your father spent all this time and money trying to prove his innocence?

CATHERINE. (*Quietly.*) His innocence or guilt aren't important to me. They are to my father. Not to me. I believe he didn't do it; but I may be wrong. To prove that he didn't do it, is of hardly more interest to me than the identity of the college servant, or whoever it was, who did it. All that I care about is that people should know that a Government department has ignored a fundamental human right and that it should be forced to acknowledge it. That's all that's important to me, John, but it is terribly important.

JOHN. But, darling, after all those long noble words, it does really resolve itself to a question of a fourteen-year-old boy and a five bob postal order, doesn't it?

CATHERINE. Yes, it does. (*Continues to gaze down at* RONNIE.)

JOHN. (*Reasonably.*) Well now, look. There's a European war blowing up, there's a coal strike on, there's a fair chance of civil war in Ireland, and there's a hundred and one other things on the horizon at the moment that I think you genuinely could call important. And yet, with all that on its mind, the House of Commons takes a whole day to discuss him—(*Pointing to* RONNIE.) and his bally postal order. Surely you must see that's a little out of proportion—— (*He pauses.* CATHERINE *raises her head slowly.*)

CATHERINE. (*With some spirit.*) All I know is, John, that if ever the time comes when the House of Commons has so much on its mind that it can't find time to discuss a Ronnie Winslow and his bally postal order, this country will be a far poorer place than it is now. (*She moves toward* JOHN. *Wearily.*) But you needn't go on, John, dear. You've said quite enough. I entirely see your point of view. (*She sits in* GRACE*'s chair.*)

JOHN. (*Breaking away* R.) I don't know whether you realize that all this publicity you're getting is making the name of Winslow a bit of a—well——

CATHERINE. (*Steadily.*) A nation-wide laughing-stock, your father said.

JOHN. (*Sitting on edge of table below* L. *chair.*) Well, that's putting it a bit steep. But people do find the case a bit ridiculous, you know. I mean, I get chaps coming up to me in the mess all the time and saying: "Is it true you're going to marry the Winslow girl? You'd better be careful. You'll find yourself up in front of the House of Lords for pinching the Adjutant's bath." Things like that. They're not awfully funny——

CATHERINE. That's nothing. They're singing a verse about us at the Alhambra——

> "Winslow one day went to Heaven
> And found a poor fellow in quod.[5]
> The fellow said I didn't do it,
> So naturally Winslow sued God."

JOHN. (*Coming off table.*) Well, darling—you see——

CATHERINE. Yes, I see. (*Quietly.*) Do you want to marry me, John?

JOHN. What?

CATHERINE. I said, do you want to marry me?

JOHN. Well, of course I do. You know I do. We've been engaged for over a year now. Have I ever wavered before?

CATHERINE. No, never before.

JOHN. (*Correcting himself.*) I'm not wavering now. Not a bit—— I'm only telling you what I think is the best course for us to take.

CATHERINE. But isn't it already too late? Even if we gave up the case, would you still want to marry—the Winslow girl?

JOHN. All that would blow over in no time.

CATHERINE. (*Slowly.*) And we'd have the allowance——

JOHN. Yes. We would.

CATHERINE. And that's so important——

JOHN. (*Moving to her; quietly.*) It is, darling. I'm sorry, but you can't shame me into saying it isn't.

CATHERINE. I didn't mean to shame you——

JOHN. Oh yes, you did. I know that tone of voice.

CATHERINE. (*Humbly.*) I'm sorry. (JOHN *sits on arm of* CATHERINE'S *chair.*)

JOHN. (*Confidently.*) Well, now—what's the answer?

CATHERINE. (*Slowly.*) I love you, John, and want to be your wife.

JOHN. Well, then, that's all I want to know. Darling! I was sure nothing

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5. slang for jail.

so stupid and trivial could possibly come between us. (*He kisses her. She responds wearily. Telephone rings. After pause* CATHERINE *releases herself. She rises and crosses to desk.* JOHN *rises and turns upstage.*)

CATHERINE. (*Lifting receiver.*) Hullo. . . . Yes. . . . Will you wait a minute? (*Crosses up* L. *to dining-room door, opens it, and calls:*) Sir Robert! Someone wants you on the telephone. (SIR ROBERT *enters from dining-room.*)

SIR ROBERT. Thank you. I'm sorry to interrupt.

CATHERINE. You didn't. We'd finished our talk. (SIR ROBERT *looks at her inquiringly. She gives him no sign. He crosses upstage to phone.*)

SIR ROBERT. (*Noticing sandwiches.*) How delicious. May I help myself? (*He takes one and continues to desk.*)

CATHERINE. Do.

SIR ROBERT. (*Into telephone.*) Hullo. . . . Yes, Michael. . . . F. E.? I didn't know he was going to speak. . . . I see. . . . Go on. (*Voice on phone speaks for some time.* SIR ROBERT *listens with closed eyelids, munching sandwich,* ARTHUR *appears in dining-room doorway. At length.*) Thank you, Michael. (*He hangs up receiver and moves above table* R. C. *To* ARTHUR.) There has been a most interesting development in the House.

ARTHUR. What?

SIR ROBERT. My secretary tells me that a barrister friend of mine who, quite unknown to me, was interested in the case, got on his feet shortly after nine-thirty and delivered one of the most scathing denunciations of a Government department ever heard in the House. (*To* CATHERINE.) What a shame we missed it—his style is quite superb——

ARTHUR. What happened?

SIR ROBERT. The debate revived, of course, and the First Lord, who must have felt himself fairly safe, suddenly found himself under attack from all parts of the House. It appears that rather than risk a division he has this moment given an undertaking that he will instruct the Attorney-General to endorse our Petition of Right. The case of Winslow versus Rex can now therefore come to court. (*A pause.* ARTHUR *and* CATHERINE *stare at him unbelievingly.*) Well, sir, what are my instructions?

ARTHUR. (*Slowly.*) The decision is no longer mine. You must ask my daughter.

SIR ROBERT. (*To* CATHERINE.) What are my instructions, Miss Winslow? (*He takes another sandwich.* CATHERINE *looks down at sleeping* RONNIE. ARTHUR *watches her intensely.* SIR ROBERT, *munching sandwich, also looks at her.*)

CATHERINE. (*In a flat voice.*) Do you need my instructions, Sir Robert? Aren't they already on the Petition? Doesn't it say, "Let Right be done"?

JOHN. (*Furiously.*) Kate! (*No answer.*) Good night. (JOHN *goes out up* C. SIR ROBERT, *with languid speculation, watches him go.*)

SIR ROBERT. (*His mouth full.*) Well, then—we must endeavor to see that it is. (*Front door is heard to slam.*)

QUICK CURTAIN

ACT II, SCENE 2

Same, five months later. A stiflingly hot afternoon in June nearly two years less one month since RONNIE'S *dismissal from Osborne. The French window stands open, and a wheelchair has been placed just inside.* ARTHUR'S *chair has been removed and in its place now stands* GRACE'S *chair. A bowl of roses is on table above fireplace.* GRACE'S *hat, bag and gloves are on settee. When curtain rises, stage is empty and phone is ringing insistently. After a few seconds,* DICKIE'S *voice can be heard, calling from direction of hall—"Mother"—"Violet," to which he gets no reply. He enters up* C., *carrying suitcase, evidently very hot, his straw hat pushed on to back of his head and panting from his exertions. He wears a neat, dark blue suit, a sober tie and stiff collar.*

DICKIE. (*In doorway.*) Anybody about? (*He puts down suitcase by door and crosses to desk. Into phone.*) Hullo. . . . No, not Senior—Junior . . . I don't know where he is. . . . "Daily Mail"? . . . No, I'm the brother . . . elder brother—that's right. . . . Well, I'm in the banking business. . . . That's right. Following in father's footsteps. . . . My views on the case? Well, I—I—er—I don't know I have any, except, I mean, I hope we win and all that. . . . No, I haven't been in court. I've only just arrived from Reading. . . . Reading. . . . Yes. That's where I work. . . . Yes, I've come up for the last two days of the trial. Verdict's expected tomorrow, isn't it? . . . Twenty-two, last March. . . . Seven years older. . . . No. He was thirteen when it happened, but now he's fifteen. . . . Well, I suppose if I'm anything I'm a sort of a Liberal-Conservative. . . . Single. . . . No. No immediate prospects. I say, is this at all interesting to you? . . . Well, a perfectly ordinary kid, just like any other—makes a noise, does fretwork, doesn't wash and all that. . . . Doesn't wash. . . . (*Alarmed.*) I say, don't take that too literally. I mean he does, sometimes. . . . Yes, all right. Good-bye. . . . (*Hangs up receiver; crosses above table to door up* C., *picks up suitcase and goes out leaving door wide open. Phone rings again. Drops suitcase in hall and comes into room again.* GRACE *enters up* L.)

GRACE. (*Crossing down to desk.*) Oh, hullo, darling. (DICKIE *stops up* C.) When did you get here? (*She picks up receiver. Into phone.*) Everyone out. (*Hangs up receiver, crosses to* DICKIE *and embraces him.*) You're thinner. I like your new suit.

DICKIE. Straight from Reading's Savile Row. Off the peg at thirty-seven and six. (*He points to phone.*) I say—does that go on all the time?

GRACE. All blessed day. The last four days it simply hasn't stopped.

DICKIE. (*Breaking toward fireplace.*) I had to fight my way in through an army of reporters and people——

GRACE. Yes, I know. (*She follows him a step.*) You didn't say anything, I hope, Dickie dear. It's better not to say a word——

DICKIE. I don't think I said anything much. . . . (*Carelessly.*) Oh, yes, I did say that I personally thought he did it.

GRACE. (*Horrified.*) Dickie! You didn't! (DICKIE *smiles at her.*) Oh, I see. It's a joke. You musn't say things like that, even in fun, Dickie, dear—— (*She goes to door up* C. *and closes it.*)

DICKIE. How's it all going?

GRACE. I don't know. (*She comes a little down* C.) I've been there all four days now and I've hardly understood a word that's going on. Kate says the judge is against us, but he seems a charming old gentleman to me. (*Faintly shocked.*) Sir Robert's so rude to him—— (*Phone rings. She crosses to desk, lifts receiver, automatically says:*) Nobody in. (*And hangs up. She goes to French window and calls:*) Arthur! Lunch! I'll come straight down. Dickie's here. (DICKIE *moves to fireplace. She turns back into room and crosses downstage to* C.) Kate takes the morning session, then she comes home and relieves me with Father, and I go to the court in the afternoons, so you can come with me as soon as she's in.

DICKIE. Will there be room for me?

GRACE. Oh, yes. They reserve places for the family. You never saw such crowds in all your life. And such excitement. Cheers and applause and people being turned out. It's thrilling—you'll love it, Dickie.

DICKIE. Well—if I don't understand a word——

GRACE. Oh, that doesn't matter. (*She moves up to settee and puts on hat and gloves.*) They all get so terribly worked up—you find yourself getting worked up, too. Sir Robert and the Attorney-General go at each other hammer and tongs—you wait and hear them—all about Petitions and demurrers and prerogatives and things. Nothing to do with Ronnie at all—seems to me——

DICKIE. How did Ronnie get on in the witness box?

GRACE. Two days he was cross-examined. Two whole days. Imagine it, the poor little pet. I must say he didn't seem to mind much. He said two days with the Attorney-General wasn't nearly as bad as two minutes with Sir Robert. Kate says he made a very good impression with the jury——

DICKIE. How is Kate, Mother?

GRACE. Oh, all right. You heard about John, I suppose——

DICKIE. Yes. That's what I meant. How has she taken it?

GRACE. You never can tell with Kate. She never lets you know what she's feeling. We all think he's behaved very badly—— (ARTHUR *appears at window. He is walking very groggily.*) Arthur! (*She goes to him.*) You shouldn't have come up those steps by yourself.

ARTHUR. I had little alternative.

GRACE. I'm sorry, dear. I was talking to Dickie. (*She helps* ARTHUR *into wheelchair.*)

ARTHUR. Oh, hullo, Dickie. How are you? (*He works chair to corner of desk.* GRACE *puts* ARTHUR'S *stick by side of piano.*)

DICKIE. (*Crossing to* ARTHUR, *shaking hands.*) Very well, thank you, Father.

ARTHUR. I've been forced to adopt this ludicrous form of propulsion. I apologize. You look very well. A trifle thinner, perhaps——

DICKIE. Hard work, Father.

ARTHUR. Or late hours.

DICKIE. You can't keep late hours in Reading.

ARTHUR. You could keep late hours anywhere. I've had quite a good report about you from Mr. Lamb.

DICKIE. Good egg! He's a decent old stick, the old baa-lamb. I took him racing last Saturday. Had the time of his life and lost his shirt.

ARTHUR. Did he? I have no doubt that, given the chance, you'll succeed in converting the entire Reading branch of the Westminster Bank into a bookmaking establishment. Mr. Lamb says you've joined the Territorials.[6]

DICKIE. Yes, Father.

ARTHUR. Why have you done that?

DICKIE. Well, from all accounts there is a fair chance of a bit of a scrap quite soon. If there is I don't want it to be all over before I can get in on it——

ARTHUR. If there is what you call a scrap you'll do far better to stay in the bank.

DICKIE. Oh, no, Father. I mean, the bank's all right—but still—a chap can't help looking forward to a bit of a change—I can always go back to the bank afterward—— (*Phone rings.* ARTHUR *takes receiver off and put it down on desk.*)

GRACE. (*Coming behind* ARTHUR.) Oh, no, dear, you can't do that. (*She propels* ARTHUR *to* C. DICKIE *moves above table* R. C.)

ARTHUR. Why not?

GRACE. It annoys the exchange.

ARTHUR. I prefer to annoy the exchange than have the exchange annoy me. Catherine's late. She was in at half-past one yesterday. (GRACE *turns* ARTHUR *to face downstage. She stands to his* R.)

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6. military guards for home defense.

GRACE. Perhaps they're taking the lunch interval later today.

ARTHUR. Lunch interval? This isn't a cricket match. (*He looks at her.*) Nor, may I say, is it a matinee at the Gaiety. Why are you wearing that highly unsuitable get-up?

GRACE. Don't you like it, dear? I think it is Mme. Dupont's best.

ARTHUR. Grace—your son is facing a charge of theft and forgery——

GRACE. Oh, dear! It's so difficult! I simply can't be seen in the same old dress, day after day! (*A thought strikes her.*) I tell you what, Arthur. I'll wear my black coat and skirt tomorrow—for the verdict.

ARTHUR. (*Glares at her, helplessly, then turns his chair towards door up* L.) Did you say my lunch was ready? (DICKIE *rushes up* L. *to open door.*)

GRACE. Yes, dear. (*She pushes* ARTHUR *up* L.) It's only cold. I did the salad myself. Violet and cook are at the trial.

DICKIE. Is Violet still with you? She was under sentence last time I saw you——

GRACE. She's been under sentence for the last six months, poor thing—only she doesn't know it. Neither your father nor I have the courage to tell her——

ARTHUR. (*Stopping at door.*) I have the courage to tell her.

GRACE. It's funny that you don't, then, dear.

ARTHUR. I will.

GRACE. (*Hastily.*) No, no, you mustn't. When it's to be done, I'll do it.

ARTHUR. You see, Dickie? These taunts of cowardice are daily flung at my head; but should I take them up I'm forbidden to move in the matter. Such is the logic of women. (ARTHUR *wheels himself out up* L. *door.* DICKIE, *who has been holding door open, closes it after him.*)

DICKIE. How *is* he? (GRACE *shakes her head quietly. She moves down to fireplace.*) Will you take him away after the trial?

GRACE. He's promised to go into a nursing home.

DICKIE. Do you think he will?

GRACE. How do I know? He'll probably find some new excuse.

DICKIE. But surely, if he loses this time, he's lost for good, hasn't he?

GRACE. (*Slowly.*) So they say, Dickie, dear—I can only hope it's true.

DICKIE. How did you keep him away from the trial?

GRACE. Kate and Sir Robert together. He wouldn't listen to me or the doctor.

DICKIE. (*Crossing up* R. C.) Poor old Mother! You must have been having a pretty rotten time of it, one way and another——

GRACE. I've said my say, Dickie. He knows what I think. Not that he cares. He never has—all his life. Anyway, I've given up worrying. He's always said he knew what he was doing. It's my job to try and pick up the pieces, I suppose. (CATHERINE *enters up* C.)

CATHERINE. Lord! The heat! (*She closes door.*) Mother, can't you get rid of those reporters——? Hullo, Dickie.

DICKIE. (*Moving to her.*) Hullo, Kate. (*Embraces her.*)

CATHERINE. Come to be in at the death? (*She moves a step down* C.)

DICKIE. Is that what it's going to be?

CATHERINE. Looks like it. I could cheerfully strangle that old brute of a judge, Mother. He's dead against us.

GRACE. Oh, dear!

CATHERINE. Sir Robert's very worried. He said the Attorney-General's speech made a great impression on the jury. I must say it was very clever. To listen to him yesterday you would have thought that a verdict for Ronnie would simultaneously cause a mutiny in the Royal Navy and triumphant jubilation in Berlin. (*Door opens slightly and* ARTHUR *appears in opening in his wheelchair.* DICKIE *rushes across and opens door wider.*)

ARTHUR. You're late, Catherine. (*He wheels himself to* C.)

CATHERINE. I know, Father, I'm sorry. There was such a huge crowd outside as well as inside the court that I couldn't get a cab. And I stayed to talk to Sir Robert. (GRACE *moves in to* L. C. DICKIE *comes down behind* GRACE *and sits on arm of chair down* L.)

GRACE. (*Pleased.*) Is there a bigger crowd even than yesterday, Kate?

CATHERINE. Yes. Mother, far bigger.

ARTHUR. How did it go this morning?

CATHERINE. Sir Robert finished his cross-examination of the post-mistress. I thought he'd demolish her completely. She admitted she couldn't identify Ronnie in the Commander's office. She admitted she couldn't be sure of the time he came in. She admitted that she was called away to the telephone while he was buying his fifteen-and-six postal order, and that all Osborne cadets looked alike to her in their uniforms, so that it might quite easily have been another cadet who cashed the five shillings. It was a brilliant cross-examination. So gentle and quiet. He didn't bully her, or frighten her—he just coaxed her into tying herself into knots. Then when he'd finished the Attorney-General asked her again whether she was absolutely positive that the same boy that bought the fifteen-and-six postal order also cashed the five shilling one. She said, "Yes." She was quite, quite sure because Ronnie was such a good-looking little boy that she had specially noticed him. She hadn't said that in her examination-in-chief. I could see those twelve good men and true nodding away to each other. I believe it undid the whole of that magnificent cross-examination.

ARTHUR. If she thought him so especially good-looking, why couldn't she identify him the same evening?

CATHERINE. Don't ask me, Father. Ask the Attorney-General. I'm sure he has a beautifully reasonable answer.

DICKIE. Ronnie good-looking! What utter rot! She must be lying, that woman.

GRACE. Nonsense, Dickie! I thought he looked very well in the box yesterday, didn't you, Kate?

CATHERINE. Yes, Mother.

ARTHUR. Who else gave evidence for the other side?

CATHERINE. The Commander, the Chief Petty Officer, and one of the boys at the College.

ARTHUR. Anything very damaging?

CATHERINE. Nothing that we didn't expect. The boy showed obviously that he hated Ronnie and was torn to shreds by Sir Robert. The Commander scored, though. He's an honest man and genuinely believes Ronnie did it.

GRACE. (*Moving* C. *and facing* CATHERINE.) Did you see anybody interesting in court, dear?

CATHERINE. Yes, Mother. John Watherstone.

GRACE. John? I hope you didn't speak to him, Kate.

CATHERINE. Of course I did.

GRACE. Kate, how could you! What did he say?

CATHERINE. He wished us luck.

GRACE. What impertinence! The idea of John Watherstone coming calmly up in court to wish you luck—I think it's the most disgraceful, cold-blooded——

ARTHUR. Grace—you will be late for the resumption.

GRACE. Oh, will I? Are you ready, Dickie?

DICKIE. (*Rising.*) Yes, Mother. (*Picks up his hat.*)

GRACE. You don't think that nice, gray suit of yours you paid so much money for——?

ARTHUR. What time are they resuming, Kate?

CATHERINE. Two o'clock.

ARTHUR. It's twenty past two now.

GRACE. Oh, dear! We'll be terribly late. Kate—that's your fault. Arthur, you must finish your lunch—— (DICKIE *goes to door up* C.)

ARTHUR. Yes, Grace.

GRACE. Promise, now.

ARTHUR. I promise.

GRACE. (*To herself.*) I wonder if Violet will remember to pick up those onions. (*She goes up* C. *to door.*) Perhaps I'd better do it on the way back from the Court. (*To* DICKIE.) Now, Dickie, when you get to the front door put your head down like me, and just charge through them all. (DICKIE *holds door open.*)

ARTHUR. Why don't you go out by the garden?

GRACE. I wouldn't like to risk tearing this dress getting through that

hedge. Come on, Dickie. I always shout: "I'm the maid and don't know nothing," so don't be surprised.

DICKIE. Right-oh, Mother. (GRACE *and* DICKIE *go out. A pause.*)

ARTHUR. Are we going to lose this case, Kate? (CATHERINE *quietly shrugs shoulders.*) It's our last chance.

CATHERINE. I know.

ARTHUR. (*With sudden violence.*) We've got to win it. (CATHERINE *does not reply.*) What does Sir Robert think?

CATHERINE. He seems very worried.

ARTHUR. (*Thoughtfully.*) I wonder if you were right, Kate. I wonder if we could have had a better man?

CATHERINE. No, Father, we couldn't have had a better man.

ARTHUR. You admit that now, do you?

CATHERINE. Only that he's the best advocate in England and for some reason—prestige, I suppose—he seems genuinely anxious to win this case. I don't go back on anything else I've ever said about him.

ARTHUR. The papers said that he began today by telling the judge he felt ill and might have to ask for an adjournment. I trust he won't collapse——

CATHERINE. He won't. It was just another of those brilliant tricks of his that he's always boasting about. It got him the sympathy of the Court and possibly——No, I won't say that——

ARTHUR. Say it.

CATHERINE. (*Slowly.*) Possibly provided him with an excuse if he's beaten.

ARTHUR. You don't like him, do you?

CATHERINE. (*Indifferently.*) There's nothing in him to like or dislike, Father. I admire him. (DESMOND *appears at window. He stands just inside room.* CATHERINE *and* ARTHUR *turn and see him.*)

DESMOND. I trust you do not object to me employing this rather furtive entry? The crowds at the front door are most alarming, so I came through the garden.

ARTHUR. Come in, Desmond. Why have you left the court? (DESMOND *comes down to stool at desk. Puts hat and umbrella on stool.*)

DESMOND. My partner will be holding the fort. He's perfectly competent, I promise you——

ARTHUR. I'm glad to hear it.

DESMOND. I wonder if I might see Catherine alone. I have a matter of some urgency to communicate to her——

ARTHUR. Oh. Do you wish to hear this urgent matter, Kate?

CATHERINE. Yes, Father.

ARTHUR. Very well. I shall go and finish my lunch. (*He wheels his chair up* L. *to up* L. *door.*)

DESMOND. (*Flying to help.*) Allow me.

ARTHUR. Thank you. I can manage this vehicle without assistance. Perhaps you wouldn't mind opening the door. (DESMOND *opens door up* L. ARTHUR *goes out.* CATHERINE *moves above table to chair* R. *of it and sits.*)

DESMOND. (*Closing door and turning to* CATHERINE.) I fear I should have warned you of my visit. Perhaps I have interrupted? (*He moves to* C.)

CATHERINE. No, Desmond. Please sit down. (DESMOND SITS L. *of table.*)

DESMOND. Thank you. I'm afraid I have only a very short time. I must get back to court for the cross-examination of the Judge Advocate.

CATHERINE. Yes, Desmond. Well?

DESMOND. I have a taxi-cab waiting at the end of the street.

CATHERINE. (*Smiling.*) How very extravagant of you, Desmond.

DESMOND. (*Also smiling.*) Yes. But it shows you how rushed this visit must necessarily be. The fact of the matter is—it suddenly occurred to me during the lunch adjournment that I had better see you today——

CATHERINE. (*Her thoughts far distant.*) Why?

DESMOND. I have a question to put to you, Kate, which, if I had postponed putting until after the verdict, you might—who knows—have thought had been prompted by pity—if we had lost. Or—if we had won, your reply might—again who knows—have been influenced by gratitude. Do you follow me, Kate?

CATHERINE. Yes, Desmond. I think I do.

DESMOND. Ah. Then possibly you have some inkling of what the question is I have to put to you?

CATHERINE. Yes, I think I have.

DESMOND. (*A trifle disconcerted.*) Oh.

CATHERINE. I'm sorry, Desmond. I ought, I know, to have followed the usual practice in such cases, and told you I had no inkling whatever.

DESMOND. No, no. Your directness and honesty are two of the qualities I so much admire in you. I'm glad you have guessed. It makes my task the easier——

CATHERINE. (*In matter-of-fact voice.*) Will you give me a few days to think it over?

DESMOND. Of course. Of course.

CATHERINE. I need hardly tell you how grateful I am, Desmond.

DESMOND. (*A trifle bewildered.*) There is no need, Kate, no need at all——(*Rises and moves above table.*)

CATHERINE. You mustn't keep your taxi waiting.

DESMOND. (*Fiercely.*) Oh, bother my taxi! (*Recovering himself.*) Forgive me, Kate, but you see I know very well what your feelings for me really are.

CATHERINE. (*Gently.*) You do, Desmond?

DESMOND. Yes, Kate. I know quite well they have never amounted to much more than a sort of—well—shall we say, friendliness? A warm friendliness, I hope. Yes, I think perhaps we can definitely say, warm. But no more than that. That's true, isn't it?

CATHERINE. (*Quietly.*) Yes, Desmond.

DESMOND. I know, I know. Of course, the thing is that even if I proved the most devoted and adoring husband that ever lived—which, I may say —if you give me the chance, I intend to be—your feelings for me would never—could never—amount to more than that. When I was younger it might, perhaps, have been a different story. When I played cricket for England——(DESMOND *notices faintest expression of pity that has crossed* CATHERINE'S *face. Apologetically.*) And of course, perhaps even that would not have made so much difference. Perhaps you feel I cling too much to my past athletic prowess. I feel it myself, sometimes—but the truth is I have not much else to cling to save that and my love for you. The athletic prowess is fading, I'm afraid, with the years, and the stiffening of the muscles—but my love for you will never fade.

CATHERINE. (*Smiling.*) That's very charmingly said, Desmond.

DESMOND. Don't make fun of me, Kate, please. I meant it. Every word. (*Clears his throat and moves above chair* L. *of table.*) However, let us take a more mundane approach and examine the facts. Fact One. You don't love me and never can. Fact Two. I love you, always have and always will. That is the situation—and it is a situation which, after most careful consideration, I am fully prepared to accept. I reached this decision some months ago, but thought at first it would be better to wait until this case, which is so much on all our minds, should be over. Then at lunch today I determined to anticipate the verdict tomorrow, and let you know what was in my mind at once. No matter what you feel or don't feel for me—no matter what you feel for anyone else, I want you to be my wife. (*A pause.* CATHERINE *rises and moves above table.*)

CATHERINE. I see. Thank you, Desmond. That makes everything much clearer.

DESMOND. There is much more that I had meant to say, but I shall put it in a letter.

CATHERINE. Yes, Desmond, do.

DESMOND. Then I may expect your answer in a few days?

CATHERINE. Yes, Desmond.

DESMOND. (*Suddenly crossing down* R.) I must get back to court. (*Collects his hat, umbrella and gloves.*) How did you think it went this morning?

CATHERINE. I thought the post-mistress restored the Admiralty's case with that point about Ronnie's looks——

DESMOND. Oh, no, no, no. (*Moves above chair* R. *of table.*) Not at all.

There is still the overwhelming fact that she couldn't identify him. What a brilliant cross-examination, was it not?

CATHERINE. Brilliant.

DESMOND. He is a strange man, Sir Robert. At times, so cold and distant and—and—

CATHERINE. Fishlike.

DESMOND. Fishlike, exactly. And yet he has a real passion about this case. A real passion. I happen to know—of course this must on no account go any further—but I happen to know that he has made a very, very great personal sacrifice in order to bring it to court.

CATHERINE. Sacrifice? What? Of another brief?

DESMOND. No, no. That would be no sacrifice to him. No—he was offered—you really promise to keep this to yourself?

CATHERINE. My dear Desmond, whatever the Government offered him can't be as startling as all that; he's in the Opposition.

DESMOND. As it happens it was quite startling, and a most graceful compliment, if I may say so, to his performance as Attorney-General under the last government.

CATHERINE. What was he offered, Desmond?

DESMOND. The appointment of Lord Chief Justice. He turned it down simply in order to be able to carry on with the case of Winslow versus Rex. Strange are the ways of men, are they not? Good-bye, my dear.

CATHERINE. Good-bye, Desmond. (*Offers her hand.* DESMOND *takes it and, overcome with emotion, kisses it.* DESMOND *goes out quickly through French window.* CATHERINE *looks after him, in deep thought, with a puzzled, strained expression. It does not look as though it were* DESMOND *she was thinking of. Door up* L. *opens and* ARTHUR *peeps round.*)

ARTHUR. May I come in now?

CATHERINE. Yes, Father. He's gone.

ARTHUR. I'm rather tired of being gazed at from the street, while eating my mutton, as though I were an animal at the zoo.

CATHERINE. (*Slowly.*) I've been a fool, Father. (*Comes to fireplace.*)

ARTHUR. Have you, my dear?

CATHERINE. An utter fool.

ARTHUR. In default of further information, I can only repeat, have you, my dear?

CATHERINE. There's no further information. I'm under a pledge of secrecy.

ARTHUR. Oh. What did Desmond want?

CATHERINE. To marry me.

ARTHUR. I trust the folly you were referring to wasn't your acceptance of him?

CATHERINE. (*Smiling.*) No, Father. Would it be such folly, though?

ARTHUR. Lunacy.

CATHERINE. Oh, I don't know. He's nice and he's doing very well as a solicitor.

ARTHUR. Neither very compelling reasons for marrying him.

CATHERINE. Seriously, I shall have to think it over.

ARTHUR. Think it over, by all means. But decide against it.

CATHERINE. I'm nearly thirty, you know.

ARTHUR. Thirty isn't the end of life.

CATHERINE. It might be—for an unmarried woman, with not much looks.

ARTHUR. Rubbish. (CATHERINE *shakes her head.*) Better far to live and die an old maid than to marry Desmond.

CATHERINE. Even an old maid must eat.

ARTHUR. I am leaving you and your Mother everything, you know.

CATHERINE. (*Quietly.*) Everything?

ARTHUR. There is still a little left. (*He pauses.*) Did you take my suggestion as regards your Woman's Suffrage Association?

CATHERINE. Yes, Father.

ARTHUR. You demanded a salary?

CATHERINE. I asked for one.

ARTHUR. And they're going to give it to you, I trust.

CATHERINE. Yes, Father. Two pounds a week.

ARTHUR. (*Angrily.*) That's insulting.

CATHERINE. No. It's generous. It's all they can afford. We're not a very rich organization, you know.

ARTHUR. You'll have to think of something else.

CATHERINE. What else? Darning socks? That's about my only other accomplishment.

ARTHUR. There must be something useful you can do.

CATHERINE. You don't think the work I am doing at the W. S. A. is useful? (ARTHUR *is silent.*) You may be right. But it's the only work I'm fitted for, all the same. (*She pauses.*) No, Father. (*Moves to pouffe.*) The choice is quite simple. Either I marry Desmond and settle down into quite a comfortable and not really useless existence—or I go on for the rest of my life earning two pounds a week in the service of a hopeless cause. (*Sits on pouffe.*)

ARTHUR. A hopeless cause? I've never heard you say that before.

CATHERINE. I've never felt it before. (ARTHUR *is silent.*) John's going to get married next month.

ARTHUR. Did he tell you?

CATHERINE. Yes. He was very apologetic.

ARTHUR. Apologetic!

CATHERINE. He didn't need to be. It's a girl I know slightly. She'll make him a good wife.

ARTHUR. Is he in love with her?

CATHERINE. No more than he was with me. Perhaps, even, a little less.

ARTHUR. Why is he marrying her so soon after—after——?

CATHERINE. After jilting me? Because he thinks there's going to be a war. If there is his regiment will be among the first to go overseas. Besides, his father approves strongly. She's a General's daughter. Very, very suitable.

ARTHUR. Poor Kate! (*Pauses, takes her hand slowly.*) How I've messed up your life, haven't I?

CATHERINE. No, Father. Any messing-up that's been done has been done by me.

ARTHUR. I'm so sorry, Kate. I'm so sorry.

CATHERINE. Don't be, Father. We both knew what we were doing.

ARTHUR. Did we?

CATHERINE. I think we did.

ARTHUR. Yet our motives seem to have been different all along—yours and mine, Kate. Can we both have been right?

CATHERINE. I believe we can. I believe we have been.

ARTHUR. And yet they've always been so infernally logical, our opponents, haven't they?

CATHERINE. I'm afraid logic has never been on our side.

ARTHUR. Brute stubbornness—a selfish refusal to admit defeat. That's what your mother thinks have been our motives——

CATHERINE. Perhaps she's right. Perhaps that's all they have been.

ARTHUR. But perhaps brute stubbornness isn't such a bad quality in the face of injustice?

CATHERINE. Or in the face of tyranny. (*She pauses. The cry of a* NEWSPAPER BOY *can be heard faintly outside.*) If you could go back, Father, and choose again—would your choice be different?

ARTHUR. Perhaps.

CATHERINE. I don't think so.

ARTHUR. I don't think so, either.

CATHERINE. I still say we both knew what we were doing. And we were right to do it.

ARTHUR. (*Kissing top of her head.*) Dear Kate, thank you. (*A silence.* NEWSPAPER BOY *can be heard dimly shouting from street outside.*) You aren't going to marry Desmond, are you?

CATHERINE. (*With a smile.*) In the words of the Prime Minister, Father, wait and see.

ARTHUR. (*Listening.*) What's that boy shouting, Kate?

CATHERINE. Only—"Winslow Case—Latest."

ARTHUR. It didn't sound to me like "Latest." (CATHERINE *rises and crosses down toward window. Suddenly we hear it quite plainly: "Winslow Case Result! Winslow Case Result!"*) Result?

CATHERINE. There must be some mistake. (VIOLET *enters, with broad smile, in fever of excitement.*)

VIOLET. Oh, sir! Oh, sir!

ARTHUR. (*Backing his chair round to face up* R.) What happened?

VIOLET. Oh, Miss Kate, what a shame you missed it! Just after they come back from lunch, and Mrs. Winslow she wasn't there neither, nor Master Ronnie. The cheering and the shouting and the carrying-on—you never heard anything like it in all your life—and Sir Robert standing there at the table with his wig on crooked and the tears running down his face —running down his face they were, and not able to speak because of the noise. Cook and me, we did a bit of crying too; we just couldn't help it—you couldn't, you know. Oh, it was lovely. We did enjoy ourselves. And then cook had her hat knocked over her eyes by the man behind who was cheering and waving his arms about something chronic and shouting about liberty—you would have laughed, Miss, to see her, she was that cross—but she didn't mind really, she was only pretending, and we kept on cheering and the judge kept on shouting, but it wasn't any good because even the jury joined in, and some of them climbed out of the box to shake hands with Sir Robert. And then outside in the street it was just the same—you couldn't move for the crowd and you'd think they'd all gone mad the way they were carrying on. Some of them were shouting, "Good old Winslow," and singing, "For he's a jolly good fellow," and cook had her hat knocked off again. Oh, is was lovely! (*To* ARTHUR.) Well, sir, you must be feeling nice and pleased, now it's all over?

ARTHUR. Yes, Violet, I am.

VIOLET. That's right, I always said it would come all right in the end, didn't I?

ARTHUR. Yes, you did.

VIOLET. Two years all but one month it's been, now, since Master Ronnie came back that day. Fancy.

ARTHUR. Yes.

VIOLET. I don't mind telling you, sir, I wondered sometimes whether you and Miss Kate weren't just wasting your time carrying on the way you have. Still, you couldn't have felt that if you'd been in court today. (*Turns to go, then stops.*) Oh, sir, Mrs. Winslow asked me to remember most particular to pick up some onions from the greengrocer, but in the excitement I'm afraid——

CATHERINE. That's all right, Violet. I think Mrs. Winslow is picking them up herself, on her way back.

VIOLET. I see, Miss. Poor Madam, what a sell for her when she gets to the court and finds it's all over. Well, sir, congratulations, I'm sure.

ARTHUR. Thank you, Violet. (VIOLET *goes out up* C. *After pause.*) It would appear, then, that we've won.

CATHERINE. (*Going to* ARTHUR.) Yes, Father, it would appear that we've won. (*She breaks down and cries, her head on her father's lap.*)

ARTHUR. (*Slowly.*) I would have liked to have been there. (*A pause.* VIOLET *enters up* C.)

VIOLET. (*Announcing.*) Sir Robert Morton. (CATHERINE *jumps up hastily and dabs her eyes as she crosses to window.* SIR ROBERT *enters up* C. VIOLET *goes out.*)

SIR ROBERT. (*Coming down* C.) I thought you might like to hear the actual terms of the Attorney-General's statement—— (*He pulls out scrap of paper.*) So I jotted it down for you. (*He reads:*) "I say now, on behalf of the Admiralty, that I accept the declaration of Ronald Arthur Winslow that he did not write the name on the postal order, that he did not take it and that he did not cash it, and that consequently he was innocent of the charge which was brought against him two years ago. I make that statement without any reservation of any description, intending it to be a complete acceptance of the boy's statements." (*Folds paper and hands it to* ARTHUR.)

ARTHUR. It is rather hard for me to find the words I should speak to you.

SIR ROBERT. Pray do not trouble yourself to search for them. Let us take these rather tiresome and conventional expressions of gratitude for granted, shall we? Now, on the question of damages and costs. I fear we shall find the Admiralty rather niggardly. You are likely still to be left considerably out of pocket. However, doubtless we can apply a slight spur to the First Lord's posterior in the House of Commons.

ARTHUR. Please, sir—no more trouble—I beg. Let the matter rest here. (*Indicates piece of paper.*) That is all I have ever asked for.

SIR ROBERT. (*Turning to* CATHERINE.) A pity you were not in court, Miss Winslow. The verdict appeared to cause quite a stir.

CATHERINE. So I heard. Why did the Admiralty throw up the case?

SIR ROBERT. It was a foregone conclusion, once the handwriting expert had been discredited, not for the first time in legal history—I knew we had a sporting chance and no jury in the world would have convicted on the post-mistress's evidence.

CATHERINE. But this morning you seemed so depressed.

SIR ROBERT. Did I? The heat in the courtroom was very trying, you know. Perhaps I was a little fatigued——(VIOLET *enters up* C.)

VIOLET. (*To* ARTHUR.) Oh, sir, the gentlemen at the front door say, please would you made a statement? They say they won't go away until you do.

ARTHUR. Very well, Violet. Thank you.

VIOLET. Yes, sir. (VIOLET *goes out.*)

ARTHUR. (*To* SIR ROBERT.) What shall I say? (SIR ROBERT *moves behind* ARTHUR'S *chair to help him.*)

SIR ROBERT. (*Indifferently.*) I hardly think it matters. Whatever you say will have little bearing on what they write.

ARTHUR. What shall I say, Kate?

CATHERINE. You'll think of something, Father. (SIR ROBERT *pushes chair up* C.)

ARTHUR. (*Sharply.*) No! I decline to meet the Press in this ridiculous chariot. (*To* CATHERINE.) Get me my stick!

CATHERINE. (*Protestingly.*) Father—you know what the doctor——

ARTHUR. Get me my stick! (CATHERINE *goes to piano and gets his stick. She and* SIR ROBERT *help him out of chair.*) I could say: "I am happy to have lived long enough to have seen justice done to my son——"

CATHERINE. It's a little gloomy, Father. You're going to live for ages yet—— (*They help him to door,* SIR ROBERT *on his* R., CATHERINE *on his* L.)

ARTHUR. Am I? Wait and see. I could say: "This victory is not mine. It is the people who have triumphed—as they always will triumph—over despotism." How does that strike you, sir? A trifle pretentious, perhaps.

SIR ROBERT. Perhaps. I should say it none the less. It will be very popular.

ARTHUR. Ha! Perhaps I had better say what I really feel, which is merely: "Thank God we beat 'em." (ARTHUR *goes out up* C. CATHERINE *closes door.*)

SIR ROBERT. Miss Winslow, might I be rude enough to ask you for a little of your excellent whisky?

CATHERINE. Of course. (CATHERINE *goes into dining-room.* SIR ROBERT, *left alone, droops his shoulders wearily. Comes down* C. *and subsides into chair* L. *of table. When* CATHERINE *enters with whisky he straightens his shoulders instinctively, but does not rise.*)

SIR ROBERT. That is very kind. Perhaps you would forgive me not getting up? The heat in that courtroom was really so infernal. (*Takes glass from her and drains it quickly.*)

CATHERINE. (*Noticing his hand is trembling slightly.*) Are you feeling all right, Sir Robert?

SIR ROBERT. Just a slight nervous reaction—that is all. Besides, I have not been feeling myself all day. I told the judge so this morning, if you remember, but I doubt if he believed me. He thought it was a trick. What suspicious minds people have, have they not?

CATHERINE. Yes.

SIR ROBERT. (*Handing her back the glass.*) Thank you. (CATHERINE

crosses to fireplace and puts glass on mantel. Turns slowly back to face SIR ROBERT *as if nerving herself for an ordeal.*)

CATHERINE. Sir Robert, I'm afraid I have a confession and an apology to make to you.

SIR ROBERT. (*Sensing what is coming.*) My dear young lady—I am sure the one is rash and the other superfluous. I would far rather hear neither——

CATHERINE. (*With a smile.*) I am afraid you must. This is probably the last time I shall see you, and it is a better penance for me to say this than to write it. I have entirely misjudged your attitude to this case, and if in doing so I have ever seemed to you either rude or ungrateful, I am sincerely and humbly sorry.

SIR ROBERT. (*Indifferently.*) My dear Miss Winslow, you have never seemed to me either rude or ungrateful. And my attitude to this case has been the same as yours—a determination to win at all costs. Only—when you talk of gratitude—you must remember that those costs were not mine but yours.

CATHERINE. Weren't they yours also, Sir Robert?

SIR ROBERT. I beg your pardon?

CATHERINE. Haven't you, too, made a very special sacrifice for the case?

SIR ROBERT. (*After pause.*) The robes of that office would not have suited me.

CATHERINE. Wouldn't they?

SIR ROBERT. (*With venom.*) And what is more, I fully intend to report Curry to the Law Society. (*Rises and turns upstage.*)

CATHERINE. Please don't. He did me a great service by telling me——

SIR ROBERT. Well, I must ask you never to divulge it to another living soul, and even to forget it yourself.

CATHERINE. I shall never divulge it. I'm afraid I can't promise to forget it myself.

SIR ROBERT. Very well! (*Moves toward her.*) If you choose to endow an unimportant incident with romantic significance, you are perfectly at liberty to do so. I must go.

CATHERINE. Why are you always at such pains to prevent people knowing the truth about you, Sir Robert?

SIR ROBERT. Am I indeed?

CATHERINE. You know you are. Why?

SIR ROBERT. Perhaps because *I* do not know the truth about myself.

CATHERINE. That is no answer.

SIR ROBERT. My dear Miss Winslow, are you cross-examining me?

CATHERINE. On this point, yes. Why are you so ashamed of your emotions?

SIR ROBERT. Because, as a lawyer, I must necessarily distrust them.

CATHERINE. Why?

SIR ROBERT. To fight a case on emotional grounds is the surest way of losing it. Emotions muddy the issue. Cold, clear logic—and buckets of it—should be the lawyer's only equipment.

CATHERINE. Was it cold clear logic that made you weep today at the verdict?

SIR ROBERT. (*After slight pause.*) Your maid, I suppose, told you that? It doesn't matter. It will be in the papers tomorrow, anyway. (*Fiercely.*) Very well, then, if you must have it, here it is: I wept today because right had been done.

CATHERINE. Not justice?

SIR ROBERT. No. Not justice. Right. It is not hard to do justice—very hard to do right. Unfortunately, while the appeal of justice is intellectual, the appeal of right appears, for some odd reason, to induce tears in court. That is my answer and my excuse. And now, may I leave the witness box?

CATHERINE. No. One last question. How can you reconcile your support of Winslow against the Crown with your political beliefs?

SIR ROBERT. Very easily. No one party has a monopoly of concern for individual liberty. On that issue all parties are united.

CATHERINE. I don't think so.

SIR ROBERT. You don't?

CATHERINE. No. Not all parties. Only some people from all parties.

SIR ROBERT. That is a wise remark. We can only hope then, that those "some people" will always prove enough people. You would make a good advocate.

CATHERINE. Would I?

SIR ROBERT. (*Playfully.*) Why do you not canalise your feministic impulses towards the law-courts, Miss Winslow, and abandon the lost cause of Women's Suffrage?

CATHERINE. Because I don't believe it *is* a lost cause.

SIR ROBERT. No? Are you going to continue to pursue it?

CATHERINE. Certainly.

SIR ROBERT. You will be wasting your time.

CATHERINE. I don't think so.

SIR ROBERT. A pity. In the House of Commons in days to come I shall make a point of looking up at the Gallery in the hope of catching a glimpse of you in that provocative hat. (*Enter* RONNIE *up* C.)

RONNIE. (*Coming down* R. *of* SIR ROBERT.) I say, Sir Robert, I'm most awfully sorry. I didn't know anything was going to happen.

SIR ROBERT. Where were you?

RONNIE. At the pictures. I'm most awfully sorry. I say—we won, didn't we?

SIR ROBERT. Yes, we won. Well, good-bye, Miss Winslow. Shall I see you in the House, then, one day? (*He offers his hand.*)

CATHERINE. (*Shaking his hand with a smile.*) Yes, Sir Robert. One day. But not in the Gallery. Across the floor.

SIR ROBERT. (*With a faint smile.*) Perhaps. Good-bye. (*He turns to go.*)

SLOW CURTAIN

STUDY AIDS AND QUESTIONS

FOUR KINDS OF THINKING
James Harvey Robinson (page 6)

1. Can you think of any other types of thinking besides those mentioned by Robinson?
2. Is reverie your favorite kind of thinking? Do your reveries "inevitably circle about the beloved Ego"?
3. Do you agree with Robinson's definition and evaluation of rationalizing? Is the distinction between good and real reasons valid?
4. List the good and real reasons for buying a television set, enlisting in the armed forces, marrying a rich person. Cite some other examples of problems normally rationalized.
5. Evaluate some of your own "cherished convictions." Are they the result of creative thought? Can you distinguish between your good and real reasons for these convictions? Are any of your convictions mere prejudices?
6. What part does curiosity play in creative thought?
7. Robinson's examples of creative thought are drawn from science, but he says that creative thought is just as distinctive in other realms as well. Can you list some examples of creative thought from nonscientific fields?

THE PIPER AT THE GATES OF DAWN
Kenneth Grahame (page 17)

1. Define *allegory*. (For extended definitions of literary terms consult such a book as Thrall and Hibbard's *A Handbook to Literature*.) Cite examples of sustained allegories from literature. In a sentence interpret the allegory of this essay. What is the effectiveness of allegory, both here and in general?
2. To what extent are the narrative and reflective elements integrated?
3. What elements appeal to children, and what elements to adults?
4. How are the characters of Rat and Mole differentiated? Which is the more subtle, and which the more subtly drawn?
5. Cite examples of brief figurative expressions and point out their effectiveness.
6. This essay (and the book from which it is taken, *The Wind in the Willows*, 1908) may be said to belong to the "literature of wonder." What other books may be so classified?

THE LUXURY OF INTEGRITY
Stuart Chase (page 24)

1. What are Stuart Chase's qualifications for writing on the subject of this essay?
2. Define *integrity* in your own words, and give examples of it (or its lack) in the academic world. (Comment on the derivation of the word *integrity*.)
3. On the basis of *problem* and *solution* make a short topical outline of this essay.

4. Comment on the effectiveness of the way in which Chase begins his article.

5. In paragraph six Chase implies that city people have less integrity than country people. Do you agree? Reasons?

6. How does Chase's choice of diction and idiom tie in with his ideas about integrity?

A DREAM COME TRUE
Morris Raphael Cohen (page 36)

1. *A Dreamer's Journey,* from which this selection is taken, is subtitled "An Autobiography." What autobiographical elements do you find? One critic praised the book for its "pure and tragic sincerity"; how important is this quality in an autobiography?

2. Is Cohen a realist or an idealist? Define these two terms before you answer the question.

3. Cohen says he used the Socratic method of teaching. Who was Socrates and how did he teach?

4. As an educator was Cohen destructive or constructive? Is it necessary or even desirable for one man to be both?

5. What were some of the aims and methods of his teaching? What do you think he meant by the "method of treatment by shock"?

6. Cohen called himself a liberal skeptic. Can he be said to possess no positive beliefs?

7. As a teacher does Cohen strike you as a "hard and exacting taskmaster" and a strict disciplinarian?

SEX EX MACHINA
James Thurber (page 41)

1. What is the origin and meaning of the title?

2. How are the humorous effects secured? To what extent is the humor verbal?

3. How much satire is present? Against what and whom is the satire directed?

4. If you were a caricaturist—like James Thurber (a very versatile man)—what scenes would you choose for your subjects?

5. In what respects does the humor differ from that in "The Open Window" (page 318)?

6. How is the humor in this essay typical of (or different from) much of the humorous material that appears in *The New Yorker?*

THE DOUBLE TASK OF LANGUAGE
S. I. Hayakawa (page 46)

1. What are the three affective elements in language?

2. Hayakawa suggests scientific names for plants and animals as an example of terminology with carefully established informative connotations. Can you name other examples?

3. Find some examples of affective connotations in the book or movie review section of a newspaper or magazine. Rewrite these passages to illustrate their informative connotations. Affective connotations are commonly exploited in advertisements. Find some examples and rewrite them to illustrate their informative connotations.

4. What part does the use of affective connotation play in propaganda? Read "How to Detect Propaganda" (page 55) and list the common points presented in the two essays. How do they differ?

5. What is the double task of language?

6. Bertrand Russell once "conjugated" the following "irregular verb":

I am firm
You are obstinate
He is a pig-headed fool

What principles of language usage discussed in this essay are illustrated by this "conjugation"? Make up and "conjugate" a list of similar "verbs."

HOW TO DETECT PROPAGANDA
The Institute for Propaganda Analysis (page 55)

1. This selection is an example of straightforward *exposition,* having for its purpose the *analysis* (of a subject) on the basis of *partition* or the *enumeration of coordinate points.* Define the underlined terms and show how they apply to this essay.

2. What aids (mechanical and rhetorical) assist you in following the structure (the division into parts and the transitions between those parts)?

3. Making your definition as inclusive as possible, define *propaganda.*

4. Is it always true, according to the statement in the second paragraph, that propaganda devices "make us believe and do something we would not believe or do if we thought about it calmly, dispassionately"?

5. Explain each of the propaganda devices in your own words and cite examples from your own experience or from recent history (such as Congressional investigations).

6. Is "card-stacking" logically consistent with the other six devices? Explain your answer fully.

HEARTACHE ON THE CAMPUS
Mrs. Glenn Frank (page 59)

1. What is the basis for Mrs. Frank's objection to the fraternity-sorority system? Do you consider her objections valid?

2. Do you think the situation, as outlined by Mrs. Frank, can be improved within the present fraternity-sorority framework? Or do you agree with her that complete abolition of the system is necessary?

3. Who was Zona Gale?

4. To what extent does Mrs. Frank blame parents for the conditions she describes? Do you agree with her about the attitude of parents?

5. Does the fraternity-sorority problem demand different approaches in private and state-supported institutions?

6. Is there any evidence that fraternities and sororities are becoming more democratic? What is the situation on your campus?

CAN SCIENCE POINT THE WAY?
Arthur H. Compton (page 66)

1. For what purpose does Compton refer to the ancient Greek philosophers and to Galileo and Newton?

2. What distinction does Compton draw between the scientific and the philosophical approach?

3. Do you think any progress has been made since this essay was written (1937) in applying the scientific method to human problems? How does Ruth Benedict's "The Science of Custom" (page 105) illustrate the application of the scientific method to the study of human problems?

4. In analyzing the structure of this essay, comment on the relationship of the individual parts to the whole. Are all of the parts adequately integrated?

A MODEST PROPOSAL
Jonathan Swift (page 74)

1. Most critics agree in defining satire as a form of criticism which holds up to ridicule and scorn the vices and follies of mankind and which includes the element of humor as an indispensable ingredient. To what extent does "A Modest Proposal" illustrate this definition?

2. How do Swift's style and manner contribute to the effectiveness of the satire?

3. Who and what are the real objects of Swift's attack?

4. What use does Swift make of digression?

5. What serious methods does Swift propose for alleviating the suffering of the Irish people?

6. Point out the transitional devices (words and phrases) which bind the essay together.

7. Comment on the tone of Swift's satire.

THREE FOES AND THREE ARMS OF ATTACK
Hoyt H. Hudson (page 80)

1. Define the term *liberal* as used in the phrases *liberal education* and *liberal arts*. (The *Oxford English Dictionary* is your best source of information.)

2. Define the "three arms of attack" in your own words and illustrate all three from a single experience. Also, show that "the unity of the discourse of reason" binds together all three aspects of your example.

3. Are the "three arms of attack" developed separately in Hudson's discussion? If not, why?

4. What are the ideological implications in Hudson's assumption that men are more alike than different?

5. What are the dangers of specialization in education?

6. Why does Hudson carefully define the limits of his digression?

7. What is the source of a large part of the figurative language used in this essay? (Consider such terms as *foes, arms of attack, fight unremitting warfare, action, entrenched, branches of our armed forces,* and so on.) Comment on the use of this kind of imagery in connection with the subject of this essay.

THE MARKETING ORIENTATION
Erich Fromm (page 87)

1. This essay is taken from a book entitled *Man for Himself: An Inquiry into the Psychology of Ethics.* In his Foreword, Fromm says that his intention in this volume is to "discuss the problem of ethics, of norms and values leading to the realization of man's self and of his potentialities." Read this essay rather quickly for a general understanding of the main idea; then reread it for the thought sequence and for the subordinate ideas.

2. Define *marketing orientation* in your own words. What would be perhaps a more apt phrase for Fromm's somewhat unwieldy one? What examples of the *marketing orientation* have you found in school and college?

3. Is it your experience that most salesmen today are more interested in selling themselves than their products? Again, when you were admitted to college, were you accepted on the basis of your academic record in high school and your character, or on the basis of your "personality factor" (dreadful phrase!)?

4. To what extent are Stuart Chase ("The Luxury of Integrity") and Erich Fromm in agreement on modern man's lack of individuality and independence?

5. Did you come to college because of the "enhanced exchange value" education gives you, or because of a genuine "interest in the subjects taught or in knowledge and insight as such"?

6. Comment on Fromm's style—choice of words and idioms, use of the concrete and the abstract, sentence structure, paragraph development, and other qualities.

THE DEATH OF F.D.R.
Eleanor Roosevelt (page 93)

1. What effect is produced in this essay by the use of specific detail?

2. How would you describe the tone of the essay?

3. Look up the scriptural passages which Mrs. Roosevelt says her husband loved. What do they suggest about F.D.R.'s religious feelings?

4. In your own words sum up briefly Mrs. Roosevelt's attitude toward death.

5. Compare her attitude with that of Keats in his sonnet, "When I Have Fears That I May Cease To Be," (page 210) or with the attitudes of other poets toward death.

THE DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE
Thomas Jefferson (page 98)

1. As early as 1774 Jefferson denied the authority of the English parliament over the Colonies, claiming that the only political tie with Great Britain was in the person of the king, to whom the Colonists had voluntarily submitted. In the light of this statement, justify the Colonies' breaking away from the mother country.

2. How radical was this document in 1776? How radical would it appear today, coming, shall we say, from communist China?

3. What is the tone or mood? (Consider anger, reasonableness, subservience.)

FIRST INAUGURAL ADDRESS (page 102)

1. Has Jefferson's belief in the rights of the minority always been realized in the days since 1801? Cite instances, also, of attempts by the minority to impose its will on the majority.

2. To what extent did Jefferson tolerate those who did not believe in the democratic (i.e., republican) form of government and wished to change it? Is his attitude in this matter the one generally held today in the United States?

3. Did Jefferson believe in a strong, central, "authoritarian" government?

4. Which of the principles of government as laid down by Jefferson (in paragraph five) shine most brightly today in Washington? Which have become dull and tarnished?

5. How much of a politician and how much of a statesmen does Jefferson reveal himself to be in this address?

THE SCIENCE OF CUSTOM
Ruth Benedict (page 105)

1. What aspect of *sociology* does *anthropology* treat? (For definitions of these two terms consult, rather than a dictionary, such a book as the *Encyclopaedia of the Social Sciences.*)

2. What are the characteristics of anthropology as a science and the anthropologist as a scientist? Does Miss Benedict herself use the method suggested by Compton in "Can Science Point the Way" (page 66)?

3. Why has man, from the beginning of history, "defended his uniqueness like a point of honour"?

4. Is it an advantage for a human being to be born into the white, Anglo-Saxon, Protestant majority of the United States? Is one religion better than another? Or one race? Or one country?

5. In your desire to be tolerant, do you treat a member of another race as though he were a member of your race, minimizing the differences between his culture and yours? Or do you treat him as a member of a race worth knowing because its culture is different from yours?

6. What are the two facts that the science of anthropology opposes to the gospel of the pure race?

ART AND CHANGE
Francis Colburn (page 115)

1. Colburn distinguishes between objective and subjective art and cites the *Saturday Evening Post* cover as an example of the former. Are all *SEP* covers in this category? Examine the covers of other large-circulation magazines. Do they yield any examples of subjective art?

2. What relevance do Colburn's comments on painting have for an understanding and appreciation of music and literature?

3. Find an example of what you consider "modern" art in your college art gallery or library. Then find an example of what you consider "traditional" art. Examine both carefully and try to determine exactly how they differ in the artist's treatment of his materials. Which appeals more to you? Why?

THE HIGH ROAD
James Ramsey Ullman (page 120)

1. Look up *Kingdom of Adventure: Everest,* the book from which this essay is taken, and read some of the accounts of the attempts to conquer Mt. Everest.

2. Ullman says that mountaineering "is one of those rare and precious human activities that man performs for their own sake, and for that alone." What other human activities might be included in this category?

3. Do you regard mountaineering as an activity to be classified with, say, stamp collecting and similar hobbies? If not, how does it differ?

4. Ullman says that nationalism has no place in the conquest of Mt. Everest. Make a list of some comparable human activities (which have no "practical" value) in which nationalism plays a notable part.

5. Ullman says that the men who attempt the highest peaks aspire, struggle, and suffer. Do you think the aspiration is worth the struggle and the suffering?

PHASES OF FARM LIFE
John Burroughs (page 123)

1. Is Burroughs' statement (which he considers a paradox) that the city is older than the country historically and sociologically true?

2. Is it true, as Burroughs implies, that farm life and country living of an earlier day approached the ideal because man rather than the machine was of first importance? Is the modern farmer dominated by his machines?

3. In his insistence upon picturesqueness, are there other, less pleasant or admirable qualities of earlier farm life which Burroughs tends to slight?

4. Compare the passage on fence building with Robert Frost's poem "Mending Wall" (readily obtainable in your library). Besides the differences in form, comment on the points of view and philosophies of the two men.

5. Cite descriptions of scenes or activities (especially those which are presented from the point of view of a young boy) which are emotionally poignant. How important a part does nostalgia play here?

6. Show how the structure of this essay largely depends upon contrast for its effectiveness.

BIRCH SWINGING
Haydn S. Pearson (page 131)

1. This short sketch is taken from a book entitled *Countryman's Year,* consisting of about one hundred and forty such pieces illustrating changes in the seasons as observed by "a country boy . . . old enough to be considerably on his own in farm life, not old enough for any of the strained tensions, fevers, anguishes, and glories of adolescence. He is not so remarkable a boy as to be startling or formidable or at all unfamiliar. But he is fully human, with moments when he perceives and loves beauty—as well as when he revels in a growing boy's wild ravenous joy in eating." (Dorothy Canfield Fisher) Is Pearson's point of view fully realized in "Birch Swinging"?

2. Select details which are the result of close, familiar, and realistic observation of country life. Comment on the concreteness of the language.

3. Compare this piece with Robert Frost's poem entitled "Birches" (page 268). What are the essential differences between a prose and a poetic treatment of practically the same experience? Consider differences in methods and in effects. Always keep in mind this question: Are the intentions of the two authors the same?

AMERICA'S MEDIEVAL WOMEN
Pearl S. Buck (page 132)

1. How does the author engage the interest of the reader in the opening paragraph?

2. What does the author refer to in the second paragraph when she says, "More than that, I have made my own place as a woman in America"?

3. Do you agree that "women are not much respected in America"? Name some American women who have distinguished themselves in various fields.

4. In the fourth paragraph the author suggests that the inferior position of American women is a major source of unhappiness for American men. Do you agree?

5. Who was the Secretary of Labor referred to in the eighth paragraph?

6. Do you agree with the author that men "are, naturally, afraid of women"?

7. What are the alternative solutions suggested by the author as remedies for the situation she has described?

8. How does the author's use of personal anecdote contribute to the effectiveness of the essay?

JOHN BROWN
Gamaliel Bradford (page 142)

1. Gamaliel Bradford called his biographical sketches "psychographs," or character analyses. He distinguished biography proper from his particular variation of it as follows: "Biography is bound to present an elaborate sequence of dates, events, and circumstances, of which some are vital to the analysis of the individual subject, but many are merely required to make the narrative complete. . . . [Psychography], the condensed, essential, artistic presentation

of character, . . . swings clear from this chronological sequence altogether. . . . Out of the perpetual flux of actions and circumstances that constitute a man's whole life, it seeks to extract what is essential, what is permanent and so vitally characteristic." Does "John Brown" fit this formula?

2. J. C. Metcalf has defined a biography as 'that type of writing which reveals, in narrative form, the outer and inner experiences of one personality through another." Does this definition apply to "John Brown"?

3. "John Brown" is taken from a volume entitled *Damaged Souls.* What "taint of earthly damage" entitles John Brown to find a place herein? Does this quality give unity to the sketch as a whole?

4. To what extent does Bradford achieve objectivity in presenting the character of John Brown?

5. What other criteria for a good biography has Bradford satisfied or not satisfied?

6. Compare this biography with Morris Raphael Cohen's autobiography "A Dream Come True" (page 36) to show the differences between the two genres.

THE WINSLOW BOY: A REVIEW
Brooks Atkinson (page 156)

1. What is the implication of Atkinson's statement that during the first act *The Winslow Boy* "is a deeply moving drama with dimensions greater than the poignant little story it is telling."

2. What are the distinctions between a "dramatist" and a "play contriver" as suggested by Atkinson in the third paragraph? Do you agree with Atkinson that "during the second act Mr. Rattigan begins to emerge as not so much a dramatist as a play contriver who is devoting his skill to arranging scenes that are effective in the theatre"?

3. Read John Mason Brown's review of the same play. How does Brown differ in his treatment of the same material?

4. Look up some other newspaper or magazine reviews of the play. Was it generally reviewed favorably or unfavorably? Comment on another review which seemed to you notably better or worse than Atkinson's.

5. How did you go about finding other reviews?

"LET RIGHT BE DONE"
John Mason Brown (page 158)

1. Look up the account of the Archer-Shee case by Alexander Woollcott in *The Portable Woollcott.* Why do you suppose Rattigan made such changes as he did in transforming the Archer-Shee case into a play?

2. Compare and contrast Brown's review of *The Winslow Boy* with the review by Brooks Atkinson. Which seems to you to be more satisfactory as a review of the play? Which shows the greater insight? Why?

3. Can you justify Brown's rather cursory treatment of the play in his review?

4. Do you agree with Brown that the latter part of *The Winslow Boy* is a "falling off" from the effectiveness of the earlier part?

5. What are the dramatic possibilities in the Pacific Junction story? Would the Pacific Junction story make as good a play as *The Winslow Boy?*

EDWARD
(page 179)

1. Reconstruct the story of the poem in your own words, taking into account what has happened even earlier than the events presented in the poem. Are the elements of a good short story present within the poem?

2. Characterize Edward and his mother. Consider the relationships of all the persons mentioned in the poem.

3. Why does Edward give two erroneous explanations for the blood on his sword before confessing that he has killed his father?

4. What is the total effect of the poem? How good is the psychology of the poem?

5. What technical means are used to communicate the materials of the poem to the reader? How do these means differ from those used in "Sir Patrick Spens"?

6. Find out (from a dictionary of literary terms or some other suitable reference book) what are the chief characteristics of a folk ballad. Does "Edward" illustrate these features?

SONNETS
William Shakespeare (pages 184-185)

1. Supplement the information given in the "Glossary" by finding some background information on the sonnet as a poetic form. Distinguish among the chief types of sonnet.

2. Analyze the organization of materials in each of the following sonnets and point out the relationship between the development of the idea and the structure.

3. Consider carefully the images in each poem. Determine the relationship of each image to other images and comment on their consistency.

SONNET 18

1. Summarize the theme of the poem in a single sentence.

2. What is the meaning of "summer's lease," "untrimmed," and "eternal lines"?

SONNET 29

1. What similarities and differences are there in the structural arrangement of materials in this poem and "Sonnet 18"?

2. What is the meaning of "trouble deaf heaven" and of "sullen earth"?

3. What use does Shakespeare make in this sonnet of alliteration? Is it functional or ornamental?

SONNET 73

1. What is the tone of this poem? Are there elements of sentimentality in it? If not, how has this quality been avoided?
2. Is the imagery of the poem appropriate to its theme? Why?

SONNET 116

1. In your college library look up the interpretations which various editors of Shakespeare's *Sonnets* have suggested for lines 7-8. Pick out one you agree with and one you disagree with and give your reasons.
2. How does the definition of love in the first quatrain differ from the definitions in the next two quatrains?
3. Paraphrase lines 9-10. How many separate images are there in these two lines?

SONG
John Donne (page 186)

1. This lyric is often referred to as an example of "anti-Petrarchan" poetry. In your college library find out the significance of this term and indicate how Donne's poem illustrates the chief features of this school of poetry.
2. What tone does the poet adopt in this poem? Is the imagery appropriate to the tone?
3. What is the nature of the various tasks which Donne mentions in the first stanza?
4. What is the significance of the word "pilgrimage" in line 20?
5. What is the effect of the shorter lines in each stanza? Analyze the rhyme scheme of the poem and point out its relationship to the thematic development within each stanza.
6. How does the poem differ from Shakespeare's "Sonnet 116" (page 185)?

TO HIS COY MISTRESS
Andrew Marvell (page 190)

1. Compare, in both content and technique, with Archibald MacLeish's poem "You, Andrew Marvell" (page 279).
2. Define *conceit* as used by the metaphysical poets of the seventeenth century, especially by John Donne in his "Song" (page 186), and point out examples in this poem.
3. Cite some of the many and effective uses of irony.
4. Contrast the three sections (lines 1-20, 21-32, and 33-46) on the basis of tone, tempo, and imagery.
5. Show how the constant consideration of the time problem gives unity to the poem as a whole.
6. Does this poem have any significance over and above its emphasis upon the satisfaction of physical desires?

THE LITTLE BLACK BOY
William Blake (page 193)

1. What qualities, particularly of meter, rhythm, and diction, make for an effect of childlike simplicity? (Note the metrical variations, however, in lines 11-12).

2. Blake has been called a mystic. Define mysticism and point out elements of mysticism in all three poems by Blake in this anthology.

3. What comparison does Blake use to reinforce his central meaning?

4. What ideas concerning equality are suggested (1) from the point of view of the white boy and (2) from that of the black boy?

5. What parts do intellectual argument and emotional faith play in the clarification of Blake's ideas about equality?

6. Mark Van Doren says that "Blake's little black boy . . . delivers . . . an idea such as Dante would have loved and did indeed manipulate in certain cantos of his *Divine Comedy*." Explain, and use as the basis for classroom discussion of this poem.

LINES COMPOSED A FEW MILES ABOVE TINTERN ABBEY
William Wordsworth (page 196)

1. Look up the term *romantic* (or *romanticism*) in a dictionary of literary terms or in some other suitable reference book. In what ways does this poem illustrate the romantic point of view?

2. What progressive stages in the development of Wordsworth's attitude toward Nature are revealed in this poem?

3. How does Wordsworth's attitude toward Nature differ in maturity from his youthful attitude?

4. What effect does Wordworth achieve by beginning the poem with a reference to an earlier visit to the same place?

5. Why do you suppose Wordsworth used the word "beauteous" instead of "beautiful" in line 22?

6. What is the nature of the "gift,/Of aspect more sublime" which Wordsworth describes in lines 35-49?

7. To what extent is emotion an important part of the poem? Is the emotion always controlled?

8. Analyze the rhythm of the blank verse. What relationship exists between the rhythm of the poem and what the poem actually says?

THE DESTRUCTION OF SENNACHERIB
George Gordon, Lord Byron (page 204)

1. Byron wrote this poem to be set to music. Does it seem especially appropriate to a musical setting? Why?

2. What special effect is achieved by the meter of the poem?

3. Look up 2 Kings 19 for the Biblical background of the poem.

4. What figures of speech does Byron use in the poem? Comment on their appropriateness.

ODE TO A NIGHTINGALE
John Keats (page 212)

1. From a dictionary of literary terms or other suitable reference book secure some information about the ode as a poetic form.

2. This ode, like all of Keats's great odes, has to do with the relation of pleasure and pain. Indicate the development of this theme throughout the poem. What other thematic contrasts are revealed in the poem? Compare the theme of this poem with that of the "Ode on a Grecian Urn."

3. Brooks and Warren (*Understanding Poetry,* page 338) call this poem "essentially a reverie." Does this poem illustrate the definition of reverie given by James Harvey Robinson in "Four Kinds of Thinking" (page 6)?

4. What is the relationship between the elaborate imagery and the mood of the poem?

5. What is the symbolic significance of the nightingale? What is the special function of the nightingale's song in the poem? What significance do you attach to Keats's calling the nightingale's song a "high requiem" in line 60 and a "plaintive anthem" in line 75?

6. What attitude toward death is suggested in the poem? Does the attitude differ from that expressed in "When I Have Fears That I May Cease to Be" (page 210)?

7. Does Keats's call for a drink of wine in the second stanza imply that he is thirsty?

8. Identify all the proper names in the poem and indicate the special significance of their use.

ULALUME—A BALLAD
Edgar Allan Poe (page 229)

1. In his essay "The Poetic Principle" Poe defines poetry as "the rhythmical creation of beauty." He observes further that "a poem deserves its title only inasmuch as it excites, by elevating the soul." And elsewhere Poe remarks that the proper pleasure of poetry is indefiniteness. Are these criteria satisfied in "Ulalume"?

2. Describe the mood or atmosphere which Poe creates largely through suggestion.

3. By the use of what sound effects does Poe achieve his effects?

4. In what respects does "Ulalume" resemble a ballad?

5. Comment on Poe's diction. Why does he use such words as *Auber, Weir,* and *Yaanek?*

6. Of what allegorical interpretation is this poem capable?

7. In his *Vulgarity in Literature* Aldous Huxley writes as follows on "Ulalume": "These lines protest too much (and with what a variety of voices!) that they are poetical, and, protesting, are therefore vulgar. To start with, the walloping dactylic meter is all too musical. Poetry ought to be musical, but musical with tact, subtly and variously." Comment on this criticism.

SOLILOQUY OF THE SPANISH CLOISTER
Robert Browning (page 234)

1. Compare the structure with that of Edwin Arlington Robinson's "How Annandale Went Out" (page 267). Indicate evidences of the strongly dramatic nature of Browning's poem.

2. How does irony enter into the characterization of the narrator?

3. With which character, the narrator or Brother Lawrence, are you more sympathetic? Does Browning prejudice you in your choice?

4. "Browning takes a critical moment in one person's life, and by permitting the individual to speak, his character, the whole course of his existence, and sometimes the spirit of an entire period in the world's history are revealed in a brilliant searchlight" (W. L. Phelps). Apply this statement to the present poem.

5. Cite examples of Browning's characteristically energetic, colloquial, and concentrated diction.

OUT OF THE CRADLE ENDLESSLY ROCKING
Walt Whitman (page 240)

1. What elements of free verse (*vers libre*) does this poem contain? In particular, explain the variations in the length of the lines and comment on the rhythms.

2. In subject matter and form how may this poem be classified as an elegy? What other elegies did Whitman write?

3. Describe the mood.

4. Discuss the significance of the male mocking bird and its song, and of the sea, which may be considered as two major symbols. What other symbols are used?

5. Comment on the importance of death in the theme of this poem.

6. To what extent is this poem an example of Wordsworth's famous definition of poetry as "the spontaneous overflow of powerful feelings: it takes its origin from emotion recollected in tranquillity; the emotion is contemplated till, by a species of re-action, the tranquillity gradually disappears, and an emotion, kindred to that which was before the subject of contemplation, is gradually produced, and does itself actually exist in the mind." (Preface to *Lyrical Ballads,* 1800.)

7. Point out jarring imperfections in some of the details, such as absurd jingles and flat commonplaces.

A ROUTE OF EVANESCENCE
Emily Dickinson (page 248)

1. What do you think is the fundamental comparison? Point out details which are particularly effective.

2. What is the "meaning" of this poem? In answering this question, consider the idea presented in Archibald MacLeish's poem entitled "Ars Poetica" (page 278).

3. In line 3 discuss the effectiveness of the use of two interwoven sense impressions.

4. What is the significance of the last two lines?

5. Define the term *wit,* especially in its eighteenth-century meaning, and show how it is illustrated by this poem. (Consult the *Oxford English Dictionary.*)

THE HAYSTACK IN THE FLOODS
William Morris (page 249)

1. Rewrite the poem as if it were a short story. Does it contain the necessary elements of a good short story? What does such an exercise suggest to you about the chief differences between a narrative poem and a short story?

2. What evidence in the poem suggests the time and place of the action?

3. The two questions asked in the first five lines of the poem suggest the line of action for the rest of the poem. Is the suspense of the narrative lost as a result, or is it sustained anyway?

4. What alternatives does Jehane face when Robert's forces are captured by those of Godmar?

5. Do the four-stressed couplets seem appropriate to the pace of the narrative in the poem?

AT TEA
Thomas Hardy (page 254)

1. This poem was originally published in a book of verse called *Satires of Circumstance* (1911-1914). Justify the poem's inclusion in a volume so titled. In 1894 Hardy had published a collection of stories entitled *Life's Little Ironies;* would this title cover the situation in "At Tea"?

2. According to the author, is the situation depicted an unusual tragedy or an everyday commonplace?

3. Is there any special significance in the droning of the kettle?

4. Criticize this poem on the basis of intense concentration and economy of expression.

5. Which of the following terms fit Hardy: moralist, fatalist, meliorist, realist, pessimist, optimist, post-Victorian, satirist, libertine, pragmatist?

THE HOUND OF HEAVEN
Francis Thompson (page 256)

1. What is the theme of the poem? By what metaphorical means is this theme revealed? Is the dominant metaphor of the poem made less effective by the tenderness of the "Hound of Heaven" at the end?

2. Some critics have said that "The Hound of Heaven" is not sustained throughout on the same poetic level. By close analysis, try to determine which are the superior parts of the poem.

3. Analyze the imagery of any twenty-five lines of the poem. Does the poet achieve a smooth transition in the relationship of the images?

4. Find examples in the poem where the metrics make a particular image more effective (i.e., where the sound supports the sense).
5. Compare this poem with George Herbert's "The Collar" (page 189).

TO AN ATHLETE DYING YOUNG
A. E. Housman (page 261)

1. What devices does Housman use to make the theme of the poem (the desirability of early death) more acceptable?
2. Compare the attitude toward death in this poem with that in Keats's "Ode to a Nightingale" (page 212).
3. What use does Housman make of paradox?
4. What use of symbols is made in the poem?

IS MY TEAM PLOWING (page 262)

1. What is the relationship of the person asking questions in the poem to the person answering them?
2. What do this poem and "When I Was One And Twenty" have in common as regards theme?
3. Compare the question and answer technique of this poem with that of "Edward" (page 179). What advantage of effect does the poet gain by using such a technique?

WHEN I WAS ONE-AND-TWENTY (page 263)

1. What attitude toward human relationships is expressed in this lyric?
2. Is there any quality of the poem which tends to mitigate the pessimistic point of view?

SAILING TO BYZANTIUM
William Butler Yeats (page 263)

Your understanding of this admittedly difficult poem will be increased by some knowledge of ancient Byzantium. In your college library acquaint yourself with an account of the city when Byzantine art was at its height.

1. What are the chief contrasts presented in the poem? How does the imagery support these contrasts and make them more effective?
2. What is the function of the references to music or singing which occur in every stanza of the poem?
3. What does Yeats mean by the "artifice of eternity" in the third stanza?
4. In what ways is this poem suggestive of Keats's "Ode on a Grecian Urn" (page 211)?
5. In what stanzaic form is the poem written?

HOW ANNANDALE WENT OUT
Edwin Arlington Robinson (page 267)

1. Comment upon the phrase "went out" in the title. What different connotations would be suggested by the use of such phrases as "passed away,"

"expired," "died," "went to his reward," "kicked the bucket"? What does Robinson's choice of diction (here and in the poem as a whole) tell you about his attitude toward his art?

2. Justify the expression *dramatic sonnet* as a description of the structure. Which sonnet form is used, Italian or English? Compare this structure with that in Browning's "Soliloquy of the Spanish Cloister" (page 234).

3. How much of the content of this poem is revealed by direct statement and how much by oblique suggestion? Which method is the more effective? What dangers are inherent in the second method?

4. How is the character of the narrator revealed? Does the author pass judgment on him and his actions? On Annandale?

5. Compare Robinson with Hardy in both technique and philosophy of life.

THE EMPEROR OF ICE-CREAM
Wallace Stevens (page 274)

1. Who are the principal characters and what is the central situation? (Although this poem is probably the most difficult one in the present collection, do not approach it merely as an intellectual puzzle. Allow its sound effects and its emotional content to *suggest* its meaning to you.)

2. What are the major symbols and how may they be interpreted?

3. What details suggest a discrepancy between what is and what seems to be? (This use of irony points up the meaning of the poem.)

4. Cite examples of the gaudy and sensuous language which is typical of many poems by Stevens.

5. How do the rhyming couplets at the end of each stanza round out and summarize the thought sequence?

SWEENEY AMONG THE NIGHTINGALES
T. S. Eliot (page 276)

1. In understanding this poem, as with Stevens's "The Emperor of Ice-Cream" frequent rereadings will be necessary.

2. What is the classical story (as set forth by Aeschylus in his *Agamemnon*) of which this poem may be considered a modern counterpart? (But "Sweeney" is more than a contrast of the heroic past with the trivial present.)

3. How does the epigraph, the words Agamemnon "cried aloud" when he was killed, "Alas! I am stricken by a timely blow within," (Aeschylus' *Agamemnon*, line 1343) reinforce the central emotion?

4. Comment on the following symbols: Sweeney, the nightingales, the convent, the raven, the various constellations.

5. Do the nightingales make any distinction between the death of Sweeney and that of Agamemnon? What is the significance of your answer?

YOU, ANDREW MARVELL
Archibald MacLeish (page 279)

1. Compare with Andrew Marvell's poem "To His Coy Mistress" (page 190), especially with the lines beginning, "But at my back I always hear. . . ."

2. On a map trace the westward movement of the poet through time and space with the sun. By the use of what devices do you get an effect of constantly accelerating speed?

3. To what does the poet intend to compare the coming on of night? How much does the poet lean on the idea, set forth in such a book as Oswald Spengler's *Decline of the West* (1926–1928), that Western culture reached its peak in the nineteenth century and is now dying?

4. What is significant about the fact that in the poem modern man is represented as lying in a *prone* position?

5. In interpreting this poem, keep in mind what MacLeish says about the "meaning" of poetry in his "Ars Poetica."

THE CASK OF AMONTILLADO
Edgar Allan Poe (page 287)

1. In his review of Hawthorne's *Twice-Told Tales* (printed in *Graham's Magazine* for May, 1842), Poe says that for a prose tale to achieve its fullest effect, that of *totality*, it must be short enough to be read at one sitting. Further, the artist, according to Poe, "having conceived, with deliberate care, a certain unique or single effect to be wrought out, . . . then invents such incidents" and "combines such events as may best aid him in establishing this preconceived effect. . . . In the whole composition there should be no word written, of which the tendency, direct or indirect, is not to the one pre-established design." Criticize the "Cask" on the basis of Poe's own standards.

2. Define *irony* and find three examples of it in this story.

3. Find examples of Poe's ability to make his story move very quickly.

4. How credible is the psychology of Montresor in his persuading Fortunato to come into his wine cellar?

THE THREE STRANGERS
Thomas Hardy (page 292)

1. What is the effect of the highly specific detail which Hardy uses in his description of the countryside and of the customs and way of life of the shepherds? Is he merely sketching in local color?

2. What comment on life does Hardy seem to make by combining a christening and a condemned fugitive in the same story?

3. Why is the hangman portrayed as the most convivial of the three strangers?

4. What is the significance of the change in attitude on the part of the shepherds toward the sheep-stealer?

5. What function is served in the story by the element of humor?

6. Are the elements of accident and coincidence in the story overworked?

7. How does Hardy's narration of the story as if it were a legend affect its plausibility?

THE JEWELS
Guy De Maupassant (page 310)

1. This story has been called a study in irony. In what ways is the presentation of character and situation specifically ironical?
2. Does Mme. Lantin insist (at the beginning of the story) that her husband accompany her to the theater because she genuinely wants his company? Is she counting on his begging off very soon?
3. In view of M. Lantin's sudden conversion to a materialistic attitude, what is your opinion as to the validity of his former love? Is he a hypocrite? Is he justified? How genuine was his love for his first wife or his grief over her death?
4. Do you have more sympathy for Madame or Monsieur Lantin? Why? Which do you think is the more admirable person? Why?
5. What is the theme of the story? How does the characterization of Madame and Monsieur Lantin exemplify the theme?

VANKA
Anton Pavlovich Chekhov (page 315)

1. Describe the mood or atmosphere. What details chiefly contribute to that mood? How much emotion is in that mood?
2. What effect is achieved by the disparity between the quality of the Grandfather's life and Vanka's conception of it?
3. Describe the method by which the Grandfather is characterized. How effective is that method?
4. Is Chekhov a realistic writer? Define *realism*. How selective, or unselective, is the realism of Chekhov?
5. In what ways has Chekhov influenced James Joyce and Katherine Mansfield? Make specific references to "The Dead" (page 321) and "A Cup of Tea" (page 354).

THE OPEN WINDOW
Saki (H. H. Munro) (page 318)

1. Does this story depend upon character, situation, or theme for its principal effect? Explain your answer.
2. What humorous and farcical elements are present? Do you believe that this story is more than an expanded joke?
3. How finely are the characters drawn? Comment upon their names.
4. What is the point of view? How does it change at the beginning of the fourth paragraph from the end (" 'Here we are, my dear,' said the bearer of the white mackintosh. . . . .")?
5. How close is this story to being a drama? Rewrite it as a one-act play.

THE DEAD
James Joyce (page 321)

1. Joyce's intention in writing this story (and the collection of stories from which it is taken, *Dubliners,* 1914) was "to write a chapter of the moral history of my country and I chose Dublin for the scene because that city seemed to me the centre of paralysis." To what extent has Joyce realized his intention by making the persons and actions of his story symbolize the "moral history" of Ireland? (For example, see Lily's observation, early in the story, that "the men that is now is only all palaver and what they can get out of you.")

2. What purpose is served by the episode of the party (occupying about four-fifths of the story)? What is its relation to the final scene in the hotel? (Joyce's use of a striking psychological illumination, such as that which occurs to Gabriel in the hotel room, has been called an "epiphany." Explain the origin of the term and discuss the use of this device in "The Dead.")

3. How fast does the narrative move? How much action is there? (Edmund Wilson believes that Joyce substituted tremendous elaboration for dramatic and narrative elements. Another critic thinks that Joyce's genius was his language obsession, which slowed up the narrative.)

4. What is the function of Bartell D'Arcy and his singing the song "The Lass of Aughrim"?

5. Follow the character of Gabriel Conroy as a study in frustration and defeat (a symbol of the national life of Ireland?) What is the feeling of Joyce toward Gabriel (and his wife)? How much emotion is there in this character's make-up? How emotionally is he presented?

6. Charles Neider believes that in this story "death symbolizes the loss in Gabriel of youthful idealism, imagination, poetry; he is a product of Irish Babbittry." Explain and criticize.

7. Comment upon the effect of the epilogue (the last six paragraphs) in connection with both language and emotional intensity.

A CUP OF TEA
Katherine Mansfield (page 354)

1. In general language state the theme. (In what sentence does the author ironically phrase her own theme?)

2. What is the feeling of the author toward Rosemary? What is your feeling toward Rosemary?

3. Is Rosemary *pretty?* Does Philip think she is? Is Miss Smith pretty? Does Philip think she is? (Upon the prettiness of the two women—or lack of it—depends much of the point of the story.)

4. Explain the significance of each of the following details: a cup of tea; the enamel box; the hands of Rosemary, of the shopman, of Miss Smith; *The Milliner's Gazette;* the flowers that Rosemary buys; the various sums of money.

5. Point out preparations for later details.

BABYLON REVISITED
F. Scott Fitzgerald (page 360)

1. Do you attribute Charlie Wales's downfall to some deficiency in character and personality or to circumstances over which he had no control? What is his own attitude toward his situation?

2. Is Charlie Wales a fundamentally strong or weak person? What evidence is there in the story to support your opinion? Has he really changed or will he fail again?

3. What are the sources of Marion's antagonism toward Charlie Wales besides her feeling that he was responsible for her sister's death?

4. This story is narrated from the point of view of Charlie Wales. How different would the effect of the story be if it had been told from the point of view of Marion Peters? Or from the point of view of Lincoln Peters? Could the story be successfully told from the point of view of any other character?

5. What is the artistic effect of Charlie Wales's meeting Duncan Shaeffer and Lorraine Quarrles when he is out with Honoria? What is Fitzgerald's artistic purpose in bringing Duncan and Lorraine to the Peters house at the very moment when Charlie is about to achieve success in regaining his daughter?

6. Does this story seem dated to you? Could you appreciate it more if you had lived in the 1920's?

7. Compare and contrast the effect of wealth on Charlie Wales with its effect on M. Lantin in "The Jewels" (page 310).

8. What is the significance of the title of the story?

THE HOUND
William Faulkner (page 377)

1. State the conflict of the story and identify the protagonist and antagonist.

2. Does the conflict have any significance beyond is principal participants? In other words, does Faulkner seem to be using the materials of the story to make a comment on some aspect of life or society?

3. To what extent does the effectiveness of the story depend on its setting? Could the story have been just as effective with an urban background?

4. Is there any symbolic significance to be attached to the hound?

5. Is the murder of Houston by Cotton sufficiently motivated? Do Cotton's last words in the story give any clue to his character or to his standard of values which makes the murder more plausible?

6. How does Faulkner use the element of suspense?

NIGHT CLUB
Katharine Brush (page 388)

1. How is irony bound up with the theme, the central situation, and the character of Mrs. Brady?

2. Analyze the structure by showing the relationship of the individual episodes to the story as a whole.

3. Explain the situation in which each (or each set) of Mrs. Brady's patrons is involved. To what extent are some of these situations exaggerated or melodramatic?

4. Point out figures of speech (similes and metaphors in particular) which you regard as especially effective.

5. If you have read some of the short stories of O. Henry, perhaps you can find in this story characteristics which indicate that Miss Brush has been strongly influenced by him.

BOY IN THE SUMMER SUN
Mark Schorer (page 398)

1. Will recollects that just before he left Rachel in June, she had said that they were leaving an unreal life. Reconstruct the "unreal life" which these two characters had experienced. How is this "unreal life" related to the theme of the story? Do you think that campus life and relationships are "unreal"?

2. What is the relationship of the time and setting of the story to the development of the plot?

3. What is the significance of Will's breaking down into a fit of sobbing?

4. Does Will's acceptance of his situation at the end of the story seem credible to you? What technical device has Schorer used to secure credibility for Will's changed attitude?

5. Who is the protagonist of the story? If Will is the protagonist, then who is the antagonist? Can you make a case for regarding Rachel as the protagonist?

6. How would the story differ if it were told from the point of view of Rachel?

7. Is there more involved in this story than the usual "boy loses girl" idea?

THE PORTABLE PHONOGRAPH
Walter Van Tilburg Clark (page 407)

1. In this story the setting plays a vital part in sustaining the theme. How is this accomplished? To what extent does Clark's choice of words contribute to the sense of futility which permeates the story?

2. Clark himself has referred to the portable phonograph as the "key symbol" of the story. What is its symbolic significance?

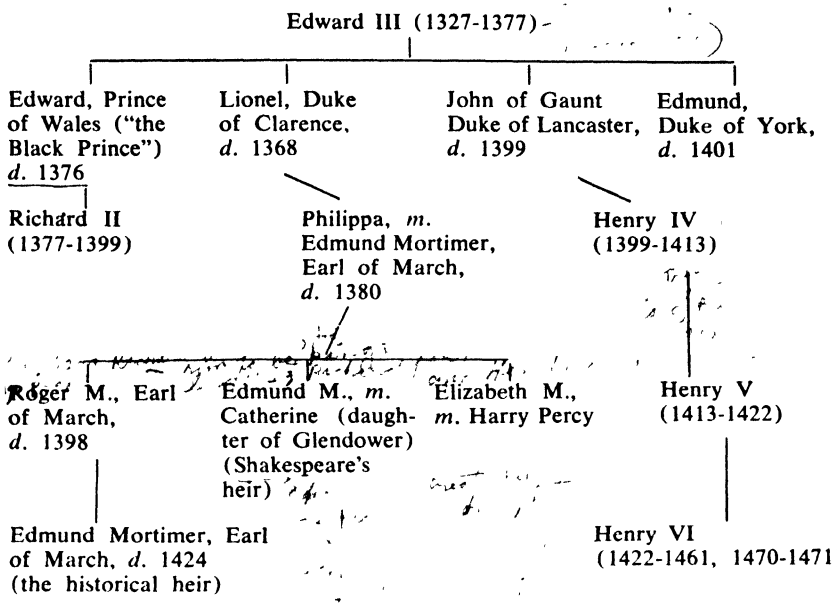
3. What other symbols do you find in the story? What significance do you attach to them? What is implied by the four stars?

4. Why are there no female characters in this story?

5. Why is late autumn a particularly appropriate time of year for this story?

6. The four characters are a professor, a writer, a musician, and an anonymous man of unknown past. What is the particular appropriateness of their professions and backgrounds to the theme of the story?

GENEALOGICAL TABLE FOR USE WITH THE FIRST PART OF KING HENRY THE FOURTH



THE FIRST PART OF KING HENRY THE FOURTH

William Shakespeare (page 420)

General Questions

1. What are the two broad actions and what are the two principal groups of characters involved in these actions? Is there any connection between the divisions?

2. What are the historical, tragic, and comic elements?

3. List the several dramatic conflicts. Which of these conflicts are internal, and which are external? Which are used to reveal character? Can the protagonist of any one of these conflicts justifiably be called the hero of the play?

4. Show how the theme of honor pervades all the principal actions and involves all the main characters.

5. Examine all the speeches of Hal and Hotspur in which they allude to each other. What dramatic purposes are served by these allusions?

6. In what dramatic ways does Shakespeare reveal the chief character traits of Falstaff, Hotspur, Hal, King Henry, and Glendower?

7. What political significance would the play have had for Shakespeare's contemporaries?

8. Study the historical background of the play. Did Shakespeare noticeably depart from the facts of history? If so, why?

9. What is the special appropriateness of Shakespeare's use of poetry in some scenes and prose in others? Would the play have been as effective had

it been written entirely in prose? Why are so few poetic dramas being written for the contemporary stage?

10. Does the diagram described in "Reading a Play" fit the action of this play?

11. What several reasons might Shakespeare have had for writing this play?

Act One

1. What expository materials are presented in each scene of this act which later receive full dramatic treatment?

2. In Scene One what are the king's real reasons for wishing to undertake a crusade?

3. What devices for wit and humor are revealed in the speeches of Falstaff and Hal in Scene Two?

4. In his soliloquy at the end of Scene Two is Hal presenting his *good* or *real* reasons for his behavior? (See Robinson's essay, "Four Kinds of Thinking," page 6).

5. In Scene Three is the king's anger against Hotspur justified?

6. In Scene Three what is the king's real reason for not wishing to ransom Mortimer?

7. What aspect of the theme of the play is revealed in Hotspur's speeches in Scene Three?

Act Two

1. Write a short paragraph describing the movements of each character in Scene Two and make a list of the necessary stage properties.

2. What functions are served by Hotspur's reading the letter in Scene Three?

3. What new side of Hotspur's character is revealed in Scene Three?

4. What elements make Scene Four the high point of the comic action?

5. What insights into character are revealed by the impersonations assumed by Falstaff and Hal in Scene Four?

Act Three

1. What are the bases of character contrast between Hotspur and Glendower in Scene One?

2. What is the irony in Hotspur's remarks on poetry in lines 127*ff.*, Scene One?

3. Is the psychology of the reconciliation between Hal and his father in Scene Two valid?

4. What is the relation between the speeches of Hal in Scene Two and his soliloquy at the end of Act One, Scene Two?

5. What transitional functions are served by Scene Three?

Act Four

1. In Scene One what traits of character are revealed by Hotspur, Worcester, and Douglas in their responses to the news that the expected reinforcements will not arrive?

2. What unattractive aspects of Falstaff's character are shown in Scene Two?
3. What rhetorical devices make Falstaff's speeches in Scene Two (and elsewhere) particularly effective?
4. Is the king's offer of peace, made by Sir Walter Blunt in the parley in Scene Three, sincere?
5. In Scene Three what function is served by Hotspur's recapitulation of the rebels' point of view?

Act Five

1. What is the effect of Hal's generous praise of Hotspur in Scene One?
2. Analyze Falstaff's speech on honor at the end of Scene One. Compare Falstaff's attitude toward honor with those of Hotspur, Hal, Glendower, and Douglas.
3. In Scene Two why does Worcester suppress the offer of the king?
4. In Scene Two why does Shakespeare make Hotspur respond contemptuously to Vernon's account of Hal's praise of his rival?
5. What function is served by the emphasis, in Scene Four, on Prince John's valor?
6. Which of the principal conflicts of the play come to a climax in Scene Four?
7. In Scene Four how is the reader's sympathy alienated from Hotspur and centered upon Hal?
8. Analyze Hal's reaction to the supposed death of Falstaff in Scene Four.

THE TWELVE-POUND LOOK
James M. Barrie (page 496)

1. Is it possible for you, as the playwright suggests, to identify yourself with Sir Harry?
2. To what extent does Barrie reveal the elements of the play by strictly dramatic means, and to what extent does he reveal them by non-dramatic means? How do these devices affect both the spectator and the reader?
3. How much real comfort (Barrie has been called the "Great Comforter") does the philosophy of Kate afford those persons who have not achieved success in the world?
4. Does Barrie understand women as such? Most particularly, does he understand them in their relation with men?
5. What representative human types are embodied in the three main characters?
6. Comment on the irony in the last three speeches of Sir Harry and Lady Sims.
7. How penetrating is the satire? What are its objects and what are its methods?
8. Compare the attitudes of the three main characters with the ideas suggested by Pearl Buck in "America's Medieval Women" (page 132).
9. Compare a one-act play with a short story, in respect to economy and concentration. How do a one-act play and a full-length play differ in technique?

THE WINSLOW BOY
Terence Rattigan (page 511)

General Questions

1. Read the account of the Archer-Shee case in *The Portable Woollcott.*
2. What fundamental issue does Rattigan raise in the play? Is the theme exploited at the expense of the principles of good play writing?
3. Trace the development of the Catherine-John relationship throughout the play. How does their relationship reflect the development of the main theme?
4. How does Rattigan convey to the audience the knowledge of activities which have taken place off stage? Would the play have been more effective if he had portrayed the courtroom scenes in court? Has anything been gained by having the trial reported at second-hand?
5. What do you think are Sir Robert's real motives in taking the case? Is Catherine's original assessment of his motives accurate? Does this assessment undergo any change?
6. Some critics have said that the play reflects a concept of justice which is peculiarly English. Would the play have been less credible with an American background?
7. Discuss the characters as being static or dynamic.
8. Debate the claim that Arthur's devotion to his cause amounts to fanaticism.
9. For which character does the author develop the most sympathy?

Act One, Scene One

1. Indicate an example of dramatic irony in the conversation among the members of the Winslow family when they return home after church.
2. In Arthur's chat with John about John's proposal of marriage to Catherine, the talk is largely about finances. How is this concern with finances related to later developments in the play?
3. How does John's speech about the Service characterize him? What other speeches and actions by John serve to prepare the reader for his later conduct in the play?
4. What is accomplished by making Desmond both the family lawyer and Catherine's admirer?
5. Does Arthur engage the sympathy of the reader in Scene One? In addition to his own speeches, what methods are used to reveal his character?
6. What hints of the general theme are to be found in this scene?

Act One, Scene Two

1. Write a paragraph indicating what has happened in the interval between Scene One and Scene Two.
2. Compare Dickie's advice to Catherine about suppressing her opinions with the ideas of Pearl Buck in "America's Medieval Women" (page 132).
3. What is the dramatic purpose of the interview between Arthur and Miss Barnes?

4. Contrast Ronnie's initial entrance in Scene Two with that in Scene One.
5. At this point in the action how do you react to the fact that Arthur's determination to pursue the case of Ronnie has cost Dickie his chance to complete college, and Catherine her dowry? Do your reactions to these facts undergo any change as the action advances?
6. Are Sir Robert's belief in Ronnie's innocence and his acceptance of the brief well motivated?
7. What is the significance of the playwright's placing the cross-examination scene in the Winslow drawing-room rather than in Sir Robert's office?

Act Two, Scene One

1. Write a paragraph indicating what has happened in the interval between the end of Act One and the beginning of Act Two.
2. What is the significance of Ronnie's sleeping during most of this scene?
3. What is your reaction to the fact that Arthur, in trying to conserve money, withdraws his son from college and takes back his daughter's dowry before he thinks of dismissing the maid?
4. From the point of view of Grace does the playwright believe that it is possible to give up too much for a principle? Criticize Grace's attitude toward the establishment of the innocence of Ronnie.
5. What is the symbolic significance of John's jilting of Catherine? Is it dramatically credible?
6. What aspects of the theme of the play are revealed by the contrasting attitudes of Catherine and John toward Ronnie's case?
7. What psychological devices does Sir Robert use to ensure Catherine's (and hence Arthur's) support in continuing the case?

Act Two, Scene Two

1. Write a paragraph indicating what has happened in the interval between Scene One and Scene Two.
2. Is Dickie's conversion credible?
3. Do you think Catherine will marry Desmond? Is there any evidence that an emotional interest has developed between Catherine and Sir Robert?
4. Why does the playwright contrive to have Ronnie attending the movies while the decision is being rendered in his case? How does this situation compare with the general situation of the maid in Katharine Brush's short story "Night Club" (page 388)?
5. Is "brute stubbornness" the proper quality to oppose to injustice and tyranny?
6. Comment on the distinction between right and justice made by Sir Robert.
7. Are there any elements in this act which tend to lessen the emphasis upon the main theme?
8. What effect has the case had on the members of the Winslow family? Have your first impressions of them been changed by the developments of the action? What do you think the playwright intends to be the final assessment of Arthur's character? Refer specifically to Arthur's last speeches in the play.

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