

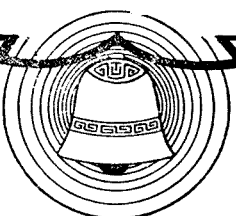
部定大學用書

大學英文選

國立編譯館出版
正中書局印行

部定大學用書
大學英文選
READINGS IN ENGLISH PROSE
FOR THE FIRST-YEAR UNIVERSITY STUDENTS

國立編譯館出版
正中書局印行



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中華民國三十五年九月渝初版
中華民國三十六年二月滬一版

大學英文選

全一冊 定價國幣六元
(外埠酌加運費匯費)

編	選	者	國	立	編	譯	館	大	學
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(2015)

PREFACE

In the New Curriculum issued by the Ministry of Education in 1938, English has been made a required course for the first-year university students of all faculties. One of the main difficulties which we have been constantly confronted with in the course of teaching is the lack of suitable textbooks. To meet an urgent need, the Ministry of Education appointed a committee in 1939 to compile an English reader for university freshmen. The Committee consisted of six members (朱光潛、梁實秋、潘家洵、范存忠、李儒勉、林天蘭), all experienced teachers of English of above ten years, standing. They set to work for about a year and in 1940 brought out the first rough draft of the selections. Typewritten copies of this were sent out to all our national universities and institutes with the injunction that the book should be tested and improved by actual teaching and practical results. Two years elapsed, the Committee sat again, considered the suggestions made by teachers, revised the first draft and annotated each piece. The result is the volume before us.

Certain special features of this book deserve recommendation. In the first place, the materials have been chosen from a very wide range of subjects, the students while each following his or her own special inclination may cultivate many-sided interests and widen their mental horizon. It goes without saying that they may also acquire a large vocabulary and thereby increase their

reading ability. Secondly, as the classification of the contents shows, different types of writing are all well represented, students may find abundant good models for their own written exercises. Thirdly, though no attempt has been made at following a chronological order, specimens have been given of great masters of English prose from the 18th century to the present day. Emphasis is laid however on contemporary authors. It is expected that students may be well grounded in the usage of current English while they are able to relish earlier prose and form some idea of the development of the English language and literary style. Lastly, as experience has shown, about half of the materials given here are enough for class work in one year, teachers may have a free choice among a wide range of topics while sufficient materials are left to students for private study. The selections in each section are arranged roughly in order of difficulty, teachers may start with whatever level which they think fit for the reading capacity of their students.

Every anthology is bound to be a sort of patchwork especially when it is made by different hands. As the present one is the result of long experience and careful consideration, we hope that it will be welcomed by both teachers and students. The editors would be grateful, we have been asked to announce, for any suggestion or criticism that might lead to further improvement.

CHEN LI-FU
Minister of Education

CONTENTS

PREFACE iii

Section I. Narration

CHAPTERS	PAGES
I. LOUISE— <i>H. H. Munro</i>	1
II. THE COUNSEL ASSIGNED — <i>Mary Raymond S Andrews</i>	8
III. EVOLUTION— <i>John Galsworthy</i>	18
IV. THE WOLF AT THE DOOR— <i>James Stephens</i>	23
V. LETTER TO HIS MOTHER — <i>Oliver Goldsmith</i>	28
VI. MR. AND MRS. BENNET— <i>Jane Austen</i>	33
VII. THE DINNER AT MESSRS. DILLY'S — <i>James Boswell</i>	36
VIII. THE MICAWBERS — <i>Charles Dickens</i>	40
IX. GETTING THE DOCTOR— <i>H. Garland</i>	45
X. THE DEATH OF PRINCE— <i>T. Hardy</i>	50
XI. THE APPLE TREE— <i>K. Mansfield</i>	57
XII. HOW I LEARNED TO WRITE— <i>Robert Louis Stevenson</i>	61
XIII. AUTOBIOGRAPHY— <i>Thomas H. Huxley</i>	64
XIV. THE RISING OF THE MOON (One-Act Play)— <i>Lady Augusta Gregory</i>	76

Section II. Description

XV. FOLLOWING THE BEES— <i>John Bur- roughs</i>	89
XVI. MOUNTAIN WEATHER— <i>C. F. Brooks</i>	95

CHAPTERS	PAGES
XVII. THE MASTER— <i>H. M. Tomlinson</i> . . .	102
XVIII. THE PHILOSOPHER— <i>W. S. Maughan</i>	107
XIX. THE CHINESE CHARACTER— <i>Bertrand Russell</i>	117
XX. OXFORD AS I SEE IT— <i>S. Leacock</i> . . .	130
XXI. THE LONDON COFFEE HOUSES — <i>Thomas B. Macaulay</i>	144
XXII. THE SPECTATOR ON HIMSELF — <i>Joseph Addison</i>	149
XXIII. THE SPECTATOR CLUB — <i>Richard Steele</i>	154

Section III. Exposition

XXIV. THE INTERNATIONAL DEVELOPMENT OF CHINA— <i>Sun Yat-sen</i>	163
XXV. IF I WERE A FRESHMAN AGAIN— <i>Thomas Arkle Clark</i>	170
XXVI. WHAT IS SCIENCE?— <i>Ira Remsen</i> . . .	173
XXVII. THREE PERIODS OF PROGRESS — <i>Edwin E. Slosson</i>	182
XXVIII. RED-BLOODS AND MOLLYCODDLES — <i>G. Lowes Dickinson</i>	190
XXIX. LAUGHTER— <i>E. Ray Lancaster</i> . . .	195
XXX. METHODS OF INDUCTION — <i>William S. Jevons</i>	201
XXXI. THE SCOPE OF POLITICAL THEORY — <i>Francis W. Coker</i>	203
XXXII. A LETTER TO HIS SON — <i>Lord Chesterfield</i>	214

CHAPTERS	PAGES
XXXIII. A LETTER TO HIS SON — <i>William Hazlitt</i>	216
XXXIV. THE AIM OF UNIVERSITY TRAINING — <i>John Henry Newman</i>	224
Section IV. Familiar Essays	
XXXV. THE SCHOOL FOR SYMPATHY (Narration) — <i>E. V. Lucas</i>	229
XXXVI. A FRIEND OF THE TOWN (Narration and Description)— <i>E. V. Lucas</i>	234
XXXVII. SEEING PEOPLE OFF (Description and Narration)— <i>Max Beerbohm</i>	238
XXXVIII. FEAR (Narration and Description)— <i>Robert Lynd</i>	244
XXXIX. WHY NOT STAY AT HOME? (Exposition) — <i>Aldous Huxley</i>	251
XL. THE TWO SYSTEMS OF MARRIAGE (Exposition)— <i>Arnold Bennett</i>	259
XLI. DREAM-CHILDREN (Description and Narration)— <i>Charles Lamb</i>	263
NOTES.	269—310

SECTION I
NARRATION

READINGS IN ENGLISH PROSE
FOR THE FIRST-YEAR UNIVERSITY
STUDENTS

LOUISE

"Saki" (H. H. Munro)

"The tea will be quite cold, you'd better ring for some more," said the Dowager Lady Beanford.

Susan Lady Beanford was a vigorous old woman who had coquetted with imaginary ill-health for the greater part of a lifetime; Clovis Sangrail irreverently declared that she had caught a chill at the coronation of Queen Victoria and had never let it go again. Her sister, Jane Thropplesance, who was some years her junior, was chiefly remarkable for being the most absent-minded woman in Middlesex.

"I've really been unusually clever this afternoon," she remarked gayly, as she rang for the tea. "I've called on all the people I mean to call on, and I've done all the shopping that I set out to do. I even remembered to try and match that silk for you at *Harrod's*, but I'd forgotten to bring the pattern with me, so it was no use. I really think that was the only important thing I forgot during the whole afternoon. Quite wonderful for me, isn't it?"

"What have you done with Louise?" asked her sister. "Didn't you take her out with you? You said you were going to."

"Good gracious," exclaimed Jane, "what *have* I done with Louise? I must have left her *some*-where."

"But where?"

"That's just it. Where have I left her? (I can't remember if the Carrywoods were at home or if I just left cards. If they were at home I may have left Louise there to play bridge. I'll go and telephone to Lord Carrywood and find out."

"Is that you, Lord Carrywood?" she queried over the telephone; "it's me, Jane Thropplestance. I want to know, have you seen Louise?"

"Louise," came the answer, "it's been my fate to see it three times. At first, I must admit, I wasn't impressed by it, but the music grows on one after a bit. Still, I don't think I want to see it again just at present. Were you going to offer me a seat in your box?"

"Not the opera 'Louise'—my niece, Louise Thropplestance. I thought I might have left her at your house."

"You left cards on us this afternoon, I understand, but I don't think you left a niece. The footman would have been sure to have mentioned it if you had. Is it going to be a fashion to leave nieces on people as well as cards? I hope not; some of these houses in Berkeley Square have practically no accommodations for that sort of thing."

"She's not at the Carrywoods'," announced Jane, returning to her tea; "now I come to think of it, perhaps I left her at the silk counter at Selfridge's. I may have told her to wait there a moment while I went to look at the silks in a better light, and I may easily have forgotten about her when I found I hadn't your pattern with me. In that case she's still sitting there. She wouldn't move unless she was told to; Louise has no initiative."

"You said you tried *to* match the silk *at*

Harrod's," interjected the dowager.

"Did I? Perhaps it was Harrod's. I really don't remember. It was one of those places where everyone is so kind and sympathetic and devoted that one almost hates to take even a reel of cotton away from such pleasant surroundings."

"I think you might have taken Louise away. I don't like the idea of her being there among a lot of strangers. Supposing some unprincipled person was to get into conversation with her."

"Impossible. Louise has no conversation. I've never discovered a single topic on which she'd anything to say beyond 'Do you think so? I dare say you're right.' I really thought her reticence about the fall of the *Ribot Ministry*² was ridiculous, considering how much her dear mother used to visit Paris. This bread and butter is cut far too thin; it crumbles away long before you can get it to your mouth. One feels so absurd, snapping at one's food in mid-air, like a trout leaping at May fly."

"I am rather surprised," said the dowager, "that you can sit there making a hearty tea when you've just lost a favorite niece."

"You talk as if I'd lost her *in a churchyard sense*,³ instead of having temporarily mislaid her. I'm sure to remember presently where I left her."

"You didn't visit any place of devotion, did you? If you've left her mooning about *Westminster Abbey or St. Peter's*,⁴ Baton Square, without being able to give any satisfactory reason why she's there, she'll be seized under *the Cat and Mouse Act*⁵ and sent to *Reginald McKenna*.⁶"

"That would be extremely awkward," said Jane, meeting an irresolute piece of bread and butter halfway, "we hardly know the McKennas, and it would be very tiresome having to telephone to some unsympathetic private secretary, describing Louise to him and asking to have her sent back in time for dinner. Fortunately, I didn't go to

any place of devotion, though I did get mixed up with a *Salvation Army*⁷ procession. It was quite interesting to be at close quarters with them, they're so absolutely different to what they used to be when I first remember them *in the 'eighties*.⁸ They used to go about then unkempt and disheveled, in a sort of smiling rage with the world, and now they're spruce and jaunty, and flamboyantly decorative like a geranium bed with religious convictions. Laura Kettleway was going on about them in the lift of the Dover Street *Tube*⁹ the other day, saying what a lot of good work they did, and what a loss it would have been if they'd never existed. 'If they had never existed,' I said, '*Granville Barker*'¹⁰ would have been certain to have invented something that looked exactly like them.' If you say things like that, quite loud, in a *Tube* lift, they always sound like epigrams."

"I think you ought to do something about Louise," said the dowager.

"I'm trying to think whether she was with me when I called on Ada Spelvexit. I rather enjoyed myself there. Ada was trying, as usual, to ram this odious Koriatoffski of woman down my throat, knowing perfectly well that I detest her, and in an unguarded moment she said: 'She's leaving her present house and going to Lower Seymour Street.' 'I dare say she will, if she stays there long enough,' I said. Ada didn't see it for about three minutes, and then she was positively uncivil. No, I am certain I didn't leave Louise there."

"If you could manage to remember where you *did* leave her, it would be more to the point than these negative assurances," said Lady Beauford; "so far, all that we know is that she is not at the Carrywoods', or Ada Spelvexit's, or Westminster Abbey."

"That narrows the search down a bit," said Jane hopefully; "I rather fancy she must have

been with me when I went to Mornay's. I know I went to Mornay's, because I remember meeting that delightful Malcolm what's-his-name there—you know whom I mean. "That's the great advantage of people having unusual first names, you needn't try and remember what their other name is. Of course I know one or two other Malcolms, but none that could possibly be described as delightful. He gave me two tickets for the Happy Sunday Evenings in Sloane Square. I've probably left them at Mornay's, but still it was awfully kind of him to give them to me."

"Do you think you left Louise there?"

"I might telephone and ask. Oh, Robert, before you clear the tea-things away I wish you'd ring up Mornay's, in Regent Street, and ask if I left two theater tickets and one niece in their shop this afternoon."

"A niece, ma'am?" asked the footman.

"Yes, Miss Louise didn't come home with me, and I'm not sure where I left her."

"Miss Louise has been upstairs all the afternoon, ma'am, reading to the second kitchenmaid, who has the neuralgia. I took up tea to Miss Louise at a quarter to five o'clock, ma'am."

"Of course, how silly of me. I remember now, I asked her to read *the Faërie Queene*" to poor Emma, to try to send her to sleep. I always get someone to read the *Faërie Queene* to me when I have neuralgia, and it usually sends me to sleep. Louise doesn't seem to have been successful, but one can't say she hasn't tried, I expect after the first hour or so the kitchenmaid would rather have been left alone with her neuralgia, but of course Louise wouldn't leave off till someone told her to. Anyhow, you can ring up Mornay's Robert, and ask whether I left two theater tickets there. Except for your silk, Susan, those seem to be the only things I've forgotten this afternoon. Quite wonderful for me."

THE COUNSEL ASSIGNED

Mary Raymond S. Andrews

A very old man told the story years ago. He was a splendid old fellow; a distinguished person to the least observing. He had met his companion, an American, casually in a *Bermuda's* hotel, and the two fell to talking.

The older man told of events, travels, adventures. But his main enthusiasm was for his profession, the law. The dark eyes flashed as he spoke of great lawyers.

"It's nonsense"—the big, thin, scholarly fist banged the chair arm—"this theory that the law tends to make men sordid, that lawyers are created merely to keep an eye on their clients' purses. I am a very old man; I have seen many fine deeds done by physicians and parsons, but one of the finest I've known was the performance of a lawyer acting in his professional capacity."

With that he told this story:

The chairman of the county committee stopped at the open door of the office. *The nominee for Congress*² was deep in a letter. The chairman, waiting, regarded at leisure the face frowning over the paper. It was like a mountain cliff—rocky, impregnable, lonely and grim, yet lovely with gentle things that bloom.

The candidate folded the letter and swung about in his chair. "Sorry to keep you waiting, Tom. I was trying to figure out how a man can be in two places at once. It looks as if I can't make the speech here Friday."

"Can't make—your speech! You must be joking."

The man in the chair shook his head. "Not a bit of it." He got up and began to stride about the room with long lounging steps. The chairman excitedly flung remonstrances after him.

"*Cartwright*" might beat us yet you know; it won't do to waste a chance—election's too near."

The large figure stopped short, and a queer smile twisted the big mouth and shone in the keen, visionary eyes.

"I can't tell you why, Tom," he said, "and I'd rather not be asked, but I can't make that speech here Friday." And the issue was concluded.

Friday morning at daybreak the candidate's tall figure stepped through the silent streets of the western city before the earliest risers were about. Traveling afoot, he swung along into the open country, moving rapidly and with tireless ease. Nine o'clock found him in a straggling town, 20 miles from his starting point.

The courthouse door stood wide to the summer morning. Court was already in session, and the place was crowded. The Congressional candidate, unnoticed, stepped inside and sat in the last row of seats.

It was a crude interior of white walls, of unpainted woodwork and wooden benches. The newcomer glanced about as if familiar with such a setting. A larceny case was being tried. He listened closely and seemed to study lawyers and judge; he missed no word of the comments of the people near him. The case being ended, the District Attorney rose and moved the trial of John Wilson for murder.

There was a stir through the courtroom. In the doorway appeared the sheriff leading a childish figure, a boy of 15, dressed in poor, home-made clothes, with a conspicuous bright

head of golden hair. He was pale, desperately frightened; his eyes gazed on the floor. The Judge, a young man, faced the criminal, paused pityingly, then steadied himself.

"Have you a lawyer?" he asked. ☞

The lad shook his unkempt yellow head. "No. I dunno — anybody. I hain't got — money — to pay."

"Do you wish the court to assign you counsel?" In the stillness a boot scraped the floor. The man in the back seat rose, slouched forward, stood before the Judge.

"May it please Your Honor," he said, "I am a lawyer. I should be glad to act as counsel for the defense."

The Judge looked for a moment at the loose-hung, towering figure.

"What is your name?" he asked.

The man answered quietly: "Abraham Lincoln."

A few men here and there glanced at the big lawyer again; this was the candidate for Congress. That was all they thought. None of the frontier farmers and backwoodsmen in homespun jeans, or the women in calico and sunbonnets, who heard the name spoken dreamed that it was to fill one of the greatest places in history.

"I know your name, Mr. Lincoln; I shall be glad to assign you to defend the prisoner," the Judge answered.

The jury was drawn. Man after man came under the scrutiny of Lincoln's deep eyes; but he challenged no one. The hard-faced audience began to glance at him impatiently. The feeling was against the prisoner, yet they wished to see some fight made for him.

The District Attorney opened the case for the People. He told with few words the story of the murder. "The prisoner had worked on

the farm of one Amos Berry the autumn before, in 1845. On this farm was an Irishman, Shaughnessy by name. He amused himself by worrying the boy, and the boy came to hate him. On the 28th of October the boy was driving a wagon-load of hay to the next farm. At the barnyard gate he met Shaughnessy with Berry and two other men. The boy asked Berry to open the gate, and Berry was about to do so when Shaughnessy spoke. 'The boy was lazy,' he said—'let him get down and open the gate himself.' The Irishman caught the pitchfork which the lad held, pricked him with it and ordered him to get down. The lad sprang forward, and, snatching back the pitchfork, flew at the Irishman and ran one of the prongs into his skull. The man died in an hour. This was the story."

But now it was the dinner hour—twelve o'clock. The court adjourned and the Judge and the lawyers went across the street to the tavern.

One lawyer was missing. Nobody noticed the big man as he passed down the shady street with a little, faded woman in shabby clothes who had sat in a dark corner of the courtroom crying silently.

"That's the prisoner's mother," a woman whispered when court opened again and the defendant's lawyer seated her carefully before he went forward to his place.

The District Attorney called and examined eye-witnesses who testified to the details of the crime. There appeared to be no doubt of the criminal's guilt. The lad sat huddled, colorless from his months in jail, sunk in apathy—a murderer at 15.

The afternoon wore on. The District Attorney's nasal voice rose and fell examining witnesses. But the big lawyer sitting there

did not make one objection even to statements very damaging to his client. He scrutinized the Judge and the jury; one might have said that he was studying the character of each man. At length the District Attorney said: "The People rest," and court adjourned for supper.

It was commonly said that the boy was doomed; no lawyer, even a "smart" man, could get him off after such testimony, and the current opinion was that the big hulking fellow could not be a good lawyer or he would have put a spoke in the wheel for his client before this. Sentiment favored condemnation; to have killed a man at 15 showed depravity which was to be put out of the way.

Court opened at 7:30. Not a seat was empty. The small woman in her calico dress sat close to the bar this time, near her son. The Judge entered. And then Abraham Lincoln stalked slowly up through the silent benches. He laid a big hand on the prisoner's thin shoulder, and the lad started nervously. Lincoln bent from his great height.

"Don't be scared, sonny," he said quietly, yet everyone heard every word. "I'm going to pull you out of this hole. Try to be plucky for your mother's sake."

The boy glanced over at the shabby woman, and when she met his look with a difficult smile, he tried to smile back. The audience saw the effort of each for the other; the Judge saw it; and the jury—and Lincoln's keen eyes, watching ever under the heavy eyebrows, caught a spasm of pity in more than one face. He took off his coat and folded it on the back of his chair and stood in his shirt sleeves.

"Gentlemen of the Jury," began Abraham Lincoln, "I am going to try this case in a manner not customary in courts. I shall not call witnesses; the little prisoner over there is all

the witness I want. I shall not argue. All I'm going to do is to tell you a story, and then leave the case in your hands."

There was a stir through the courtroom, the voice, rasping, unpleasant at first, went on:

"You, Jim Beck—you, Jack Armstrong —" The stranger's huge knotted forefinger singled out two in the jury.

"You two can remember—yes, and you as well, Luke Green—15 years back, in 1831, when a long, lank fellow in God-forsaken clothes came into this country from Indiana. His appearance, I dare say, was so striking that those who saw him haven't forgotten him. He was dressed in homespun jeans, with the breeches stuffed into rawhide boots. Gentlemen of the Jury, I think some of you will remember that young man. His name was Abraham Lincoln."

The gaunt speaker paused and pushed up his sleeves a bit, and the jurymen saw the hairy wrists and the muscles of hand and forearm. Yes, some of them remembered the young giant who had been champion in everything that meant physical strength. They sat tense.

"The better part of a man's life consists of his friendships," the strong voice went on, and the eyes softened as if looking over a long road traveled. "There are good friends to be found in these parts; that young fellow in blue jeans had a few. It is about a family who befriended him that I am going to tell you.

"The boy Abraham Lincoln left home at 22 to shift for himself; and in those pinching times, he could not always get work. Late one fall afternoon, when he had walked miles looking for a chance, he heard an ax ring and came upon a cabin. It was a poor cabin even as settlers' cabins go. There was cloth over the

windows instead of glass; there was only one room, and a loft above. Abraham strode up to the cabin hopefully and asked for shelter." Again the voice paused and a smile flashed in pleasant memory.

"Gentlemen of the Jury, no king ever met with a finer welcome. Everything he had, the owner of that cabin told Abraham, was his. The man brought the tired boy inside. Two small children played on the floor, and a little woman was singing the baby to sleep by the fire. The visitor climbed up a ladder to the loft after supper.

"Next morning, when he had done a few chores to help, he asked if there were jobs to be got. The man, said yes; if he could chop and split rails, there was enough to do.

"Do you like to work?" the woodsman asked.

"Abraham had to tell him that he wasn't a hand to pitch into work like killing snakes, but yet—well, the outcome of it was that he stayed and proved that he could do a man's job.

"For five weeks Abraham lived in the cabin. He chopped with the father, did house work with the mother, and romped with sonny, the golden-haired, laughing baby, many a time. No part of his life has ever been more light-hearted or happier."

The lawyer picked up his coat and, while every eye in the courtroom watched him, he fumbled in a pocket and brought out a letter.

"The young man who had come under so large a weight of obligation prospered in later life. By good fortune, by the blessing of God, he made for himself a certain place in the community. As much as might be, he has—I have—kept in touch with those old friends, yet in the stress of a very busy life I have not of late years heard from them. Till last

Monday morning this"—he held up the letter—"this came to me in Springfield.

"It is a letter from the mother who welcomed a tired youth to her humble cabin. Her husband died years ago, the two older children followed him. The mother who sang to her baby that afternoon"—he swept about and pointed to the meek, small woman shrinking in the front seat—"the mother is there."

The arm dropped; his luminous eyes shone on the boy criminal's drooping golden head; in the courtroom there was no one who did not hear each low syllable of the sentence which followed.

"The baby is the prisoner at the bar."

In the hot crowded place one caught a gasp; one heard a woman's dress rustle, and a man clear his throat. Then silence, and the counsel for the defense let it alone to do his work. It shaped the minds before him as words could not. All over the room men and women were shuffling, sighing, distressed with the ferment of that silence.

At the crucial moment the frayed ends of the nerves of the audience were gathered up as the driver of a four-in-hand gathers the reins of his fractious horses. The voice of the defendant's lawyer sounded over the throng.

"Many times," he spoke as if reflecting aloud, "many times I have remembered those weeks of unfailing kindness from those poor people, and have prayed God to give me a chance to show my gratefulness. When the letter came last Monday calling for help, I knew that God had answered.

"An answer to prayer comes sometimes with a demand for sacrifice. It was so. The culminating moment of years of ambition for me was to have been tonight. I was to have made tonight a speech which bore, it is likely,

success or failure in a contest. I lay that ambition, that failure, if the event so prove it, gladly on the altar of this boy's safety. It is for you" —his strong glance swept the jury—"to give him that safety."

"Gentlemen of the Jury, I said when I began that I should try this case in a manner not customary. I said I had no argument to set before you. I have told the story; you know that at an age when this boy's hands should have held schoolbooks or fishing rod, they held the man's tool which was his undoing; you know how the child was goaded by a grown man till in desperation he used that tool at hand. You know these things as well as I do. All I ask is that you deal with the little fellow as you would have other men deal in such a case with little fellows of your own at home. I trust his life to that test. Gentlemen of the Jury, I rest my case."

Abraham Lincoln sat down.

A little later the jury filed out and crossed to room in the hotel opposite. Half an hour passed; then there was a bustle, and people who had left the courtroom crowded back. The worn small woman in the front row clasped her thin hands tightly together. The jury filed in and sat down. "Gentlemen of the Jury," the clerk's voice spoke monotonously, "have you agreed upon a verdict?"

"We have," the foreman answered.

"What is your verdict, guilty or not guilty?"

For a second, perhaps, no one breathed in all that packed mass. The small woman stared palely at the foreman; every eye watched him. Only the boy, sitting with his golden head down, seemed not to listen.

"Not guilty," said the foreman.

With that there was a pandemonium. Men shouted, stamped, waved, tossed up their hats;

women sobbed; one or two screamed with wild joy. Abraham Lincoln saw the slim body of the prisoner fall forward; with two strides he had caught him up in his great arms, and passed him across the bar into the arms of the woman, who rocked him, kissed him. The whole room surged toward her; but Lincoln stood guard and pushed off the crowd.

"The boy's fainted," he said loudly. "Give him air." And then, with a smile, "She's got her baby—it's all right, friends. But somebody bring a drink of water for sonny."

The old man's story was ended. After a moment's silence, he spoke again, as if answering objections from the other.

"Of course such a thing could not happen to-day. It could not have happened then in eastern courts. Only a Lincoln could have carried it off anywhere, it may be. But he knew his audience and jury, and he measured the character of the Judge. It is a fact."

The listener glanced curiously at the old man.

"May I ask how you came by this story? You told it with a touch of intimacy, almost as if you had been there. Is it possible that you were in that courtroom?"

The bright, dark eyes of the old man flashed; he smiled with an odd expression, as if smiling back half a century to faces long ago dust.

"I was the Judge," he said.

EVOLUTION

John Galsworthy

Coming out of the theater, we found it utterly impossible to get a taxicab; and, though it was raining slightly, walked through *Leicester Square* in the hope of picking one up as it returned down *Piccadilly*.² Numbers of hansoms and four-wheelers passed, or stood by the curb, hailing us feebly, or not even attempting to attract our attention, but every taxi seemed to have its load. At *Piccadilly Circus*,³ losing patience, we beckoned to a four-wheeler and resigned ourselves to a long, slow journey. A sou'westerly air blew through the open windows, and there was in it the scent of change, that wet scent which visits even the hearts of towns and inspires the watcher of their myriad activities with thought of the restless Force that forever cries: "On, on!" But gradually the steady patter of the horse's hoofs, the rattling of the windows, the slow thudding of the wheels, pressed on us so drowsily that when, at last, we reached home we were more than half asleep. The fare was two shillings, and, standing in the lamplight to make sure the coin was a half-crown before handing it to the driver, we happened to look up. This cabman appeared to be a man of about sixty, with a long thin face, whose chin and drooping gray mustaches seemed in permanent repose on the up-turned collar of his old blue overcoat. But the remarkable features of his face were the two furrows down his cheeks, so deep and hollow that it seemed as though that face were a collection of bones without coherent flesh, among which the eyes were sunk back so far

that they had lost their luster. He sat quite motionless, gazing at the tail of his horse. And, almost unconsciously, one added the rest of one's silver to that half-crown. He took the coins without speaking; but, as we were turning into the garden gate, we heard him say:

"Thank you; you've saved my life."

Not knowing, either of us, what to reply to such a curious speech, we closed the gate again and came back to the cab.

"Are things so very bad?"

"They are," replied the cabman. "It's done with—is this job. We're not wanted now." And, taking up his whip, he prepared to drive away.

"How long have they been as bad as this?"

The cabman dropped his hand again, as though glad to rest it, and answered incoherently:

"Thirty-five year' I've been drivin' a cab."

And, sunk again in the contemplation of his horse's tail, he could only be roused by many questions to express himself, having, as it seemed, no knowledge of the habit.

"I don't blame the taxis, I don't blame nobody. It's come on us, that's what it has. I left the wife this morning with nothing in the house. She was saying to me only yesterday: 'What have you brought home the last four months?' 'Put it at six shillings a week,' I said. 'No,' she said, 'seven.' Well, that's right—she enters it all down in her book."

"You are really going short of food?"

The cabman smiled; and that smile between those two deep hollows was surely as strange as ever shone on a human face.

"You may say that," he said. "Well, what does it amount to? Before I picked you up, I had one eighteenpenny fare to-day; and yesterday I took five shillings. And I've got seven bob a day to pay for the cab, and that's low, too. There's many and many a proprietor that's broke and

gone—every bit as bad as us. They let us down as easy as ever they can; you can't get blood from a stone, can you?" Once again he smiled. "I'm sorry for them, too, and I'm sorry for the horses, though they come out the best of the three of us, I do believe."

One of us muttered something about the Public.

The cabman turned his face and stared down through the darkness.

"The Public?" he said, and his voice had in it a faint surprise. "Well, they all want the taxis. It's natural. They get about faster in them, and time's money. I was seven hours before I picked you up. And then you was lookin' for a taxi. *Them as take us because they can't get better, they're not* in a good temper, as a rule. And there's a few old ladies that's frightened of the motors, but old ladies aren't never very free with their money—can't afford to be, the most of them, I expect."

"Everybody's sorry for you; one would have thought that—"

He interrupted quietly: "Sorrow don't buy bread. . . . I never had nobody ask me about things before." And, slowly moving his long face from side to side, he added: "Besides, what could people do? They can't be expected to support you; and if they started askin' you questions they'd feel it very awkward. They know that, I suspect. Of course, there's such a lot of us; the hansoms are pretty nigh as bad off as we are. Well, we're gettin' fewer every day, that's one thing."

Not knowing whether or no to manifest sympathy with this extinction, we approached the horse. It was a horse that "*stood over*" a good deal at the knee, and in the darkness seemed to have innumerable ribs. And suddenly one of us said: "Many people want to see nothing but taxis on the streets, if only for the sake of the horses."

The cabman nodded.

"This old fellow," he said, "never carried a deal of flesh. His grab don't put spirit into him nowadays; it's not up to much in quality, but he gets enough of it."

"And you don't."

The cabman again took up his whip.

"I don't suppose," he said without emotion, "anyone could ever find another job for me now. I've been at this too long. It'll be the workhouse, if it's not the other thing."

And hearing us mutter that it seemed cruel, he smiled for the third time.

"Yes," he said slowly, "it's a bit 'ard on us, because we've done nothing to deserve it. But things are like that, so far as I can see. One thing comes pushin' out another, and so you go on. I've thought about it—you get to thinkin' and worryin' about the rights o' things, sittin' up here all day. No, I don't see anything for it. It'll soon be the end of us now—can't last much longer. And I don't know that I'll be sorry to have done with it. It's pretty well broke my spirit."

"There was a fund got up."

"Yes, it helped a few of us to learn the motor drivin'; but what's the good of that to me, at my time of life? Sixty, that's my age; I'm not the only one—there's hundreds like me. We're not fit for it, that's the fact; we haven't got the nerve now. It'd want a mint of money to help us. And what you say's the truth—people want to see the end of us. They want the taxis—our day's over. I'm not complaining; you asked me about it yourself."

And for the third time he raised his whip.

"Tell me what you would have done if you had been given your fare and just sixpence over?"

The cabman stared downward, as though puzzled by that question.

“Done? Why, nothing. What could I have done?”

“But you said that it had saved your life.”

“Yes, I said that,” he answered slowly; “I was feelin’ a bit low. . . You can’t help it sometimes; it’s the thing comin’ on you, and no way out of it—that’s what gets over you. We try not to think about it, as a rule.”

And this time, with a “Thank you, kindly!” he touched his horse’s flank with the whip. Like a thing aroused from sleep the forgotten creature started and began to drag the cabman away from us. Very slowly they traveled down the road among the shadows of the trees broken by lamp-light. Above us, white ships of cloud were sailing rapidly across the dark river of sky on the wind which smelled of change. And, after the cab was lost to sight, that wind still brought to us the dying sound of the slow wheels.

THE WOLF AT THE DOOR

James Stephens

"I knew a man," said the voice, "and he was a clerk. He had thirty shillings a week, and for five years he had never missed a day going to his work. He was a careful man, but a person with a wife and four children cannot save much out of thirty shillings a week. The rent of a house is high, a wife and children must be fed, and they have to get boots and clothes, so that at the end of each week that man's thirty shillings used to be all gone. But they managed to get along somehow—the man and his wife and the four children were fed and clothed and educated, and the man often wondered how so much could be done with so little money; but the reason was that his wife was a careful woman... and then the man got sick. A poor person cannot afford to get sick, and a married man cannot leave his work. If he is sick he has to be sick; but he must go to his work all the same, for if he stayed away who would pay the wages and feed his family? and when he went back to work he might find that there was nothing for him to do.

"One morning he found that he couldn't get up, or rather, that he didn't want to get up. When his wife called him he made no reply, and she seemed to call him every ten seconds—the words, 'get up, get up,' were crackling all round him; they were bursting like bombs on the right hand and on the left of him; they were scattering from above and all around him, bursting upwards from the floor, swirling, swaying, and jostling each other. Then the sounds ceased, and one voice

only said to him, 'You are late!' He saw these words like a blur hanging in the air, just beyond his eyelids, and he stared at the blur until he fell asleep.

"For three weeks the man did not leave his bed—he lived faintly in a kind of trance, wherein great forms moved about slowly and immense words were drumming gently for ever. When he began to take notice again everything in the house was different. Most of the furniture, paid for so hardly, was gone. He missed a thing everywhere—chairs, a mirror, a table; wherever he looked he missed something; and downstairs was worse—there, everything was gone. His wife had sold all her furniture to pay for doctors, for medicine, for food and rent. And she was changed too; *good things*' had gone from her face; she was gaunt, sharp-featured, miserable—but she was comforted to think he was going back to work soon.

"There was a flurry in his head when he went to his office. He didn't know what his employer would say for stopping away. He might blame him for being sick—he wondered would his employer pay him for the weeks he was absent. When he stood at the door he was frightened. Suddenly the thought of his master's eye grew terrible to him: it was a steady, cold, glassy eye; but he opened the door and went in. His master was there with another man and he tried to say 'Good morning, sir,' in a natural and calm voice; but he knew that the strange man had been engaged instead of himself, and this knowledge posted itself between his tongue and his thought. He heard himself stammering, he felt that his whole bearing had become drooping and abject. His master was talking swiftly and the other man was looking at him in an embarrassed, stealthy, and pleading manner: his eyes seemed to be apologizing for having supplanted him—so he

mumbled 'Good day, sir,' and stumbled out.

"When he got outside he could not think where to go. After a while he went in the direction of the little park in the center of the city. It was quite near and he sat down on an iron bench facing a pond. There were children walking up and down by the water giving pieces of bread to the swans. Now and again a laboring man or a messenger went by quickly; now and again a middle-aged, slovenly dressed man drooped past aimlessly: sometimes a tattered, self-intent woman with a badgered face flopped by him. When he looked at these dull people the thought came to him that they were not walking there at all; they were trailing through hell, and their desperate eyes saw none but devils around them. He saw himself joining these battered strollers . . . and he could not think what he would tell his wife when he went home. He rehearsed to himself the terms of his dismissal a hundred times. How his master looked, what he had said; and then the fine, ironical things he had said to his master. He sat in the park all day, and when evening fell he went home at his accustomed hour.

"His wife asked him questions as to how he had got on, and wanted to know was there any chance of being paid for the weeks of absence; the man answered her volubly, ate his supper, and went to bed; but he did not tell his wife that he had been dismissed and that there would be no money at the end of the week. He tried to tell her, but when he met her eye he found that he could not say the words—he was afraid of the look that might come into her face when she heard it—she, standing terrified in those dismantled rooms . . . !

"In the morning he ate his breakfast and went out again—to work, his wife thought. She bid him 'ask the master about the three weeks' wages, or to try and get an advance on the present

week's wages, for they were hardly put to it to buy food. He said he would do his best, but he went straight to the park and sat looking at the pond, looking at the passers-by, and dreaming. In the middle of the day he started up in a panic and went about the city asking for work in offices, shops, warehouses, everywhere, but he could not get any. He trailed back heavy-footed again to the park and sat down.

"He told his wife more lies about his work that night and what his master had said when he asked for an advance. He couldn't bear the children to touch him. After a little time he sneaked away to his bed.

"A week went that way. He didn't look for work any more. He sat in the park, dreaming, with his head bowed into his hands. The next day would be the day he should have been paid his wages. The next day! What would his wife say when he told her he had no money? She would stare at him and flush and say — 'Didn't you go out every day to work?' — How would he tell her then so that she could understand quickly and spare him words?

"Morning came and the man ate his breakfast silently. There was no butter on the bread, and his wife seemed to be apologizing to him for not having any. She said, 'We'll be able to start fair from to-morrow,' and when he snapped at her angrily she thought it was because he had to eat dry bread.

"He went to the park and sat there for hours. Now and again he got up and walked into a neighboring street, but always, after half an hour or so he came back. Six o'clock in the evening was his hour for going home. When six o'clock came he did not move, he still sat opposite the pond with his head bowed down into his arms. Seven o'clock passed. At nine o'clock a bell was rung and everyone had to leave. He went also.

He stood outside the gates looking on this side and on that. Which way would he go? All roads were alike to him, so he turned at last and walked somewhere. He did not go home that night. He never went home again. He never was heard of again anywhere in the wide world."

LETTER TO HIS MOTHER

Oliver Goldsmith

My dear Mother,

If you will sit down and calmly listen to what I say, you shall be fully resolved in every one of those many questions you have asked me. I went to *Cork*,¹ and converted my horse, which you prize so much higher than Fiddleback, into cash, took my passage in a ship bound for America, and, at the same time, paid the captain for my freight and all the other expenses of my voyage. But it so happened that the wind did not answer for three weeks; and you know, mother, I could not command *the elements*.² My misfortune was, that, when the wind served, I happened to be with a party in the country, and my friend the captain never inquired after me, but set sail with as much indifference as if I had been on board. The remainder of my time I employed in the city and its environs, viewing everything curious; and you know no one can starve while he has money in his pocket.

Reduced, however, to my last two guineas, I began to think of my dear mother and friends whom I had left behind me, and so bought that generous beast Fiddleback, and bade adieu to Cork with only five shillings in my pocket. This, to be sure, was but a scanty allowance for man and horse towards a journey of above a hundred miles; but I did not despair, for I knew I must find friends on the road.

I recollected particularly an old and faithful acquaintance I made at college, who had often and earnestly pressed me to spend a summer with

him, and he lived but eight miles from Cork. This circumstance of vicinity he would expatiate on to me with peculiar emphasis. "We shall," says he, "enjoy the delights of both city and country, and shall command my stable and my purse."

However, upon the way, I met a poor woman all in tears, who told me her husband had been arrested for a debt he was not able to pay, and that his eight children must now starve, bereaved as they were of his industry, which had been their only support. I thought myself at home, being not far from my good friend's house, and therefore parted with a *moiety of all my store*³; and pray, mother, ought I not to have given her the other half-crown, for what she got would be of little use to her? However, I soon arrived at the mansion of my affectionate friend, guarded by the vigilance of a huge mastiff, who flew at me, and would have torn me to pieces but for the assistance of a woman, whose countenance was not less grim than that of the dog; yet she with great humanity relieved me from the jaws of this *Cerberus*,⁴ and was prevailed on to carry up my name to her master.

Without suffering me to wait long, my old friend, who was then recovering from a severe fit of sickness, came down in his night cap, night gown, and slippers, and embraced me with a most cordial welcome, showed me in, and, after giving me a history of his indisposition, assured me that he considered himself peculiarly fortunate in having under his roof the man he most loved on earth, and whose stay with him must, above all things, contribute to his perfect recovery. I now repented sorely I had not given the poor woman the other half-crown, as I thought all my *bills of humanity*⁵ would be punctually answered by this worthy man. I revealed to him my whole soul; I opened to him all my distresses; and freely owned that I had but one half-crown in my pocket; but that

now, like a ship after weathering out the storm, I considered myself secure in a safe and hospitable harbor. He made no answer, but walked about the room, rubbing his hands as one in deep study. This I imputed to the sympathetic feelings of a tender heart, which increased my esteem for him, and as that increased, I gave the most favorable interpretation to his silence. I construed it into delicacy of sentiment, as if he dreaded to wound my pride by expressing his commiseration in words, leaving his generous conduct to speak for itself.

It now approached six o'clock in the evening; and as I had eaten no breakfast, and as my spirits were raised, my appetite for dinner grew uncommonly keen. At length the old woman came into the room with two plates, one spoon, and a dirty cloth, which she laid upon the table.

This appearance, without increasing my spirits, did not diminish my appetite. My protectress soon returned with a small bowl of sago, a small porringer of sour milk, a loaf of stale brown bread, and the heel of an old cheese all over crawling with mites. My friend apologized that his illness obliged him to live on slops, and that better fare was not in the house; observing, at the same time, that a milk diet was certainly the most healthful; and at eight o'clock he again recommended a regular life, declaring that for his part he would *lie down with the lamb and rise with the lark*.⁶ My hunger was at this time so exceedingly sharp that I wished for another slice of the loaf, but was obliged to go to bed without even that refreshment.

This lenten entertainment I had received made me resolve to depart as soon as possible, accordingly, next morning, when I spoke of going, he did not oppose my resolution; he rather commended my design, adding some very sage counsel upon the occasion. "To be sure," said he, "the

longer you stay away from your mother, the more you will grieve her and your other friends; and possibly they are already afflicted at hearing of this foolish expedition you have made." Notwithstanding all this, and without any hope of softening such a sordid heart, I again renewed the tale of my distress, and asking "how he thought I could travel about a hundred miles upon one half-crown," I begged to borrow a single guinea, which I assured him should be repaid with thanks. "And you know, sir," said I, "it is no more than I have done for you." To which he firmly answered, "Why, look you, Mr. Goldsmith, that is *neither here nor there*"; I have paid you all you ever lent me, and this sickness of mine has left me bare of cash. But I have bethought myself of a conveyance for you; sell your horse and I will furnish you a much better one to ride on." I readily grasped at his proposal, and begged to see the nag; on which he led me to his bed chamber, and from under the bed he pulled out a stout oak stick. "Here he is," said he, "take this in your hand, and it will carry you to your mother's with more safety than such a horse as you ride." I was in doubt, when I got it into my hand, whether I should not in the first place apply it to his pate; but a rap at the street-door made to wretch fly to it, and when I returned to the parlor, he introduced me, as if nothing of the kind had happened, to the gentleman who entered, as Mr. Goldsmith, his most ingenious and worthy friend, of whom he had so often heard him speak with rapture. I could scarcely compose myself; and must have betrayed indignation in my mien to the stranger, who was a counselor-at-law in the neighborhood, a man of engaging aspect and polite address.

After spending an hour, he asked my friend and me to dine with him at his house. This I declined at first, as I wished to have no further communication with my hospitable friend; but at

the solicitation of both I at last consented, determined as I was by two motives: one, that I was prejudiced in favor of the looks and manners of the counselor; and the other, that I stood in need of a comfortable dinner. And there, indeed, I found everything that I could wish, abundance without profusion, and elegance without affectation. In the evening, when my old friend, who had eaten very plentifully at his neighbor's table, but talked again of lying down with the lamb, made a motion to me for retiring, our generous host requested I should take a bed with him, upon which I plainly told my friend that he might go home and take care of the horse he had given me, but that I should never reënter his doors. He went away with a laugh, *leaving me to add this to the other little things the counselor already knew*^a of his plausible neighbor.

And now, my dear mother, I found sufficient to reconcile me to all my follies; for here I spent three whole days. The counselor had two sweet girls to his daughters, who played enchantingly on the harpsichord; and yet it was but a melancholy pleasure I felt the first time I heard them: for that being the first time also that either had touched the instrument since their mother's death, I saw the tears run in silence down their father's cheeks. I every day endeavored to go away, but every day was pressed and obliged to stay. On my going, the counselor offered me his purse with a horse and servant to convey me home; but the latter I declined, and only took a guinea to bear my necessary expenses on the road.

MR. AND MRS. BENNET

Jane Austen

It is a truth universally acknowledged, that a single man in possession of a good fortune must be in want of a wife.

However little known the feelings or views of such a man may be on his first entering the neighborhood, this truth is so well fixed in the minds of the surrounding families, that he is considered as the rightful property of someone or other of their daughters.

"My dear Mr. Bennet," said his lady to him one day, "have you heard that Netherfield Park is let at last?"

Mr. Bennet replied that he had not.

"But it is," returned she; "for Mrs. Long has just been here, and she told me all about it."

Mr. Bennet made no answer.

"Do not you want to know who has taken it?" cried his wife impatiently.

"You want to tell me, and I have no objection to hearing it."

This was invitation enough.

"Why, my dear, you must know. Mrs. Long says that Netherfield is taken by a young man of large fortune from the north of England; that he came down on Monday in a chaise and four to see the place, and was so much delighted with it, that he agreed with Mr. Morris immediately; that he is to take possession before Michaelmas, and some of his servants are to be in the house by the end of next week."

"What is his name?"

"Bingley."

"Is he married or single?"

"Oh, single, my dear, to be sure! A single man of large fortune; *four or five thousand a-year.*" What a fine thing for our girls!"

"How so? How can it affect them?"

"My dear Mr. Bennet," replied his wife, "how can you be so tiresome! You must know that I am thinking of his marrying one of them."

"Is that his design in settling here?"

"Design! Nonsense, how can you talk so! But it is very likely that he *may* fall in love with one of them, and therefore you must visit him as soon as he comes."

"I see no occasion for that. You and the girls may go, or you may send them by themselves, which perhaps will be still better, for as you are as handsome as any of them, Mr. Bingley might like you the best of the party."

"My dear, you flatter me. I certainly *have* had my share of beauty, but I do not pretend to be anything extraordinary now. When a woman has five grown-up daughters, she ought to give over thinking of her own beauty."

"In such cases, a woman has not often much beauty to think of."

"But, my dear, you must indeed go and see Mr. Bingley when he comes into the neighborhood."

"It is more than I engage for, I assure you."

"But consider your daughters. Only think what an establishment it would be for one of them. *Sir William and Lady Lucas*³ are determined to go, merely on that account, for in general, you know, they visit no newcomers. Indeed you must go, for it will be impossible for *us* to visit him if you do not."

"You are over-scrupulous, surely. I dare say Mr. Bingley will be very glad to see you; and I will send a few lines by you to assure him of my hearty consent to his marrying whichever he

chooses of the girls; though I must throw in a good word for my little Lizzy."

"I desire you will do no such thing. Lizzy is not a bit better than the others; and I am sure she is not half so handsome as Jane, nor half so good-humored as Lydia. But you are always giving *her* the preference."

"They have none of them so much to recommend them," replied he; "they are all silly and ignorant, like other girls; but Lizzy has something more of quickness than her sisters."

"Mr. Bennet, how can you abuse your own children in such a way! You take delight in vexing me. *You have no compassion on my poor nerves.*"

"You mistake me, dear. I have a high respect for your nerves. They are my old friends. I have heard you mention them with consideration these twenty years at least."

"Ah! you do not know what I suffer."

"But I hope you will get over it, and live to see many young men of four thousand a-year come into the neighborhood."

"It will be no use to us, if twenty such should come, since you will not visit them."

"Depend upon it, my dear, that when there are twenty, I will visit them all."

Mr. Bennet was so odd a mixture of *quick parts*,⁹ sarcastic humor, reserve, and caprice, that the experience of three-and-twenty years had been insufficient to make his wife understand his character. *Her* mind was less difficult to develop. She was a woman of mean understanding, little information, and uncertain temper. When she was discontented, she fancied herself nervous. The business of her life was to get her daughters married; its solace was visiting and news.

THE DINNER AT MESSRS. DILLY'S

James Boswell

My desire of being acquainted with celebrated men of every description had made me, much about the same time, obtain an introduction to Dr. *Samuel Johnson*¹ and to *John Wilkes*,² Esq. Two men more different could perhaps not be selected out of mankind. They had even attacked one another with some asperity in their writings; yet I lived in habits of friendship with both. I could fully relish the excellence of each, for I have ever delighted in that intellectual chemistry which can separate good qualities from evil in the same person. . . . I conceived an irresistible wish, if possible, to bring Dr. Johnson and Mr. Wilkes together. How to manage it was a nice and difficult matter.

My worthy booksellers and friends, Messieurs Dilly in the Poultry, at whose hospitable and well-covered table I have seen a greater number of literary men than at any other, except that of *Sir Joshua Reynolds*,³ had invited me to meet Mr. Wilkes and some other gentlemen, on Wednesday, May 15. "Pray," said I, "let us have Dr. Johnson." "What, with Mr. Wilkes? Not for the world," said Mr. Edward Dilly; "Dr. Johnson would never forgive me." "Come," said I, "if you'll let me negotiate for you, I will be answerable that all shall go well." DILLY: "Nay, if you will take it upon you, I am sure I shall be very happy to see them both here."

Notwithstanding the high veneration which I entertained for Dr. Johnson, I was sensible that he was sometimes a little actuated by the spirit

of contradiction, and by means of that I hoped I should gain my point. I was persuaded that if I had come upon him with a direct proposal, "Sir, will you dine in company with Jack Wilkes?" he would have flown into a passion, and would probably have answered, "Dine with Jack Wilkes? Sir, I'd as soon dine with *Jack Ketch*." I therefore, while we were sitting quietly by ourselves at his house in an evening, took occasion to open my plan thus: "Mr. Dilly, sir, sends his respectful compliments to you, and would be happy if you would do him the honor to dine with him on Wednesday next along with me, as I must soon go to Scotland." JOHNSON: "Sir, I am obliged to Mr. Dilly. I will wait upon him." BOSWELL: "Provided, sir, I suppose, that the company which he is to have is agreeable to you?" JOHNSON: "What do you mean, sir? What do you take me for? Do you think I am so ignorant of the world as to imagine that I am to prescribe to a gentleman what company he is to have at his table?" BOSWELL: "I beg your pardon, sir, for wishing to prevent you from meeting people whom you might not like. Perhaps he may have some of what he calls his patriotic friends with him." JOHNSON: "Well, sir, and what then? What care I for his 'patriotic friends'? Pohl!" BOSWELL: "I should not be surprised to find Jack Wilkes there." JOHNSON: "And if Jack Wilkes *should* be there, what is that to *me*, sir? My dear friend, let us have no more of this. I am sorry to be angry with you, but really it is treating me strangely to talk to me as if I could not meet any company whatever, occasionally." BOSWELL: "Pray forgive me, sir, I meant well. But you shall meet whoever comes, for me." Thus I secured him, and told Dilly that he would find him very well pleased to be one of his guests on the day appointed.

Upon the much expected Wednesday, I called on him about half an hour before dinner, as I

often did when we were to dine out together, to see that he was ready in time, and to accompany him. . . .

When we entered Mr. Dilly's drawing-room, he found himself in the midst of a company he did not know. I kept myself snug and silent, watching how he would conduct himself. I observed him whispering to Mr. Dilly, "Who is that gentleman, sir?" "*Mr. Arthur Lee.*" JOHNSON: "Too, too, too" (under his breath), which was one of his habitual mutterings. Mr. Arthur Lee could not but be very obnoxious to Johnson, for he was not only a "patriot" but an American. He was afterwards minister from the United States at the court of Madrid. "And who is the gentleman in lace?" "Mr. Wilkes, s^r." This information confounded him still more; he had some difficulty to restrain himself, and, taking up a book, sat down upon a window-seat and read, or at least kept his eye intently upon it for some time, till he composed himself. His feelings, I dare say, were awkward enough. But he no doubt recollected having rated me for supposing that he could be at all disconcerted by any company, and he therefore resolutely set himself to behave quite as an easy man of the world, who could adapt himself at once to the disposition and manners of those whom he might chance to meet.

The cheering sound of "Dinner is upon the table" dissolved his reveries, and we all sat down without any symptom of ill-humor. There were present—beside Mr. Wilkes, and Mr. Arthur Lee, who was an old companion of mine when he studied physics at Edinburgh—Mr. (now Sir John) Miller, Dr. Lettson, and Mr. Slater the druggist. Mr. Wilkes placed himself next to Dr. Johnson, and behaved to him with so much attention and politeness that he gained upon him insensibly. No man ate more heartily than Johnson, or loved better what was nice and delicate. Mr.

Wilkes was very assiduous in helping him to some fine veal. "Pray give me leave, sir;—It is better here—A little of the brown—Some fat, sir—A little of the stuffing—Some gravy—Let me have the pleasure of giving you some butter—Allow me to recommend a squeeze of this orange; or the lemon, perhaps, may have more zest." "Sir, sir, I am obliged to you, sir," cried Johnson, bowing, and turning his head to him with a look for some time of "*surly virtue*,"* but in a short while of complacency. . . .

I attended Dr. Johnson home, and had the satisfaction to hear him tell *Mrs. Williams*' how much he had been pleased with Mr. Wilkes's company, and what an agreeable day he had passed.

THE MICAWBERS

Charles Dickens

The *counting-house*' clock was at half-past twelve, and there was general preparation for going to dinner, when *Mr. Quinion*² tapped at the counting-house window, and beckoned to me to go in. I went in, and found there a stoutish, middle-aged person, in a brown surtout and black tights and shoes, with no more hair upon his head (which was a large one and very shining) than there is upon an egg, and with a very extensive face, which he turned full upon me. His clothes were shabby, but he had an imposing shirt-collar on. He carried a jaunty sort of stick, with a large pair of rusty tassels to it; and a quizzing-glass hung outside his coat,—for ornament, I afterwards found, as he very seldom looked through it, and couldn't see anything when he did.

"This," said Mr. Quinion, in allusion to myself, "is he."

"This," said the stranger, with a certain condescending roll in his voice, and a certain indescribable air of doing something genteel, which impressed me very much, "is Master Copperfield. I hope I see you well, sir?"

I said I was very well, and hoped he was. I was sufficiently ill at ease, Heaven knows; but it was not in my nature to complain much at that time of my life, so I said I was very well, and hoped he was.

"I am," said the stranger, "thank Heaven, quite well. I have received a letter from Mr. Murdstone, in which he mentions that he would desire me to receive into an apartment in the rear

of my house, which is at present unoccupied—and is, in short, to be let as a—in short,” said the stranger, with a smile, and in a burst of confidence, “as a bedroom—the young beginner whom I have now the pleasure to—” and the stranger waved his hand, and settled his chin in his shirt-collar.

“This is *Mr. Micawber*,” said Mr. Quinion to me.

“Ahem!” said the stranger, “that is my name.”

“*Mr. Micawber*,” said Mr. Quinion, “is known to Mr. Murdstone. He takes orders for us on commission, when he can get any. He has been written to by Mr. Murdstone, on the subject of your lodgings, and he will receive you as a lodger.”

“My address,” said Mr. Micawber, “is Windsor Terrace, City Road. I—in short,” said Mr. Micawber, with the same genteel air, and in another burst of confidence—“I live there.”

I made him a bow.

“Under the impression,” said Mr. Micawber, “that your peregrinations in this metropolis have not as yet been extensive, and that you might have some difficulty in penetrating the arcana of *the Modern Babylon* in the direction of the City Road—in short,” said Mr. Micawber, in another burst of confidence, “that you might lose yourself—I shall be happy to call this evening, and install you in the knowledge of the nearest way.”

I thanked him with all my heart, for it was friendly in him to offer to take that trouble.

“At what hour,” said Mr. Micawber, “shall I—”

“At about eight,” said Mr. Quinion.

“At about eight,” said Mr. Micawber. “I beg to wish you a good day, Mr. Quinion. I will intrude no longer.”

So he put on his hat, and went out with his cane under his arm: very upright, and humming a tune when he was clear of the counting-house. . . .

At the appointed time in the evening, Mr. Micawber reappeared. I washed my hands and face, to do the greater honor to his gentility, and we walked to our house, as I suppose I must now call it, together; Mr. Micawber impressing the names of streets, and the shapes of corner houses upon me, as we went along, that I might find my way back, easily, in the morning.

Arrived at his house in Windsor Terrace (which I noticed was shabby like himself, but also, like himself, made all the show it could), he presented me to Mrs. Micawber, a thin and faded lady, not at all young, who was sitting in the parlor (the first floor was altogether unfurnished, and the blinds were kept down to delude the neighbors), with a baby at her breast. This baby was one of twins; and I may remark here that I hardly ever, in all my experience of the family, saw both the twins detached from Mrs. Micawber at the same time. One of them was always taking refreshment.

There were two other children; Master Micawber, aged about four, and Miss Micawber, aged about three. These, and a dark-complexioned young woman, with a habit of snorting, who was servant to the family, and informed me, before half an hour had expired, that she was "*a Orfiling*,"⁵ and came from *St. Luke's workhouse*,⁶ in the neighborhood, completed the establishment. My room was at the top of the house, at the back: a close chamber; stenciled all over with an ornament which my young imagination represented as a blue muffin; and very scantily furnished.

"I never thought," said Mrs. Micawber, when she came up, twin and all, to show me the apartment, and sat down to take breath, "before I was married, when I lived with papa and mama, that I should ever find it necessary to take a lodger. But Mr. Micawber being in difficulties, all considerations of private feeling must give way."

I said: "Yes, ma'am."

"Mr. Micawber's difficulties are almost overwhelming just at present," said Mrs. Micawber; "and whether it is possible to bring him through them, I don't know. When I lived at home with papa and mama, I really should have hardly understood what the word meant, in the sense in which I now employ it, but *experientia*⁷ does it—as papa used to say."

I cannot satisfy myself whether she told me that Mr. Micawber had been an officer in the Marines, or whether I have imagined it. I only know that I believe to this hour that he *was* in the Marines once upon a time, without knowing why. He was a sort of *town t. aveler*⁸ for a number of miscellaneous houses, now; but made little or nothing of it, I am afraid.

"If Mr. Micawber's creditors *will not* give him time," said Mrs. Micawber, "they must take the consequences; and the sooner they bring it to an issue the better. Blood cannot be obtained from a stone, neither can anything on account be obtained at present (not to mention law expenses) from Mr. Micawber."

I never can quite understand whether my precocious self-dependence confused Mrs. Micawber in reference to my age, or whether she was so full of the subject that she would have talked about it to the very twins if there had been nobody else to communicate with, but this was the strain in which she began, and she went on accordingly all the time I knew her.

Poor Mrs. Micawber! She said she had tried to exert herself; and so, I have no doubt, she had. The center of the street door was perfectly covered with a great brass plate, on which was engraved "Mrs. Micawber's Boarding Establishment for Young Ladies," but I never found that any young lady had ever been to school there; or that any young lady ever came, or proposed to

come; or that the least preparation was ever made to receive any young lady. The only visitors I ever saw or heard of, were creditors. *They* used to come at all hours, and some of them were quite ferocious. One dirty-faced man, I think he was a boot-maker, used to edge himself into the passage as early as seven o'clock in the morning, and call up the stairs to Mr. Micawber—"Come! You ain't out yet, you know. Pay us, will you? Don't hide, you know; that's mean. I wouldn't be mean if I was you. Pay us, will you? You just pay us, d'ye hear? Come!" Receiving no answer to these taunts, he would mount in his wrath to the words "swindlers" and "robbers"; and these being ineffectual too, would sometimes go to the extremity of crossing the street, and roaring up at the windows of the second floor, where he knew Mr. Micawber was. At these times Mr. Micawber would be transported with grief and mortification, even to the length (as I was once made aware by a scream from his wife) of making motions at himself with a razor; but within half an hour afterwards, he would polish up his shoes with extraordinary pains, and go out, humming a tune with a greater air of gentility than ever. Mrs. Micawber was quite as elastic. I have known her to be thrown into fainting fits by the king's taxes at three o'clock, and to eat lamb-chops breaded, and drink warm ale (paid for with two teaspoons that had gone to the pawnbroker's) at four. On one occasion, when an execution had just been put in, coming home through some chance as early as six o'clock, I saw her lying (of course with a twin) under the grate in a swoon, with her hair all torn about her face; but I never knew her more cheerful than she was, that very same night, over a veal-cutlet before the kitchen fire, telling me stories about her papa and mama, and the company they used to keep.

GETTING THE DOCTOR

Hamlin Garland

One night as I lay buried in deep sleep close to the garret eaves I heard my mother call me—and something in her voice pierced me, roused me. A poignant note of alarm was in it.

“Hamlin,” she called, “get up—at once. You must go for the doctor. Your father is very sick. Hurry!”

I sprang from my bed, dizzy with sleep, yet understanding her appeal. “I hear you, I am coming,” I called down to her as I started to dress.

“Can Hattie. I need her too.”

The rain was pattering on the roof, and as I dressed I had a disturbing vision of the long cold ride which lay before me. I hoped the case was not so bad as mother thought. With limbs still numb and weak I stumbled down the stairs to the sitting room where a faint light shone.

Mother met me with a white, strained face. “Your father is suffering terribly. Go for the doctor at once.”

I could hear the sufferer groan even as I moved about the kitchen, putting on my coat and lighting the lantern. It was about one o'clock of the morning, and the wind was cold as I picked my way through the mud to the barn. The thought of the long miles to town made me shiver, but as the son of a soldier I could not falter in my duty.

In their warm stalls the horses were resting in dreamful doze. Dan and Dick, the big plow team, stood near the door. Jule and Dolly came

next. Wild Frank, a fleet but treacherous *Morgan*, stood fifth and for a moment I considered taking him. He was strong and of wonderful staying powers but so savage and unreliable that I dared not risk an accident. I passed on to buy Kittie whose bright eyes seemed to inquire, "What is the matter?"

Flinging the blanket over her and smoothing it carefully, I tossed the light saddle to her back and cinched it tight, so tight that she grunted. "I can't take any chance of a *spill*," I explained to her, and she accepted the bit willingly. She was always ready for action and fully dependable.

Blowing out my lantern I hung it on a peg, led Kit from her stall out into the night, and swung to the saddle. She made off with a spluttering rush through the yard, out into the road. It was as dark as pitch but I was fully awake now. The dash of the rain in my face had cleared my brain but I trusted to the keener senses of the mare to find the road which showed only in the strips of water which filled the wagon tracks.

We made way slowly for a few minutes until my eyes expanded to take in the faint lines of light along the lane. The road at last became a river of ink running between faint gray banks of sward, and my heart rose in confidence. I took on dignity. I was a courier riding through the night to save a city, a messenger on whose courage and skill thousands of lives depended.

"Get out of this!" I shouted to Kit, and she leaped away like a wolf, at a tearing gallop.

She knew her rider. We had herded the cattle many days on the prairie, and in races with the wild colts I had tested her speed. Snorting with vigor at every leap she seemed to say, "My heart is brave, my limbs are strong. Call on me."

Out of the darkness John Martin's Carlo barked. A half mile had passed. Old Marsh's

foxhound clamored next. Two miles were gone. From here the road ran diagonally across the prairie, a velvet-black band on the dim sod. The ground was firmer but there were swales full of water. Through these Kittie dashed with unhesitating confidence, the water flying from her drumming hooves. Once she went to her knees and almost unseated me, but I regained my saddle and shouted, "Go on, Kit."

The fourth mile was in the mud, but the fifth brought us to the village turnpike and the mare was as glad of it as I. Her breath was labored now. She snorted no more in exultation and confident strength. She began to wonder—to doubt, and I, who knew her ways as well as I knew those of a human being, realized that she was beginning to flag. The mud had begun to tell on her.

It hurt me to urge her on, but the memory of my mother's agonized face and the sound of my father's groan of pain steeled my heart. I set lash to her side and so kept her to her highest speed.

At last a gleam of light! Someone in the village was awake. I passed another lighted window. Then the green and red lamps of the drug store cheered me with the promise of aid, for the doctor lived next door. There too a dim ray shone.

Slipping from my weary horse I tied her to the rail and hurried up the walk toward the doctor's bell. I remember just where the knob rested. Twice I pulled sharply, strongly, putting into it some part of the anxiety and impatience I felt. I could hear its imperative jingle as it died away in the silent house.

At last the door opened and the doctor, a big blonde handsome man in a long night gown, confronted me with impassive face. "What is it, my boy?" he asked kindly.

As I told him he looked down at my water-soaked form and wide-eyed countenance with gentle patience. Then he peered out over my head into the dismal night. He was a man of resolution but he hesitated for a moment. "Your father is suffering sharply, is he?"

"Yes, sir. I could hear him groan.—please hurry."

He mused a moment. "He is a soldier. He would not complain of a little thing—I will come."

Turning in relief, I ran down the walk and climbed upon my shivering mare. She wheeled sharply, eager to be off on her homeward way. Her spirit was not broken, but she was content to take a slower pace. She seemed to know that our errand was accomplished and that the warm shelter of the stall was to be her reward.

Holding her down to a slow trot I turned often to see if I could detect the lights of the doctor's buggy which was a familiar sight on our road. I had heard that he kept one of his teams harnessed ready for calls like this, and I confidently expected him to overtake me. "It's a terrible night to be out, but he said he would come," I repeated as I rode.

At last the lights of the carriage, lazily rocking, came into view and pulling Kit to a walk I twisted in my saddle, ready to shout with admiration of the speed of his team. "He is driving the 'Clay-banks'" I called in great excitement.

The Clay-banks were famous throughout the country as the doctor's swiftest and wildest team, a span of *bronchos*³ whose savage spirits no journey could entirely subdue, a team he did not spare, a team that scorned petting and pity, bony, sinewy, big-headed. They never walked and had little care of mud or snow.

They came rushing now with splashing feet and foaming, half-opened jaws, the big doctor,

calm, iron-handed, masterful, sitting in the swaying top of his light buggy, his feet against the dashboard, keeping his furious span in hand as easily as if they were a pair of *Shetland ponies*.⁴ The *nigh horse*⁵ was running, the *off horse*⁶ pacing, and the splatter of their feet, the slash of the wheels and the roaring of their heavy breathing, made my boyish heart leap. I could hardly repress a yell of delight.

As I drew aside to let him pass, the doctor called out with a mellow cheer. "Take your time, boy, take your time!"

Before I could even think of an answer, he was gone and I was alone with Kit and the night.

My anxiety vanished with him. I had done all that humanly could be done. I had fetched the doctor. Whatever happened I was guiltless. I knew also that in a few minutes a sweet relief would come to my tortured mother, and with full faith and loving confidence in the man of science, I jogged along homeward, wet to the bone and triumphant.

THE DEATH OF PRINCE

Thomas Hardy

It was eleven o'clock before the family were all in bed, and two o'clock next morning was the latest hour for starting with the beehives if they were to be delivered to the retailers in Casterbridge before the Saturday market began, the way thither lying by bad roads over a distance of between twenty and thirty miles, and the horse and wagon being of the slowest. At half past one Mrs. Durbeyfield came into the large bedroom where Tess and all her little brothers and sisters slept.

"The poor man can't go," she said to her eldest daughter, whose great eyes had opened the moment her mother's hand touched the door.

Tess sat up in bed, lost in a vague interspace between a dream and this information.

"But somebody must go," she replied. "It is late for the hives already. Swarming will soon be over for the year; and if we put off taking 'em till next week's market the call for 'em will be past, and they'll be thrown on our hands."

Mrs. Durbeyfield looked unequal to the emergency. "Some young feller, perhaps, would go? One of them who were so much after dancing with 'ee yesterday," she presently suggested.

"O no—I wouldn't have it for the world!" declared Tess proudly. "And letting everybody know the reason—such a thing to be ashamed o', I think *I* could go if *Abraham*' could go with me to keep me company."

Her mother at length agreed to this arrangement. Little Abraham was aroused from his deep

lleep in a corner of the same apartment, and made to put on his clothes while still mentally in the other world. Meanwhile Tess had hastily dressed herself; and the twain, lighting a lantern, went out to the stable. The rickety little wagon was already laden, and the girl led out the horse Prince, only a degree less rickety than the vehicle.

The poor creature looked wonderingly round at the night, at the lantern, at their two figures, as if he could not believe that at that hour, when every living thing was intended to be at shelter and at rest, he was called upon to go out and labor. They put a stock of candle-ends into the lantern, hung the latter to the off-side of the road, and directed the horse onward, walking at his shoulder at first during the uphill portion of the way, in order not to overload an animal of so little vigor. To cheer themselves as well as they could, they made an artificial morning with the lantern, some bread and butter, and their own conversation, the real morning being far from come. Abraham, as he more fully awoke (for he had moved in a sort of trance so far), began to talk of the strange shapes assumed by the various dark objects against the sky; of this tree that looked like a raging tiger springing from a lair; of that which resembled a giant's head.

When they had passed the little town of Stourcastle, dumbly somnolent under its thick brown thatch, they reached higher ground. Still higher, on their left, the elevation called Bulbarrow, well-nigh the highest in South *Wessex*,² swelled into the sky, engirdled by its earthen trenches. From hereabout the long road declined gently for a great distance onward. They mounted in front of the waggon, and Abraham grew reflective.

"Tess!" he said in a preparatory tone, after a silence.

"Yes, Abraham."

"Ain't you glad we've become gentlefolk?"

"Not particular glad."

"But you be glad you're going to marry a gentleman?"

"What?" said Tess, lifting her face.

"That our great relation will help 'ee to marry a gentleman."

"I? our great relation? We have no such relation. What has put that into your head?"

"I heard 'em talking about it up at *Rolliver's* when I went to find father. There's a rich lady of our family out at Trantridge, and mother said that if you claimed kin with the lady, she'd *put 'ee in the way of* marrying a gentleman."

His sister became abruptly still, and lapsed into a pondering silence. Abraham talked on, rather for the pleasure of utterance than for audition, so that his sister's abstraction was of no account. He leant back against the hives, and with upturned face made observations on the stars whose cold pulses were beating amid the *black hollows* above, in serene dissociation from these two wisps of human life. He asked how far away those twinklers were, and whether God was on the other side of them. But ever and anon his childish prattle recurred to what impressed his imagination even more deeply than the wonders of creation. If Tess were made rich by marrying a gentleman, would she have money enough to buy a spy-glass so large that it would draw the stars as near to her as Nettlecombe-Trout?

The renewed subject, which seemed to have impregnated the whole family, filled Tess with impatience.

"Never mind that now!" she exclaimed.

"Did you say the stars were worlds, Tess?"

"Yes."

"All like ours?"

"I don't know, but I think so. They sometimes

seem to be like the apples on our *stubbard tree*." Most of them splendid and sound—a few blighted."

"Which do we live on—a splendid one or a blighted one?"

"A blighted one."

"'Tis very unlucky that we didn't pitch on a sound one, when there were so many more of 'em!"

"Yes."

"Is it like that *really*, Tess?" said Abraham, turning to her much impressed, on reconsideration of this rare information. "How would it have been if we had pitched on a sound one?"

"Well, father wouldn't have coughed and creeped about as he does, and wouldn't have got too tipsy to go this journey; and mother wouldn't have been always washing, and never getting finished."

"And you would have been a rich lady ready-made, and not have had to be made rich by marrying a gentleman?"

"O Aby, don't—don't talk of that any more!"

Left to his reflections, Abraham soon grew drowsy. Tess was not skillful in the management of horse, but she thought that she could take upon herself the entire conduct of the load for the present, and allow Abraham to go to sleep if he wished to do so. She made him a sort of nest in front of the hives, in such a manner that he could not fall, and, taking the reins into her own hands, jogged on as before.

Prince required but slight attention, lacking energy for superfluous movements of any sort. With no longer a companion to distract her, Tess fell more deeply into reverie than ever, her back leaning against the hives. The mute procession past her shoulders of trees and hedges became attached to fantastic scenes outside reality, and the occasional heave of the wind became the sigh

of some immense sad soul, conterminous with the universe in space, and with history in time.

Then, examining the mesh of events in her own life, she seemed to see the vanity of her father's pride; the gentlemanly suitor awaiting herself in her mother's fancy; to see him as a grimacing personage, laughing at her poverty, and her shrouded knightly ancestry. Everything grew more and more extravagant, and she no longer knew how time passed. A sudden jerk shook her in her seat, and Tess awoke from the sleep into which she, too, had fallen.

They were a long way farther on than when she had lost consciousness, and the wagon had stopped. A hollow groan, unlike anything she had ever heard in her life, came from the front, followed by a shout of "Hoi there!"

The lantern hanging at her wagon had gone out, but another was shining in her face—much brighter than her own had been. Something terrible had happened. The harness was entangled with an object which blocked the way.

In consternation Tess jumped down, and discovered the dreadful truth. The groan had proceeded from her father's poor horse Prince. The morning mail-cart, with its two noiseless wheels, speeding along these lanes like an arrow, as it always did, had driven into her slow and unlighted equipage. The pointed shaft of the cart had entered the breast of the unhappy Prince like a sword, and from the wound his life's blood was spouting in a stream, and falling with a hiss into the road.

In her despair Tess sprang forward and put her hand upon the hole, with the only result that she became splashed from face to skirt with the crimson drops. Then she stood helplessly looking on. Prince also stood firm and motionless as long as he could; till he suddenly sank down in a heap.

By this time the mail-cart man had joined

her, and began dragging and unharnessing the hot form of Prince. But he was already dead, and, seeing that nothing more could be done immediately, the mail-cart man returned to his own animal, which was uninjured.

"You was on the wrong side," he said. "I am bound to go on with the mail-bags, so that the best thing for you to do is to bide here with your load. I'll send somebody to help you as soon as I can. It will soon be daylight, and you have nothing to fear.

He mounted and sped on his way; while Tess stood and waited. The atmosphere turned pale, the birds shook themselves in the hedges, arose and twittered; the lane showed all its white features, and Tess showed hers, still whiter. The huge pool of blood in front of her was already assuming the iridescence of coagulation; and when the sun rose a hundred prismatic hues were reflected from it. Prince lay alongside still and stark; his eyes half open, the hole in his chest looking scarcely large enough to have let out all that had animated him.

"'Tis all my doing—all mine!" the girl cried, gazing at the spectacle. "No excuse for me—none. What will mother and father live on now? Aby, Aby!" She shook the child, who had slept soundly through the whole disaster. "We can't go on with our load—Prince is killed!"

When Abraham realized all, the furrows of fifty years were extemporized on his young face.

"Why, I danced and laughed only yesterday" she went on to herself. "To think that I was such a fool!"

"'Tis because we be on a blighted star, and not a sound one, isn't it, Tess?" murmured Abraham through his tears.

In silence they waited through an interval which seemed endless. At length a sound, and an approaching object, proved to them that the

driver of the mail-cart had been as good as his word. A farmer's man from near Stourcastle came up, leading a strong cob. He was harnessed to the wagon of beehives in the place of Prince, and the load taken on towards Casterbridge.

The evening of the same day saw the empty wagon reach again the spot of the accident. Prince had lain there in the ditch since the morning; but the place of the blood-pool was still visible in the middle of the road, though scratched and scraped over by passing vehicles. All that was left of Prince was now hoisted into the wagon he had formerly hauled, and with his hoofs in the air, and his shoes shining in the setting sunlight, he retraced the dozen miles to Marlott.

THE APPLE TREE

Katherine Mansfield

There were two orchards belonging to the old house. One, that we called the "wild" orchard lay beyond the vegetable garden; it was planted with bitter cherries and damsons and transparent yellow plums. For some reason it *lay under a cloud*; we never played there, we did not even trouble to pick up the fallen fruit; and there, every Monday morning, to the round open space in the middle, the servant girl and the washerwoman carried the wet linen; grandmother's night dresses, father's striped shirts, the hired man's cotton trousers and the servant girl's "dreadfully vulgar" salmon pink flannelette drawers *jigged and slapped in horrid familiarity*.²

But the other orchard, far away and hidden from the house, lay at the foot of a little hill and stretched right over to the edge of the paddocks—to the clumps of wattles bobbing yellow in the bright and the blue gums with their streaming sickle-shaped leaves. There, under the fruit trees the grass grew so thick and coarse that it tangled and knotted in your shoes as you walked, and even on the hottest day it was damp to touch when you stooped and parted it this way and that looking for windfalls—the apples marked with a bird's beak, the big bruised pears, the quinces, so good to eat with a pinch of salt, but so delicious to smell that *you could not bite for sniffing*. . . .

One year the orchard had its *Forbidden Tree*.⁴ It was an apple discovered by father and a friend during an after-dinner prowl one Sunday afternoon.

"Great Scott!" said the friend, lighting upon it with every appearance of admiring astonishment: "Isn't that a——?" And a rich, splendid name settled like an unknown bird upon the little tree.

"Yes, I believe it is," said father lightly. He knew nothing whatever about the names of fruit trees.

"Great Scott!" said the friend again: "They're wonderful apples. Nothing like 'em—and you're going to have a tip-top crop. Marvelous apples! *You can't beat 'em.*"

"No, they're very fine——very fine," said father carelessly, but looking upon the tree with new and lively interest.

"They're rare——they're very rare. Hardly ever see 'em in England nowadays," said the visitor and *set a seal on father's delight.* For father was a self-made man and the price he had to pay for everything was so huge and so painful that nothing rang so sweet to him as to hear his purchase praised. He was young and sensitive still. He still wondered whether in the deepest sense he got his money's worth. He still had hours when he walked up and down in the moonlight half deciding to "chuck this confounded rushing to the office every day——and *clear out*"——clear out once and for all." And now to discover that he'd a valuable apple tree thrown in with the orchard——an apple tree that this *Johnny* from England positively envied.

"Don't touch that tree. Do you hear me, children!" said he bland and firm; and when the guest had gone, with quite another voice and manner:

"If I catch either of you touching those apples you shall not only go to bed——you shall each have a good sound whipping" which merely added to its magnificence.

Every Sunday morning after church father

with Bogey and me tailing after walked through the flower garden, down the violet path, past the lace-bark tree, past the white rose and syringa bushes, and down the hill to the orchard. The apple tree—like the *Virgin Mary*'^o.—seemed to have been miraculously warned of its high honor, standing apart from its fellow, bending a little under its rich clusters, fluttering its polished leaves, important and exquisite before father's awful eye. His heart swelled to the sight—we knew his heart swelled. He put his hands behind his back and screwed up his eyes in the way he had. There it stood—the accidental thing—the thing that no one had been aware of when the hard bargain was driven. It hadn't been counted on, hadn't in a way been paid for. If the house had been burned to the ground at that time it would have meant less to him than the destruction of his tree. And how *we played up to him*," Bogey and I, Bogey with his scratched knees pressed together, his hands behind his back, too, and a round cap on his head with "*H. M. S. Thunderbolt*"¹² printed across it.

The apples turned from pale green to yellow; then they had deep pink stripes painted on them, and then the pink melted all over the yellow, reddened, and spread into a fine clear crimson.

At last the day came when father took out of his waistcoat pocket a little pearl pen-knife. He reached up. Very slowly and very carefully he picked two apples growing on a bough.

"*By Jove!*"¹³ "They're warm," cried father in amazement. "They're wonderful apples! Tip-top! Marvelous!" he echoed. He rolled them over in his hands.

"Look at that!" he said. "Not a spot—not a blemish!" And he walked through the orchard with Bogey and me stumbling after, to a tree stump under the wattles. We sat, one on either side of father. He laid one apple down,

opened the pearl pen-knife and neatly and beautifully cut the other in half.

"By Jove! Look at that!" he exclaimed.

"Father!" we cried, dutiful but really enthusiastic, too. For the lovely red color had bitten right through the white flesh of the apple; it was pink to the shiny black pips lying so justly in their scaly pods. It looked as though the apple had been dipped in wine.

"Never soon *that* before," said father. "You won't find an apple like that in a hurry!" He put it to his nose and pronounced an unfamiliar word. "*Bouquet!*" What a bouquet!" And then he handed to Bogey one half, to me the other.

"Don't *bolt* it!" said he. It was agony to give even so much away. I knew it, while I took mine humbly and humbly Bogey took his.

Then he divided the second with the same neat beautiful little cut of the pearl knife.

I kept my eyes on Bogey. Together we took a bite. Our mouths were full of a floury stuff, a hard, faintly bitter skin,—a horrible taste of something dry. . . .

"Well?" asked father, very jovial. He had cut his two halves into quarters and was taking out the little pods. "Well?"

Bogey and I stared at each other, chewing desperately. In that second of chewing and swallowing a long silent conversation passed between us—and a strange meaning smile. We swallowed. We edged near father, just touching him.

"Perfect," we lied. "Perfect—father. Simply lovely."

But it was no use. Father spat his out and never went near the apple tree again.

HOW I LEARNED TO WRITE

Robert Louis Stevenson

All through my boyhood and youth, I was known and pointed out for the pattern of an idler; and yet I was always busy on my own private end, which was to learn to write. I kept always two books in my pocket, one to read, one to write in. As I walked, my mind was busy fitting what I saw with appropriate words; when I sat by the roadside, I would either read, or a pencil and a penny version-book would be in my hand, to note down the features of the scene or commemorate some *halting stanzas*. Thus I lived, with words. And what I thus wrote was for no ulterior use, it was written consciously for practice. It was not so much that I wished to be an author (though I wished that too) as that I had vowed that I would learn to write. That was a proficiency that tempted me; and I practiced to acquire it, as men learn to whittle, in a wager with myself. Description was the principal field of my exercise; for to anyone with senses there is always something worth describing, and town and country are but one continuous subject. But I worked in other ways also; often accompanied my walks with dramatic dialogues, in which I played many parts; and often exercised myself in writing down conversations from memory.

This was all excellent, no doubt: so were the diaries I sometimes tried to keep, but always and very speedily discarded, finding them a school of posturing and melancholy self-deception. And yet this was not the most efficient part of my training. Good though it was, it only taught me (so

far as I have learned them at all) the lower and less intellectual elements of the art, the choice of the essential note and the right word: things that to a *happier constitution*² had perhaps come by nature. And regarded as training, it had one grave defect; for it set me no standard of achievement. So that there was perhaps more profit, as there was certainly more effort, in my secret labors at home. Whenever I read a book or a passage that particularly pleased me, in which a thing was said or an effect rendered with propriety, in which there was either some conspicuous force or some happy distinction in the style, I must sit down at once and set myself to ape that quality. I was unsuccessful, and I knew it; and tried again, and was again unsuccessful and always unsuccessful; but at least in these vain bouts, I got some practice in rhythm, in harmony, in construction and the coördination of parts. I have thus played the sedulous ape to *Hazlitt*,³ to *Lamb*,⁴ to *Wordsworth*,⁵ to *Sir Thomas Browne*,⁶ to *Defoe*,⁷ to *Hawthorne*,⁸ to *Montaigne*,⁹ to *Baudelaire*¹⁰ and to *Obermann*.¹¹ I remember one of these monkey tricks, which was called *The Vanity of Morals*: it was to have had a second part, *The Vanity of Knowledge*; and as I had neither morality nor scholarship, the names were apt; but the second part was never attempted, and the first part was written (which is my reason for recalling it, ghostlike, from its ashes) no less than three times: first in the manner of *Hazlitt*, second in the manner of *Ruskin*,¹² who had cast on me a passing spell, and third, in a laborious pasticcio of *Sir Thomas Browne*. . . . But enough has been said to show by what arts of impersonation, and in what purely ventriloquial efforts I first saw my words on paper.

That, like it or not, is the way to learn to write; whether I have profited or not, that is the way. It was so *Keats*¹³ learned, and there was

never a finer temperament for literature than Keats's; it was so, if we could trace it out, that all men have learned; and that is why a revival of *letters*¹⁴ is always accompanied or heralded by a cast back to earlier and fresher models. Perhaps I hear someone cry out: But this is not the way to be original! It is not; nor is there any way but to be born so. Nor yet, if you are born original, is there anything in this training that shall clip the wings of your originality. There can be none more original than Montaigne, neither could any be more unlike *Cicero*¹⁵; yet no craftsman can fail to see how much the one must have tried in his time to imitate the other. *Burns*¹⁶ is the very type of a prime force in letters: he was of all men the imitative. Shakespeare himself, the imperial, proceeds directly from *a school*.¹⁷ It is only from a school that we can expect to have good writers; it is almost invariably from a school that great writers, these lawless exceptions, issue.

AUTOBIOGRAPHY

Thomas Henry Huxley

I was born about eight o'clock in the morning on the 4th of May, 1825, at Ealing, which was, at that time, as quiet a little country village as could be found within a half-dozen miles of Hyde Park Corner. Now it is a suburb of London with, I believe, 30,000 inhabitants. My father was one of the masters in a large semi-public school which at one time had a high reputation. I am not aware that any portents preceded my arrival in this world, but, in my childhood, I remember hearing a traditional account of the manner in which I lost the chance of an endowment of great practical value. The windows of my mother's room were open, in consequence of the unusual warmth of the weather. For the same reason, probably, a neighboring beehive had swarmed, and the new colony, pitching on the window sill, was making its way into the room when the horrified nurse shut down the sash. If that well-meaning woman had only abstained from her ill-timed interference, the swarm might have settled on my lips, and I should have been endowed with that mellifluous eloquence which, in this country, leads far more surely than worth, capacity, or honest work, to the highest places in Church and State. But the opportunity was lost, and I have been obliged to content myself through life with saying what I mean in the plainest of plain language, than which, I suppose, there is no habit more ruinous to a man's prospects of advancement.

Why I was christened Thomas Henry I do not know; but it is a curious chance that my

parents should have fixed for my usual denomination upon the name of *that particular Apostle* with whom I have always felt most sympathy. Physically and mentally I am the son of my mother so completely—even down to peculiar movements of the hands, which made their appearance in me as I reached the age she had when I noticed them—that I can hardly find any trace of my father in myself, except an inborn faculty for drawing, which unfortunately, in my case, has never been cultivated, a hot temper, and that amount of tenacity of purpose which unfriendly observers sometimes call obstinacy.

My mother was a slender brunette, of an emotional and energetic temperament, and possessed of the most piercing black eyes I ever saw in a woman's head. With no more education than other women of the middle classes in her day, she had an excellent mental capacity. Her most distinguishing characteristic, however, was rapidity of thought. If one ventured to suggest she had not taken much time to arrive at any conclusion, she would say, "I cannot help it, things flash across me." That peculiarity has been passed on to me in full strength; it has often stood me in good stead; it has sometimes played me sad tricks, and it has always been a danger. But, after all, if my time were to come over again, there is nothing I would less willingly part with than my inheritance of mother wit.

I have next to nothing to say about my childhood. In later years my mother, looking at me almost reproachfully; would sometimes say, "Ah! you were such a pretty boy!" whence I had no difficulty in concluding that I had not fulfilled my early promise in the matter of locks. In fact, I have a distinct recollection of certain curls of which I was vain, and of a conviction that I closely resembled that handsome, courtly gentleman, Sir Herbert Oakley, who was a vicar of our

parish, and was as a god to us country folk, because he was occasionally visited by the then Prince George of Cambridge. I remember turning my pinafore wrong side forwards in order to represent a surplice, and preaching to my mother's maids in the kitchen as nearly as possible in Sir Herbert's manner one Sunday morning when the rest of the family were at church. That is the earliest indication I can call to mind of the strong clerical affinities which my friend Mr. *Herbert Spencer*² has always ascribed to me, though I fancy they have for the most part remained in a latent state.

My regular school training was of the briefest, perhaps fortunately, for though my way of life has made me acquainted with all sorts and conditions of men, from the highest to the lowest, I deliberately affirm that the society I fell into at school was the worst I have ever known. We boys were average lads, with much the same inherent capacity for good and evil as any others; but the people who were set over us cared about as much for our intellectual and moral welfare as if they were baby-farmers. We were left to the operation of the struggle for existence among ourselves, and bullying was the least of the ill practices current among us. Almost the only cheerful reminiscence in connection with the place which arises in my mind is that of a battle I had with one of my classmates, who had bullied me until I could stand it no longer. * I was a very slight lad, but there was a wild-cat element in me which, when roused, made up for lack of weight, and I licked my adversary effectually. However, one of my first experiences of the extremely rough-and-ready nature of justice, as exhibited by the course of things in general, arose out of the fact that I—the victor—had a black eye, while he—the vanquished—had none, so that I got into disgrace and he did not. We made it up, and

thereafter I was not molested. One of the greatest shocks I ever received in my life was to be told a dozen years afterwards by the groom who brought me my horse in a stable-yard in *Sydney* that he was my quondam antagonist. He had a long story of family misfortune to account for his position, but at that time it was necessary to deal cautiously with mysterious strangers in New South Wales, and on inquiry I found that the unfortunate young man had not only been "*sent out*," but had undergone more than one colonial conviction.

As I grew older, my great desire was to be a mechanical engineer, but the fates were against this and, while very young, I commenced the study of medicine under a medical brother-in-law. But, though the Institute of Mechanical Engineers would certainly not own me, I am not sure that I have not all along been a sort of mechanical engineer *in partibus infidelium*.⁵ I am now occasionally horrified to think how very little I ever knew or cared about medicine as the art of healing. The only part of my professional course which really and deeply interested me was physiology which is the mechanical engineering of living machines; and, notwithstanding that natural science has been my proper business, I am afraid there is very little of the genuine naturalist in me. I never collected anything, and species work was always a burden to me: what I cared for was the architectural and engineering part of the business, the working out of the wonderful unity or plan in the thousands and thousands of diverse living constructions, and⁶ the modifications of similar apparatuses to serve diverse ends. The extraordinary attraction I felt toward the study of the intricacies of living structure nearly proved fatal to me at the outset. I was a mere boy—I think between thirteen and fourteen years of age—when I was taken by some older student

friends of mine to the first post-mortem examination I ever attended. All my life I have been most unfortunately sensitive to the disagreeables which attend anatomical pursuits, but on this occasion my curiosity overpowered all other feelings, and I spent two or three hours in gratifying it. I did not cut myself, and none of the ordinary symptoms of dissection-poison supervened, but poisoned I was somehow, and I remember sinking into a strange state of apathy. By way of a last chance, I was sent to the care of some good, kind people, friends of my father's, who lived in a farmhouse in the heart of Warwickshire. I remember staggering from bed to the window on the bright spring morning after my arrival, and throwing open the casement. Life seemed to come back on the wings of the breeze, and to this day the faint odor of wood-smoke, like that which floated across the farmyard in the early morning, is as good to me as the "*sweet south upon a bed of violets.*"⁶ I soon recovered, but for years I suffered from occasional paroxysms of inter al pain, and from that time my constant friend, *hypochondriacal dyspepsia*,⁷ commenced his half century of co-tenancy of *my fleshly tabernacle*.⁸

Looking back on my "*Lehrjahre*,"⁹ I am sorry to say that I do not think that any account of my doings as a student would tend to edification. In fact, I should distinctly warn ingenuous youth to avoid imitating my example. I worked extremely hard when it pleased me, and when it did not—which was a very frequent case—I was extremely idle (unless making caricatures of one's pastors and masters is to be called a branch of industry), or else wasted my energies in wrong directions. I read everything I could lay hands upon, including novels, and took up all sorts of pursuits to drop them again quite as speedily. No doubt it was very largely my own fault, but the only instruction from which I ever obtained the

proper effect of education was that which I received from Mr. Wharton Jones, who was the lecturer on physiology at the Charing Cross School of Medicine. The extent and precision of his knowledge impressed me greatly, and the severe exactness of his method of lecturing was quite to my taste. I do not know that I have ever felt so much respect for anybody as a teacher before or since. I worked hard to obtain his approbation, and he was extremely kind and helpful to the youngster who, I am afraid, took up more of his time than he had any right to do. I was he who suggested the publication of my first scientific paper—a very little one—in the *Medical Gazette* of 1845, and most kindly corrected the literary faults which abounded in it, short as it was; for at that time, and for many years afterwards, I detested the trouble of writing, and would take no pains over it.

It was in the early spring of 1846, that, having finished my obligatory medical studies and passed the first M. D. examination at the London University—though I was still too young to qualify at the College of Surgeons—I was talking to a fellow student (the present eminent physician, Sir Joseph Fayrer), and wondering what I should do to meet the imperative necessity for earning my own bread, when my friend suggested that I should write to Sir William Burnett, at that time Director-General for the Medical Service of the Navy, for an appointment. I thought this rather a strong thing to do, as Sir William was personally unknown to me, but my cheery friend would not listen to my scruples, so I went to my lodgings and wrote the best letter I could devise. A few days afterwards I received the usual official circular acknowledgment, but at the bottom there was written an instruction to call at Somerset House on such a day. I thought that looked like business, so at the appointed time I called and

sent in my card, while I waited in Sir William's anteroom. He was a tall, shrewd-looking old gentleman, with a broad Scotch accent—and I think I see him now as he entered with my card in his hand. The first thing he did was to return it, with the frugal reminder that I should probably find it useful on some other occasion. The second was to ask whether I was an Irishman. I suppose the air of modesty about my appeal must have struck him. I satisfied the Director-General that I was English to the backbone, and he made some inquiries as to my student career, finally desiring me to hold myself ready for examination. Having passed this, I was in Her Majesty's Service, and entered on the books of Nelson's old ship, the *Victory*, for duty at Haslar Hospital, about a couple of months after I made my application.

My official chief at Haslar was a very remarkable person, the late Sir John Richardson, an excellent naturalist, and far-famed as an indomitable Arctic traveler. He was a silent, reserved man, outside the circle of his family and intimates; and, having a full share of youthful vanity, I was extremely disgusted to find that "Old John," as we irreverent youngsters called him, took not the slightest notice of my worshipful self either the first time I attended him, as it was my duty to do, or for some weeks afterwards. I am afraid to think of the lengths to which my tongue may have run on the subject of the churlishness of the chief, who was, in truth, one of the kindest-hearted and most considerate of men. But one day, as I was crossing the hospital square, Sir John stopped, and *heaped coals of fire on my head*^o by telling me that he had tried to get me one of the resident appointments, much coveted by the assistant-surgeons, but that the Admiralty had put in another man. "However," said he, "I mean to keep you here till I can get you

something you will like," and turned upon his heel without waiting for the thanks I stammered out. That explained how it was I had not been packed off to the West Coast of Africa like some of my juniors, and why, eventually, I remained altogether seven months at Haslar.

After a long interval, during which "Old John" ignored my existence almost as completely as before, he stopped me again as we met in a casual way, and describing the service on which the Rattlesnake was likely to be employed, said that Captain Owen Stanley, who was to command the ship, had asked him to recommend an assistant surgeon who knew something of science; would I like that? Of course I jumped at the offer. "Very well, I give you leave; go to London at once and see Captain Stanley." I went, saw my future commander, who was very civil to me, and promised to ask that I should be appointed to his ship, as in due time I was. It is a singular thing that during the few months of my stay at Haslar, I had among my mess-mates two future Directors-General of the Medical Service of the Navy (Sir Alexander Armstrong and Sir John Watt-Reid), with the present President of the College of Physicians and my kindest of doctors, Sir Andrew Clark.

Life on board Her Majesty's ships in those days was a very different affair from what it is now, and ours was exceptionally rough, as we were often many months without receiving letters or seeing any civilized people but ourselves. In exchange, we had the interest of being about the last voyagers, I suppose, to whom it could be possible to meet with people who knew nothing of firearms—as we did on the south coast of New Guinea—and of making acquaintance with a variety of interesting savage and semi-civilized people. But, apart from experience of this kind the opportunities offered for scientific work, to me,

personally, the cruise was extremely valuable. It was good for me to live under sharp discipline; to be down on the realities of existence by living on bare necessities; to find out how extremely well worth living life seemed to be when one woke up from a night's rest on a soft plank, with the sky for canopy and cocoa and weevilly biscuit the sole prospect for breakfast; and, more especially, to learn to work for the sake of what I got for myself out of it, even if it all went to the bottom and I along with it. My brother officers were as good fellows as sailors ought to be and generally are, but, naturally, they neither knew nor cared anything about my pursuits, nor understood why I should be so zealous in pursuit of the objects which my friends, the middies, christened "Buffons," after the title conspicuous on a volume of the "*Suites à Buffon*,"¹¹ which stood on my shelf in the chart room.

During the four years of my absence, I sent home communication after communication to the "*Linnæan Society*,"¹² with the same result as that obtained by *Noah*¹³ when he sent the raven out of his ark. Tired at last of hearing nothing about them, I determined to do or die, and in 1849 I drew up a more elaborate paper and forwarded it to the *Royal Society*.¹⁴ This was my dove, if I had only known it. But owing to the movements of the ship, I heard nothing of that either until my return to England in the latter end of the year 1850, when I found that it was printed and published, and that a huge packet of separate copies awaited me. When I hear some of my young friends complain of want of sympathy and encouragement, I am inclined to think that my naval life was not the least valuable part of my education.

Three years after my return were occupied by a battle between my scientific friends on the one hand and the Admiralty on the other, as to

whether the latter ought, or ought not, to act up to the spirit of a pledge they had given to encourage officers who had done scientific work by contributing to the expense of publishing mine. At last, the Admiralty, getting tired, I suppose, cut short the discussion by ordering me to join a ship, which thing I declined to do, and as Rastignac, in *Père Coriot*¹⁵ says to Paris, I said to London "à nous deux." I desired to obtain a Professorship of either Physiology or Comparative Anatomy, and as vacancies occurred I applied, but in vain. My friend, *Professor Tyndall*,¹⁶ and I were candidates at the same time, he for the Chair of Physics and I for that of Natural History in the University of Toronto, which, fortunately, as it turned out, would not look at either of us. I say fortunately, not from any lack of respect for Toronto, but because I soon made up my mind that London was the place for me, and hence I have steadily declined the inducements to leave it, which have at various times been offered. At last, in 1854, on the translation of my warm friend, Edward Forbes, to Edinburgh, Sir Henry de la Beche, the Director-General of the Geological Survey, offered me the post Forbes vacated of Paleontologist and Lecturer on Natural History. I refused the former point blank, and accepted the latter only provisionally, telling Sir Henry that I did not care for fossils, and that I should give up Natural History as soon as I could get a Physiological post. But I held the office for thirty-one years, and a large part of my work has been paleontological.

At that time I disliked public speaking, and had a firm conviction that I should break down every time I opened my mouth. I believe I had every fault a speaker could have (except talking at random or indulging in rhetoric), when I spoke to the first important audience I ever addressed, on a Friday evening at *the Royal Institution*,¹⁷ in

1852. Yet, I must confess to having been guilty, *malgré moi*,¹⁸ of as much public speaking as most of my contemporaries, and for the last ten years it ceased to be so much of a bugbear to me. I used to pity myself for having to go through this training, but I am now more disposed to compassionate the unfortunate audiences, especially my ever-friendly hearers at the Royal Institution, who were the subjects of my oratorical experiments.

The last thing that it would be proper for me to do would be to speak of the work of my life, or to say at the end of the day whether I think I have earned my wages or not. Men are said to be partial judges of themselves. Young men may be, I doubt if old men are. Life seems terribly foreshortened as they look back, and the mountain they set themselves to climb in youth turns out to be a mere spur of immeasurable higher ranges when, with failing breath, they reach the top. But if I may speak of the objects I have had more or less definitely in view since I began the ascent of my hillock, they are briefly these: To promote the increase of natural knowledge and to forward the application of scientific methods of investigation to all the problems of life to the best of my ability, in the conviction which has grown with my growth and strengthened with my strength, that there is no alleviation for the sufferings of mankind except veracity of thought and of action, and the resolute facing of the world as it is when the garment of make-believe by which pious hands have hidden its uglier features is stripped off.

It is with this intent that I have subordinated my reasonable, or unreasonable, ambition for scientific fame which I may have permitted myself to entertain to other ends; to the popularization of science; to the development and organization of scientific education; to the endless series of

battles and skirmishes over evolution; and to untiring opposition to that ecclesiastical spirit, that clericalism, which in England, as everywhere else, and to whatever denomination it may belong, is the deadly enemy of science.

In striving for the attainment of these objects, I have been but one among many, and I shall be well content to be remembered, or even not remembered, as such. Circumstances, among which I am proud to reckon the devoted kindness of many friends, have led to my occupation of various prominent positions, among which the Presidency of the Royal Society is the highest. It would be mock modesty on my part, with these and other scientific honors which have been bestowed upon me, to pretend that I have not succeeded in the career which I have followed, rather because I was driven into it than of my own free will; but I am afraid I should not count even these things as marks of success if I could not hope that I had somewhat helped that movement of opinion which has been called the New Reformation.

THE RISING OF THE MOON

Lady Augusta Gregory

PERSONS

Sergeant
Policeman APoliceman B
A ragged man

SCENE: Side of a quay in a seaport town. Some posts and chains. A large barrel. Enter three policemen. Moonlight. Sergeant, who is older than the others, crosses the stage to right and looks down steps. The others put down a paste pot and unroll a bundle of placards.

POLICEMAN B: I think this would be a good place to put up a notice. (*He points to barrel*)

POLICEMAN A: Better ask him. (*Calls to SERGEANT.*) Will this be a good place for a placard? (*No answer.*)

POLICEMAN B: *Will* we put a notice here on the barrel? (*No answer.*)

SERGEANT: There's a flight of steps here that leads to the water. This is a place that should be minded well. If he got down here, his friends might have a boat to meet him; they might send it in here from outside.

POLICEMAN B: Would the barrel be a good place to put a notice up?

SERGEANT: It might; you can put it there. (*They paste the notice up.*)

SERGEANT (*reading it*): Dark hair, dark eyes. smooth face, height five feet five—there's not much to take hold of in that—It's a pity I had no chance of seeing him before he broke out of jail. They say he's a wonder, that it's he makes all the plans for the whole organization. There

isn't another man in Ireland would have broken jail the way he did. He must have some friends among the jailers.

POLICEMAN B: A hundred pounds is little enough for the government to offer for him. You may be sure any man in the *force*² that takes him will get promotion.

SERGEANT: I'll find this place myself. I wouldn't wonder at all if he came this way. He might come slipping along there (pointing to side of quay), and his friends might be waiting for him there (*pointing down steps*), and once he got away it's little chance we'd have of finding him; *it's maybe under a load of kelp he'd be in a fishing boat,*³ and not one to help a *married man*⁴ that wants it to the reward.

POLICEMAN A: And if we get him himself, nothing but abuse on our heads for it from the people and maybe from our own relations.

SERGEANT: Well, we have to do our duty in the force. Haven't we the whole country depending on us to keep law and order? *It's those that are down would be up and those that are up would be down, if it wasn't for us.*⁵ Well, hurry on, you have plenty of other places to placard yet, and come back here then to me. You can take the lantern. Don't be too long now. It's very lonesome here with nothing but the moon.

POLICEMAN B: It's a pity we can't stop with you. The government should have brought more police into the town, with *him* in jail, and at assize time too. Well, good luck to your watch. (*They go out.*)

SERGEANT: (*Walks up and down once or twice and looks at placard.*) A hundred pounds and promotion sure. There must be a gret deal of spending in a hundred pounds. It's a pity *some honest man not to be the better of that.*⁶ (*A ragged man appears at left and tries to stip past.* SERGEANT *suddenly turns.*)

SERGEANT: Where are you going?

MAN: I'm a poor ballad singer, your honor. I thought to sell some of these (holds out bundle of ballads) to the sailors. (*He goes on*)

SERGEANT: Stop! Didn't I tell you to stop? You can't go on there.

MAN: Oh, very well. It's a hard thing to be poor. All the world's against the poor.

SERGEANT: Who are you?

MAN: You'd be as wise as myself if I told you, but I don't mind. I'm one Jimmy Walsh, a ballad singer.

SERGEANT: Jimmy Walsh? I don't know that name.

MAN: Ah, sure, they know it well enough in Ennis. Were you ever in Ennis, sergeant?

SERGEANT: What brought you here?

MAN: Sure, it's to the assizes I came, thinking I might make a few shillings here or there. It's in the one train with the judges I came.

SERGEANT: Well, if you came so far, you may as well go farther, for you'll walk out of this.

MAN: I will, I will; I'll just go on where I was going. (*Goes toward steps.*)

SERGEANT: Come back from those steps; no one has leave to pass down them to-night.

MAN: I'll just sit on the top of the steps till I see if some sailor will buy a ballad off me that would give me my supper. They do be late going back to the ship. It's often I saw them in Cork carried down the quay in a handcart.

SERGEANT: Move on, I tell you. I won't have anyone lingering about the quay to-night.

MAN: Well, I'll go. It's the poor have the hard life! Maybe yourself might like one, sergeant. Here's a good sheet now. (*Turns one over.*) "*Content and a Pipe*"—that's not much. "*The Peeler and the Goat*"—you wouldn't like that —"*Johnny Hart*"—that's a lovely song.

SERGEANT: Move on.

MAN: Ah, wait till you hear it. (*Sings*)

There was a rich farmer's daughter
lived near the town of Ress;
She courted a Highland soldier, his
name was Johnny Hart;
Says the mother to her daughter,
"I'll go *distracted*" mad.
If you marry that Highland soldier
dressed up in Highland plaid."

SERGEANT: Stop that noise. (*MAN wraps up his ballads and shuffles toward the steps.*)

SERGEANT: Where are you going?

MAN: Sure you told me to be going, and I am going.

SERGEANT: Don't be a fool. I didn't tell you to go that way; I told you to go back to the town.

MAN: Back to the town, is it?

SERGEANT (*taking him by the shoulder and shoving him before him*): Here, I'll show you the way. Be off with you. What are you stopping for?

MAN (*who has been keeping his eye on the notice, points to it*): I think I know what you're waiting for, sergeant.

SERGEANT: What's that to you?

MAN: And I know well the man you're waiting for—I know him well—I'll be going. (*He shuffles on.*)

SERGEANT: You know him? Come back here. What sort is he?

MAN: Come back is it, sergeant? Do you want to have me killed?

SERGEANT: Why do you say that?

MAN: Never mind. I'm going. *I wouldn't be in your shoes*° if the reward was ten times as much. (*Goes on off stage to left.*) Not if it was ten times as much.

SERGEANT (*rushing after him*): Come back here, come back. (*Drags him back.*) What sort is

he? Where did you see him?

MAN: I saw him in my own place, in the County Clare. I tell you you wouldn't like to be looking at him. You'd be afraid to be in the one place with him. There isn't a weapon he doesn't know the use of, and as to strength, his muscles are as hard as that board (*slapping barrel*).

SERGEANT: Is he as bad as that?

MAN: He is then.

SERGEANT: *Do you tell me so?''*

MAN: There was a poor man in our place, a sergeant from Ballyvaughan. — It was with a lump of stone *he did it.*''

SERGEANT: I never heard of that.

MAN: And you wouldn't, sergeant. It's not everything that happens gets into the papers. And there was a policeman in plain clothes, too. . . . It is in Limerick *he was. . . .*'² It was after the time of the attack on the police barrack at Kilmallock Moonlight. . . . just like this. . . . waterside. . . . Nothing was known for certain.

SERGEANT: Do you say so? It's a terrible county to belong to.

MAN: That's so, indeed! You might be standing there, looking out that way, thinking you saw him coming up this side of the quay (*points*), and he might be coming up this other side (*points*), and he'd be on you before you knew where you were.

SERGEANT: It's a whole troop of police they ought to put here to stop a man like that.

MAN: But if you'd like me to stop with you, I could be looking down this side. I could be sitting up here on this barrel.

SERGEANT: And you know him well, too?

MAN: I'd know him a mile off, sergeant.

SERGEANT: But you wouldn't want to share the reward?

MAN: Is it a poor man like me, that has to be going the roads and singing in fairs, to have the name on him **that** he took a reward? But you

don't want me. I'll be safer in the town.

SERGEANT: Well, you can stop.

MAN (*getting up on barrel*): All right, sergeant. I wonder now, you're not tired out, sergeant, walking up and down the way you are.

SERGEANT: If I'm tired I'm used to it.

MAN: You might have hard work before you to-night yet. Take it easy while you can. There's plenty of room up here on the barrel, and you see farther when you're higher up.

SERGEANT: Maybe so. (*Gets up beside him on barrel, facing right. They sit back to back, looking different ways.*) You made me feel a bit queer with the way you talked.

MAN: Give me a match, sergeant (*he gives it, and MAN lights pipe*); take a draw¹³ yourself? It'll quiet you. Wait now till I give you a light, but you needn't turn round. Don't take your eye off the quay for the life of you.

SERGEANT: Never fear, I won't. (*Lights pipe. They both smoke.*) Indeed, it's a hard thing to be in the force, out at night and no thanks for it, for all the danger we're in. And it's little we get but abuse from the people, and no choice but to obey our orders, and never asked when a man is sent into danger, if you are a married man with a family.

MAN (*sings*):

As through the hills I walked to view
 the hills and shamrock plain,
 I stood awhile where nature smiles
 to view the rocks and streams,
 On a matron fair I fixed my eyes
 beneath a fertile vale,
 As she sang her song it was on the
 wrong of poor old *Granuaile*.¹⁴

SERGEANT: Stop that; that's no song to be singing in these times.

MAN: Ah, sergeant, I was only singing to

keep my heart up. It sinks when I think of him. To think of us two sitting here, and he creeping up the quay, maybe, to get to us.

SERGEANT: Are you keeping a good lookout?

MAN: I am; and for no reward too. Am I not the foolish man? But when I saw a man in trouble, I never could help trying to get him out of it. What's that? Did something hit me? (*Rubs his heart.*)

SERGEANT (*patting him on the shoulder*): You will get your reward in heaven.

MAN: I know that, I know that, sergeant, but life is precious.

SERGEANT: Well, you can sing if it gives you more courage.

MAN (*sing*):

Her head was bare, her hands and
feet with iron bands were bound,
Her pensive strain and plaintive wail
mingled with the evening gale,
And the song she sang with mournful
air, I am old Granuaile.
Her lips so sweet that monarchs
kissed. . . .

SERGEANT: That's not it. . . . "Her gown she wore was stained with gore". . . . That's it—you missed that.

MAN: You're right, sergeant, so it is; I missed it. (*Repeats line.*) But to think of a man like you knowing a song like that.

SERGEANT: There's many a thing a man might know and might not have any wish for.

MAN: Now, I dare say, sergeant, in your youth, you used to be sitting up on a wall, the way you are sitting up on this barrel now, and the other lads beside you, and you singing "Granuaile"?

SERGEANT: I did then.

MAN: And the "Shan Bhean Bhocht"? . . .

SERGEANT: I did then.

MAN: And the "Green on the Cape"?

SERGEANT: That was one of them.

MAN: And maybe the man you are watching for to-night used to be sitting on the wall, when he was young, and singing those same songs. . . . It's a queer world. . . .

SERGEANT: Whisht! . . . I think I see something coming. . . . It's only a dog.

MAN: And isn't it a queer world? . . . Maybe it's one of the boys you used to be singing with that time you will be arresting to-day or to-morrow, and sending into the dock. . . .

SERGEANT: That's true, indeed.

MAN: And maybe one night, after you had been singing, if the other boys had told you some plan they had, some plan to free the country, you might have joined with them. . . . and maybe it is you might be in trouble now.

SERGEANT: Well, *who knows but I might?*¹⁵ I had a great spirit in those days.

MAN: It's a queer world, sergeant, and it's little any mother knows when she sees her child creeping on the floor what might happen to it before it has gone through its life, or who will be who in the end.

SERGEANT: That's a queer thought now, and a true thought. Wait now till I think it out. . . . If it wasn't for the sense I have, and for my wife and family, and for me joining the force the time I did, it might be myself now would be after breaking jail and hiding in the dark, and it might be him that's hiding in the dark and that got out of jail would be sitting up where I am on this barrel. . . . And it might be myself would be creeping up trying to make my escape from himself, and it might be himself would be keeping the law, and myself would be breaking it, and myself would be trying maybe to put a bullet in his head, or to take up a lump of a stone the way you said he did. . . . no, that myself did. . . . Oh! (*Gasps.*)

After a pause.) What's that? (*Grasps MAN'S arm.*)

MAN (*jumps off barrel and listens, looking out over water*): It's nothing, sergeant.

SERGEANT: I thought it might be a boat. I had a notion there might be friends of his coming about the quays with a boat.

MAN: Sergeant, I am thinking it was with the people you were, and not with the law you were, when you were a young man.

SERGEANT: Well, if I was foolish then, that time's gone.

MAN: Maybe, sergeant, it comes into your head sometimes, in spite of your belt, and your tunik, that it might have been as well for you to have followed Granuaile.

SERGEANT: It's no business of yours what I think.

MAN: Maybe, sergeant, you'll be on the side of the country yet.

SERGEANT (*gets off barrel*): Don't talk to me like that. I have my duties and I know them. (*Looks round.*) That was a boat; I hear the oars. (*Goes to the steps and looks down.*)

MAN (*sings*):

Oh, then tell me, Shawn O'Farrell,
Where the gathering is to be.
In the old spot by the river
Right well known to you and me!

SERGEANT: Stop that! Stop that, I tell you!

MAN (*sings louder*):

One word more for signal token,
Whistle up the marching tune,
With your pike upon your shoulder,
At the Rising of the Moon.

SERGEANT: If you don't stop that, I'll arrest you. (*A whistle from below answers, repeating the air.*)

SERGEANT: That's a signal. (*Stands between him and steps.*) You must not pass this way. . . .

Step farther back. . . . Who are you? You are no ballad singer.

MAN: You needn't ask who I am; that placard will tell you. (*Points to placard.*)

SERGEANT: You are the man I am looking for.

MAN (*takes off hat and wig*. SERGEANT *seizes them*): I am. There's a hundred pounds on my head. There is a friend of mine below in a boat. He knows a safe place to bring me to.

SERGEANT (*looking still at hat and wig*): It's a pity! It's a pity! You deceived me. You deceived me well.

MAN: I am a friend of Granuaile. There is a hundred pounds on my head.

SERGEANT: It's a pity, it's a pity!

MAN: Will you let me pass, or must I make you let me?

SERGEANT: I am in the force. I will, not let you pass.

MAN: I thought to do it with my tongue. (*Puts hand in breast.*) What is that?

VOICE OF POLICEMAN X (*outside*): Here, this is where we left him.

SERGEANT: It's my comrades coming.

MAN: You won't betray me. . . . the friend of Granuaile. (*Slips behind barrel.*)

VOICE OF POLICEMAN B: That was the last of the placards.

POLICEMAN X (*as they come in*): If he makes his escape it won't be unknown he'll make it. (*SERGEANT puts hat and wig behind his back.*)

POLICEMAN B: Did anyone come this way?

SERGEANT (*after a pause*): No one.

POLICEMAN B: No one at all?

SERGEANT: No one at all.

POLICEMAN B: We had no orders to go back to the station: we can stop along with you.

SERGEANT: I don't want you. There is nothing for you to do here.

POLICEMAN B: You bade us to come back

here and keep watch with you.

SERGEANT: I'd sooner be alone. Would any man come this way and you making all that talk? It is better the place to be quiet.

POLICEMAN B: Well, we'll leave you the lantern, anyhow. (*Hands it to him.*)

SERGEANT: I don't want it. Take it with you.

POLICEMAN B: You might want it. There are clouds coming up and you have the darkness of the night before you yet. I'll leave it over here on the barrel. (*Goes to barrel.*)

SERGEANT: Take it with you, I tell you. No more talk.

POLICEMAN B: Well, I thought it might be a comfort to you. I often think when I have it in my hand and can be flashing it about into every dark corner (*doing so*) that it's the same as being beside the fire at home, and the bits of bogwood blazing up now and again. (*Flashes it about, now on the barrel, now on SERGEANT.*)

SERGEANT (*furiously*): Be off, the two of you, yourselves and your lantern! (*They go out. MAN comes from behind barrel. He and SERGEANT stand looking at one another.*)

SERGEANT: What are you waiting for?

MAN: For my hat, of course, and my wig. You wouldn't wish me to get my death of cold? (*SERGEANT gives them.*)

MAN (*going toward steps*): Well, good night, comrade, and thank you. You did me a good turn to-night, and I'm obliged to you. Maybe I'll be able to do as much for you when we all change places at the Rising (*waves his hand and disappears*) of the Moon.

SERGEANT (*turning his back to audience and reading placard*): A hundred pounds reward! A hundred pounds! (*Turns toward audience.*) I wonder now, am I as great a fool as I think I am?

[*Curtain*]

SECTION II
DESCRIPTION

FOLLOWING THE BEES

John Burroughs

If you would know the delights of bee-hunting, and how many sweets such a trip yields besides honey, come with me some bright, warm, late September or early October day. It is the golden season of the year, and any errand or pursuit that takes us abroad upon the hills or by the painted woods and along the amber-colored streams at such a time is enough. So, with haversacks filled with grapes and peaches and apples and a bottle of milk—for we shall not be home to dinner—and armed with a compass, a hatchet, a pail, and a box with a piece of comb-honey neatly fitted into it—any box the size of your hand, with a lid, will do nearly as well as the elaborate and ingenious contrivance of the regular bee-hunter—we sally forth.

Our course at first lies along the highway, under great chestnut trees, whose nuts are just dropping, then through an orchard and across a little creek, thence gently rising through a long series of cultivated fields toward some high, uplying land, behind which rises a rugged wooded ridge or mountain, the most sightly point in all this section. Behind this ridge for several miles the country is wild, wooded, and rocky, and is no doubt the home of many wild swarms of bees. What a gleeful uproar the robins, cedar birds, high-holders, and cow blackbirds make amid the black-berry trees as we pass along. The rancoons, too, have been here after black cherries, and we see their marks at various points. Several crows are walking about a newly-sowed wheat field we pass

through, and we pause to note their graceful movements and glossy coats. I have seen no bird walk the ground with just the same air as the crow does. It is not exactly pride; there is no strut or swagger in it, though perhaps just a little condescension; it is the contented, complaisant, and self-possessed gait of a lord over his domains. All these acres are mine, he says, and all these crops; men plow and sow for me, and I stay here or go there, and find life sweet and good wherever I am. The hawk looks awkward and out of place on the ground; the game birds hurry and skulk, but the crow is at home and treads the earth as if there were none to molest or make him afraid.

After a refreshing walk of a couple of miles we reach a point where we will make our first trial—a high stone wall that runs parallel with the wooded ridge referred to, and separated from it by a broad field. There are bees at work there on that goldenrod, and it requires but little maneuvering to sweep one into our box. Almost any other creature rudely and suddenly arrested in its career and clapped into a cage in this way would show great confusion and alarm. The bee is alarmed for a moment, but the bee has a passion stronger than its love of life or fear of death, namely, desire for honey, not simply to eat, but to carry home as booty. It is quick to catch the scent of honey in the box, and as quick to fall to filling itself. We now set the box down upon the wall and gently remove the cover. The bee is head and shoulders in one of the half-filled cells and is oblivious to everything else about it. Come rack, come ruin, it will die at work. We step back a few paces and sit down upon the ground so as to bring the box against the blue sky as a background. In two or three minutes the bee is seen rising slowly and heavily from the box. It seems loath to leave so much honey behind, and it marks the place well. It moun's aloft in a rapidly

increasing spiral, surveying the near and minute objects first, then the larger and more distant, till having circled about the spot five or six times and taken all its bearings it darts away for home. It is a good eye that holds fast to the bee till it is fairly off. Sometimes one's head will swim following it, and often one's eyes are put out by the sun. This bee gradually drifts down the hill, then strikes away toward a farmhouse half a mile away, where I know bees are kept.

Then we try another and another, and the third bee, much to our satisfaction, goes straight towards the woods. We could see the brown speck against the darker background for many yards. The regular bee-hunter professes to be able to tell a wild bee from a tame one by the color, the former, he says, being lighter. But there is no difference; they are both alike in color and in manner. Young bees are lighter than old, and that is all there is of it. If a bee lived many years in the woods it would doubtless come to have some distinguishing marks, but the life of a bee is only a few months at the farthest, and no change is wrought in this brief time.

Our bees are all seen back, and more with them, for we have touched the box here and there with the cork of a bottle of anise oil, and this fragrant and pungent oil will attract bees half a mile or more. When no flowers can be found, this is the quickest way to obtain a bee.

It is a singular fact that when the bee first finds the hunter's box its first feeling is one of anger, it is as mad as a hornet; its tone changes, it sounds its shrill war trumpet and darts to and fro, and gives vent to its rage and indignation in no uncertain manner. It seems to scent foul play at once. It says, "Here is robbery; here is the spoil of some hive, may be my own," and its blood is up. But its ruling passion soon comes to the surface, its avarice gets the better of its indigna-

tion, and it seems to say, "Well, I had better take possession of this and carry it home." So after many feints and approaches and dartings off with a loud angry hum, as if it would none of it, the bee settles down and fills itself.

It does not entirely cool off and get soberly to work till it has made two or three trips home with its booty. When other bees come, even if all from the same swarm, they quarrel and dispute over the box, and clip and dart at each other like bantam cocks. Apparently the ill feeling which the sight of the honey awakens is not one of jealousy or rivalry, but wrath.

A bee will usually make three or four trips from the hunter's box before it brings back a companion. I suspect that the bee does not tell its fellows what it has found, but that they smell out the secret; it doubtless bears some evidence with it upon its feet or proboscis that it has been upon honeycomb and not upon flowers, and its companions take the hint and follow, arriving always many seconds behind. Then the quantity and quality of the booty would betray it. No doubt also, there are plenty of gossips about a hive that note and tell everything. "Oh, did you see that? Peggy Mel came in a few moments ago in great haste, and one of the upstairs packers says she was loaded till she groaned with apple-blossom honey, which she deposited and then rushed off again like mad. Apple-blossom honey in October! Fee, fi, fo, fum! Let's go after." e

In about half an hour we have three well-defined lines of bees established—two to farm-houses and one to the woods, and our box is being rapidly depleted of its honey. About every fourth bee goes to the woods, and now that they have learned the way thoroughly they do not make the long preliminary whirls above the box, but start directly from it. The woods are rough and dense and the hill steep, and we do not like to follow

the line of the bees until we have tried at least to settle the problem as to the distance they go into the woods—whether the tree is on this side of the ridge or in the depth of the forest on the other side. So we shut up the box when it is full of bees and carry it about three hundred yards along the wall from which we are operating. When liberated, the bees, as they always will in such cases, go off in the same directions they have been going; they do not seem to know that they have been moved. But other bees have followed our scent, and it is not many minutes before a second line to the wood is established. This is called cross-lining the bees. The new line makes a sharp angle with the other line, and we know at once that the tree is only a few rods from the woods. The two lines we have established form two sides of a triangle of which the wall is the base; at the apex of the triangle, or where the two lines meet in the woods we are sure to find the tree. We quickly follow up these lines, and where they cross each other on the side of the hill we scan every tree closely. I pause at the foot of an oak and examine a hole near the root; now the bees are in this tree, and their entrance is on the upper side near the ground, not two feet from the hole I peer into; yet so quiet and secret is their going and coming that I fail to discover them and pass on up the hill. Failing in this direction, I return to the oak again, and then perceive the bees going out in a small crack in the tree.

We boldly and ruthlessly assault the tree with an ax we have procured. At the first blow the bees set up a loud buzzing, but the side of the cavity is soon cut away and the interior with its white-yellow mass of comb-honey is exposed, and not a bee strikes a blow. This may seem singular, but it has nearly been always my experience. When a swarm of bees are thus rudely assaulted

with an ax, they evidently think the end of the world has come, and like true misers as they are, each one seizes as much of the treasure as it can hold; in other words, they all fall to and gorge themselves with honey and calmly await the issue. When in this condition they make no defense and will not sting unless taken hold of. In fact they are as harmless as flies.

Bees are always to be managed with boldness and decision. Any halfway measure, any timid poking about, any feeble attempts to reach their honey, are sure to be quickly resented. The popular notion that bees have a special antipathy toward certain persons and a liking for certain others had only this fact at the bottom of it: they will sting a person who is afraid of them and goes skulking and dodging about, and they will not sting a person who faces them boldly and has no dread of them. I have climbed up into a chestnut tree that contained a swarm in one of its cavities, and chopped them out with an ax, being obliged at times to pause and brush the bewildered bees from my hands and face.

MOUNTAIN WEATHER

Charles F. Brooks

Mountain Top Weather. The mountain top has its own weather, very different from that of the surrounding country. In the first place, it is cooler on the mountain, especially by day. Sometimes by night, however, it is warmer, even though the loss of heat from the ground is often greatest at the higher altitude, for the air cooled by contact with the cooled ground slides into the valleys, leaving the slopes and summit warmer than the valleys 1,000 feet or more below.

The wind blows harder on the mountain. By night local winds tend to blow down the slope, by day, up. The forced rising of warm air often forms clouds, which envelop ridge and peak, while it is clear in the lowlands, and for the same reason rainfall is greater, and thunderstorms very severe. The barometer is much lower, for it falls one inch for approximately each 900 feet of altitude, and with decreased air pressure the boiling point of water is lowered, which may be observed from the longer time required to boil food. Spectacularly, a part of mountain top weather is the radiation fog which forms in the valleys below, oftentimes to dominate the landscape of the late night and early morning, appearing as an ocean of clouds, in which the mountain tops are islands.

Mountain Temperatures. The cautious climber who sets forth on a mountain trip, burdens himself with a sweater even though the day may be warm. For on the mountain he knows it will be not only windier but considerably cooler than below. Records from many sounding balloons,

which carry instruments up into the free air, show that in general we may expect that the higher we go the cooler it will be. A decrease of 10 degrees *F.* per 3,500 feet in elevation is a common rate in summer time.

In the case of mountains, this temperature difference between different levels is likely to be still greater. For winds are frequently forced to rise in passing over mountains, and, in rising, expand and cool to a temperature below that of neighboring air at the same height. Similarly, these rising winds make mountain tops and ridges more frequently cloudy than the free air. Many weather observations have been made on *Mt. Washington*.² Here it has been shown that in weather windy enough for kite flying the temperatures on top of the mountain are commonly below those obtained from kites at the same altitude flown from the base, and that snow occurs on the mountain top when it is not falling in the free air at the same level some distance off. In fair weather quiet enough for sightseeing airplane flights over the mountains, however, the mountain is warmer than the free air at the same level in summer, because of the heating of the ground by the bright sun.

Temperature not only changes with altitude, but also with exposure to the sun. Where the angle of slope is such as to be practically at right angles to the line of the sunbeams, a greater degree of heating occurs than when the rays fall at an acute angle, just as the sun high in the heaven warms the ground more than when lower, even though the intensity of light on a surface held perpendicular to the rays may be the same. South slopes, therefore, tend to be much warmer to the climber as well as to vegetation than north slopes.

Wind on Mountains. Any summer vacationist who indulges in mountain climbing knows that

the first part of the climb is likely to be the worst. It is questionable whether the shade in the thick woods on lower slopes makes up for the lack of breeze. Quite regularly, the climber finds a most welcome increase in wind, when, after ascending 1,000 feet or so, he emerges into ridges where tree growth is scrubby. One might say both that there is more wind because there is less forest, and less forest because there is more wind. Plainly, outside the shelter of thick woods, one may benefit more from whatever breeze there is. It is also known that the higher one goes, the stronger the wind is likely to be, that is, wind velocity increases with altitude. High winds prevent the growth of tall trees. Near the ground, wind is hindered by friction and cannot move so freely as aloft. Mountains, furthermore, experience higher winds than similar elevations in the free air. In passing through a gap or over a ridge the wind may be concentrated into a flow of high velocity. One afternoon on *Mt. Monadnock*,³ a small, portable anemometer indicated that the wind was passing over the top at a rate of 65 miles per hour. The observer stood at the head of a V-shaped cleft facing the wind. Cloud motion showed the average wind velocity for that general elevation to be only 30 to 35 miles per hour, while on the lowlands it was about 20 miles per hour.

The highest wind ever recorded, a gust of 231 miles per hour, in a general wind of nearly 200 miles per hour, occurred on Mt. Washington on April 12, 1934.

Views from Mountains. At what time of day can we obtain the clearest views from a mountain top? Unfortunately for the convenience of the climber, daybreak is probably the time of best visibility. Many a tramper starting out on a clear morning is disappointed at the end of his climb, to find his views obscured by noon-day haziness. Or, if the weather has just cleared after rain, it is quite

likely that heavy cumulus clouds will form on the mountains, obscuring the summits by mid-morning. The clear, dry, descending polar air on the front of a strong "high" offers the best assurance of good visibility throughout the day. On the mountain top, distant mountains can be seen most distinctly at sunrise, but the views of lowlands is better later, perhaps in the middle of the morning. Very early in the day, lowlands are likely to be obscured by fog or smoke; at this hour haze is concentrated in the lower air. With daytime heating, *convection*^s starts and carries dust and moisture aloft; it also destroys the optical uniformity of the air. The blurring effect of heated air over a very hot road or over a beach is a familiar example on a small scale. When the convective haze reaches the mountain top, clearness decreases rapidly, a visibility of 70 miles may be reduced to 30 or 40. On higher mountains, clouds, which commonly form by afternoon, may shut off all views until sunset. By using yellow or red glasses one can see farther on a hazy day than with the unaided eye or with ordinary glasses.

Mountain Clouds. The mountains have their characteristic clouds, chiefly because they stand as barriers in the paths of currents of moist air. The air must rise that it may ride over the summits, and this rising causes a reduction in temperature, often too below the dew point, which results in the formation of clouds. For this reason the rainfall and snowfall on the windward slopes of mountains are always greater than on the leeward slopes, especially where the winds blow from over the ocean or other large bodies of water.

From the same causes thunderstorms form frequently on the windward side of mountains. Warm, moist air is thrust upward in cumulating masses, condensation is very rapid and violent thunderstorms follow. One of the most severe forms of thunderstorm, however, occurs on the

leeward slope. When thunderclouds pour cold air over the summit into the warm air over slope and valley beyond, a thunderstorm of great violence may follow the overturning because of the great instability so produced.

In the case of a mountain high enough to extend into the cloud of the thunderstorm, very frequent discharges are likely to take place between the cloud and summit, as the gap to be jumped is small. Because the discharge is frequent, a large *difference in potential*⁶ is not built up and consequently each lightning stroke is less dangerous. It is rather surprising that we have no records of death by lightning on the bare slopes of Mt. Washington. At the Mt. Washington Observatory, the superstructures, radio, electric recording instruments and telephone buzz and flicker with brush discharge during thunderstorms.

*The Brocken Specter.*⁷ A strange phenomenon sometimes seen by people on mountains, and by balloonists and aviators, is the Brocken Specter. It consists of a rainbow-hued ring or rings centered about the shadow of the head of the observer as cast, together with that of his mountain, balloon or airplane, upon a cloud mass. The name comes from the Brocken, a peak of the Hartz Mountains in Germany, where it is a common phenomenon.

The colored rings, or glory, as they are sometimes called, are similar to these of the corona, the bright bands of which are occasionally seen closely encircling the sun or moon. The colored rings encircle the shadow head, the smallest bluish, then yellow, orange, and red. Sometimes there is a double glory, that of larger diameter containing the full range of colors of the rainbow, from violet to red.

The cause of the Brocken Specter is what the physicist calls the diffraction of light, here, that light reflected from the interior of the cloud. It is unrelated to either the rainbow or the halo.

High Altitude, Low Pressure. The air pressure at sea level is about 15 pounds to the square inch, which in the United States serves to maintain a column of mercury at an average of 30 inches as measured by the barometer. But pressure decreases rapidly with altitude. To use rough figures, the mercury falls one inch for each 1,000 feet of ascent. Thus, for example, when the barometer stands at 30 inches on the seacoast, it is less than 24 inches on Mt. Washington, 6,300 feet high. The air pressure is 12 pounds to the square inch instead of 15.

An ordinary aneroid barometer, the kind with a clock face, placed in an automobile will give a crude estimate of the altitude as one motors through the country. If the hand moves down the scale half an inch, say from 29.5 to 29, the ascent has been about 500 feet. Much closer altitude readings are readily possible with automobile barometers now on the market, which read in feet. Mountain climbers' aneroids have sliding scales to show altitude as well as barometer units.

Altitude and the Boiling Point. The higher you go, the lower is the temperature at which water boils. To use an approximate figure the boiling point is lowered 1.8 degrees F. for each 1,000 feet of altitude. Taking the familiar Mt. Washington as an example, while water is boiling at 212° F. in Boston, it is boiling at 201° F. on the mountain top, a difference sufficient to affect cooking, for temperature being less, a longer time is required in cooking food or making tea. To take a more extreme case, on the Bolivian Plateau in South America, 12,500 feet above sea level, it is impossible to cook potatoes by boiling, for no greater temperature than 190° F. can be obtained in an open kettle and this is insufficient. On *Mt. Blanc*, over 15,000 feet high, water boils at 185° F., and it is difficult even to make tea. People who have lived on the Bolivian Plateau must, on going:

down to the coast, guard against hot soups, lest they burn their mouths, so accustomed have they become to the lower initial temperatures of the soups right off the fire, and to the more rapid cooling.

THE MASTER

H. M. Tomlinson

This master of a ship I remember first as a slim lad, with a shy smile, and large hands that were lonely beyond his outgrown *reefer jacket*. His cap was always too small for him, and the soiled frontal badge of his line became a colored button beyond his forelock. He used to come home occasionally—and it was always when we were on the point of forgetting him altogether. He came with a huge bolster in a cab, as though out of the past and nowhere. There is a tradition, a book tradition, that a boy apprenticed to the sea acquires saucy eyes, and a self-reliance always ready to dare to that bleak extreme the very thought of which horrifies those who are lawful and cautious. They know better who live where the ships are. He used to bring his young ship-mates to see us, and they were like himself. Their eyes were downcast. They showed no self-reliance. Their shyness and politeness, when the occasion was quite simple, were absurdly incommensurate even with modesty. Their sisters, not nearly so polite, used to mock them.

As our own shy lad was never with us for long, his departure being as abrupt and unannounced as his appearance, we could willingly endure him. But he was extraneous to the household. He had the impeding nature of a new and superfluous piece of furniture which is in the way, yet never knows it, and placidly stays where it is, in its wooden manner, till it is placed elsewhere. There was a morning, when, as he was leaving the house, during one of his brief visits to his

home. I noticed to my astonishment that he had grown taller than myself. How had that happened? And where? I had followed him to the door that morning because, looking at his cap which he was nervously handling, he had told me he was going then to the examination. About a week later he announced, in a casual way, that he had got his master's ticket. After the first shock of surprise, caused by the fact that this information was an unexpected warning of our advance in years, we were amused, and we congratulated him. Naturally he had got his certificate as master mariner. Why not? Nearly all the mates we knew got it, sooner or later. That was bound to come. But very soon after that he gave us a genuine surprise, and made us anxious. He informed us, as casually, that he had been appointed master to a ship; a very different matter from merely possessing the license to command.

We were even alarmed. This was serious. He could not do it. He was not the man to make a command for anything. A fellow who, not so long ago, used to walk a mile with a telegram because he had not the strength of character to face the lady clerk in the post office round the corner, was hardly the man to overawe a crowd of hard characters gathered by chance from *Tower Hill*,² socialize them, and direct them successfully in subduing the conflicting elements of a difficult enterprise. Not he. But we said nothing to discourage him.

Of course, he was a delightful fellow. He often amused us, and he did not always know why. He was frank, he was gentle, but that large vacancy, the sea, where he had spent most of his young life, had made him — well, slow. You know what I mean. He was curiously innocent of those dangers of great cities which are nothing to us because we know they are there. Yet he was always on the alert for thieves and parasites.

I think he enjoyed his belief in their omnipresence ashore. Proud of his alert and knowing intelligence, he would relate a long story of the way he had not only frustrated an artful shark, but had enjoyed the process in perfect safety. That we, who rarely went out of London, never had adventures, did not strike him as worth a thought or two. He never paused in his merriment to consider the strange fact that to him, alone of our household, such wayside adventures fell. With a shrewd air he would inform us that he was about to put the savings of a voyage into an advertised trap which a country parson would have stepped over without a fond and contemptuous glance.

He took his ship away. The affair was not discussed at home, though each of us gave it some private despondency. We followed him silently, apprehensively, through the reports in the *Shipping Gazette*. He made point after point safely—*St. Vincent*,³ *Gibraltar*,⁴ *Suez*,⁵ *Aden*⁶—after him we went across to *Colombo*,⁷ *Singapore*,⁸ and at length we learned that he was safe at *Batavia*.⁹ He had got that steamer out alright; he got her home again, too. After his first adventure as master he made voyage after voyage with no more excitement in them than you would find in Sunday walks in a suburb. It was plain luck; or else navigation and steersmanship were greatly overrated arts.

A day came when he invited me to go with him part of his voyage. I could leave the ship at *Bordeaux*.¹⁰ I went. You must remember that we had never seen his ship. And there he was, walking with me to the dock from a Welsh railway station, a man in a cheap mackintosh, with an umbrella I will not describe, and he carrying a brown paper parcel. He was appropriately with a bowler hat several sizes too small for him. Glancing up at his profile, I actually wondered whether the turmoil was now going on in his mind over that confession which now he was bound to

make: that he was not the master of a ship, and never had been.

There she was, a bulky modern freighter, full of derricks¹¹ and time-saving appliances, and her funnel lording it over the neighborhood. The man with the parcel under his arm led me up the gangway. I was not yet convinced. I was, indeed, less sure than ever that he could be the master of this huge community of engines and men. He did not accord with it.

We were no sooner on deck than a man in uniform, gray-haired, with a seamed and resolute face, which anyone would have recognized at once as a sailor's, approached us. He was introduced as the chief officer. He had a tale of woe: trouble with the dock-master, with the *stevedores*,¹² with the cargo, with many things. He did not appear to know what to do with them. He was asking this boy of ours.

The skipper began to speak. At that moment I was gazing at the funnel, trying to decipher a monogram upon it; but I heard a new voice, rapid and incisive, sure of its subject, resolving doubts, and making the crooked straight. It was the man with the brown paper parcel. It was still under his arm—in fact, the parcel contained pink pyjamas, and there was hardly enough paper. The respect of the mate was not lessened by this.

The skipper went to gaze down a hatchway. He walked to the other side of the ship, and inspected something there, conned her length, called up in a friendly and authoritative way to an engineer standing by an amidship rail above. He came back to the mate, and with an easy precision directed his will on others, through his deputy, up to the time of sailing. He beckoned to me, who also, apparently, was under his august orders, and turned, as though perfectly aware that in this place I should follow him meekly, in full obedience.

Our steamer moved out at midnight, in a drive of wind and rain. There were bewildering and unrelated lights about us. Peremptory challenges were shouted to us from nowhere. Sirens blared out of dark voids. And there was the skipper on the bridge, the lad who caused us amusement at home, with this confusion in the dark about him, and an immense insentient mass moving with him at his will; and he had his hands in his pockets, and turned to tell me what a cold night it was. The pier-head searchlight showed his face, alert, serene, with his brows knitted in a little frown, and his underlip projecting at the sign of the pride of those who look direct into the eyes of an opponent, and care not at all. In my berth that night I searched for a moral for the narrative, but went to sleep before I found it.

THE PHILOSOPHER

W. Somerset Maugham

It was surprising to find so vast a *city*' in a spot that seemed to me so remote. From its battlemented gate towards sunset you could see the snowy mountains of Tibet. It was so populous that you could walk at ease only on the walls and it took a rapid walker three hours to complete their circuit. There was no railway within a thousand miles and the river on which it stood was too shallow that only junks of light burden could safely navigate it. Five days in a sampan were needed to reach the Upper Yangtze. For an uneasy moment you asked yourself whether trains and steamships were as necessary to the conduct of life as we who use them every day consider; for here, a million persons thrived, married, begat their kind, and died; here a million persons were busily occupied with commerce, art, and thought.

And here lived a philosopher of repute, the desire to see whom had been to me one of the incentives of a somewhat arduous journey. He was the greatest authority in China on the Confucian learning. He was said to speak English and German with facility. He had been for many years secretary to *one of the Empress Dowager's greatest viceroys*,² but he lived now in retirement. On certain days in the week, however, and through the year he opened his doors to such as sought after knowledge, and discoursed on the teaching of Confucius. He had a body of disciples, but it was small, since the students for the most part preferred to his modest dwelling and his severe exhortations the sumptuous buildings of the

foreign university and the useful science of *the barbarians*³; with him this was mentioned only to be scornfully dismissed. From all I heard of him I concluded that he was a man of character.

When I announced my wish to meet this distinguished person my host immediately offered to arrange it; but the days passed and nothing happened. I made inquiries and my host shrugged his shoulders.

"I sent him a chit and told him to come along," he said. "I don't know why he hasn't turned up. He's a cross-grained old fellow."

I did not think it was proper to approach a philosopher in so cavalier a fashion and I was hardly surprised that he had ignored a summons such as this. I caused a letter to be sent asking in the politest terms I could devise whether he would allow me to call upon him and within two hours received an answer making an appointment for the following morning at ten o'clock.

I was carried in a chair. The way seemed interminable. I went through crowded streets and through streets deserted till I came at last to one, silent and empty, in which at a small door in a long white wall my bearers set down my chair. One of them knocked and after a considerable time a *judas*⁴ was opened; dark eyes looked through; there was a brief colloquy; and finally I was admitted. A youth, pallid of face, wizened, and poorly dressed motioned me to follow him. I did not know if he was a servant or a pupil of the great man. I passed through a shabby yard and was led into a long low room sparsely furnished with an American roll-top desk, a couple of black-wood chairs and two little Chinese tables. Against the walls were shelves on which were a great number of books: most of them, of course, were Chinese; but there were many philosophical and scientific works in English, French, and German; and there were hundreds of unbound copies of

learned reviews. Where books did not take up the wall space hung scrolls on which in various calligraphies were written, I suppose, Confucian quotations. There was no carpet on the floor. It was a cold, bare, and comfortless chamber. Its somberness was relieved only by a yellow chrysanthemum which stood by itself on the desk in a long vase.

I waited for some time and the youth who had shown me in brought a pot of tea, two cups, and a tin of Virginian cigarettes. As he went out the philosopher entered. I hastened to express my sense of the honor he did me in allowing me to visit him. He waved me to a chair and poured out the tea.

"I am flattered that you wished to see me," he returned. "Your countrymen deal only with coolies and with compradores; they think every Chinese must be one or the other."

I ventured to protest. But I had not caught his point. He leaned back in his chair and looked at me with an expression of mockery.

"They think they have but to beckon and we must come."

I saw then that my friend's unfortunate communication still rankled. I did not quite know how to reply. I murmured something complimentary.

He was an old man, tall, with a thin gray queue, and bright large eyes under which were heavy bags. His teeth were broken and discolored. He was exceedingly thin, and his hands, fine and small, were withered and clawlike. I had been told that he was an opium smoker. He was very shabbily dressed in a black gown, a little black cap, both much the worse for wear, and dark gray trousers gartered at the ankle. He was watching. He did not quite know what attitude to take up, and he had the manner of a man who was on his guard. Of course the philosopher occupies a

royal place among those who concern themselves with the things of the spirit and we have the authority of *Benjamin Disraeli*⁵ that royalty must be treated with abundant flattery. I seized my trowel. Presently I was conscious of a certain relaxation in his demeanor. He was like a man who was all set and rigid to have his photograph taken, but hearing the shutter click lets himself go and eases into his natural self. He showed me his books.

"I took the Ph.D. in Berlin, you know," he said. "And afterwards I studied for some time in Oxford. But the English, if you will allow me to say so, have no great aptitude for philosophy."

Though he put the remark apologetically it was evident that he was not displeased to say a slightly disagreeable thing.

"We have had philosophers who have not been without influence in the world of thought," I suggested.

"*Hume*⁶ and *Berkeley*⁷? The philosophers who taught at Oxford when I was there were anxious not to offend their theological colleagues. They would not follow their thought to its logical consequences in case they should jeopardize their position in university society."

"Have you studied the modern developments of philosophy in America?" I asked.

"Are you speaking of *Pragmatism*⁸? It is the last refuge of those who want to believe the incredible. I have more use for American petroleum than for American philosophy."

His judgments were tart. We sat down once more and drank another cup of tea. He began to talk with fluency. He spoke a somewhat formal but an idiomatic English. Now and then he helped himself out with a German phrase. So far as it was possible for a man of that stubborn character to be influenced he had been influenced by Germany. The method and the industry of

the Germans had deeply impressed him and their philosophical acumen was patent to him when a laborious professor published in a learned magazine an essay on one of his own writings.

"I have written twenty books," he said, "and that is the only notice that has ever been taken of me in a European publication." But his study of Western philosophy had only served in the end to satisfy him that wisdom after all was to be found within the limits of the Confucian canon. He accepted its philosophy with conviction. It answered the needs of his spirit with a completeness which made all foreign learning seem vain. I was interested in this because it bore out an opinion of mine that philosophy is an affair of character rather than of logic; the philosopher believes not according to evidence, but according to his own temperament; and his thinking merely serves to make reasonable what his instinct regards true. If Confucianism gained so firm a hold on the Chinese it is because it explained and expressed them as no other system of thought could do.

My host lit a cigarette. His voice at first had been tain and tired, but as he grew interested in what he said it gained volume. He talked vehemently. There was in him none of the repose of the sage. He was a polemist and a fighter. He loathed the modern cry for individualism. For him society was the unit, and the family the foundation of society. He upheld the old China and the old school, monarchy, and the rigid canon of Confucius. He grew violent and bitter as he spoke of the students, fresh from foreign universities, who with sacrilegious hands tore down the oldest civilization in the world.

"But you, do you know what you are doing?" he exclaimed, "what is the reason for which you deem yourselves our betters? Have you excelled us in arts or letters? Has our civilization been less elaborate, less complicated, less refined than

yours? Why when you lived in caves and clothed yourselves with skins we were a cultured people. Do you know that we tried an experiment which is unique in the history of the world? We sought to rule this great country not by force but by wisdom. And for centuries we succeeded. Then why does the white man despise the yellow? Shall I tell you? Because he has invented the machine gun. That is your superiority. We are a defenseless horde and you can blow us into eternity. You have shattered the dream of our philosophers that the world could be governed by the power of law and order. And now you are teaching our young men your secret. You have thrust your hideous invention upon us. Do you not know that we have a genius for mechanics? Do you not know that there are in this country four hundred millions of the most practical and industrious people in the world? Do you think it will take us long to learn? And what will become of your superiority when the yellow man can make as good guns as the white and fire them as straight? You have appealed to the machine gun and by the machine gun shall you be judged."

But at that moment we were interrupted. A little girl came softly in and nestled close up to the old gentleman. She stared at me with curious eyes. He told me that she was his youngest child. He put his arms round her and with a murmur of caressing words kissed her fondly. She wore a black coat and trousers that barely reached her ankles, and she had a long pigtail hanging down her back. She was born on the day the revolution was brought to a successful issue by *the abdication of the emperor.*"

"I thought she heralded the Spring of the new era," he said. "She was but the last flower of this great nation's Fall."

From a drawer in his roll-top desk he took a few cash, and handing them to her, sent her away.

"You see that I wear a queue," he said, taking it in his hands. "It is a symbol. I am the last representative of the Old China."

He talked to me, more gently now, of how philosophers in long past days wandered from state to state with their disciples, teaching all who were worthy to learn. Kings called them to their councils and made them rulers of cities. His erudition was great and his eloquent phrases gave a multicolored vitality to the incidents he related to me of the history of his country. I could not help thinking him a somewhat pathetic figure. He felt in himself the capacity to administer the state, but there was no king to intrust him with office; he had vast stores of learning which he was eager to impart to the great band of students that his soul hankered after, and there came to listen but a few wretched, half-starved, and obtuse provincials.

Once or twice discretion had made me suggest that I should take my leave, but he had been unwilling to let me go. Now at last I was obliged to. I rose. He held my hand.

"I should like to give you something as a recollection of your visit to the last philosopher in China, but I am a poor man and I do not know what I can give you that would be worthy of your acceptance."

I protested that the recollection of my visit was in itself a priceless gift. He smiled.

"Men have short memories in these degenerate days, and I should like to give you something more substantial. I would give you one of my books but you cannot read Chinese."

He looked at me with an amicable perplexity. I had an inspiration.

"Give me a sample of your calligraphy," I said.

"Would you like that?" He smiled. "In my youth I was considered to wield the brush in a

manner that was not entirely despicable."

He sat down at his desk, took a fair sheet of paper, and placed it before him. He poured a few drops of water on a stone, rubbed the ink stick in it, and took his brush. With a free movement of his arm he began to write. And as I watched him, I remembered with not a little amusement something else which had been told me of him. It appeared that the old gentleman, whenever he could scrape a little money together, spent it wantonly in the streets inhabited by *ladies to describe whom a euphemism is generally used*.¹⁰ His eldest son, a person of standing in the city, was vexed and humiliated by the scandal of this behavior; and only his strong sense of filial duty prevented him from reproaching the libertine with severity. I dare say that to a son such looseness would be disconcerting, but the student of human nature could look upon it with equanimity. Philosophers are apt to elaborate their theories in the study, forming conclusions upon life which they know only at second hand, and it has seemed to me often that their works would have a more definite significance if they had exposed themselves to the vicissitudes which befall the common run of men. I was prepared to regard the old gentleman's dalliance in hidden places with leniency. Perhaps he sought but to elucidate *the most inscrutable of human illusions*.¹¹

He finished. To dry the ink he scattered a little ash on the paper and rising handed it to me.

"What have you written?" I asked.

I thought there was a slightly malicious gleam in his eyes. "I have ventured to offer you two little poems of my own."

"I did not know you were a poet."

"When China was still an uncivilized country," he retorted with sarcasm, "all educated men could write verse at least with elegance."

I took the paper and looked at the Chinese

characters. They made an agreeable pattern upon it.

“Won’t you also give me a trans’ation?”

“*Traductore*—*tradittore*,” he answered. “You cannot expect me to betray myself. Ask one of your English friends. Those who know most about China know nothing, but you will at least find one who is competent to give you a rendering of a few rough and simple lines.”

I bade him farewell, and with great politeness he showed me to my chair. When I had the opportunity I gave the poems to a sinologue of my acquaintance, and here is the version he made, I confess that, doubtless unreasonably, I was somewhat taken aback when I read it.

“You loved me not: your voice was sweet;
Your eyes were full of laughter; your
hands were tender.
And then you loved me: your voice was
bitter;
Your eyes were full of tears; your hands
were cruel.
Sad, sad that love should make you
Unlovable.”

* * * *

“I craved the years would quickly pass
That you might lose
The brightness of your eyes, the peach-
bloom of your skin,
And all the cruel splendor of your youth.
Then I alone would love you
And you at last would care.

“The envious years have passed full
soon
And you have lost

The brightness of your eyes, the peach-
bloom of your skin,

And all the charming splendor of your
youth.

Alas, I do not love you

And I care not if you care."

THE CHINESE CHARACTER

Bertrand Russell

There is a theory among Occidentals that the Chinaman is inscrutable, full of secret thoughts, and impossible for us to understand. It may be that a greater experience of China would have brought me to share this opinion; but I could see nothing to support it during the time when I was working in that country. I talked to the Chinese as I should have talked to English people, and they answered me much as English people would have answered a Chinese whom they considered educated and not wholly unintelligent. I do not believe in *the myth of the "Subtle Oriental."* I am convinced that in a game of mutual deception an Englishman or American can beat a Chinese nine times out of ten. But as many comparatively poor Chinese have dealings with rich white men, the game is often played only on one side. Then, no doubt, the white man is deceived and swindled; but not more than a Chinese mandarin would be in London.

One of the most remarkable things about the Chinese is their power of securing the affection of foreigners. Almost all Europeans like China, both those who come only as tourists and those who live there for many years. In spite of the Anglo-Japanese Alliance, I can recall hardly a single Englishman in the Far East who liked the Japanese as well as the Chinese. Those who have lived long among them tend to acquire their outlook and their standards. New arrivals are struck by obvious evils: the beggars, the terrible poverty, the prevalence of disease, the anarchy and corrup-

tion in politics. Every energetic Westerner feels at first a strong desire to reform these evils, and of course they ought to be reformed.

But the Chinese, even those who are the victims of preventable misfortunes, show a vast passive indifference to the excitement of the foreigners; they wait for it to go off, like the effervescence of soda water. And gradually strange hesitations creep into the mind of the bewildered traveler; after a period of indignation, he begins to doubt all the maxims he has hitherto accepted without question. Is it really wise to be always guarding against future misfortune? Is it prudent through thinking of the disasters that may come at some future date? Should our lives be passed in building a mansion that we shall never have leisure to inhabit?

The Chinese answer these questions in the negative, and therefore have to put up with poverty, disease, and anarchy. But to compensate for these evils, they have retained, as industrial nations have not, the capacity for civilized enjoyment, for leisure and laughter, for pleasure in sunshine and philosophical discourse. The Chinese, of all classes, are more laughter-loving than any other race with which I am acquainted; they find amusement in everything, and a dispute can always be softened by a joke.

I remember one hot day when a party of us were crossing the hills in chairs—the way was rough and very steep, the work for the coolies very severe. At the highest point of our journey, we stopped for ten minutes to let the men rest. Instantly they all sat in a row, brought out their pipes, and began to laugh among themselves as if they had not a care in the world. In any country that had learned the virtue of forethought, they would have devoted the moments to complaining of the heat, in order to increase their tip. We, being Europeans, spent the time worrying

whether the automobile would be waiting for us at the right place. Well-to-do Chinese would have started a discussion as to whether the universe moves in cycles or progresses by a rectilinear motion; or they might have set to work to consider whether the truly virtuous man shows complete self-abnegation, or may, on occasion, consider his own interest.

One comes across white men occasionally who suffer under the delusion that China is not a civilized country. Such men have quite forgotten what constitutes civilization. It is true that there are no trams in Peking, and that the electric light is poor. It is true that there are places full of beauty, which Europeans itch to make hideous by digging up coal. It is true that the educated Chinaman is better at writing poetry than at remembering the sort of facts which can be looked up in *Whitaker's Almanac*.² A European in recommending a place of residence, will tell you that it has a good train service; the best quality he can conceive in any place is that it should be easy to get away from. But a Chinaman will tell you nothing about the trains; if you ask, he will tell you wrong. What he tells you is that there is a place built by an ancient emperor, and a retreat in a lake for scholars weary of the world, founded by a famous poet of the Tang dynasty. It is this outlook that strikes the Westerner as barbaric.

The Chinese, from the highest to the lowest, have an imperturbable quiet dignity, which is usually not destroyed even by a European education. They are not self-assertive, either individually or nationally; their pride is too profound for self-assertion. They admit China's military weakness in comparison with foreign Powers, but they do not consider efficiency in homicide the most important quality in a man or a nation. I think that, at bottom, they almost all believe that China is the greatest nation in

the world, and has the finest civilization. A Westerner cannot be expected to accept this view, because it is based on traditions utterly different from his own. But gradually one comes to feel that it is, at any rate, not an absurd view; that it is, in fact, the logical outcome of a self-consistent standard of values. The typical Westerner wishes to be the cause of as many changes as possible in his environment, the typical Chinaman wishes to enjoy as much and as delicately as possible. This difference is at the bottom of most of the contrast between China and the English-speaking world.

We in the West make a fetish of "progress," which is the ethical camouflage of the desire to be the cause of changes. If we are asked, for instance, whether machinery has really improved the world, the question strikes us as foolish; it has brought great changes and therefore great "progress." What we believe to be a love of progress is really, in nine cases out of ten, a love of power, an enjoyment of the feeling that by our fiat we can make things different. For the sake of this pleasure, a young American will work so hard that, by the time he has acquired his millions, he has become a victim of dyspepsia, compelled to live on toast and water, and to be a mere spectator of the feasts that he offers to his guests. But he consoles himself with the thought that he can control politics, and provoke or prevent wars as may suit his investments. It is this temperament that makes Western nations progressive."

There are, of course, ambitious men in China, but they are less common than among ourselves. And their ambition takes a different form—not a better form, but one produced by the preference of enjoyment to power. It is a natural result of this preference that avarice is a widespread failing of the Chinese. Money brings the means of enjoyment, therefore money is "passionately desired. With us, money is desired chiefly as a

means to power; politicians, who can acquire power without much money, are often content to remain poor. In China, the *tuchuns* (military governors), who have the real power, almost always use it for the sole purpose of amassing a fortune. Their object is, to escape to Japan at a suitable moment, with sufficient plunder to enable them to enjoy life quietly for the rest of their days. The fact that in escaping they lose power does not trouble them in the least. It is, of course, obvious that such politicians, who spread devastation only in the provinces committed to their care, are far less harmful to the world than our own, who ruin whole continents in order to win an election campaign.

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The business of "saving face," which often strikes foreigners in China as ludicrous, is only the carrying out of respect for personal dignity in the sphere of social manners. Everybody has "face," even the humblest beggar; there are humiliations that you must not inflict upon him, if you are not to outrage the Chinese ethical code. If you speak to a Chinaman in a way that transgresses the code, he will laugh, because your words must be taken as spoken in jest if they are not to constitute an offense.

Once I thought that the students to whom I was lecturing were not as industrious as they might be, and I told them so in just the same words that I should have used to English students in the same circumstances. But soon I found I was making a mistake. They all laughed uneasily, which surprised me until I saw the reason. Chinese life, even among the most modernized, is far more polite than anything to which we are accustomed. This, of course, interferes with

efficiency, and also (what is more serious) with sincerity and truth in personal relations. If I were Chinese, I should wish to see it mitigated. But, to those who suffer from the brutalities of the West, Chinese urbanity is very restful. Whether on the balance it is better or worse than our frankness, I shall not venture to decide.

The Chinese remind one of the English in their love of compromise and in their habit of bowing to public opinion. Seldom is a conflict pushed to its ultimate brutal issue. The treatment of the Manchu Emperor may be taken as a case in point. When a Western country becomes a republic, it is customary to cut off the head of the deposed monarch, or at least to cause him to fly the country. But the Chinese have left the Emperor his title, his beautiful palace, his troops of eunuchs, and an income of several million dollars a year. He is a boy of sixteen, living peaceably in the Forbidden City. Once, in the course of a civil war, he was nominally restored to power for a few days; but he was deposed again, without being in any way punished for the use to which he had been put.

Public opinion is a very real force in China, when it can be roused. It was, by all accounts, mainly responsible for the downfall of the An Fu Party in the summer of 1920. This party was pro-Japanese and was accepting loans from Japan. Hatred of Japan is the strongest and most widespread of political passions in China, and it was stirred up by the students in fiery orations. The An Fu Party had, at first, a great preponderance of military strength; but their soldiers melted away when they came to understand the cause for which they were expected to fight. In the end, the opponents of the An Fu Party were able to enter Peking and change the government almost without firing a shot.

The same influence of public opinion was

decisive in the teachers' strike which was on the point of being settled when I left Peking. The Government, which is always impecunious, owing to corruption, had left its teachers unpaid for many months. At last they struck to enforce payment, and went on a peaceful deputation to the Government, accompanied by many students. There was a clash with the soldiers and police, and many teachers and students were more or less severely wounded. This led to a terrific outcry, because the love of education in China is profound and widespread. The newspapers clamored for revolution. The Government had just spent nine million dollars in corrupt payments to three *tuchuns* who had descended upon the capital to extort blackmail. It could not find any colorable pretext for refusing the few hundred thousands required by the teachers, and it capitulated in panic. I do not think there is any Anglo-Saxon country where the interests of teachers would have roused the same degree of public feeling.

Nothing astonishes a European more in the Chinese than their patience. The educated Chinese are well aware of the foreign menace. They realize acutely what the Japanese have done in Manchuria and Shantung. They are aware that the English in Hongkong are doing their utmost to bring to naught the Canton attempt to introduce good government in the South. They know that all the Great Powers, without exception, look with greedy eyes upon the undeveloped resources of their country, especially its coal and iron. They have before them the example of Japan, which, by developing a brutal militarism, a cast-iron discipline, and a new reactionary religion, has succeeded in holding at bay the fierce lusts of "civilized" industrialists. Yet they neither copy Japan nor submit tamely to foreign domination. They think not in decades,

but in centuries. They have been conquered before, first by the Tartars and then by the Manchus; but in both cases they absorbed their conquerors. Chinese civilization persisted, unchanged; and after a few generations the invaders became more Chinese than their subjects.

Manchuria is a rather empty country, with abundant room for colonization. The Japanese assert that they need colonies for their surplus population, yet the Chinese immigrants into Manchuria exceed the Japanese a hundredfold. Whatever may be the temporary political status of Manchuria, it will remain a part of Chinese civilization, and can be recovered whenever Japan happens to be in difficulties. The Chinese derive such strength from their four hundred millions, the toughness of their national customs, their power of passive resistance, and their unrivaled national cohesiveness—in spite of the civil wars, which merely ruffle the surface—that they can afford to despise military methods, and to wait till the feverish energy of their oppressors shall have exhausted itself in internecine combats.

China is much less a political entity than a civilization—the only one that has survived from ancient times. Since the days of Confucius, the Egyptian, Babylonian, Persian, Macedonian, and Roman empires have perished; but China has persisted through a continuous evolution. There have been foreign influences—first Buddhism, and now Western science. But Buddhism did not turn the Chinese into Indians, and Western science will not turn them into Europeans. I have met men in China who knew as much of Western learning as any professor among ourselves; yet they had not been thrown off their balance, or lost touch with their own people. What is bad in the West—its brutality, its restlessness, its readiness to oppress the weak, its preoccupation with purely material aims—they

see to be bad, and do not wish to adopt. What is good, especially its science, they do wish to adopt.

The old indigenous culture of China has become rather dead; its art and literature are not what they were, and Confucius does not satisfy the spiritual needs of a modern man, even if he is Chinese. The Chinese who have had a European or American education realize that a new element is needed to vitalize native traditions, and they look to our civilization to supply it. But they do not wish to construct a civilization just like ours; and it is precisely in this that the best hope lies. If they are not goaded into militarism, they may produce a genuinely new civilization, better than any that we in the West have been able to create.

So far, I have spoken chiefly of the good sides of the Chinese character; but of course China, like every other nation has its bad sides also. It is disagreeable to me to speak of these, as I experienced so much courtesy and real kindness from the Chinese that I should prefer to say only nice things about them. But for the sake of China, as well as for the sake of truth, it would be a mistake to conceal what is less admirable. I will only ask the reader to remember that, on the balance, I think the Chinese one of the best nations I have come across, and am prepared to draw up a graver indictment against every one of the Great Powers. Shortly before I left China, an eminent Chinese writer pressed me to say what I considered the chief defects of the Chinese. With some reluctance, I mentioned three: avarice, cowardice, and callousness. Strange to say, my interlocutor, instead of getting angry, admitted the justice of my criticism, and proceeded to discuss possible remedies. This is a sample of the intellectual integrity which is one of China's greatest virtues.

The callousness of the Chinese is bound to strike every Anglo-Saxon. They have none of

that humanitarian impulse which leads us to devote one per cent of our energy to mitigating the evils wrought by the other ninety-nine per cent. For instance, we have been forbidding the Austrians to join with Germany, to emigrate, or to obtain the raw materials of industry. Therefore the Viennese have starved, except those whom it has pleased us to keep alive from philanthropy. The Chinese would not have had the energy to starve the Viennese, or the philanthropy to keep some of them alive. While I was in China, millions were dying of famine; men sold their children into slavery for a few dollars, and killed them if this sum was unobtainable. Much was done by white men to relieve the famine, but very little by the Chinese, and that little vitiated by corruption. It must be said, however, that the efforts of the white men were more effective in soothing their own consciences, than in helping the Chinese. So long as the present birth-rate and the present methods of agriculture persist, famines are bound to occur periodically; and those whom philanthropy keeps alive through one famine are only too likely to perish in the next.

Famines in China can be permanently cured only by better methods of agriculture combined with emigration or birth-control on a large scale. Educated Chinese realize this, and it makes them indifferent to efforts to keep the present victims alive. A great deal of Chinese callousness has a similar explanation, and is due to perception of the vastness of the problems involved. But there remains a residue which cannot be so explained. If a dog is run over by an automobile and seriously hurt, nine out of ten passers-by will stop to laugh at the poor brute's howls. The spectacle of suffering does not of itself rouse any sympathetic pain in the average Chinaman; in fact, he seems to find it mildly agreeable. Their history, and their penal code before the revolution of 1911, show

that they are by no means destitute of the impulse of active cruelty; but of this I did not myself come across any instances. And it must be said that active cruelty is practiced by all the great nations, to an extent concealed from us only by our hypocrisy.

Cowardice is *prima facie*³ a fault of the Chinese; but I am not sure that they are really lacking in courage. It is true that, in battles between rival *tuchuns*, both sides run away, and victory rests with the side that first discovers the flight of the other. But this proves only that the Chinese soldier is a rational man. No cause of any importance is involved, and the armies consist of mere mercenaries. When there is a serious issue, as, for instance, in the Taiping Rebellion, the Chinese are said to fight well, particularly if they have good officers. Nevertheless, I do not think that, in comparison with the Anglo-Saxons, the French, or the Germans, the Chinese can be considered a courageous people, except in the matter of passive endurance. They will endure torture, and even death, for motives which men of more pugnacious races would find insufficient—for example, to conceal the hiding-place of stolen plunder. In spite of their comparative lack of active courage, they have less fear of death than we have, as is shown by their readiness to commit suicide.

Avarice is, I should say, the greatest defect of the Chinese. Life is hard, and money is not easily obtained. For the sake of money, all except a very few foreign-educated Chinese will be guilty of corruption. For the sake of a few pence, almost any coolie will run an imminent risk of death. The difficulty of combating Japan has arisen mainly from the fact that hardly any Chinese politician can resist Japanese bribes. I think this defect is probably due to the fact that, for many ages, an honest living has been hard to

get; in which case it will be lessened as economic conditions improve. I doubt if it is any worse now in China than it was in Europe in the eighteenth century. I have not heard of any Chinese general more corrupt than *Marlbrough*,⁴ or of any politician more corrupt than *Cardinal Dubois*.⁵ It is, therefore, quite likely that changed industrial conditions will make the Chinese as honest as we are—which is not saying much.

I have been speaking of the Chinese as they are in ordinary life, when they appear as men of active and skeptical intelligence, but of somewhat sluggish passions. There is, however, another side to them: they are capable of wild excitement, often of a collective kind. I saw little of this myself, but there can be no doubt of the fact. The Boxer rising was a case in point, and one which particularly affected Europeans. But their history is full of more or less analogous disturbances. It is this element in their character that makes them incalculable, and makes it impossible even to guess at their future. One can imagine a section of them becoming fanatically Bolshevik, or anti-Japanese, or Christian, or devoted to some leader who would ultimately declare himself emperor. I suppose it is this element in their character that makes them, in spite of their habitual caution, the most reckless gamblers in the world. And many emperors have lost their thrones through the force of romantic love, although romantic love is far more despised than it is in the West.

To sum up the Chinese character is not easy. Much of what strikes the foreigner is due merely to the fact that they have preserved an ancient civilization which is not industrial. All this is likely to pass away, under the pressure of the Japanese, and of European and American financiers. Their art is already perishing, and being replaced by crude imitations of second-rate

European pictures. Most of the Chinese who have had a European education are quite incapable of seeing any beauty in native painting, and merely observe contemptuously that it does not obey the laws of perspective.

The obvious charm which the tourist finds in China cannot be preserved; it must perish at the touch of industrialism. But perhaps something may be preserved, something of the ethical qualities in which China is supreme, and which the modern world most desperately needs. Among these qualities I place first the pacific temper, which seeks to settle disputes on grounds of justice rather than by force. It remains to be seen whether the West will allow this temper to persist, or will force it to give place, in self-defense, to a frantic militarism like that to which Japan has been driven.

OXFORD AS I SEE IT

Stephen Leacock

My private station being that of a university professor, I was naturally deeply interested in the system of education in England. I was therefore led to make a special visit to Oxford and to submit the place to a searching scrutiny. Arriving one afternoon at four o'clock, I stayed at the Mitre Hotel and did not leave until eleven o'clock next morning. The whole of this time, except for one hour spent in addressing the undergraduates, was devoted to a close and eager study of the great university. When I add to this that I had already visited Oxford in 1907 and spent a Sunday at *All Souls'* with Colonel L. S. Amery, it will be seen at once that my views on Oxford are based upon observations extending over fourteen years.

At any rate I can at least claim that my acquaintance with the British university is just as good a basis for reflection and judgment as that of the numerous English critics who come to our side of the water. I have known a famous English author to arrive at Harvard University in the morning, have lunch with *President Lowell*,² and then write a whole chapter on the Excellence of Higher Education in America. I have known another one come to Harvard, have lunch with President Lowell, and do an entire book on the Decline of Serious Study in America. Or take the case of my own university. I remember Mr. *Rudyard Kipling*³ coming to *McGill*⁴ and saying in his address to the undergraduates at 2:30 p. m., "You have here a great institution." But how could he have gathered this information? As far

as I know he spent the entire morning with Sir *Andrew Macphail*³ in his house beside the campus, smoking cigarettes. When I add that he distinctly refused to visit the Paleontologic Museum, that he saw nothing of our new hydraulic apparatus, or of our classes in Domestic Science, his judgment that we had here a great institution seems a little bit superficial. I can only put beside it, to redeem it in some measure, the hasty and ill-formed judgment expressed by Lord Milner, "McGill is a noble university": and the rash and indiscreet expression of the *Prince of Wales*⁴ when we gave him an LL.D. degree, "McGill has a glorious future."

To my mind these unthinking judgments about our great college do harm, and I determined, therefore, that anything that I said about Oxford should be the result of the actual observation and real study based upon a *bona fide*⁷ residence in the Mitre Hotel.

On the strength of this basis of experience I am prepared to make the following positive and emphatic statements. Oxford is a noble university. It has a great past. It is at present the greatest university in the world: and it is quite possible that it has a great future. Oxford trains scholars of the real type better than any other place in the world. Its methods are antiquated. It despises science. Its lectures are rotten. It has professors who never teach and students who never learn. It has no order, no arrangement, no system. Its curriculum is unintelligible. It has no president. It has no state legislature to tell it how to teach, and yet,—it *gets there*.⁸ Whether we like it or not, Oxford gives something to its students, a life and a mode of thought, which in America as yet we can emulate but not equal.

If anybody doubts this let him go and take a room at the Mitre Hotel (ten and six for a wainscotted bedroom, period of *Charles I*⁹) and study the

place for himself.

These singular results achieved at Oxford are all the more surprising when one considers the distressing conditions under which the students work. The lack of an adequate building fund compels them to go on working in the same old buildings which they have had for centuries. The buildings at *Brasenose College*¹⁰ have not been renewed since the year 1525. In *New College*¹⁰ and *Magdalen*¹⁰ the students are still housed in the old buildings erected in the sixteenth century. At *Christ Church*¹⁰ I was shown a kitchen which had been built at the expense of *Cardinal Wolsey*¹¹ in 1527. Incredible though it may seem, they have no other place to cook in than this and are compelled to use it to-day. On the day when I saw this kitchen, four cooks were busy roasting an ox whole for the students' lunch: this at least is what I presumed they were doing from the size of the fireplace used, but it may not have been an ox; perhaps it was a cow. On a huge table, twelve feet by six and made of slabs of wood five inches thick, two other cooks were rolling out a game pie. I estimated it as measuring three feet across. In this rude way, unchanged since the time of *Henry VIII*,¹² the unhappy Oxford students are fed. I could not help contrasting it with the cosy little boarding houses on Cottage Grove Avenue where I used to eat when I was a student at Chicago, or the charming little basement dining rooms of the students' boarding houses in *Toronto*.¹³ But then, of course, Henry VIII never lived in Toronto.

The same lack of a building fund necessitates the Oxford students living in the identical old boarding houses they had in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. Technically they are called "quadrangles," "closes," and "rooms"; but I am so *broken in*¹⁴ to the usage of my student days that I can't help calling them boarding houses. In

many of these the old stairway has been worn down by the feet of ten generations of students: the windows have little latticed panes: there are old names carved here and there upon the stone, and a thick growth of ivy covers the walls. The boarding house at St. John's College dates from 1509, the one at Christ Church from the same period. A few hundred thousand pounds would suffice to replace these old buildings with neat steel and brick structures like the normal school at Schenectady, N. Y., or the Peel Street High School at Montreal. But nothing is done. A movement was indeed attempted last autumn towards removing the ivy from the walls, but the result was unsatisfactory and they are putting it back. Anyone could have told them beforehand that the mere removal of the ivy would not brighten Oxford up, unless at the same time one cleared the stones of the old inscriptions, put in steel fire escapes, and in fact brought the boarding houses up to date.

But Henry VIII being dead, nothing was done. Yet in spite of its dilapidated buildings and its lack of fire escapes, ventilation, sanitation, and up-to-date kitchen facilities, I persist in my assertion that I believe that Oxford, in its way, is the greatest university in the world. I am aware that this is an extreme statement and needs explanation. Oxford is much smaller in numbers, for example, than the State University of Minnesota, and is much poorer. It has, or had till yesterday, fewer students than University of Toronto. To mention Oxford beside the 26,000 students of Columbia University sounds ridiculous. In point of money, the \$39,000,000 endowment of the University of Chicago, and the \$35,000,000 one of Columbia, and the \$43,000,000 of Harvard seem to leave Oxford nowhere. Yet the peculiar thing is that it is not nowhere. By some queer process of its own it seems to get there

every time. It was therefore of the very greatest interest to me, as a profound scholar, to try to investigate just how this peculiar excellence of Oxford arises.

It can hardly be due to anything in the curriculum or program of studies. Indeed, to anyone accustomed to the best models of a university curriculum as it flourishes in the United States and Canada, the program of studies is frankly quite laughable. There is less Applied Science in the place than would be found with us in a theological college. Hardly a single professor at Oxford would recognize a dynamo if he met it in broad daylight. The Oxford student learns nothing of chemistry, physics, heat, plumbing, electric wiring, gas-fitting or the use of a blow-torch. Any American college student can run a motor-car, take a gasoline engine to pieces, fix a washer on a kitchen tap, mend a broken electric bell, and give an expert opinion on what has gone wrong with the furnace. It is these things indeed which stamp him as a college man, and occasion a very pardonable pride in the minds of his parents. But in all these things the Oxford student is the merest amateur.

This is bad enough. But after all one might say this is only the mechanical side of education. True, but one searches in vain in the Oxford curriculum for any adequate recognition of the higher and more cultured studies. Strange though it seems to us on this side of the Atlantic, there are no courses at Oxford in House-keeping, or in Salesmanship, or in Advertising, or on Comparative Religion, or on the influence of the Press. There are no lectures whatever on Human Behavior, on Altruism, on Egotism, or on the Play of Wild Animals. Apparently, the Oxford student does not learn these things. This cuts him off from a great deal of the larger culture of our side of the Atlantic. "What are you studying this

year?" I once asked a fourth-year student at one of our great colleges. "I am electing Salesmanship and Religion," he answered. Here was a young man whose training was destined inevitably to turn him into a moral business man: either that or nothing. At Oxford Salesmanship is not taught and Religion takes the feeble form of New Testament. The more one looks at these things the more amazing it becomes that Oxford can produce any results at all.

The effect of the comparison is heightened by the peculiar position occupied at Oxford by the professors' lectures. In the colleges of Canada and the United States the lectures are supposed to be a really necessary and useful part of the student's training. Again and again I have heard the graduates of my own college assert that they had got as much, or nearly as much, out of the lectures at college as out of athletics or the *Greek Letter Society*¹⁶ or the Banjo and Mandolin Club. In short, with us the lectures form a real part of the college life. At Oxford it is not so. The lectures, I understand, are given and may even be taken. But they are quite worthless and are not supposed to have anything much to do with the development of the student's mind. "The lectures here," said a Canadian student to me, "are *punk*."¹⁶ I appealed to another student to know if this was so. "I don't know whether I'd call them exactly punk," he answered, "but they're certainly rotten." Other judgments were that the lectures were of no importance: that nobody took them: that they don't matter: that you can take them if you like: that they do you no harm.

It appears further that the professors themselves are not keen on their lectures. If the lectures are called for, they give them; if not, the professor's feelings are not hurt. He merely waits and rests his brain until in some later years the students call for his lectures. There are men

at Oxford who have rested their brains this way for over thirty years: the accumulated brain power thus dammed up is said to be colossal.

I understand that the key to this mystery is found in the operations of the person called the tutor. It is from him, or rather with him, that the students learn all that they know: one and all are agreed on that. Yet it is a little odd to know just how he does it. "We go over to his rooms," said one student, "and he just lights a pipe and talks to us." "We sit round with him," said another, "and he simply smokes and goes over our exercises with us." From this and other evidence I gather that what an Oxford tutor does is to get a little group of students together and smoke at them. Men who have been systematically smoked at for four years turn into ripe scholars. If anybody doubts this, let him go to Oxford and he can see the thing actually in operation. A well-smoked man speaks and writes English with a grace that can be acquired in no other way.

In what was said above, I seem to have been directing criticism against the Oxford professors as such: but I have no intention of doing so. For the Oxford professor and his whole manner of being I have nothing but a profound respect. There is indeed the greatest difference between the modern up-to-date American idea of a professor and the English type. But even with us in older days, in the by-gone time when such people as *Henry Wadsworth Longfellow*¹⁷ and *William Cullen Bryant*¹⁸ were professors, one found the English idea; a professor was supposed to be a venerable kind of person, with snow-white whiskers reaching to his stomach. He was expected to moon around the campus oblivious of the world around him. If you nodded to him he failed to see you. Of money he knew nothing; of business, far less. He was, as his trustees were proud to say of him "a child."

On the other hand he contained within him a reservoir of learning of such depth as to be practically bottomless. None of this learning was supposed to be of any material or commercial benefit to anybody. Its use was in saving the soul and enlarging the mind.

At the head of such a group of professors was one whose beard was even whiter and longer, whose absence of mind was even still greater, and whose knowledge of money, business, and practical affairs was below zero. Him they made the president.

All this is changed in America. A university professor is now a busy, hustling person, approximating as closely to a business man as he can do it. It is on the business man that he models himself. He has a little place that he calls his "office," with a typewriter machine and a stenographer. Here he sits and dictates letters, beginning after the best business models, "*in re*" yours of the eighth *ult.*,²⁰ would say, etc., etc." He writes these letters to students, to his fellow professors, to the president, indeed to any people who will let him write to them. The number of letters that he writes each month is duly counted and set to his credit. If he writes enough he will get a reputation as an "executive," and big things may happen to him. He may even be asked to step out of the college and take a post as an "executive" in a scap company or an advertising firm. The man, in short, is a "hustler," an "advertiser" whose highest aim is to be a "*live-wire*."²¹ If he is not, he will presently be dismissed, or, to use the business term, be "let go," by a board of trustees who are themselves hustlers and live-wires. As to the professor's soul, he no longer needs to think of it as it has been handed over along with all the others to a Board of Censors.

The American professor deals with his students according to his lights. It is his business to

chase them along over a prescribed ground at a prescribed pace like a flock of sheep. They all go humping together over the hurdles with the professor chasing them with a set of "tests" and "recitations," "marks," and "attendances," the whole apparatus obviously copied from the time-clock of the business man's factory. This process is what is called "showing results." The pace set is necessarily that of the slowest, and thus results in what I have heard Mr. Edward Beatty describe as the "convoy system of education."

In my own opinion, reached after fifty-two years of profound reflection, this system contains in itself the seeds of destruction. It puts a premium on dullness and a penalty on genius. It circumscribes that latitude of mind which is the real spirit of learning. If we persist in it we shall presently find that true learning will fly away from our universities and will take rest wherever some individual and inquiring mind can mark out its path for itself.

Now the principal reason why I am led to admire Oxford is that the place is little touched as yet by the measuring of "results," and by this passion for visible and provable "efficiency." The whole system at Oxford is such as to put a premium on genius and to let mediocrity and dullness go their way. On the dull student Oxford, after a proper lapse of time, confers a degree which means nothing more than that he lived and breathed at Oxford and kept out of jail. This for many students is as much as society can expect. But for the gifted student Oxford offers great opportunities. There is no question of his hanging back till the last sheep has jumped over the fence. He need wait for no one. He may move forward as fast as he likes following the bent of his genius. If he has in him any ability beyond that of the common herd, his tutor, interested in his studies, will smoke at him until he

kindles him into a flame. For the tutor's soul is not harassed by herding dull students, with dismissal hanging by a thread over his head in the classroom. The American professor has no time to be interested in a clever student. He has time to be interested in his "department," his letter writing, his executive work, and his organizing ability, and his hope of promotion to a soap factory. But with that his mind is exhausted. The student of genius merely means to him a student who gives no trouble, who passes all his "tests," and is present at all his "recitation." Such a student also, if he can be trained to be a hustler and an advertiser, will undoubtedly "*make good.*"²² But beyond that the professor does not think of him. The everlasting principle of equality has inserted itself in a place where it has no right to be, and where inequality is the breath of life.

American or Canadian college trustees would be horrified at the notion of professors who apparently do no work, give few or no lectures and draw their pay merely for existing. Yet these are really the only kind of professors worth having,—I mean, men who can be trusted with a vague general mission in life, with a salary guaranteed at least till their death, and a sphere of duties intrusted solely to their own consciences and the promptings of their own desires. Such men are rare, but a single one of them, when found, is worth ten "executives" and a dozen "organizers."

The excellence of Oxford, then, as I see it, lies in the peculiar vagueness of the organization of its work. It starts from the assumption that the professor is a really learned man whose sole interest lies in his own sphere: and that a student, or at least the only student with whom the university cares to reckon seriously, is a young man who desires to know. This is an ancient medieval attitude long since buried in more up-to-date

places under successive strata of compulsory education, state teaching, the democratization of knowledge and the substitution of the shadow for the substance, and the casket for the gem. No doubt, in newer places the thing has got to be so. Higher education in America flourishes chiefly as a qualification for entrance into a money-making profession, and not as a thing in itself. But in Oxford one can still see the surviving outline of a nobler type of structure and a higher inspiration.

Viewing the situation as a whole, I am led then to the conclusion that there must be something in the life of Oxford itself that makes for higher learning. Smoked at by his tutor, fed in Henry VIII's kitchen, and sleeping in a tangle of ivy, the student evidently gets something not easily obtained in America. And the more I reflect on the matter the more I am convinced that it is the sleeping in the ivy that does it. How different it is from student life as I remember it!

When I was a student at the University of Toronto thirty years ago, I lived,—from start to finish,—in seventeen different boarding houses. As far as I am aware these houses have not, or not yet, been marked with tablets. But they are still to be found in the vicinity of McCaul, and Darcy, and St. Patrick Streets. Anyone who doubts the truth of what I have to say may go and look at them.

I was not alone in the nomadic life that I led. There were hundreds of us drifting about in this fashion from one melancholy habitation to another. We lived as a rule two or three in a house sometimes alone. We dined in the basement. We always had beef, done up in some way after it was dead, and there were always soda biscuits on the table. They used to have a brand of soda biscuits in those days in the Toronto boarding houses that I have not seen since. They were better than

dog biscuits but with not so much snap. My contemporaries all will remember them. A great many of the leading barristers and professional men of Toronto were fed on them.

In the life we led we had practically no opportunities for association on a large scale, no common rooms, no reading rooms, nothing. We never saw the magazines,—personally I didn't even know the names of them. The only interchange of ideas we ever got was by going over to the Caer Howell Hotel on University Avenue and interchanging them there.

I mention these melancholy details not for their own sake but merely to emphasize the point that when I speak of students' dormitories, and the larger life which they offer, I speak of what I know.

If we had had at Toronto, when I was a student, the kind of dormitories and dormitory life that they have at Oxford, I don't think I would ever have graduated. I'd have been there still. The trouble is that the universities on our Continent are only just waking up to the idea of what a university should mean. They were, very largely, instituted and organized with the idea that a university was a place where young men were sent to absorb the contents of books and to listen to lectures in the classrooms. The student was pictured as a pallid creature, *burning* what was called the "*midnight oil*,"²³ his wan face bent over his desk. If you wanted to do something for him you gave him a book: if you wanted to do something really large on his behalf you gave him a whole basketful of them. If you wanted to go still further and be a benefactor to the college at large, you endowed a competitive scholarship and set two or more pallid students working themselves to death to get it.

The real thing for the student is the life and environment that surrounds him. All that he

really learns he learns, in a sense, by the active operation of his own intellect and not as the passive recipient of lectures. And for this active operation what he really needs most is the continued and intimate contact with his fellows. Students must live together and eat together, talk and smoke together. Experience shows that that is how their minds really grow. And they must live together in a rational and comfortable way. They must eat in a big dining room or hall, with oak beams across the ceiling, and the stained glass in the windows, and with a shield or tablet here or there upon the wall, to remind them between times of the men who went before them and left a name worthy of the memory of the college. If a student is to get from his college what it ought to give him, a college dormitory, with the life in common that it brings, is his absolute right. A university that fails to give it to him is cheating him.

If I were founding a university—and I say it with all the seriousness of which I am capable—I would found first a smoking room; then when I had a little more money in hand I would found a dormitory; then after that, or more probably with it, a decent reading room and a library. After that, if I still had money over that I couldn't use, I would hire a professor and get some textbooks.

This chapter has sounded in the most part like a continuous eulogy of Oxford with but little in favor of our American colleges. I turn therefore with pleasure to the more congenial task of showing what is wrong with Oxford and with the English university system generally, and the aspect in which our American universities far excel the British.

The point is that Henry VIII is dead. The English are so proud of what Henry VIII and the benefactors of earlier centuries did for the

universities that they forget the present. There is little or nothing in England to compare with the magnificent generosity of individual, provinces and states, which is building up the colleges of the United States and Canada. There used to be. But by some strange confusion of thought the English people admire the noble gifts of Cardinal Wolsey and Henry VIII and *Queen Margaret*,²⁴ and do not realize that the *Carnegies*²⁵ and *Rockefellers*²⁶ and the William Macdonalds are the Cardinal Wolseys of to-day. The University of Chicago was founded upon oil. McGill University rests largely on a basis of tobacco. In America the world of commerce and business levies on itself a noble tribute in favor of the higher learning. In England, with a few conspicuous exceptions, such as that at Bristol, there is little of the sort. The feudal families are content with what their remote ancestors have done: they do not try to emulate it in any great degree.

In the long run this must count. Of all the various reforms that are talked of at Oxford, and of all the imitations of American methods that are suggested, the only one worth while, to my thinking, is to capture a few millionaires, give them honorary degrees at a million pounds sterling apiece, and tell them to imagine that they are Henry the Eighth. I give Oxford warning that if this is not done the place will not last another two centuries.

THE LONDON COFFEE HOUSES

Thomas Babington Macaulay

The coffee house must not be dismissed with a cursory mention. It might indeed at that time have been not improperly called a most important political institution. No parliament had sat for years. The municipal council of the city had ceased to speak the sense of the citizens. Public meetings, harangues, resolutions, and the rest of the modern machinery of agitation had not yet come into fashion. Nothing resembling the modern newspaper existed. In such circumstances the coffee houses were the chief organs through which the public opinion of the metropolis vented itself.

The first of these establishments had been set up, in the time of the Commonwealth, by a Turkey merchant, who had acquired among the Mohammedans a taste for their favorite beverage. The convenience of being able to make appointments in any part of the town, and of being able to pass evenings socially at a very small charge, was so great that the fashion spread fast. Every man of the upper or middle class went daily to his coffee house to learn the news and to discuss it. Every coffee house had one or more orators to whose eloquence the crowd listened with admiration, and who soon became, what the journalists of our own time have been called, "*a fourth estate of the realm.*" The court had long seen with uneasiness the growth of this new power in the state. An attempt had been made, during *Darbly's* administration, to close the coffee houses. But men of all parties missed their usual places of resort so

much that there was a universal outcry. The government did not venture, in opposition to a feeling so strong and general, to enforce a regulation of which the legality might well be questioned. Since that time ten years had elapsed, and during those years the number and influence of the coffee houses had been constantly increasing. Foreigners remarked that the coffee house was that which especially distinguished London from all other cities; that the coffee house was the Londoner's home, and that those who wished to find a gentleman commonly asked, not whether he lived in Fleet Street or Chancery Lane, but whether he frequented *the Grecian* or *the Rainbow*.³ Nobody was excluded from these places who laid down his penny at the bar. Yet every rank and professions and every shade of religious and political opinion, had its own headquarters. There were house, near Saint James's Park where fops congregated, their heads and shoulders covered with black or flaxen wigs, not less ample than those which are now worn by the chancellor and by the speaker of the House of Commons. The wig came from Paris; and so did the rest of the fine gentleman's ornaments, his embroidered coat, his fringed gloves, and the tassel which upheld his pantaloons. The conversation was in that dialect which—long after it had ceased to be spoken in fashionable circles, continued, in the mouth of *Lord Foppington*,⁴ to excite the mirth of theaters. The atmosphere was like that of a perfumer's shop. Tobacco in any other form than that of richly scented snuff was held in abomination. If any clown, ignorant of the usages of the house, called for a pipe, the sneers of the whole assembly and the short answers of the waiters soon convinced him that he had better go somewhere else. Nor, indeed, would he have had far to go. For, in general, the coffee rooms reeked with tobacco like a guard-room; and strangers sometimes expressed their

surprise that so many people should leave their own firesides to sit in the midst of eternal fog and stench. Nowhere was the smoking more constant than at Will's. That celebrated house, situated between Covent Garden and Bow Street, was sacred to polite letters. There the talk was about *poetical justice*⁵ and the *unities of place and time*.⁶ There was a faction for *Perrault*⁷ and the moderns, a faction for *Boileau*⁷ and the ancients. One group debated whether "*Paradise Lost*"⁸ ought not to have been in rime. To another an envious poet-aster demonstrated that "*Venice Preserved*"⁹ ought to have been hooted from the stage. Under no roof was a greater variety of figures to be seen. There were earls in stars and garters, clergymen in cassocks and bands, pert *Templars*,¹⁰ sheepish lads from the universities, translators and index-makers in ragged coats of frieze. The great press was to get near the chair where *John Dryden*¹¹ sat. In winter that chair was always in the warmest nook by the fire; in summer it stood in the balcony. To bow to the *Laureate*,¹² and to hear his opinion of *Racine's*¹³ last tragedy or of *Bossu's*¹⁴ treatise on epic poetry, was thought a privilege. A pinch from his snuff-box was an honor sufficient to *turn the head of*¹⁵ a young enthusiast. There were coffee houses where the first medical men might be consulted. *Doctor John Radcliffe*,¹⁶ who, in the year 1685, rose to the largest practice in London, came daily, at the hour when the *Exchange*¹⁷ was full, from his house in Bow Street, then a fashionable part of the capital to *Garraway's*, and was to be found, surrounded by surgeons and apothecaries, at a particular table. There were Puritan coffee houses where no oath was heard, and where lank-haired men discussed *election and reprobation*¹⁸ through their noses; Jew coffee houses where dark-eyed money-changers from Venice and from Amsterdam greeted each other; and Popish coffee houses where, as good

Protestants believed, *Jesuits*'⁹ planned, over their cups, another great fire, and cast silver bullets to shoot the king.

These gregarious habits had no small share in forming the character of the Londoner of that age. He was, indeed, a different being from the rustic Englishman. There was not then the intercourse which now exists between the two classes. Only very great men were in the habit of dividing the year between town and country. Few esquires came to the capital thrice in their lives. Nor was it yet the practice of all citizens in easy circumstances to breathe the fresh air of the fields and woods during some weeks of every summer. A cockney, in a rural village, was stared at as much as if he had intruded into a *Kraal of Hottentots*.²⁰ On the other hand, when the lord of a Lincolnshire or Shropshire manor appeared in Fleet Street, he was as easily distinguished from the resident population as a Turk or a *Lascar*.²¹ His dress, his gait, his accent, the manner in which he stared at the shops, stumbled into the gutters, ran against the porters, and stood under the water spouts, marked him out as an excellent subject for the operations of swindlers and banterers. Bullies jostled him into the kennel. Hackney coachmen splashed him from head to foot. Thieves explored with perfect security the huge pockets of his horseman's coat, while he stood entranced by the splendor of the *Lord Mayor's show*,²² *money-droppers*,²³ sore from the cart's tail, introduced themselves to him, and appeared to him the most honest, friendly gentlemen that he had ever seen. Painted women, the refuse of Lewkner Lane and Whetstone Park, passed themselves on him for countesses and maids of honor. If he asked his way to Saint James's, his informants sent him to Mile End. If he went into a shop, he was instantly discerned to be fit purchaser of everything that

nobody else would buy, of second-hand embroidery, copper rings, and watches that would not go. If he rambled into any fashionable coffee house, he became a mark for the insolent derision of fops and the grave waggery of Templars. Enraged and mortified, he soon returned to his mansion, and there, in the homage of his tenants, and the conversation of his boon companions, found consolation for the vexations and humiliations which he had undergone. There he was once more a great man, and was nothing above himself except when at the assizes he took his seat on the bench near the judge, or when at the muster of the militia he saluted the Lord Lieutenant.

THE SPECTATOR ON HIMSELF

Joseph Addison

I have observed that a reader seldom peruses a book with pleasure, till he knows whether the writer of it be a black or a fair man, of a mild or choleric disposition, married or a bachelor, with other particulars of the like nature, that conduce very much to the right understanding of an author. To gratify this curiosity, which is so natural to a reader, I design this paper, and my next, as prefatory discourses to my following writings, and shall give some account in them of the several persons that are engaged in this work. As the chief trouble of compiling, digesting, and correcting, will fall to my share, I must do myself the justice to open the work with my own history. I was born to a small hereditary estate, which, according to the tradition of the village where it lies, was bounded by the same hedges and ditches in *William the Conqueror's* time that it is at present, and has been delivered down from father to son whole and entire, without the loss or acquisition of a single field or meadow, during the space of six hundred years. There runs a story in the family, that my mother, near the time of my birth, dreamed that she was brought to bed of a judge; whether this might proceed from a lawsuit which was then depending in the family, or my father's being a justice of the peace, I cannot determine; for I am not so vain as to think it presaged any dignity that I should arrive at in my future life, though that was the interpretation which the neighborhood put upon it. The gravity of my behavior at my very first appearance in the

world seemed to favor my mother's dream: for as she often told me, I threw away my *rattle*² before I was two months old, and would not make use of my *coral*³ until they had taken away the bells from it.

As for the rest of my infancy, there being nothing in it remarkable, I shall pass it over in silence. I find, that during my nonage, I had the reputation of a very sullen youth, but was always a favorite of my schoolmaster, who used to say, that my parts were solid, and would wear well. I had not been long at the university, before I distinguished myself by a most profound silence; for, during the space of eight years, excepting in the public exercises of the college, I scarce uttered the quantity of a hundred words; and indeed do not remember that I ever spoke three sentences together in my whole life. Whilst I was in this *learned*⁴ body, I applied myself with so much diligence to my studies, that there are very few celebrated books, either in the learned or the modern tongues, which I am not acquainted with.

Upon the death of my father, I was resolved to travel into foreign countries, and therefore left the university, with the character of an odd unaccountable fellow, that had a great deal of learning, if I would but show it. An insatiable thirst after knowledge carried me into all the countries of Europe, in which there was anything new or strange to be seen; nay, to such a degree was my curiosity raised, that having read the *controversies*⁵ of some great men concerning the antiquities of Egypt, I made a voyage to Grand Cairo, on purpose to take the measure of a pyramid; and as soon as I had set myself right in that particular, returned to my native country with great satisfaction.

I have passed my later years in this city, where I am frequently seen in most public places, though there are not above half a dozen of my

select friends that know me; of whom my next paper shall give a more particular account. There is no place of general resort, wherein I do not often make my appearance: sometimes I am seen thrusting my head into a round of politicians, at *Will's*,⁶ and listening with great attention to the narratives that are made in those little circular audiences. Sometimes I smoke a pipe at *Child's*,⁷ and whilst I seem attentive to nothing but the *Postman*,⁸ overhear the conversation of every table in the room. I appear on Sunday nights at *St. James's Coffee House*,⁹ and sometimes join the little committee of politics in the inner room, as one who comes there to hear and improve. My face is likewise very well known at *the Grecian*,¹⁰ *the Cocoa Tree*,¹¹ and in the theaters both of *Drury-Lane* and *the Hay Market*.¹² I have been taken for a merchant upon the exchange for above these ten years, and sometimes pass for a Jew in the assembly of stock-jobbers at *Jonathan's*¹³; in short, wherever I see a cluster of people, I always mix with them, though I never open my lips but in my own club.

Thus I live in the world rather as a spectator of mankind, than as one of the species, by which means I have made myself a speculative statesman, soldier, merchant, and artisan, without ever meddling with any practical part in life. I am very well versed in the theory of a husband or a father, and can discern the errors in the *economy*,¹⁴ business, and diversion of others, better than those who are engaged in them; as standers-by discover *blots*,¹⁵ which are apt to escape those who are in the game. I never espoused any party with violence, and am resolved to observe an exact neutrality between the Whigs and Tories, unless I shall be forced to declare myself by the hostilities of either side. In short, I have acted in all the parts of my life as a looker-on, which is the character I intend to preserve in this paper.

I have given the reader just so much of my history and character, as to let him see I am not altogether unqualified for the business I have undertaken. As for other particulars in my life and adventures, I shall insert them in following papers, as I shall see occasion. In the meantime, when I consider how much I have seen, read, and heard, I begin to blame my own taciturnity; and since I have neither time nor inclination, to communicate the fullness of my heart in speech, I am resolved to do it in writing, and to print myself out, if possible, before I die. I have been often told by my friends, that it is a pity so many useful discoveries which I have made should be in the possession of a silent man. For this reason, therefore, I shall publish a sheet full of thoughts every morning, for the benefit of my contemporaries: and if I can anyway contribute to the diversion or improvement of the country in which I live I shall leave it when I am summoned out of it, with the secret satisfaction of thinking that I have not lived in vain.

There are three very material points which I have not spoken to in this paper; and which, for several important reasons, I must keep to myself, at least for some time: I mean, an account of my name, my age, and my lodgings. I must confess, I would gratify my reader in anything that is reasonable; but as for these three particulars, though I am sensible they might tend very much to the embellishment of my paper, I cannot yet come to a resolution of communicating them to the public. They would indeed draw me out of that obscurity which I have enjoyed for many years, and expose me in public places to several salutes and civilities, which have been always very disagreeable to me; for the greatest pain I can suffer, is the being talked to, and being stared at. It is for this reason likewise, that I keep my complexion and

dress as very great secrets; though it is not impossible that I may make discoveries of both in the progress of the work I have undertaken.

After having been thus particular upon myself, I shall, in to-morrow's paper, give an account of those gentlemen who are concerned with me in this work; for, as I have before intimated, a plan of it is laid and concerted, as all other matters of importance are, in a club. However, as my friends have engaged me to stand in the front, those who have a mind to correspond with me may direct their letters to the Spectator, at *Mr. Buckley's*¹⁶ in *Little Britain*.¹⁷ For I must further acquaint the reader, that, though our club meet, only on Tuesdays and Thursdays, we have appointed a committee to sit every night, for the inspection of all such papers as may contribute to the advancement of the public weal.

Thursday, March 1, 1710-11.

THE SPECTATOR CLUB

Sir Richard Steele

The first of our society is a gentleman of Worcestershire, of ancient descent, a baronet, his name is Sir Roger de Coverley. His great grandfather was inventor of that famous *country dance* which is called after him. All who know that shire are very well acquainted with the parts and merits of Sir Roger. He is a gentleman that is very singular in his behavior, but his singularities proceed from his good sense, and are contradictions to the manners of the world, only as he thinks the world is in the wrong. However, this humor creates him no enemies, for he does nothing with sourness or obstinacy; and his being unconfined to modes and forms, makes him but the readier and more capable to please and oblige all who know him. When he is in town, he lives in *Soho Square*.² It is said, he keeps himself a bachelor, by reason he was crossed in love by a perverse beautiful widow of the next county to him. Before this disappointment, Sir Roger was what you call a fine gentleman, had often supped with my *Lord Rochester* and *Sir George Etherege*,³ fought a duel upon his first coming to town, and kicked *Bully Dawson*⁴ in a public coffee house for calling him youngster. But, being ill used by the above-mentioned widow, he was very serious for a year and a half; and though, his temper being naturally jovial, he at last got over it, he grew careless of himself, and never dressed afterwards. He continues to wear a coat and doublet of the same cut that were in fashion at the time of his repulse, which, in his merry humors he tells us,

has been *in and out*⁵ twelve times since he first wore it. He is now in his fifty-sixth year, cheerful, gay, and hearty; keeps a good house both in town and country; a great lover of mankind: but there is such a mirthful cast in his behavior, that he is rather beloved than esteemed. His tenants grow rich, his servants look satisfied, all the young women profess love to him, and the young men are glad of his company; when he comes into a house, he calls the servants by their names, and talks all the way upstairs to a visit. I must not omit, that Sir Roger is a justice of the *quorum*,⁶ that he fills the chair at a *quarter sessions*⁷ with great abilities, and three months ago, gained universal applause, by explaining a passage in the *Game Act*.⁸

The gentleman next in esteem and authority among us, is another bachelor, who is a member of the *Inner Temple*,⁹ a man of great probity, wit, and understanding; but he has chosen his place of residence rather to obey the direction of an old humorsome father, than in pursuit of his own inclinations. He was placed there to study the laws of the land, and is the most learned of any of the house in those of the stage. *Aristotle and Longinus*¹⁰ are much better understood by him than *Littleton or Coke*.¹¹ The father sends up every post questions relating to marriage articles, leases and tenures, in the neighborhood; all which questions he agrees with an attorney to answer and take care of in the lump. He is studying the passions themselves, when he should be inquiring into the debates among men which arise from them. He knows the argument of each of the orations of *Demosthenes and Tully*,¹² but not one case in the reports of our own courts. No one ever took him for a fool, but none, except his intimate friends, know he has a great deal of wit. This turn makes him at once both disinterested and agreeable; as few of his thoughts are drawn

from business, they are most of them fit for conversation. His taste of books is a little too just for the age he lives in; he has read all, but approves of very few. His familiarity with the customs, manners, actions, and writings of the ancients, makes him a very delicate observer of what occurs to him in the present world. He is an excellent critic, and the time of the play is his hour of business; exactly at five he passes through *New Inn*,¹³ crosses through Russell court, and takes a turn at Will's, till the play begins; he has his shoes rubbed, and his periwig powdered at the barber's as you go into *the Rose*.¹⁴ It is for the good of the audience when he is at a play; for the actors have an ambition to please him.

The person of next consideration is Sir Andrew Freeport, a merchant of great eminence in *the city of London*.¹⁵ A person of indefatigable industry, strong reason, and great experience. His notions of trade are noble and generous, and (as every rich man has usually some sly way of jesting, which would make no great figure were he not a rich man) he calls the sea the *British Common*.¹⁶ He is acquainted with commerce in all its parts, and will tell you that it is a stupid and barbarous way to extend dominion by arms, for true power is to be got by arts and industry. He will often argue, that if this part of our trade were well cultivated, we should gain from one nation,—and if another, from another. I have heard him prove, that diligence makes more lasting acquisitions than valor, and that sloth has ruined more nations than the sword. He abounds in several frugal maxims, amongst which the greatest favorite is, "A penny saved is a penny got." A general trader of good sense is pleasanter company than a general scholar; and Sir Andrew having a natural unaffected eloquence, the perspicuity of his discourse gives the same pleasure that wit would in another man.

He has made his fortunes himself; and says that England may be richer than other kingdoms, by as plain methods as he himself is richer than other men; though at the same time I can say this of him, that there is not a point in the compass but blows home a ship in which he is an owner.

Next to Sir Andrew in the club-room sits Captain Sentry, a gentleman of great courage, good understanding, but invincible modesty. He is one of those that deserve very well, but are very awkward at putting their talents within the observation of such as should take notice of them. He was some years a captain, and behaved himself with great gallantry in several engagements and at several sieges; but having a small estate of his own, and being next heir to Sir Roger, he has quitted a way of life, in which no man can rise suitably to his merit, who is not something of a courtier as well as a soldier. I have heard him often lament, that in a profession where merit is placed in so conspicuous a view, impudence should get the better of modesty. When he has talked to this purpose, I never heard him make a sour expression, but frankly confess that he left the world, because he was not fit for it. A strict honesty and an even regular behavior are in themselves obstacles to him that must press through crowds who endeavor at the same end with himself, the favor of a commander. He will, however, in his way of talk, excuse generals for not disposing according to men's desert, or inquiring into it: for, says he, that great man who has a mind to help me, has as many to break through to come at me, as I have to come at him: therefore, he will conclude, that the man who would make a figure, especially in a military way, must get over all false modesty, and assist his patron against the importunity of other pretenders, by a proper assurance in his own vindication. He

says, it is a civil cowardice to be backward in asserting what you ought to expect, as it is a military fear to be slow in attacking when it is your duty. With this candor does the gentleman speak of himself and others. The same frankness runs through all his conversation. The military part of his life has furnished him with many adventures, in the relation of which he is very agreeable to the company; for he is never overbearing, though accustomed to command men in the utmost degree below him; nor ever too obsequious, from a habit of obeying men highly above him.

But, that our society may not appear a set of humorists, unacquainted with the gallantries and pleasures of the age, we have among us the gallant Will Honeycomb, a gentleman who, according to his years, should be in the decline of his life, but, having ever been very careful of his person, and always had a very easy fortune, time has made but a very little impression, either by wrinkles on his forehead, or traces on his brain. His person is well turned, of a good height. He is very ready at that sort of discourse with which men usually entertain women. He has all his life dressed very well, and remembers *habits*¹⁷ as others do men. He can smile when one speaks to him, and laughs easily. He knows the history of every mode, and can inform you from what Frenchwomen our wives and daughters had this manner of curling their hair, that way of placing their hoods; and whose vanity to show her foot made that part of the dress so short in such a year. In a word, all his conversation and knowledge have been in the female world; as other men of his age will take notice to you what such a minister said upon such and such an occasion, he will tell you, when the *Duke of Monmouth*¹⁸ danced at court, such a woman was then smitten, another was taken with him at the head of his

troop in the park. For all these important relations, he has ever about the same time received a kind glance or a blow of a fan from some celebrated beauty, mother of the present lord such-a-one.

This way of talking of his very much enlivens the conversation among us of a more sedate turn; and I find there is not one of the company, but myself, who rarely speak at all, but speaks of him as of that sort of man who is usually called a well-bred fine gentleman. To conclude his character, where women are not concerned, he is an honest worthy man.

I cannot tell whether I am to account him whom I am next to speak of, as one of our company; for he visits us but seldom, but when he does, it adds to every man else a new enjoyment of himself. He is a clergyman, a very philosophic man, of general learning, great sanctity of life, and the most exact good breeding. He has the misfortune to be of a very weak constitution; and consequently cannot accept of such cares and business as preferments in his function would oblige him to; he is therefore among divines what a *chamber-councilor*^o is among lawyers. The probity of his mind and the integrity of his life create him followers, as being eloquent or loud advances others. He seldom introduces the subject he speaks upon; but we are so far gone in years that he observes, when he is among us, an earnestness to have him fall on some divine topic, which he always treats with much authority, as one who has no interest in this world, as one who is hastening to the object of all his wishes and conceives hope from his decays and infirmities. These are my ordinary companions.

Friday, March 2, 1710-11.

SECTION III
EXPOSITION

THE INTERNATIONAL DEVELOPMENT
OF CHINA

Dr. Sun Yat-sen

It is estimated that during the last year of the World War the daily expenses of the various fighting nations amounted to two hundred and forty millions of dollars gold. It is accepted by even the most conservative, that only one half of this sum was spent on munitions and other direct war supplies, that is, one hundred and twenty millions of dollars gold. Let us consider these war supplies from a commercial point of view. The battlefield is the market for these new industries, the consumers of which are the soldiers. Various industries had to be enlisted and many new ones created for the supplies. In order to increase the production of these war commodities day by day, people of the warring countries and even those of the neutral states had to be content with the barest necessities of life and had to give up all former comforts and luxuries.

Now the war is ended and the sole market of these war supplies has closed, let us hope, forever, for the good of humanity. So, from now on we are concerned with the problem as to how a readjustment may be brought about. What must be considered first is the reconstruction of the various countries, and next the supply of comforts and luxuries that will have to be resumed. We remember that one hundred and twenty million dollars were spent every day on direct war supplies. Let us then suppose that the two items mentioned will take up one half of this sum, that

is, sixty millions of dollars a day which will still leave us a balance of sixty million dollars a day. Besides, the many millions of soldiers who were once consumers will from now on become producers again. Furthermore, the unification and nationalization of all the industries, which I might call the Second Industrial Revolution, will be more far-reaching than that of the first one in which Manual Labor was displaced by Machinery. This second industrial revolution will increase the productive power of man many times more than the first one. Consequently, this unification and rationalization of industries on account of the World War will further complicate the readjustment of the post-war industries. Just imagine sixty million dollars a day or twenty-one billions and nine hundred millions of dollars a year of new trade created by the war suddenly having to stop when peace is concluded! Where in this world can Europe and America look for a market to consume this enormous saving from the war?

If the billions of dollars worth of war industries can find no place in the *post-bellum*' readjustment, then they will be a pure economic waste. The result will not only disturb the economic condition of the producing countries, but will also be a great loss to the world at large.

All the commercial nations are looking to China as the only "*dumping ground*"²² for their over-production. The pre-war condition of trade was unfavorable to China. The balance of imports over exports was something over one hundred million dollars gold annually. The Chinese market under this condition could not expand much for soon after there would be no more money or commodities left for exchanging goods with foreign countries. Fortunately, the natural resources of China are great and their proper development would create an unlimited market for the whole world and would utilize the greater

part, if not all of the billions of dollars' worth of war industries soon to be turned into peace industries.

China is the land that still employs manual labor for production and has not yet entered the first stage of industrial evolution, while in Europe and America the second stage is already reached. So "China has to begin the two stages of industrial evolution at once by adopting the machinery as well as the nationalization of production." In this case China will require machinery for her vast agriculture, machinery for her rich mines, machinery for the building of her innumerable factories, machinery for her extensive transportation systems, and machinery for all her public utilities. Let us see how this new demand for machinery will help in the readjustment of war industries. The workshops that turn out cannon can easily be made to turn out steam rollers for the construction of roads in China. The workshops that turn out tanks can be made to turn out trucks for the transportation of the raw materials that are lying everywhere in China. And all sorts of war-industry machinery can be converted into peaceful tools for the general development of China's latent wealth. The Chinese people will welcome the development of our country's resources provided that it can be kept out of Mandarin corruption and insure the mutual benefit of China and of the countries coöperating with us.

It might be feared by some people in Europe and America that the development of China by war machinery, war organization, and technical experts might create unfavorable competition to foreign industries. I, therefore, propose a scheme to develop a new market in China big enough both for her own products and for products from foreign countries. The scheme will be along the following lines:

I. The development of a communication system:

- (a) 100,000 miles of railways.
- (b) 1,000,000 miles of macadam roads.
- (c) Improvement of existing canals:
 - (1) Hangchow-Tientsin canals.
 - (2) Sikiang-Yangtze canals.
- (d) Construction of new canals:
 - (1) Liaoho-Sunghwakiang Canal.
 - (2) Others to be projected.
- (e) River conservancy:
 - (1) To regulate the embankments and channel of the Yangtze River from Hankow to the sea thus facilitating ocean-going ships to reach that port at all seasons.
 - (2) To regulate the Hwangho embankments and channel to prevent floods.
 - (3) To regulate the Sikiang.
 - (4) To regulate the Hwaiho.
 - (5) To regulate various other rivers.
- (f) The construction of more telegraph lines and telephone and wireless systems all over the country.

II. The development of commercial harbors:

- (a) Three largest ocean ports with future capacity equaling New York Harbor to be constructed in North, Central, and South China.
- (b) Various small commercial and fishing harbors to be constructed along the coast.
- (c) Commercial docks to be constructed along all navigable rivers.

III. Modern cities with public utilities to be constructed in all railway centers, termini, and alongside harbors.

IV. Water power development.

V. Iron and steel works and cement works on the largest scale in order to supply the above needs.

VI. Mineral development.

VII. Agricultural development.

VIII. Irrigational work on the largest scale in Mongolia and Sinkiang.

IX. Reafforestation in Central and North China.

X. Colonization in Manchuria, Mongolia, Sinkiang, Kokonor, and Thibet.

If the above program could be carried out gradually, China will not only be the "dumping ground" for foreign goods but actually will be the "economic ocean" capable of absorbing all the surplus capital as quickly as the Industrial Nations can possibly produce by the coming Industrial Revolution of Nationalized Productive Machinery. Then there will be no more competition and commercial struggles in China as well as in the world.

The recent World War has proved to mankind that war is ruinous to both the conqueror and the conquered, and worse for the aggressor. What is true in military warfare is more so in trade warfare. Since President Wilson has proposed a League of Nations to end military war in the future, I desire to propose to end the trade war by coöperation and mutual help in the development of China. This will root out probably the greatest cause of future wars.

The world has been greatly benefited by the development of America as an industrial and a commercial nation. So a developed China with her four hundred millions of population, will be

another New World in the economic sense. The nations which will take part in this development will reap immense advantages. Furthermore, international coöperation of this kind cannot but help to strengthen the brotherhood of man. Ultimately, I am sure, this will culminate in its being the keystone in the arch of the League of Nations.

In order to carry out this project successfully, I suggest that three necessary steps must be taken: First, that the various governments of the capital-supplying powers must agree to joint action and a unified policy to form an international organization with their war work organizers, administrators, and experts, of various lines to formulate plans and to standardize materials in order to prevent waste and to facilitate work. Second, the confidence of the Chinese people must be secured in order to gain their coöperation and enthusiastic support. If the above two steps are accomplished, then the third step is to open formal negotiation for the final contract of the project with the Chinese Government. For which I suggest what it be on the same basis as the contract I once concluded with the Pauling Company of London, for the construction of Canton-Chungking Railway, since it was the fairest (to both parties and the one most welcome by the Chinese people) of all contracts that were ever made between China and the foreign countries.

And last but not least, a warning must be given that mistakes such as the notorious Sheng Hsuan-hwai's (盛宣懷) Nationalized Railway Scheme in 1911 must not be committed again. In those days foreign bankers entirely disregarded the will of the Chinese people, and thought that they could do everything with the Chinese Government alone. But to their regret, they found that the contracts which they had concluded with the Government, by heavy bribery, were only to be blocked by the

people later on. Had the foreign bankers gone in the right way of first securing the confidence of the Chinese people, and then approaching the Government for a contract, many things might have been accomplished without a hitch. Therefore, in this international project we must pay more attention to the people's will than ever before.

If my proposition is acceptable to the capital-supplying Powers, I will furnish further details.

IF I WERE A FRESHMAN AGAIN

Thomas Arkle Clark

It is the habit of age to give sage advice to youth. One of the pastimes in which everyone periodically indulges is the pleasant hallucination that if he were given the opportunity to live his youth over again he would do it differently and more successfully. We are all of us, even though we have no more than reached middle age, given to regretting our neglected opportunities and our lost youth. It gives one a virtuous feeling in imagination to dodge all error, but it is extremely doubtful if many of us, even if we had a second chance, would avoid many of the pitfalls into which we stumbled, or follow a straighter path than that by which we have so far come. If it is merely pleasant for us to conjecture what we should do if we had a second try at it, it may be profitable for those who are younger to listen. If only foresight could be as accurate as the backward view!

If I were a freshman again I should not work so many hours as I did. I put in enough hours with my books in my hands, but I did not accomplish much. I had little concentration. Many students whom I know, though I am not sure that the practice is confined to students, and I was one of this sort, spend a great deal of time in getting ready to work. With a book in hand they look out of the window at the clouds or at the pretty girls passing along the street, and all the time they deceive themselves with the idea that they are working. *George Ade's* characterization of the student's attitude toward matrimony—that they

don't marry, but just *fool 'round*² — might as truthfully be applied to the student's work. They don't study, they just fool 'round.

Many an evening, when the work was heavy, I would determine to begin early and get it over with; but I could spend half an hour in looking for my pipe and in getting it filled and working well, and another half hour in arranging my books and getting myself seated in a comfortable chair. All this time I imagined I was working. I spent as much time in goading myself on to duties that I should have liked to shirk or in getting ready to work as I did in actual labor. If I were a freshman I should plan my work, I should try to develop concentration — I should work harder but not so long.

I should learn to work with people about me. As it was, I lived a somewhat isolated life. I did my reading and my studying alone, and though there were some advantages in this method, there were serious objections. Now I must often work under different conditions than those by which I was surrounded in college; there is work to be done where there is no quiet, and I do it with difficulty. As I tried on a crowded ocean steamer to put these wandering thoughts on paper I was constantly annoyed by the confusion about me and by the spasmodic attempts at conversation made by a well-intentioned but misguided young man at my side. If I had learned to work under different conditions I might have turned the conversation aside as a steep roof sheds the rain. I believe it is a great advantage for a young man to do his work *himself*, but he should not subject himself to the slavery of doing it *alone*.

I should take as a freshman, if I had my work to do over again, more work that I have no especial fondness for or that I find difficult. I like an easy time as well as any one, and I do not wish to give the impression that I think it an error for a

student to follow the profession he enjoys or to do the work he likes. In point of fact I believe that a student should choose those lines of work along which his tastes lead him. I think it very likely that those things we do most easily we shall do best; but I have found that training comes through struggle, and that those people are developed most who resist most, or who struggle against difficulty and opposition and overcome. I have known a good many geniuses, but they generally had the most commonplace careers because they never learned to do difficult or disagreeable things.

Students come into my office every day who want to get out of work or to drop a subject, or to *cut a class exercise*³ for no better reason than that they find the duty difficult or the instructor or the subject dull. Much of the work of life is not pleasant. Half the things I am forced to do during the busy days of the college year are unpleasant things and things I dislike doing. I have been forced to learn to give these things my best attention whether I like them or not. I wish I had learned in my freshman year to do more such things.

Just yesterday as I was sitting at the breakfast table talking to a young freshman, in whom I have a rather vital interest, as to his next year's course, I suggested a subject which I thought good for him to take. "Is it easy?" was his first question, and when I answered in the negative his interest waned. In the world in which we must in time work there are few easy roads, few *snaps*⁴ courses. We shall be forced to do a great many hard things. If I were a freshman I should learn to do such things early.

Like a great many people, I suppose I am not now doing the work that as a college student I planned to do. I am in no sense a fatalist, but I am convinced that men have their work chosen for them quite as often as they themselves choose

it. If I had supposed that I should be called upon to speak on the most unforeseen occasions and upon the most unfamiliar topics I should have given myself while in college the practice which I believe is the method everyone must employ if he is to become a ready speaker. I have learned that, sooner or later, every intelligent man is called upon publicly to express his ideas, and no matter how abundant these thoughts may be, he will suffer much pain and have little success unless he has had pretty regular and persistent practice.

I ran across an old classmate last spring, an engineer of no little repute, whom I had not met since the day of our graduation. "How would you change your course," I said to him, expecting that he would long for more mathematics, "if you had it all to do over again?"

"I should learn to write and I should learn to speak," he answered, "and I should begin as a freshman. As it was I avoided every opportunity to do either, with the idea that only ministers and lawyers have need of such practice, and I suffer for it every day. My boy is to be an engineer, but I am going to see that he does not make the mistake that I made."

When I am called upon unexpectedly to speak, and my knees shake, and my voice falters, and the word that I long for comes with difficulty, or fails to come at all, I agree with my classmate, and I feel sure that if I were a freshman again I should learn to speak correctly and without notes.

I wish that as a freshman I had learned to play well some athletic games. It is not entirely for the pleasure that I should have derived or should be able to derive from this fact that I feel as I do, though that would mean much. If a man succeeds, as all hope to do, he gets into a business which is likely to be cruelly exacting, and he demands some relaxation in which he finds pleasure. For me it is no pleasure

to hit a bag that simply bounds back to be struck again, or to pull up a weight that drops stupidly and inertly down to be raised the second time. I would rather hoe in the garden, saw wood, or beat a carpet hanging on a clothes' line in the backyard. I find no virtue in any of the machinery or in any of the "systems" devised by shrewd inventors for keeping the human system in ideal working condition. If I am to have pleasure in exercise, and I will not take it from a sense of duty only, it must be in a physical contest where something definite can be accomplished, where I have a goal to attain or an opponent to beat. I should rather play a good game of tennis than to agitate all the exercisers in Christendom. I think there are few things that help more to keep men young and strong, and ready for the daily battles than good physical health; and the athletic game aids materially in bringing about that condition. One may learn, of course, late in his college career or even after he is out of college; but price and awkwardness, and the manifold duties of the day come in and prevent one's doing so. If one does not develop some skill while a freshman he is very unlikely to do so later.

If I were a freshman I should determine to do some one line of work well. As I remember, I was principally concerned in "getting through." I think I was not quite so modest in my scholastic ambitions as the young fellow who told me not long ago that a "pass" was as good as one hundred per cent to him, but at least I was not so much concerned about doing my best in some one line of work as I wish now I had been. Practically every college man, freshman included, is rushed with his work. He takes more "hours" than he should, or he neglects to prepare the assignments at the proper time, so that when his work is done it is done hastily. Nine out of ten freshmen are behind with assigned work. I have known fellows

even to go as far as to argue that it is an excellent practice to get behind, for if one catches up he must then force himself to do a large amount of work in a short time. I grant that this may be a good thing, but work done under such conditions usually shows all the earmarks of slovenliness and superficiality. There are many subjects in which I think it would be sufficient to do merely good work, but at least in one subject I wish I had made it a point to take time to give the matter careful thought, and to do it as well as it was possible for me to do. One has to rush through work far too often later in life; it would be a comfort to remember that at one time at least I had deliberately taken time enough to do an assigned task well.

I should make more of an effort than I did to get acquainted with my instructors. The conception of the average freshman is that the college instructor is a somewhat abnormal mortal full of knowledge — sometimes — but without much understanding of the individual or sympathy for him. Some are; and some of this sort expanded their time on me when I was a freshman. I thought as a freshman that the less I bothered my instructor the better, and if by some good fortune he was ill or out of town I put it down at the end of the day as one of the blessings for which to return thanks. I came in the end to see that my instructors—even those who at first had seemed most impossible—were pretty human creatures, with a wide knowledge and a generous willingness to help. The trouble was with me quite as much as with them. I count it the greatest pleasure and benefit of my college life that I came to know one instructor well, and that from this acquaintance there came to me a friendship and an inspiration that was worth more to me than all the rest of my college course. How much more it might have meant had I come more closely into contact with

the real lives of the other men and women with whom I worked!

If I were a freshman I should not lose an opportunity to see and to hear the prominent men and women in public life who for one reason or another come to every college town. I was often hard up or "broke," and I could easily find an excuse for not going to lectures, or the concert, or the theater. Now I regret that I missed opportunities which never came again. I had always wanted to hear *Henry Ward Beecher*,⁶ but when he came to town the dollar that was required to get into the lecture hall seemed big to me, and I decided to wait until the next time. But the next time never came, for Beecher died soon after, and it is one of the regrets of my college life that I missed my chance to hear and see so great a man.

I am wont to say when giving advice to young men just entering college that the one thing the freshman should give his time to is study — all other things are relatively unimportant; yet if I could be a freshman again I should try to be more interested in general college activities. Social matters such as connect themselves with young women I think the freshman may very safely postpone until later in his college course. The affairs of the heart can easily wait. Studies are the *main* thing, but not the *only* one; and the freshman who fails to develop some outside interest is usually making a mistake. The mere bookworm is not so likely to be successful as the man who gets out among his fellows. *Valedictorians*⁷ often make a very commonplace career because their interests are too narrow and their knowledge of human nature lacking. If I were a freshman I should have at least one avocation — one thing that should give relaxation from my everyday work and bring me into close contact with men.

What this side interest should be depended, of course, upon the individual freshman. It may be

athletics if he shows any skill in this direction; it may be religion, or oratory, or politics; but I believe he will be better off if he goes into something that helps him to study men as well as facts.

It is a delightful experience and a great opportunity to be able to spend four years in college, but it is one I may not have again. I made some mistakes, I missed some opportunities; but after all I am not sure that the things I get are better than the things I missed, and if I had it all to do over again who knows but that I might lack sense to do it as well as I did before. I am content to let things be as they are.

WHAT IS SCIENCE?

Ira Remsen

First, then, what is science? Surely there can be no difficulty in answering this, and yet I fear that, if I should pass through this or any other audience with the question, I should get many different answers.

A certain lady, whom I know better than any other, has told me that, should she ever be permitted to marry a second time, she would not marry a scientific man, because, scientific men are so terribly accurate. I often hear the same general idea expressed, and it is clear that accuracy is one attribute of science according to prevailing opinions. But accuracy alone is not science. When we hear a game of baseball or of whist spoken of as thoroughly scientific, I suppose the idea here, too, is that the games are played accurately; that is, to use the technical expression, without errors.

Again, there are those who seem to think that science is something that has been devised by *the Evil One*' for the purpose of undermining religion. The idea is not so common as it was a few years ago, when the professors of scientific subjects in our colleges were generally objects of suspicion. The change which has come over the world in this respect within my own memory is simply astounding. In general terms, an agreement has been reached between those who represent religion and those who represent science. This agreement is certainly not final, but it gives us a *modus vivendi*,² and the clash of arms is now rarely heard. Religion now takes into consideration the claims of science, and science recognizes

the great fundamental truths of religion. Each should strengthen the other, and in time, no doubt, each will strengthen the other.

Probably the idea most commonly held in regard to science is that it is something that gives us a great many useful inventions. The steam engine, the telegraph, the telephone, the *trolley car*,³ dyestuffs, medicines, explosives—these are the fruits of science, and without these science is of no avail. I propose farther on to discuss this subject more fully than I can at this stage of my remarks, so that I may pass over it lightly here. I need only say now that useful inventions are not a necessary consequence of scientific work, and that scientific work does not depend upon useful applications for its value. These propositions, which are familiar enough to scientific men, are apt to surprise those who are outside of scientific circles. I hope before I get through to show you that the propositions are true.

Science, then, is not simply accuracy, although it would be worthless if it were not accurate; it is not devised for the purpose of undermining religion; and its object is not the making of useful inventions. Then what is it?

One dictionary gives this definition: "Knowledge; knowledge of principles and causes, ascertained truths or facts. . . . Accumulated and established knowledge which has been systematized and formulated with reference to the discovery of general truths or the operation of general laws, . . . especially such knowledge when it relates to the physical world, and its phenomena, the nature, constitution, and forces of nature, the qualities and functions of living tissues, etc."

One writer says: "The distinction between science and art is that science is a body of principles and deductions to explain the nature of some matter. An art is a body of precepts with

practical skill for the completion of some work. A science teaches us to know; an art, to do. In art, truth is means to an end; in science, it is the only end. Hence the practical arts are not to be classed among the sciences." Another writer says: "Science and art may be said to be investigations of truth; but one, science, inquires for the sake of knowledge; the other, art, for the sake of production; and hence science is more concerned with higher truths, art with the lower; and science never is engaged, as art, is, in productive application."

Science, then, has for its object the accumulation and systematization of knowledge, the discovery of truth. The astronomer is trying to learn more and more about the *celestial bodies*,* their motions, their composition, their changes. Through his labors, carried on for many centuries, we have the science of astronomy. The geologist has, on the other hand, confined his attention to the earth, and he is trying to learn as much as possible of its composition and structure, and of the processes that have been operating through untold ages to give us the earth as it now is. He has given us the science of geology, which consists of a vast mass of knowledge carefully systematized and of innumerable deductions of interest and value. If the time shall ever come when, through the labor of the geologist, all that can possibly be learned in regard to the structure and development of the earth shall have been learned, the occupation of the geologist would be gone. But that time will never come.

And so I might go on pointing out the general character of the work done by different classes of scientific men, but this would be tedious. We should only have brought home to us in each case the fact that, no matter what the science may be with which we are dealing, its disciples are simply trying to learn all they can in the field in which

they are working. As I began with a reference to astronomy, let me close with a reference to chemistry. Astronomy has to deal with the largest bodies and the greatest distances of the universe; chemistry, on the other hand, has to deal with the smallest particles and the shortest distances of the universe. Astronomy is the science of the infinitely great; chemistry is the science of infinitely little. The chemist wants to know what things are made of and, in order to find this out, he has to push his work to the smallest particles of matter. Then he comes face to face with facts that lead him to the belief that the smallest particles he can weigh by the aid of the most delicate balance, and the smallest particles he can see with the aid of the most powerful microscope, are immense as compared with those of which he has good reason to believe the various kinds of matter to be made up. It is for this reason that I say that chemistry is the science of the infinitely little.

Thus I have tried to show what science is and what it is not.

THREE PERIODS OF PROGRESS

Edwin E. Slosson

The story of *Robinson Crusoe*¹ is an allegory of human history. Man is a cast-away upon a desert planet, isolated from other inhabited worlds—if there be any such—by millions of miles of untraversable space. He is absolutely dependent upon his own exertions, for this world of his, as *Wells*² says, has no imports except meteorites and no exports of any kind. Man has no wrecked ship from a former civilization to draw upon for tools and weapons, but must utilize as best he may such raw materials as he can find. In this conquest of nature by man there are three stages distinguishable:

1. The Appropriative Period
2. The Adaptive Period
3. The Creative Period

These eras overlap, and the human race, or rather its vanguard, civilized man, may be passing into the third stage in one field of human endeavor while still lingering in the second or first in some other respect. But in any particular line this sequence is followed. The primitive man picks up whatever he can find available for his use. His successor in the next stage of culture shapes and develops this crude instrument until it becomes more suitable for his purpose. But in the course of time man often finds that he can make something new which is better than anything in nature or naturally produced. The savage discovers. The barbarian improves. The civilized man invents. The first finds. The second fashions. The third fabricates.

The primitive man was a *troglo-dyte*.³ He sought shelter in any cave or crevice that he could find. Later he dug it out to make it more roomy and piled up stones at the entrance to keep out the wild beasts. This artificial barricade, this false façade, was gradually extended and solidified until finally man could build a cave for himself anywhere in the open field from stones he quarried out of the hill. But man was not content with such materials and now puts up a building which may be composed of steel, brick, terra-cotta, glass, concrete and plaster, none of which materials are to be found in nature.

The untutored savage might cross a stream astride a floating tree trunk. By and by it occurred to him to sit inside the log instead of on it, so he hollowed it out with fire or flint. Later, much later, he constructed an ocean liner.

Cain,⁴ or whoever it was first slew his brother man, made use of a stone or stick. Afterward it was found a better weapon could be made by tying the stone to the end of the stick, and as murder developed into a fine art the stick was converted into the bow and this into the catapult and finally into the cannon, while the stone was developed into the high explosive projectile.

The first music to soothe the savage breast was the sougling of the wind through the trees. Then strings were stretched across a crevice for the wind to play upon and there was the *Æolian harp*.⁵ The second stage was entered when *Hermes*⁶ strung the tortoise shell and plucked it with his fingers and when *Athena*,⁷ raising the wind from her own lungs, forced it through a hollow reed. From these beginnings we have the organ and the orchestra, producing such sounds as nothing in nature can equal.

The first idol was doubtless a meteorite fallen from heaven or a *fulgurite*⁸ or *concretion*⁹ picked up from the sand, bearing some slight resemblance

to a human being. Later man made gods in his own image, and so sculpture and painting grew until now the creations of futuristic art could be worshipped—if one wanted to—without violation of *the second commandment*,¹⁰ for they are not the likeness of anything that is in heaven above or that is in the earth beneath or that is in the waters under the earth.

In the textile industry the same development is observable. The primitive man used the skins of animals he had slain to protect his own skin. In the course of time he—or more probably his wife, for it is to the women rather than to the men that we owe the early steps in the arts and sciences—fastened leaves together or pounded out bark to make garments. Later fibers were plucked from the sheepskin, the cocoon and the cotton-ball, twisted together and woven into cloth. Nowadays it is possible to make a complete suit of clothes, from hat to shoes, of any desirable texture, form and color, and not include any substance to be found in nature. The first metals available were those found free in nature such as gold and copper. In a later age it was found possible to extract iron from its ores and to-day we have artificial alloys made of multifarious combinations of rare metals. The medicine man dosed his patients with decoctions of such roots and herbs as had a bad taste or queer look. The pharmacist discovered how to extract from these their medicinal principle such as morphine, quinine and cocaine, and the creative chemist has discovered how to make innumerable drugs adapted to specific diseases and individual idiosyncrasies.

In the later or creative stages we enter the domain of chemistry, for it is the chemist alone who possesses the power of reducing a substance to its constituent atoms and from them producing substances entirely new. But the chemist has been slow to realize his unique power and the world has

been still slower to utilize his invaluable services. Until recently indeed the leaders of chemical science expressly disclaimed what should have been their proudest boast. The French chemist *Lavoisier*¹¹ in 1793 defined chemistry as "the science of analysis." The German chemist *Gerhardt*¹² in 1844 said: "I have demonstrated that the chemist works in opposition to living nature, that he burns, destroys, analyzes, that the vital force alone operates by synthesis, that it reconstructs the edifice torn down by the chemical forces."

It is quite true that chemists up to the middle of the last century were so absorbed in the destructive side of their science that they were blind to the constructive side of it. In this respect they were less prescient than their contemned predecessors, the *alchemist*,¹³ who, foolish and pretentious as they were, aspired at least to the formation of something new.

It was, I think, the French chemist *Berthelot*,¹⁴ who first clearly perceived the double aspect of chemistry, for he defined it as "the science of analysis and synthesis," of taking apart and of putting together. The motto of chemistry, as of all the empirical sciences, is *savoir c'est pouvoir*,¹⁵ to know in order to do. This is the pragmatic test of all useful knowledge.

Since Berthelot's time, that is, within the last fifty years, chemistry has won its chief triumphs in the field of synthesis. Organic chemistry, that is, the chemistry of the carbon compounds, so called because it was formerly assumed, as Gerhardt says, that they could only be formed by "vital force" of organized plants and animals, has taken a development far overshadowing inorganic chemistry, or the chemistry of mineral substances. Chemists have prepared or know how to prepare hundreds of thousands of such "organic compounds," few of which occur in the natural world.

We cannot, in a general and abstract fashion,

say which is superior, art or nature, because it all depends on the point of view. The worm loves a rotten log into which he can bore. Man prefers a steel cabinet into which the worm cannot bore. If man cannot improve upon nature he has no motive for making anything. Artificial products are therefore superior to natural products as measured by man's convenience, otherwise they would have no reason for existence.

Science and Christianity are at one in abhorring the natural man and calling upon the civilized man to fight and subdue him. The conquest of nature, not the imitation of nature, is the whole duty of man. *Metchnikoff*¹⁶ and *St. Paul*¹⁷ unite in criticizing the body we were born with. *St. Augustine*¹⁸ and *Huxley*¹⁹ are in agreement as to the eternal conflict between man and nature. In his *Romanes lecture*²⁰ on "Evolution and Ethics," Huxley said: "The ethical progress of society depends not on imitating the cosmic process, still less on running away from it, but on combating it," and again: "The history of civilization details the steps by which man has succeeded in building up an artificial world within the cosmos."

There speaks the true evolutionist, whose one desire is to get away from nature as fast and far as possible. Imitate Nature? Yes, when we cannot improve upon her. Admire Nature? Possibly, but be not blinded to her defects. Learn from Nature? We should sit humbly at her feet until we can stand erect and go our own way. Love Nature? Never! She is our treacherous and unsleeping foe, ever to be feared and watched and circumvented, for at any moment and in spite of all our vigilance she may wipe out the human race by famine, pestilence or earthquake and within a few centuries obliterate every trace of its achievement. The wild beasts that man has kept at bay for a few centuries will in the end invade his palaces: the moss will envelop

his walls and the lichen disrupt them. The clam may survive man by as many millennia as it preceded him. In the ultimate devolution of the world animal life will disappear before vegetable, the higher plants will be killed off before the lower, and finally the three kingdoms of nature will be reduced to one, the mineral. Civilized man, enthroned in his citadel and defended by all the forces of nature that he has brought under his control, is after all in the same situation as a savage, shivering in the darkness beside his fire, listening to the pad of predatory feet, the rustle of serpents and the cry of birds of prey; knowing that only the fire keeps his enemies off, but knowing too that every stick he lays on the fire lessens his fuel supply and hastens the inevitable time when the beasts of the jungle will make their fatal rush.

Chaos is the "natural" state of the universe. Cosmos is the rare and temporary exception. Of all the million spheres this is apparently the only one habitable and of this only a small part—the reader may draw the boundaries to suit himself—can be called civilized. Anarchy is the natural state of the human race. It prevailed exclusively all over the world up to some five thousand years ago, since which a few peoples have for a time succeeded in establishing a certain degree of peace and order. This, however, can be maintained only by strenuous and persistent efforts, for society tends naturally to sink into the chaos out of which it has arisen.

It is only by overcoming nature that man can rise. The sole salvation for the human race lies in the removal of the *primal curse*,²¹ the sentence of hard labor for life that was imposed on man as he left Paradise. Some folks are trying to elevate the laboring classes; some are trying to keep them down. The scientist has a more radical remedy; he wants to annihilate the laboring

classes by abolishing labor. There is no longer any need for human labor in the sense of personal toil, for the physical energy necessary to accomplish all kinds of work may be obtained from external sources and it can be directed and controlled without extreme exertion. Man's first effort in this direction was to throw part of his burden upon the horse and ox, or upon other men. But within the last century it has been discovered that neither human nor animal servitude is necessary to give man leisure for the higher life, for by means of the machine he can do the work of giants without exhaustion. But the introduction of machines, like every other step of human progress, met with the most violent opposition from those it was to benefit. "Smash 'em!" cried the workingman. "Smash 'em!" cried the poet. "Smash 'em!" cried the artist. "Smash 'em!" cried the magistrate. This opposition yet lingers and every new invention, especially in chemistry, is greeted with general distrust and often with legislative prohibition.

Man is the tool-using animal, and the machine, that is, the power-driven tool, is his peculiar achievement. It is purely a creation of the human mind. The wheel, its essential feature, does not exist in nature. The lever, with its to-and-fro motion, we find in the limbs of all animals, but the continuous and revolving lever, the wheel, cannot be formed of the bone and flesh. Man as a motive power is a poor thing. He can only convert three or four things. He can only convert three or four thousand calories of energy a day and he does that very inefficiently. But he can make an engine that will handle a hundred thousand times that, twice as efficiently and three times as long. In this way only can he get rid of pain and toil and gain the wealth he wants.

Gradually then he will substitute for the natural world an artificial world, molded to his

heart's desire. Man the Artifex will ultimately master Nature and reign supreme over his own creation until chaos shall come again. In the ancient drama it was *deus ex machina*²² that came in at the end to solve the problems of the play. It is to the same supernatural agency, the divinity in machinery, that we must look for the salvation of society. It is by means of applied science that the earth can be made habitable and a decent human life made possible. Creative evolution is at last becoming conscious.

RED-BLOODS AND MOLLYCODDLES

G. Lowes Dickinson

We have divided men into Red-bloods and Mollycoddles. "A Red-blood man" is a phrase which explains itself, "Mollycoddle" is its opposite. We have adopted it from a famous speech of Mr. Roosevelt,¹ and redeemed it—perverted it, if you will—to other uses. A few examples will make the notion clear. *Shakespeare's Henry V*² is a typical Red-blood; so was *Bismarck*³; so was *Palmerston*⁴; so is almost any business man. On the other hand, typical Mollycoddles were *Socrates*,⁵ *Voltaire*,⁶ and *Shelley*.⁷ The terms, you will observe, are comprehensive, and the types very broad. Generally speaking, men of action are Red-bloods. Not but what the Mollycoddle may act, and act efficiently. But, if so, he acts from principle, not from the instinct of action. The Red-blood, on the other hand, acts as the stone falls, and does indiscriminately anything that comes to hand. It is thus he that carries on the business of the world. He steps without reflection into the first place offered him and goes to work like a machine. The ideals and standards of his family, his class, his city, his country, and his age, he swallows as naturally as he swallows food and drink. He is therefore always "*in the swim*";⁸ and he is bound to "arrive," because he has set before himself the attainable. You will find him everywhere, in all the prominent positions. In a military age he is a soldier, in a commercial age a business man. He hates his enemies, and he may love his friends; but he does not require friends to love. A wife and children he does require, for the instinct to propagate the

race is as strong in him as all other instincts. His domestic life, however, is not always happy; for he can seldom understand his wife. This is part of his general incapacity to understand any point of view but his own. He is incapable of an idea and contemptuous of a principle. He is the *Samson*,⁹ the blind force, dearest to Nature of her children. He neither looks back nor looks ahead. He lives in present action. And when he can no longer act, he loses his reason for existence. The Red-blood is happiest if he dies in the prime of life; otherwise, he may easily end with suicide. For he has no inner life; and when his outer life fails, he can only fail with it. The instinct that animates him being dead, he dies, too. Nature, who has blown through him, blows elsewhere. His stops are dumb; he is dead wood on the shore.

The Mollycoddle, on the other hand, is all inner life. He may indeed act, as I said, but he acts, so to speak, by accident; just as the Red-blood may reflect, but reflects by accident. The Mollycoddle in action is the *Crank*¹⁰; it is he who accomplishes reforms; who abolished slavery, for example, and revolutionized prisons and lunatic asylums. Still, primarily, the Mollycoddle is a critic, not a man of action. He challenges all standards and all facts. If an institution is established, that is a reason why he will not accept it; if an idea is current, that is a reason why he should repudiate it. He questions everything, including life and the universe. And for that reason Nature hates him. On the Red-blood she heaps favors; she gives him a good digestion, a clear complexion, and sound nerves. But to the Mollycoddle she apportions dyspepsia and *black bile*.¹¹ In the universe and in society the Mollycoddle is "out of it" as inevitably as the Red-blood is "in it." At school, he is a "*smug*"¹² or a "*swat*,"¹² while the Red-blood is captain of *the Elven*.¹³ At college, he is an "intellectual," while the Red-blood is in the "best set."

In the world, he courts failure while the Red-blood achieves success. The Red-blood sees nothing; but the Mollycoddle sees through everything. The Red-blood joins societies; the Mollycoddle is a non-joiner. Individualist of individualists he can only stand alone, while the Red-blood requires the support of a crowd. The Mollycoddle engenders ideas, and the Red-blood exploits them. The Mollycoddle discovers, and the Red-blood invents. The whole structure of civilization rests on foundations laid by the Mollycoddles; but all the building is done by Red-bloods. The Red-blood despises the Mollycoddle; but, in the long run, he does what the Mollycoddle tells him. The Mollycoddle also despises the Red-blood, but he cannot do without him. Each thinks he is master of the other, and, in a sense, each is right. In his lifetime the Mollycoddle may be the slave of the Red-blood; but after his death, he is his master, though the Red-blood knows it not.

Nations, like men, may be classified roughly as Red-blood and Mollycoddle. To the latter class belong clearly the ancient Greeks, the Italians, the French, and probably the Russians; to the former the Romans, the Germans, and the English. But the Red-blood nation *par excellence*¹⁴ is the American; so that, in comparison with them, Europe as a whole might almost be called Mollycoddle. This characteristic of Americans is reflected in predominant physical type—the great jaw and chin, the huge teeth and predatory mouth, in their speech, where beauty and distinction are sacrificed to force; in their need to live and feel and act in masses. To be born a Mollycoddle in America is to be born to a hard fate. You must either emigrate or succumb. This, at least, hitherto has been the alternative practiced. Whether a Mollycoddle will ever be produced strong enough to breathe the American atmosphere and live, is a crucial question for the future. It is the question

whether America will ever be civilized. For civilization, you will have perceived, depends on a just balance of Red-bloods and Mollycoddles. Without the Red-blood there would be no life at all, no stuff, so to speak, for the Mollycoddle to work upon; without the Mollycoddle, the stuff would remain shapeless and chaotic. The Red-blood is the matter, the Mollycoddle the form; the Red-blood the dough, the Mollycoddle the yeast. On those two poles turns the orb of human society. And if, at this point, you choose to say that poles are points and have no dimensions, that strictly neither the Mollycoddle nor the Red-blood exist, and that real men contain elements of both mixed in different proportions, I have no quarrel with you except such as one has with the man who states the obvious. I am satisfied to have distinguished the ideal extremes between which the actual vibrates. The detailed application of the conception I must leave to more patient researchers.

One point more before I close. This Dichotomy, so far as I can see, applies only to man. Woman appears to be a kind of hybrid. Regarded as a creature of instinct, she resembles the Red-blood, and it is to him that she is first attracted. The hero of her youth is the athlete, the soldier, the successful man of business; and this predilection of hers accounts for much of human history, and in particular for the maintenance of the military spirit. On the other hand, as a creature capable of and craving sympathy, she has affinities with the Mollycoddle. This dual nature is the tragedy of her life. The Red-blood awakens her passion, but cannot satisfy it. He wins her by his virility, but cannot retain her by his perception. Hence the fact noted by a cynic, that it is the Mollycoddle who cuckolds the Red-blood. For the woman, married to the Red-blood, discovers too late that she is to him only a trophy, a scalp. He hangs

her up in the hall, and goes about his business. Then comes the Mollycoddle, divining all, possessing and offering all. And if the Red-blood is an American, and the Mollycoddle an European, then the situation is tense indeed. For the American Red-blood despises the woman in his heart as profoundly as he respects her in outer observance. He despises her because of the Mollycoddle he divines in her. Therefore he never understands her; and that is why European Mollycoddles carry off American women before the very eyes of the exasperated Red-blood. "Am I not clean?" he cries. "Am I not healthy? Am I not athletic and efficient?" He is, but it does not help him, except with young girls. He may win the body, but he cannot win the soul. Can it be true then that most women would like two husbands, one Red-blood, the other Mollycoddle, one to be the father of their children, the other to be the companion of their souls? Women alone can answer; and, for the first time in history, they are beginning to be articulate.

LAUGHTER

Sir E. Ray Lancaster

What is laughter? It is a spasmodic movement of various muscles of the body, beginning with those which half close the eyes and those which draw backwards and upwards the sides of the mouth, and open it so as to expose the teeth, next affecting those of respiration so as to produce short rapidly succeeding expirations accompanied by sound (called "guffaws" when in excess) and then extending to the limbs, causing up and down movement of the half-closed fists and stamping of the feet, and ending in a rolling on the ground and various contortions of the body. Clapping the hands is not part of the laughter "process," but a separate, often involuntary, action which has the calling of attention to one's self as its explanation, just as slapping the ground or a table or one's thighs has.

Laughter is spontaneous, that is to say, the movements are not designed or directed by the conscious will. But in mankind, in proportion as individuals are trained in self-control, it is more or less completely under command, and in spite of the most urgent tendency of the automatic mechanism to enter upon the progressive series of movements which we distinguish as (1) smile, (2) grin, (3) laugh, (4) laughter, (5) paroxysms of uncontrolled laughter, a man or woman can prevent all indication by muscular movement of a desire to laugh or even to smile. Usually laughter is excited by certain pleasurable emotions, and is to be regarded as an "expression" of such emotion just as certain movements and the flow of tears

are an "expression" of painful emotion of grief and physical suffering, and as other movements of the face and limbs are an "expression" of anger, others of fear. The Greek gods of *Olympus*' enjoyed "inextinguishable laughter."

Why do we laugh? What is the advantage to the individual or the species of "laughing"? Why do we express our pleasurable emotion and why in this way? It is said that the outcast diminutive race of *Ceylon*² known as the Vedas never laugh. A painter induced some of these people to camp in his "compound," in order to learn something of their habits, language, and beliefs. One day he said to the chief, "You Vedas never laugh. Why do you never laugh?" The little wild man replied, "It is true; we never laugh. What is there for us to laugh at?"—an answer almost terrible in its pathetic submission to a joyless life. For laughter is primary, to all races and conditions of men, the accompaniment, the expression, of simple joy of life. It has acquired a variety of relations and significations in the course of the long development of conscious man—but primarily it is an expression of emotion, set going by the experience of the elementary joys of life—the light and heat of the sun, the approach of food, of love, or triumph.

Before we look further into the matter it is well to note some exceptional cases of the causation of laughter. The first of these is the excitation of laughter by a purely mechanical "stimulus" or action from the exterior, without any corresponding mental emotion of joy—namely by "tickling," that is, by light rubbing or touching of the skin under the arms or at the side of the neck, or on the soles of the feet. It is probably one of those cases in which a mechanism of the living body is set to work, by directly causing the final movement, for the production of which a special train of apparatus is provided, and in ordinary

circumstances is the regular mode in which the working of the mechanism is started. The apparatus of laughter is, when due to "tickling" set at work by a short cut to the nerves and related muscles without recourse to the normal emotional *steam-cock*.³

Then we have laughter which is purely due to imitation and suggestion. People laugh because others are laughing, without knowing why. This throws a good deal of light on the significance of laughter. It is essentially a social appeal and response. Only in rare cases do people laugh when they are alone. Under conditions which in the presence of others would cause them to laugh, they only "chuckle" or smile, and may, though ready to burst into laughter, not even exhibit its minor expressions when alone. On the other hand, some people have the habit of laughing aloud when alone, and there is a recognized form of idiocy which is accompanied by incessant laughter, ceasing only with sleep. Then there is that peculiar condition of laughter which is called "giggling," which is laughter asserting itself in spite of efforts to restrain it, and frequently only because the occasion is one when the "giggler" is especially anxious not to laugh. This kind of "*inverted suggestion*"⁴ is obviously not primitive, but connected with the long training and drilling of mankind into approved "behavior" by "taboos" and restrictive injunctions. Efforts to behave correctly, by causing anxiety and mental disturbance in excitable or so-called "nervous" subjects, lead to an overmastering impulse to do the very thing which must not be done!

It seems that laughter has its origin far back in the animal ancestry of man, and is essentially an expression to others of the joy and exhilaration felt by the laugher. It is an appeal through the eye and ear for sympathy and comradeship in enjoyment. Its use to social animals is in the

binding together of the members of a group or society in common feeling and action. Many monkeys laugh, some of them grinning so as to show the teeth, partly opening the mouth and making sounds by spasmodic breathing, identical with those made by man. I have seen and heard the chimpanzees at the Zoological Gardens laugh like children at the approach of their friend and my friend, the distinguished naturalist, Mr. George Boulanger, *F. R. S.*,⁵ recognizing him among the crowd in front of their cage when he was still far off. And I have often made chimpanzees "roar with laughter," and roll over in excitement—by tickling them under the arms. Not only do the higher apes and some of the smaller monkeys laugh, but dogs also laugh, although they do not make sounds while indulging in "spasms of laughter." The hyena laughs, the dog grins and bounds, the child laughs and jumps for joy at the approach of something good to eat. But it is a curious fact that the whole attitude is changed when the food is within reach, and the serious business of consuming it has commenced! Nor, indeed, is the satisfaction which is felt after the gratification of appetite accompanied by laughter. It seems that the display of the teeth by drawing back the corners of the mouth, which is called a "grin," and is associated in many dogs with a short, sharp, demonstrative bark, and in mankind with the cackle we call a "laugh," is a retention, a survival, of the playful, good-natured movement of gently biting or pulling a companion with the teeth used by our animal ancestors to draw attention to their joy and to communicate it to others. Gradually it has lost the actual character of a friendly bite; the forefeet or hands pull instead of a friendly bite; the sound emitted has become further differentiated from other sounds made by the animal. But the movement for the display of the teeth, though no longer needed as a part of

the act of gripping, remains as an understood and universal indication of joy and kindly feeling.

There are many and strangely varied occasions when laughter seizes on man. There is, first of all, the laughter of revivification and escape from death or danger. After railway accidents, earthquakes, and such terrible occurrences, those who have been in danger often burst into laughter. The nervous balance has been upset by the shock, and the emotional joy of escape asserts itself in what appears to the onlooker an unseemly, an unfeeling laugh. The "ritual laugh" was enforced upon their victims by the *Sardinians*^e and others who brutally killed their old parents. They smiled and laughed as part of the ceremony, the executioners also smiling. The old people were supposed to laugh with joy at the revivification which was in store for them in a future state. So, too, the Hindu widows used to laugh when seated on the funeral pyre ready to be burned.

More difficult to explain is the laughter excited by scenes or narrations which we call ludicrous, funny, grotesque, comic; and still more so the derisive and contemptuous laugh. Caricature or burlesque of well-known men is a favorable method of producing laughter among savages as well as civilized peoples. Why do we laugh when a man on the stage searches everywhere for his hat, which is all the time on his head? Why do we laugh when a pompous gentleman slips on a piece of orange peel and falls to the ground, or when one buffoon unexpectedly hits another on the head, and, before he has time to recover, with equal unexpectedness shocks his leg with a stick and brings him heavily to the ground? In all these "ludicrous" affairs there is an element of surprise, a slight shock which puts us off our mental balance, and the subsequent laughter. When we realize either that no serious harm has been done or that the whole thing is make-believe,

it seems to partake of the character of the "laugh of escape." It is caused by a sense of relief when we recognize that the disaster is not real. We laugh at the "unreal" when we should be filled with horror and grief were we assured that there was real pain and cruelty going on in front of us. The laughter caused by grotesque mimicry or caricature of pompous or solemn individuals seems to arise from the same (more or less unconscious) working of the mind as that caused by some unexpected neglect of those social "taboos" or laws of behavior which we call modesty, decency, and propriety. They either cause indignation and resentment in the onlooker at the neglect of respect for the taboo, or, on the contrary, the natural man, long oppressed by pomposity or by the fetters of propriety imposed by society, suddenly feels a joyous sense of escape from his bonds, and bursts into laughter—the laughter of a return to vitality and nature—which is enormously encouraged and developed into "roars of merriment" by the sympathy of others around him who are experiencing the same emotion and expressing it in the same way.

The laugh of derision and contempt and the laugh of exultation and triumph are either genuine or pretended assertions of joy in one's own superior vitality or other superiority. The "sardonic smile" has been supposed by some to refer to the smiles of the ancient Sardinians when stoning their aged parents. But it has no more to do with Sardinians than it has with sardines or sardonyx. The word "sardonic" is related to a Greek term which means "to snarl," and a sardonic grin is merely a snarl. In it the teeth are shown with malicious intent, and not as they are in the benevolent appeal of true laughter.

METHODS OF INDUCTION

William S. Jevons

Induction consists in inferring from particulars to generals, or detecting a general truth among its particular occurrences. But in physical science the truths to be discovered generally relate to the connection of cause and effect, and we usually call them laws of causation or natural laws. By the cause of an event we mean the circumstances which must have preceded in order that the event should happen. Nor is it generally possible to say that an event has one single cause and no more. There are usually many different things, conditions, or circumstances necessary to the production of an effect, and all of them must be considered causes or necessary parts of the cause. Thus the cause of the loud explosion in a gun is not simply the pulling of the trigger, which is only the last apparent cause or occasion of the explosion; the qualities of the powder; the proper form of the barrel; the existence of some resisting charge; the proper arrangement of the percussion cap and powder; the existence of a surrounding atmosphere, are among the circumstances necessary to the loud report of a gun: any of them being absent it would not have occurred.

The cause of the boiling of water again is not merely the application of heat up to a certain degree of temperature, but the possibility also of the escape of the vapor when it acquires a certain pressure. The freezing of water similarly does not depend merely upon the withdrawal of heat below the temperature of 0° Centigrade. It is the work of Induction then to detect those circumstances which uniformly will produce any given

effect; and as soon as these circumstances become known, we have a law or uniformity of nature of greater or less generality.

The first method of Induction is that which Mr. *Mill* has aptly called the Method of Agreement. It depends upon the rule that "If two or more instances of the phenomenon under investigation have only one circumstance in common, the circumstance in which alone all the instances agree, is the cause (or effect) of the given phenomenon." The meaning of this First Canon of inductive inquiry might, I think, be more briefly expressed by saying that *the sole invariable antecedent of a phenomenon is probably its cause.*

To apply this method we must collect as many instances of the phenomenon as possible, and compare together their antecedents. Among these the causes will lie, but if we notice that certain antecedents are present or absent without appearing to effect the result, we conclude that they cannot be necessary antecedents. Hence it is the one antecedent or group of antecedents always present, when the effect follows, that we consider the cause. For example, bright prismatic colors are seen on bubbles, on films of tar floating upon water, on thin plates of mica, as also on cracks in glass, or between two pieces of glass pressed together. On examining all such cases they seem to agree in nothing but the presence of a very thin layer or plate, and it appears to make no appreciable difference of what kind of matter, solid, liquid, or gaseous, the plate is made of. Hence we conclude that such colors are caused merely by the thinness of the plates, and this conclusion is proved true by the theory of the interference of light. Sir *David Brewster*² beautifully proved in a similar way that the colors seen upon mother-of-pearl are not caused by the nature of the substance, but by the form of the surface. He took impressions of the mother-of-pearl in wax, and found that although

the substance was entirely different the colors were exactly the same. And it was afterwards found that if a plate of metal had a surface marked by very fine close grooves, it would have iridescent colors like those of mother-of-pearl. Hence it is evident that the form of the surface, which is the only invariable antecedent or condition requisite for the production of the colors, must be their cause.

The method of agreement is subject to a serious difficulty, called by Mr. Mill the Plurality of Causes, consisting in the fact that the same effect may in different instances be owing to different causes. Thus if we inquire accurately into the cause of heat we find that it is produced by friction, by burning or combustion, by electricity, by pressure, etc.; so that it does not follow that if there happened to be one and the same thing present in all the cases we examined this would be the cause. The second method of induction which we will now consider is free from this difficulty, and is known as the Method of Difference. It is stated in Mr. Mill's Second Canon as follows:

"If an instance in which the phenomenon under investigation occurs, and an instance in which it does not occur, have every circumstance in common save one, that one occurring only in the former; the circumstance in which alone the two instances differ, is the effect, or the cause, or an indispensable part of the cause, of the phenomenon."

In other words, we may say that the antecedent which is invariably present when the phenomenon follows, and invariably absent when it is absent, other circumstances remaining the same, is the cause of the phenomenon in these circumstances.

Thus we can clearly prove that friction is *one* cause of heat, because when two sticks are rubbed together they become heated; when not rubbed

they do not become heated. Sir Humphry Davy^o showed that even two pieces of ice when rubbed together in a vacuum produce heat, as shown by their melting, and thus completely demonstrated that the friction is the source and cause of the heat. We prove that air is the cause of sound being communicated to our ears by striking a bell in the receiver of an air-pump, as Hawksbee^e first did in 1705, and then observing that when the receiver is full of air we hear the bell; when it contains little or no air we do not hear the bell. We learn that sodium or any of its compounds produces a spectrum having a bright yellow double line by noticing that there is no such line in the spectrum of light when sodium is not present, but that if the smallest quantity of sodium be thrown into the flame or other source of light, the bright yellow line instantly appears. Oxygen is the cause of respiration and life, because if an animal be put into a jar full of atmospheric air, from which the oxygen has been withdrawn, it soon becomes suffocated.

This is essentially the great method of experiment, and its utility mainly depends upon the precaution of only *varying one circumstance at a time, all other circumstances being maintained just as they were*. This is expressed in one of the rules for conducting experiments given by Thomson^o and Tait^o in their great treatise on *Natural Philosophy*, Vol. I, p. 307, as follows:

“In all cases when a particular agent or cause is to be studied, experiments should be arranged in such a way as to lead if possible to results depending on it alone; or, if this cannot be done, they should be arranged so as to increase the effects due to the cause to be studied till these so far exceed the unavoidable concomitants, that the latter may be considered as only disturbing, not essentially modifying the effects of the principal agent.”

It would be an imperfect and unsatisfactory experiment to take air of which the oxygen has been converted into carbonic acid by the burning of carbon, and argue that, because an animal dies in such air, oxygen is the cause of respiration. Instead of merely withdrawing the oxygen we have a new substance, carbonic acid, present, which is quite capable of killing the animal by its own poisonous properties. The animal in fact would be suffocated even when a considerable proportion of oxygen remained, so that the presence of the carbonic acid is a disturbing circumstance which confuses and vitiates the experiment.

It is possible to prove the existence, and even to measure the amount of the force of gravity, by delicately suspending a small ball about the size of a marble and then suddenly bringing a very heavy leaden ball weighing a ton or more close to it. The small ball will be attracted and set in motion; but the experiment would not be of the least value unless performed with the utmost precaution. It is obvious that the sudden motion of the large leaden ball would disturb the air, shake the room, pause currents in the air by its coldness or warmth, and even occasion electric attractions or repulsions; and these would probably disturb the small ball far more than the force of gravitation.

Beautiful instances of experiment according to this method are to be found, as Sir *John Herschel*⁷ has pointed out, in the researches by which *Dr. Wells*⁸ discovered the cause of dew. If on a clear calm night a sheet or other covering be stretched one foot or two above the earth, so as to screen the ground below from the open sky, dew will be found on the grass around the screen but not beneath it. As the temperature and moistness of the air, and other circumstances, are exactly the same, the open sky must be an indispensable antecedent to dew. The same experiment is indeed

tried for us by nature, for if we make observations of dew during two nights which differ in nothing but the absence of clouds in one and their presence in the other, we shall find that the clear open sky is requisite to the formation of dew.

It may often happen that we cannot apply the method of difference perfectly by varying only one circumstance at a time. Thus we cannot, generally speaking, try the qualities of the same substance in the solid and liquid condition without any other change of circumstances, because it is necessary to alter the temperature of the substance in order to liquefy or solidify it. The temperature might thus be the cause of what we attribute to the liquid or solid condition. Under such circumstances we have to resort to what Mr. Mill calls the joint method of agreement and difference, which consists in a double application of the method of agreement, first to a number of instances where an effect is produced, and secondly, to a number of quite different instances where the effect is not produced. It is clearly to be understood, however, that the negative instances differ in several circumstances from the positive ones; for if they differed only in one circumstance we might apply the simple method of difference. Iceland spar, for instance, has a curious power of rendering things seen through it apparently double. This phenomenon, called Double Refraction, also belongs to many other crystals; and we might at once prove it to be due to crystalline structure could we obtain any transparent substance crystallized and uncrystallized, but subject to no other alteration. We have, however, a pretty satisfactory proof by observing that uniform transparent uncrystallized substances agree in not possessing double refraction, and that crystalline substances, on the other hand, with certain exceptions which are easily explained, agree in possessing the power in question. The principle of the joint method

may be stated in the following rule, which is Mr. Mill's Third Canon:

“If two or more instances in which the phenomenon occurs have only one circumstance in common, while two or more instances in which it does not occur have nothing in common save the absence of that circumstance; the circumstance in which alone the two sets of instances (always or invariably) differ, is the effect, or the cause or an indispensable part of the cause, of the phenomenon.”

THE SCOPE OF POLITICAL THEORY

Francis W. Colker

Every community—however remote from the center of civilization its habitat may be and however primitive its culture—is organized politically—in however rudimentary form. Moreover, in all regions to-day allegiance to the political organization of the community is normally all-inclusive and compulsive. Each individual, whether he likes it or not, is a member of some state. He may in some case—partly, at least, at his discretion—terminate membership in one state, but only by acquiring it in another. He may by his conduct forfeit some of the privileges of citizenship; but his citizenship remains. He may manifest very little interest in the business of his state; but he remains, none the less, on the one hand a beneficiary of its services and on the other hand subject to definite, formal modifications of his conduct and social relationships as a consequence of the power which the state exercises. The state is *sui generis*' in these respects. No other social organization is so universal and so comprehensive in its membership.

The state is as old as recorded history; and political theory is as old as the state. It is sometimes said that systematic political theory appeared first among the Greeks of about the fifth century B. C. This is true in one sense: in writings available to us from periods previous to that time, we find little explicit discussion of what we now regard as the major questions of political theory. So we make the rough generalization that ancient Oriental writers were not given to

systematic reflection on political questions; we say that they were inclined to accept the political arrangements of their time as sufficiently sanctioned by religion or tradition, that their theoretical writings were generally concerned only with such metaphysical subjects as the nature of reality or the soul of man, or that their political discussions related only to questions concerning the general virtues and vices of rulers and subjects. But some sort of political theory has existed even among the most primitive peoples, as well as among the despots of the most ancient civilization. The formulas *sic volo jubeo*² or *Deus vult*³ have never been adequate, either theoretically or practically, as explanations of the prerogatives claimed by political rulers. The wielders of power always have to give some general justification of the demands they make upon the loyalty and obedience of their subjects.

The universality and permanence of political authority would seem to create a presumption that the state satisfies some unique and constant needs of men. Some have denied this. Since the earliest times of political speculation, there have been men who have denied the social and moral legitimacy of political authority. This doctrine we call anarchism; and it has had devoted and intelligent exponents both in antiquity and in modern times — writers who have ably expressed their faith that man's naturally rational and social impulses constitute, when they are not distorted by artificial encroachments of organized coercive authority, the surest guarantee we can have for a just and peaceful social life.

The doctrine of anarchism, however, has never had numerous adherents. In all ages the great majority of political writers have accepted the state as an indispensable institution of social life; but there has never been agreement among them as to just what are the benefits we may properly

expect to derive from political organization or as to the proper place to draw the line between governmental control and individual freedom. Some writers have associated political action with the baser or weaker sides of human nature, assigning to the state a relatively undignified place in society and attempting to accommodate its structure and action to man's defects rather than to his virtues: the fifth century Church Father, St. Augustine, held that the state was made necessary only by the sins of man; and the eighteenth century Anglo-Saxon rationalist, *Thomas Paine*,⁴ argued that government is "produced by our weakness" and "even in its best state is but a necessary evil." Others in various ages have greatly exalted the position and functions of the state: *Greek philosophers*⁵ of the fourth and third centuries B.C. believed that the state contributed, in greater degree than any other social institution, to the realization of the finer and nobler capacities of man; early nineteenth century German philosophers also glorified political institutions, *Hegel*⁶ characterizing the state as "the advance of God in the world"; and we shall find contemporary instances of a similar exaltation of political authority.

There have been wide varieties of opinion not only as to the part we should expect political action to play in the life of man, but also as to how the state should be organized and as to the kinds and degrees of authority it must be accorded in order that it may play that part effectively and equitably. Why do we have the state? What are the things that it can do better than individuals acting alone, or than other, smaller, social groups which individuals enter and leave more spontaneously and informally? What spheres of individual or social life is it incompetent to enter? Who should control political life? What relation should the state, in its organization and activity, bear to the ideas and sentiments of the people or to the economic structure

of the community? When political government and its forms and activities are studied not simply as facts to be described and compared, or judged in reference to their immediate and temporary effects, but as facts to be understood and appraised in relation to the constant needs, desires, and opinions of men — then we have political theory.

Political theory has not flourished equally or in the same forms in all ages. The practical social problems which the scholars of a particular age seek to solve, in terms of relatively general and permanent truths, are set mainly by the peculiar experiences of that age; the form and content of their solutions are influenced both by those experience and by the general intellectual temper of the times. In the vigorous cultural and political life of the Greek city-states of the fifth and fourth centuries B. C., great philosophers elaborately explored political questions that we still consider to be of basic significance and in categories that we still widely accept. With the disappearance of the independent Greek states under Roman domination, reflective interests of writers centered more generally on the individual rather than government. Both *Stoic and Epicurean philosophers*⁷ of that age argued that if man were only persuaded to live in obedience to the good reason, sense of justice, and broad human sympathy, or intelligent self-interest, with which Nature had endowed him, then the forms of his political relations would be of relatively little importance to him. Jurists and essayists of the Roman Republic and Empire supplied valuable expositions of the logical and practical phases of their systems of law and administration; in their more philosophical writings on political questions, however, they copied in the main the speculations of the Greeks. Throughout most of the Middle Ages the state (as we use the term) played a smaller part than other social institutions — e. g., the *Church*⁸ and *organized vocational*

groups^o—in controlling man's social relations; and prior to the twelfth century there was little in the way of philosophical inquiry into political matters. Frequently in this period debates arose out of conflicting claims by temporal and ecclesiastical rulers; but the argument was generally in the form of an appeal to authority—the Bible, the Pope, the Church Fathers—or to precedents accepted by both sides but in conflicting interpretations. With the reinvigoration of practical life and *revival of general humanistic interests*^o in the later Middle Ages, there reappeared a broader, somewhat more rationalistic, and in some respects more empirical, discussion of the nature of political organization and action, and this has continued constantly during the seven succeeding centuries.

Our political reasoning to-day has certain roots that connect it peculiarly with the latter half of the eighteenth century. In the first place, a "scientific" attitude towards social institutions took somewhat definite form at that time. Under the influence of the great progress in the natural sciences, philosophers maintained that natural laws of human society could be discovered by intelligent men, not mainly by an introspective analysis of the human mind, but by systematic observation of the ways in which men live and act in actual societies. Secondly, the wide extension of man's control over physical nature, made possible by the great mechanical inventions of that era, gave impetus to the idea that man could in large measure control also the forms and activities of his institutional life by intelligently applying the permanent social laws to immediate social problems. Thirdly, the mechanical inventions brought on changes in the economic structure of society which have influenced all later political theorizing. A new industrial "middle class" appeared, and with its strengthening economic position in society it soon successfully asserted its claims to political power.

so that an increasing number of citizens were actually participating in political discussion. The industrial revolution also—massing large bodies of wage-workers into cities and placing peculiar difficulties in the way of healthy, comfortable, and orderly living conditions—precipitated, on the one hand, new problems for the new middle-class democracy to solve, and, on the other hand, led in time to efforts by the workingmen themselves to obtain their share of self-government, within or without the political structure of society. Finally, still another intellectual attitude of the eighteenth century has influenced the course of later political theory. "*Romanticism*" entered into the scientific and practical rationalism of that age, partly tempering and partly confirming it. Philosophers pictured an ideal order of society and manifested their clear faith in the power of man's conscious endeavors, inspired by his spiritual vision but guided by his reason, to move steadily towards a political goal satisfying the noblest aspirations of normal men. These eighteenth-century "revolutions" — rational, mechanical, political, and romantic — determine the problems as well as the form and content of much of our contemporary social theory.

A LETTER TO HIS SON

Lord Chesterfield

. . . People will, in a great degree, and not without reason, form their opinion of you upon that which they have of your friends; and there is a Spanish proverb which says very justly, "Tell me whom you live with, and I will tell you who you are." One may fairly suppose that a man who makes a knave or a fool his friend has something very bad to do or to conceal. But, at the same time that you carefully decline the friendship of knaves and fools, if it can be called friendship, there is no occasion to make either of them your enemies, wantonly and unprovoked; for they are numerous bodies, and I would rather choose a secure neutrality, than alliance, or war, with either of them. You may be a declared enemy to their vices and follies, without being marked out by them as a personal one. Their enmity is the next dangerous thing to their friendship. Have a real reserve with almost everybody, and have a seeming reserve with almost nobody; for it is very disagreeable to seem reserved, and very dangerous not to be so. Few people find the true medium; many are ridiculously mysterious and reserved upon trifles, and many imprudently communicative of all they know.

The next thing to the choice of your friends is the choice of your company. Endeavor, as much as you can, to keep company with people above you. There you rise, as much as you sink with people below you; for (as I have mentioned before) you are whatever the company you keep is. Do not mistake, when I say company above

you, and think that I mean with regard to their birth, that is the least consideration; but I mean with regard to their merit, and the light in which the world considers them.

There are two sorts of good company: one, which is called the *beau monde*,¹ and consists of those people who have the lead in courts and in the gay part of life; the other consists of those who are distinguished by some peculiar merit, or who excel in some particular and valuable art or science. For my own part, I used to think myself in company as much above me, when I was with Mr. Addison and *Mr. Pope*² as if I had been with all the princes in Europe. . . .

You may possibly ask me whether a man has it always in his power to get into the best company? and how? I say, yes, he has, by deserving it; provided he is but in circumstances which enable him to appear upon the footing of a gentleman. Merit and good breeding will make their way everywhere. Knowledge will introduce him; and good breeding will endear him, to the best companies; for, as I have often told you, politeness and good breeding are absolutely necessary to adorn any or all other good qualities or talents. Without them no knowledge, no perfection whatsoever, is seen in its best light. The scholar, without good breeding, is a pedant; the philosopher a cynic; the soldier a brute; and every man disagreeable. . . .

A LETTER TO HIS SON

William Hazlitt

My dear Little Fellow:—You are not going to settle at school, and may consider this as your first entrance into the world. As my health is so indifferent, and I may not be with you long, I wish to leave you some advice (the best I can) for your conduct in life, both that it may be of use to you, and as something to remember me by. I may at least be able to caution you against my own errors, if nothing else.

As we went along to your new place of destination, you often repeated that “You durst say they were a set of stupid, disagreeable people,” meaning the people at the school. You were to blame for this. It is good old rule to hope for the best. Always, my dear, believe things to be right, till you find them to the contrary; and even then, instead of irritating yourself against them, endeavor to put up with them as well as you can, if you cannot alter them. You said you were sure you would not like the school where you were going. This was wrong. What you meant was that you did not like to leave home. But you could not tell whether you would like the school or not, till you had given it a trial. Otherwise, your saying that you should not like it was determining that you would not like it. Never anticipate evils; or because you cannot have things exactly as you wish, make them out worse than they are, through mere spite and willfulness.

You seemed at first to take no notice of your school-fellows or rather to set yourself against them, because they were strangers to you. They

knew as little of you as you did of them; so that this would have been a reason for their keeping aloof from you as well, which you would have felt as a hardship. Learn never to conceive a prejudice against others, because you know nothing of them. It is bad reasoning, and makes enemies of half the world. Do not think ill of them, till they behave ill to you; and then strive to avoid the faults which you see in them. This will disarm their hostility sooner than pique or resentment or complaint.

I thought you were disposed to criticize the dress of some of the boys as not so good as your own. Never despise anyone for anything that he cannot help — least of all, for his poverty. I would wish you to keep up appearances as a defense against the idle sneers of the world, but I would not have you value yourself upon them. I hope you will neither be the dupe nor victim of vulgar prejudices. Instead of saying above — “Never despise anyone for anything that he cannot help” — I might have said, “Never despise anyone at all”; for contempt implies a triumph over and pleasure in the ill of another. It means that you are glad and congratulate yourself on their failings or misfortunes. The sense of inferiority in others, without this indirect appeal to our self-love, is a painful feeling, and not an exulting one.

You complain since, that the boys laugh at you and do not care about you, and that you are not treated as you were at home. My dear, that is one of the chief reasons for your being sent to school, to inure you betimes to the unavoidable rubs and uncertain reception you may meet with in life. You cannot always be with me, and perhaps it is as well that you cannot. But you must not expect others to show the same concern about you as I should. You have hitherto been a spoiled child, and have been used to have your own way a good deal, both in the house and among your

play-fellows, with whom you were fond of being a leader; but you have good nature and good sense, and will get the better of this in time. You have not got among the boys who are your equals, or bigger and stronger than yourself, and who have something else to attend to besides honoring your whims and fancies; and you feel this as a repulse or piece of injustice. But the first lesson to learn is that there are other people in the world beside yourself. There are a number of boys in the school where you are, whose amusements and pursuits (whatever they may be) are and ought to be of as much consequence to them as yours can be to you, and to which therefore you must give way in your turn. The more airs of childish self-importance you give yourself, you will only expose yourself to be the more thwarted and laughed at. True equality is the only true morality or true wisdom. Remember always that you are but one among others, and you can hardly mistake your place in society. In your father's house, you might do as you pleased; in the world, you will find competitors at every turn. You are not born a king's son to destroy or dictate to millions; you can only expect to share their fate, or settle your differences amicably with them. You already find it so at school; and I wish you to be reconciled to your situation as soon and with as little pain as you can.

It was my misfortune perhaps to be bred up among *Dissenters*,¹ who look with too jaundiced an eye at others, and set too high a value on their own peculiar pretensions. From being proscribed themselves, they learn to proscribe others; and come in the end to reduce all integrity of principle and soundness of opinion within the pale of their own little communion. Those who were out of it and did not belong to the class of Rational Dissenters, I was led erroneously to look upon as hardly deserving the name of rational beings. Being thus

satisfied as to the select few who are "the salt of the earth."² it is easy to persuade ourselves that we are at the head of them, and to fancy ourselves of more importance in the scale of true desert than all the rest of the world put together, who do not interpret a certain text of Scripture in the manner that we have been taught to do. You will (from the difference of education) be free from this bigotry, and will, I hope, avoid everything 'akin to the same exclusive and narrow-minded spirit. Think that the minds of men are various as their faces — that the modes and employments of life are numberless as they are necessary — that there is more than one class of merit — that though others may be wrong in some things, they are not so in all — and that countless races of men have been born, have lived and died without even hearing of anyone of those points in which you take a just pride and pleasure — and you will not err on the side of that spiritual pride or intellectual coxcombry which has been so often the bane of the studious and learned.

3 I observe you have got a way of speaking of your school-fellows as "that Hoare, that Harris," and so on, as if you meant to mark them out for particular reprobation, or did not think them good enough for you. It is a bad habit to speak disrespectfully of others; for it will lead you to think and feel uncharitably towards them. Ill names beget ill blood. Even where there may be some repeated trifling provocation, it is better to be courteous, mild, and forbearing, than captious, impatient, and fretful. The faults of others too often arise out of our own ill-temper; or though they should be real, we shall not mend them, by exasperating ourselves against them. Treat your playmates, as *Hamlet* advises *Polonius* to treat the *players*,³ "according to your own dignity rather than their deserts." If you fly out at everything in them that you disapprove or think done on purpose

to annoy you, you lie constantly at the mercy of their caprice, rudeness, or ill-nature. You should be more your own master.

Do not begin to quarrel with the world too soon: for, bad as it may be, it is the best we have to live in here. If railing would have made it better, it would have been reformed long ago; but as this is not to be hoped for at the present, the best way is to slide through it as contentedly and innocently as we may. The worst fault it has, is want of charity; and calling knave and fool at every turn will not cure this failing. Consider (as a matter of vanity) that if there were not so many knaves and fools as we find, the wise and honest would not be those rare and shining characters that they are allowed to be; and (as a matter of philosophy) that if the world be really incorrigible in this respect, it is a reflection to make one sad, not angry. We may laugh or weep at the madness of mankind; we have no right to vilify them, for our own sakes or theirs. Misanthropy is not the disgust of the mind at human nature, but with itself; or it is laying its own exaggerated vices and foul blots at the door of others!

Do not, however, mistake what I have here said. I would not have you, when you grow up, adopt the low and sordid fashion of palliating existing abuses or of putting the best face upon the worst things. I only mean that indiscriminate, unqualified satire can do little good, and that those who indulge in the most revolting speculations on human nature, do not themselves always set the fairest examples, or strive to prevent its lower degradation. They seem rather willing to reduce it to their theoretical standard. For the rest, the very outcry that it made (if sincere) shown that things cannot be as bad as they are represented. The abstract hatred and scorn of vice implies the capacity for virtue: the impatience expressed at the most striking instances of deformity prove the

innate idea and love of beauty in the human mind. The best antidote I can recommend to you hereafter against the disheartening effect of such writing as those of *Rochejacault*,⁴ *Mandeville*,⁵ and others, will be to look at the pictures of *Raphael*⁶ and *Correggio*.⁷ You need not be altogether ashamed, my dear little boy, of belonging to a species which could produce such faces as those; nor despair of doing something worthy of a laudable ambition, when you see what such hands have wrought! You will, perhaps, one day have reason to thank me for this advice.

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I would not have you, from not knowing how to enter a room properly, stumble at the very threshold in the good graces of those on whom it is possible the fate of your future life may depend. Nothing creates a greater prejudice against anyone than awkwardness. A person who is confused in manner and gesture seems to have done something wrong, or as if he was conscious of one qualification to build a confidence in himself upon. On the other hand, openness, freedom, self-possession, set others at ease with you by showing you are on good terms with yourself. Grace in women gains the affections sooner, and secures them longer, than anything else—it is an outward and visible sign of an inward harmony of soul—as the want of it in men, as if the mind and body equally hitched in difficulties and were distracted with doubts, is the greatest impediment in the career of gallantry and road to the female heart.

Another thing I would caution you against is not to pore over your books till you are bent almost double—a habit you will never be able to get the better of, and which you will find of serious ill consequence. A stoop in the shoulders sinks a man in public and in private estimation. You

are at present straight enough, and you walk with boldness and spirit. Do nothing to take away the use of your limbs, or the spring and elasticity of your muscles. As to all worldly advantages, it is to the full of as much importance that your deportments should be erect and manly as your actions.

You will naturally find out all this and fall into it, if your attention is drawn out sufficiently to what is passing around you; and this will be the case, unless you are absorbed too much in books and those sedantary studies, "which waste the marrow, and consume the brain."

You are, I think, too fond of reading as it is. As one means of avoiding excess in this way, I would wish you to make it a rule, never to read at meal-times, nor in company when there is any (even the most trifle) conversation going on, nor ever to let your eagerness to learn encroach upon your play-hours. Books are but one inlet of knowledge; and the pores of the mind, like those of the body, should be left open to all impressions. I applied too close to my studies, soon after I was of your age, and hurt myself irreparably by it. Whatever may be the value of learning, health and good spirits are of more.

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Attend above all things to your health; or rather, do nothing wilfully to impair it. Use exercise, abstinence, and regular hours. Drink water when you are alone, and wine or very little spirits in company. It is the last that are ruinous by leading to unlimited excess. There is not the same headlong impetus in wine. But one glass of brandy and water makes you want another, that other makes you want a third, and so on, in an increased proportion. Therefore no one can stop midway who does not possess the resolution to

abstain altogether; for the inclination is sharpened with its indulgence. Never gamble. Or if you play for anything, never do so for what will give you uneasiness the next day. Be not precise in these matters; but do not pass certain limits, which it is difficult to recover. Do nothing in the irritation of the moment, but take time to reflect. Because you have done one foolish thing, do not do another; nor throw away your health or reputation or comfort, to thwart impertinent advice. Avoid a spirit of contradiction, both in words and actions. Do not aim at what is beyond your reach, but at what is within it. Indulge in calm and pleasing pursuits, rather than violent excitements; and learn to conquer your own will, instead of striving to obtain the mastery of that of others.

THE AIM OF UNIVERSITY TRAINING

John Henry Newman

. . . If then a practical end must be assigned to a University course, I say it is that of training good members of society. Its art is the art of social life, and its end is fitness for the world. It neither confines its views to particular professions on the one hand, nor creates heroes or inspires genius on the other. Works indeed of genius fall under no art; heroic minds come under no rule; a University is not a birthplace of poets or of immortal authors, of founders of schools, leaders of colonies, or conquerors of nations. It does not promise a generation of Aristotles or Newtons, of Napoleons or Washingtons, of Raphaels or Shakespeares, though such miracles of nature it has before now contained within its precincts. Nor is it content on the other hand with forming the critic or the experimentalist, the economist or the engineer, though such too it includes within its scope. But a University training is the great but ordinary means to a great but ordinary end; it aims at raising the intellectual tone of society, at cultivating the public mind, at purifying the national taste, at supplying true principles to popular enthusiasm and fixed aims to popular aspiration, at giving enlargement and sobriety to the ideas of the age, at facilitating the exercise of political power, and refining the intercourse of private life. It is the education which gives a man a clear conscious view of his own opinions and judgments, a truth in developing them, an eloquence in expressing them, and a force in urging them. It teaches him to see things as they are, to go

right to the point, to disentangle a skein of thought, to detect what is sophistical, and to discard what is irrelevant. It prepares him to fill any post with credit, and to master any subject with facility. It shows him how to accommodate himself to others, how to throw himself into their state of mind, how to bring before them his own, how to influence them, how to come to an understanding with them, how to bear with them. He is at home in any society, he has common ground with every class; he knows when to speak and when to be silent; he is able to converse, he is able to listen; he can ask a question pertinently, and gain a lesson seasonably, when he has nothing to impart himself; he is ever ready, yet never in the way; he is a pleasant companion, and a comrade you can depend upon; he knows when to be serious and when to trifle, and he has a sure tact which enables him to trifle with gracefulness and to be serious with effect. He has the repose of a mind which lives in itself, while it lives in the world, and which has resources for its happiness at home when it cannot go abroad. He has a gift which serves him in public, and supports him in retirement, without which good fortune is but vulgar, and with which failure and disappointment have a charm. The art, which tends to make a man all this, is in the object which it pursues as useful as the art of wealth or the art of health, though it is less susceptible of method, and less tangible, less certain, less complete, in its result.

SECTION IV
FAMILIAR ESSAYS

THE SCHOOL FOR SYMPATHY

E. V. Lucas

I had heard a great deal about Miss Beam's school, but not till last week did the chance come to visit it.

The cabman drew up at a gate in an old wall, about a mile out of the town. I noticed as I was waiting for him to give me change that the Cathedral spire was visible down the road. I rang the bell, the gate automatically opened, and I found myself in a pleasant garden facing a square red ample *Georgian house*' with the thick white window-frames that to my eyes always suggest warmth and welcome and stability. There was no one in sight but a girl of about twelve, with her eyes covered with a bandage, who was being led carefully between the flower-beds by a little boy of some four years her junior. She stopped, and evidently asked who it was that had come in, and he seemed to be describing me to her. Then they passed on, and I entered the door which a smiling parlor-maid — that pretty sight! — was holding open for me.

Miss Beam was all that I had expected — middle-aged, authoritative, kindly, and understanding. Her hair was beginning to turn gray, and her figure had a fullness likely to be comforting to a homesick child.

We talked idly for a little while, and then I asked her some questions as to her scholastic methods, which I had heard were simple.

"Well," she said, "we don't as a matter of fact do much teaching here. The children that come to me — small girls and smaller boys — have very

few formal lessons: no more than is needful to get application into them, and those only of the simplest — spelling, adding, subtracting, multiplying, writing. The rest is done by reading to them and by illustrated discourses, during which they have to sit still and keep their hands quiet. Practically there are no other lessons at all.”

“But I have heard so much,” I said, “about the originality of your system.”

Miss Beam smiled. “Ah, yes,” she said. “I am coming to that. The real aim of his school is not so much to instil thought as thoughtfulness — humanity, citizenship. That is the ideal I have always had, and happily there are parents good enough to trust me to try and put into execution. Look out of the window a minute, will you?”

I went to the window, which commanded a large garden and playground at the back.

“What do you see?” Miss Beam asked.

“I see some very beautiful grounds,” I said, “and a lot of jolly children; but what perplexes me, and pains me too, is to notice that they are not all as healthy and active as I should wish. As I came in I saw one poor little thing being led about owing to some trouble with her eyes, and now I can see two more in the same plight; while there is a girl with a crutch just under the window watching the others at play. She seems to be a hopeless cripples.”

Miss Beam laughed. “Oh, no,” she said; “she’s not lame, really; this is only her lame day. Nor are those others blind; it is only their blind day.” I must have looked very much astonished, for she laughed again. “There you have an essential part of our system in a nutshell. In order to get a real appreciation and understanding of misfortune into these young minds we make them participants in misfortune too. In the course of the term every child has one blind day, one

lame day, one deaf day, one maimed day, one dumb day. During the blind day their eyes are bandaged absolutely, and it is a point of honor not to peep. The bandage is put on overnight; they wake blind. This means that they need assistance in everything, and other children are told off to help them and lead them about. It is educative to both of them—the blind and the helpers.

"There is no privation about it," Miss Beam continued. "Everyone is very kind, and it is really something of a joke, although, of course, before the day is over the reality of the affliction must be apparent to the least thoughtful. The blind day is, of course, really the worst," she went on, "but some of the children tell me that the dumb day is the most dreaded. There, of course, the child must exercise will-power only, for the mouth is not bandaged. . . . But come down into the garden and see for yourself how the children like it."

Miss Beam led me to one of the bandaged girls, a little merry thing, whose eyes under the folds were, I felt sure, as black as ash-buds. "Here's a gentleman come to talk to you," said Miss Beam, and left us.

"Don't you ever peep," I asked, "by way of an opening?"

"Oh, no," she exclaimed; "that would be cheating. But I'd no idea it was so awful to be blind. You can't see a thing. One feels one is going to be hit by something every moment. Sitting down's such a relief."

"Are your guides kind to you?" I asked.

"Pretty good. Not so careful as I shall be when it's my turn. Those that have been blind already are the best. It's perfectly ghastly not to see. I wish you'd try!"

"Shall I lead you anywhere?" I asked.

"Oh, yes," she said, "let's go for a little walk."

Only you must tell me about things. I shall be so glad when to-day's over. The other bad days can't be half as bad as this. Having a leg tied up and hopping about on a crutch is almost fun, I guess. Having an arm tied up is a little more troublesome, because you have to get your food cut up for you, and so on; but it doesn't really matter. And as for being deaf for a day, I shan't mind that—at least, not much. But being blind is so frightening. My head aches all the time, just from dodging things that probably aren't there. Where are we now?"

"In the playground," I said, "going towards the house. Miss Beam is walking up and down the terrace with a tall girl."

"What has the girl got on?" my companion asked.

"A blue serge skirt and pink blouse."

"I think it's Millie," she said. "What color hair?"

"Very light," I said.

"Yes, that's Millie. She's the head girl. She's awfully decent."

"There's an old man tying up roses," I said.

"Yes, that's Peter. He's the gardener. He's hundreds of years old!"

"And here comes a dark girl in red, on crutches."

"Yes," she said; "that's Beryl."

And so we walked on, and in steering this little thing about I discovered that I was ten times more thoughtful already than I had any notion of, and also that the necessity of describing the surroundings to another makes them more interesting.

When Miss Beam came to release me I was quite sorry to go, and said so.

"Ah!" she replied, "then there is something in my system after all!"

I walked back to the town murmuring (in-accurately as ever) the lines:

Can I see another's woe
And not share their sorrow too?
O no, never can it be,
Never, never, can it be.

A FRIEND OF THE TOWN

E. V. Lucas

Londoners know much, but not all. A few secrets are still to be learned only in the provinces, and one of them is the true value of the bookstall man. In London a bookstall man is a machine; you throw pennies at him and in return he throws papers at you. Now and then he asks you to buy something that you don't want or recommends *the new sevenpenny*'; but for the most part he treats you as a stranger, if not as a foe, and expects for himself treatment no better.

But in the country . . .

Make your home in a small country town and see how long you can manage without becoming friendly with the bookstall man. For in the country he is a power. There is no longer any casual flinging of pennies; there is the weather to discuss, and a remark to drop on the headlines in the contents bill. "*Another all-night sitting*,"¹² you say, from the security given by eight good hours in bed: "ah well, if people like to be Members of Parliament, let them!" Then you both laugh. Or, "What's this?—another new Peer? Well, it will be your turn soon," you say—and then you both laugh again. But there is something more important than persiflage and gossip—there is the new novel to choose from the circulating library. For in the country the bookstall man is also the librarian and adviser; he not only sells papers but he controls the reading of the neighborhood. His advice is sound. His instinct dictates wisely. "*Jacobs's* latest," he says, "is splendid. I read it on Sunday." Not, of course, that he has any need

to read a story to know that it is splendid; that would be too mechanical. He knows because he possesses *the sixth sense*⁴ with which successful handlers of books are gifted. "What's new?" He replies, "Well, here's something good. Take that. You can't go wrong." Or, when in a dissuading mood (and nowadays librarians have to dissuade as much as recommend, poor doomed varmint), "That one? Oh! I don't think she would like that. That's a little bit — well, it's strong, that's what it is. I don't recommend that. But here's a charming story by the author of 'Milk and Water.' . . ." And so forth.

What some simple country people would do without their bookstall man I can't imagine. Take Peter, for instance. Peter was the friend of three old ladies who lived in a southern seaport—a sleepy forgotten town with quiet, narrow, Georgian streets and vast stretches of mud in its harbor which the evening sun turned to gold. These three old ladies — sisters and unmarried — lived together in a tiny red-brick house where their several personalities dovetailed perfectly, different as they were. One was the practical managing sister, one was the humorous commentator, and one was the kindly dreamer. All were generous and philanthropic; indeed their benefactions of thought and deed were the principal business of their placid lives, while the principal recreation was reading. And herein lay the value of Peter, the bookstall man, for it was through his library that all their books came to them. He too divined the character of the books that he circulated by the mere process of touch; and he was rarely wrong. He knew to a grain exactly what was to be found in every book he recommended or did not recommend to these old ladies. In so far as his recommendations went, Peter was always right; and probably his dissuasions were rightly based too, although that of course we shall

never know, since his advice was duly taken.

But it is no light matter, is it, to pick out suitable stories for three old-fashioned old ladies with very decided views as to what is fitting and what not, when the books (and here is the real difficulty) were to be read aloud? Each book had to please or at any rate not offend, an old lady who was of a practical managing turn, and an old lady who was herself a bit of a quiz (as all good novelists must be), and an old lady who had *Utopian dreams*.*

Peter, you see, must have been rather remarkable. "No," he would say, "I don't think Miss Dorcas would like that... the gambling passage... I'd recommend this if it weren't for Miss Kate. But she's never like the divorce proceedings..." And so on.

Reading aloud was to these old ladies a kind of ritual. They looked forward to it all day, and then as each chapter was finished they discussed it and approved or disapproved. When it comes to analyzing the pleasures of life, the privilege of approving and disapproving in conversation must be ranked very high, and reading aloud makes it so very harmless an amusement, since no tale-bearing is involved. This they did, and not only during the reading but at meals too, and often they would come down to breakfast after a rather wakeful night with new theories as to the conduct of hero or heroine. Happy Peter, to set so much gentle machinery in motion!

Of course, he was not able always to satisfy their program. Sometimes for weeks and weeks together no new books (not only fiction, of course: memoirs and travels they were very fond of) would be published; but when he really struck gold how happy they all were. I remember that I found them once—it was thirteen years ago—in a state of joyful excitement over one of Peter's most inspired suggestions—Miss *Jewett's**

"Country of the Pointed Firs." Never could three old ladies of simple tastes and warm hearts have been more delighted with a printed page. I wished Peter could have seen them.

Is he still acting as friend to that little town, I wonder. He was so capable that probably he has been promoted to a wider sphere. For that is what happens to these friends of the small town: they are raised to positions of more importance and better salaries, and the chances are that the old personal intimacy goes altogether. They may, for example, be elevated to the place of manager at, say, London Bridge. Then is all their kindness and thoughtfulness over: they become machines: very targets for pennies and halfpennies all day long, with no time for the humaner intercourse.

Well, the price of getting on has always been heavy; but here it is paid not only by the friend but by the small town too. It is hard when nice old ladies are also penalized.

SEEING PEOPLE OFF

Max Beerbohm

I am not good at it. To do it well seems to me one of the most difficult things in the world, and probably seems so to you, too.

To see a friend off from *Waterloo to Vauxhall* were easy enough. But we are never called on to perform that small feat. It is only when a friend is going on a longish journey, and will be absent for a longish time, that we turn up at the railway station. The dearer the friend, and the longer the journey, and the longer the likely absence, the earlier do we turn up, and the more lamentably do we fail. Our failure is in exact ratio to the seriousness of the occasion, and to the depth of our feeling.

In a room, or even on a door-step, we can make the farewell quite worthily. We can express in our faces the genuine sorrow we feel. Nor do words fail us. There is no awkwardness, no restraint, on either side. The thread of our intimacy has not been snapped. The leave-taking is an ideal one. Why not, then, leave the leave-taking at that? Always, departing friends implore us not to bother to come to the railway station next morning. Always, we are deaf to these entreaties, knowing them to be not quite sincere. The departing friends would think it very odd of us if we took them at their words. Besides, they really do want to see us again. And that wish is heartily reciprocated. We duly turn up. And then, oh then, what a gulf yawns! We stretch our arms vainly across it. We have utterly lost touch. We have nothing at all to say. We gaze

at each other as dumb animals gaze at human beings. We "make conversation" — and *such* conversation! We know that these friends are the friends from whom we parted overnight. They know that we have not altered. Yet, on the surface, everything is different; and the tension is such that we only long for the guard to blow his whistle and put an end to the farce.

On a cold gray morning of last week I duly turned up at *Euston*,² to see off an old friend who was starting for America.

Overnight, we had given him a farewell dinner, in which sadness was well mingled with festivity. Years probably would elapse before his return. Some of us might never see him again. Not ignoring the shadow of the future, we gayly celebrated the past. We were as thankful to have known our guest as we were grieved to lose him; and both these emotions were made manifest. It was a perfect farewell.

And now, here we were, stiff and self-conscious on the platform; and framed in the window of the railway-carriage was the face of our friend; but it was as the face of a stranger—a stranger anxious to please, an appealing stranger, an awkward stranger. "Have you got everything?" asked one of us, breaking a silence. "Yes, everything," said our friend, with a pleasant nod. "Everything," he repeated, with the emphasis of an empty brain. "You'll be able to lunch on the train," said I, though the prophecy had already been made more than once. "Oh, yes," he said with conviction. He added that the train went straight through to *Liverpool*.³ This fact seemed to strike us as rather odd. We exchanged glances. "Doesn't it stop at *Crewe*?" asked one of us. "No," said our friend, briefly. He seemed almost disagreeable. There was a long pause. One of us, with a nod and a forced smile at the traveler, said "Well!" The nod, the smile, and the unmeaning monosyllable, were

returned conscientiously. Another pause was broken by one of us with a fit of coughing. It was an obviously assumed fit, but it served to pass the time. The bustle of the platform was unabated. There was no sign of the train's departure. Release — ours, and our friend's — was not yet.

My wandering eye alighted on a rather portly middle-aged man who was talking earnestly from the platform to a young lady at the next window but one to ours. His fine profile was vaguely familiar to me. The young lady was evidently American, and he was evidently English; otherwise I should have guessed from his impressive air that he was her father. I wished I could hear what he was saying. I was sure he was giving the very best advice; and the strong tenderness of his gaze was really beautiful. He seemed magnetic, as he poured out his final injunctions. I could feel something of his magnetism even where I stood. And the magnetism, like the profile, was vaguely familiar to me. Where had I experienced it?

In a flash I remembered. The man was Hubert Le Ros. But how changed since last I saw him! That was seven or eight years ago, in the *Strand*.⁵ He was then (as usual) out of an engagement, and borrowed half-a-crown. It seemed a privilege to lend anything to him. He was always magnetic. And why his magnetism had never made him successful on the London stage was always a mystery to me. He was an excellent actor, and a man of sober habit. But, like many others of his kind, Hubert Le Ros (I do not, of course, give the actual name by which he was known; drifted seedily away into the provinces; and I, like everyone else, ceased to remember him.

It was strange to see him, after all these years, here on the platform of Euston, looking so prosperous and sound. It was not only the flesh that he had put on, but also the clothes, that made him hard to recognize. In the old days, an

imitation fur coat had seemed to be as integrated a part of him as were his ill-shorn lantern jaws. But now his costume was a model of rich and somber moderation, drawing, not calling, attention to itself. He looked like a banker. Anyone would have been proud to be seen off by him.

"Stand back, please!" The train was about to start, and I waved farewell to my friend. Le Ros did not stand back. He stood clasping in both hands the hands of the young American. "Stand back, sir, please!" He obeyed, but quickly darted forward again to whisper some final word. I think there were tears in her eyes. There certainly were tears in his, when, at length, having watched the train out of sight, he turned round. He seemed, nevertheless, delighted to see me. He asked me where I had been hiding all these years, and simultaneously repaid me the half-crown as though it has been borrowed yesterday. He linked his arm in mine, and walked me slowly along the platform, saying with what pleasure he read my *dramatic criticisms every Saturday*.

I told him, in return, how much he was missed on the stage. "Ah, yes," he said, "I never act on the stage nowadays." He laid some emphasis on the word "stage," and I asked him where, then, he did act. "On the platform," he answered. "You mean," said I, "that you recite at concerts?" He smiled. "This," he whispered, striking his stick on the ground, "is the platform I mean." Had his mysterious prosperity unhinged him? He looked quite sane. I begged him to be more explicit.

"I suppose," he said presently, giving me a light for the cigar which he had offered me, "you have been seeing a friend off?" I assented. He asked me what I supposed *he* had been doing. I said that I had watched him doing the same thing. "No," he said gravely. "That lady was not a friend of mine. I met her for the first time this morning, less than half an hour ago *here*," and

again he struck the platform with his stick.

I confessed that I was bewildered. He smiled. "You may," he said, "have heard of the Anglo-American Social Bureau?" I had not. He explained to me that of the thousands of Americans who annually pass through England there are many hundreds who have no English friends. In the old days they used to bring letters of introduction. But the English are so inhospitable that these letters are hardly worth the paper they are written on. "Thus," said Le Ros, "the A.A.S.B.' supplies a long-felt want. Americans are a sociable people, and most of them have plenty of money to spend. The A.A.S.B. supplies them with English friends. Fifty per cent of the fees is paid over to the friends. The other fifty is retained by the A.A.S.B. I am not, alas! a director. If I were, I should be a very rich man indeed. I am only an employee! But even so I do very well. I am one of the seers-off."

Again I asked for enlightenment. "Many Americans," he said, "cannot afford to keep friends in England. But they can all afford to be seen off. The fee is only five pounds (twenty-five dollars) for a single traveler; and eight pounds (forty dollars) for a party of two or more. They send that in to the Bureau, giving the date of their departure, and a description by which the seer-off can identify them on the platform. And then——well, then they are seen off."

"But is it worth it?" I exclaimed. "Of course it is worth it," said Le Ros. "It prevents them from feeling 'out of it.' It earns them the respect of the guard. It saves them from being despised by their fellow-passengers——the people who are going to be on the boat. It gives them a *footing* for the whole voyage. Besides, it is a great pleasure in itself. You saw me seeing that young lady off, Didn't you think I did it beautifully?" "Beautifully," I admitted. "I envied you. There was I——"

"Yes, I can imagine. There were you, shuffling from head to feet, staring blankly at your friend, trying to make conversation. I knew. That's how I used to be myself, before I studied, and went into the thing professionally. I don't say I'm perfect yet. I'm still a martyr to *platform fright*^a—railway station is the most difficult of all places to act in, as you have discovered for yourself." "But," I said with resentment, "I wasn't trying to act. I really *felt*." "So did I, my boy," said Le Ros. "You can't act without feeling, what's-his-name, the Frenchman—*Diderot*,^o yes—said you could; but what did *he* know about it? Didn't you see those tears in my eyes when the train started? I hadn't forced them. I tell you I was *moved*. So were you, I dare say. But you couldn't have pumped up a tear to prove it. You can't express your feelings. In other words, you can't act. At any rate," he added kindly, "not in a railway station." "Teach me!" I cried. He looked thoughtfully at me. "Well," he said at length, "the seeing-off season is practically over. Yes, I'll give you a course. I have a good many pupils on hand already; but yes," he said, consulting an ornate note-book, "I could give you an hour on Tuesdays and Fridays."

His terms, I confess, are rather high. But I don't grudge the investment.

FEAR

Robert Lynd

I am afraid of so many things that I ought not to have been surprised, on taking rooms in a little cottage in *Buckinghamshire*,¹ to find myself living in terror of the landlady. I was afraid to be late for breakfast, afraid to be late for lunch, afraid to be late for tea, afraid to be late for supper — she resolutely refused to cook me a hot dinner — and a little nervous even of being late going to bed. I do not think she meant to frighten me, for she was an honest Christian woman, but she liked having her own way. She even compelled me to eat what she liked. In a sense, she always allowed me to choose, but I always found that in the end I had to choose exactly what she had chosen that I should choose. “What about lunch *to-d'y*,² sir?” she would say to me, lingering in the doorway, a large, dark, smiling, intimidating figure, after she had put the breakfast on the table. I weighed the rival charms of various delicacies in my mind, almost tasting them as my thoughts lingered on them. Then, as my wants are of the simplest and I wished to give the woman no trouble, I would suggest tentatively “What about a roast chicken and apple tart?” Her eyes with the dark rings under them would be quite expressionless as her massive head began to shake on her massive shoulders with a faint wobble of doubt. “I’ve got a nice bit of *cold’am*,³” she would say meditatively, fixing me with her eyes and turning up the corners of her mouth in a joyless smile. As I did not really care much, I said: “Good! Cold ham and apple tart will do splendidly.” Again her

face lengthened, and the massive head once more began to shake from side to side with a faint wabble on her massive shoulders. "*I'm afryde I can't do pystry,*" she said mournfully. "Got no time," she explained, dwelling on the last word with emphasis and raising her voice as she uttered it. And then she would add, with a sickly smile of reproach at me for forgetting what I ought to have been old enough to remember: "There are only twenty-four hours in a d'y *y'know.*" "Oh, well," I would say, a little shamefacedly, "make whatever gives the least trouble." She became almost winning at that. "*Wot do you s'y*" to a little stewed rhubarb?" she would entice me, her hand still on the handle of the door. "Splendid!" I told her. "That's right," she said, nodding as if in approbation of a child that had been naughty and was now good; "stewed rhubarb and *shype.*" Now, though not particularly fastidious about food; I can honestly say that I almost hate *blancmange*^e so that I said to her hurriedly: "Oh, don't trouble about the shape. Stewed rhubarb will do splendidly." She became almost genial under the sacrifices I was making, one by one, to her convenience, but she absolutely refused to accept this one. "Oh, *you shall 'sve your shype,*" she told me, wagging her head jocularly as she disappeared through the doorway. And I did.

One of the great disadvantages of being a coward is that one is constantly having to eat things that one does not wish to eat. One is not free from this necessity even at home, if one happens to be afraid of the servants. I remember, during the War, being very much afraid of a cook who was at once so brawny and so mysterious that we suspected her of being a deserter from the army disguising himself as a woman. One thing was certain: she was not a cook. At least, she did not know how to make soup. She did not know how much salt to put in; she did not know how

much pepper to put in. And, as a result, each of us was confronted at table with a bowl of hot and greasy water, which first scalded the lips, then pickled the tongue, and, finally (so lavish had she been with the pepper), scorched the throat, so that at the end of the first spoonful everybody was breathing like a dog on a hot day. Now, it is easy enough for one person to get out of eating soup. All you have to do is to explain that you have been forbidden soup by the doctor. A cook cannot consider that an insult, and she may even sympathize with you as an invalid. This soup was so bad, however, that even our guests (of whom there were two present) seemed unwilling to go on with it, and it would obviously have been impossible to persuade the cook that a large number of men, women, and children, under forty, were all such dyspeptics as to have been forbidden soup by the doctors. To make such a pretense would have been hardly less insulting than to ring for the housemaid and tell her to take the stuff away. This being so, there was no alternative but to dispose of the soup in some manner other than by eating it. Luckily, there was a second *scullery*^o in the house, and, though in order to reach it one had to go along a passage which would be visible to watchful eyes in the kitchen, there was a faint hope that the cook might not be looking. See us, then, one by one, guests, children, and all, tiptoeing along the passage, trembling in fear of demon eyes, each carrying a little bowl of soup, pouring it as quietly as possible down the *sink*,¹¹ and hurrying furtively, and feverishly back to our places at the table. How happy we felt when we were all safely in our seats again, our empty bowls before us, without having suffered a single casualty! To have outwitted the cook and the housemaid in this fashion seemed at the moment the supreme triumph of our lives. When the next course arrived, though I have no doubt it was as vilely cooked as the first

one, we were so hilarious as a result of the success of our stratagem that we ate it as though it had been ambrosia. Fortunately, after a few days, the cook had stolen so many things that she decamped, leaving as little as she could but a memory of prodigal pepper behind her. Even to-day, when I think of her, I find myself gasping gently.

It is one thing, however, to make away with a bowl of soup in one's own house and quite another thing to make away with a blancmange in lodgings. I thought at first of opening the window and throwing the blancmange into a thick bush. I would have given it to the birds if I had been sure they would eat it. Then I considered the possibilities of the fire. If I could only have been certain that blancmange was one of those things that burn quickly! I pictured to myself, however, the little flat, white dome of blancmange still slowly sizzling on the top of the logs when the landlady came into the room to clear the things away, and I had not the courage to face the situation. Even if I were to beat it with the poker, I knew that I could not beat it so as to make it look like anything but blancmange. "Why, wot'ave you been doing to the fire?" the landlady would have said; and I am not one of those silver-tongued people who could have charmed her into believing that the blancmange had got there by accident. You may wonder why I did not wrap it in a piece of paper and throw it into a field later in the afternoon, but, though such a course is possible — and has even, I believe, been taken with *rabbit and with suet pudding*¹² — it seems to me alien to the spirit of blancmange. If I were to put a parcel of this kind in my pocket, I should be sure to forget it. In the end, I braced myself to the inevitable. I ate the blancmange. It was even worse than I had feared; but it was not so bad as offending the landlady. After that I tried to avoid any recurrence of "shape" by standing out against all invitations

to "choose" any kind of stewed fruit for any of my meals. My landlady might try to allure me with "*Wot would you s'y,*"¹³ sir, to a few stewed *pru-ins*"¹⁴? but, guessing that they would be served with "shape," I assured her warmly that all I wanted was biscuits and cheese.

By an evil chance I fell a victim to the landlady's wiles again one day when, as we held our usual after-breakfast conversation, I happened to remark that I supposed she was kept fairly busy all the year round. "Oh, yes," she said, taking up the bacon dish, "I'm gen'rally pretty full." She nodded sagely. "People know where they'll be comfortable," she assured me; "they soon find out where they can get good food—good food and good, *plyne cooking,*"¹⁵ she added, without even a shadow of smile. She lowered her voice to a confidential tone and a brightness came into her face. "I tell you *wot some of 'em like,*"¹⁶ she said—"a nice boiled suet pudding with a little nice treacle. *W'y, you 'aven't 'ad it yet,*"¹⁷ I don't think! No. *Just fancy!*"¹⁸ W'y wot *can* I have been thinking about? I tell you wot, sir, you shall 'ave a little treat to-d'y. Yes, you shall 'ave it—a nice little boiled pudding with some nice treacle." It was in vain that I protested that I was a man of few needs and besought her not to give herself unnecessary trouble. "No trouble at all," she assured me; "and, if it is, well, once in a w'yl wot does it matter? *Life's myde up of troubles,*"¹⁹ she added; and, as she swept out of the room, I could hear her murmuring, mechanically, "Yes, you shall 'ave it." And I did. When it appeared I confess I once more looked longingly at the fire, but again the thought that either the smell or the sizzle of a slab of burning pudding would betray me to the landlady frightened me. I was so demoralized by this time, indeed, that I should have felt guilty even if I had done the thing up into a parcel and taken it away to hide it in the woods. I had no

will, though plenty of wish, left. Therefore, I ate a slice of the pudding, and congratulated the landlady on her cooking. "That's right," she said, as if commending a child for swallowing a dose of medicine; "you shall 'ave it agyne." And I did.

Now it is a curious fact, worth the notice of psychologists, that if I went back to that neighborhood again, I should go back to the same landlady, simply because I should be too great a coward to go anywhere else. I dare not pass her door if I stayed at another lodging house. I should be afraid that she might be looking out of a window or standing at the gate, thinking things she was too civilized to say. And this fear of landladies, I believe, is not at all uncommon. I have known men who were very uncomfortable in their lodgings but who went on living in them because they had not the courage to give notice. When I was a boy, I knew an old gentleman who used to say the most ferocious things about his landlady behind her back, but who was all smiles and obeisance as soon as she came into the room. He was in the tea-trade and had a square beard and scandal-seeking eyes and walked with his toes turned out so far that his feet progressed sideways in the fashion to which *Charlie Chaplin*²⁰ has since accustomed us. I used to meet him at "high tea,"²¹ for he lodged in the same house and had his meals at the same table as a medical student who was a great friend of mine. The old gentleman used to sit at the head of the table, and as soon as the landlady had disappeared would denounce her because of the draft that came in under the door and swept round his ankles. He declared that he would leave if she did not have this remedied. Then he would pour himself out a cup of tea, and, after the first sip, would begin muttering an ever-increasing stream of blasphemies. "If I have told that woman the right way to make tea once," he declared, wrathfully,

"I've told her a hundred times. You can't make good tea without first rinsing the pot with hot water. She knows that as well as I do, but she won't do it. I sometimes wonder whether she's only a lazy slut or whether she does it to annoy me." He angrily dipped his spoon into the cup and removed several floating tea-leaves. "I don't like either to hear or to make use of strong language, Mr. Lynd," he said, with the hairs of his eyebrows bristling, "but that woman's a bitch." She came into the room at that moment with a butter-knife she had forgotten. The old man's aspect changed in an instant to a smirk of greeting. "I was just looking for the butter-knife, Mrs. Triggs," he would say to her, with a nervous snigger; "thank you very much." Then, when she had left the room, he would cock an eye at us, half in fear and half in hope, and say: "Do you think, did she hear what I said?" Even if she had heard him, however, I do not think she would have turned him out—she despised him too much to care what he said. I have never heard greater contempt in a woman's voice than on one occasion, when the medical student suggested that Mr. Brown might one day marry and leave her. "And who under God," said she, as though the suggestion were that of a lunatic, "would marry *him*?"

Poor man, I used rather to despise him myself. Since then, however, I have lived in lodgings in Buckinghamshire, and, looking back on him, I love him as a brother.

WHY NOT STAY AT HOME?

Aldous Huxley

Some people travel on business, some in search of health. But it is neither the sickly nor the men of affairs who fill the Grand Hotels and the pockets of their proprietors. It is those who travel "for pleasure," as the phrase goes. What *Epicurus*,¹ who never traveled except when he was banished, sought in his own garden, our tourists seek abroad. And do they find their happiness? Those who frequent the places where they resort must often find this question, with a tentative answer in the negative, fairly forced upon them. For tourists are, in the main, a very gloomy-looking tribe, I have seen much brighter faces at a funeral than in *the Piazza of St. Mark's*.² Only when they can band together and pretend, for a brief, precarious hour, that they are at home, do the majority of tourists look really happy. One wonders why they come abroad.

The fact is that very few travelers really like traveling. If they go to the trouble and expense of traveling, it is not so much from curiosity, for fun, or because they like to see things beautiful and strange, as out of a kind of snobbery. People travel for the same reason as they collect works of art: because the best people do it. To have been to certain spots on the earth's surface is socially correct; and having been there, one is superior to those who have not. Moreover, traveling gives one something to talk about when one gets home. The subjects of conversation are not so numerous that one can neglect an opportunity of adding to one's store.

To justify this snobbery, a series of myths has gradually been elaborated. The places which it is socially smart to have visited are aureoled with glamor, till they are made to appear, for those who have not been there, like so many fabled *Babylons*³ or *Bagdads*.⁴ Those who have traveled have a personal interest in cultivating and disseminating these fables. For if Paris and *Monte Carlo*⁵ are really so marvelous as it is generally supposed, by the inhabitants of *Bradford*⁶ or *Milwaukee*,⁷ of *Tomske*⁸ and *Bergen*,⁹ that they are — why, then, the merit of the travelers who have actually visited these places is the greater, and their superiority over the stay-at-homes the more enormous. It is for this reason (and because they pay the hotel proprietors and the steamship companies) that the fables are studiously kept alive.

Few things are more pathetic than the spectacle of inexperienced travelers, brought up on those myths, desperately doing their best to make external reality square with fable. It is for the sake of the myths and, less consciously, in the name of snobbery that they left their homes; to admit disappointment in the reality would be to admit their own foolishness in having believed the fables and would detract from their merit in having undertaken the pilgrimage. Out of the hundreds of thousands of Anglo-Saxons who frequent the night-clubs and dancing-saloons of Paris, there are a good many, no doubt, who genuinely like that sort of thing. But there are also very many who do not. In their hearts, secretly, they are bored and a little disgusted. But they have been brought up to believe in a fabulous "*Gay Paree*,"¹⁰ where everything is deliriously exciting and where alone it is possible to see what is technically known as Life. Conscientiously, therefore, they strive, when they come to Paris, to be gay. Night after night the dance halls and the bordellos are thronged by serious young

compatriots of *Emerson*'¹¹ and *Matthew Arnold*,¹² earnestly engaged in trying to see life, neither very steadily nor whole, through the ever-thickening mists of *Heidsieck and Roederer*.¹³

Still more courageously determined are their female companions; for they, mostly (unless they are extremely "modern"), have not the Roederer to assist them in finding Paris gay. The saddest sight I ever saw was in a *Montmartre Boite*'¹⁴ at about five o'clock of an autumn morning. At a table in a corner of the hall sat three young American girls, quite unattended, adventurously seeing life by themselves. In front of them, on the table, stood the regulation bottles of champagne; but for preference — perhaps on principle — they were sipping lemonade. The jazz band played on monotonously; the tired drummer nodded over his drums, the saxophonist yawned into his saxophone. In couples, in staggering groups, the guests departed. But grimly, indomitably, in spite of their fatigue, in spite of the boredom which so clearly expressed itself on their charming and ingenuous faces, the three young girls sat on. They were still there when I left at sunrise. What stories, I reflected, they would tell when they got home again! And how envious they would make their untraveled friends. "Paris is just wonderful. . . ."

To the Parisians, the fable brings in several hundred milliards of good money. They give it a generous publicity; business is business. But if I were the manager of a Montmartre dancing-saloon, I think I should tell my waiters to act their gay parts with a little more conviction. "My men," I should say to them, "you ought to look as though you believed in the fable out of which we make our living. Smile, be merry. Your present expression, which is a mingling of weariness, disgusted contempt for your clients and cynical rapacity, is not inspiring. One day the clients

might be sober enough to notice it. And where should we be then?"

But Paris and Monte Carlo are not the only resorts of pilgrimage. There are also Rome and Florence. There are picture galleries, churches, and ruins as well as shops and casinos. And the snobbery which decrees that one must like Art—or, to be more accurate, that one should have visited the places where Art is to be seen—is almost as tyrannous as that which bids one visit the places where one can see Life.

All of us are more or less interested in Life—even in that rather smelly slice of it that is to be found in Montmartre. But a taste for Art—or at any rate the sort of art that is found in galleries and churches—is by no means universal. Hence the case of the poor tourists who, from motives of snobbery, visit Rome and Florence, is even more pathetic than the case of those who repair for the same reasons to Paris and Monte Carlo. Tourists "doing" a church wear a mask of dutiful interest; but what lassitude, what utter weariness of spirit looks out, too often, at their eyes! And the weariness is felt, within, still more acutely because, precisely, of the necessity of simulating this rapt attentiveness, of even going hypocritically into raptures over the things that are starred in the *Baedeker*.¹⁵ There come moments when flesh and blood can stand the strain no longer. Philistinism absolutely refuses to pay the tribute it owes to taste. Exasperated and defiant, the tourist swears that he won't so much as put his nose inside another church, preferring to spend his days in the lounge of the hotel, reading the *Continental Daily Mail*.¹⁶

I remember witnessing one of these rebellions at Venice. A motor-boat company was advertising afternoon excursions to the island of *Torcello*.¹⁷ We booked our seats and at the appointed time set off, in company with seven or eight other tourists.

Romantic in its desolation, Torcello rose out of the lagoon. The boatmen drew up at the side of a moldering jetty. A quarter of a mile away, through the fields, stood the church. It contains some of the most beautiful mosaics in Italy. We climbed on shore — all of us with the exception of one strong-minded American couple who, on learning that the object of interest on this island was only another church, decided to remain comfortably seated in the boat till the rest of the party should return. I admired them for their firmness and their honesty. But at the same time, it seemed to me rather a melancholy thing that they should have come all this way and spent all that money, merely for the pleasure of sitting in a motor boat tied to a rotting wharf. And then they were only at Venice. Their Italian ordeal had hardly begun. *Padua, Ferrara, Ravenna, Bologna, Florence, Siena, Perugia, Assisi, and Rome,* with all their innumerable churches and pictures, had still to be looked at, before — the blessed goal of Naples finally reached — they could be permitted to take the liner home again across the Atlantic. Poor slaves, I thought; and of how exacting a master!

We call such people travelers because they do not stay at home. But they are not genuine travelers, not travelers born. For they travel, not for traveling's sake, but for convention's. They set out, nourished on fables and fantastical hopes, to return, whether they avow it or not, disappointed. Their interest in the real and actual, being insufficiently lively, they hanker after mythology, and the facts however curious, beautiful, and varied, are a disillusionment. It is only the society of their fellow-tourists, with whom they conspire, every now and then, to make a little basis of home in the foreign wilderness, coupled with the consciousness of a social duty done, that keeps them even moderately cheerful in the face of the depressing facts of travel.

Your genuine traveler, on the other hand, is so much interested in real things that he does not find it necessary to believe in fables. He is insatiably curious, he loves what is unfamiliar for the sake of its unfamiliarity, he takes pleasure in every manifestation of beauty. It would be absurd, of course, to say that he is never bored. For it is practically impossible to travel without being sometimes bored. For the tourist, a large part of almost every day is necessarily empty. Much time, to begin with, must be spent in merely getting from place to place. And when the sights have been seen, the sight-seer finds himself physically weary and with nothing particular to do. At home, among one's regular occupations, one is never bored. Ennui is essentially a holiday feeling. (Is it not the chronic disease of the leisured?) It is for that very reason that your true travelers finds boredom rather agreeable than painful. It is the symbol of his liberty—his excessive freedom. He accepts his boredom, when it comes, not merely philosophically, but almost with pleasure.

For the born traveler, traveling is a besetting vice. Like other vices it is imperious, demanding its victims time, money, energy, and the sacrifice of his comfort. It claims; and the born traveler gives, willingly, even eagerly. Most vices, it may be added parenthetically, demand considerable self-sacrifices. There is no greater mistake than to suppose that a vicious life is a life of uninterrupted pleasure. It is a life almost as wearisome and painful—if strenuously led—as Christian's in the *Pilgrim's Progress*.¹⁹ The chief difference between Christian and the vicious man is that the first gets something out of his hardships—gets it here and now in the shape of a certain spiritual well-being, to say nothing of what he may get in that sadly problematical Jerusalem beyond the river—while the second gets nothing, except,

perhaps, gout and general paralysis of the insane.

The vice of traveling, it is true, does not necessarily bring with it those two particular diseases; nor indeed any diseases at all, unless you wanderings take you as far as the tropics. No bodily diseases; for traveling is not a vice of the body (which it mortifies) but of the mind. Your traveler-for-traveling's-sake is like your desultory reader—a man addicted to mental self-indulgence.

Like all other vicious men, the reader and the traveler have a whole armory of justifications with which to defend themselves. Reading and traveling, they say, broaden the mind, stimulate imagination, are a liberal education. And so on. These are specious arguments but nobody is very much impressed by them. For though it may be quite true that, for certain people, desultory reading and aimless traveling are richly educative, it is not for that reason that most true readers and travelers born indulge their tastes. We read and travel, not that we may broaden and enrich our minds, but that we may pleasantly forget they exist. We love reading and traveling because they are the most delightful of all the many substitutes for thought. Sophisticated and somewhat rarefied substitutes. That is why they are not every man's diversion. The congenital reader or traveler is one of those more fastidious spirits who cannot find the distractions they require in betting, mahjong, drink, golf or fox-trot.

There exist a few, a very few, who travel and for that matter, who read, with purpose and a definite system. This is a morally admirable class. And it is the class to which, in general, the people who achieve something in the world belong. Not always, however, by any means. For, alas, one may have a high purpose and a fine character, but no talent. Some of the most self-indulgent and aimless of travelers and readers have known how to profit by their vices. Desultory reading was

Dr. Johnson's besetting sin; he read every book that came under his hand and none to the end. And yet his achievement was not small. And there are frivolous travelers, like *Beckford*,²⁰ who have gone about the world, indulging their wanton curiosity, to almost as good purpose. Virtue is its own reward; but *the grapes which talent knows how to pluck — are they not a little sour?*²¹

With me, traveling is frankly a vice. The temptations to indulge in it is one which I find almost as hard to resist as the temptation to read promiscuously, omnivorously and without purpose. From time to time, it is true, I make a desperate resolution to mend my ways. I sketch out programs of useful, serious reading; I try to turn my rambling voyages into systematic tours through the history of art and civilization. But without much success. After a little time I relapse into my old bad ways. Deplorable weakness! I try to comfort myself with the hope that even my vices may be of some profit to me.

THE TWO SYSTEMS OF MARRIAGE

Arnold Bennett

*Sabine*¹ and other *summary*² methods of marrying being now abandoned by all nice people, there remain two broad general ways. The first is the English way. We let nature take her course. We give heed to the heart's cry. When, amid the hazards and accidents of the world, two would "find each other," we rejoice. Our instinctive wish is that they shall marry, if the matter can anyhow be arranged. We frankly recognize the claim of romance in life, and we are prepared to make sacrifices to it. We see a young couple at the altar; they are in love. Good! They are poor. So much the worse! But nevertheless we feel that love will pull them through. The revolting French system of bargain and barter is the one thing that we can neither comprehend nor pardon in the customs of our great neighbors. We endeavor to be polite about that system; we simply cannot. It shocks our finest, tenderest feelings. It is so obviously contrary to nature.

The second is the French way, just alluded to as bargain and barter. Now, if there is one thing a Frenchman can neither comprehend nor pardon in the customs of a race so marvelously practical and sagacious as ourselves, it is the English marriage system. He endeavors to be polite about it, and he succeeds. But it shocks his finest feelings. He admits that it is in accordance with nature; but he is apt to argue that the whole progress of civilization has been the result of an effort to get away from nature. "What! Leave the most important relation into which a man can

enter to the mercy of chance, when a mere gesture may arouse passion, or the color of a corsage induce desire! No, you English, you who are so self-controlled, you are not going seriously to defend that! You talk of love as though it lasted for ever. You talk of sacrificing to love; but what you really sacrifice, or risk sacrificing, is the whole of the latter part of married existence for the sake of the first two or three years. Marriage is not one long honeymoon. We wish it were. When *you* agree to a marriage you fix your eyes on the honeymoon. When *we* agree to a marriage we try to see it as it will be five or ten years hence. We assert that, in the average instance, five years after the wedding it doesn't matter whether or not the parties were in love on the wedding day. Hence we will not yield to the gusts of the moment. Your system is, moreover, if we may be permitted the observation, a *premium on improvidence*²: it is, to some extent, the result of improvidence. You can marry your daughters without dowries, and the ability to do so tempts you to neglect your *plain duty*⁴ to your daughters, and you do not always resist the temptation. Do your marriages of "romance" turn out better than our marriages of prudence, of careful thought, of long foresight? We do not think they do."

So much for the two ways. Patriotism being the last refuge of a scoundrel, according to Doctor Johnson, I have no intention of judging between them, as my heart prompts me to do, lest I should be accused of it. Nevertheless, I may hint that, while perfectly convinced by the admirable logic of the French, I am still, with the charming illogicalness of the English, in favor of romantic marriages (it being, of course, understood that dowries *ought* to be far more plentiful than they are in England). If a Frenchman accuses me of being ready to risk sacrificing the whole of the latter part of married life for the sake of the first

two or three years, I would unhesitatingly reply: "Yes, I *am* ready to risk that sacrifice. I reckon the first two or three years are worth it." But, then, I am English, and therefore romantic by nature. Look at London, that city whose outstanding quality is its romantic quality; and look at the Englishwomen going their ways in the wonderful streets thereof! Their very eyes are full of romance. They may, they do, lack *chic*,⁵ but they are heroines of drama. Then look at Paris; there is little romance in the fine right lines of Paris. Look at the Parisiennes. They are the most astounding and adorable women yet invented by nature. But they aren't romantic, you know. They don't know what romance is. They are so matter-of-fact that when you think of their matter-of-factness it gives you a *shiver in the small of your back*.⁶

To return. One may view the two ways in another light. Perhaps the difference between them is, fundamentally, less a difference between the ideas of two races than a difference between the ideas of two "times of life"; and in France the elderly attitude predominates. As people get on in years, even English people, they are more and more in favor of the marriage of reason as against the marriage of romance. Young people, even French people, object strongly to the theory and practice of the marriage of reason. But with them the unique and precious ecstasy of youth is not past, whereas their elders have forgotten its savor. Which is right? No one will ever be able to decide. But neither the one system nor the other will apply itself well to all or nearly all cases. There have been thousands of romantic marriages in England of which it may be said that it would have been better had the French system been in force to prevent their existence. And, equally, thousands of possible romantic marriages have been prevented in France which, had the English

system prevailed there, would have turned out excellently. The prevalence of dowries in England would not under the English system perfect (for it must be remembered that money is only one of several ingredients in the French marriage), but it would considerably improve it. However, we are not a provident race, and we are not likely to become one. So our young men must *reconcile themselves to the continued absence of dowries.*⁷

The reader may be excused for imagining that I am at the end of my remarks. I am not. All that precedes is a mere preliminary to what follows. I want to regard the case of the man who has given the English system a fair trial and found it futile. Thus, we wait on chance in England. We wait for love to arrive. Suppose it doesn't arrive? Where is the English system then? Assume that a man in a position to marry reaches thirty-five or forty without having fallen in love. Why should he not try the French system for a change? Any marriage is better than none at all. Naturally, in England, he couldn't go up to the *Chosen Fair*⁸ and announce: "I am not precisely in love with you, but will you marry me?" He would put it differently. And she would understand. And do you think she would refuse?

DREAM-CHILDREN: A REVERIE

Charles Lamb

Children love to listen to stories about their elders, when they were children; to stretch their imagination to the conception of a traditionary great-uncle or grandame, whom they never saw. It was in this spirit that my little ones crept about me the other evening to hear about their *great-grandmother Field*,¹ who lived in a great house in Norfolk (a hundred times bigger than that in which they and papa lived) which had been the scene—so at least it was generally believed in that part of the country—of the tragic incidents which they had lately become familiar with from the ballad of the "*Children in the Wood*."² Certain it is that the whole story of the children and their cruel uncle was to be seen fairly carved out in wood upon the chimney-piece of the great hall, the whole story down to the *Robin Redbreast*,³ till a foolish rich person pulled it down to set up a marble one of modern invention in its stead, with no story upon it. Here *Alice*⁴ put out one of her dear mother's looks, too tender to be called upbraiding. Then I went on to say, how religious and how good their great-grandmother Field was, how beloved and respected by everybody, though she was not indeed the mistress of this great house, but had *only* the charge of it (and yet in some respects she might be said to be the mistress of it too) committed to her by the owner, who preferred living in a newer and more fashionable mansion which he had purchased somewhere in the adjoining county; but still she lived in it in a manner as if it had been her own, and kept up the dignity of the great house in a sort while she lived, which

afterwards came to decay, and was pulled down, and all its old ornaments stripped and carried away to the owner's other house, where they were set up, and looked as awkward as if some one were to carry away the old tombs they had seen lately at *the Abbey*,⁶ and stick them up in Lady C.'s tawdry gilt drawing-room. Here *John* smiled, as much as to say, "that would be foolish indeed." And then I told how, when she came to die, her funeral was attended by a concourse of all the poor, and some of the gentry too, of the neighborhood for many miles around, to show their respect for her memory, because she had been such a good and religious woman; so good indeed that she knew all *the Psalter*⁷ by heart, ay, and a great part of *the Testament*⁸ besides. Here little Alice spread her hands. Then I told what a tall, upright, graceful person their great-grandmother Field was; and how in her youth she was esteemed the best dancer—here Alice's little right foot played an involuntary movement, till, upon my looking grave, it desisted—the best dancer, I was saying, in the county, till a cruel disease, called a cancer, came, and bowed her down with pain; but it could never bend her good spirits, or make them stoop, but they were still upright, because she was so good and religious. Then I told how she was used to sleep by herself in a lone chamber of the great lone house; and how she believed that an apparition of two infants was to be seen at midnight gliding up and down the great staircase near where she slept, but she said "those innocents would do her no harm"; and how frightened I used to be, though in those days I had my maid to sleep with me, because I was never half so good or religious as she—and yet I never saw the infants. Here *John* expanded all his eye brows and tried to look courageous. Then I told how good she was to all her grandchildren, having us to the great-house in the holidays.

where I in particular used to spend many hours by myself, in gazing upon the old busts of the Twelve Cæsars, that had been Emperors of Rome, till the old marble heads would seem to live again, or I to be turned into marble with them; how I never could be tired with roaming about that huge mansion, with its vast empty rooms, with their worn-out hangings, fluttering tapestry, and carved oaken panels, with the gilding almost rubbed out—sometimes in the spacious old-fashioned gardens, which I had almost to myself, unless when now and then a solitary gardening man would cross me—and how the nectarines and peaches hung upon the walls, without my ever offering to pluck them, because they were forbidden fruit, unless now and then,—and because I had more pleasure in strolling about among the old melancholy-looking yew trees, or the firs, and picking up the red berries, and the fir apples, which were good for nothing but to look at—or in lying about upon the fresh grass, with all the fine garden smells around me—or basking in the orangery, till I could almost fancy myself ripening too along with the oranges and the limes in that grateful warmth—or in watching the dace that darted to and fro in the fish-pond, at the bottom of the garden, with here and there a great sulky pike hanging midway down the water in silent state, as if it mocked at their impertinent friskings.—I had more pleasure in these busy-idle diversions than in all the sweet flavors of peaches, nectarines, oranges, and such like common baits of children. Here John slyly deposited back upon the plate a bunch of grapes, which, not unobserved by Alice, he had meditated dividing with her, and both seemed willing to relinquish them for the present at irrelevant. Then in somewhat a more heightened tone, I told how, though their great-grandmother Field loved all her grandchildren, yet in an especial manner she

might be said to love their uncle, *John L—*,⁸⁷ because he was so handsome and spirited a youth, and a king to the rest of us; and, instead of moping about in solitary corners, like some of us, he would mount the most mettlesome horse he could get, when but an imp no bigger than themselves, and make it carry him all over the county in a morning, and join the hunters when there were any out—and yet he loved the old great house and gardens too, but had too much spirit to be always pent up within their boundaries — and how their uncle grew up to man's estate as brave as he was handsome, to the admiration of everybody, but of their great-grandmother Field most especially; and how he used to carry me upon his back when I was a lame-footed boy—for he was a good bit older than me—many a mile when I could not walk for pain;—and how in after life he became lame-footed too, and I did not always (I fear) make allowances enough for him when he was impatient, and in pain, nor remember sufficiently how considerate he had been to me when I was lame-footed; and how when he died, though he had not been dead an hour, it seemed as if he had died a great while ago, such a distance there is between life and death; and how I bore his death as I thought pretty well at first, but afterwards it haunted and haunted me; and though I did not cry or take it to heart as some do, and as I think he would have done if I had died, yet I missed him all day long, and knew not till then how much I had loved him. I missed his kindness, and I missed his crossness, and wished him to be alive again, to be quarreling with him (for we quarreled sometimes) rather than not have him again, and was as uneasy without him, as he their poor uncle must have been when the doctor took off his limb. Here the children fell a-crying and asked if their little mourning which they had on was not for uncle John, and they looked up,

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with the benevolent Doctor, after the death of Mrs. Johnson with whom she was very familiar. She died in the lodging in 1783.

VIII. THE MICAWBERS

Charles Dickens (1812—1870), one of the greatest Victorian novelists, suffered terrible hardships in his early youth. With his father in prison on account of money difficulties, he worked as drudge in a warehouse. After some schooling, he earned his livelihood as an office lad and later as a parliamentary reporter. The connection with journalism was thus formed, and through journalism with literature. Among his best works were the "Pickwick Papers" (1836), "Oliver Twist" (1837—39), "Nicholas Nickleby" (1838—39), "The Old Curiosity Shop" (1840), "Martin Chuzzlewit" (1843), "David Copperfield" (1849—50), "A Tale of Two Cities" (1859), "Great Expectations" (1860--61).

This article is from "David Copperfield" which is regarded as Dickens's greatest work. David is Dickens himself and Mr. Micawber is a portrait of his own father. Micawber, as the story goes, is a very unpractical half-clever man, a great speechifier. His florid style of speech is a classic example of the ridiculous. Shortly after his father's decease and his mother's marriage with Mr. Murdstone, a wine-dealer, David was sent away in disgrace to work in Murdstone and Greenby's warehouse and was to lodge with the Micawbers. Here is a description of their first meeting.

Dickens's style is not flawless, sometimes careless of grammar even, but he wrote in an easy and natural manner, full of humor and pathos.

1. *counting-house*—the house in which the merchant or manufacturer keeps his books and transacts business. Here the counting-house is that of Murdstone and Greenby's.

2. *Mr. Quinion*—manager in Murdstone and Greenby's.
3. *Mr. Micawber*—a man selling wine on commission.
4. *the Modern Babylon*—a great city.
5. "*a Orfling*"—an orphan.
6. *St. Luke's workhouse*—a poorhouse.
7. *experientia*—Latin for "experience."
8. *town traveler*—a commercial traveler limited to the town or city which is his employer's place of business.

IX. GETTING THE DOCTOR

Hamlin Garland (1860—), American author. Born at West Salem, Wisconsin, he wrote about the rural life of the Middle West—"not as the summer boarder or the young lady novelist sees it, but as the working farmer endures it." "*Son of the Middle Border*" (1917), from which this essay is taken, is a record of his boyhood in Wisconsin, Iowa, Minnesota, Dakota, and his early literary struggles in Boston. His later experiences are told in "*A Daughter of the Middle Border*" (1921), which was offered the Pulitzer Prize for biography in 1922.

1. *Morgan*—an American breed of light horses, originated in Vermont from a stallion Justin Morgan.
2. *spill* (*Colloq.*)—throwing out or off accidentally.
3. *bronchos*, or *bronzos*—small half-wild horses or ponies, of the plains of Western North America, chiefly used as saddle horses or pack animals.
4. *Shetland ponies*—a kind of small, hardy breed ponies, originated in the Shetland Islands.
5. *nigh horse*—the horse on the left.
6. *off horse*—the horse on the right, opposed to "nigh" or "near."

X. THE DEATH OF PRINCE

Thomas Hardy (1840—1927), one of the greatest English novelists and poets of the present century. Among his best-known novels are: "The Return of the Native" (1878), "The Woodlanders" (1887), "Tess of the D'Urbervilles" (1891) and "Jude the Obscure" (1895). In his last years he wrote a great epic drama "The Dynasts" dealing with the Napoleonic War.

"The Death of Prince" is taken from "Tess of the D'Urbervilles." Prince is an old horse kept by John Darbyfield, a shiftless villager who precariously supports a large family by jobbing with Prince and a cart. He is told by a local antiquary that he is a descendant of the ancient family of D'Urbervilles. He celebrates the discovery of his aristocratic origin by over-indulgence at the public house, and has to be fetched home by his wife and his eldest daughter Tess.

1. *Abraham* — younger brother of Tess, also called "Aby" in abbreviation.
2. *Wessex* — the word is used by Hardy to designate the southwest counties of England, principally Dorset, which are the scene of most of his novels.
3. *Rolliver's* — a public house.
4. *put 'ee in the way of* — give you the opportunity of.
5. *black hollows* — black sky.
6. *stubbard tree* — in Wessex dialect, a kind of apple tree bearing pointed fruits which ripen earlier than other apples.

XI. THE APPLE TREE

Katherine Mansfield (1890—1923), British author, pseudonym of Katherine Beauchamp, wife of Middleton Murry, the famous critic. She wrote a series of brilliant stories.

1. *lay under a cloud*—to be out of favor.
2. *jigged and slapped in horrid familiarity*—washed and beaten so often that the shape becomes ugly and flat.
3. *you could not bite for sniffing*—you would smell rather than eat it.
4. *Forbidden Tree*—referring to the tree of the knowledge of good and evil in the garden of Eden. Adam, the first man, was forbidden by God to eat its fruit. (See *Genesis*, II.)
5. *a*—The name of the tree was mentioned by the visitor but forgotten by the storyteller.
6. *You can't beat 'em*—You can't find better ones.
7. *set a seal on father's delight*—make him confident that he had reason to be delighted.
8. *clear out*—get out of office.
9. *Johnny*—fellow.
10. *Virgin Mary*—Mary was warned by an angel of her conception of Jesus Christ. The scene is usually called "Annunciation."
11. *we played up to him*—i. e., in a dramatic situation in which he was the leading character.
12. *H. M. S. (His Majesty's ship) Thunderbolt*—name of a boat.
13. *By Jove!* = *By God!*—an oath.
14. *Bouquet!* (*French*)—perfume of wine. Here it means fine smell.

XII. HOW I LEARNED TO WRITE

Robert Louis Stevenson (1850—94), one of the best English prose writers. Among his best works are: "The Treasure Island," "Virginibus Puerisque," "The Strange Case of Dr. Jeckyll and Mr. Hyde," and "Vailima Letters." It is always instructive to hear a great writer talk about the art of writing, and Stevenson's candid confession deserves special attention as it reveals a great

secret in literary art—the trick of “playing the sedulous ape.”

1. *halting stanzas*—fragments of a poem to be completed or improved.
2. *a happier constitution*—a person with greater natural gift.
3. *Hazlitt*, William (1834—1913)—one of the great masters of English prose.
4. *Lamb*, Charles (1775—1834)—one of the great masters of English prose.
5. *Wordsworth*, William (1770—1850)—one of the greatest English poets.
6. *Sir Thomas Browne* (1605—82)—one of the great masters of English prose.
7. *Defoe*, Daniel (1660—1731)—author of “Robinson Crusoe.”
8. *Hawthorne*, Nathaniel (1804—64)—American writer, author of “The Scarlet Letter.”
9. *Montaigne* (1533—92)—author of the famous “Essays.”
10. *Baudelaire* (1821—67)—great French poet, author of “Fleurs du Mal.”
11. *Obermann*—a novel by Senancour (1770—1846), French writer.
12. *Ruskin*, John (1819—1900)—English art critic, author of “Modern Painters.”
13. *Keats*, John (1795—1821)—great English poet.
14. *letters*—literature.
15. *Cicero* (106—43 B. C.)—Roman philosopher and orator. The following sentence suggests that Montaigne imitated Cicero.
16. *Burns*, Robert (1759—95)—Scottish farmer-poet.
17. *a school*—a group of writers who stick to the same principles and show the same characteristics. Cf. the word “school” in the phrase “a school of posturing” above. There it means an occupation serving to discipline.

XIII. AUTOBIOGRAPHY

Thomas Henry Huxley (1825—1895), a celebrated English biologist and a powerful supporter of Darwinism. He wrote among others "The Physical Basis of Life" (1838), "Lay Sermons" (1870), "Science and Morals" (1836), and "Ethics and Evolution" (1893). The last book in the Chinese version enjoyed for some time a great popularity. His prose style, clear and vigorous, has never been surpassed by any other Englishman of science.

1. *that particular Apostle*—Thomas was one of the twelve disciples of Jesus, and was known as a doubter among his friends.
2. *Herbert Spencer* (1820—1903)—a celebrated English philosopher, founder of the system named by himself the synthetic philosophy.
3. *Sydney*—a seaport, capital of New South Wales, Australia.
4. "*sent out*" — driven away by the government as an incorrigible criminal.
5. *in partibus infidelium* (*Latin*)—in the domain of the unbelievers.
6. "*sweet south upon a bed of violets*"—misquoted from Shakespeare's "Twelfth Night," Act I, Sc. 1, line 5.
7. *hypochondriacal dyspepsia* — indigestion affecting the soft parts of the body below the cartilages of the ribs.
8. *my fleshy tabernacle*—my body.
9. "*Lehrjahre*" (*German*)—apprentice years.
10. *heaped coals of fire on my head*—caused remorse by returning good for evil.
11. "*Suites à Buffon*"—Comte de Buffon (1707—1788) was a famous French natural philosopher. Some years after his death there were published in Paris a series of scientific monologues entitled "Suites à Buffon," namely, "Addenda to Buffon."

12. "*Linnean Society*"—a society founded in 1788 in honor of Linnaeus (1707—1778), the great Swedish botanist. It publishes journals and books on natural history.
13. *Noah*—in the Bible, a patriarch, who found favor with God because of his righteousness. Upon the cessation of a great flood he sent from his ark a raven and a dove to see whether the land was dry or not; the latter returned to him.
14. *the Royal Society*—founded in 1661 for improving natural knowledge.
15. "*Père Coriot*"—a novel by Balzac. Its general situation is somewhat like that of "King Lear." Rastignae is a character in "*Père Coriot*." At the close of the story Rastignae says "*À nous deux, maintenant,*" i. e., "Now there is war between us."
16. *Professor Tyndall*—John Tyndall (1820—1893), a distinguished English physicist and fellow of the Royal Society. He was an intimate friend of Huxley's and like Huxley helped to popularize the scientific discoveries of the time.
17. *the Royal Institution*—founded in 1799 to teach the application of science to the useful purposes of life.
18. *malgré moi (French)*—in spite of myself.

XIV. THE RISING OF THE MOON

Lady Gregory (1859—1932), Irish poet and dramatist. She cooperated with W. B. Yeats in the foundation of the Abbey Theater in Dublin. Her best-known works include: "Seven Short Plays," "Irish Folk History Plays," "New Comedies," "Three Wonder Plays," "Three Last Plays."

"The Rising of the Moon" represents the Irish movement for national emancipation. It gives a subtle analysis of psychological conflict. The sergeant who is charged with arresting a revolutionary leader finds it

difficult to reconcile his sense of duty, his desire for reward and promotion and his sympathy with the popular cause. His patriotic feeling triumphs in the end and he lets the man run away. The denouement is skillfully worked out. The pathetic effect of the dialogue between the sergeant and the revolutionary leader is heightened by the weird atmosphere of the quay at night.

1. *will*—shall.
2. *force*—body of police.
3. *it's maybe under a load of kelp he'd be in a fishing boat*—he may hide himself under a load of seaweeds in a fishing boat.
4. *a married man*—the sergeant refers to himself.
5. *It's those that are down . . . if it wasn't for us.*
—Without us policemen the social order would be upset.
6. *some honest man not to be the better for that*—the sergeant himself not to get so much as that.
7. "*Content and a Pipe*," "*The Peeler and the Goat*" and "*Johnny Hart*"—titles of ballads.
8. *distracted*—distractedly.
9. *I wouldn't be in your shoes*—I would not act as you do.
10. *Do you tell me so?*—Really?
11. *he did it*—he killed him.
12. *he was . . .*—he was killed.
13. *take a draw*—smoke.
14. *Granuaile*—an Irish revolutionary leader.
15. *Who knows but I might?*—Who knows that I might not?

XV. FOLLOWING THE BEES

John Burroughs (1837—1921), an American poet and author of books on natural history. He was a man of manifold activities—teaching, farming, writing for the

press, and serving as a clerk in the Treasury Department at Washington. His poems and essays on out-of-door life have gained a large circle of readers.

XVI. MOUNTAIN WEATHER

Charles Franklin Brooks (1891—), professor of meteorology and director of Blue Hill Observatory, Harvard University. He has written several books and many articles on weather science in a style at once succinct and interesting.

1. *F.*—abbreviation for Fahrenheit (1686—1736) German physicist. He devised the thermometric scale (freezing point 32°, boiling point 212°).
2. *Mt. Washington*—the highest summit of the White Mountains, New Hampshire, and the highest mountain in New England. It is ascended by railroad and a carriage road from the Glen House. On the summit is a United States signal station.
3. *Mt. Monadnock*—an isolated mountain in Cheshire County, southwestern New Hampshire, U. S. A. Height 3,186 feet.
4. “*high*”—an area of high barometric pressure.
5. *convection*—the upward or downward movement of a limited portion of the atmosphere.
6. *difference in potential*—between two points is the amount of work required to bring a unit positive charge or mass from one point to another.
7. *Brocken Specter*—Brocken is a mountain in Prussian Saxony, Germany. Its huge, granite-strewn dome commands magnificent views in all directions. The “specter” was first observed in 1780—an enormously magnified shadow of an observer cast upon a bank of cloud in high mountain regions when the sun is low. (Cf. “The Buddha-glory” on Mount O-Mei.)
8. *Mt. Blanc*—a mountain in Switzerland.

XVII. THE MASTER

Henry Major Tomlinson (1873—), English essayist. Born in the East End of London amidst the wharves and docks for ocean-going vessels, he learned all about ships in his childhood. He began his apprenticeship as an editorial writer of the *Morning Leader* in 1904, was an official correspondent at General Headquarters of the British Expeditionary Forces, 1915—1917, and literary editor of the *Nation and Athenaeum*, 1917—1923. His works, some of which are recognized as classics of our time, include: "The Sea and the Jungle" (1912); "Old Junk" (1919), "Tide Marks" (1924), and "Gallions Reach" (1927), which was awarded the Femina-Vie Heureuse Prize. This essay is reprinted from "Selected Modern English Essays" (Oxford).

1. *reefer jacket* — a close-fitting, usually double-breasted, jacket or short coat of thick cloth; a midshipman's jacket.
2. *Tower Hill* — the slope near the Tower of London.
3. *St. Vincent* — the Cape of St. Vincent, in the southwestern part of Portugal.
4. *Gibraltar* — British colony, south of Spain.
5. *Suez* — the Suez Canal, across Isthmus of Suez, 72 miles long, cut in 1859—1869 by Vicomte de Ferdinand Lesseps.
6. *Aden* — British colony since 1839, in the southwestern part of Arabia.
7. *Colombo* — seaport and commercial town, capital of Ceylon.
8. *Singapore* — seaport, south of the Malay Peninsula, capital of British Malaya.
9. *Batavia* — seaport city in Java, capital of Dutch East Indies.
10. *Bordeaux* — seaport city, capital of the Department of Gironde, France.

11. *derrick*—a hoisting machine, named after a hangman named Derrick.
12. *stevedore*—one who is employed for the unloading and loading of a vessel in port.

XVIII. THE PHILOSOPHER

William Somerset Maugham (1874—), English novelist and dramatist. His chief works include: "Of Human Bondage" (1916), "On a Chinese Screen" (1923). The latter contains a series of sketches and stories, recording his traveling experiences in China. "The Philosopher" is a good specimen of these sketches. Evidently the philosopher described here is Mr. Ku Hung-ming (辜鴻銘), the famous upholder of Chinese culture.

1. *city*—apparently Chengtu, but when Maugham visited him, the philosopher really lived in Peiping.
2. *one of the Empress Dowager's greatest viceroys*—Chang Tse-tung (張之洞).
3. *the barbarians*—the Western people.
4. *Judas*—peephole in door.
5. *Benjamin Disraeli* (1804—1881)—English statesman and writer of Jewish descent, prime minister to Queen Victoria.
6. *Hume, David* (1711—1776)—Scottish philosopher and historian, the author of "Treatise of Human Nature" and "Inquiry Concerning Human Understanding."
7. *Berkeley, George* (1685—1753)—Irish philosopher, author of "Principles of Human Knowledge" and "Dialogues."
8. *Pragmatism*—a philosophical doctrine insisting on the verification of truth by experiences and practical results. It is associated with the names of William James and John Dewey.
9. *the abdication of the emperor*—the young Manchu

emperor Pu Yi (溥儀), relinquished his throne on Feb. 12, 1912.

10. *ladies to describe whom a euphemism is generally used*—prostitutes, the word is usually avoided in polite society and such euphemistic expressions as “sing-song girls,” “courtesan,” etc., are substituted for it.
11. *the most inscrutable of human illusions*—love.
12. *Traduttore — traditore*—Italian for “translation-traitor,” i. e., translation betrays.

XIX. THE CHINESE CHARACTER

Bertrand Arthur William Russell (1872 —), English philosopher, who lectured in the National University of Peking during 1920—1921. The present article is taken from “Problems of China,” 1922.

1. *the myth of the “Subtle Oriental”*—The Oriental people are usually regarded by Westerners as “subtle” or hard to understand. It is a myth as it is not based on facts.
2. *Whitaker’s Almanac*—a dictionary of general information published in 1803 by Joseph Whitaker (1820—1895).
3. *prima facie (Latin)*—at first sight.
4. *Marlborough, John Churchill (1650—1722)*—English statesman.
5. *Cardinal Dubois (1656—1723)*—French statesman.

XX. OXFORD AS I SEE IT

Stephen Butler Leacock (1869—), Canadian author. He was born in England but was brought up in America. In 1908 he became professor of political economy at McGill University. He is a well-known writer of humorous

stories. The present article is taken from "My Discovery of England" (1922).

1. *All Souls*—a college of Oxford University.
2. *President Lowell, James Russell* (1819—1891)—president of Harvard University.
3. *Rudyard Kipling* (1865—1936)—English novelist and poet.
4. *McGill*—McGill University, Montreal, Canada.
5. *Andrew Macphail* (1864—)—president of McGill University.
6. *Prince of Wales*—heir apparent to the British throne.
7. *bona fide* (*Latin*)—genuine.
8. *gets there* (*Slang*)—succeeds.
9. *Charles I* (1600—1649)—king of England.
10. *Brasenose College, New College, Magdalen, Christ Church*—colleges of Oxford University.
11. *Cardinal Wolsey, Thomas* (1475—1529)—English cardinal and statesman.
12. *Henry VIII* (1491—1547)—king of England.
13. *Toronto*—capital of Ontario, Canada.
14. *broken in*—trained.
15. *Greek Letter Society*—American college societies are often named by Greek letters.
16. *punk* (*Slang*)—worthless.
17. *Henry Wadsworth Longfellow* (1807—1882)—American poet, professor of foreign languages at Bowdoin College, Maine, 1829—34, and professor of belles-lettres at Harvard, 1836—54.
18. *William Cullen Bryant* (1794—1878)—American poet and journalist.
19. *in re* (*Latin*)—about; with reference to.
20. *ult.*—abbreviation of "ultimo" (*Latin*), last month.
21. "live-wire" (*Slang*)—active person.
22. "make good" (*Slang*)—succeed.
23. *turning . . . "midnight oil"*—referring to Milton's

- famous poem "Il Penseroso," in which the thoughtful scholar is described to "burn midnight oil" to study poetry and philosophy.
24. *Queen Margaret* (1430—1482)—wife of Henry VI, king of England.
 25. *Carnegie, Andrew* (1835—1919)—Scottish-American steel-manufacturer and philanthropist.
 26. *Rockefeller, John Davidson* (1839—)—American millionaire.

XXI. THE LONDON COFFEE HOUSES

Thomas Babington Macaulay (1800—1859) was a very versatile writer. "He wrote poetry not so well as he wrote essays and reviews, and these not quite so well as he wrote history." He began his literary career at twenty-five with a brilliant essay on Milton in the *Edinburgh Review*. He was Member of Parliament at thirty, and four years later he held a high legal post in India. On his return, until 1847, he played an important part in Parliament. He wrote a number of essays and distinguished himself with a series of speeches.

The present article, "The London Coffee Houses," is an extract from his "History of England," a work to which he dedicated the greater part of his literary life. His lucid, persuasive and picturesque style has made the "History" extremely readable, as fascinating as a novel. The famous remark of Jeffrey, editor of the *Edinburgh Review*, on his style should be noted "The more I think, the less I can conceive where you picked up that style!" That style is a model of lucidity and logical structure. The History was unfortunately left unfinished at his death.

1. "a fourth estate of the realm"—the "estates of the realm" are the classes of a state who are vested with distinct political powers and whose

concurrence is necessary to legislation. There were generally three estates in feudal Europe, namely, the clergy, nobles, and commons. The "fourth estate" is now generally alluded to the public press, the newspapers, because of its influence and power. Here the "fourth estate" simply means a specially privileged and influential class.

2. *Danby*—Lord Treasurer under Charles II. His administration 1674—1679.
3. *the Grecian or the Rainbow*—names of two famous coffee houses.
4. *Lord Foppington*—a humorous character in Vanbrugh's play, "The Relapse" (1697). He is an empty-headed coxcomb, intent on dress and fashion. He has a peculiar dialect in which he pronounced, in a large class of words, the O like A.
5. *poetical justice*—that ideal justice according to which crimes should be punished and virtues rewarded, regarded by authors and critics of the pseudoclassical school as proper to a poem, drama, or other literary work.
6. *unities of place and time*—reference to the so-called "classical unities" (the unity of time, place, and action), a rule, generally attributed to Aristotle, according to which the events embodied in a play should take place at only one locality and should not exceed 12 or 24 hours in duration, and should have only one single plot.
7. *Perrault and Boileau*—referring to "the quarrel of ancients and moderns" in France in the seventeenth century. Stimulated by the idea of progress, Perrault (Charles, 1628—1703) glorified the modern accomplishments, in letters as well as in sciences, while Boileau (-Despréaux Nicolas, 1636—1711) upheld the perfection of the ancients.
8. "*Paradise Lost*"—a literary epic written by John Milton (1608—1674) in blank verse.

9. "*Venice Preserved*"—a popular Restoration tragedy by Thomas Otway (1651—1685), which appeared in 1682.
10. *Templars*—students of law, so called from having chambers in the temple, London, the original buildings having belonged to the Knights Templars.
11. *John Dryden* (1631—1700)—the great literary figure of his age, very much revered by his contemporaries.
12. *Laureate*—the Post Laureate, i. e., Dryden.
13. *Racine*, Jean (1639 — 1699) — French classical dramatist.
14. *Bossu* (1631—1680) — French critic.
15. *to turn the head of* — to make giddy, wild, or the like; to infatuate.
16. *Doctor John Radcliffe* (1650—1714) — English physician, founder of Radcliffe Library at Oxford.
17. *Exchange* — the place where merchants, brokers, bankers or other business men meet to do business.
18. *election and reprobation* — theological doctrines of predestination of individuals as objects of salvation and eternal damnation.
19. *Jesuits* — a Catholic order which acquired in England in the seventeenth century an opprobrious reputation, for they were generally thought to be plotters of fire and a assassination. The great fire alluded to here is that in 1666 which raged for three days and burned three-fifth of London and rendered 200,000 people homeless.
20. *Kraal of Hottentots* — village of Hottentots, a South African tribe.
21. *Lascar* — an East Indian native sailor or army servant.
22. *Lord Mayor's show* — a magnificent allegorical procession through the streets of London made every year when the Lord Mayor assumes office.
23. *money-droppers* — coiners or distributors of false money.

XXII. THE SPECTATOR ON HIMSELF

Joseph Addison (1672—1719), English poet and essayist, began his literary career while at the university. Through his acquaintance with Dryden, he was brought into contact with the leaders of the Whig party to which he inclined. With a royal pension he traveled abroad for four years. He became Under-Secretary of State, 1704, Member of Parliament from 1708 till his death, and was the center of a group of wits that frequented Button's Coffee House. Addison's works include "Cato, a Tragedy" (1713) and many poems, political pamphlets, and periodical writings.

On March 1, 1711, Addison, with the collaboration of Steele, founded the *Spectator*, issued six times a week, from March, 1711 to December, 1712, amounting to 555 numbers; of these Steele wrote some 236, and Addison 274. In 1712, the papers were selling at some 10,000 per week.

Of Addison's style, Dr. Johnson said, "Whoever wishes to attain an English style, familiar but not coarse, and elegant but not ostentatious, must give his days and nights to the study of Addison."

1. *William the Conqueror* (1027—1037)—the Duke of Normandy who led the Norman Conquest, 1066.
2. *rattle*—a child's toy that rattles when shaken.
3. *coral*—a piece of coral fitted with small bells, given to infants as a plaything, or to bite on when cutting their teeth.
4. *learned*—i. e., classical, esp. Latin.
5. *controversies*—In Addison's time, the measurement of the pyramids was a topic that excited much interest and debate. Prof. John Greaves of Oxford led the discussion.
6. *Will's*—Will's Coffee House, No. 1, Bow Street, Covent Garden. Originally kept by William Urwin.

It was a resort of Dryden and notable for "very witty and pleasant discourse."

7. *Child's*—coffee house in St. Paul's churchyard, frequented by clergy, lawyers, physicians, and men of science.
8. *Postman*—a journal edited by a French Protestant, M. Fonvive, and marked by the prominence it gave to foreign correspondence.
9. *St. James Coffee House*—frequented by Whigs.
10. *the Grecian*—a coffee house, so called from being kept by a Greek named Constantine, being the rendezvous of men of learning.
11. *the Cocoa Tree*—the coffee house frequented by Tories.
12. *Drury-Lane and the Hay-Market*—the two principal theaters of London. The Theater Royal in Drury Lane had been opened in 1674 and the Hay Market Opera House in 1705.
13. *Jonathan's*—Jonathan's Coffee House in Cornhill, "The general mart of stock-jobbers."
14. *economy*—management of the house.
15. *blots*—in the game of backgammon, "to make a blot" was to leave a piece exposed.
16. *Mr. Buckley's*—Buckley was the publisher.
17. *Little Britain*—a street in London,

XXIII. THE SPECTATOR CLUB

Richard Steele (1672—1729) was born in Ireland, and after leaving Oxford without a degree, he entered the army and became a captain. He began to write for the stage in 1701, and was appointed state gazetteer, which position he held for a few years. Like Addison he was also engaged in political pamphleteering. He was made M. P. in 1713, but was expelled the next year for "seditious libel." On the accession of George I he received several sinecure offices from the Crown, and

was made M. P. again, and was knighted by the king. During the late years of his life, he quarreled with Addison and lived in retirement.

1. *country-dance*—any dance of rural English origin, esp., a dance where the partners stand opposite each other in parallel lines and dance in couples up and down between the lines, as in the Sir Roger de Coverley or the Virginia reel.
2. *Soho Square*—a fashionable quarter in London.
3. *Lord Rochester and Sir George Etherege*—John Wilmot, Earl of Rochester (1647—1680), a fashionable rake and poet. Sir George Etherege (1634—1691), the Restoration dramatist and also a courtly rake.
4. *Bully Dawson*—a notorious gamester. Died 1699.
5. *in and out*—i. e., in and out of the fashion.
6. *quorum*—in England the select number of justices of the peace; some of whom, on account of their skill and discretion, were required to be present at the session of the court.
7. *quarter-sessions*—a court held quarterly by the justices of peace in counties.
8. *Game Act*—the Act alluded to here was probably that of Charles II, which defined what persons were privileged to keep guns and bows and have hunting grounds.
9. *Inner Temple*—one of the Inns of court, or societies of lawyers in London.
10. *Aristotle and Longinus*—the reference is to Aristotle's "Poetics" and Longinus's "On the Sublime."
11. *Littleton or Coke*—Sir Thomas de Littleton (1410—1481) and Sir Edward Coke (1552—1634) were members of the Inner Temple and used to be authorities on the law of real property. The reference is to the old law book "Coke Upon Littleton" being the commentary of Coke on a treatise on "Tenures by Littleton."

12. *Demosthenes and Tully*—Demosthenes (383—322 B. C.) the greatest Greek orator. Tully was the familiar mode in which the Roman orator and philosopher Marcus Tullius Cicero (106—43 B. C.) was spoken of in England.
13. *New Inn*—There were pleasant walks and gardens attached to New Inn, which was a precinct of Middle Temple.
14. *the Rose*—the Rose Tavern in Covent Garden adjoining Drury-Lane Theater, the haunt of dramatic authors. In 1711 the theatrical performances usually began at six, and dinner at three or four. The beau of the season after dinner was wont to spend an hour at a coffee house before the play.
15. *the city of London*—the business district of London.
16. *Common*—land held in common, as by a community, now often used as a park.
17. *habits*—i. e., dresses and costumes.
18. *Duke of Monmouth* (1649—1685)—the illegitimate son of Charles II, handsome and dashing.
19. *Chamber-councillor*—a lawyer who conducts his business in his own office as distinguished from those who appear in court.

XXIV. THE INTERNATIONAL DEVELOPMENT OF CHINA

Dr. Sun Yat-sen (1866—1925), the father of the Republic of China, received his early education in the Anglican Mission School and subsequently entered Hawaii College in Honolulu. On his return to China he first studied and then practiced medicine in Hongkong where he started his revolutionary career. For forty years he struggled, first against the Manchurian monarchy, then against the militarists and imperialists. Through his undaunted spirit and heroic effort he succeeded in over-

throwing the Manchurian government and establishing the Republic of China. His statesmanly farsight is shown in his voluminous writings, especially "The Three People's Principle," "The Plan for the Industrialization of China." From the latter book the present article is taken.

1. *post-bellum*—post war.
2. "*dumping ground*"—foreign market where goods may be sold at low price in order to avoid lowering home price and capture new market.

XXV. IF I WERE A FRESHMAN AGAIN

Thomas Arkle Clark (1862—1932), American educator. He was born at Minok, Illinois, and educated at Illinois, Chicago, and Harvard. Professor of English and for twenty-five years Dean of Men at the University of Illinois, he published a number of books and articles on the problems of undergraduate life. This essay is reprinted from "The Fraternity and the College" (1916).

1. *George Ade* (1866—)—American humorist and playwright.
2. *fool 'round* = "fool after" (*American colloq.*)—hang about; loaf around.
3. *to cut a class exercise* (*Colloq.*)—to be absent from a class exercise.
4. *snap* (*American colloq.*)—done or carried through with little effort.
5. "*broke*" (*American colloq.*)—hard up; penniless.
6. *Henry Ward Beecher* (1813—1887)—American orator, an advocate of the abolition of slavery.
7. *Valedictorian*—the student of the graduating class who makes the farewell speech at the commencement exercise.

XXVI. WHAT IS SCIENCE?

Ira Remsen (1846—1927), American educator and chemist; professor of chemistry at John Hopkins University and founder of the *American Chemical Journal*. The present article appeared in *Science Magazine*.

1. *The Evil One*—the devil.
2. *modus vivendi* (*Latin*)—a mode of living; a temporary arrangement between two parties pending settlement of dispute.
3. *trolley car*—electric street car.
4. *celestial bodies*—planets and stars.

XXVII. THREE PERIODS OF PROGRESS

Edwin E. Slosson (1865—1931), American chemist and writer of popular science. He was born in Albany, Kansas, and educated at the University of Kansas and the University of Chicago. From 1891 to 1903 he was professor of chemistry at the University of Wyoming and chemist at the Wyoming Agricultural Experiment Station. For eighteen years he was literary editor of the *Independent* (1903—20). His varied interests as a publicist are shown in works in the fields of education, literature, and science, including "Great American Universities" (1910), "Major Prophets of To-day" (1914), "Creative Chemistry" (1919), "Easy Lessons in Einstein"* (1920). "Three Periods of Progress" is adapted from "Creative Chemistry."

1. *Robinson Crusoe*—hero of the well-known novel (1719) by Daniel Defoe.
2. *Wells, H. G.* (1866—)—English author, a prolific writer.
3. *troglydite*—cave-dweller.

4. *Cain*—the eldest son of Adam and Eve, murderer of his brother Abel.
5. *Æolian harp*—so named after *Æolus*, the Greek mythic god of wind.
6. *Hermes*—the Olympian god, identified by the Romans with Mercury, the herald of the gods.
7. *Athena*—the goddess of wisdom, called Minerva by the Romans.
8. *fulgurite*—a tube of vitrified sand, found in sand banks and sandy soil whose formation is attributed to melting caused by lightning.
9. *concretion*—a mass of mineral matter, found in various forms, and generally imbedded in a composition different from its own.
10. *the second commandment*—i. e., "Not to make any molten images." (See *Exodus*, XX, 4.)
11. *Lavoisier*, Antoine Laurent (1743—1794)—French chemist, the founder of modern chemistry.
12. *Gerhardt*, Charles Frédéric (1816—1856)—a famous chemist born at Strassburg.
13. *the alchemists*—the medieval scientists, one of whose chief aims was the transmutation of the baser metals into gold.
14. *Berthelot*, Pierre Eugène Marcellin (1827—1907)—French chemist and author.
15. *savoir c'est pouvoir* (*French*)—"Knowledge is power."
16. *Metchnikoff*, Ilya (1845—1916)—Franco-Russian zoölogist and bacteriologist, awarded the Nobel Prize for medicine in 1908.
17. *St. Paul*—an apostle of Jesus Christ. See *Philippians*, III, 21: "Who shall change our vile body, that it may be fashioned like unto his glorious body, according to the working whereby he is able even to subdue all things unto himself?"
18. *St. Augustine* (354—430)—a church father of the fourth century, author of "Confessions" and "City of God."

19. *Huxley, Thomas Henry* (1825—1895) — English biologist, the advocate of Darwin's theory of evolution.
20. *Romanes lecture* —Huxley's lecture on "Ethics and Evolution," delivered at Oxford (1893).
21. *primal curse*—sometimes called "original sin." Adam the first man took the forbidden fruit and so committed the original sin, God punished him by ordering him away from Paradise and sentencing him to hard labor. (See *Genesis*, III.)
22. *deus ex machina* (*Latin*)—literally, "the god from the machine," i. e., any person or thing artificially introduced in a story or drama to solve abruptly a difficulty insoluble by ordinary means.

XXVIII. RED-BLOODS AND "MOLLY-CODDLES"

Goldsworthy Lowes Dickinson (1862—1932), English essayist and philosopher. He was born in London and educated at Charterhouse and at King's College, Cambridge, in which he was later Fellow and Lecturer. A disciple of Plato, he was called "the most Confucian of Englishmen." In 1901, after the Boxer uprising, he published anonymously "Letters of John Chinaman" (American edition: "Letters from a Chinese Official"), in which he shows how a Confucian pacifist regarded the imperialism of the Western World. In 1912—13, on a traveling fellowship, he visited India, Japan, and the China of his dreams. The fruit of the travel was a little volume of essays and sketches entitled "Appearances" (1914); from which this essay is taken. Among his other works are: "The Greek View of Life" (1896), "Religion and Immortality" (1911), and a number of dialogues, including "A Modern Symposium" (1908) and "After Two Thousand Years" (1930).

1. *Roosevelt*, Theodore (1858—1919)—the 26th president of the United States (1901—1909).
2. *Shakespeare's Henry V.*—the hero of Shakespeare's play of that name. Soon after his coronation, Henry V (1387—1422) resolved to secure his title to the Crown and increase his popularity with the masses by the splendors of foreign conquest. He defeated France in the battle of Agincourt (1415).
3. *Bismarck*, Prince Otto von (1815—1898)—the "iron Chancellor" of Prussia.
4. *Palmerston*, Henry John Temple, 3rd Viscount (1784—1865)—English statesman, reputed for vigilance and energy in the conduct of foreign affairs.
5. *Socrates*—Greek philosopher (470—399 B. C.).
6. *Voltaire*—pseudonym of François Marie Arouet (1694—1778), French man of letters.
7. *Shelley*, Percy Bysshe (1792—1822)—English poet.
8. "in the swim" (*Slang*)—in a favored position.
9. *Samson*—an Israelite of great physical strength. (See *Judges*, XIII.)
10. *Crank*—an eccentric person.
11. *black bile*—melancholia. In old psychology, melancholia, a condition marked by irascibility and depression, is attributed to the excess of black bile.
12. "snug," "swat"—hard worker.
13. *the Eleven*—team of cricket players.
14. *par excellence* (*French*)—preeminently.

XXIX. LAUGHTER

Sir Edwin Ray Lancaster (1847— ?), a noted British biologist. He was educated at Cambridge University and later elected to a fellowship at Exeter College, Oxford. For a number of years he was a successful professor at University College, London, Oxford University, and the Royal Institution. To modern readers he is best known for his presentation of scientific subjects in a popular form.

1. *Olympus*—a high mountain on the north of Greece, regarded as the home of the gods.
2. *Ceylon*—an island on the south of India.
3. *steam-cock*—a valve in a steam pipe.
4. *inverted suggestion*—a hint which produces an effect contrary to what is intended.
5. *F. R. S.*—Fellow of the Royal Society (scientific), London.
6. *Sardinians*—native of Sardinia, an island in the Mediterranean.

XXX. METHODS OF INDUCTION

William Stanley Jevons (1825—1882), English political economist and logician. The present selection is taken from "Lessons in Logic."

1. *Mill, John Stuart* (1806—73)—author of the well-known "System of Logic."
2. *David Brewster* (1781—1868)—Scottish scientist.
3. *Davy, Sir Humphry* (1778—1829)—English chemist.
4. *Hauksbee, Francis* (?—1713)—English physicist, author of "Physico-Mechanical Experiments" (1709).
5. *Thomson* (Baron William Thomson Kelvin) (1824—1907)—English physicist.
6. *Tait, Peter Guthrie* (1831—1901)—Scottish physicist and mathematician.
7. *John* (Frederick William) *Herschel* (1792—1871)—English astronomer.
8. *Dr.* (W. Charles) *Wells*, (1757—1817)—Scottish physicist.

XXXI. THE SCOPE OF POLITICAL THEORY

Francis W. Coker (1878—), professor of political science in Yale University, editor of the *American Political Science Review*, author of "Recent Political Thought."

1. *sui generis* (*Latin*)—a class by itself; unique.
2. *sic volo jubeo* (*Latin*)—such is my will and command.
3. *Deus vult* (*Latin*)—God wills it.
4. *Thomas Paine* (1737—1809)—an English political thinker who took part both in the American War of Independence and in the French Revolution. His chief work is "The Rights of Man."
5. *Greek philosophers*—both Plato and Aristotle think that man can realize his finer and nobler nature only in the state.
6. *Hegel, Georg Wilhelm Friedrich* (1770—1831)—the greatest German philosopher after Kant. Like most German idealists he thinks that the individual should be entirely under the control of the state.
7. *Stoic and Epicurean philosophers*—the Stoic School of Philosophy was founded by Zeno about 308 B.C. The Epicurean School was founded by Epicurus (341—270 B.C.).
8. *Church*—the Roman Catholic Church as the supreme authority in medieval Europe.
9. *organized vocational groups*—merchant guilds, municipal corporations and trade guilds.
10. *revival of general humanistic interests*—rival of interests in humanistic studies or classical learning, usually called the Renaissance.
11. *Romanticism*—a literary movement in the later half of the eighteenth century. It was a revolt against the narrow intellectual attitude of the preceding age and asserted the claims of emotion and imagination.

XXXII. A LETTER TO HIS SON

Lord Chesterfield, Philip Dormer Stanhope (1694—1773), was an eminent politician. He held many important governmental positions. For some time he was

Member of Parliament, and then he succeeded to the peerage. He became ambassador to the Hague, and while on the continent he had a natural son, Philip, to whom his principal correspondence was addressed. After a brief service as Lord Lieutenant of Ireland and Secretary of State, he retired from office and gave much attention to the education of his natural son.

He is best known by his "Letters to His Son," published after his death. These letters are full of worldly wisdom. His style is one of the models of eighteenth century prose.

1. *beau monde*—the fashionable world.
2. *Mr. Pope*, Alexander (1688—1744)—the first poet of the day.

XXXIII. A LETTER TO HIS SON

William Hazlitt (1778—1830), English critic and essayist. He wrote abundantly for various periodicals including the *Edinburgh Review*. Among his best works are: "Characters of Shakespeare's Plays" (1817), "Lectures on the English Poets" (1818), and "The Spirit of the Age" (1825). His essays are collected in "Table Talk" (1821--22) and "Sketches and Essays." His name is usually associated with Charles Lamb, but he is the more intellectual of the two. His style is clear, vivid, profuse, familiar, and packed with aphorisms.

1. *Dissenters*—a sect of Christians in England who refuse to belong to the State Church. Hazlitt was a dissenter in religion and a radical in politics. He had a bad temper and often quarreled with people of opinions different from his own. In the present passage he "cautions his son against his own errors."
2. "*the salt of the earth*"—referring to *St. Matthew*, chapter V, verse 13: "You are the salt of the

- earth," meaning people for whose existence the world is better.
3. *Hamlet* advises Polonius to treat the players—see Shakespeare's "Hamlet."
 4. *Rochechouart* (1613—1680)—French moralist. In his "Maximes" he holds a cynical view of human nature.
 5. *Mandeville*, Bernard de (1670—1733)—an Anglo-Dutch satirist who settled in London. He wrote a satire in verse "The Grumbling Hive," or "Knaves Turned Honest," in which he compares society with a hive of bees, thriving on a system of mutual rapacities.
 6. *Raphael* (1483—1520)—the great Italian painter who brought the Renaissance painting to perfection.
 7. *Correggio* (1494—1534)—another great Italian painter. His real name was Antonio Allegri.

XXXIV. THE AIM OF UNIVERSITY TRAINING

John Henry Newman (1801—1890) was the chief exponent of the so-called Tractarian or Oxford Movement to revitalize the church of England. After several years he gave it up and joined the Roman Catholic Church and was created Cardinal in 1879. He lectured, wrote poems and novels, undertook great educational projects, and delivered diverse sermons whose power and charm revolutionized pulpit oratory.

This article is an excerpt from "The Idea of a University," Discourse VII. These discourses were delivered at Dublin in 1852 when Newman was made Rector of the newly established Catholic University of Ireland. His idea of a university is a challenge to the Utilitarian conception of education of his day.

His "*Apologia pro Vita Sua*" (1864) is one of the world's greatest biographies.

XXXV. THE SCHOOL FOR SYMPATHY

Edward Verrall Lucas (1868—1939), English essayist, a great disciple of Charles Lamb, at one time assistant editor of *Punch*. Among his best-known works are: "The Life of Charles Lamb" (1905), "Fireside and Sunshine" (1906), "Old Lamps for New" (1920), "Traveler's Luck" (1930).

1. *Georgian house*—house built in the reign of King George III or in the style of that period.

XXXVI. A FRIEND OF THE TOWN

1. *the new sevenpenny*—the new series of books sold at sevenpenny per copy.
2. *another all-night sitting*—another parliamentary meeting in which the members have to sit all night to debate on the bill introduced.
3. *Jacobs, William Wymark* (1863—)—writer of short stories. These have been collected in "Many Cargoes" (1896), "A Master of Craft" (1900), "Night Watches" (1914), etc. Most of them deal with sailors and dwellers in shipping towns.
4. *the sixth sense*—this usually means the muscular sense; but here it is the power of comprehension not based on the ordinary five senses.
5. *Utopian Dreams*—"Utopia" is a political treatise written by Sir Thomas More (1478—1535) discussing the best possible form of government. Hence "Utopian Dreams" are illusory ideas about an ideal world which will never become actual.
6. *Jewett, Sarah Orne* (1849—1904)—an American author known for her stories of New England life, particularly for "The Country of the Pointed Firs."

XXXVII. SEEING PEOPLE OFF

Max Beerbohm (1872—), English essayist and caricaturist. He was born in London and educated at Charterhouse and at Merton College, Oxford. For many years he wrote theatrical criticism for *The Saturday Review*. His books of essays are whimsically entitled "The Works of Max Beerbohm" (1896), "More" (1899), "Yet Again" (1909), "And Even Now" (1920). His writing is distinguished by a fresh point of view, a keen wit, and mastery of style. This essay is reprinted from "Yet Again."

1. *Waterloo to Vauxhall*—Waterloo is the London terminus of the London and Southwestern Railway; Vauxhall, the next station, hardly a mile away.
2. *Euston*—Euston Station is the London terminus of the London and Northwestern Railway.
3. *Liverpool*—a seaport in Lancashire, England.
4. *Crewe*—a town in Cheshire, thirty-one miles southeast of Liverpool. It is an important railway center.
5. *Strand*—one of the chief thoroughfares of London, alongside of the Thames.
6. *dramatic criticisms every Saturday*—Max Beerbohm succeeded Bernard Shaw as dramatic critic of the *Saturday Review*.
7. *A. A. S. B.*—abbreviation for "Anglo-American Social Bureau."
8. *platform fright*—a phrase coined on the analogy of "stage fright"—the terror which actors often feel on their first appearance.
9. *Diderot, Denis* (1713—1784)—French author, a distinguished member of the "philosophe" party, which advocated freedom of opinion in religion and politics. He wrote "*Le Paradoxe sur le Comédien*" to defend the theory that an actor should remain

cold and control himself though he may have all the appearances of being deeply moved.

XXXVIII. FEAR

Robert Lynd (1879—), English essayist. He was born in Belfast, Ireland, and educated at the Royal Academical Institution and at Queen's College, Belfast. He has been literary editor of the *News-Chronical*, and contributor to the *New Statesman*. He published a number of books on Irish subjects, including "Irish and English" (1908), "Home Life in Ireland" (1909), and "Rambles in Ireland" (1912). Among his volumes of essays are: "The Pleasures of Ignorance" (1921), "Books and Authors" (1922), and "The Blue Lion" (1923), from which this essay is reprinted.

1. *Buckinghamshire* (or Bucks)—an inland county, England.
2. *to-d'y* (*Colloq.*)—to-day.
3. *cold'am* (*Colloq.*)—cold ham.
4. *I'm afryde I can't do pystry* (*Colloq.*)—I am afraid I cannot do pastry.
5. *y'know* (*Colloq.*)—you know.
6. *Wot do you s'y...?* (*Colloq.*)—What do you say...?
7. *shype* (*Colloq.*)—shape, a jelly turned out of a mold.
8. *blancmange* (*French*)—literally, "white food," i. e., white jelly of isinglass and milk, a "shape."
9. *you shall 'ave your shype* (*Colloq.*)—you shall have your shape.
10. *scullery*—back kitchen in which dishes are washed.
11. *sink*—a receptacle into which dirty water is poured.
12. *rabbit and with suet pudding*—rabbit and sweet pudding.
13. *Wot would you s'y...?* (*Colloq.*)—What would you say...?

14. *pru-ins*—prunes, dried plums.
15. *plyne cooking* (*Colloq.*)—plain cooking.
16. *wot some of 'em like* (*Colloq.*)—what some of them like.
17. *Wy, you 'avent 'ad it yet* (*Colloq.*)—Why, you haven't had it yet.
18. *Just fancy!*—an exclamation of surprise.
19. *Life's myde up of troubles*—Life is made up of troubles.
20. *Charlie Chaplin* (1889—)—the well-known Anglo-American film actor.
21. *"high tea"*—light refreshment after a midday meal.

XXXIX. WHY NOT STAY AT HOME?

Aldous Leonard Huxley (1894—), English author and grandson of Thomas Henry Huxley, the famous biologist. His best-known works are: "Along the Road" (essays, 1925), "Proper Studies" (essays, 1927), "Those Barren Leaves" (a novel, 1925), "Point Counter Point" (a novel, 1928). The present essay is taken from "Along the Road."

1. *Epicurus* (341—270 B. C.)—Greek philosopher. He regards the repose of mind as the greatest good. Since virtue produces this repose, it is virtue that we should practice. He purchased a garden in Athens in which he established his school. In later ages he has been misrepresented as a philosopher who indulged in sensuous pleasures.
2. *The Piazza of St. Mark's*—St. Mark's is the best-known Cathedral at Venice, in front of which there is a public square surrounded by fine buildings. This "Piazza" is a favorite resort of tourists.
3. *Baby'on*—one of the oldest and most famous cities of the ancient world built on both banks of the river Euphrates, once the capital of the Chaldee Empire.

4. *Bagdad*—capital of Iraq.
5. *Monte Carlo*—the notorious gambling resort in Monaco.
6. *Bradford*—a city in Yorkshire, England.
7. *Milwaukee*—a city in Wisconsin, U. S. A.
8. *Tomsk*—a city in west Siberia.
9. *Bergen*—a seaport in Norway.
10. *Paree*—the Anglo-Saxons attempt to pronounce the word "Paris" as the French people do.
11. *Emerson, Ralph Waldo (1803—1882)*—American poet and essayist.
12. *Matthew Arnold (1822—1888)*—English poet and critic who advises us "to see life steadily and see it as a whole."
13. *Heidsieck and Roederer*—two famous wine shops in Paris.
14. *Montmartre Boite*—Montmartre is a district in the north of Paris and a center of literary and artistic cabarets or "Boites."
15. *Baedeker*—a well-known guide-book, named after the German publisher Karl Baedeker (1801—1859). In it things of special interest are marked with stars.
16. *Continental Daily Mail*—Continental edition of the popular London newspaper *Daily Mail*.
17. *Torcello*—an island near Venice.
18. *Padua, Ferrara, . . . Rome*—cities in Italy, famous for churches or picture galleries.
19. *Pilgrim's Progress*—an allegory written by John Bunyan (1628—1688). Christian, the hero of the story, flees from the city of Destruction and reaches through many hardships the Celestial City, "the problematic Jerusalem beyond the river."
20. *Beckford, William (1760—1844)*—English author, well-known for his books of travel.
21. *the grapes . . . a little sour*—this refers to a story in "Aesop's Fables" which tells how a fox after

unsuccessful attempts at plucking grapes from a high vine tree, declares that they are sour.

XL. THE TWO SYSTEMS OF MARRIAGE

Arnold Bennet (1867—1931), well-known English novelist whose masterpiece is "The O'd Wives' Tale" (1908). The present essay is taken from "Friendship and Happiness."

1. *Sabine*—according to tradition the Romans took their wives by force from among the Sabines, an ancient race in Italy.
2. *summary*—without formalities.
3. *a premium on improvidence*—a way of encouraging people not to beware of possible danger.
4. *plain duty*—to give dowries.
5. *chic (French)*—fashionable style.
6. *a shiver in the small of your back*—a tremble in the slenderest part of the back.
7. *reconcile themselves to the continued absence of dowries*—accept it as something inevitable.
8. *Chosen Fair*—the woman he intends to marry.

XLI. DREAM-CHILDREN: A REVERIE

Charles Lamb (1775—1834), a noted English man of letters, critic, and humorist. His "Essays of Elia" has been read with relish by all students of English. "Dream-Children," the tenderest of his essays, was written a few weeks after the death of the author's brother John. Lamb never married because of a hereditary malady in his family. He had loved a girl, Ann Simmons, who later married William Bertrum, and so the children of Alice (his name for Ann) called Bertrum father. The things in this essay are partly imaginary and partly based on the author's personal experience.

1. *great-grandmother Field*—Lamb's maternal grandmother, Mary Field, who was housekeeper in the ancient house in Blakesware, near Herts, Norfolk.
2. "*Children in the Wood*"—an old English ballad telling of the murder of two pretty children in a wood with the consent of their uncle.
3. *Robin Redbreast*—referring to the part of the ballad:

"No burial this pretty pair
Of any man receives,
Till Robin-red-breast piously
Did cover them with their leaves."

4. *Alice*—name of Lamb's imaginary daughter.
5. *the Abbey*—Westminster Abbey.
6. *John*—name of Lamb's imaginary son.
7. *the Psalter*—a version of the "Book of Psalms" used as the English prayer book.
8. *the Testament*—the New Testament of the Bible.
9. *John L.*—John Lamb, the author's brother.
10. *The fair Alice W—n*—Ann Simmons.
11. *Turning to Alice*—to the imaginary daughter.
12. *Lethe*—in Greek mythology, the River of Oblivion, which separates this world from Hell.
13. *Bridget*—his sister Mary.

