



THE



SUCCESS
LIBRARY



DR. ORISON SWETT MARDEN

EDITOR-IN-CHIEF

GEORGE RAYWOOD DEVITT, M. A.

MANAGING EDITOR

THIRTY VOLUMES

VOLUME SIXTEEN

LITERATURE, MUSIC AND ART, ARE AIDS TO SUCCESSFUL EXPRESSION. LITERATURE AS AN EXPRESSION OF LIFE. EYE AND EAR TRAINING. ARTISTIC, ESTHETIC, AND HYGIENIC VALUES OF MUSICAL STUDY. THE HIGHEST AND BEST EXPRESSION IN SCULPTURE AND PAINTING BY THE WORLD'S GREATEST MASTERS



"Be not careless in deeds, nor confused in words, nor rambling in thought,"

MARCUS AURELIUS

"No man ever wetted clay, and then left it, as if there would be bricks by chance and fortune."

PLUTARCH

*"It is the glory and good of Art
That Art remains the one way possible
Of speaking truth."*

BROWNING

NEW YORK

THE SUCCESS COMPANY
PUBLISHERS

AE6
JN4

THE LIBRARY OF
CONGRESS,
TWO COPIES RECEIVED
MAR. 24 1902
COPYRIGHT ENTRY
Dec. 13-1901
CLASS A XXa. NO.
22830
COPY 3.

COPYRIGHT, 1901,
BY
THE SUCCESS COMPANY

All Rights Reserved

THE SUCCESS COMPANY
NEW YORK

TABLE OF CONTENTS

VOLUME XVI

LITERATURE

	PAGE		PAGE
LANGUAGE	3007	JOURNALISM	3117
The Sources of English	3010	Business Management	3118
The Anglo-Saxon Element	3013	Editorial Staff	3120
The Celtic Element	3014	Salaries	3121
The Latin Element	3015	Rewards	3122
The Norse Element	3017	The Evening Paper	3123
The Greek Element	3018	The Sunday Paper	3124
Other Foreign Elements	3019	Art Department	3124
Americanisms	3020	Associated Press	3124
The Influence of the Bible	3021	Yellow Journalism	3126
STYLE	3022	Circulation and Advertising	3126
How to Cultivate Style	3039	Reporting	3128
Rhymes and Rhyming	3057	The Washington Correspondent	3136
Hints to the Aspiring Author	3069	The Special Correspondent	3138
COMPOSITION	3077	The Woman Reporter	3140
Processes of Composition	3078	The Stepping-stone	3142
Description	3078	SUGGESTIONS AS TO HABITS OF	
Narration	3079	READING	3144
Exposition	3080	Principles of Reading	3147
Argumentation	3080	Love of Books	3147
The Plan	3081	The Habit of Choice	3149
The Filling-in	3082	Habit of Systematic Reading	3152
The Choice of Words	3083	Habits of Clear Thought	3153
Grammar	3085	Habit of Comparison	3154
Naturalness	3086	THE CHOICE OF READING	3156
Letter-writing for Practice in		Literature as an Expression of	
Composition	3087	Life	3156
Subjects for Composition and		The Historic Basis of Litera-	
Essays	3088	ture	3158
CULTIVATION OF THE MEMORY	3093	Inner World of Literature	3162
ELOCUTION	3102	Modern Literature	3167
Breathing	3103	Classical and Romantic Liter-	
Quality of the Voice	3104	ature	3170
Vocal Inflections	3106	The Essay	3170
Declamation	3107	The Drama	3171
Gesture	3108	The Novel	3172
Oratory	3110	A Library of Home Culture	3174
Preparation	3111	READING	3176
The Debating Club as an Educa-		How to Read a Classic	3179
tor	3112	THE USE OF A LIBRARY	3196

EXPRESSION AN INSPIRATION TO SUCCESSFUL ENDEAVOR

LANGUAGE

THE first fifteen or twenty years of our lives is largely spent in learning to use a very complicated and delicate instrument which we call language. If our education progresses during the rest of our lives, it is largely in the increased readiness and dexterity in the use of language. The power of acquiring it is what chiefly distinguishes a man from a beast, and it is so closely related to character that, moral considerations aside, it largely distinguishes one man from another. Beasts possess a certain power of language. Their calls of affection or warning to their young, and their notes of defiance, rage, and pain, are expressive and we can easily understand them. But they do not constitute language. They express certain simple feelings, but they are not signs of thought, as words of our language are. Language in its highest sense, and in the sense which is understood here, is the expression of thought. Some have held that without the power to form those signs and sounds which characterize written and spoken language, thought would be impossible. But whether it is true that "without thought no language is possible" or that "without language no thought is possible," it is certain that without language there could be little communication of thought, and consequently no development and no civilization. It is apparent, therefore, how important language is, not simply as an instrument for mankind, but as a means whereby the individual may develop his character and his gifts.

In order to get hold of a new thought, we must learn some new words or add something to the meaning of words which we already know. On the other hand, any new thing that we learn about a word enlarges the capacity of our power of thought. The study of language also increases the power of enjoyment, for it provides the means for expressing our relationship to others.

But language is not a fixed character. It is a product of man in a social state, and, like everything else, subject to continual change. Old words sink into disuse or become altered in sound or in meaning. New words are formed for objects newly discovered and for devices

invented. In the course of time, also, some words lose their standing, and others are promoted into more popular use. If the language were not written, the words of one generation would convey very different meaning from the words of another generation, or they would develop different sounds. This is why a body of people, when isolated, develop differing dialects which in time may appear like another language. It is thus that the French, Spanish, and Portuguese, grew out of the old Roman speech. Language may, therefore, be said to be like an organism; it is subject to the process of evolution.

Our English language has been traced back, step by step, to a point indicating a source in common with other languages. In the same way the German, Dutch, Danish, and Swedish, converge back to a certain source not yet discovered. These, with the English, are called the Teutonic languages. The Welsh and Irish extend back to a Celtic origin and, as already stated, the languages of the French, Spanish, Portuguese, and Italians were derived from the Latin.

But we can go a step further, and discover that all these and other different families of language,—the Latin, Greek, Teutonic, Slavonic, Celtic, Persian, and even the dialects of many nations of India—lead back to a single origin. This original language is unknown as yet, for no part of it has survived, nor is it known where those who spoke it lived, nor how long ago they lived. It is a curious fact that from the nature of the words that are common to all, or nearly all of them, the locality in which the original language was spoken would seem to be one in which barley was raised, and where certain trees grew, and where certain animals could live. The oldest representative of this common source of languages is the Sanskrit of the most ancient books of India, called the Vedas, and it has been usual to refer to the high ground of Central Asia as the home of the people who spoke the original form. These people have been called the Aryans, and thus the great family of the European languages is called the Aryan family, though it has also been designated as the Indo-European and the Indo-Germanic.

Other great families of languages have been recognized, but the one of most importance is that to which is assigned the speech of the Babylonians, Syrians, Hebrews, Arabians, and Ethiopians. It is known as the Semitic family, from the belief that the several peoples named, were descended from a common ancestor named Sem or Shem. These people were distinguished by great tenacity and fixity of ideas and customs, and therefore their language has changed less rapidly than those of the Aryan family. The Semitic tongue has been of the greatest service in disclosing the general principles of language, for the words can be readily traced back to certain root-forms common

to all. This suggested to scholars the idea of tracing the words in the various Aryan languages back to certain root-forms, and it was thus that languages so different as the Russian and the English were shown to be offshoots of one early form. The knowledge of the various derivations and relationship of words is called the science of philology, and it is a very interesting study, though complicated and often difficult. There are certain general principles, however, which are easily mastered, and you will find that when learned they will help you much in understanding the meaning of words, not only in your own language, but in other kindred, though seemingly very different, tongues.

Those words which are common to all languages of a family, and which have, therefore, come down from the original language, are necessarily those relating to the simplest and most evident objects or acts. Sun, moon, water, man, son, daughter, sky, stars, tree, and such verbs as kill, eat, strike, dig, weave, must have been used in the most primitive state of man. We might suppose when we find such German words as *sohn*, *vater*, *mutter*, *tochter*, *essen*, and *gehen*, which are similar in sound to our words of the same meaning, that the English derived them from the original German, as it did a great many words, but we have found that the forms of these words are common, not simply to the German and English, but to the Greek, Latin, and Russian languages. The form at first sight might appear very different, but it has been discovered that these forms change by a definite rule. Some races in pronouncing a word fall into the habit of using the lips where others used the teeth or throat. Finally, a German by the name of Jacob Grimm, discovered a law by which it can be nearly always determined what consonant in one of the members of a family of languages will correspond to the consonant in another.

This law, which is known as Grimm's law, is very simple and will be useful for you to know. Mute consonants are divided into lip, teeth, and throat consonants, and also into thin, medial, and aspirate. You will see why this is so, by observing the following table, and by noting how differently you form the mouth for pronouncing them:—

	LIP (LABIAL)	TEETH (DENTAL)	THROAT (GUTTURAL)
Thin.....	p	t	c-k
Medial.....	b	d	g
Aspirate.....	f	th	h

Now we find that, when the Greek or Latin would use a thin consonant, the English and other kindred tongues would use an aspirate.

Thus, when the Roman said "*pater*," the Saxon pronounced the same word "father." The *f* and the *th* simply take the place of the *p* and *t*. The Latin word *piscis* does not sound like fish, and you might think they had no connection, but when you substitute for the thin consonants in the Latin word the corresponding aspirate, you will see that they are really the same word and must have come from a common source.

On the other hand, if the Latin or Greek begins with an aspirate the English word takes a medial. In other words the Latin *frater* becomes the English *brother*. If the Greek or Latin has the medial, the English takes the thin. The Latin *duo* becomes the English *two*. These and all such illustrations may be summarized for convenience's sake in the following formula:—

T	A	M
a	m	t

Here the capitals in the first line stand for thin, aspirate, and medial, in Greek or Latin words, while the small letters in the second line show which consonant corresponds in the Anglo-Saxon or English. Suppose now you wish to find what form of word the Greek or Roman would use for the word "knee," which begins with a thin consonant. You see the corresponding letter in the Greek and Roman line is *M* or Medial, and that throat consonant, as you will see from the previous table, is *g*. We find that the Latin word is *genu*. Of course there are variations, but they, too, are subject to generally well-defined laws.

There are exceptions to these laws, as there are to nearly every rule, but usually they hold good. It has been by such processes as these, that students have at last discovered the general relationship of all European languages, and their obvious derivation from a tongue spoken by some simple people somewhere in Asia, long before history began to be written. For by these same laws we can trace the similarity of European words to the old Indian languages.

THE SOURCES OF ENGLISH

SOME of the principles in the development of language are well illustrated in the development of the English tongue, which, it should be noted, is not simply a descendant of the old prehistoric language of Asia, but is derived through a mixture of various other languages, mainly descended from that common source. The groundwork of English is the language of those Teutonic tribes which, four or five centuries after Christ, overran a great part of the British Isles. These people were known to the ancient Romans as barbarians and, com-

pared with the civilized Romans, Greeks and even Oriental peoples of that time, were savages. They lived in the forests of northern Europe and, excepting their bravery, had few of those qualities which we call virtues. They were divided into various tribes or nations as our American Indians were, and spoke various tongues which were harsh in sound and contained only such words as were necessary to their rude and savage lives. Nevertheless their languages all came from the same source as the softer, more refined and extensive, tongues of the Greeks and Romans.

The ancient inhabitants of Britain also had a language of their own, but it had been modified by the early Roman conquerors and, as the aborigines were practically extinguished by the Teutonic invaders, they left few traces of their language. Some of the great Roman works for which the invaders had no names, caused the retention of such words as *street*, *port*, *wall*, and *mile*; and a few British women, reserved as household slaves, taught their captors such words as *mug*, *spigot*, and *cradle*. But with a few exceptions like these, the language of England became a mixture of the tongues of the new invaders, the Jutes, the Angles and the Saxons.

The Jutes came first and established themselves in some of the fertile fields, but their memory quickly perished, for they were soon followed by the Angles, who gave their name to all England—the land of the Angles. After them, came the Saxons, who settled the kingdoms of Essex, Wessex, and Sussex,—the East, West, and South Saxons. Although the languages of the tribes were similar, it is doubtful if the Angles and Saxons could well understand each other, and any of their dialects would be quite as difficult for you to read now as any ancient language. Yet together they formed the base of the English language.

Upon this was laid a layer of Latin by Christian missionaries of the seventh century. They introduced words chiefly connected with religion and morals. Next followed the inroads and conquests of the Northmen and Danes, which began in the eighth century and continued till within a few years of the Norman conquerors. These involved permanent settlements, and even a dynasty of Danish kings, so that the influence of their words upon the mixture already formed was considerable. The Danes were closely allied to the earlier Angles, and it is probable that their dialects melted together and modified both. The general effect of the Danish invasion was to shorten words and to simplify those which were difficult of utterance. This is the usual result of combining several dialects.

In the year 1066 the supremacy of England passed to the Normans, who were originally of the same northern stock as the Jutes, Angles,

and Danes. But they had been settled long enough in France to acquire its language, and thus another graft was placed upon a much-engrafted tree. The Norman language soon became fashionable among the upper classes, but, on the other hand, the conquest did not exterminate the Saxons, suppress their language or abolish their customs. The Saxon people were a great majority and were permitted to follow their ways and to speak their mother tongue. Thus these two languages were long kept distinct, as two streams confined in one channel will sometimes flow for a distance, side by side, without mingling their waters, but at last will become inseparably mixed.

The influence of the Norman-French was also complicated with that of the Latin, which by this time was the language of the Church and of religion all through western Europe. Almost everything of grave and solemn importance was written in Latin down to the fifteenth century, and this continual use by the learned naturally prevented the cultivation of the more natural mixture at the foundation of their language.

Two populations of kindred blood and common worship, and occupying the same country, could not remain separate and hostile forever. Social and family ties began slowly to draw the Saxon and the Norman together, and in the trying times brought about by the deeds of several ignoble kings, the peoples were taught to have a common cause and a common sympathy. Thus, in the fourteenth century, the varied population of England finally became one people, speaking one language, which is still understood by the intelligent reader. As the great body of the people were Anglo-Saxon they naturally furnished the framework of the language, but even this framework was greatly modified.

Thus, our English of to-day is the speech of a Low-Germanic people, so greatly modified by change as to be substantially a new language, compared with its form even in the tenth century. It has been further modified by the naturalization of a great number of words of foreign tongues. The principal part of the foreign element consists of Latin words that have come into our speech, partly through military, religious and literary influence, but chiefly through the Norman-French, which was itself descended from the Latin. A large Greek element has been brought in to meet the needs of scientific names, and in one way and another, almost every language has contributed to the stock of English words.

All languages borrow foreign words, but in this respect the English has gone far beyond any other of the modern languages, and this may account largely for its adaptability to all forms of thought.

In considering the proportion which one element bears to the whole, a distinction must be made between the entire number of words and

those in common use. Of the words in "Webster's International Dictionary" a large majority are of foreign origin. But the dictionaries contain many words rarely used except in the more technical vocabulary of the arts and sciences. Such words are almost all foreign, for our Anglo-Saxon forefathers knew little or nothing about either. In the fullest English dictionaries there are over one hundred thousand words, yet Shakespeare, whose vocabulary was very large, used only fifteen thousand different words. Milton employed eight thousand different words in his poetry. Every-day conversation contains only three or four thousand words, while that of the uneducated man or woman is often as low as six or eight hundred.

English is more than a Teutonic tongue into which there has been an infusion of foreign words. It has a character of its own. It is related to the character of the people who speak it. Language is a form, and it has the power of affecting the minds of those who use it. One who habitually thinks in French, will in time acquire a French coloring to his mind. In the same way, one who habitually speaks English will acquire a certain characteristic, showing that he is one of the English people. The importance of knowing something about our language, therefore, and in endeavoring to use it in a way conformable to its character, is very great. There is no virtue in using foreign words as so many writers are inclined to do. It is a form of affectation. English affords abundant facilities for the expression of any thought.

THE ANGLO-SAXON ELEMENT

ALTHOUGH forming much less than one-half of the entire stock of our language, the Anglo-Saxon words constitute the important element and are most necessary in the construction of an English sentence. It is difficult to put four or five words together without using one or more Saxon words, and it is said that the more excited and earnest a man is, the more he tends to the Saxon forms. It furnishes what, for want of a better term, has been called the genius or spirit of the language. All the articles, pronouns, auxiliary verbs, nearly all prepositions and conjunctions and most simple adverbs are Saxon. Those nouns, adjectives, and verbs, which most frequently present themselves to the mind in ordinary use, are from the same source.

If you take the writings of various authors and count the words, including the repetitions of the same words, you will find that far more than one-half are Saxon. In hardly any good English writing, will the ratio of Saxon words to the total number used, fall below seventy to one hundred, and in many extracts we shall find it over ninety to

one hundred. Counting in this way, we find that Shakespeare used from eighty-five to ninety Saxon words in a total of one hundred; Milton over eighty. Johnson was noted for his use of Latin derivatives, but in every hundred words, in a fair sample of his writings, he used on the average seventy-two Saxon words. If, however, we count only the different words used, we find but sixty-five Saxon words in every hundred of Shakespeare's vocabulary. About the same ratio exists in the authorized version of the Bible, while of Milton's vocabulary, the Saxon forms less than one-third of the whole. Thus, it is clear that the Saxon words are those which are most frequently repeated, and this itself shows that it is the framework on which the foreign forms are hung.

It should not be forgotten that these modern English words which we call Saxon, are very different from the old Anglo-Saxon words. Much of the original Anglo-Saxon has become obsolete, and though some words have survived unchanged in form, the pronunciation and spelling of most Saxon words differ from those in the original tongue. To all intents and purposes, Anglo-Saxon is a dead language, and until one has studied it as such, he can do very little in the way of tracing the Anglo-Saxon derivatives. The roots of most Saxon derivatives and compounds appear by themselves in words with which we are so familiar that their meaning is evident to any English-speaking people. It takes no study to understand the meaning of such words as *goodness*, *wisely*, *foremost*, *sunshine*, and *alone*. The simplest expressions of our thoughts and the earliest words of childhood are Anglo-Saxon, and do not need to be defined or have their derivation traced, in order to be understood.

THE CELTIC ELEMENT

It is difficult for students to determine with exactness what words are derived through Celtic influences. In the first place, the Celtic and the Anglo-Saxon are both Aryan languages, and when a word is found in one of these languages resembling a word of the same general meaning in the other, the resemblance may be due to the fact that both are descendants from the same Aryan word. Then there is a possibility, in view of the many changes in early British history, that a word may have been transferred twice; first from the Saxon into the Celtic, and then in a changed form, readopted into the Saxon. The two races were bitterly hostile and had little friendly intercourse with each other. The Celtic-Britons hated the Saxons as invaders and the Saxons despised the Britons as a conquered people.

Most of the words that have been borrowed from the Celtic tongue, are of low origin and belong to colloquial or ordinary English. Some words like *basket*, *glen*, and *lad*, came from the Welsh, Irish, and Scotch at an early period, while others like *clan* and *brogue* are of more recent adoption. It is noticeable that the names of many of the simplest kitchen utensils and materials are of Celtic origin, as *spider*, *pie*, *bucket*, *griddle*, *mop*, *kettle*, and *pudding*. This probably arose from the fact that the Saxons held the Celtic captives as household slaves.

For some reason the Celts never hold their mother tongue as tenaciously as do the Teutons. Both Welsh and Irish seem likely soon to become extinct as spoken languages. The Celtic blood is widely diffused and contributes valuable elements to English character, but its influence on our language is comparatively slight, and is almost entirely confined to common words which have little place in literature.

THE LATIN ELEMENT

THE Latin element constitutes over one-half of the words in the dictionary and a large porportion of those in actual use. Without some knowledge of Latin, therefore, we could have no idea of the derivation of many English words. This fact furnishes the most important argument in favor of spending a part of one's youth in the study of Latin. Certainly the most useful application of such knowledge is as a means for a better understanding of our own tongue. No one who has studied Latin even for a single year, need look up the meaning of such words as *predict*, *contradict*, *unanimous*, *uniform*, *consequence*, and *descend*.

The Latin words which have been taken into the language may be divided into three classes. The first comprises only a few words left by the military occupation of Britain, and those Latin words which entered the Anglo-Saxon language prior to the Norman Conquest. Thus, the Latin *pondo* became the Anglo-Saxon *pund* and the English *pound*. The second division includes all Latin words that have come in through the Norman-French. The words *amiable*, *ancestor*, *circuit*, *faucet*, *people*, and *stable*, are examples of this class. Many of the words adopted in this way were so changed in form that it is difficult to recognize them. *Issue* is derived from the Latin *exire*, through the old French *issir*. The third division includes those words that through courts of law, the church service, or scientific and literary influence, have been taken from the Latin into English since the Norman Conquest, without passing through the French. In this class fall such words as *radius*, *genius*, *legal*, *tribulation*, *circumspect*, and

circular. In some cases the English has taken words directly from the Latin, and then taken the same words through the Norman-French. In this way one Latin word provides two English words, but of slightly different form and meaning. Thus from the Latin *pauper* we get our *pauper* direct and our *poor* through the French; from the Latin *fragilis* we get *fragile* direct, and through the French, *frail*; from the Latin *factio* we have *faction*, but through the French it becomes *fashion*, with a different meaning.

We can readily see that the old Anglo-Saxons had very little scientific knowledge, from the fact that while the names of many common objects are Saxon, the word for these objects as a class, is Norman-French. Thus *animal* and *beast* are French, but *dog*, *cat*, *fox*, *horse*, and *sheep*, are pure Saxon words. Again, if the Norman gave us *palace*, *castle*, and *mansion*, we have kept the old Saxon words *house*, *home*, and *cottage*, and by giving to each a different shade of meaning, or by using them in various connections, we have secured for our English tongue much of that versatility and grace which makes it fit for a highly civilized people. The general effect of the Norman-French influence was to give to the English a large number of synonyms, one of which is Latin and the other of Teutonic extraction, like *flower* and *bloom*, *stream* and *river*, *misérable* and *wretched*. These synonyms are of the greatest use in expressing shades of meaning and in giving the written language a certain euphony.

There are some very interesting little peculiarities in our language which are due to the time when Norman words were sinking into the English language; when some persons understood a Norman term and others only a Saxon one. This resulted in a number of expressions consisting of two words of the same meaning, one of them Norman and the other Saxon. You may have wondered how such expressions came into use as "aid and abet," "bag and baggage," "metes and bounds," "will and testament." There are some curious words in our language formed by giving a Saxon termination to a Latin stem. Such a word is *interloper*, which is half Latin and half Dutch, and such other words as *partake*, *saltpeeter*, and *bankrupt*.

If you become interested in the derivation of words, you will often be surprised at the flood of light that a little study will let in upon the meaning, and you will discover many a little story. Much vividness is added to the word *caprice* when it is noticed that the word is derived from the Latin word "*capra*," a goat. Archbishop Trench says in his lecture on the study of words:—

"Let me illustrate my meaning more at length by the word 'tribulation.' We all know in a general way that this word, which occurs not seldom in the Scriptures and in the Liturgy, means affliction, sorrow, anguish;

but it is quite worth our while to know how it means this and to question tribulation a little closer. It is derived from the Latin *tribulum*, which was the threshing instrument or harrow, whereby the Roman husbandman separated the corn from the husks; and 'tribulation,' in its primary signification, was the act of this separation. But some Latin writer of the Christian church appropriated the word and image for the setting forth of a higher truth; and sorrow, distress, and adversity being the appointed means for the separating in men of whatever in them was light, trivial, and poor from the solid and the true, their chaff from their wheat, he therefore called these sorrows and trials *tribulations*, threshings, that is, of the inner spiritual man, without which there could be no fitting him for the heavenly garner."

Rivals, properly, are those who dwell on the banks of the same river. But, as all experience shows, there is no such fruitful source of contention as water rights. Men would be often at strife with one another in regard to the periods during which they severally had a right to the use of the stream, turning it off into their own fields before the time, or leaving open the sluices beyond the time, or in other ways interfering or being counted to interfere with the rights of their neighbors. And in this way "rivals" came to be applied to any who were in unfriendly competition with one another.

In speaking of the two elements, the Saxon and the Latin, in our language, Emerson, who was a delicate artist in words, said:—

"It is a tacit rule of language to make the frame and skeleton of Saxon words, and when elevation or ornament are sought, to interweave the Roman, but sparingly. Not a sentence is made of Roman words alone without loss of strength. The children and laborers use Saxon unmixed. The Latin unmixed is abandoned to the colleges and to Parliament. A good writer, if he has indulged in a Roman roundness, makes haste to chasten and nerve his period by English monosyllables."

THE NORSE ELEMENT

Most of the Norse or Scandinavian words found in English were introduced by the Danish invasion, though they do not appear in literature till after the Norman Conquest. Meantime, they were doubtless gradually gaining their place in the common speech of the people. The old Norse which the Danes spoke was allied to the Low German of the Angle and Saxon tongues. When the Norse word and the Anglo-Saxon word for the same thing were not alike in sound, one was retained in the Danish districts and the other in the Saxon districts. Gradually their meaning diverged, so that in the end, the language possessed words with slightly different shades of meaning.

Thus *whole* comes from the Anglo-Saxon, and *hale* (hearty) from the Norse. In many cases the sounds were alike but the meanings were different, and the result is that we have in our language many words which have two totally unlike meanings. Thus *fast* in the sense of firm is Anglo-Saxon, but in the sense of rapid, it is Norse. *Fast*, to refrain from food, is a branch meaning of the former word, based on the idea that the abstainer is observing a firm rule; but "fast asleep" does not mean firmly asleep, it comes from the Norse word and means the state of sleeping rapidly. Again, *flag*, to grow weary, is Anglo-Saxon, but *flag*, an ensign, is Norse; *aye*, meaning yes, is Anglo-Saxon, but *aye*, meaning forever, is Norse; *bound*, in the sense of secured or fastened, is Anglo-Saxon, but *bound*, in the sense of a determination to do, is Norse. The same is true of many other pairs of words. It is by observing these many facts that you gain an idea of what a wonderfully built up thing is the language you speak.

There are less than seven hundred words in our language from the Norse, and three-fourths of them are monosyllables. They are short and emphatic and often have a sound with an evidently close relation to the meaning. The letters "sk" at the beginning of a word is almost a sure mark of a Norse derivative. Many of the short words ending in the letter "g" are also Norse, such as *drag*, *hug*, *keg*, *rig*, and *egg*. All of these Norse words form a valuable constituent part of the language, because they are genuine folk-words, introduced through speech and not through writing. They, therefore, have a concrete meaning and as such are good suggesters of thought.

THE GREEK ELEMENT

THOSE words which have been deliberately coined or borrowed to meet the demand for words to represent new ideas and relations in the progress of science and philosophy, constitute the Greek Element. When an instrument was invented which enabled a person instantly to communicate intelligence to another at a distance, two Greek words, one meaning "afar" and the other "to write" were put together and the new instrument was called the *telegraph*. In this way we have received, and are still introducing, such words as *telephone*, *dynamo*, *isothermal*, and the numerous "ologies." The names of most of the sciences are from the Greek, and the technical vocabulary of science is almost entirely taken from that source. This is because the ancient Greeks were great philosophers in their time. Aristotle, Euclid, Pythagoras, Plato, and others, furnished our forefathers with both the thoughts and the terms to express the thoughts. The list of words

taken directly from the Greek is quite a long one; there are at least three hundred and fifty, but they are nearly all special words.

More generally useful are the Greek words that come to use through the Latin, for the Romans borrowed their scientific terms from the Greeks, very much as we are doing to-day. Many theological, literary, and poetic words are of this class. It includes such words as *alms*, *angel*, *atom*, *asylum*, and *echo*. Some Greek words have filtered down to us, first through the Latin and then through the French, and such words as *air*, *chcer*, *idiot*, *logic*, *machine*, *music*, and *scal*, are among them. There is not one of these words that we could part with now, and they are as truly English as are our words of undoubted Saxon ancestry.

OTHER FOREIGN ELEMENTS

HAD these great sources of the English language been all, it would certainly be evident that it is a very composite language, and that it has appropriated without stint and in various ways, anything of value. But there are several minor groups of words which have been borrowed from other languages. Some have come in through oral and some through written language. Some have been taken in directly, and some have filtered in through intermediate languages. One such interesting group of words is that which has come to us from Arabia, usually from the language of the Moors. These people were the medieval pioneers of medicine and science, and many of the older chemical, astronomical, and mathematical terms are taken from their tongue. They had previously borrowed some of their words from the Greek, but we took them from the Moors, using their definite article "al" as well. *Alchemy*, for instance, is made up of this Moorish particle and the Greek word meaning to mingle; *alkali* and *alcohol* are likewise Arabic words.

We owe to these Moors a greater debt for their simple characters for the numerals up to nine, and for the decimal notation which fixes values for these characters according to position. This notation was a great aid in learning to add or multiply numbers. The Arabic group numbers about one hundred words, and their derivations are full of suggestions of Oriental and Moorish history. The word *admiral* is from *Emir al bahr*, meaning "lord of the sea." The French took it first, and we took it from them. The word carries us back to the time when a Moorish sea captain was lord of the Mediterranean.

Like the Arabic, the Hebrew is a Semitic language, but our civilization has come in contact with Hebrew civilization only through one book, the Bible, and thus we have received a few words from it. The translation of the Bible necessitated the use of a few Hebrew

words for which there were no equivalents in the English. There are only about thirty of these, and they embrace such words as *cherub*, *cinnamon*, *sack*, and *Satan*. A few Hebrew words like *alphabet* and *iota* come to us through the Greek.

The Dutch gave to the English many maritime words such as *ballast*, *reef*, *skipper*, *sloop*, and *yacht*, and we also have a few words from the Spanish, the Italian, the American Indians, the Chinese and other Orientals.

AMERICANISMS

Two different peoples speaking the same language will gradually develop certain marked peculiarities of word and expression. These do not arise through the written, but the spoken, language, and coming thus from the common people, or from the soil, as it were, they often possess a strength and vigor which not only entitles them to use but to a continued existence. There are many purely American expressions of a pungent freshness which authors, weary of a well-worn vocabulary, eagerly seize. In the preface to the first edition of his dictionary, issued in 1825, Noah Webster declared that although in America "the body of the language is the same as in England, and it is desirable to perpetuate the sameness, yet some differences must exist." Webster had no difficulty in showing that differences of physical and political conditions had already, in his time, produced marked differences of speech. To-day, none of our American authors would think of using the English terms *railway*, *guard*, *gradicut*, and *shunt*, for our American words *railroad*, *conductor*, *gradc*, and *switch*. What we call a freight train the Englishman calls a goods train. The keyless watch of England is the stem-winder of America. An Englishman is apt to call for a tin of condensed milk when an American would call for a can.

Our Americanisms are quite as proper as the Englishman's Britishisms. While English is a language, it exists nowhere in a perfect and fixed form. Any language spoken by men in daily life, varies from a flawless ideal. Even in the English universities, there are forms of expression which are not features of pure English. Wherever it is spoken, it will be in a constant state of development and will be constantly exhibiting new terms, to meet new conditions. The only standard which we can set up, is the usage of the best and purest authors.

THE INFLUENCE OF THE BIBLE

HAVING noted from the foregoing from what various sources and in what various ways the English language came into existence, you may wonder how it could be that among so many differing people it has maintained itself in a certain form, and has not broken up into a great many differing dialects. This fact requires us to call attention to the important influence of the Bible. In the fourteenth century Wycliffe translated the Bible into Middle English. The subsequent revisers—Tyndale (1526) and Coverdale (1580) and the revisers in King James's reign—were each familiar with the Bible used before their day, and each founded his revision on its predecessor. Thus they gave a fixed form to many of the words and phrases of the first translation and tended to hold the developing English tongue to that.

The influence of the Bible on the language is clearly set forth in the following from Green's "History of the English People":—

"So far as the nation at large was concerned, no history, no romance, hardly any poetry save the little-known verse of Chaucer, existed in the English tongue when the Bible was ordered to be set up in the churches. Sunday after Sunday, day after day, the crowds that gathered round the Bible in the nave of St. Paul's, or the family group that hung on its words in the devotional exercises at home, were leavened with a new literature. Legend and annal, war song and psalm, State-roll and biography, the mighty voices of prophets, the parables of Evangelists, stories of mission journeys, of perils by sea and among heathen, philosophic arguments, apocalyptic visions, all were flung broadcast over minds unoccupied for the most part by any rival learning. . . . As a mere literary monument, the English version of the Bible remains the noblest example of the English tongue, while its perpetual use made it, from the instant of its appearance, the standard of our language. . . . The mass of picturesque allusion and illustration which we borrow from a thousand books, our fathers were forced to borrow from one."

The century beginning about 1520, during which our English Bible obtained its present beauty and finish, was precisely that in which our mother tongue completed its process of development and attained its highest state of perfection. Since that time, there has been a great enlargement of its stores, to keep pace with the progress of science and invention, but we witness no further progress of organic growth. It was then that the Anglo-Saxon framework was completed and fixed.

STYLE

AT FIRST suggestion it would seem that nothing so elusive as style could be laid hold upon for definite analysis. Like color, it seems to come to us through some star-way, a flawless beauty transfiguring the written words. But while color is evanescent and intangible, it is yet traceable to the spectrum and subject to the laws of light; and so style, by its own innate and vital qualities, leads back to the laws of language for whatever explanation can be given to a thing that, after all, remains a spirit, subtle and unexplained.

“Colors and words

The heart-beats of the earth,
To be remolded always of one worth
From birth to birth.”

William Watson says: “Style is a mark of the purest mental aristocracy, the most untainted intellectual blue-blood—it speaks of long and high descent, of noble, spiritual ancestry—and we can no more forget its possessors than we can forget some grand countenance seen by chance among a thousand immemorable faces. The truth is, Style is high breeding.”

Style is manner of writing. It comes unheralded. When it is so highly charged with power and grace as to be strongly individual, it becomes immortal. Style of this order is born of highest conviction, and from that clear power of imagination that burns within certain minds to the exclusion of all distractions. The power of imagery is above all things the most essential in style. The power to put forcefully and simply before the mind of another the mental picture of your own summoning, the power of the unique word—such is the spirit of style. The quick response from the mind of the reader, the sudden flaming sympathy with episode, crisis, or dull reality,—the recognition of the infinite power with which a scene or character is set forth—this is the instantaneous acknowledgment of imagery. All elements are the artist's to choose from, but the reach of his art power is achieved by the undaunted adherence to the laws of perspective in literature and his strength to resist the allurements of too much beauty.

Walter Pater says: “As the painter in his pictures, so the artist in his book, aims at the production by honorable artifice of a peculiar atmosphere.” “The artist,” says Schiller, “may be known rather by

what he omits; and in literature, too, the true artist may be best recognized by his tact of omission. For to the grave reader, words, too, are grave; and the ornamental word, the figure, the accessory form or color or reference is rarely content to die to thought precisely at the right moment, but will inevitably linger awhile, stirring behind it a long 'brain-wave' of quite alien associations."

This distraction of thought and emotion, the true artist avoids. By his own sensitiveness to the "atmosphere" of his creation, he preserves an invariable attitude toward his subject, and this steadfastness of vision appearing in language becomes manifest in style. "True greatness must have *vision*, a keen perception of value, the ability to see proportion where others see only mass." To see proportion and then by means of "honorable artifice" to give it written form that shall carry the dry fact into the heart,—this is the power of style and—

" . . . it will never
Pass into nothingness."

"Innumerable have been the authors whom a strong equipment of good ideas, of intellectual force, of moral impulse, and of many other admirable qualities, could not save from extinction; but there is not one solitary instance of a writer who, endowed with style in a really eminent measure, has been consigned to that great literary catacomb where thousands of heads which once teemed with thought and emotion are ranged in monotonous rows, and are become mere indistinguishable skulls. Lethe has its million victims; but though you should go down to its margin with deliberate suicidal intent, if you have style, with that life-belt you cannot drown."

Whatever else style may be, it is that which attracts or repels us when reading a book. It is the way in which a thing is said. It is the way in which we who read are appealed to by what is written. The means of appeal is the page of printed language. Here, within an inflexible, familiar form, the fluent spirit of the author's thought is caught and held—the spirit that addresses us and, of its own force and beauty, creates and ordains the style.

In style, then, taking the word in its highest meaning, we meet with the touch of individuality. It is the sign of something in one that is not in another. It is the bringing together of the powers of a single mind and giving them expression by means of accepted literary form. It is the power of mind dwelling in its own high places upon the images that there present themselves, until, of its own will, it draws the curtain of silence, and by the magic power of words reveals what it has seen. In this way, style serves as the interpretation of life. Its origin is due to the peculiar character of the imagination.

"The imagination is the eye of the soul." Looking outward into society and life, it finds its forms and methods of movement. Looking inward into the greater world known to itself alone, it finds its material.

"The great artist," says Charles Blanc, "is he who guides us into the region of his own thoughts, into the palaces and fields of his own imagination, and while there speaks to us the language of the gods." Also, this same critic says of style in painting and engraving that which applies perfectly to literature. ". . . Style is truth aggrandized, simplified, freed from all insignificant details, restored to its original essence, its typical aspect."

This power of restoration that comes through style, the preserver of thought, is invaluable. The mind needs to be reminded of its greatness. It needs the refreshment of that greater world to which style invites us. For restoration, then, we need to read a little the language that reveals the seeing eye, the observing mood, the power of analysis and description,—the style, humorous or sober, that still is at heart sympathetic with humanity and powerful in its exhibition of itself.

Style in its greatness is distinguished, high refinement. In its shading, it is sensitive to the requirements of its subject; in its picturing, it is clear and strong. It takes its own pathway, asking guidance of none. It tests all suggestion by the standard of its own ideals; it has no need to adopt or to copy; it is sufficient unto itself and can allow no intrusion.

As a master of style, and a writer giving full significance to the beauty and haunting quality of words, Hawthorne stands alone in the world of American literature, strongly marked as a figure of undiminished power.

His imagination is rich and is laden with the essence of pure romance, his imagery is strange, absorbing, and occult, as, for illustration, in "Rappaccini's Daughter":—

"While Giovanni stood at the window he heard a rustling behind a screen of leaves, and became aware that a person was at work in the garden. His figure soon emerged into view, and showed itself to be that of no common laborer, but a tall, emaciated, sallow and sickly looking man, dressed in a scholar's garb of black. He was beyond the middle turn of life, with gray hair, a thin gray beard, and a face singularly marked with intellect and cultivation, but which could never, even in his more youthful days, have expressed much warmth of heart.



“Nothing could exceed the intentness with which this scientific gardener examined every shrub which grew in his path; it seemed as if he were looking into their inmost nature, making observations in regard to their creative essence, and discovering why one leaf grew in this shape and another in that, and wherefore such and such flowers differed among themselves in hue and perfume. Nevertheless, in spite of this deep intelligence on his part, there was no approach to intimacy between himself and these vegetable existences. On the contrary, he avoided their actual touch or the direct inhaling of their odors, with a caution that impressed Giovanni most disagreeably; for the man’s demeanor was that of one walking among malignant influences, such as savage beasts, or deadly snakes, or evil spirits, which, should he allow them one moment of license, would wreak upon him some terrible fatality.

“It was strangely frightful to the young man’s imagination to see this air of insecurity in a person cultivating a garden, that most simple and innocent of human toils, and which had been alike the joy and labor of the unfallen parents of the race. . . .

“The distrustful gardener, while plucking away the dead leaves or pruning the too luxuriant growth of the shrubs, defended his hands with a pair of thick gloves. Nor were these his only armor. When in his walk through the garden, he came to the magnificent plant that hung its purple gems beside the marble fountain, he placed a kind of mask over his mouth and nostrils, as if all this beauty did but conceal a deadlier malice; but finding his task still too dangerous, he drew back, removed the mask, and called loudly, but in the infirm voice of a person affected with inward disease.”

This power of style applies itself to any subject,—a drama of history, for instance, where, keeping the color of the time, events are massed and set vividly before us. This, however, appears not so fully in the writings of history itself as in the essay or other work where history furnishes an illustration. In history the recording of fact holds the author to a great sense of simplicity and justice. The effect of the subject is to shut off the picturesque and to lead the author to put a balanced vitality into his record of the entire progress of events. The historian has style, strong and superior, but his work lies nearer to science than to art.

In the essay, the writer tends again to literature as a pleasure, and, from the literary point of view, historic situations become word pictures of which the following quotation is an example:—

“The Goths were a wonderful people. When they first appear in history their hair was tossed and tangled by the salt winds of the Baltic. Later, when, in tattered furs, they issued from the fens of

the Danube, they startled the hardest warriors of the world, the descendants of that nursling of the gaunt she-wolf. Little by little, from vagabond herders they consolidated first into tribes, then into a nation, finally into an army that beat at the gates of Rome. There they loitered a moment, a century at most. When they receded again, with plunder and with slaves, they left an Emperor behind. Soon they were more turbulent than ever. They swept over antiquity like a tide, their waves subsiding only to rise anew. And just as the earth was oscillating beneath their weight, from the Steppes of Tartary issued cyclones of Huns. Where they passed, the plains remained forever bare."

In this world of the imagination, the artist who is the author must stand alone, loyal to his own individuality in the production of pictures, and of a style that renders them visible, distinct, and enduring. When he faces his scenery, or the people who come to him by way of his inner vision, he must be alone with them. As he writes, the world must not exist for him, nor must anything outside destroy the charm of his own clear illusion. It is true that any writing involves the thought of its readers, but their turn has not yet come. Nor must the strangeness of a man's own fancy daunt him. The sense of criticism, the eye of the world, should never intrude to make a man lose courage, as new faces and new incidents arise and picture themselves within. Of this, Hawthorne was deeply conscious. He says in "The Artists of the Beautiful":—

"Thus it is that ideas—which grow up within the imagination and appear so lovely to it and of a value beyond whatever men call valuable—are exposed to be shattered and annihilated by contact with the practical.

"It is requisite for the ideal artist to possess a force of character that seems hardly compatible with its delicacy; he must keep his faith in himself while the incredulous world assails him with its utter disbelief; he must stand up against mankind and be his own sole disciple, both as respects his genius and the objects to which it is directed."

The loyalty to one's own imagination is not betrayed, nor does it lose itself in vacancy. It is caught, held, and made manifest by the style which, unconsciously almost, weaves itself for the purpose.

"So every spirit as it is more pure,
And hath in it the more of heavenly light,
So it the fairer body doth procure
To habit in, and it more fairly dight
With cheerful grace and amiable sight.
For, of the soul, the body form doth take,
For soul is form, and doth the body make."

As a first principle underlying style, this loyalty to individual appeal is required for the reason that the deepest, most complicated interweavings of life lie not in mere happenings, not in what is notably seen or heard as circumstance, but within the compass of those thoughts and emotions which are largely unuttered, and only half recognized by the mind itself. This inner life is not discovered from exterior movement and incident. It is carried on in its own silence, while the man goes his way in the highways and byways of existence.

“If we look through all the heroic fortunes of mankind, we shall find this same entanglement of something mean and trivial with whatever is noblest in joy or sorrow.” Here, then, comes the power of that inner vision which, perfectly carried out and rendered clearly in language, results in style. “What is called poetic insight is the gift of discerning in this sphere of strangely mingled elements, the beauty and majesty which are compelled to assume a garb so sordid.” The images of this inner life are as perfect in their revelation of themselves as are the people of the outer world. To separate the essence of greatness from its human destiny is to follow it through its own course of development, as Victor Hugo has followed Jean Valjean through that masterpiece “*Les Misérables*.” Against the background of ignominy the soul arises. Steadily as it moves from phase to phase of life it looks out at the reader with ever deepening gaze, holding all circumstance below it, revealing itself as the power of life, indomitable and exalted. On such a drawing as this, the student of style is clearly sensible that its faithfulness and unvarying character appear as a result of the intentness and the completeness of the author’s power of imagination. As a real person the man lived and grew before the eyes that watched him, and the drawing of his picture is the style through which that picture was given to the world.

Imagination is a deep and most essential quality,—it seeks the very heart of things and is the master-builder among the constructive faculties. It is the cord of dreams and challenges the daylight of credulity. It probes the dark of unreality and while close to symbolism, it is more formative and brings to the heart of man the deep breath and the great daring. This quality Robert Louis Stevenson exhibited in the power of a supreme style. His adventuring mind gave to us a little shelf of rare books, placed for all time against the heart of the world. His style stands unimpeachable; he combines daring with perfect art; the great tone is in all of his writings. The following passage is from the wonderful “*O’Calla*”:—

“It was in this place that I first saw my hostess.

“She had drawn one of the skins forward and sat in the sun, leaning against a pillar. It was her dress that struck me first of all, for it was

rich and brightly colored, and shone out in that dusty courtyard with something of the same relief as the flower of the pomegranates. At a second look it was her beauty of person that took hold of me. As she sat back,—watching me, I thought, though with invisible eyes, and wearing at the same time an expression of almost imbecile good humor and contentment,—she showed a perfectness of feature and a quiet nobility of attitude that were beyond a statue's. I took off my hat to her in passing, and her face puckered with suspicion as swiftly and lightly as a pool ruffles in the breeze; but she paid no heed to my courtesy. I went forth on my

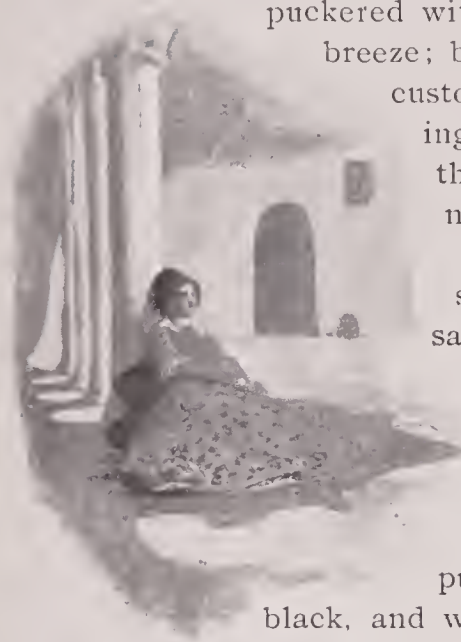
customary walk a trifle daunted, her idol-like impassivity haunting me; and when I returned, although she was still in much the same posture, I was half surprised to see that she had moved as far as the next pillar, following the sunshine.

This time, however, she addressed me with some trivial salutation, civilly enough conceived, and uttered in the same deep-chested and yet indistinct and lisping tones that had already baffled the utmost niceness of my hearing from her son. I answered rather at a venture; for not only did I fail to take her meaning with precision, but the sudden disclosure of her eyes disturbed me. They were unusually large, the iris golden, like Felipe's, but the pupil at that moment so distended that they seemed almost

black, and what affected me was not so much their size as (what was perhaps its consequence) the singular insignificance of their regard. A look more blankly stupid I have never met. My eyes dropped before it even as I spoke, and I went on my way upstairs to my own room, at once baffled and embarrassed. Yet, when I came there and saw the face of the portrait, I was again reminded of the miracle of family descent.

"My hostess was, indeed, both older and fuller in person; her eyes were of a different color; her face, besides, was not only free from that ill significance that offended and attracted me in the painting, it was devoid of either good or bad—a moral blank expressing literally naught. And yet there was a likeness, not so much speaking as imminent, not so much in any particular feature as upon the whole. It should seem, I thought, as if when the master set his signature to that grave canvas, he had not only caught the image of one smiling and false-eyed woman, but stamped the essential quality of a race."

And now we turn to the imperishable legacy left to us by the great writers of the past. Our obligation to them is an obvious one,—“Here is a class of men to whom we owe what it is hopeless to dream of repaying; we can never repay it; they will remain our creditors to the end of time.” In a study of authors who have risen to eminence as masters of style, every variety of method is to be met with and each has its claim upon one who would see how style has been created, and out of what life elements it has grown. In strong



contrast to the modern note in literature we turn back to these older minds who wrote at royal leisure and under the influence of the religious, political, social, and esthetic conditions of their day.

In the work of Bunyan is a style artless, simple, direct, the product of an imaginative genius. Without ornament, homely, and real, its vigor is never old. A few clear strokes set a figure before us, and every word helps to the faithfulness of the picture. His landscapes, his cities, his pits and dungeons and mountains all have their own atmosphere; they are perfect in their setting as stage scenery for the actors who, drawn with true dramatic ability, successively appear. In his great allegory, "Pilgrim's Progress," every scene is like an experience to the reader, and the story, which of itself would be read no more, is, through its style, rendered immortal.

The style is born of the clearness of the imagination. A brain, teeming with images, but never confused as to the separateness of its figures, used language as the means for setting Christian and his companions where other people could see them. This quality of clearness is most precious to the writer. The following quotation from "Pilgrim's Progress" shows this:—

"Now there was, not far from the place where they lay, a castle called Doubting Castle, the owner whereof was Giant Despair; and it was in his grounds they now were sleeping. Wherefore he, getting up in the morning early and walking up and down in his fields, caught Christian and Hopeful asleep in his grounds. They told him they were pilgrims and that they had lost their way. 'Then,' said the giant, 'You have this night trespassed on me, on trampling in and lying on my grounds; and, therefore, you must go along with me.' So they were forced to go, because he was stronger than they."

For another illustration of style, glowing with the rich harmonics of sadness and despair over the frustration of earthly hopes, we take De Quincey. In his writing is an elegance and refinement of spirit, a keenly intelligent comprehension and choice of words, especially as they relate to and express phases of human thought, under pressure of tragic conditions; and with this, a rare power of producing musical cadences by a most precise, yet artistic selection of words and phrases. But this is not light music,—it is prolonged and splendid, rising in its beat with majesty, and maintaining its altitude in sustained power to hold its theme aloft, whatever the disaster that is passing beneath. Of this matchless quality for which De Quincey is noted, Leslie Stephen says:—

"The sentences are so delicately balanced and so skillfully constructed that his finer passages fix themselves in the memory without the aid of meter."

To appreciate this stately rhythmic power one should read in some quiet hour, when wholly undisturbed, "The Dream-Fugue." The sense of vastness, of light, of beauty, of danger, of helplessness, and death, are wrought into the fiber of the language, with a control of sound and movement, that remains in the mind, unearthly and unforgettable.

"The sea was rocking, and shaken with gathering wrath. Upon its surface sat mighty mists, which grouped themselves into arches and long cathedral aisles. Down one of these, with the fiery pace of a quarrel from a crossbow, ran a frigate right athwart our course. 'Are they mad?' some voice exclaimed from our deck. 'Do they woo their ruin?' But in a moment, she was close upon us, some impulse of a heady current or local vortex gave a wheeling bias to her course, and off she forged without a shock. As she ran past us, high aloft amongst the shrouds stood the lady of the pinnacle. The deeps opened ahead in malice to receive her, towering surges of foam ran after her, the billows were fierce to catch her. But far away she was borne into desert spaces of the sea.

"Then was completed the passion of the mighty fugue. The golden tubes of the organ, which as yet had but muttered at intervals,—gleaming amongst clouds and surges of incense,—threw up, as from fountains unfathomable, columns of heart-shattering music. Choir and ante-choir were filing past with unknown voices. Thou also, Dying Trumpeter!—with thy love that was victorious, and thy anguish that was finishing—didst enter the tumult; trumpet and echo—farewell love, and farewell anguish—rang through the dreadful sanctus."

The student of style will avoid De Quincey's habit of tedious digression, but he will read "Murder as a Fine Art" for its humor and irony; the autobiography and essays to feel the insight into nature, the attraction of the mysterious, the spirit of reverence, the poise of refined individuality, and the blending of all these into passages of a masterful style.

To follow still further this line of comparison in style, we take the name and work of Thackeray, a name that "blows the mind clear" and leaves it ready for the fresh and tonic portrayal of life. Thackeray is noted for his keenness of observation. His distinction is that of a painter of human character. Lowell says: "Thackeray's round of character is very limited, but his characters are masterpieces, always governed by those average motives and acted upon by those average sentiments which all men have in common. They never act like heroes and heroines, but like men and women."

In his introduction to "Vanity Fair" Thackeray says: "One is bound to speak the truth as one knows it, whether one mounts cap and bells or a shovel hat; and a deal of disagreeable matter must come out in the course of such an undertaking." We are told that he said of himself directly, "I have no brain above the eyes; I describe what I see." But with the author of "Vanity Fair," and "Henry Esmond," behind mere observation lay insight,—the look into the hearts of men, the perception of motive and the springs of character. His theme was society, yet it was not a bare realistic quality of regard that produced "Pendennis" and "The Newcomes"; such realism alone would not have resulted in the perfected style that belongs to Thackeray. He worked not from fact, but from his "sense of fact."

In this process, in the production of imaginative prose that commands attention and survives the year, the movement is always threefold. The writer first observes the world he lives in; he next looks away from what he saw without to the picture the scene has made within him, and from this latter picture he works. So it is that we meet in Thackeray a style that has been called "original, vigorous, natural, limpid, idiomatic, and flexible—a perfect vehicle for the man's peculiar spirit." Lowell says still further: "Thackeray's style is beyond praise—so easy, so limpid, showing everywhere by unobtrusive allusions how rich he was in modern culture; it has the highest charm of gentlemanly conversation. He was in all respects the most finished example we have of what is called 'a man of the world.' In Thackeray's work is seen a truthfulness that hated shams; a power of satire coupled with tenderness; a humor of abundant and abiding pleasantness, a noble sincerity, and a sensitiveness both as to the touch of the world and to the voice of the soul."

But all this which belongs to the man might have combined to produce character, without producing the artist, if there had not been, in addition to these qualities, the power of imagination—the power that like a mirror reflects the imagery of the hour—the power that invariably results in a potent style. In his introduction to "Vanity Fair" he says:—

"And, as we bring our characters forward, I will ask leave, as a man and a brother, not only to introduce them, but occasionally to step down from the platform and talk about them; if they are good and kindly, to love them and shake them by the hand; if they are silly, to laugh at them confidentially in the reader's sleeve; if they are wicked and heartless, to abuse them in the strongest terms which politeness admits of."

Passing on to consider style in a new aspect, we take up Ruskin—not a novelist, but an essayist and teacher—whose themes ranged through nature and art, with human society for conclusion. Endowed

with keen and penetrative perception, he had with it a passionate love of beauty in its alliance with its source and with the life of man. From this point of view he worked, and his writings abound with flashes of insight flung into words, direct and clean, and, without effort, are poured out in a flood of diction, remarkable for brilliancy, splendor, and charm. As a creator of style in his own day, Ruskin had great power to enlarge the scope of vision in his reader and to reveal the power of words. Color, radiance, and, above all, movement, are reproduced. Every word has intention and is significant even when, at the fullest, there is something of overabundance in his descriptive prose. The following passage from "Modern Painters" is in his best style:—

"And then wait yet for one hour, while the east again becomes purple, and the heaving mountains rolling against it in darkness like waves of a wild sea, are drowned one by one in a glory of its burning; watch the white glaciers blaze in their winding paths about the mountains, like mighty serpents with scales of fire; watch the columnar peaks of solitary snow, kindling downward, chasm by chasm; each in itself a new morning; their long avalanches cast down in keen streams brighter than the lightning, sending each her tribute of driven snow, like altar-smoke, up to the heavens; the rose-light of their silent domes flushing that heaven about them and above them, piercing with purer light through its purple lines of lifted cloud, casting a new glory on every wreath as it passes by, until the whole heaven, one scarlet company, is interwoven with a roof of waving flame, and tossing, vault beyond vault, as with the drifted winds of many companies of angels; and then when you can look no more for gladness, and when you are bowed down with fear and love for the Maker and Doer of this, tell me who has delivered his message unto men."

Stopford Brooke says of him:—

"He can not only see rightly, but he can express with passion which is sufficiently tempered to be intense, and with copiousness sufficiently charged with fact to be interesting, that which he has seen in the natural world. It is not too much to say that for many of us whose deepest pleasure is in the beauty of the world, he has tripled our power of pleasure. And it has been done, not as the poet does it, by developing intensity of feeling, but by appealing to feelings through the revelation of fact, and by the exquisite delight which we feel he takes in the discovery and beauty of the fact and by the charm of the vehicle through which he tells the story."

Exquisite precision as to the sound and relation of words, clearness and positive conviction, led Ruskin to a style that, marked by delicacy, is often stately in character. As Saintsbury says:—

"('The Stones of Venice' is *the* book of descriptive prose in English, and all others toil after it in vain.)"

In writing, it is not quantity that secures immortality. It is style, as the expression of thought and emotion, that is invincible. If any record of a man's name —

“Be blown about the hills of Time,”

it is because, and only because, he possessed style — “the most powerful preservative against decay” in literature. Sir Thomas Browne left a small volume “*Religio Medici*,” and other essays, which through individuality of subject and style, has won literary recognition.


“*Now for my life*, it is a miracle of thirty years, which to relate, were not a history, but a piece of poetry, and would sound to common ears like a fable.

“For the world, I count it not an inn, but an hospital; and a place not to live in, but to die in. The world that I regard is myself; it is the microcosm of my own frame that I cast mine eye on; for the other, I use it but like my globe, and turn it round sometimes for my recreation. Men that look upon my outside, perusing only my condition and fortunes, do err in my altitude; for I am above Atlas's shoulders. . . . That mass of flesh that circumscribes me limits not my mind. That surface that tells the heavens it hath an end cannot persuade me I have any. I take my circle to be above three hundred and sixty. . . . There is surely a piece of divinity in us; something that was before the elements and owes no homage unto the sun.”

In this writing we meet an author who writes not as if addressing an audience, but as if musing. We listen to his thought rather than to instruction. He wanders and is not studious of effect, but his point of view, humane and humorous, is attractive, his thoughts are refined and clear, and his style, though irregular and rambling, is read for its inherent force and beauty.

As another illustration of the value of style in imaginative prose, the works of Edgar Allan Poe stand for strong example. In his writing, the events narrated verge upon the supernatural, yet through his power as an artist they have the character of reality. His style, by its intrinsic qualities, belongs to pure romance. It is flowing and harmonious, using in the painting of its somber pictures no unusual words, yet by the genius of selection calling them together to produce the rare effect. With many authors writing is unequal; in any case it is the best that endures. With Poe, discarding what is not fine, we find in what remains a style noble and melancholy. He wove with threads that were dyed in ancient sorrow, and his strange tales burn with a prisoned fire. The effectiveness of his style lies in the close intimacy of the aspects of nature with the conditions of the heart and soul, and with all the movements of life. It is thus not

openly but suggestively symbolic, the appearance of reality and natural happening being always maintained. In his poetry he was the seer of loss and gloom. We quote from the "House of Usher":—



"During the whole of a dull, dark, and soundless day in the autumn of the year, when the clouds were oppressively low in the heavens, I had been passing alone on horseback through a singularly dreary tract of country, and at length found myself, as the shades of evening drew on, within view of the melancholy House of Usher. I know not how it was, but with the first glimpse of the building a sense of insufferable gloom pervaded my spirit. I say insufferable, for the feeling was unrelieved by any of that half-pleasurable, because poetic, sentiment with which the mind usually receives even the sternest natural images of the desolate or terrible. I looked upon the scene before me, upon the mere house, and the simple landscape features of the domain, upon the bleak walls, upon the vacant, eye-like windows, upon a few rank sedges and upon a few white trunks of decayed trees, with an utter depression of soul which I can compare to no earthly sensation more properly than to the after dream of the reveler upon opium,—the bitter lapse into every-day life,—the hideous dropping of the veil. There was an illness, a sinking, a sickening of the heart—an unredeemed dreariness of thought which no goading of the imagination could torture into aught of the sublime. What was it, I paused to think—what was it that so unnerved me in the House of Usher."

In seeking for images to use in literature, the writer turns to nature and to human life. Here in these two widely opposite but intimately related phases of creation and existence, the artist in words, "the ready writer," finds forms awaiting him. The force that wells up within him is creative. It seeks for expression of itself; still, free as man feels himself to be when he dreams along the lines of pure romance, it is true that out of his own fancy he cannot evoke any form that does not already exist in nature or in human life. Whenever power brings the inner vision to perfection in literature, the author has used two means—the forms of life and the forms of language. With these he produces; and whatever his creation may be, it will come into the world individualized, a personality, bringing its own essential qualities—a new thought creation.

Thus it is a "Hamlet," questioning "the undiscovered country;" a "Silas Marner" alone with his weaving; or a "Tilly Slowboy" companion to "The Cricket on the Hearth." Out from the pages of all

books come these creations of pen and brain, and their name is legion; still, like ourselves, they wear the typical human guise, they speak our human language and have their abiding places in their appropriate corners of the world.

And as in this world of thought the author has found the forms of his imagery awaiting him, so for the painting of these images, "for the uttering sweetly and properly of the conceit of the mind," he finds language, the speech of the world,—polished by long usage yet free and ready to adjust itself to individual demand. The author stands in his high kingdom, a master indeed, yet bound by the laws of things as they are, to be original, not in the creation of his materials, but only in their choice and use.

It is interesting to see how through earlier times the heart of man has sought to escape from the insistent order of things. In Egypt, for example, the hawk's head is set upon the human body. So stands Ra, in the myth of Osiris. Keen-eyed, pursuing, leading, and judging mortality, his power is withdrawn from the simple human aspect, and, through the semblance of the bird, is hidden, made esoteric and subtly suggestive. This was the artist's effort to portray the sense of the immortal and the great. But in this labor after vastness of invention, for deep purpose, Egypt could use only what she found. She could invent nothing. She set together the two creations, animal and man, yet the result was to break the order of nature and destroy harmony. In its historical aspect, the figure has the highest value, but it is saved from being farcical and grotesque only by the spirit that wrought for its creation—the quest of the soul, the far-reaching effort to speak some word universal, to give some sign of knowledge greater than man's. This spirit, even under the anomaly of its form is indestructible, but by the unnatural use of form, art is injured and debased.

Incomparably beyond this, the Greek created Apollo—"The Far-darter," "Lord of Life and Light." This was a return to nature for the means of highest art. The Middle Age has its dragons and its unicorn; the sculptured wall has its gargoyle; and to-day the artist of the ideal, in his reach after symbolism, produces a winged figure suggesting the world—an odd conception of angelhood.

But the artist of the word knows that except for slight poetic tradition, he will excel and attain to style, strong and beautiful, only by using Nature as he finds her, and by fidelity to language in its own true form and spirit. These two work by one law, and it is impossible for the mind of man to conjure up any form whose type is not already seen in Nature. Fafner, in the "Nibelungenlied," is a survivor of the reptilian age, but his words are human. In "Faust,"

Goethe, seeking for the least of forms under which to represent the spirit of life, newborn and potent, has Homunculus appear within the phial of the old alchemist. He is of the essence of light—free,

strong, fearless. His mission is to “lead the way,” yet he is “*Ein artig Mänlein*”—a Manikin. As the writer realizes that the infinitude of power lies not without in form and language, but within himself, as the very activity of spirit, he sees that his work is not to copy things as they are, but, with his eye upon the inward vision, to take just what belongs to it, to give to it a mortal garb and presence. The spirit leads the way.

Mr. A. H. Welsh says:—

“If style is the rendering, more or less justly, the inward life; if that thought which is your concern can reach the mind completely and with all its advantages only when it is well expressed, it ought not to be necessary to insist that style is a great matter. How many are there who know how to think that do not know how to write? ‘To write well,’ says Buffon, ‘is at once to think well, to feel well, and to render well.’ To neglect form is, then, to neglect, in some sort, the life and the faculty of communication.

“Style is the artistic part of literature, hardly less valuable than the substance, if the product is to be permanent. It is the principal feature in which the writer can be original. Out of the same stones can be reared a Parthenon or a tavern. Shakespeare’s power lay not in finding out new material, but in imparting new life to whatever he discovered; Carlyle’s, not in the novelty of what he said, but in the way in which he has said it. In Shelley’s verse, in Hawthorne’s periods, in Ruskin’s grand harmonies, who is not sensible of influences quite distinct from the matter?

“The same thought, expressed by one author will make us yawn, by another will startle us. An inferior work may obtain passport to futurity through witchery of form, while a work of merit may fail of success through lack of formal excellence.

“Said Napoleon: ‘What is called style, good or bad, does not affect me. I care only for the force of the thought.’ As well might he have said that he cared nothing for the arrangement of his soldiers in battle, only for the energy with which they would fight.”

In the study of style, a grand distinction as to form, lies in the difference between prose and poetry. This at first glance appears to be the plainest and most natural thing in the world; yet the character of this difference has, in reality, been a matter of growth. It has taken centuries of English writing to bring the author to “the sense of achieved distinctions” that now exist between these two distinct methods of expression. Through this long development of the higher



art, sense in writing, delicate shades of difference in modes of expression, have become perceptible and have exercised an immense influence upon others.

In this esthetic distinction the author himself finds a field for study. The lover of style in its "fineness of truth" may, however, leave that to the author, and yield himself, if so he prefer, to simple enjoyment of the beautiful in whatever form he finds it.

In literature, poetry offers itself so far as meter is concerned, under many forms, and in its entire history shows a progressive originality both in the use of forms and in the range of those exalted ideas that, in one age after another, have led authors to turn from prose and to attain to their deepest and noblest power of expression.

In poetry we look for any sentiment known to the human mind,—for thought, for signs of knowledge in life, and above all, for beauty of imagery. When these powers combine in a highly perfected phrasing, we have style in poetry. And style in poetry is not a thing to pass idly by. You may read a perfect sonnet or a ballad, and if lacking in this "copious wonder-draught," it is lacking in all things as far as your sense of inspiration and refreshment are concerned. A poem may have lived on simply because of its mechanism, its carefully wrought out perfection of rhyme, rhythm, and form; but if it does not give you the sense of beauty in style, better not have read it at all. Browning's style is kaleidoscopic. Apart from the universal note in his work he gives unforgettable pictures, using the unique word or phrase to get just his atmosphere—his tint of color or the right light on his character. As in "Sordello":—

"Midnight: the watcher nodded on his spear,
Since clouds dispersing left a passage clear
For any meager and discolored moon
To venture forth; and such was peering soon
Above the harassed city—her close lanes
Closer, not half so tapering her fanes,
As though she shrunk into herself to keep
What little life was saved, more safely. Heap
By heap the watch fires smoldered, and beside
The blackest spoke Sordello."

The greatness of style in one man is inspiration to another. It awakens the spirit. In itself fine art, it calls out the response of the art spirit and becomes a leader along its own highway of culture. The vibration of power, the heart-beat that produced a phrase as the setting of some idea deeply felt and enjoyed—or deeply suffered, awakens its own answer.

It is for this awakening of life in others that style is so valued. It is by that power which it has of completing what another has felt and not spoken, or has vaguely felt and not realized; by that great sensibility, formed into harmonious sound, given a *style*, that poetry has ever been a thing widely loved as an expression of human life sent forth—

“The world’s hard lot to qualify.”

In this poetic style, Coleridge, who wrote so little, was still a vital influence. Deeply sensitive to the mystical relation between Nature and the soul, he produced the “Ancient Mariner”—his most complete work in verse. It was a revival of romantic legend, but as a writing it was modern in its insight, feeling, and poetic style.

That “the genius of all remarkable men is method,” is surely true of Dante Gabriel Rossetti. In his work is the dominant note of power, impetuous, vehement; loving beauty and color and “the perfect round of the soul.”

Poet and painter that he was, his style to those who love it must always be a strange, exalted thing. His influence has been to send men deeper into their own souls, to question there and bring forth:—

“The blessèd damozel leaned out
From the gold bar of Heaven:
Her eyes were deeper than the depth
Of waters stilled at even;
She had three lilies in her hand,
And the stars in her hair were seven.”

Modern poetry is for the most part lyric in character. Under the pressure of changing conditions of life, in what is distinctly a transition period of history, it is notable for its feeling after new form, and being thus variable, the evolution of its style has interest as one of the literary aspects of the time.

And in this modern world Bliss Carman stands as an “Artist of the Beautiful.” In imagery, depth of thought, and poetic vision, his work is commanding. His writing is dusted with a fairy pollen, and yet the strength of it is human, deep, real. He holds close to the symbol and combines an alluring fancy with perfect art, control in style and expression.

“We are as mendicants who wait
Along the roadside in the sun.
Tatters of yesterday and shreds
Of morrow clothe us, every one.

“And some are dotards, who believe
And glory in the days of old;

While some are dreamers, harping still
Upon an unknown age of gold.

“Hopeless as witless! Not one heeds,
As lavish Time comes down the way
And tosses in the suppliant hat
One great, new-minted gold To-day.

“One I remember kept his coin,
And, laughing, flipped it in the air;
But when two strolling pipe-players
Came by, he tossed it to the pair.

“Spendthrift of joy, his childish heart
Danced to their wild, outlandish bars;
Then, supperless, he laid him down
That night, and slept beneath the stars.”

Art is long; attainment is but the uplifting of the ideal to set it higher still beneath the stars. But in that expression of its spirit, which is style in literature, it becomes the heritage of the world.

The wonder voices will speak if we but listen.

“Have little care that Life is brief
And less that Art is long
Success is in the silences,
Though Fame is in the song.”

HOW TO CULTIVATE STYLE

IN A study of the mind and its methods, we can read a lesson from Nature. Consider a hyacinth, a rose. It is the product of time and growth. It tells of cultivation and opportunity. It blooms not only because it exists, but because, having endowment of floral power, it has been fortunate in finding conditions favorable to its development. A seed holds, latent within itself, form, color, and fragrance. The law of its bloom is growth from its own center. But there must be earthly imbedding, days and nights of darkness and sheltered life, before the plant can arise and express itself in the beauty of bloom. In this it follows the provisions of established law, and “he who runs may read”, for in literature the acquirement of style depends upon the same factors,—first the natural gift, and after that, opportunity and the conditions favorable to growth. To acquire is to gain. To gain a style from anything without is impossible. All acquirement has reference to *means* of growth; the gain itself comes from within.

Style is the result of development. The "precious seed" is of the nature of man. Its growth is begun in its own secret processes, and, springing from its own root, it is finally to stand full grown before the bar of literary criticism. The sense of style is nursed by all things. Everything in nature and everything in life,—all aspects of these two, all their gifts, their grace, their variety, their range of comedy, their somber tragedies—all that passes; the whispering wind, the breath of life in the soul of man, all things without and within, are as treasure, and, in the crucible of the mind, must be transmitted into power of expression—into style. To recognize these means of culture is the student's first and greatest need. To heed what lies in waiting for him, and, by meditation, to assimilate life's greatness and beauty, gives the best mental position for undertaking any technical study of literature.

In the process of development the student of style must give himself opportunity. He must seek silence for thought, and become conversant with the tendencies of his own mind. Many minds are furnished with ideas, words, selections, quotations, criticisms, facts of history, poems and biographies, and these are good and useful as culture, even if one never writes; but in style, all attainment has relation to the power of utterance. In writing, whatever is taken into the mind must be given out again. The student has this end in view. For this he reads, studies, and compares. His pursuit of knowledge should be undertaken with direct reference to the end in view; *viz.*, the power of expression in literature—the author's style.

In the technical study of style, many helps are offered. The subject of language, as a whole, is divided into grammar and rhetoric. In earliest days, these inquiries into the nature and use of language were divided under many heads, and were presented to the student as difficulties for him to surmount, rather than as aids to his quick comprehension of language and its reasonable agreeable use. But later textbooks tend to simpler ways. It is seen that a few great principles underlie the use of language, and that both for correctness in speech and for the attainment of skill and beauty in writing, a knowledge of these principles affords the best and most intelligible foundation for progress.

In studying language we see that it is divided into words, sentences, paragraphs, and entire writings or whole compositions. This word composition explains itself by way of its Latin origin, as words placed in company: *Pono*, to place; *Positio*, a place; *Con.* with. The writer composes. He sets words together. This also we do in speech. Language flows on through one word to another, in a relationship that, by usage, has become natural to us; yet we know that whether we speak

briefly or at length, our language comes from the use of words in combination. The word is the unit of language and with the word the study of style, the use of language, begins.

Words have two forms. They are voeal sounds, and by means of letters they are written signs. A few of these letters are soft, open sounds, easily and readily breathed—a-e-i-o-u. These are each distinet, individual, characteristic, and in themselves complete. They are fluent, these vowels. They can be prolonged indefinitely. They come naturally and without help from within. They are the heart of language. They are interior and musieal, and without them no other letters can be formed or spoken.

The other letters are eonsonants. They sound with the vowels, but not without them. *Sono*, to sound; *con*, in company. None works alone. Being eonsonants, they follow and move with the vowels. These consonants are many. They serve as the outer proteeting shell of sound shaped into language. Liquid, or harsh and strong, the eonsonants give foree. As limitation they give power. Soft and pliant, they bind into sweetness. Thus, through the eharacter of letters, we get the character of the words. Still, the study of sound as language may begin with the structure and the contrasted association of words, since they have their own character and vocal value, some being of themselves musical—as *benign*, *wanderer*, *illumine*, *love*; while others like *obstruct*, *stark*, *crooked*, are abrupt and even awkward.

We know from usage that language is organic; its parts, however complete, relate to each other and to the whole. Whatever is said calls for or suggests more, either as a response and continuation, or in referenee to something gone before. In this organic idea, when we set words before us for study, we consider them as expressions of thought and emotion in man. In the grammatical aspect of words, the vital point, in the beginning is the verb—*Verbum*; the word. The verb taken by itself is language. It mây stand alone yet express an idea—*see*, *obey*, *go*. These verbs, or any, taken by themselves, indicate the unexpressed. Within their brevity two people are implied, the speaker and the person to whom he speaks. This is because the verb is the great word of life. It springs into being as a sign of the life of man; and in language, its form, with all of its variations, is the chief eentral sign of life. The verb is thus the ruler, the leading element of language. It indicates the life of man as known to himself, his will, his love, his command. The student feels this as he reads a list of verbs. They are in the infinitive form—to be, to think, to pursue, to decide,—because they apply universally, everywhere, to all people. Still these verbs relate to the reader and to his own inner being.

They represent by their many and different forms, the force of life at play within the heart of man. *I am*—this is the first simple announcement of existence. The verb is not limited, however. Changing its form and taking aids to itself, it expresses relation to time—*I was*—*I shall be*—and goes on to display in ways manifold and finely distinguished, yet allied, the activity of a single person. So the student recognizes himself in his language, and this sense of the personal interior origin of human speech makes all of its forms interesting.

The next form is the noun. Within ourselves we feel emotion. It shapes itself and grows into thought. It is love, anger, fear, ambition, or power. Whatever it is, it must have a name, and so, by way of the Latin, the student of language and its growth finds the noun. So much begins within ourselves, and goes forth into the atmosphere, and into print, as spoken and written language. The origin of language is life. Its laws are the laws of mind, and, in the harmony of creation, all words first coined to express the being of man are seen also in the environment of nature, to apply to all external forms and processes.

In nature are found the nouns—a name for everything. Here, also, the student finds the verbs; for as life acts in man, to be and to do, to create, to destroy, to attract, to repel, to govern, so outside in nature, after similar methods, life continues to do these same things. Seeing this, the student of style comprehends that his language serves him wherever he may be. What he feels at work within himself, he sees at work outside of himself. The play of force—creation and action, origin and result, this is the cause of his language, and this, too, is the arena of its power. Not to himself alone belong his verbs and nouns, and not to nature alone; but, interchangeably they belong to the world universal. The writer recognizes this range of language with a supreme satisfaction. It is his means of power. It is a sign of the unity of life in nature and in man. The world outside becomes symbolic, a scene of visible speech, and sends him back to his printed page with a renewed wonder for the alphabet, and a new interest in the using of a word.

In language these two, the verb and the noun, are the leaders. For the rest, the little words simply follow after to join, to separate, to intensify, to limit, and to assist in the mechanism of language as a means of utterance for emotion and thought. Seen in this way, language has a character fluent and vital. Born of man, reflected in nature, it is put to human usage; and in the eyes of one who looks thoughtfully over its entire kingdom, the beauty and significance of language, in its own character, gives impulse and incentive to study the methods of its use—its style, and the styles of its authors.

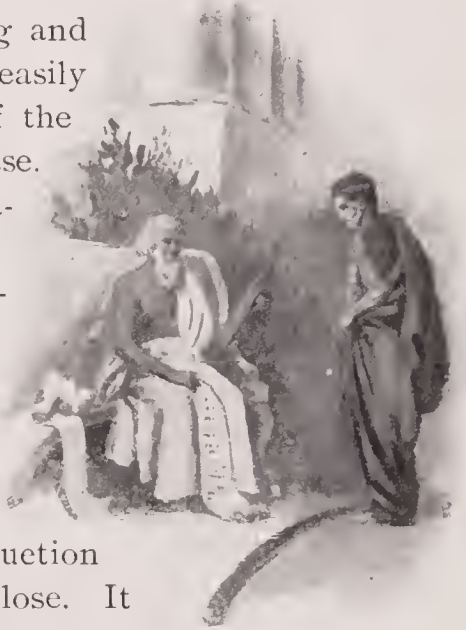
In using words to express thought and emotion, we group them into sentences. We put together verbs and nouns; we unite action with the results of action. I bring to you a rose; that is to say, here at this moment, I, who am one person, bring to you, who are another person, this rose, the product of nature's creation and growth. Or you say, "I feel happy," "I am late." By your pronoun you identify yourself, your condition, your positive relation to other people, and in a word or two, set forth some detail that belongs to your own inner life. You speak to some one, or you write upon a page, and the sentence is revelation.

How then shall sentences be used? How shall words be put together to make them convey in the best manner a desired meaning? Here it is, evidently, that style begins. In the phrasing of sentences, the pauses that separate them call for punctuation. The period is the cardinal division. It marks the strongest conclusion, the most complete ending of what is being said. It is the pause also that includes all lesser ones. "Some thoughts of Scottish superstition and the river kelpie passed across my mind; I wondered if perchance the like were prevalent in that part of Spain; and turning to Felipe, sought to draw him out."

These pauses are indicated in writing because we use them in speaking. They are signs to the eye of the flow and the pause that occurs continually in speech, our own or that of others. "A sentence is a form of speech which has a beginning and an end within itself, and is of such length as to be easily comprehended at once," said Aristotle. It may be of the briefest—I am—or it may pass from phrase to phrase.

The sentence may take any form, positive, negative, interrogative, or exclamatory; but however it shapes itself, it uses words to make sense, and so fulfills its mission. Whether long or short, sentences may be further classified into periodic and loose sentences. The criterion of the former is that the parts remain suspended in the mind until the whole is finished, when the meaning is flashed back from the end to the beginning; of the second, that the construction will yield a complete sense at some point before the close. It is the closeness of connection between conclusion and commencement that gives rise to the name "period," which signifies "circuit."

In speaking, the sentence takes care of itself; in composition it offers opportunity for study. In general, the tendency is to the use of the short sentence. The spirit of the age tends to swiftness. The slow Latinized English of fifty years ago has been distanced. The



three volume novel of former days is now often condensed into a short story, and the modern novel itself dares not to be tedious. The influence of the age bears strongly upon any writer; still language serves all seasons, and, under any conditions, the author has a right to please himself in its usage.

The sentence is primarily the sign of thought. One may write wholly in periods; for example:—

“It is not hard to die. It is harder a thousand times to live. To die is to be a man. To live is only to try to be one. To live is to see God through a glass darkly. To die is to see him face to face. To live is to be in the ore. To die is to be smelted and come out pure gold.”

But herein lies danger. The eye grows weary of repeated brevity; the ear listens for a variation in the succession of sound, and the sense of pleasure flags, because of being stopped so often on the way. As a rule, too, the short sentence steadily repeated implies instruction or the intention of teaching. Here, the reader who is addressed is the judge both of the subject and of its style, and frequently, unless the thought is surely of high order, the brief, condensed form grows tedious and tends to weaken what is said.

Of this, Coleridge in extreme condemnation said:—

“Like idle morning visitors, the brisk and breathless periods hurry in and hurry off in quick and profitless succession, each indeed, for the moment of his stay, prevents the pain of vacancy, while it indulges the love of sloth; but all together, they leave the mistress of the house (the soul, I mean) flat and exhausted, incapable of attending to her own concerns, and unfitted for the conversations of more rational guests.”

The tone of the period is declarative. As a style it is in itself dogmatic, and as an invitation to thought, it may easily go too far, and by its insistence and repetition leave but little to the imagination of the reader. Still, in continuous writings the period is the relief and blessing of the page. For the sentence that is exceedingly long and unbroken has the effect of having strayed from its beginning; if this be not the case, the reader's attention may wander, finding no pleasure in the long way round to the conclusion. In the long sentence the end is far off, and rarely is any clue given to it at the opening. The writer knows what his end is to be; the reader does not. The long sentence is thus by its nature, secretive. It says to the reader, or to the audience, “Wait.” For instance, in a long sentence by Rufus Choate, his conclusion, that American society has “through all its relations a character exclusively its own,” is reached through clauses separated by seven semicolons. This is unusual, but we learn, by both example and precept, and the student of style may

see with a little thought that this conclusion might have been briefly stated at the outset; and the proof, following, would have been none the less interesting.

The construction of a sentence is subject to certain proper limitations, but thought finds so many ways by which to express itself, that within a period's length the author has room for the exercise of comparison, judgment, selection, arrangement; and above all for the consideration of words—their vitality, their meaning, their individual and their related value.

"Words are the voice of the heart," said Confucius. They have a personal relationship, for in every sentence they are a matter of choice. In their choice and arrangement the style of the author first appears. "In speaking or writing English," said Herbert Spencer, "we have only to choose right words and put them into right places." The examination of sentences shows how various these right places may be. Take these brief periods from Emerson:—

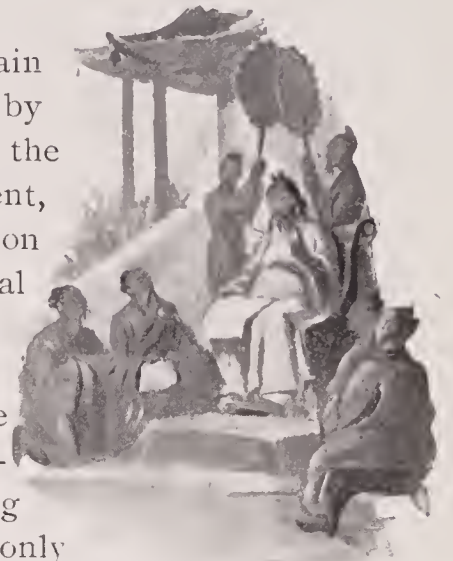
"Every natural fact is a symbol of some spiritual fact." "Every animal function, from the sponge up to Hercules, shall hint or thunder to man the laws of right and wrong, and echo the Ten Commandments." "Truth and goodness and beauty are but different faces of the All."

In contrast to this simplicity take this passage from Milton, heavy with ornament:—

"Methinks I see in my mind a noble and puissant nation, rousing herself like a strong man after sleep and shaking her invincible locks; methinks I see her as an eagle renewing her mighty youth and kindling her undazzled eyes at the full mid-day beam; purging and unscaling her long-unused sight at the fountain itself of heavenly radiance; while the whole noise of timorous and flocking birds, with those also that love the twilight, flutter about, amazed at what she means, and in their envious gabble would prognosticate a year of sects and schisms."

Ben Jonson said:—

"Language most shows a man: Speak, then I may see thee. It springs out of the most retired and inmost parts of me and is the image of the parent of it—the mind. No glass renders a man's form, or likeness, so true as his speech. Nay, it is likened to a man; and as we consider feature and composition in a man, so words in language, in the greatness, openness, sound, structure and harmony of it. Some men are tall and big, so some language is high and great. Then the words are chosen, their sound ample, the composition fair, the absolution plenteous and poured out, all grave, sinewy and strong. Some are little and dwarfs; so of speech, it is humble and low, the words poor and flat, the members and periods



thin and weak, without knitting or number. The middle are of a just stature. There the language is plain and pleasing; even without stopping; round without swelling; all well turned, composed, elegant and accurate. The vicious language is vast and gaping, swelling and irregular; when it contends to be high, full of rocks and mountains and pointedness; as it affects to lie low, it is abject and creeps, full of bogs and holes."

The subject of the sentence is "the unit of expression." It is the point of sensitiveness in writing, for, within the compass of each sentence, the idea of proportion must prevail, not merely in the choice of words, but with regard to the whole composition—the relation of sentences throughout—the entire balance of thought—the consideration of the whole.

In this lies the discipline, and here, too, is the enjoyment. For these two elements of written language, the sentence and the word, are the accredited coin of the realm of literature, and with them well in hand, the writer finds the way to development of style.

In the use of words the choice falls naturally upon those that are familiar to us in speech and in literature. Said Horace, "Use is the law of language." Good usage must inevitably be the rule in all sustained writing. The author dips into the past for something obsolete, as a passing means now and then.

He may say, "Sumer is icumen in" but he will not repeat this phrase. He throws a word from some foreign tongue into what he is saying, but not often. Good taste forbids. "Words must be reputable, national, and present. They must carry good and sound meanings; they must be of the tongue of the country in its purity, and of the language as it is used at this time."

For, as we know, language is a continuous growth. It has been full of changes, and these, appearing in literature, are signs of the changing character of the times. Compare, for instance, these extracts—the first from Sir Thomas More, who died, in 1535:—

"Mistress Alice, in my most hearty-wise I recommend me to you. And whereas I am informed by my son Geron of the loss of our barns and our neighbor's also, with all the corn that was therein; albeit (saving God's pleasure) it were great pity of so much good corn lost, yet since it has liked him to send us such a good chance, we must, and are bounden, not only to be content, but are also glad of his visitation."

And this from George Bancroft, the historian, 1854:—

"Go forth, then, language of Milton and Hampden, language of my country; take possession of the North American continent! Gladden the waste places with every tone that has been rightly struck on the English lyre, with every English word that has been spoken well for liberty and man. Give an echo to the now silent and solitary mountains; gush out

with the fountains that as yet sing their anthem all day long without response . . . till the sound that cheers the desert shall thrill through the heart of humanity.”

And this word from our own day:—

“And I remain thus, dreaming, listening to that interminable dialogue between the heart that desires and the reason that reprehends, going from hypothesis to hypothesis, like a blind bird casting itself incessantly against the four walls of its cage.”

The choice of words rests then upon what is best in usage; and their arrangement in the sentence follows in the same way, guided by whatever instinctive feeling for accuracy, fitness, and beauty, the author may possess. This instinctive sense should be relied upon and cultivated, and, to this end, whatever knowledge we have of words, Latin, Saxon, or of any language, becomes of service.

In “Sesame and Lilies,” Ruskin says:—

“And therefore, first of all I tell you, earnestly, and authoritatively (I know I am right in this), you must get into the habit of looking intensely at words, and assuring yourself of their meaning.”

When once this study of words is a habit, their effectiveness in special places is constantly appearing to us. The fine setting of a single word may make the fineness of a line, or of a phrase; and because these words are so fine in their own descriptive force, and so well placed in relation to other words, many have become familiar through quotation. So in Shelley’s “Hail to thee, blithe spirit”! Shakespeare’s “In cradle of the rude, imperious surge”; Rossetti’s line, “The sunrise blooms and withers on the hill”; Keats’s “. . . budding morrow in midnight”; Pope’s “Damn with faint praise,” or “Snatch a grace beyond the reach of art.”

Ruskin says further:—

“A few words well chosen, distinguished, will do work that a thousand cannot, when every one is acting equivocally in the function of another. Yes, and words, if they are not watched, will do deadly work sometimes. There are masked words droning and skulking about us in Europe just now . . . there are masked words abroad, I say, which nobody understands, but which everybody uses, and most people will fight for, live for or even die for, fancying they mean this or that or the other of things dead to them, for such words wear chameleon cloaks, of the color of the ground of any man’s fancy: on that ground they lie in wait, and rend him with a spring from it. There never were creatures of prey so mischievous, never diplomatists so cunning, never poisoners so deadly, as these masked words; they are the unjust stewards of all men’s ideas; whatever fancy or favorite instinct a man most cherishes, he gives to his favorite masked

word to take care of for him; the word at last comes to have an infinite power over him,—you cannot get at him but by its ministry.”

This is a consideration of words in their deepest moral and social significance. To the student of style it is a reminder of the intimacy of thought and language, and a further suggestion of their power as a revelation of the author—his ways of thinking and his ways of work. In the use of the sentence the author learns the art of listening to himself and to others, and to perceive how wide a range may be given to modes of expression. He will see the extreme of balance in sentences such as these:—

• “Not that I loved Cæsar less, but that I loved Rome more.”

“Except the Lord build the house, they labor in vain that build it; except the Lord keep the city, the watchman waketh but in vain.”

When the successive clauses of the sentence are similar in plan and movement, and certain words are repeated purposely for emphasis and effect, he will feel how, passing from such limitations to the free, full flow of language, the writer, by infinite steps and innumerable differences, may work to develop his own sense of beauty in language. With the mental eye fixed upon the thought to keep it in order, all ways may serve:

“The blithe, crisp sentence, decisive as a child’s expression of its needs, may alternate with the long-contending, victoriously intricate sentence; the sentence, born with the integrity of a single word, relieving the sort of sentence in which, if you look closely, you can see much contrivance, much adjustment, to bring a highly qualified matter into compass at one view.”

In these last words is again suggested the law of the sentence. Its purpose is to present an idea. Its form becomes an exposition of the author’s style. In the technical study of style, the subject is considered not only as to its elements but as to the way in which these elements are used, and with regard to the effect of that usage upon those who read.

In this study three qualities are distinguished. Mr. Wendell, of Harvard College, says:—

“In the first place, any piece of style appeals to the understanding; we understand it, or we do not understand it; or we are doubtful whether we understand it or not; in other words, it has an intellectual quality. In the second place, it either interests us, or bores us, or leaves us indifferent; it appeals to our emotions; it has an emotional quality. Finally it either pleases us or displeases us, or leaves us neither pleased nor offended; it appeals to our taste; it has a quality which I may call ‘esthetic.’ These three qualities are called in rhetoric, clearness, force, and elegance.”

Clearness of style is based upon clearness of thought. The student need not cry with Young,—

“Will no superior genius snatch the quill
And save me, on the brink, from writing ill!”

but on the brink, he may save himself, for salvation lies in thinking long and well before beginning to write. What do I want to say? This may well be the author's leading question when in pursuit of clearness and imbued with the idea of being understood. For, if asked and answered sincerely, this question will train one to the *habit* of thinking clearly—a habit of mind that will prove invaluable to the writer, and that must result in a clear style, likely neither to be misunderstood, nor to be tedious.

Clearness in writing, however, does not demand absolute simplicity of phrase or language. If this were the case there could be no such thing as style in its greatness and variation of manner. Herbert Spencer says: “Even in addressing the most vigorous intellects the direct style is unfit for communicating ideas of a complex or abstract character.” The ideas are to dictate the style. This is a vital principle. There is something of suitability between a thought and the language that is to be chosen for its expression. Things too briefly told are obscure. They show that the author did not see the whole of his thought himself, or that he did not consider how he should present it to others. This is a lack of power. Its remedy must be sought in earnest second thought, both as to the subject and its style.

On the other hand, clearness is lost if the subject is overladen with words. It costs an effort to check a facile pen; but in the pursuit of art, this must often be done. In either case, the thought gives the first suggestion. “Whoever is master of his thought is master of the word fitted to express it.”

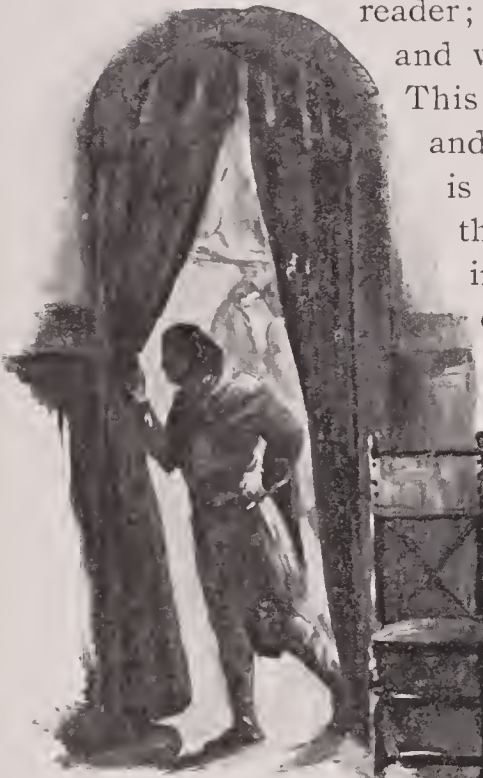
In the study and practice of style all models are of service. In this extract from Swift is seen a peculiar simplicity:—

“But I know not how it comes to pass that professors in most arts and sciences are generally the worst qualified to explain their meaning to those who are not of their tribe; a common farmer shall make you understand in three words that his foot is out of joint, or his collar bone broken; wherein a surgeon, after a hundred terms of art, if you are not a scholar, shall leave you to seek.”

In this passage from “Macbeth,” Shakespeare uses simplest words to depict a moment of deep and dark deliberation. Close set as they are, they convey the picture perfectly:

“That is a step
On which I must fall down or else o'erleap,
For in my way it lies. Stars, hide your fires,
Let no light see my black and deep desires.
The eye winks at my hand. Yet, let that be
Which the eye fears, when it is done, to see.”

In this question of clearness the thought may be clear to the author, and easily understood, also, by any intelligent and thoughtful reader; yet the style may be so condensed, both as to thought and words, as to require close attention in the reading. This extreme economy of space comes from long practice, and from intention on the part of the writer. The writing is for those who enjoy leisurely reading, dwelling upon the style, as one enjoys color in a mosaic. The following extract from Pater is a fine example. The author chooses to —



“leave something to the willing intelligence of his reader. . . . To really strenuous minds, there is a pleasurable stimulus in the challenge for a continuous effort on their part, to be rewarded by securer and more intimate grasp of the author's sense. Self-restraint, a skilful economy of means, ascêsis, that too, has a beauty of its own; and, for the reader supposed, there will be an esthetic satisfaction in that frugal closeness of style which makes the most of a word, in the exaction from every sentence of a precise relief, in the just spacing out of word to thought, in the logically filled space, connected always with the delightful sense of difficulty overcome.”

To excel in clearness of thought will be the author's first great help in his search for style, and in his handling of the marvelous power of words to exhibit it. Goethe says:—

“Altogether the style of a writer is a faithful representative of his mind; therefore, if any man wish to write a clear style, let him first be clear in his thoughts; and if he would write in a noble style, let him first possess a noble soul.”

And Carlyle says:—

“Speak not at all in any wise, till you have somewhat to speak.”

Next after clearness of thought comes vitality or force in expression. With what strength and impetus shall it be sent upon its way? With what skill, insight, and watchfulness, shall it be guided toward its rightful place?

In this we are brought to a sense of literary judgment, to consciousness of force, and of its relation, in varying degrees, to thought and language. The study of this faculty of force, of its use in the production of a finely balanced style, and of the power of control resident in the writer, leads Herbert Spencer to say, “. . . the habitual mode of utterance must depend upon the habitual balance of the nature.” Force is thus a personal characteristic. The author learns that force must be held steadfastly within, at the center of the subject, as it were; that it must be adjusted, held from waste, kept ready for elective increase at any instant, raised as to intensity and length of duration and, in short, that as a living power it must become subject to the author’s will.

The author must determine what use of force, at a precise moment, is artistic; what restraint shall be used to soften, or even to intensify, but not to destroy, a meaning. Evidently the use of force implies relationship. The author writes to reach an audience. His aim is to carry conviction, to depict vividly some cause or condition, and to persuade or compel the reader to respond with sympathy to the reason, the beauty, the awfulness, of the theme. The author may feel deeply, but clear thought includes himself, his subject, and his audience; and in the pursuance of style, he will be governed, not by unrestrained feeling, but by a sense of discrimination, and, as he seeks to attain his end, he will find means for the modulation of undue energy.

The literary means that lie ready for such usage are known as figures of speech,—similes, metaphors, minor images, symbolic phrases,—all diversity of illustration. These the writer gathers from experience, stores them in his mind, and transmutes them into the power of language.

Says Shelley:—

“My soul is an enchanted boat,
Which like a sleeping swan doth float
Upon the silver waves of thy sweet singing.
And thine doth like an angel sit
Beside the helm conducting it.”

And Tennyson says:—

“Life is not as idle ore
But iron dug from central gloom,
And heated hot with burning fears,
And dipt in baths of hissing tears,
And battered with the shocks of doom
To shape and use.”

Cries Shakespeare:—

“You blocks, you stones, you worse than senseless things!
O you hard hearts, you cruel men of Rome,
Know you not Pompey?”

In literature, these many methods of appeal are to be found singly and in company everywhere, and from their usage it is plain that these figures of speech are first figures of thought, and that, consequently, they have a direct influence on style. Nature is full of form and movement. No steadfast gaze into any landscape can go unrewarded. The life of the soul is linked to that of nature, both by love and by knowledge, and through centuries of habit, the exquisite images of earth, air, and sea, have been loved and responded to in literature as a means presenting force, modulated and attempered into style.

Figures are of every kind, and from every phase of life.

“The news was as a dagger to his heart.”

“Those evening bells! those evening bells!
How many a tale their music tells!”

“Life, like a dome of many-colored glass,
Stains the white radiance of eternity.”

“Poor man! I know he would not be a wolf,
But that he sees the Romans be but sheep!”

“He, above the rest,
In shape and gesture, proudly eminent,
Stood like a tower.”

“Pluck from the memory a rooted sorrow.”

“And from all the listening stars that shone around issued a choral
voice.”

“The masterful wind was up and out, shouting and chasing, the lord of the morning. Poplars swayed and tossed with a roaring swish; dead leaves sprang aloft, and whirled into space; and all the clear-swept heaven seemed to thrill with sound like a great harp. It was one of the first awakenings of the year. The earth stretched herself, smiling in her sleep; and everything leapt and pulsed to the stir of the giant's movement.”

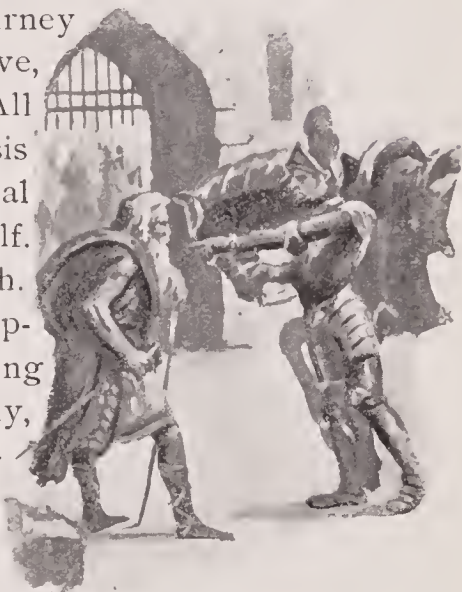
In spoken addresses, force is often used in continued passages. In a full and generally impassioned utterance, the influence of the personal will is at work, joined to reasoning, to imaginative, political, or social feeling; and by the genius of words and a clear delivery, orators have at times become notable for strength and eloquence of diction. Of this form of expression, Theodore Parker says:—

“The accomplished orator treads the stage and holds in his hand the audience, hour after hour, descanting on the nation's fate, the nation's

duty. Men look up and say how easy it is, that it is very wonderful, and how fortunate it is to be born with such a power. But behind every little point of accomplishment there is a great beam of endeavor and toil, that reaches back from the man's manhood to his earliest youth."

This touches the inner principle of force in all style. Whenever it comes, at any moment, it is the power that, at the season of writing, exists as development of life. It is the force of experience, the force of temperament, the force of language — all accumulated, and all combined to appear as force in the presentation of ideas and the production of style. Here vivacity and grace, sarcasm, humor, grandeur, and beauty, all phases of thought and feeling, press upon the author and become his means and opportunity for the expression of his own inmost fire of heart — the force that gives his thought momentum, and sends it out, strong to deliver its message and to command reply.

In work that is to go directly into "cold print," an instinctive sense of propriety restrains the writer from outbursts. Waste must not be allowed. Economy must be enforced. The journey may be a long one. Thought processes are exhaustive, and the end, however far off, must be provided for. All this belongs to the perfecting of style. Points of emphasis there will be, of course, and the climax, in its technical sense, is at times most effective. The word explains itself. It is climbed up to; and this climbing requires strength. The sudden gaining of the point must have its clear approach. It must appear as a result, to which preceding words have led both writer and reader, naturally, honestly, and with the intention of accomplished style — as Marmion on the point of departure flings his defiance:—



“And if thou saidst I am not peer
To any lord in Scotland here,
Lowland or Highland, far or near,
Lord Angus, thou hast lied!”

And Wolsey's speech:—

“O how wretched
Is that poor man that hangs on princes' favors!
There is, betwixt that smile we would aspire to,
That sweet aspect of princes, and their ruin,
More pangs and fears than wars or women have;
And when he falls, he falls like Lucifer,
Never to hope again.”

In the climax, force for the moment seems to exhaust itself. With the author, however, whatever may be the situation he portrays, this

should never be the case. There should be always a reserve of strength — of educated or trained force, and, as is evident, climaxes should not be introduced too often.

Frequently, when energy is especially required, the best effect and the best style impose the use of as few words as possible. Force must be concentrated. "The narrower the compass of words wherein the thought is comprised, the more energetic is the expression. Accordingly, we find that the very same sentiment expressed diffusely, will be admitted barely to be just; expressed concisely, will be admired as spirited."

For example: "Instead of being loved they were feared, and the fear they inspired was the heart-rending fright of a child pursued," and the lines

. . . "that withered all their strength,
And of their wonted vigor left them drained,
Exhausted, spiritless, afflicted, fallen."

Elegance in style is a quality of fineness and of grace that gives tone and character to what is written. As a quality, it comes from the relation of the individual toward other things in existence, and, in literature, it is the sign of a sensitive and delicate feeling for the relation of thought to thought, and of thought to words, and also of words to words.

In literature this element of elegance expresses itself in part by the use of certain forms that, without being essential, are aids to fineness and beauty. One of these forms is Euphony — the arrangement of words to produce a flow of melodious sound. For example these lines from Poe are quoted:—

"And neither the angels in heaven above,
Nor the demons down under the sea,
Can ever dissever my soul from the soul
Of the beautiful Annabel Lee."

Or this from Percival:—

"Then with a light and easy motion
The fan-coral sweeps through the clear, deep sea;
And the yellow and scarlet tufts of ocean
Are bending like corn on the upland lea."

While cases of extreme euphonic beauty occur quite frequently in literature, the general use of this power is directed toward making whole passages agreeable rather than to produce striking effects. This idea leads to another point conducive to elegance. Harmony — the suitability of subject and style; the idea of appropriateness; the adaptation of words and phrases to the character of a theme, gay,

solemn, pastoral, reflective, or whatever it may be. It relates to and comprehends also "the similar construction of corresponding parts, as in balanced and antithetical sentences; the right relation of parts to each other and to the whole." Harmony in its greatest sense relates to a piece of work in its completeness, not merely to the fitness of things in the parts, their arrangement in themselves, but to their association in the entire composition.

Within the general plan are other and finer points that apply to details of the work. These are Rhythm, Variety, and Imagery. As to Rhythm, apart from poetry, and considered especially in prose, it is "the recurrence of accents and pauses at such intervals as shall produce an agreeable rise and fall of tone. It is a principle of proportion introduced into language, according to which words are so chosen and arranged as not only to express the meaning, but also to appeal to the musical sensibility." For example, "An absolute silence prevailed. At long intervals there was a restless mewing of a wind-eddy, baffled among the remote corries. Sometimes, far beneath and beyond, in the mid-most depths of the forest, a sound, as of the flowing tide, at an unmeasurable distance, rose, sighed through the gray silences, and sank into their devouring depths."

This sense of rhythm requires watchfulness. When it is too clearly imposed upon the reader, and too steadily repeated, it becomes wearisome, and has the effect to weaken the sense of what is said. Every language has its natural cadences, and within these, phrases have their habitual emphasis, their accents, their duration and flow of words. The cadence of any prose is readily caught by the reader; the accents and pauses are perceptible, and the rhythm, whether slightly marked or apparent, is thoroughly felt in silence.

When this rhythm follows suitably upon the idea, the reader feels the symmetry and fine proportion of the style, and experiences through it a pleasure akin to that produced by music. This pleasure, however, should be held to its purely literary character; and, with this idea as a guide, language will yield itself, responsively.

In the cultivation of elegance the writer constantly turns to figures of speech. The imagery of life and of language offer relief, and, for emphasis and illustration, come alluringly into mind. Here style is gained by the cultivation of critical literary judgment. The finest style will follow upon the penetration that recognizes the true analogy between the action of great laws in nature, and the invisible conceptions of the mind.

In the light of these controlling ideas, words will be to the writer as signs of living power. He will learn to get them out in all of their values, and to so relate them as to make his images vivid and power-

ful. In this, all forms will serve him. The antithesis — as “To Adam, Paradise was a home; to the good among his descendants, Home is a paradise.” He will use fable and apostrophe, he will wrest words from their ordinary meanings, to speak for him — as “The pleased ear will drink with silent joy,” or “Her voice was but the shadow of a sound.”

He will repeat his words for their effect, as —

“Fare thee well, and if forever,
Still forever, fare thee well.”

He will fling forth his questions, as “What was then the meaning of your arms, your spirit, your eyes, your hands, your ardor of soul?”

He will surpass literal truth in hyperbole, as —

“Camilla
Outskipped the winds with speed upon the plain.”

He will have vision —

“I see before me the gladiator lie.”

He will disguise ridicule as irony —

“Cry aloud; for he is a god!”

He will comprehend the metaphor —

“Short lived indeed was Irish independence.
I sat by her cradle; I followed her hearse.”

By study he will see how many shades of speech and meaning may belong to this suggestion of one thing for another; and the simile, also, that “explicit statement of resemblance between two essentially different objects” — “She is as short and dark as a mid-winter day.”

He will learn to put the whole of a thing for a part —

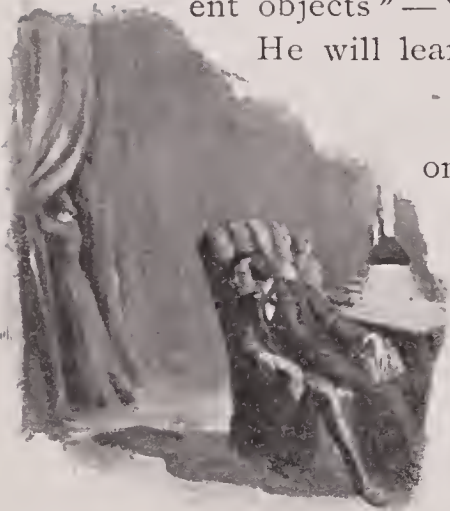
“Belinda smiled, and all the world was gay.”

or a part for a whole —

“No sheltering roof was nigh.”

In short, whatever has been done with words, positive or negative in their placing, or with any form or figure of speech, lies ready to the pen of each new artist in literature as he studies to perfect his touch, and to set forth his style in clearness, energy, and elegance.

Spencer says, “the skilful selection of a few particulars which imply the rest, is the key to success.” This is called the minor image. An illustration is seen in Poe’s “Fall of the House of Usher.” “While he spoke, the lady Madeline (for so was she called), passed slowly through a remote portion of the apart-



ment and without having noticed my presence, disappeared." "Slowly" the lady moves as with the foreshadowing of doom, and, to the reader, her silence is like a fine drawn line of etching.

In the cultivation of style, the first requirement is practice. The style should come of itself. The more involuntary the writing, the more individual it will be; and whatever the natural inclination to expression, it should not be interrupted, but should be allowed to exhaust itself along its own lines before the author pauses to criticize himself. Too much teaching beforehand imposes a burden upon power. But when a thing is on the page it can be studied. A constant listening, a constant balance of one's own faculties, a willingness to go over and over what is felt to be poor, until one sees why and where it is weak, overloaded, unrelated, or in any way a hindrance, these are the ways of development. To hold enthusiasm and intensity of expression in check; to have power in reserve; to use it deliberately so far as the head is concerned, to use it warmly so far as the heart has influence; to learn to avoid limited habits of expression and to seek for wider ones; yet with all this, to be passive and to let the style reveal itself—all these are the ways of style—the ways of its growth and perfection.

RHYMES AND RHYMING

IN THE study of poetics, the principles that underlie the art of poetry, modern methods have greatly enhanced the interest of the subject by dwelling upon the fact that the foundations of form and movement are not to be found in technical rules, but in the character and quality, the energy and the laws, of human life. The study of poetry as a mode of expression, is made more beautiful by the close relation it bears to the laws of music; and neither music nor poetry is lessened in art value, but they are made more intimate and more expressive by the light shed upon them in their physiological and psychological relations to man and nature.

From observation of ourselves, we see that two methods of expression are habitual to us. In ordinary affairs of life, we speak plainly and simply, in prose. At other times, moved by different feelings, we satisfy an instinct deeply ingrained in the fiber of our intelligence by employing rhythmic cadences of speech. We use repetitions of word or sound. In speaking to a little child, for instance, we take pleasure in laying aside our distinct, measured prose, and speak from affectional impulse; we tend in our phrasing toward music, or toward a recurrent, rhythmical movement—that is, we turn from prose to poetry when we turn from practical affairs to express emotional phases of life.

Evidently these two, poetry and prose, are native to us in our present condition of growth and development of mind. As modes of utterance standing distinctly apart, they divide the whole movement of language; and these divisions teach us clearly that language springs from the nature of the requirements and possibilities of the human mind; and also that through a long historic progress, these two modes of using language stand far apart in character and use. To the student of verse there is value in the recognition of these things, and here observation is of service.

In prose, books represent the law, theology, history, all the sciences and the industries that result from each. In these books, prose-writing follows the subject and is simple, direct, and forceful. Its object is to impart information. Language is used to preserve results. Prose has come into use as it has been needed, to record new knowledge and set forth new theories; and because of the development that has followed the social and scientific unfolding of life, a prose library, as a whole, is a page of history.

The separation of prose and poetry appears to be a wide one, even abrupt; but it is not so, for in its conclusion, prose goes on to construct other and lighter forms of literature, and directs its energy to an interior service—making an appeal from thought to thought alone. Poetry is used to exhibit imagination in place of fact. It is busy with the longing, the love of man. Its expression is from the heart to the heart, its voice is that of the feeling, the soul, the mind, the emotion, of human nature in association with nature and society.

Prose is the art-plane of literature, and at this height a change occurs, not in language, but in its method of use. Prose is not enough for all that man has to say. Instinctively he feels the change that he makes in passing from his outer life into its inner circle; and, as he enters this interior kingdom, longing ardently to express himself, he becomes aware of the flexible nature of language and its higher possibilities, and puts it to a softer and more harmonious usage. Thus out of the nature of human thought, and out of the sense of human life, arises poetry. This is the point to which the progress of life has carried us, and these distinctions, which belong to life itself, mark the relative positions of prose and poetry at the present day. But there was a time when these things were not as they are now. As the child grasps at language and gradually acquires the power to add one phrase to another and to express itself at length in prose; and as it begins by cadences of its own, and is given to singing to itself, and to repeating short phrases with a marked rhythmic movement, so, with the race, the earliest expressions of language were, in the main, poetic in character, and also in form. Oriental writings are an illustration of this statement. The reason for this lies in the nature

of man. The consciousness of feeling precedes knowledge of fact, and the expression of feeling tends toward a musical form. The extremes of prose and of poetry, as they appear in literature to-day, illustrate the whole literary history of man. Prose has developed to meet intellectual requirement. Poetry remains as it was at first, the speech of the heart.

Just where, between these two, the dividing line should be drawn has been a question for critics. Certainly it can never be sharply defined, for the greatest poetry is farthest from prose, and the finest prose maintains its own character, forbidding too much of rhythm in its phrases. It is noticeable that in its progress from practical to poetic usage, language reveals its possibilities through innumerable changes. These appear as a consequence of the changing character of thought, as it turns toward the inner life. Prose becomes poetic in tendency when it dwells upon and pictures the unseen, when —

“Imagination bodies forth the form of things unknown”

and speaking for the heart, seeks to become interpretation — as in this extract:—

“With each note (of the bird) the years of time ran laughing through ancient woods, and old age sighed across the world, and sank into the earth, and the sea moaned with the burden of all moaning and all tears. The stars moved in a jocund measure; a player sat among them and played, the moon his footstool and the sun a flaming gem above his brows. The song was youth.”

Here fact is put to flight, and the forms of nature are used as figures, altogether ideal; the conception is poetic in spirit and pauses only in the form of expression.

Here, then, we reach the border land, and here the study of versification must begin. We are clearly aware that between prose and poetry a formal, technical difference exists. There is something to heed, some toll to pay, before we lay aside our everyday habit of speech to follow new pathways into the fields of poesy — and the elements that await us and demand our first attention — the elements of poetic form and movement. The elements of meter are accent, rhythm, and rhyme.

We see that in prose, whatever the theme, we speak without regard to the time of the words or the sound of the phrases. We speak to convey an idea. One may say, “The wind blows hard this morning.” After that any word may follow. The person spoken to has been listening to the idea, not to the musical sound of the words, or to their length, duration, or emphasis.

In any speech, whether elegant or careless, there is no measure to control what is said, except to express the thought that we wish to con-

vey. What we say has its accents, its emphasis, its rising and falling inflections, (for these are a part of language), but in talking, there is no imperative time limit, no meter for us to pay heed to as we speak. If one says, "He had to study half the night to get his lesson," it is not needful to say more. But if one says: "Heap on more wood! the wind is chill," the listening faculty is touched. Something has been suggested that calls for more; something begun that should be finished after its own method. We are not sure what that method is. We have not heard enough to be quite able to anticipate it, but whatever comes must be in harmony with what has been said, and the basis of this agreement of parts is measure — it is the sense of given time in speech.

Heap on' | more wood'! | the wind' | is chill';
 But let' | it whis' | tle as' | it will'
 We'll keep' | our Christ' | mas mer' | ry still.'

In reading poetry aloud we notice first its general movement; we notice the measure, the meter that it follows, and the accent that marks the meter. In marching or in dancing, movement, following the music, is marked by accent and by measure or time.

The waltz has three steps to a measure, the polka has four, the "two step" names itself. In the dance, the time, with its regular beat, is given at the beginning, and this, be the step what it may, is maintained throughout. In poetry, after the same principle, the regular movement of language, with its accent, follows the meter, the measure. This is because the measure is first in the thought and, from that mental determination, has control over all movements, mental and physical alike.

In dancing, time or the measure is marked by the feet. The steps, long or short, heavy or light, continually mark and repeat the accent. In poetry, time is marked by the syllables of words and their accent; and because the foot has been the natural time-marker with all men, from the leader of the Greek choir to the negro with his banjo, a measure of poetry is called a foot.

A foot or measure of poetry is a group of syllables taken together. With two syllables, if the accent falls on the first, the foot is called a Trochee, as this: —

Lay' thy | bow' of | pearl' a | part'
 And' thy | sil'ver | shi'ning | quiv'er.

If the accent falls on the second of two syllables the foot or measure is called an Iambus. For example: —

Hast thou' | a charm' | to stay' | the morn' | ing star'?

When syllables are grouped in threes, these forms arise: first, the Dactyl. The accent falls on the first syllable, as in the word *heavily*: —

mer'rily | mer'rily | shall' I live | now'.

The second form is the Amphibraeh. The accent falls on the second syllable, as in the word *compassion*:

That in' the | dim for'est
Thou heard'st' a | low moan'ing.

The third form is the Anapest. The accent falls on the last syllable as in the word *pioneer*:

There's a beau' | ty for ev' | er unfad' | ingly bright'.

But as these terms apply to arrangement of quantity rather than of accent, they frequently fail to describe accurately the English measures. Hence the use of new terms.

Initial or initial double measure is accented on the first syllable, and corresponds, if composed of one long syllable followed by one short, to the Greek trochee. . . .

Terminal or terminal double measure is accented on the second syllable, and corresponds, if composed of one short followed by one long syllable, to the Greek iambus.

Initial triple measure, if composed of one long followed by two short syllables, is the same as the Greek dactyl.

Median or medial triple measure, *i. e.*, triple measure with the accent on the middle syllable, if composed of one short, one long and one short syllable, is the same as the Greek amphibraeh.

Terminal triple measure, if composed of two short syllables followed by a long one, is the same as the Greek anapest.

A pause in a verse is a Cæsura, as—

Warms in the sun || refreshes in the breeze.

These accents are frequently marked thus:— for the long tone, and \sim for the short; as in this example:—

Angĕls ōf Gōd! wās thĕre nōne tō āwākĕn thĕ slumbĕrĭng māidĕn.

Thus we get the main elements of meter as the basis of English verse-structure. Even measurement is the framework of poetry. It is the bare skeleton of the building. It marks out and defines in a precise way, the exact character of the verse, and it must be steadily maintained throughout any composition. This is the first law of verse-making, for it is through this steadfastness of the metrical quality that the writer is given opportunity to develop and produce those other overlying elements of beauty in verse known as rhyme and rhythm. First, however, after meter, comes the matter of accent. In using language rhythmically we are led to notice the flow and the force of sound, and to see that upon certain words or syllables in any phrase, a certain stress is laid that is not given to other words or syllables. This is accent. For example we can quote this illustration:—

(*Four accents*) Day after day; day after day
 (*Three accents*) We struck, nor breath nor motion,
 (*Four accents*) As idle as a painted ship
 (*Three accents*) Upon a painted ocean.

Prof. George L. Raymond in his "Rhythm and Harmony in Poetry and Music," says:—

"The reason for the accent is physiological. The vocalized breath flows through the throat—as water through the neck of a bottle—with what may be termed alternate, active, and passive, movements. The former of these movements is that which in every second, third, fourth, or fifth, syllable, produces the accent. In our language all words of more than one syllable have come to have an accent that is fixed—as distinguished from variable, which may be affirmed of words in the French; and all our monosyllabic articles, prepositions and conjunctions, are unaccented, unless the sense very clearly demands a different treatment. These two facts enable one to arrange any number of our words so that the fixed accents shall fall, as natural utterance demands that it should, on every second, third, fourth, or fifth, syllable."

This idea of "natural utterance" as the basis of form in poetry is invaluable to the writer. The tendency of modern teaching to lead from the written rules to the source of the rule in man himself, should bring greater poets into the world, for its consciousness and recognition lie at the heart of all great poetry. This author continues:—

"Words are not uttered slowly but rapidly. It follows, therefore, that while, because of the physiological necessity of accent, there must be these small groups of two or three syllables, the movement is rapid enough for other groups of four, six, eight, and even more, syllables, of which these smaller groups of twos or threes can form subdivisions."

The main idea of this tracing of natural action as the basis of accent and rhythm, is to bring the student of verse to look within himself for intelligent examples of methods in poetics, and for constant models of the harmony that he is to carry into ultimate form in verse. In a word, "Whenever it is necessary to pause, in order to breathe, one series of groups must necessarily be separated from another. Nature, therefore, furnishes speech with two characteristics—accents after every two, three, four, or five, syllables, and pauses after every four, six, eight, nine, ten, twelve, or more, syllables. . . ."

"We have found that rhythm is not only determined by the difference between accented and unaccented syllables, necessitated by the flow of the breath through the larynx, but that it is also influenced by the difference between exhaling and inhaling the breath; and that as the first requirement leads to the grouping of syllables in measures, the second leads to the grouping of measures, or rather of the accents determin-

ing the measures, into lines. Art is a development of natural tendencies, of which we are not always conscious.”

Following this suggestion as to the real nature of accent in poetry, we see that we do not speak in monotone. The voice rises and falls continually, and we are led to observe that the stress that we give to words, originates in the feeling that lies beneath them. The words themselves have also, as a part of organized language, their own stress or accent on special syllables which they habitually retain; but the accent in its heaviest tones varies somewhat as a sign of the thought or emotion that led to the choice and use of words.

Next beyond the meter of verse and the accents of its syllables, comes the element of rhythm. Rhythm is the recurrence of accent and pause in the movement of sound. In comparison to meter, it is not regular. In reading verse aloud, the law of the regular time-beats is easily perceived. The law of the meter is the law of form and its preservation. But rhythm in poetry stands above the meter as a higher degree of expression. It is indeed the rhythm of thought and feeling manifested in language. Its law is to exhibit emotion or imagination, by means of words freely chosen, yet chosen for their own accent, and always under the restraint of the meter in the verse to which it belongs.

In its largest sense, the principle of rhythm appears in all movements of nature and of life. It is heard and its effects are seen in all forms of wind and water, and less perceptibly in the solid forms of earth. There is no longer in books of science the idea of nature at rest. The throb of life is perpetual, and from the earth to language the rhythmic impulse prevails. It is the natural movement of energy. In poetry it appears as the outcome of emotion or fancy, and its purpose there is to awaken feeling in those to whom it appeals.

For an example of meter and of rhythm in simple and beautiful form, we may take a few lines from Tennyson's "Lady of Shalott":—

“On either side the river, lie
 Long fields of barley and of rye,
 That clothe the wold and meet the sky;
 And thro' the field, the road runs by
 To many-towered Camelot.”

If this is read for the meter, the structure is plain. But if read for the picture that it makes, as this is dwelt upon, a new cadence is heard—a series of cadences, rising and falling, making pauses of their own, which are not the same as those of the meter, but which take their own way and are to be heard passing over the regular beat, and marking their own intervals. In this the mechanical regularity of the time-beating, the meter, is not disturbed; but it is built upon, and partially concealed by, the flow of language following the flow of thought. For instance—in

the first line, according to the measure, the word *river* has the beat upon its first syllable. In this the verse-accent and the word-accent agree, as by the laws of verse they always must. After *river*, however, the meter makes no pause. It goes on its own way to the end of the line. But the reader, following the cadence of the *rhythm*, makes a pause after *river*, for the reason that the stream is the leading feature of the scene. The river makes the valley. The fields are its accompaniment. The road leads to Camelot, with its fair towers, but the river leads to the lady:—

“And up and down the people go,
Gazing where the lilies blow
Round an island there below,
The island of Shalott.”

To follow the cadences of the rhythm in these first lines as they mark out and paint the picture—the meter says:—

Long fields'—

The rhythm, stealing to itself a little emphasis, balances this force and leads the reader to think of and to say:—

Long' fields'—

The meter continuing says:—

of bar' ley and' of rye'

Here the rhythm, passing lightly over the measured connective *and*, moves with the measure, the stress of the two being identical.

In the next line:—

That clothe the wold and meet the sky;—

the rhythm runs in light descriptive cadence, dwelling upon the words *clothe* and *meet*, *wold* and *sky*, in unison with the measure and its accent.

In the closing lines of this half-stanza:—

And thro' the fields the road runs by—

the rhythm moves with the meter through the field to the *road* when it pauses an instant. The meter, going on, makes its natural slight pause at the end of the line, but the rhythm, overtaking the movement, with pleasing cadence carries the thought on to its destination—

To many-towered Camelot.

By these delicate adjustments of meter, accent, and rhythm, apart from rhyme, the poetry appears. If the meter was the poet's only means of expression, poetry would not exist. The interpretation of human emotion and imagination comes through its own assertion of presence; and it is this power of the inner impulse that brings about the superior, expressive cadence, with its rhetorical accent, its swing, its grace, its en-

ergy, which we call rhythm. Its vocation is to harmonize the lesser accent and measure of words and syllables, by using them to uplift and set forth in beauty the substance of the idea or feeling of the verse. In the production of musical rhythm, all elements of speech are truly included—the poetic quality of words; the flowing of the vowels, the retarding and shaping of the consonants, the flow of accented syllables and their sequence as a whole; the time and the tone of words; the elements of “consonance or gradation, dissonance or abruptness, interchange or transition”; the relative value of lines, long and short; the relation of accent and pause, and the modulations of voice that follow. For while poetry no longer requires a musical accompaniment, being now so perfect in its own form, its ultimate purpose still is vocal, and it is out of a fine sense of all these verse-elements, and the power to use them harmoniously, that poetic art is perfected, and the reading of poetry aloud is made so great a pleasure.

In the technical finishing of verse we come to rhyme, the pleasing termination of lines, which is so marked an element of beauty in poetry. To look back for its history, the laws of language (Indo-European) were first exemplified in Sanskrit, Greek, and Latin. In these three tongues the leading idea was that of *time*, that is, of the duration or *quantity* of sound. In later days, when the Teutonic languages became nationalized, they presented in contrast a dependence upon *accent*, force, or stress, as the leading feature of rhythm. Out of these differences new forms of poetry arose. In the endeavor to fit language to the poetic impulse, and to make it say all that it could in the most musical way, the Teutons, early in the Middle Ages, invented rhyme.

Because the love and use of rhyme now prevail in eastern countries, it has been credited, as a poetic form, to the Arabs. “. . . but the statement is made on good authority that it cannot be traced further back than the rymours of Normandy, the troubadours of Provence, and the minnesingers of Germany. It never occurred to the Greeks and Romans to use rhymes, as we do; but, now and then, they seem to have stumbled upon them; or possibly recognizing their effect, they intentionally introduced them into their blank verse, as Shakespeare sometimes does.”

Rhyme itself is the harmony of sound produced “when two syllables or combinations of syllables agree in the quality of their sounds.” Rhyme falls on the accented syllable at the end of a line, and comes from similarity, in both the vowel sound and the consonant sound that *follows* the vowel, while the consonant sound *preceding* is different.

“The function of the rhyme is threefold: first it individualizes the line by bringing its termination prominently into notice. It gives the pleasure the human mind takes in correspondence or echoes of sound. It links the lines in groups—couplets, triplets, or quatrains with similar

sound terminations, thereby creating the next higher group or stanza, which, without rhyme, could be constructed only of lines that were marked by similar accent positions or similar lengths."

To be without rhyme, we feel at once, would be to lose a very great means of expression. Its use has enabled the energy of the English tongue to attain to soft and melodious forms of utterance, and has given to us our great mass of lyric poetry.

When rhyme is not used, the measures are called blank verse. While blank verse approaches the freedom of prose and so appears very easy to manage, it is in reality the most difficult of ordinary meters. Its origin, growth, and perfection, mark the modern period of English poetry. Imitated from the Italian poets, and first used in a notable way by the Earl of Surrey in his translation of the second and fourth books of Virgil's "Æneid," the fortunes of English blank verse were soon assured. In the hands of Marlowe, Shakespeare, and Milton, this form of poetry attained distinction, and it remains in favor as the form most suitable for epic poetry, for dramatic writing and for reflective poems of length.

Rhyme is, in a sense, an addition, an ornament, to poetry, yet it springs from the sense of harmony and is perfectly natural to the mind. In most of the poetry of the day, it is an essential element. In its study certain principles lead the way. In perfect rhyme, whatever the letters may be, the vowel sounds and the sounds that follow them in the rhyming syllables, must agree. For instance, *learn, turn, stern*, are rhymes. So are *tic, sky, buy; street, defeat, concrete*.

In double rhymes of two syllables the same rule holds, as in *glory, story*; and in triple rhymes, such as *merrily, cheerily*. In such rhymes the last syllables are unaccented.

Syllables that rhyme must be accented alike; that is the verse accent and the word accent should fall on the same syllable, keeping one stress of tone. Thus *duty* and *beauty* rhyme, but *beauty* and *sea* do not.

The letters that precede the rhyming vowels must not be alike — that is, words that, however spelled, sound alike throughout are not rhymes. For instance, *beat* and *bect* are not perfect rhymes, nor are *great* and *grate*, though all of these may rhyme with other words, as *beat* and *bect* with *treat*, or, *grate* and *great* with *mate* or *prate*.

Rhymes should not be too far apart. It is one of the simplest principles of art, that effects should appear to be what they are intended to be. Therefore, rhyming lines should not be so separated by intervening lines that the ear will fail to detect that they are meant to go together. Rhymes should be perfect, not merely "allowable." For instance, *dove* and *love* are rhymes; but *dove* and *move* are imperfect. Words that are spelled alike, as *lost* and *post*, are sometimes called *visual* rhymes; but, as the sound proves, they are imperfect.

Words that are alike throughout except for the initial letter, are rhymes; as *lame*, *blame*, *flame*. The same rule applies to letters preceded by *s*, *smile* being a rhyme to *mile*. Similarly, *h* and its compounds rhyme, as *shows*, *those*, *chose*, and any word ending in *phose* with *hose*. It is wise, on the principle of rhyme—the difference of sounds preceding the common base—to avoid any similarity by combination. For example, *is* is a good rhyme for *'tis*, but you should be careful not to let *it* immediately precede the *is*, as it mars the necessary dissimilarity of the opening sound of the two rhymes.

In a line, a sound that runs close to the rhyme and foretells it, should be avoided. This does not apply however to rhymes at the half-line, as in this example:—

And the bay was white with silent light;

or

I bring fresh showers for thirsting flowers.

Study of the repetition of sounds brings out the variety of combinations that are possible in rhyme. The quality of assonance—correspondence of the vowels but not of the consonants in rhyming syllables, that is correspondence of vowel *sounds*—adds a great beauty to verse, when intelligently applied, as:—

Lofty and overarched, with open space.

Beneath the trees, clear-footing many a mile.

A solemn region.

Also, opposed to this, is intentional force in words harshly unlike, as in “*Macbeth*”:—

“Ay, in the catalogue ye go for men;
As hounds and greyhounds, mongrels, spaniels, curs,
Shoughs, water-rugs, and demi-wolves are clep'd
All by the name of dogs.”

In these lines from “*Measure for Measure*,” we get an example of alliteration, the beginning of successive syllables with the same sound:—

“They say, best men are moulded out of faults,
And for the most, become much more the better
For being a little bad.”

And also from Tennyson's “*Princess*” the lines—

“Current among men
Like coin, the tinsel clink of compliment.”

Judiciously used, or even better, instinctively used, this element of harmony sometimes adds emphasis to the sense, or softness to the musical sound of verse. The following extract from Swinburne is sug-

gestive to the student for its contrast and its overabundance of alliteration:—

“Sharp and soft in many a curve and line,
Gleam and glow the sea-colored marsh-mosses,
Salt and splendid from the circling brine,
Streak on streak of glimmering sunshine crosses
All the land sea-saturate as with wine.”

In the study of rhyme, it is essential to know all possible associations of sound, not merely on account of the range and choice of rhyme, but because rhyme is only one part of the perfect whole—the effect left upon the mind and the ear by unity, proportion, and melody of the verse molded in one.

This effect is first felt, then recognized, and, if one pleases, may be sought for in the construction of the verse, as in the quality of these lines from Poe’s “*Haunted Palace*”:—

“Banners yellow, glorious, golden
On its roof did float and flow;
This, all this—was in the olden
Time, long ago.”

By the delicacy of touch, by the effective pause, by the softness of sound and the simplicity of line, the picture as a harmony in itself is brought clearly into view, then dropped into memory—the whole being written as out of shadow and sadness. The imagination of the writer is the impulse of creation; but in fine verse the impulse suggests all harmonious detail.

Also in Shakespeare’s beautiful song—

“Take, O take those lips away ——”

and in Hood’s “*Bridge of Sighs*”—

“Rashly importunate
Gone to her death,”

the harmony of sound and construction is apparent, as the secret of beauty and the power of art.

In the study of verse, the writer is compelled to give close thought to the subject of verse-forms, with their standard varieties of line, measure, and stanza. Innumerable shades of difference are found in the work of English authors, and this is an indication of what may be done and of what has proved most serviceable in English verse.

The little book, “*Ballads and Rondeaux*,” by Gleeson White, will be found of great service to those who are interested in the study of French forms of verse. These include the rondel, the triolet, the villanelle, and other forms in which metrical skill is often combined with fine poetic fancy.

HINTS TO THE ASPIRING AUTHOR

THE American author, just at this period, has many ways to look. He does not stand, as our earlier writers stood, in a new atmosphere, free to express his thoughts and feelings, with small regard to the conditions of things about him. The writer of to-day is born into a life that is fast becoming international, and while the influences of his own home are still the strongest, the world spirit is not absent. Changes of life are constant and rapid, and changes of thought move in company therewith. The social, moral, religious, and artistic interests and ideals of to-day are the outcome of prior conditions and represent a growth that is yet hastening onward, aided by the impetus of the times. The author who is to win a place for himself in this new society, should seek to know all that he may of its character and tendencies.

The demand for books is incessant. They are wanted in every department of life, from university work, through all lines of special information and scientific study, to the newest fiction and the latest verse. They fill an exact and recognized need. If the book is practical in character, it must hold clearly to its subject, press forward to its principal points, set them distinctly in order, relate them after their own natural sequence, and, in every way, seek to be of service.

The literary life is not made easy by the pressure and quick step of public and private life. The market is refilled every day, and the standard steadily rises. The reading public is educated, not merely by books, but by the conditions of life, by travel, by commercial enterprise and association, by war and military interests, by lectures, evening schools and libraries. Out of this increase of life have grown the new methods of writing that are both a response to the spirit of the times, and an education in that spirit; and out of it and its movement have arisen also new methods of reading,—rapid, keen, critical, and progressive.

It is true that when an author is born, the spirit of the times into which he comes is native to him. He knows no other world than this of to-day. History, not experience, teaches him of change, and it is more important for him to feel at home in his own day and generation than to realize, as older minds must, the differences of late and earlier periods.

If, then, we look a little closer into the literary life, we find two classes of people facing each other, to give, to take, and to give back again. Here are the authors offering their gifts; here are the readers eagerly awaiting them. And the process is threefold, for the readers are not passive or of one mind. A result follows the reading, a result that appears in the

uprearing of that intangible yet most real thing, our literary criterion and standard. The substance of all this traffic is human thought. Printed matter is substance of the same kind. It is seized upon by the reader and, through his thought processes, evolves the word of praise or of overthrow that makes the rose or the thorn of the author's life, so far as the public is concerned.

Two sides of this literary life are singularly unlike. The author's side has an attractiveness that persists through time. The ranks are always full, and in every generation these "knights of the quill" have held themselves happy in their vocation, have proved their loyalty by hours of drudgery, and often by a brave front in the face of defeat. Some have won laurels; others have died, to be laurel-crowned long after; many have simply swelled the ranks of the ordinary workers, each helping to make the great literary life until he —

"Home has gone and ta'en his wages."

Certainly the life of letters is alluring. If one is an author, his life is indeed free and independent in a high degree.

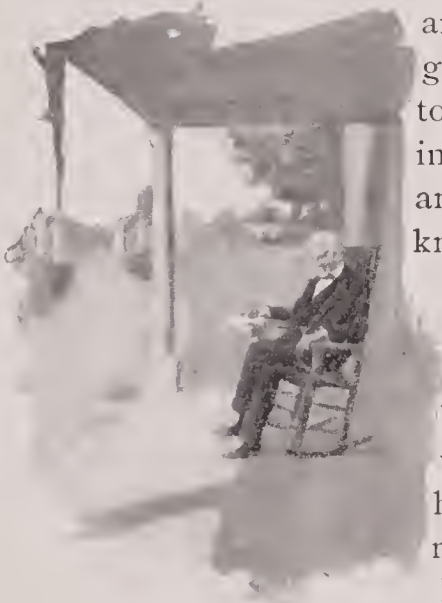
"Good-bye, proud world, I'm going home."

The life of letters includes both the artist and the drudge. Still, it is the artistic side of the craft that draws most people to it. Many begin in the hope to rise. Some attain their desire; others, through failure of original power, or owing to lack of opportunity, fall into the lower ranks and swell the army of those who as scribes, readers, and general assistants, range from the library of the specialist to the work-rooms of the publishing house. Much interesting detail concerning these is to be found in "The Pen and the Book," by Walter Besant, who writes as one who knows.

The author who proposes to do original work is drawn to this field of his choice chiefly by the stirring within him of his own creative instinct. Language is the means by which he can create. The love of language is born with him. It is a joy to feel the power of words, to feel his own power in using them. Moreover, the environment is attractive. It is a clean and quiet occupation. It depends little upon surroundings. It is itinerant, also.

The pen and the little pad of paper are enough for days of work, and any place will do, provided it be warm or cool enough and comparatively quiet.

Beyond the attractiveness of the work itself, lies the hope of recognition and fame. Authors are contestants before the literary judges of the world, and there is always the possibility of success. The life of



letters ranges from the work of politics, theology, and science, to that of the critic and essayist, the dramatist, the short-story writer, the novelist, and the poet. Beyond these is also the work that is done in the newspaper and the magazine — the great drift of current literature in which so many are employed.

In all of this work, great as is personal independence, certain lines of training act to hold things in order, and to these, every aspiring author is bound to give good heed. To begin with, let him see where duty lies. Certainly in these days, by the law of Christian charity, the writer should send to the editor a clean, clear manuscript. The days are gone when paper was covered with a handwriting so close and fine as to make the modern beholder think of a microscope. The outfit of the writer is cheap enough. He has not even to mend his goose quill. He should, therefore, have plenty of paper; he should leave wide margins, these being often useful for notes and afterthoughts; he should allow himself the comfort of generous spaces, and should strive to make his handwriting legible. Between the author and his longed-for print, stands the editor, the printer, and the proof-reader, all of whom are to deal with the manuscript, and who have a right to be treated as fairly as the writer would wish to be treated, did he fill any one of their invaluable positions.

The typewriter has come into being as a remarkable help to those who can command its assistance. To have a quantity of work done by it is, as yet, an expensive matter; but to those who use it personally it yields the greatest benefit, while the typewritten manuscript is a great relief to all who have to do with the writing on its way into print.

“To any one engaged in literary work, money put into a typewriter is invested at compound interest. It is a mistake to suppose that the process of learning is a long and difficult one. On the contrary, a person of ordinary intelligence can learn the principles and manipulation of the machine in a few hours—speed being, of course, a matter of time and practice.”

In the manuscript comes the question of spelling, which is the writer's responsibility. To throw it upon the printer is unfair, both because it imposes upon him a duty not his by right, and also because he must bear the blame if things finally go wrong. Yet in this matter of spelling there is room for sympathy, for to spell correctly is often more a gift than a virtue. Certain people spell correctly without trouble and without thought. The faculty is a part of their mental equipment. Others who are as well educated and who have, perhaps, more literary taste and genius, often make many errors in spelling. Some people overcome their natural defect by dint of labor; some need to the last a dictionary or a friend.

After spelling, comes punctuation. It would seem as if the writer should punctuate in the way that will best help his readers to see just what he means. The point is that he shall see for himself what it is that he is saying. After that, he can use his judgment as to the signs of its pauses. Still every writer should know what is usual, and to this end a little study will lead him.

The paragraph also belongs to the mechanical preparation of matter for the printer. The paragraph is suggested to the writer by the flow of his thought. It marks a pause longer than punctuation gives—a pause in the sense and connection of what is being said. It comes in as a relief and as a leading on of interest, and in reality its use depends mostly upon the subject itself, and upon the feeling as well as the taste of the author. This being so, it becomes a matter for each writer to decide for himself. But whatever his decision, each paragraph should be clearly spaced, for the sake of ease in reading.

In any external preparation for writing, the author will make himself as comfortable as he can in his choice of materials and in his arrangement of the things he habitually uses. A well-equipped, modern library should be accessible, and if it is possible to own a few carefully chosen reference books, they will be of service in saving time and labor. A dictionary and a set such as Cassell's "Reference Library" would give the greatest help.

In any subject that is not purely imaginative, the author finds help from current literature. The thoughts of others are an impulse and incentive to one's own. A word here, a sentence there, sometimes awakens in the mind a whole train of thought. This is not at all in the way of imitation; it is rather the striking of a match by which one lights his own candle. The magazines and other periodicals, as well as the newspapers, travel everywhere, and the author can often obtain from them valuable suggestions, and by their regular coming be made to realize that he works as one among many, and that his thought, too, is good and serviceable, and that it may yet win its place, even when the highest attainment may seem far off.

In sending manuscript to an editor for examination, stamps for its return should be inclosed, and the author's address should be clearly written. For convenience in reading, the manuscript should be sent flat, with a piece of pasteboard laid upon one or both sides of it. Never roll a manuscript. Many editors refuse to examine a contribution sent to them rolled. Everything should be plain, straight, and simple, without any ornament. The idea is to make things as convenient as possible, so that the manuscript may be easily read. If possible, the author should keep



a copy of his manuscript. While editors are proverbially careful, it is still possible for losses to occur. Before a manuscript is sent away, the author should examine it carefully, to cross the t's and to retouch whatever he has left undone. This will save trouble at the time of proof-reading. Any mistakes should be corrected in red ink, the general work being done in black.

In the inner kingdom, each author realizes that he stands alone in his own world of thought. As he sits with his pen, all depends upon himself. Herein lies the joy of authorship in its first processes, and here all confidence should cheer and uphold the author as he works. His power is his own; expression has no limits; yet what he says, will, when written, be in a form definite and lasting, and therefore subject to criticism. How, then, shall the author write? What leads and clears the way for his subject to follow? How shall power be guided so that production shall express the writer's thoughts at their best?

In writing, certain great points are made clear—certain lines of construction stand out as essential, and are seen to be fundamentally alike, no matter how great the ultimate differences in work. In this, it may be said, the thought back of all expression is the first and greatest thing. It must be a thought worthy of your absorbing attention. It must hold you first of all, if it is expected to hold others, out in the world. After the mind has held it with tenacity, the putting it into written form is the next achievement, and this is the point where so many young writers turn back with discouraged heart. To put into form, with a lasting setting of beauty, an idea that has come to you with a strong personal force, is proof of power. Here comes the heroic effort and the test as to whether you are great or small.

"A man is worthless," says Mr. Roosevelt, "unless he has in him a lofty devotion to an ideal, and he is worthless, unless he strives to reach this ideal by practical methods." Not to try to do anything especially brilliant or unusual, but steadfastly to go on in the face of all odds, is to gain a strength of mind that is lasting. Get the thought that is in your mind outside of yourself—where you can look at it. Express all of it—not half, not a hobbling part, unfitted to take its place in the ranks, but the whole of it—and you become a larger individual than you were before.

"Sometimes, however, a person is endowed with working power but with small talent, and so wears out his life on his half talent, mistaking the chief attribute of genius—the power for infinite labor, for genius itself. These have no more, and no less, than those who 'could, but won't.'"



Too much cannot be said for "infinite labor." This labor, when closely considered, resolves itself into the gathering of materials, the sorting them over, the setting them together in character. This last is the test of literary power. The idea of such work is unity. De Quincey says:—

"Every man as he walks through the streets may contrive to jot down an independent thought, a shorthand memorandum of a great truth. Standing on one leg, you may accomplish this. The labor of composition begins when you have to put your separate threads of thought into a loom; to weave them into a continuous whole; to connect, to introduce them; to blow them out or to expand them; to carry them to a close."

This weaving is done from the model in the mind. The writing there is not a string of thought, but the picturing of some central image or idea, with all that relates to it properly grouped about it. The law of doing—this is old; the way of doing it is forever new—is the author's. To this task he will bring the faculties of observation and of memory; the qualities of sympathy and the sense of kinship with nature and with man, and always a clear imagination. In writing, he will preserve the unity of his subject; he will hold himself to the one point of view with which he began; he will not change his style, but will keep it harmonious throughout; he will be deeply interested in all that his characters are revealing of themselves; but, while he realizes that through them he is setting forth what he himself knows and feels as to life and nature and society, he will preserve the unity of appearances and leave the reader to remember the author after the work has been laid down.

One experience, which is both interesting and valuable, is likely to occur and should have recognition. In the process of writing anything, it may be a story, an essay, or even some plain piece of work done to order and under restrictions, it is not uncommon for other thoughts to awaken in the mind and frequently to begin phrasing themselves in adequate language. It is then well to stop and listen, and to write whatever is thus being said, no matter what the digression from the work in hand may be. If note-books lie always at hand, the flow of thought may be caught and set apart under its own heading, to wait until it is wanted. And probably no such note was ever wasted. In vivid moments the force of thought is awakened; and while it is an author's business to keep his thoughts under guidance, and to direct them to the subject in hand, its overflow at such times has in it something instructive which should never be lost. Many a clear and even brilliant sentence has thus been caught and laid aside, until, perhaps long after, the subject of the day may bring it to mind, and it may lift the author a long way on his road. To allow wandering of the mind is another thing; and to be afraid to stop, is weakness. This involuntary action of the mind is sometimes

curiously clear. In the midst of writing an essay of serious character, an author one day paused and wrote without intention, as it were, upon a sheet of paper lying near, an entire poem of four stanzas. Upon later examination it proved to be admirable. The usual outcome of such interruptions however, is a passing thought that flits sharply across the mental vision; a few words jotted down will serve to make it of permanent value.

In literature, ideals have been set by the few. They are looked to and beloved by every one who contemplates entering upon a literary life, and each writer who has excelled has had an influence upon those who follow him. But the young author must beware of imitation. It is the snare that may destroy him. The advice that Sir Joshua Reynolds gave to artists has been well quoted as a help to authors:—

“Instead of copying the touches of the great masters, copy only their conceptions; instead of treading in their footsteps, endeavor only to keep the same road. Labor to invent on their general principles and way of thinking. Possess yourself with their spirit. Consider with yourself, ‘How would a Michelangelo or a Raphael have treated this subject?’”

The value of good models cannot be overestimated, yet all original work should be done in times and seasons quite apart from any such study. In the first place, it is of importance that the writer should see, by what he has written, just what his thoughts are. To accomplish this, the influence and character of any model should as far as possible be forgotten, and any and every impulse should be allowed to have its way. To discard a thought that has not clearly shaped itself, or a phase that seems unusual or unexpected, before one knows what it is, is to lack courage and to be unworthy of success. There is no greater joy than the discovery of what one may possibly be or do himself. We owe it to ourselves to find that out.

So too, following upon thought, should come the style. “Discourse ought always to be obvious, so that the sense shall enter the mind as sunlight the eyes, even though they are not directed upward to the source.” If the ideal of the style is intelligence, it will be “obvious,” that is its meaning, let it take what course it will.

This freedom should come on the basis of training, but the training should be sought as a thing by itself, and should not be in mind when thought is pressing for utterance. Whatever is technical, the reading of Cæsar, of Schiller, of Racine, in the originals, the study of Greek or Anglo-Saxon—these are things to be set apart from the time and season of art work. So it is good to read the lexicon or the English dictionary, daily, but not when one is writing.

In the habit of thought and practice, an unfailling help awaits the author. Whenever a subject is held steadily in the mind, it becomes a magnet drawing to itself whatever is kin thereto. "Seek and ye shall find" is an axiom that constantly verifies itself; and through this self-training, thought expands, and illustration is gathered almost unconsciously, making a fertile ground from which the actual work shall arise as a labor of literary delight.

Stevenson said of himself as a young author:—

"I always kept two books in my pocket, one to read and one to write in. As I walked, my mind was busy fitting what I saw with appropriate words. I lived with words and what I thus wrote was for no ulterior use; it was written consciously for practice."

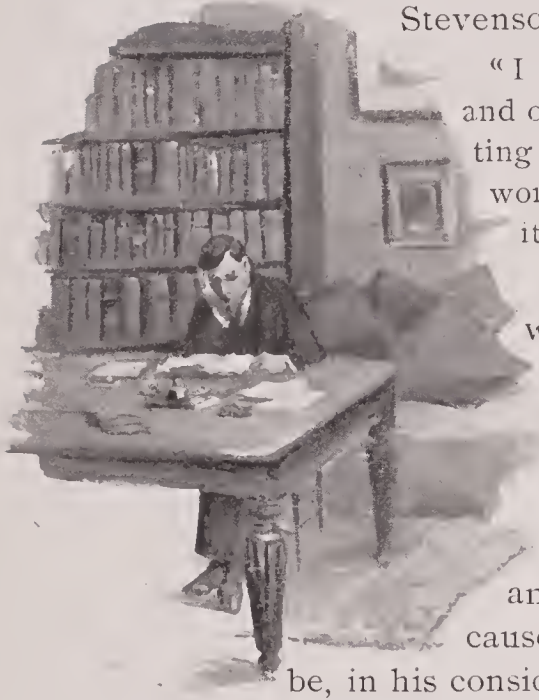
This study of words and of descriptive power, will, with the writer of fiction, become the study of human character. With the essayist or the critic, the same kind of practice will lead to a clear and happy style of expression, for such separate study of words and of things reveals to an author his own little ways and manners; and by a frequent change of theme, his efforts will cause him also to see how universal he should seek to be, in his consideration at least, of the ways of writing.

One of the arts of authorship is to learn to criticize oneself. Sidney Smith says,—

"After you have written an article, take your pen and strike out half the words and you will be surprised how much stronger it is."

The words that an author takes out of his manuscript in order to make it stronger, are those that leave the story or the thoughts entire. "The adjective, called the enemy of the noun, is often used by the inexperienced writer when it would be omitted by the thorough scholar. Compare in this respect the artificial and the superficial writer with some noted men of letters." When thought is roused, these words of lesser value are likely to crowd into the mind, but a little observation will prove whether or not they really belong to the subject, and in writing, the rejection and control of a word soon becomes as great a pleasure to the writer as does its use.

It is wise to cultivate this scrutiny of one's own work—to place the fine enlightening particles where they belong, to keep the eye on the thought, to keep the ear open to the laws of words and their significance, to shred away the superfluous, to be blind and deaf to the temptations of mere ornament, to work to bring the idea out from the intelligence that produced it and to set it where other intelligence can behold and judge it.



The writer's pathway leads outward by every highway; it leads inward to study the result of these excursions. This is true, or should be true, with any writer, along any line of work. It is especially true if the author turns to fiction. There the apprehension of human nature is the task, and to penetrate past appearances and to portray what is hidden, is the ideal.

In "Elements of Literary Criticism," by Charles F. Johnson, it is said of life in general: —

"We are hedged in by a wall of convention, which hides human nature from our view. In this world, spirit flits by spirit, but the faces of all are masked. Most of these masks have the same vacant, unreal expression. The fixed grimace of society hides the real man and woman. . . . The artist who removes this mask, it may be for a moment only, and gives us a glimpse of a real person, renders us a service by showing us that humanity is as interesting and as varied as nature. He who shows us that we live in a world of spirits and not merely of forms, treats of matters on which man's curiosity is inexhaustible, and each generation reads his book with eagerness; for in his subject-matter are forces which are eternal, and not mere phenomena, which are transient. The one may amuse; the other teaches."

Says Emerson: —

"Insist on yourself; never imitate. . . . That which each can do best, none but his maker can teach him. . . . Not possibly will the soul, all rich, all eloquent, with thousand-cloven tongues, deign to respect itself; but if you can hear what these patriarchs (Shakespeare, Moses, Dante,) say, surely you can reply to them in the same pitch of voice; for the ear and the tongue are two organs of one nature.

"Abide in the simple and noble regions of thy life, obey thy heart, and thou shalt reproduce the Foreworld again."

COMPOSITION

To most people, conversation comes as easily and as naturally as breathing, but to write an essay or any formal kind of composition seems to many a difficult matter, and to some, an almost hopeless task. In reality, conversation and composition are the same, except that one is done through the voice and the other through the pen. It certainly ought to be just as natural, and as spontaneous, for a person to write his thoughts as to speak them. The real reason for the difference between the two is that everyone grows up with the habit of talking forced upon him by the very circumstances of life; while writing is a later and more voluntary acquirement, and is too often neglected in youth.

While writing should never be stilted, the colloquial expressions, the occasional inelegancies, and the abrupt changes permissible in ordinary conversation, must be avoided. Care must be taken as to the manner in

which words are put together, because what is written is intended for more permanent expression of thought, and there is no opportunity afterward to explain or to correct blunders. Furthermore, ideas cannot be thrown out at random as they too often are in conversation. It is necessary to devise some order which will help the reader to follow the ideas readily from point to point. Again, even though the subject may not be hard, nor the reader slow to grasp it, it is essential to write with such clearness and pointedness as to engage the reader's attention and to give the idea a lodgment in his mind. In conversation, the listener has the advantage of observing the speaker's face, noting its changes of expression and the variations of emphasis which aid in revealing the character of the idea in the speaker's mind. But in writing, this lack must be supplied in the method of composition. The words, the sentences, the plan, and the various details, must be skilfully adapted to produce the proper effect in the reader's mind. The art of expressing one's thoughts with skill and of giving to composition the qualities that it ought to have in order to accomplish the writer's purpose, is called rhetoric.

You will find many rules laid down for this branch of knowledge, as in others, but rules alone will not make a good writer. A carpenter must know not simply what his tools are, but how to use them, and this knowledge he acquires by practice. He cannot use them at all until he has something in mind which requires their use. The first essential in composition, then, is to have something to say.

At the beginning, and always, no matter how proficient you may become, it is well to study English prose writers of acknowledged excellence, and to read their work thoroughly and attentively. With a little care, you will attain a knowledge of the secret of good writing. You will note, if you study carefully, how the author has made use of words, how he has arranged them in sentences, how he has marshaled his sentences into paragraphs, and how he has used all to develop his ideas into a whole which leaves an impression on your mind. As you study good authors thus, you will gradually find that you are developing not simply a taste for good writing but an ability to express your thoughts in better style. You may not have learned as yet the rules of rhetoric, but you will find yourself following them naturally, because you have taken good writing as an example for study.

PROCESSES OF COMPOSITION

Description

WHATEVER the subject you may choose for Composition, it will usually demand one of four methods of treatment. The same requisites of plan and development will constitute the working principles in all, but

variations will be necessary, not simply by the nature of the material at hand, but by the effect which you desire to produce. These four processes may be called respectively: Description, Narration, Exposition, and Argumentation.

Description is the portrayal of objects in language. The aim is to make the reader realize the object as the writer does. You must plan a description very much as an artist would plan a picture. You must make your reader see how far you are from the object, and what position you occupy with reference to it. This is more essential than it seems, for nothing is so sure to confuse a description, as a mixture of qualities that you see near by with those that you see at a distance; or of details that impress you from one direction with details that come into view from another.

As a rule, the whole object, if it be description, should be outlined at the first stage. The reader needs a background for the picture he is to contemplate, something that will enable him to think of it at once as a whole, and to which he may mentally refer the various parts as they are successively mentioned. When a description is brought in incidentally, as part of a larger composition, it generally consists merely of an outline. The more complete or effective you can make this outline, the less time and effort will be needed for details. Too many details become tedious and confusing. Never give more details than are necessary for producing a vivid picture, unless you wish especially to elaborate the details. The writer will study to find ways of expressing details in few words. Sometimes a well-chosen, clean-cut phrase will set forth a detail better than would a long and labored description.

Narration

Narration is the telling of a story. It requires a high degree of skill to so place all the parts of a narration as to produce an effective whole. Here, as everywhere, you should avoid putting in details where they will do no good, and forego the emphasis of unimportant points. Each detail must be estimated by the end sought, not for its own sake. If it does not in some way promote the significant part of the story, it has no business in the narrative. In a narrative, therefore, it is especially desirable to have the end in view from the first.

The parts of the narrative which are of special importance to the end, will naturally be dwelt upon. Unimportant parts are passed over with a few comprehensive touches. As a story is naturally made up with reference to a culmination, every part of the narrative should be so framed as to lead naturally up to it. The skill with which this is done will depend upon the writer. Every detail of character, scene, and conversation, ought to have the proper influence on the reader's expectation. But the

culmination should not be just what the reader expects, as in that case it will be flat and disappointing. The story should be so framed as to produce a pleasant surprise. Narrators, therefore, often make use of contrast. A character from whom one action may reasonably be expected, finally does something quite different, though perhaps just as natural to him. A particularly obvious event need not be dwelt upon, nor be more than suggested.

Exposition

Exposition means giving an explanation of things. The peculiar difficulty of this form of writing is that instead of describing objects, you are really giving a reason for their appearance, actions, or character. This reason is your own idea, and it may differ from the idea your reader holds. The necessary thing, therefore, is to present your own conception so that the reader will readily catch it. You might have a very clear conception of a steam engine and its workings, but you would find it especially difficult to transfer such conception by written words to a reader who never saw an engine. Various devices must be resorted to. Parts of the machine may be compared to other and simpler machines which the reader may have seen. Sometimes you may reveal the true nature of a thing by an effective contrast — by showing in clear language its essential difference from something else. This is a form of writing requiring much practice, and it is one for which no definite rule can be laid down. All depends upon the subject, the reader, and the skill of the writer.

Argumentation

Argumentation is generally much easier than exposition, because in it you are setting forth the truth of a thing as you see it, for the conviction of a reader who has his own ideas, but who, perhaps, is open to conviction upon the subject. Successful argumentation is one of the highest of the literary arts. It involves the processes of reasoning. One of these, called induction, makes a truth grow step by step by building together the particulars furnishing indications or evidences of the truth. The conclusion is drawn only when the reasons are all given. Success in this requires that you should not be too hasty in drawing the conclusion. The evidences or indications must all receive their proper place and weight, before risking the conclusion. Never put your faith in one indication only, for appearances are deceitful, and it is only when a series of strong indications tends to determine one thing, that you can safely regard that thing as sufficiently determined to establish a theory.

Another process is deduction. In this case, some evident truth is taken and the reasons why it is true are traced. To the deductive argument can be given a formula of reasoning which is called a syllogism.

This is made up of two assertions, called respectively the major premise and the minor premise, and the conclusion drawn from them. The major premise states a general fact or truth. The minor premise gives some particular person, or thing, or truth, to which the general fact will apply, and the conclusion unites the two. For example, the major premise may state: "Any machine that is liable to get out of order cannot come into extensive use." The minor premise will refer to a particular machine: "This machine is liable to get out of order." The conclusion is that, "This machine cannot come into extensive use." The syllogism has to be handled with care. The major premise may be too sweeping; it may prove too much. There may be exceptions; and no argument is conclusive where there are many exceptions.

Analogy is useful in argument, but it is not always conclusive. It takes what occurs in one line of action or life and reasons from it what will occur in another. But the analogy will fail unless there is similarity between the two lines. While argumentation involves many processes, some of them difficult, it is useful and practical, for it is the means of telling whether certain things are true, and why they are true. It will always be an accomplishment of a good writer.

THE PLAN

AS BEFORE stated, the first essential in writing is to have something to write about, and this involves having a plan. Your mind must first form an idea of the character of what it is you are to express in written language. Random observations upon the subject, made without order, and without reference to their natural relation, will not result in what can be properly called a composition. Before you can group words into sentences, sentences into paragraphs, and paragraphs into the whole, you must have mentally grouped and arranged your ideas. Having selected a subject, you will have a line of thought or a series of facts which you wish to convey. As first presented to your mind they may be vague. Your first business, therefore, is to learn by thinking on your subject just what it means and what you wish to say upon it. The plan thus formed will naturally vary with the subject, with the knowledge you have of it, and the way you wish to present it. In any case, it is advisable first to draw up an outline of what you propose to write. You may often, with good results, put it in a sort of tabular form, thereby expressing each thought concisely and in its order. Observe in just what place in the whole line any particular thought would naturally fall. In this way you will get a consistent line of thought which you can easily follow when you come to write, and which your reader can readily follow when he comes to read.

First, then, lay down your theme. It may be a theme on which you desire to impart a fact, or principle, or truth. Such is generally best expressed in the form of a proposition to be proved. If your subject, for example, be Daniel Webster, one of the themes must be, "Webster was a Defender of the Constitution," and your work will be directed to showing how this is true. If you treat another theme in your subject, it may be one in which you are endeavoring to impress the grandeur of an event. Such a theme would be a description of the scene in the United States Senate, when Webster replied to Hayne. Thus the themes will require different treatment, according to their nature and the manner in which you wish to impress them upon the reader.

In the division of your plan, work for distinctness, sequence, and climax. The course of thought should run continuously, without giving the reader a sense of a break. To accomplish this, the main thoughts of your plan should not be mixed together, but should be distinct, though related to each other. You should study to make every new thought grow naturally out of the preceding, and to make each successive thought increase in interest and strength, as you go along until you reach the climax at the end. If you will read Washington Irving's little essay on Christmas you will see that it reads continuously from beginning to end, but that the several thoughts are distinct. The writer begins with the more general considerations, and then advances to the particular. In compositions of considerable length, you will doubtless have besides the main divisions, various subdivisions, each of which gives particular thoughts relating to the main division. These subdivisions should be arranged with reference to the main division to which they belong, in the same way that the main divisions are arranged with reference to the composition as a whole.

In making your plan, do not think it necessary to include all that you may know or may learn upon your subject. Bear in mind the nature of your composition and reject anything which will not add to the purpose you have in writing. It requires considerable practice to become an adept in planning, but there is no more valuable aid to thought than the choosing, weighing, comparing, and rejecting of that which is involved in making it.

THE FILLING-IN

IN MAKING your introduction, be sure that it really introduces. It should not concentrate attention on itself because of its beauty or elaborateness, but should guide the attention of the reader toward the theme or subject at hand. It is simply saying what is necessary to make your reader aware of how you are going to treat your subject. Do not put into an introduction anything that you are not to utilize afterward.

When you have selected a subject, it is well always to ask yourself at the start, what makes it interesting? This, whatever it is, is the line of thought for you to take. If you are writing about a house that is interesting because it is old and quaint, your ideas should be directed to that characteristic and not to features which might be common to any house.

In planning what to say last, have your mind on all that you have said before, and aim to close with something that shall in some way concentrate its effect on the one strong point you wish to produce as the distinct result of your composition. This will depend upon your aim. If you are seeking to make your reader know some truth or fact, your conclusion will naturally summarize and reiterate this. If you wish him to feel or to realize something, you may draw a picture in closing which will convey the proper impression and produce in him the desired feeling. If you wish to make him decide something, you may, in closing, appeal to motive or character.

THE CHOICE OF WORDS

IN ALL of the processes of composition, after the selection of the subject and the formation of a plan, the most important consideration is the choice of words. This is something to be kept in mind from the very beginning to the final revision. In this, as in other requirements of composition, the best aid is a habit of observing words in the pages of the best writers and of tracing their fine shades of meaning. In making a choice of words, four matters are to be kept in mind: the subject, the reader, standard usage, and good taste.

The subject includes the whole composition, and the main thing is to use such words as shall set forth with exactness and force, the thoughts relating to it. Here, as elsewhere, rules can only indicate the general lines to follow; the real choice depends upon the skill and judgment of the writer. Our language is rich in groups of words having similar meanings, but never quite alike. It is good practice to write a sentence several times, each time using different words, but conveying, as you might suppose, the same meaning. Then if you will read over these sentences you will readily discover that but one of the forms will really convey the meaning to your complete satisfaction. This practice will reveal to you better than any other exercise, the different shades of signification in words. Two words may mean the same thing, but one may be a little stronger than the other. The weaker may possibly fit your idea better than the stronger, or the opposite may be the case. Some of the plainer distinctions in words are in the degrees of intensity, as in anger, rage, fury; differences in size, as in knoll, hill, mountain.

In our ordinary conversation, one is apt to exaggerate in a careless way that does much to impair the accuracy of the vocabulary. A man

who is simply angry is not furious; a good beefsteak can scarcely be called elegant. Equally deplorable is the choice of too weak a word. A man would not be simply vexed at long-continued injustice; he would be indignant. Words are so often misused in the newspapers and in the more common prints, that many people come to use them interchangeably when there is a very clear distinction between them. For example, you will often read that a person saw all that transpired; what is meant is, all that happened or took place. That which transpires, means that which becomes publicly known. The difference is well illustrated by a sentence from an American author: "What happened never definitely transpired." It never became clearly known. If you transpose the words in the sentence, you will readily see how incorrectly the words are often used. It would be obviously absurd to say "what transpired never definitely happened," while it is entirely correct to say "what happened never transpired." These examples are cited simply to show how much may be learned by substituting similar words in sentences, and in observing the effect.

Be on your guard against words that have an ambiguous meaning. One example will suffice. When a man asked, "Have you seen Brown's last book?" he meant Brown's latest book; but an enemy of Brown, taking advantage of the ambiguity, answered, "I hope so." If you make accuracy the serious and constant aim of your practice in composition, the errors of ambiguity, of exaggeration, and vulgarism, will gradually fall away of themselves, and you will find that you have made a great step in advance as a writer.

The choice of words with reference to the reader is a much more important matter than it might at first appear. It is not simply necessary that you should find those words which accurately convey your meaning, but that you should select those which your reader will understand. This matter may not give you any anxiety at first, but it would mean much if you became an author. Now all readers are not learned people. They are the people we meet every day, and they usually have only an ordinary education. If a writer uses such words as the ordinary reader can understand, the more highly educated will also understand them; and, if their culture is genuine, they will not be offended at a simplicity which adapts itself to all. The best writers do not use the longest or most unusual words. A good rule to follow is to use the simplest words that will convey the idea. Subjects of a profound character, involving deep reasoning, will often demand a large proportion of unusual words, but he is always the most successful writer in such lines who avoids an unusual word wherever he can.

Much has been said in favor of the use of Saxon words in place of words derived from Greek and Latin, but, while this advice is good so

far as it goes, there is an error underlying it. It arises from the mistaken belief that all short words are Saxon. Many of them are from the Greek and Latin, and are as readily understood by people of ordinary education as are the Saxon derivatives. You may forget whether the word is Saxon, or Greek, or Latin, if you remember that you should always use the simplest, wherever it came from, to express your idea.

Attention must also be paid to standard usage. Words may be both accurate and easy to understand, and yet not be reputable words. As the English is not a dead language, it is constantly taking in new material and casting off old matter. New words come into use every year, but not all pass into what is regarded as good usage in writing. Slang is likely to be of this transitory character, and, of course, should be avoided. As to words too new or too old, there was never laid down a better rule than that of Pope's:—

“In words, as fashions, the same rule will hold;
Alike fantastic if too new or old:
Be not the first by whom the new are tried;
Nor yet the last, to lay the old aside.”

Last, but not least, he who would write well must educate his taste. A composition may contain certain words unobjectionable on other grounds, but lacking in good taste. The choosing of words comes in a great degree, but not wholly, from inborn aptitude. For the proper development of good taste in the use of language, you should read the best literature and cultivate the power to feel its charm and strength. The most frequent sin against good taste in writing is the effort to clothe a common subject in unusual and high-sounding words.

GRAMMAR

THE science of grammar has to do with the putting of words together, and it may be assumed that its general principles have been fairly mastered before serious attempts have been made to write. But some special attention should be given to the organization of the sentences, which are the bricks or stones of which the composition is constructed. A sentence should be so constructed as to make a single impression on the reader's mind. It need not be short in order to be simple. The essential requisite for its simplicity and unity is that it contain but one thought. A sentence may be made up of a variety of clauses and phrases containing several subjects and several verbs, and yet, when complete, may produce the effect of having expressed one thing. Such a sentence possesses the valuable quality of unity. Use in a sentence only those clauses which have close relation to the subject of the sentence. Your study of the sentence should simply be an investigation of the question—what ideas belong together and what should be separated. This question cannot be

answered by rules, but must be solved by practice. That which is to be sought, is the most natural position of words, a position in which every word has its proper emphasis, whether strong or light. When such a position is found, you at once feel its fitness. Until it is found, you are vaguely aware that something is wrong with the sentence.

As a general rule, that which most naturally comes to the mind first should begin the sentence. It should end with the distinctive feature of the idea expressed. If the end of the sentence is something unworthy of emphasis, there is produced an effect of flatness, and the sentence seems loose and rambling. Rather than say, "the evidence shows how kind to subordinates he is," you should say, "how kind he is to subordinates," as the latter word deserves the distinction. If, however, you should say, "how kind he invariably is," this would be the proper form, for the adverb creates a distinction for the verb. By reading aloud from good authors, you can readily train the ear to note distinctions like these.

Many rules have been laid down for the arrangement of sentences, but in the end this depends upon the judgment and taste of the writer. To cultivate his literary perceptions, he should study good authors and practise composition. The short sentence is best to give point and crispness to a thought. The reader at once gets the idea in its condensed strength. But not all sentences should be thus favored, for all cannot be equally important. A series of short sentences produces a disagreeable, scrappy effect. The advantage of a long sentence is not simply in producing a better general effect, but in affording room for the amplification of an idea. Young writers should construct long sentences with great care. It is always well, after composing a sentence, to read it over and observe whether it would not sound better if divided. There is nothing which will cause a reader's interest to flag so surely and so quickly as too many long and involved sentences.

NATURALNESS

YOUNG people are inclined to think they must be equipped for writing with a set of ideas and words wholly different from those used in conversation. If you attempt to write guided by this principle, you will find when suddenly called upon to furnish material, that the hitherto unused portion of your brain will refuse to work. The advice which is usually given to a beginner in a newspaper office is to "write as you talk." By this is not meant that you are to use those colloquial forms which make ordinary conversation awkward when printed, but that you should write as nearly as possible in the style unconsciously acquired through your manner of conversing.

If one tries to write in a way different from that in which he talks, or to express thoughts which are not clear in his mind, learning to write

his own language will be as difficult as learning to speak a new language. In all that you write, you should confine yourself to simplicity and naturalness of expression. This is not the method most young people adopt in beginning to write, hence the flow of words, so easy and unstudied in conversation, congeals at the point of the pen and refuses to be transmitted to the page.

Naturalness, however, should not be mistaken for carelessness. You should exercise due care to secure the best expression, and a clear meaning. Try to make the sentences correct and clear as you write them; if you fail to make them so at first, alter them until you feel satisfied. Virgil devoted the first half of his life exclusively to preparation for his work. Tasso, after endless revision and correction of his writings, was still morbidly sensible of the imperfection of the result. Goethe began his "Faust" at the beginning of his career, and worked on it during the greater part of his life. Schiller was ever changing what he had written. Voltaire was of the opinion that an author should be continually correcting his writings. Rousseau usually transcribed his writings four or five times. Macaulay never allowed a sentence to pass until it was as good as he could make it. He would recast a whole chapter in order to make some little point clearer; and his works are regarded as masterpieces of clearness. Darwin always had three copies of his writings made before they went to press, and he was extremely particular with his proofs. We might enumerate many other names famous in literature to prove that however easy writing may be to a brilliant man or woman, he or she has won reputation only through faithful and laborious preliminary study and work.

LETTER-WRITING FOR PRACTICE IN COMPOSITION

FOR the development of naturalness there is no practice equal to that of letter-writing. In letters to your friends you are really talking to them with your pen. Were they present, the message of the letter would be delivered verbally. You are aware that what you write will be of interest to the recipient of your letter, and that it will not be read with a spirit of criticism or fault finding. This knowledge relieves you of all feeling of restraint, and you express yourself with naturalness, and directness. English literature abounds with instances in which familiar letters from friend to friend or between kindred, meant only for private perusal, have been rescued from obscurity, to become a part of our choicest and most valued literature.

The advantage of letter-writing lies in the fact that there, more than in any other form of literary exercise, you can make a direct effort at improvement. You know exactly what you wish to say. When, therefore, you have written a letter, you can, by criticising it, make a

better estimate of your ability to express your ideas correctly, than you can by criticising an essay in which you were not certain of what you wished to say.

When writing to any one, try to say what you have in mind with brevity and directness. Avoid diffuseness, and ambiguity of expression. The ability to write a clear, well-expressed letter has a high market value in the business world; indeed, it is a requisite qualification for service in many lines of clerical work.

SUBJECTS FOR COMPOSITIONS AND ESSAYS

LETTER writing has been mentioned as a valuable exercise for securing a natural and easy style in composition, but it is evident that the few letters a boy or girl has to write in the course of a week or a month do not furnish the practice necessary to gain proficiency. The main difficulty, perhaps, is in making yourself think that you can have suitable thoughts on any subject. But the practice of cultivating thought is quite as valuable in its way as is the practice of expressing thought. No author, however skilled he may be with his pen, can expect to write without study of the subject on which he is to write.

One of the simplest methods of securing a subject and information at the same time, is to take an extract from the writings of another, read it over until you have become familiar with the subject-matter, and then to try to express it in your own way. This is called reproduction. It is essential in order to become sufficiently familiar with the extract, to retain a clear impression of the thoughts expressed, but of course it must not be learned by heart. It would then become simply practice in spelling and penmanship. It is better to read the matter over three or four times, making short notes giving the central idea, and then to reproduce from these notes.

The advantages of this method are seen at a glance. The student starts his work at once, knowing just what he has to do. He has not only the thoughts in his mind, but he will retain in memory the spirit of the extract and of the well-chosen words. It may interest you to know that Benjamin Franklin, whose success in many branches of life was due to his perseverance, acquired his proficiency in writing by this method. The following extract is taken from his "Autobiography":—

"About this time I met with an odd volume of the 'Spectator.' It was the third. I had never before seen any of them. I bought it, read it over and was much delighted with it. I thought the writing excellent, and wished, if possible, to imitate it. With this in view I took some of the papers and, making short hints of the sentiments in each sentence, laid them by a few days, and then, without looking at the book, tried to complete the papers again, by expressing each hinted sentiment at length, and as fully as it had been ex-

pressed before, in any suitable words that came to hand. Then I compared my 'Spectator' with the original, discovered some faults and corrected them."

Another excellent method consists in taking a passage of good prose, similar to one chosen for an exercise in reproduction, reading it over carefully several times, and then substituting for it a similar subject and adapting from memory the language or argument of the original to the treatment of the new subject. This will be found an especially good exercise in description.

A third method of using the writings of others as a source of ideas, may be found in taking extracts of somewhat greater length and condensing them into a smaller compass. This exercise may be performed with the book open, and has the practical advantage of abridging the ideas of others without losing their essential character. You should select the important matter from the original, and not omit any that will be necessary for coherence. It will not do to pick a sentence here and there, but you must select the important or main ideas and state them in your own and in shorter language. It is often good practice to take a well-known descriptive poem and condense it into prose. By this you will not only learn to distinguish the differences between poetry and prose, but your prose will catch a spirit from the poetry which later may go far in giving a charm to your writings.

Practice of this kind you may supplement with compositions upon given subjects, the information for which you may possibly obtain from a library. In preparing for any kind of writing, it is often necessary to consult authorities, and if you have access to a public library, such as is now found in most large places, this is a simple matter. Generally it is only necessary to consult the catalogue, which is usually divided into two parts, one containing a list of books arranged alphabetically according to their subjects, the other according to the names of the authors.

In most cases the library will contain bound files of various periodicals, and every year there is published an index to this literature, called "Poole's Index." By consulting this, you may find various articles on any subject of which you wish to treat. After reading these articles and making your notes, you can group your facts according to a plan, and you will find a composition growing naturally and easily into shape. All such exercise, besides improving your facilities in composition, will extend your knowledge.

Information of a wider character than any you can derive from your ordinary experiences, will be necessary for your progress in the way of writing what may rise to the dignity of being called an essay. Unless you have studied or read, or at least reflected, upon a subject, you cannot well write an essay upon it. If called upon to write an original composi-

tion without previous opportunity for preparation, it will be better for you to choose for the topic a description of something you have seen, a story that you have read or one that you can make up. The essay needs work of preparation before it can be written.

If properly managed, essay writing can be made the best means of proving to yourself that you are making progress in your work. The pages which contain the expression of your own knowledge on a subject that you have been studying, will be to you, if to no one else, a reality of no small significance. Keen delight will come from the consciousness that you have learned something.

But avoid choosing a subject for the sake of choosing one. Sensible men and women would never think of acting on this principle in writing. Those who have interested the world have written books because they could not help writing them. The authors of the best books wrote them because they had the subject so much in their thoughts. They did not first determine to write and then look for something on which to write.

The first question in your mind should not be "What can I write about?" but it should be "What shall I think about?" "What do I talk about?" or "What am I interested in?" You will find that there are subjects uppermost in your mind, and that by a little study you will write upon them because you feel like writing. If the only thought you have is how you dislike school, write about it. Tell why you dislike it, and before you have finished, you may come to change your opinion.

But you will find that you have a great many better thoughts than these which you can develop on paper. If the subject is taken from your school life, or from your own occupations out of school, you will have many ideas of your own if you are really interested in the matter. It will always be well, however, to talk it over with some friend who is interested, and thus add to your own stock of information. If you have arrived at opinions on any debatable matters, give your friend your opinions, and your reasons for having adopted them. What he may say in reply will probably suggest new ideas to you.

If your essay is to be on some current topic of general interest, your fitness to write will depend on whether you have gained an interest in your subject by listening to intelligent conversation or by reading articles in the newspapers and magazines. If you have not become interested in either of these ways, you may conclude that you have not selected a good theme. You have chosen it for the sake of choosing something. If, however, the subject is well chosen, you should make notes of all the information you have gained from conversation, and you should find as many articles as you can with which to supplement your information. Information is what you want. Your essay will be interesting in the proportion as it tells your hearers something they

did not realize before. You should always feel that you have sufficient information to make the subject perfectly clear to your readers. If you have an encyclopedia at home you may consult that, but do not write your essay from it. Simply absorb its ideas, and in your own way make them your own. If you are going to write an essay on the Life of Alexander the Great, you should not simply read his life but should form your own ideas upon it. In writing an essay, all the directions for a less pretentious composition will naturally be followed. You must form a plan, or an outline. Sort out your knowledge under such heads as most naturally suggest themselves. You may be required to use in one essay all the various forms of composition that have been mentioned.

Some useful hints for subjects for composition may be given for those who are beginning to write and who feel the need of suggestion. We may divide these under the heads of Natural Objects, Objects of Art and Manufacture, Experiences, Human Qualities and Criticism.

Natural Objects

A Walk in the Wood.
 The First of May in the Country.
 Flowers that Bloom in June.
 The Growth of a Tree,
 A Country Pasture.
 Describe the most beautiful Natural Scenery you ever saw.
 A Journey on the Water.
 The Pleasures of Fishing.
 An Autumn Sunset.
 A Summer Sunrise.
 The Clouds.
 The Trotting Horse.
 A Flower Garden.
 A Snow Storm.

Objects of Art and Manufacture

Improvements in Transportation.
 Dancing.
 The Navies of the World.
 Church Architecture.
 The Suez Canal.
 Robert Fulton's Steamboat.
 Cathedrals of Europe.
 The Writings of Oliver Goldsmith.
 Longfellow's Poetry.
 How Pins Are Made.
 An account of the Manufactures in your vicinity.

Experiences

Give an account of the Most Remarkable Event in your life.
 Describe any Book you have read.
 Describe any Trip you have made.
 Describe how you learned to Swim or to Skate.

Human Qualities

The Qualities Requisite for Success in a Mercantile Career.
 American Wit and Humor.
 The Evils of Slavery.
 Vanity.
 The Pleasures of Hope.
 The Pleasures of the Imagination.
 Self-made Men.
 Religious Persecution.
 The Consolation of Old Age.
 The Pleasure of Doing Good.
 Philanthropy.
 "Necessity the Mother of Invention."
 Occupation as a Means of Health.
 Characteristics of an Irishman.
 Characteristics of an Englishman.
 Characteristics of an American.
 The Evils of Indiscriminate Charity.
 The Evils of Poverty.
 The Blessings of Poverty.
 The Opportunities of Wealth.
 "Knowledge is Power."
 The Necessity of Religion to Society.
 The Effect of Education upon Manners.
 Good Manners.
 What is Good Society?
 The Position of Women among Savage Nations.
 Melancholy.
 The Love of Country.
 The Love of Home.
 Superstition.
 True Hospitality.
 Generosity and Prodigality.
 "Honesty is the Best Policy."
 The Benefits of Coöperation.
 "Discretion is the Better Part of Valor."
 Enthusiasm as a Factor in Character.
 Public Opinion.
 Personal Character in Political Life.
 Office-seeking.

“Brevity is the Soul of Wit.”

Liberty and License.

Hero Worship.

Criticism

Carlyle as a Historian.

The True Objects of Government.

The Growth of Socialism.

The Treatment of Criminals.

Modern Church Music.

Railroad Combinations.

Class Legislation.

The Spoils System in American Politics.

The Modern Novel.

The Political Opinions of Jefferson.

The Protective Tariff System.

Universal Suffrage.

Property in Land.

The Modern Newspaper.

Bimetallism.

Monometallism.

The Policy of Territorial Expansion.

Modern Business Morality.

The Philosophy of Herbert Spencer.

CULTIVATION OF THE MEMORY

“**M**EMORY,” Emerson says, “is the cement, the bitumen, the matrix, in which all the other faculties are embedded. As gravity holds matter from flying off into space, so memory gives stability to knowledge; it is the cohesion which keeps things from falling into a lump, or flowing in waves.”

Indispensable as this wondrous faculty is for the preservation of all our past feelings, experiences, and mental acquisitions,—nay, even of our personal identity,—there is no other power of the mind the value of which is so generally underrated. The vainest person will not hesitate to acknowledge the feebleness of his memory, however reluctantly he may admit that he is slow witted, that his judgment is weak, or his taste defective. One reason of this is the absurd opinion, so generally entertained, that the stronger a man’s memory, the weaker are his judicial and his inventive faculties. Even Montaigne consoled himself for his fancied weakness of memory, with the reflection that the more defective the memory, the more powerful are the other faculties. “If a man have a good memory — if his memory be prodigious in any sense,” says a recent

writer, "it will always be found to surpass his other powers." Nothing can be more untrue than these assertions. Hundreds of biographies contradict them. Though a poor memory does not necessarily imply the lack of genius, yet it is certain that nearly all great men have had remarkable memories. Rousseau complains again and again of his lack of memory, but without reason; for it is certain that no man with a memory as feeble as he represents his to have been, could have gathered and treasured a tithe of his knowledge.

So utterly untrue is the assertion, often and confidently made, that the intellectual powers are in inverse proportion to the strength and tenacity of this faculty, that the very reverse is usually the fact. Memory is the main fountain and nourisher of thought. As Burke says: "There is no faculty of the mind which can bring its energies into effect unless the memory be stored with ideas for it to work upon." What is an author without a good memory? We talk of "creative" minds, but this is only a figure of speech, for only Omnipotence can create; man can only select and combine. When a man writes a book, whence does he draw the materials? From his own recollections—from his hoarded readings and experiences. Hence the Ancients called Memory the mother of the Muses. What is a statesman or a political leader without a good memory? He is continually called upon for feats of recollection. Not only must he have a recollection of the leading political, religious, social, and financial events in the history of his own and other countries, but he must have also an exact memory of names and dates, and a verbal memory—so foolishly despised by many—in order to quote promptly and accurately. He must be able to recall distinctly all the leading points and facts of an opponent's speech, and at the same time must adhere to the preconcerted plan of his own reply; and all this must be done clearly and distinctly, without hesitation or stammering. The most eminent orators are those whose ability to draw upon memory is absolute. The power which holds an audience spell-bound depends in no small degree upon the readiness and accuracy with which the speaker can recall facts and fancies, pathetic scenes or mirth-provoking incidents, telling anecdotes or thrilling passages of prose or verse—all the items in that fund of knowledge which he has been depositing and hoarding in the great storehouse of memory since first he dreamed of public life.

As a means of social success, a memory that retains vivid impressions of what one sees, hears, or reads, is of priceless value. To the business man a good memory is helpful in countless ways. The prompt recognition of a face, the ability instantly to recall a name, has often led to a lasting business acquaintance, advantageous to both persons. To a politician, a retentive memory is invaluable. Henry Clay, James G.

Blaine, and Theodore Cuyler owed much of their personal popularity to the fact that, once introduced to a man, they never forgot his face, and years afterward could address him by name.

Such being the inestimable value of this faculty, is it not astonishing that the mass of men — especially those who complain bitterly, and generally unjustly, of their “wretched,” their “treacherous,” memory — take so little pains to improve it? *Why* is your memory weak? Simply because you make no effort to strengthen it. If this precious, God-given faculty is inefficient in your case — if it is like a bag with holes, through which everything slips that you drop into it, it is simply because you do not care, or do not care enough, or are too busy, or too lazy, to take the necessary steps to invigorate it. Far from being treacherous, the memory is one of the most faithful of all our faculties. No other is more surely or more quickly strengthened by exercise. It is doubtful if anything, once well lodged in the cells of the memory, is ever lost. “Knowledge,” it has been beautifully said, “may slumber there, but it never dies”; it is like the dormouse in its home in the ivied tower — sleeping while winter lasts but waking with the warm breath of spring.

But how — by what means — may the memory be cultivated? By what arts may it be made both retentive and ready? We answer, the true art of memory-culture may be condensed into six rules: —

1. Memory is assisted by *whatever tends to the connection or association of ideas*. Thus, the old gossip, Mrs. Quickly, in Shakespeare, remembers one thing by another. She recollects Falstaff's debt by association — she recalls that when he borrowed the money he was sitting in her dolphin chamber, by a sea-coal fire, and that Mistress Ketch, the butcher's wife, came in, and called her “Gossip,” etc. The poet Rogers thus beautifully depicts the associating principle: —

“Lulled in the countless chambers of the brain,
Our thoughts are linked in many a hidden chain;
Awake but one, and lo! what myriads rise!”

To retain facts permanently, we should, if possible, arrange them in such order, that each shall be a nucleus or basis for others, in an endless series. It is not a parrot memory that we want, but a memory founded on the relations, analogies, and natural connection of things. In all the phenomena of nature, physical or moral, there is a marked family likeness. Certain facts indicate the existence of other facts, so that memory is helped by a certain key which classification suggests, and thus one effort of memory serves for all. A habit of classifying the things we wish to remember — clustering them together as illustrative of some principle — is of immense value. Try, therefore, to establish “pigeonholes” in your brain, and as facts fall under your observation, classify them by putting together those which are related to each other.

In the study of science this is vitally important. How, but by an exact and rigorous classification, could the botanist remember a thousandth part of the innumerable plants which he recalls with unerring certainty? The very highest type of memory is the philosophic, which associates facts and truths with universal principles.

2. The art of memory is the art of *attention*, and that, again, depends upon the *interest* we feel in the thing to be remembered. Nobody easily forgets what keenly interests him. The dull boy, who cannot remember a line of his arithmetic or grammar lesson, is the very one who never forgets a bird's nest, a cherry tree, or a pool where the trout lurk. Why is it that the sportsman, who is baffled in his attempts to remember facts in history or science, or general literature, can recall so quickly the names and pedigree of all the winners in the great races, so that a scholar would be as much surprised at this as the former would be at the scholar's memory of kings and queens, or etymologies? It is simply because the sportsman is deeply interested in the one class of facts, not in the other. It is for the same reason that we rarely forget facts which are answers to questions that we have ourselves originated, or which solve some problem or mystery over which we have long puzzled. When a man finds that he forgets those things in which he feels a deep interest, and which other men, who feel no interest in them, yet remember, he may then, *and not till then*, rightly complain of his want of memory.

In acquiring knowledge, time is an all-important consideration. There must be an incessant iteration of the newly-acquired ideas, until they are linked to the old by suggesting chains. The new knowledge must be brooded over, meditated upon, and turned over and over in the mind, until it is not only added to the old, but interpenetrates it — so that the old can scarcely come into "the sphere of consciousness" without bringing the new with it. "To know by heart," says Montaigne, "is not to know." Lawyers understand this, and hence their repetition of important principles and testimony in addressing juries.

The forensic advocates who are most successful in winning verdicts, do not hesitate when they have thick skulls to penetrate, to indulge in what would otherwise be unbearable iteration. Rufus Choate, who usually drove "a substantive and six" (adjectives), could be terse enough when he chose; but he would reiterate, in different forms of expression, a fact or an argument a dozen times or more, if he saw by the looks of a dull or hard-headed juror that he was unconvinced. Sir Albert Pell, a verbose and prolix but very successful English advocate, who made havoc of syntax and pronunciation every time he opened his mouth in court, owed his forensic victories largely to his iteration. When a gentleman criticised a jury address of his in an important case,

Pell "confessed and avoided" the seeming justice of the censure. "I certainly was confoundedly long," he replied, "but did you observe the foreman, a heavy looking fellow in a yellow waistcoat? No more than one idea could ever stay in his thick head at a time, and I resolved that mine should be that one, so I hammered till I saw by his eyes that he had got it."

An impression is deepened by being conveyed through several of the senses at once. Of course, the more earnest and exclusive one's attention, the more lasting is the impression made on the memory. Like every other faculty, the memory is strengthened by exercise; just as the waterman gets a strong arm by rowing, or the blacksmith's muscles acquire volume and vigor by repeated blows on the anvil. Porson, the famous classical scholar, had a prodigious memory. He could repeat the whole of "Roderick Random," and he once asserted that he could learn by heart a copy of the London "Morning Chronicle" in a week. He acquired his quickness and tenacity of memory only by intense labor. "Sometimes," he said, "in order to impress a thing upon my memory, I have read it a dozen times, and transcribed it six." Dickens had a marvelous power of recollection, — and why? Because his powers of attention and observation were marvelous.

No class of men is more celebrated for feats of memory than actors. Their special training often strengthens this faculty to an almost incredible degree. Mathews, the famous comedian, was so familiar with his plays, that he sometimes stepped aside as the curtain drew up, to ascertain the title of the piece advertised for the evening; and that, too, when he was tormented with a disease of the tongue, and uttered with the keenest pain the lines his audience so delighted to hear. On one occasion he personated the leading character, "Affable Hawk," in a new comedy recently translated from the French, and though his part required him to be on the stage throughout four long acts, with hardly any intermission, he committed his part to memory in twenty-four hours. To use his own words after the first night, "I swallowed the whole dose, and don't think I spilled a drop."

The memories of great lawyers are trained to a degree of retentiveness, accuracy, and promptness, that almost staggers belief. What but a long life of legal discipline and training, involving constant tasking of the memory, could have enabled Lord Lyndhurst to perform such feats of recollection as he did at the age of eighty-nine, in the case of "Small vs. Atwood," in the House of Lords? In that case, the trial of which lasted twenty-one days, the judgment he pronounced was entirely oral; and, without referring to a note, he spent a long day in reciting complicated facts, in making perplexing calculations and in correcting the misrepresentations of counsel on both sides. Never once did he falter

or hesitate, and never once was he mistaken touching a name, a figure, or a date. A memory so phenomenal must have been naturally tenacious; but by what enormous painstaking must it have been brought to its final perfection! Scaliger could repeat a hundred lines after one reading. He is said to have learned Homer in twelve days, and all of the Greek poets in four months. Bishop Jewel, who died in 1571, could commit to memory a whole sermon while the bell was ringing for church, and repeat it *verbatim*. In strong minds like these, the habit of memory is not a mere aptness to receive impressions; it is a strenuous effort. They seize facts as a hungry lion seizes his prey.

There are some things which everybody remembers. A creditor does not incur much risk of forgetting his debtor, and the recollection of an insult is generally vivid enough; Ben Jonson was wont to say that it was hard to forget the last kick. The feverish, hurried life which men, especially Americans, live to-day; the multitude of things that divide and distract the attention, and the nervous exhaustion consequent upon overstimulation and prolonged fatigue, are fatal to vivid remembrance.

3. Memory is greatly assisted by a *full view and clear apprehension of a subject*. To acquire this, one should revolve the subject slowly in the mind, concentrating the attention upon it to the exclusion of everything else, and surveying it in all its aspects. If you are reading a historical or scientific work, close the book after reading a page or a paragraph or two and try to recall the important facts, thoughts, or reasonings, not vaguely but distinctly, putting them in express words, as if you were relating them to some listener. In quoting what you have read, if you find your recollection vague or shadowy, refresh your memory by referring to the book again, and *do this a dozen times if necessary*, until you feel that you have lodged the facts or ideas in question permanently in the brain. This, if faithfully followed, will be found an invaluable practice. It will not only greatly assist the memory, but will also improve both your power of conception and your command of expression. Conception is the faculty which makes a man "clear-headed," enabling him to see clearly, and to grasp at one view the beginning, middle, and end of what he is considering, or wishes to convey to others.

4. Memory is aided by a *strong determination to remember*. There are few persons who cannot remember nearly all that is necessary for the calling or business on which their means of living depends. A guard of an English mail-coach, in the olden time, being asked how he remembered so well where to leave the papers and packages intrusted to him, replied: "I remember because I *must*." It is said that Xavier, the Catholic missionary, anxious to prepare himself quickly for his work, learned

one of the Indian languages in three weeks; also, that Bolingbroke learned enough of Spanish in the same time to correspond with the Spanish minister. Petrarch says that Pope Clement, having had his memory weakened by a fall on the head, applied himself so vigorously to repair the damage, that he acquired more power than he had lost, and henceforth never forgot anything that he read. All this shows that our memory depends very much upon our own will and determination. Dr. Johnson said that an author might at any time compose, if he would only set to work with a dogged determination; so, if he will make an earnest effort, a man can remember. Euler, the mathematician, had a marvelous memory. Becoming almost totally blind, he was obliged to make and to retain in his mind the calculations and *formulæ* which others preserve in books. The result was that the extent, readiness, and accuracy, of his mathematical memory became prodigious. No other faculty of the mind is so rapidly strengthened by exercise as is the memory.

“A very common reason why men do not remember,” says a wise writer, “is that they do not try: a hearty and ever-present desire to prevail is the chief element to success. Nothing but the fairy’s wand can realize the capricious desire of the moment; but as to the objects of laudable wishes, deeply breathed, and for many a night and day present to the mind, these are placed by Providence more within our reach than is commonly believed. When a person says: ‘If I could only have what I wish, I would excel in such an art or science,’ we may generally answer: ‘The truth is, you have no such wish; all you covet is the empty applause, not the substantial accomplishment.’”

Many of the surprising tricks of the Houdin conjurer were simply feats of quick attention and memory. He trained himself to such keenness of attention, that he could take in at a glance, and afterward correctly enumerate, the arrangement, and other particulars, of forty articles displayed in a toy store window. Sir William Hamilton, the Scotch philosopher, thought that he himself could thus take in *seven* articles at a glance, without counting, and was rather proud of his ability! It is said that Henderson, the actor, once repeated to Dugald Stewart, after a single reading, such a portion of a newspaper that the metaphysician thought it marvelous. “If, like me,” said Henderson, modestly, “you had earned your bread by getting words by heart, you would not be astonished that habit should produce facility.”

5. Memory is very much aided by *method*. “One will carry twice more weight, trussed, and packed up in bundles,” says the old divine, Thomas Fuller, “than when it lies untowardly flapping and hanging about his shoulders. Things orderly fardeled up under heads are more portable.” In studying any subject, we shall fix facts and ideas in the mind most securely by mastering its several parts in a natural and orderly

sequence,—from the simpler and easier to the more complex and difficult. Study of this kind is like a well-built staircase, by which you can climb to a great height with a minimum of fatigue, lifting the body only a few inches at a time. In a philosophic memory, the various parts of a subject, like the stones in an arch, will often keep one another in place.

6. Finally, the retentiveness of the memory depends largely upon *the physical condition*. The impressions made upon the mental tablet are like those made upon a photographic dry-plate. If the chemicals and solutions are good, and properly applied, and the plate is in a condition to receive the impressions, it is capable of yielding a good negative; if the negative is poor, however, the picture will be unsatisfactory. So with a man who is sickly and debilitated, and whose brain is consequently weak; the pictures made upon his mind will partake of its feebleness and obscurity. The memory, therefore, is one of the most delicate tests of the physical condition of the brain.

Some of the wisest hints ever given for the cultivation of the memory are those published by Dr. Thomas Fuller, three centuries and a half ago:—

“First, soundly infix in thy mind what thou desirest to remember. What wonder is it, if agitation of business jog that out of thy head which was there rather tacked than fastened? It is best knocking in the nail overnight, and clinching it next morning. Overburden not thy memory, to make so faithful a servant a slave. Remember Atlas was weary. Have as much reason as a camel, to rise when thou hast thy full load. Memory, like a purse, if it be overfull that it cannot shut, all will drop out of it: take heed of a gluttonous curiosity to feed on many things, lest the greediness of the appetite of thy memory spoil the digestion therefor.”

As the quaint old divine had himself a memory of wondrous capacity and retentiveness, his advice may be considered that of an expert.

Here let us say to every man — especially to every young man — who is engaged in self-culture, do not be disheartened because you forget a large part of what you learn. It is fortunate that you do not remember it. Do you want to retain the husk as well as the corn, the shell with the kernel of the nut, the skin and core with the fruit? I need no more to remember the things that have nourished and disciplined my mind than I need to remember the dinners that have nourished and strengthened my body. We do not put guano on land in order that it may yield guano. If the dressing on your land is visible, it has done no good; it is only when, by permeating the soil, it becomes invisible, that the soil is enriched. If the end and aim of reading or study is to stuff and fatten a man mentally, as you would stuff a turkey for Thanksgiving, or a prize ox for exhibition, then let us employ a professor of *omne scibile* to instruct

us and to cram us with knowledge; but, if we agree with shrewd John Falstaff when he says, "What care I for the bulk and stature of a man? Give me the spirit, Master Brook; I say, give me the spirit!" then we shall seek to extract, to store up, and to assimilate the pith and essence of our acquisitions, making haste to forget all the rest as a useless burden to the memory.

Let us not forget, then, while striving to increase the retaining power of the memory, that it has also a negative or rejecting power, the value of which is not generally appreciated. The finest intellects are not more remarkable for the readiness with which they unconsciously select what is their proper mental food, than for the ease with which they resist and throw off that which has no relation to their work or life. Their memories, like magnets stirring in sand that is mingled with steel filings, draw to them only that for which they have an affinity. Hammerton, the well-cultured author of "The Intellectual Life," writing to a student who lamented his defective memory, says:—

"So far from writing, as you seem to expect me to do, a letter of condolence on the subject of what you are pleased to call your 'miserable memory,' I feel disposed rather to write a letter of congratulation. It is possible that you may be blessed with a selecting memory, which is not only useful for what it retains, but for what it rejects."

What are called bad memories, Mr. Hammerton says, are often the best. They seldom win distinction in examination, but are eminently serviceable in literature and art.

"A good literary memory is not like a post-office, that takes in everything; but like a well-edited periodical, which prints nothing that does not harmonize with its intellectual purpose. A well-known author gave me this piece of advice: 'What you remember is what you ought to write; and you ought to give things exactly the degree of relative importance that they have in your memory. If you forget much, it will only save beforehand the labor of erasure.'" "

The extraordinary successes which have been achieved even by men of mediocre abilities, in cultivating and strengthening the memory, are full of encouragement. We have cited several instances, but will close with a few more. Macaulay's memory—extraordinary at the age of four years, when he could repeat whole cantos of Scott's "Lay of the Last Minstrel," after reading it for two or three hours—was cultivated and trained with the most sedulous care. Gladstone's memory of political precedents and of classic authors was so prodigious, that a colleague in the cabinet who found his own recollection no match for that of the "Grand Old Man," said to a friend: "Now I ask you, how are you going to stand up against such a memory as that?" Justus Lipsius had Tacitus by heart, and pledged himself to repeat word by word any passage called for, allowing a dagger to be thrust into his body, if he made a single slip.

It is said of Mozart that he wrote out the matchless opera of "Don Giovanni" from memory, on the morning preceding the evening of its first performance. H. C. Adams, a master at Winchester School, says he knew a schoolfellow who could never master a lesson, but who could go through all the scores in the matches with Eaton and Harrow, from the very first, giving to each player, correctly, his number of runs, as well as the manner in which he was "out." Mr. Adams also knew a boy of ordinary capacity who could repeat the whole of the English Bible, word by word. Name any verse, and he would go on repeating the following ones, as long as you cared, or had patience, to listen. Euler, the great mathematician, carried the whole of Virgil's "Æneid" in his memory. More wonderful, however, than all of these feats, was that of Thomas Lyon, an itinerant actor of Edinburgh, who in 1793 performed one of the most superhuman exploits of memory on record. Betting that he would next day repeat the contents of a whole double sheet of the "Daily Advertiser," advertisements and all, without a mistake, he accomplished the feat!

ELOCUTION

IN A letter to his son, then a student at Amherst College, Rufus Choate wrote: "I hope that you will from the start cultivate elocution. The power of speaking with grace and energy—the power of using aright the best words of our noble language—is itself a fortune and a reputation,—if it is associated with and enriched by, knowledge and sense." Others have paid tributes equally strong to the art of managing the voice, both in speaking and reading, in declamation and oratory.

The study of elocution is of great importance to all persons who are likely to be called upon to do any considerable share of public speaking. Under any form of government which permits or encourages the free discussion of questions of public interest, the ability to speak easily and gracefully is highly desirable. No man, however polished his language, or however strong or original his thought, can exercise over his audience that influence to which he aspires, or do full justice to his mental powers, without some training in elocution. Half the effect of his words is lost if his delivery of them is indistinct, or feeble, or even monotonous. There have been instances of people with extraordinary vocal gifts—who have received from nature what the rest of mankind can learn only by patient application to the art of speaking. Probably a majority of persons who strive to attain distinction in public speaking have no exceptional vocal endowment. Many, at the beginning of their efforts, have positive defects. But practice of the right kind achieves wonders.

It has been said that elocution cannot be taught, but this mistake is the result mainly of pursuing wrong methods. The voice can be strengthened and improved, and a defective articulation can be remedied by exercise and drill, just as muscular strength can be gained and a thin chest can be filled out by proper gymnastic exercise.

The difficulty is that students of elocution too commonly begin at the wrong end. They waste their time in attempting to declaim elaborate and difficult passages, before they have learned to breathe properly and to pronounce the elementary sounds correctly. By beginning at the beginning, by cultivating a proper carriage, by taking exercise calculated to expand the chest and lungs, and by studying the position of the vocal organs necessary to produce each sound or combination of sounds, the voice may be greatly improved and strengthened and a fair degree of elocutionary skill may be obtained. The mere declamation of pieces learned by rote will not be sufficient, although that is the extent of the instruction given in many schools. Persistent physical and vocal training is indispensable to every person who wishes to become a good reader or speaker, just as it is indispensable to every one who wishes to become a great singer.

Elocution is simply the art of speaking words in an intelligent, forcible and agreeable manner. The elocutionist's task is to convey to the mind of the listener the author's meaning, unshorn of its strength and beauty.

BREATHING

It is of first importance that a speaker be able to control his breath. Breathing, of course, is dependent upon health, as it is in itself a sure test of health. But by a proper course of training, the action of the lungs can be made freer and more vigorous. There are three ways by which the chest may be enlarged and air taken into the lungs:—

(1) By raising the shoulders, collar bones, and upper part of the chest. This is called clavicular or collar-bone breathing. (2) By extending the lower or floating ribs sidewise. This is called lateral or costal breathing. (3) By flattening the midriff or diaphragm. This is called midriff, diaphragmatic, or abdominal breathing. The lungs rest upon the midriff, and when this powerful muscle is flattened, they must follow. At the same time the abdomen is protruded because its contents are pushed downward by the midriff. The lower ribs are also pushed out by the same muscle, so that costal and midriff breathing almost invariably take place together. Thus the chest cavity is enlarged where the walls offer the least resistance, and where the lungs are the largest.

No speaker should ever use collar-bone breathing, even in combination with costal and midriff breathing. It forces the upper walls against

the root of the tongue. Throat-tones, "speaker's sore throat," and kindred troubles, are largely due to this method of breathing and or controlling the breath. It follows that the practice of deep breathing, that is, the costal and midriff combined, often cures sore throat and corrects faulty tones. When the speaker draws in a breath by flattening the midriff, he can by the same muscle hold it down and use it as needed in speaking. The throat should have nothing to do with controlling this. It should be used only in speaking. All its muscles should be relaxed and the speech organs should merely use the air as it passes from the lungs through the mouth. No more air should be allowed to pass out than is needed for speech. But never, in speaking, strive to fill the lungs as full as possible, or to hold the breath as long as possible. Both are injurious. The lungs should be constantly replenished with air, but there should never be an oversupply. In speaking, therefore, take breath at every opportunity.

By practice, much can be done in securing control of the midriff. A long breath may be drawn in and gradually exhaled. Practiced for five minutes, two or three times a day, or for shorter and more frequent periods, this exercise will do much for you. Such practice is much better than a half hour once a day. Do not overdo the exercising when you begin. Exercise in moderation, regularly and conscientiously repeated, will increase the breathing capacity, improve the voice and make speaking easy. It will incidentally be of great advantage to health.

QUALITY OF THE VOICE

ANY ONE who has ever heard boys and girls reading aloud at school must have noticed their tendency to deliver every passage, irrespective of the meaning, in the same dull monotonous drone. A kind of shrill, high-pitched, sing-song seems to be the favorite style of delivery at school, and too few teachers try to remedy the defect. Faults of youth become fixed in manhood. Many public speakers spoil their delivery by failing to modulate their voices according to the sentiment of the various passages in their discourse. Few faults in a speaker are more offensive to an audience or so likely to throw a damper on its enthusiasm. If a speaker utters the humorous, the pathetic, and the practical, in the same wearisome key, without distinction of manner or matter, his hearers lose interest in his remarks and cease to give him their undivided attention. So many preachers have this fault that their best sermons produce but little effect.

It is difficult to give rules for correcting this common fault, but much can be done by faithful practice along certain lines. The following paragraph from an article entitled "How to Read Well," by Edmund Shaftsbury, though intended for readers, is suggestive for speakers: —

“The person who desires to acquire the colloquial style should take a newspaper and select some short sentence, and say this aloud to some person in his presence. For instance, to-day’s paper contains the following: ‘The heat of yesterday was so intense that many persons were prostrated.’ If you *say* this, the person hearing it will suppose it is a remark of your own. It is better to sit behind the person, so that the paper may not be seen; then read as many selections from it as possible, trying in each case to deceive your hearer.”

You may help yourself by getting a friend to help you. It is the constant daily practice, day after day, that brings the unruly tongue into subjection, makes the weak voice strong, and enables one who has a squeaky or a growling voice to remedy the defect. But sometimes, one does not realize the defects in his own voice. It is well, therefore, to have a friend try to imitate you, and so allow you to hear how your voice sounds to others. Then you must try to imitate some one who speaks well.

Force is the volume of voice to be used in reading a passage in any given key. The force requisite to render faithfully a given passage is regulated by several different considerations, such as the character of the thought or emotion expressed, and the size of the space which the voice must fill. The degree of force used must be sufficient to make the voice distinctly audible to the hearer at the greatest distance from him. But if too great a degree of force is used, the volume of the voice will be unpleasant to the auditors nearest the speaker, and a continuously loud voice wearies both speaker and audience. Loud speaking is not always distinct speaking. This brings us to the important matter of articulation. Upon correct articulation, you must depend largely for clearness, energy, passion, and force. It is in the endeavor to make noise do the work of articulation that thoughtless speakers often acquire an unpleasant tone.

Men said of Wendell Phillips that he spoke to an audience of two thousand as though by his own fireside. It is safe to say that he did no such thing, for, if he had, he would never have been heard. He used greater force, but he spoke in a natural way, in a conversational manner, and with an articulation so perfect that those who heard him felt as if he was speaking with ordinary force. In it lay the charm of his speech. Edwin Booth, the great actor, could whisper so that two thousand people could understand what he said, but it was not an ordinary whisper. He made the articulation perfect, and then supplied just enough force to make himself heard throughout the theater.

Wendell Phillips’s biographer said of his enunciation: “Each word was as distinctly uttered as though it were a newly-coined gold piece. Yet he never elocutionized; there was nothing pedantic in his utterance.

Like everything else about his oratory, it was natural, or seemed so." No other orator spoke with so little apparent effort, and yet there was force in his voice which he would never have used in talking to a single companion. The audience did not realize it. Therein lay a part of his art. It was the highest art because it seemed so natural.

VOCAL INFLECTIONS

WHILE for effective declamation the predominating tone should be neither unusually high nor unusually low, the expression of different feelings will require variations in the inflection, and these may, at the same time, add to the ease of articulation, and to the general distinctness of utterance. Elocutionists call these inflections by various names.

Sweeps are those movements of the voice preceding and following the emphasis on a word. To prepare for the application of this emphasis, the voice rises above the key to the emphatic word or to its accented syllable. This upward movement is called the First Sweep. Then, as a result of the application of the emphasis, the voice is carried below the key and then back to it. This is called the Second Sweep. If you will observe the course of your voice while speaking a sentence naturally, you will notice that it invariably makes these movements. If it is not made, the effect is not good.

The Slides are the upward and downward movements of the voice which characterize many expressions. When a question is asked directly, the voice is quite low at the start and gradually slides up to a high tone. This is the Upward Slide. You will observe this when you ask the question: "Are you going now?" If, however, you ask: "When are you going?" you will notice that the voice begins above the key and is left below it. This is the Downward Slide.

The Bend is a gentle upward inflection of the voice at a place in the sentence where a slight pause is made without completing the sense. There are two Falls, the Partial Fall and the Perfect Fall. The first is a slight fall of the voice at an intermediate pause of complete sense; the second is a fall of the voice quite below the key which indicates the end of a sentence. It should be even more marked at the end of a paragraph. Rules for the proper use of these inflections for all kinds of sentences, are laid down by teachers of elocution. Yet it does not follow that such rules are always to be adhered to. Elocution is not an exact science, and how any sentence should be spoken is largely a matter of taste and judgment. The practiced speaker does not think of rules. He studies for the best effects. Nevertheless, it is certain that all good speakers unconsciously follow these general principles.

DECLAMATION

THE preceding rules and suggestions apply equally well to reading or to declamation, but the latter requires attention to some details which are usually out of place in simple reading. The word declamation, as now used, applies mainly to recitation in public schools, and it is regarded as instruction preparatory for public speaking later in life. While in reading you have only to pay strict attention to the requisites of distinct and effective utterance, in declamation you must also suit your actions to your words or to the sentiments expressed. Having committed to memory the words you are to speak, you stand before your audience and use every power and muscle at your command to exhibit in the correct degree the feeling which the author of the language intended to be shown.

The first essential of declamation is that you should appear before your audience in an easy, graceful, and unembarrassed manner. To many people this is extremely difficult. It must come with confidence in yourself, and often it must be cultivated with great persistence. Some successful speakers never wholly escape from what is called "stage-fright," though when once they have begun speaking and have forgotten themselves in their subject, they are safe. This forgetting of yourself and becoming thoroughly imbued with your subject, is always a means to success. Awkwardness vanishes when you cease trying to be graceful; and when every movement of your muscles shows the feeling expressed in your words, the audience forgets itself also and becomes one with you.

Remember, however, that you cannot make a movement upon the stage which your hearers will not see. Do not imagine that, unseen by your audience, you can slyly pull down your cuff or wriggle yourself into more comfortable relations with your collar. At the first movement they cease to be auditors and become spectators, interested only in what you are doing. They sympathize with what you are trying to do, but they are not listening to what you are saying. You might just as well stop speaking. If the cuff must be pulled down, pull it down and then go on with your declamation or speech. If the collar chafes, pause while you arrange it. It will be better to pay some attention to these matters, which are not trifles, before you face your audience.

As illustrating this point, a story is told of the self-control of Père Hyacinthe, the famous French pulpit orator. He was preaching with his wonted fire and fervor and stopped for a moment to moisten his lips. But the glass on the desk was empty. He thought to fill it from the pitcher beneath the desk, but the pitcher also was empty. Then he asked for water and waited quietly and silently until it was brought. He drank, and then, and not until then, took up his discourse and went on

triumphantly. The audience was ready to go on with him. Had he continued his sermon while waiting for the water, his hearers would have been more intent upon watching the person who should bring the water than upon the words of the speaker. He would have run the risk of having an important thought interrupted. Remember that in declamation, or in public speaking of any kind, your audience will follow your thoughts as expressed in your actions; and if your thoughts are on something besides your words, it will show itself in your actions. The audience will neglect the words and divine your thoughts.

GESTURE

GESTURE is the action accompanying a word and enforcing or expressing more vividly some thought or emotion. It should never be used except where it comes in naturally and when it makes more forcible the meaning of the expression which it accompanies. Between too many and too few gestures, it is better to err in the direction of the latter. If they are appropriately and gracefully made, they enhance the strength of the expression and impress the hearer much more than if they are awkwardly introduced at every turn. Even if gracefully made, they pall upon the audience when used in excess. It should be remembered that repose in style of delivery is as essential as it is in style of writing. To accent every sentence with a gesture is as much a waste of energy and as much of a demand upon the patience of the audience, as to use the utmost volume of voice in all parts.

It has been said that great orators have been great orators, not on account of their gestures but sometimes in spite of them. Strictly speaking, the audience should not be able to tell how many gestures a speaker makes. It has often been said of Wendell Phillips that he made few gestures, yet his biographer says that he made many. The fact is that they were so natural, he so exactly suited the action to the word, that the gestures, as gestures, made no impression on the audience. This is the reason for the rule that is sometimes laid down: "Do not make gestures; let them make themselves." Yet you cannot expect that your gestures will take care of themselves until you have learned something about them, and have also learned what is most effective. You must certainly learn to control the lips and the tongue so that they will obey your will, and when this is learned, they will take care of themselves. In the same way you must first learn to control your hands and arms, before you can hope to leave them to their own devices.

There is no better way to take your first lesson than to stand before a mirror. No man can be a great speaker who practises his gestures before a mirror, but he can take his first lesson in that way. In order to get yourself started right you must yourself see how you look. When

you are to "speak a piece," therefore, study not only the delivery but the gestures. Decide just where and how you may use a gesture to advantage. If you find that a movement makes you look absurd to yourself, do not use it.

In gesture, as in everything else, strive for naturalness. But remember that while such movement must be natural, it must also be graceful. This means that the more natural grace you have, the better. A graceful carriage of the body is important and that may come from other kinds of training. Teachers of elocution say that they almost always find that the best athletes make the best appearance on the platform. Boys who by club-swinging, running, wrestling, and other forms of exercise have learned to control every muscle, usually have the best control of themselves when they walk or speak. It is well to get this control in some way, therefore, and then to add to it by practice in declamation. Walk to the platform firmly and deliberately; bow quietly, stand well poised on your hips in an easy, and not in a slouching, attitude. Move when you please, as though you meant to move and were not afraid to. Have control of your hands and arms. You must be accustomed to the feeling of moving them about, and remember that the gestures are made with the hands, not with the arms alone. You may have seen beginners make gestures with their arms. Their hands appear without life or feeling. A proper gesture should extend to the very finger tips.

In books on elocution it is generally directed to complete the gesture at the moment of uttering the word or syllable which it accompanies. Some, however, have contended that the gesture ought to precede, somewhat, the utterance of the words. They maintain that such is always the natural order of action. An emotion struggling for utterance produces a tendency to bodily gesture, to express that emotion more quickly than words can be framed. The words follow as quickly as they can be well spoken. It is claimed that this is always the case with the real, earnest, and unstudied speaker. These two views are not really inconsistent. The gesture is begun first, but the word is produced so quickly by the voice that usually the gesture is not completed till the utterance of the word is completed. The matter cannot well be tested in speaking the words of others. But, in delivering your own words, if you feel impelled to use a certain gesture at a certain point, that gesture will probably be made at the proper time. In any case, a gesture should not linger after the word or expression which it is intended to illustrate or emphasize. You should not hurry your gestures; nor wriggle your hands as they hang at your side; nor look at your hands as you gesture; nor swing your arms as if they were fastened to your shoulders by pins; nor scrape the floor with your feet as you walk; nor walk too much. Begin your speaking in a clear, natural voice that you are quite certain will reach

every person in the audience. If when you begin to speak there is a buzz of conversation, a rattle of papers, a flutter of fans, speak so loudly, so clearly, and so distinctly, that every one will know you are speaking and will give attention to what you are saying. Having thus secured your audience, drop the voice until you are speaking in your natural key and with your natural force, always making sure that you are heard. After talking to one part of an audience turn to another. Do it deliberately and do it while talking. Never walk forward as though at that place in your speech you had decided to walk. Make every movement mean something.

Practise faithfully in all these matters of breathing, articulation, delivery, gesture, and attitude, and when you go before an audience, strive to forget it and to put your whole soul and your whole well-trained body into your speech. Then you will speak.

ORATORY

PRACTICE in declamation is the natural preparation for the delivery of an oration; the natural training for an orator. Whereas in the declamation you are setting forth sentiments expressed by some one else, in the oration or the debate you are supposed to be setting forth your own sentiments. "I define oratory," wrote Henry Ward Beecher, "to be the art of influencing conduct with the truth sent home by all the resources of living man." In oratory, therefore, genuine earnestness is the great essential. In your declamations, you have tried to feel what the author felt when he wrote; in the oration, you are the author and must feel what you say.

When you have become an orator, it must be assumed that you have completely mastered all the requirements of good declamation so thoroughly that you no longer think of them. They are yours as if by nature. You are left with the capability of depicting your thoughts so that all that is necessary for you is to have the thoughts and to believe in them. There are doubtless many finished orators who use their skill for pecuniary considerations, and who are employed for carrying conviction to an audience, whether it is their real conviction or not. On the political platform, in campaign times, these men are called "spellbinders." But if the audience has any reason to suppose that the speaker does not really believe what he is so eloquently setting forth, his speech will lose its effect. He will hurt rather than help a cause. On the other hand, you may have heard speakers whom you knew to be intellectually, morally, and physically in earnest. Your hearers must know and see that you are in earnest. Make them believe it.

You may think that this physical earnestness is something which must come with conviction, but it is nevertheless a fact that you

can cultivate it even when you are delivering the words of others. One who cannot be in earnest when delivering a declamation, rarely becomes physically earnest when delivering his own words. It is well in your preparatory work by declamation, to choose for your speaking, words that express your opinions. If they do not at first, then study to make the author's conviction your own. Put yourself in his place, as far as possible. Then you simply adopt the phraseology of the author and with it express your own views. In this way, physical earnestness can be acquired. Then, when you go out into the world and find that you have a message to deliver to waiting men, they will listen to it and believe you more readily than if you had waited to do your practicing upon them.

To say that you must have physical earnestness, however, is not to advocate that you "tear a passion to tatters, to very rags." Spurgeon was right when he said that "it is an infliction, not to be endured twice, to hear a brother who mistakes perspiration for inspiration, tear along like a wild horse with a hornet in his ear till he has no more wind, and must needs pause to pump his lungs full again." Henry Ward Beecher used to tell this story of his father, Dr. Lyman Beecher: "Coming home from church one day, he said, 'It seems to me I never made a worse sermon than I did this morning.' 'Why, father,' said I, 'I never heard you preach so loud in all my life.' 'That is the way,' said the Doctor, 'I always holler when I haven't anything to say.'" You will notice the distinction, therefore. There must be an adjustment of the parts that go to make up oratory. You must have physical earnestness, but it must be in proportion to other things.

PREPARATION

FEW men make speeches without carefully preparing them beforehand. It is rather amusing that so many speakers try to produce the impression that they speak without having made such preparation. Sometimes it is by beginning with the conventional statement that the call upon them is unexpected. But few speakers fool their hearers by these methods. Peter Harvey says that Webster said to him that no man who was not inspired could make a good speech without preparation; that if there were any of that sort of people, he had not met them. He added that his reply to Hayne, the most famous of his speeches, was based upon full notes that he had made for another speech upon the same subject. He said that if Hayne had tried to make a speech to fit his notes, he could not have done it better. Again he said: "The materials for that speech had been lying in my mind for eighteen months, though I had never committed my thoughts to paper nor arranged them in my memory." As for speaking on the "spur of the

moment," Webster said, "Young man, there is no such thing as extemporaneous acquisition."

Edward Everett always wrote out his orations and, as he said, impressed them simultaneously on the paper and on his memory. Many of Phillips's orations were in type before he spoke them. Lincoln's address at Gettysburg, that gem of American eloquence, was read by him from manuscript. The greatest orations have probably been the best prepared. The brightest and most effective after-dinner speeches have been probably most carefully considered. But this does not prevent a quick and fortunate use of unforeseen incidents and the remarks of others.

THE DEBATING CLUB AS AN EDUCATOR

THERE is no method of popular education that contains so much of both pleasure and profit as the properly-conducted discussion of an interesting question. There is no training more valuable for quickening individual thought, concentrating the mind, directing ideas into definite channels, and developing facility in the effective use of our mother tongue; in fact, there is no accomplishment more practically beneficial to the average man or woman than the ability to think while "on the feet." It is hoped that the following suggestions will aid every one who may desire to acquire this most desirable art:—

Selecting good questions is the secret of success for a debating club. Dullness, the fatal disease that sometimes attacks a club, is usually the result of poor judgment in the choice of questions. To prevent this, clubs should submit every question to the following tests: *First*—Is the question evenly balanced? Are there two distinct sides? Would it be easier to debate on one side than on the other? *Second*—Is it worth discussing? Would it make any difference to anybody if it were decided either way? *Third*—Is it broad enough to lead out several lines of argument? A too specific question hampers a debater, especially if he has had but little experience. But guard also against the other extreme and do not make it so broad that it will not be worth discussing. *Fourth*—Is there plenty of material available from which the debaters on either side may prepare their arguments? *Fifth*—Is it a question in which some of the debaters have a personal interest? A question concerning athletics will be discussed more enthusiastically if there are one or more athletes taking part in the debate.

It is not always necessary to reject a question if it does not meet the above conditions. In many cases, the defect may be remedied by proper treatment. Take, for example, the question:—

Resolved: That novel reading is injurious.

Apply the first test. No sensible person would try to prove the broad assertion that novel reading is injurious. Apply the second test. Yes, it is worth discussing. Apply the third test. It certainly is broad enough. Apply the fourth test. There is abundance of material. Apply the fifth test. Probably any society will find novel readers in its membership. The conclusion is, therefore, that the question is admirable except for the fact that it is not evenly balanced. Note how easily this defect may be remedied:—

Resolved: That the great amount of novel reading at the present day is injurious.

This change takes away none of the original advantages; yet it balances the question so that the average group of people would be evenly divided in their opinions for and against it. That questions be debatable is not the whole secret. What is known as "the spice of life" is an important element to be considered. Debating committees must be ever on the alert for new ideas. Since they must cater to various tastes, they must introduce a variety of subjects. As a rule, young debaters prefer questions that have a political bearing. While a certain amount of this sort of discussion gives helpful training to the future citizens, it is by no means best to limit any society to political subjects. Questions which deal with the problem of making the most of life are far more beneficial to the average debater. The questions should never depart from the realm of common sense, but it is not advisable that they should be confined entirely to the serious side of life. At reasonably long intervals, questions should be introduced that will give to the members a chance to develop the humorous side of their natures. Take the question:—

Resolved: That the man who invented sugar coating for pills was a public benefactor.

The main idea in this question is sensible, but it is so worded as to afford numerous opportunities for making witty points. Once in a while, it is well to have a discussion of some general subject, which cannot be arranged in the form of a debate. Occasionally, there should be introduced an emergency topic; that is, a topic which is presented for discussion without allowing members an opportunity to prepare beforehand. Sometimes this emergency topic may be varied by giving to each member a different topic of current interest, allowing two or three minutes for the impromptu discussion of each topic. The practical benefit of any debate may be increased greatly by supplementing it with a talk by some experienced person on a subject relative to the one debated. Preparing an argument is the secret of success in debating. Webster always prepared on both sides of every current question. This custom accounts for his brilliant extemporaneous speeches. Extemporaneous speaking

does not mean speaking without study or arrangement of ideas. It means simply the free action of the mind, in which the form of expression is modified, more or less, by the presence of the audience; it is so styled to distinguish it from a speech which is read from manuscript, or delivered with the assistance of copious notes.

One of the chief values of debating is that it induces study and research. Before discussing any subject, find out everything that you can that others have written about it. Procure books and periodicals which contain articles bearing on either side of the question; then go carefully over the material you have gathered and take notes on cards, devoting one card to each separate branch of argument. When a note is made, a reference to its source should be entered. Make each note brief, giving only the point to be brought out, and indicating such phrases and illustrations as may be quoted in the argument. Let us emphasize what has been hinted previously, that each debater should prepare himself on both sides of the question. Success in battle often depends upon the employment of spies, whose business it is to find out beforehand the strength and the plans of the enemy. Even so, the skilful debater will find out his opponent's probable arguments and so prepare to refute them.

When the debaters have collected all the material that they can find, there should be a meeting of each side, or team, to arrange a concerted plan of action. The points which all have collected should be divided proportionately among the several debaters, thus preventing repetition of arguments. Each debater should keep a complete list of all the probable points that the opposition may bring up. Debating, like football, depends largely upon team work. Having determined what you will say, the next thing is to decide how to say it most convincingly. From beginning to end, bear in mind the word "convincing." Of course you may be entertaining, instructive, and, perhaps, amusing; but all of these should be subordinate to "convincing."

The leading speaker of either side states the question. This is the only introduction that has a place in debate. Everything else should be discussion; beginning with an argument and ending with another. Build your arguments as a house is built, having each part fit into some other part, making the design complete. Arrange all the points in a logical sequence and, if possible, reserve your strongest point for the close, thus fashioning the mightiest weapon of logic, the climax. On a small card note briefly the points in the regular order in which they are to be presented, and run over them many times until you have the whole argument thoroughly in mind. You should commit to memory the beginning of your speech, at least, and it would be well to memorize a few striking sentences to be used in the body of the argument.

It is an excellent plan to stand before your mirror and argue the question to yourself. Another helpful practice is to induce a critical friend to listen to you. In fact you will do well to discuss the question informally with several of your friends, because this is the best way to discover which are the weak and which the strong points in your argument.

Before leaving this subject of preparation, it will be well to warn you against the bugaboo, "the spur of the moment." Some one is certain to tell you that the chief aim of debating is to teach you to think on "the spur of the moment," and that "cut and dried" preparation will deprive you of this important lesson. Such advice is nonsensical. The "spur of the moment" seldom comes to those who simply sit down and wait for it. Farmers say that "you can't get blood out of a turnip," which is no truer than the fact that you can't get bright ideas out of a head that has never been filled with bright thoughts. So, if you want to make brilliant speeches "on the spur of the moment," you must prepare beforehand by reading, studying, thinking, and thus storing your mind with bright ideas.

Sincerity and brevity are excellent watchwords for a debater. If possible he should argue on the side of the question in which he believes. It is well to take a vote on the question before it is debated, and to assign the leading speakers to sides corresponding to their opinion. But, if it should be necessary for a debater to argue contrary to his convictions, he should never use this as an excuse for misrepresentation. It is not the chief object of debate to win for your side; but to present the facts in the clearest possible way without reference to the decision of the judges. Of course, this does not mean that you should give facts to help your opponents. It is simply a warning against a too common practice of attempting to refute every argument of the opposing side. No false argument can withstand the truth, and the debater who tries to misconstrue facts, in nine cases out of ten will do so in such a way as to give to the opposing side an opportunity to show the false position. After that, the judges will distrust every statement he makes, even the truth.

Brevity is a twin sister of sincerity. It always takes longer to tell a falsehood than it does to tell the truth. So, when the facts are ready, the next thing is to present them in the fewest words possible. The aim in debate is to say as much as possible in the shortest time possible. "Much" is used advisedly and does not mean "so many words." In fact, it means the contrary. Cut out all words that can be omitted and leave the bare facts clearly represented, and you have the best and strongest kind of an argument. One of the chief lessons to be learned in debates is the value of clear, concise statements.

In delivering your argument, it is well to bear in mind the homely maxim "Don't beat about the bush." Waste no time on an introduction

but get to work at once. Beware of so-called oratorical frills. Forget yourself and think only of the question you are discussing. Stick close to your text. Be earnest, even to the point of enthusiasm. Avoid large words and long sentences. Say everything that is necessary, and nothing that is unnecessary. You cannot afford to waste a word, much less a sentence. After presenting a point, drive it home, clinch it, and go on to the next one. When you have finished, stop. It does not pay to be stingy of time. If five minutes is allotted to you, try to finish your argument in four minutes and fifty-nine seconds, or in even a second or two less. The rap of the chairman's mallet may spoil the effect of your finest argument.

Every debater would do well to memorize the following definition which was given by one of the greatest orators of modern times, Henry Ward Beecher: —

“I define oratory to be the art of influencing conduct with the truth sent home by all the resources of the living man.”

QUESTIONS SUITABLE FOR DEBATE

Resolved: That early marriage injures a young man's chances for success.

Resolved: That success is more dependent upon ability than upon opportunity.

Resolved: That the present system of teaching in our public schools is not such as to give the average pupil a knowledge of the true principles of successful living.

Resolved: That poverty rather than wealth has a tendency toward the development of true manhood.

Resolved: That the achievement of the American people was greater in gaining independence than in suppressing the Rebellion.

Resolved: That life in the country is more favorable to human development than is life in the city.

Resolved: That the press wields more power than does the pulpit.

Resolved: That there should be an educational qualification for voting.

Resolved: That the farmer is a greater benefactor to the community than is the manufacturer.

Resolved: That the successful explorer is deserving of higher honor than is the successful warrior.

Resolved: That the observance of a day of rest should be required by law.

Resolved: That the happiness of nations increases with civilization.

Resolved: That pursuit affords more happiness than possession.

Resolved: That ambition has wrought more harm than good to mankind.

Resolved: That military drill should be taught in the common schools of America.

Resolved: That the love of fame is a more powerful motive in human affairs than is the love of money.

Resolved: That the great amount of novel reading at the present day is an evil.

Resolved: That the drama is a more powerful agent for arousing the emotions than is the novel.

Resolved: That education has more to do in producing a great and good character than have innate tendencies.

Resolved: That the United States Senators should be elected by direct vote of the people of the States represented.

Resolved: That a lawyer is justified in trying to secure the acquittal of his client when he knows him to be guilty.

Resolved: That religion has conferred greater benefits upon the world than has science.

Resolved: That the United States does not need a powerful navy, and that all expenditures—beyond a small sum to provide a few vessels for peace service—is money wasted.

Resolved: That all races and nations should be equally eligible to citizenship in the United States.

Resolved: That poverty produces more crime than does wealth or ignorance.

Resolved: That the chief aim of punishment should be the reformation of the criminal.

Resolved: That the government and institutions of a people cannot long remain better than the people themselves.

Resolved: That eloquence is a gift of nature and cannot therefore be acquired.

Resolved: That the world is made happier by the increase of wealth and luxury.

Resolved: That the influence of women has contributed to civilization more than that of men.

Resolved: That all trusts and general combinations tending to banish competition should be forbidden by law.

Resolved: That the President of the United States should be elected directly by the people, for a term of six years, and should not be eligible for a second term.

Resolved: That the standard of integrity in business and political life has declined since the American Revolution.

Resolved: That the tariff should be imposed for revenue only.

Resolved: That party allegiance is preferable to independent action in politics.

JOURNALISM

THE word "journalism" is less pretentious in the present century than it was in the last. Webster defines it as a "profession;" the dictionary of most recent date names it a "business." A journalist, according to Webster, is the conductor of, or contributor to, a public journal. The latest publication of definitions admits that a journalist is a newspaper man. There may be less dignity in the definition, as there is perhaps less dignity in the calling, but the calling must fit the times,

whether it fits the definition or not, and even the penny-a-liner, as the scribe was once called in London, may not hesitate to refer to himself as a journalist.

Journalism is a young man's business, and it is one to which men who have grown old in its service, rarely apprentice their sons. As a channel leading to other careers, journalism is unexcelled. For the political arena, the training and experience is exceptionally fine, and for the literary field, the discipline has proved itself of greatest value. Many of the literary lights of the present time have, at some time in their lives, served an apprenticeship, in some capacity, in a newspaper office. It may be that they served such apprenticeship long enough to prove to themselves that "the future" toward which they were looking was not to be found in that direction, and, therefore, they bettered themselves as soon as the opportunity offered. The men who toil hardest in the newspaper office, to whose reliability and capacity for plodding the paper owes its success, are not the men whose names are heralded abroad, as also they are not the men, who in their old age, find a substantial fortune to their credit. Then, again, as a newspaper man ages, his value decreases. In the practice of law, or medicine, or in the ministry, the way opens wider and wider with years of development; but in journalism, while the old man may have much to give, it generally happens that what he has to offer is not keenly wanted, and that the alertness and enthusiasm of the young man at his elbow is more in demand than is his own greater experience.

BUSINESS MANAGEMENT



"If I were to begin my business life over again," said a successful managing editor, "I would commence by sweeping out the business office. After I had learned the business end of the newspaper I could then take up the editorial end; for the editorial office is secondary to the business management, or at most is but a part of it." It is true that the commercial end of a large daily paper is the place where an experienced man is always in demand. In the editorial department, there usually stands at the elbow of the best editorial writer some man who can do his work as well as he can—and possibly better. The only editor who is indispensable in the office is the one who owns the controlling stock in the newspaper. Ideally, a newspaper is an enterprise that is run for the convenience of the people, for the purpose of disseminating news, and for doing good in countless ways. The

model newspaper is regarded as something of a reformer, with tendencies altruistic in the extreme. But in reality, the newspaper is a vast commercial enterprise whose policy is shaped in a way to insure the greatest dividends to the stockholders. "Any paper can get news," said the head of the business department, "but it takes hustling to get advertisements."

As an illustration of the dominance of the business department of the representative dailies, it is worth while to recall the occasion of the cholera scare some years ago in New York City. It was in the month of September, the closing of a summer of intense heat, when every one who could possibly escape from the city had done so. All summer long there had been mutterings of what might happen in the city should any of the incoming steamers convey to port the germs of the dread disease. Every day the papers put up "scare heads," even the more conservative of them indulging in apprehensions and lingering doubts as to future safety. Ocean steamers were detained for days and days at quarantine, and the Health Department buckled on its armor ready for action. The papers enlarged upon every minute detail, until the people who could not get away from town were in a perfect frenzy of fear and anxiety. Papers sold like wildfire, and "extras" were the feature of the hour.

Finally, after the scare had lasted about four weeks, the advertisers called a meeting, held a consultation among themselves, and decided that it was time to act. Thereupon, a committee was appointed to call upon the business managers of the various dailies, to inform them that unless the cholera scare abated immediately they would one and all withdraw their advertising. "Our business is being ruined," said the advertisers. "People are afraid to come back to town, and the newspapers are responsible." The effect of their action was magnetic and there is no instance on record when a cholera epidemic, or any other epidemic, was suppressed so promptly. The papers with one accord announced that the scare was over, and that settled it. The power of the press is an expressive phrase. The dominance of the business office is well understood, for it is the business office that pays the salaries, a fact that the editorial office cannot afford to forget. Another interesting feature of the general mechanism of a partisan paper is the fact that in order not to estrange the general reader by a too-rabid demonstration of partisanship, an editor having convictions directly opposed to what he must advocate, is employed to furnish editorials, and thus a happy medium is secured. Editorials may be half-hearted; but better be half-hearted than that the constituency should be circumscribed. The business office again!

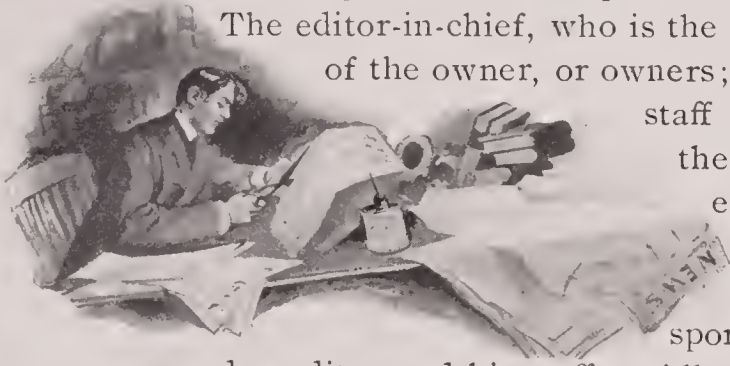
Some one has well said that the business of the modern daily journal consists in the purchase of white paper by the ton, and the sale of it at

retail after a number of things have been done to it. Indeed, the work done in the editorial department seems the smallest and least intricate of all the departments called into active service, from the time the huge rolls of paper are unloaded at the door of the press room, to the time when it is sent out in sheets to the reader. The perfect system of the great mechanism, that illustrates its power in the apparently simple result that you find your paper at your door in the early morning, can no more be grasped by the casual thinker, than can an understanding of the gigantic presses of Robert Hoe, which have made the result a possibility. It is all a great secret which the general reader is content not to solve, nor to seek to understand, so long as the evidence, in the shape of the morning and evening papers, promptly materializes. There are more than 22,000 newspapers in the United States. One of the largest of these, a New York daily, employs 2,000 men and women every day. In one year this plant used 337,558 miles of paper, for which the bill was \$617,000. The expenses of this same paper for the year amounted to more than \$2,000,000. Of this sum, the editorial and literary matter cost \$220,000; local news, \$290,000; illustrations, \$180,000; correspondence, \$125,000; telegraph, \$65,000; cable, \$27,000; mechanical department, \$410,000; paper, \$617,000 and business office, ink, light, rent, etc., \$219,000. It is safe to say that there are three dailies in New York City to which these figures will approximately apply.

EDITORIAL STAFF

THE editorial staffs of the various dailies doubtless have their distinguishing features, but practically they consist of the following persons: The editor-in-chief, who is the owner of the paper, or the representative of the owner, or owners; the editor of the editorial page and his staff of writers; the managing editor, who is the executive officer of the paper; the news editor; the day city editor and his staff; the night city editor and his staff; the telegraph editor; the foreign editor; the sporting editor; the dramatic editor; the Sunday editor and his staff. All of these positions, with one or two exceptions, speak for the high-salaried, capable newspaper man.

There is no place in the world where the newspaper men receive such large salaries as they do in New York City, and there is no place in the world where the tenure of office of an editor employed by one of the great dailies is so precarious. However great may have been his achievements in the past, however profound may be his ability in the position he occupies, however great his influence with the "powers" of the paper, there is never a moment in his career when he is not in danger of being



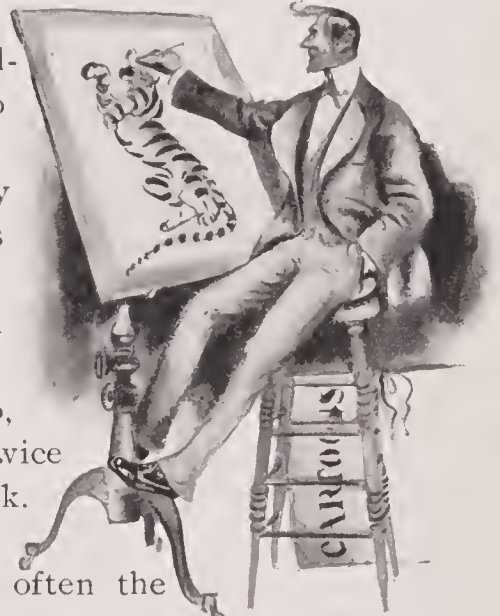
superseded by any member of his staff who has for some reason attracted attention to himself from the proprietor. There are always office politics much more intricate in system and much more complex in adjustment than are the inside machinations of the great Tammany society; and it is rarely, if ever, that one editor is permitted to retain his prominence for a period sufficiently extensive to enable him to acquire more than their rudiments.

The man who has acquired a safe and sure position as the head of any staff connected with the working of a daily paper, and who has the steadfast courage to refuse all proffers of promotion to the incumbency of a "desk"—that is, who constantly declines to become an editor of any department, no matter what its emoluments may be—and who is content to remain in the unassailable position that he has earned for himself by reason of having become the best-informed man in his department, is the only man who is reasonably sure of retaining his position and his salary as long as the paper exists, or until he himself becomes too old to perform his duties.

SALARIES

Now a word about specific salaries as paid in New York City. A managing editor receives a sum anywhere between \$5,000 and \$15,000 a year, according to the paper that employs him. There are two or three papers that employ men of marked ability, regardless of expense. There is probably no man on the paper who receives a larger salary than does the business manager. He is the man who may command his own price. The city editor receives anywhere from \$50 a week upward, depending on the man and the paper. A reporter who can earn \$80 a week by "space" writing—that is, when paid a given price per column—may have a salary of \$40, unless he has a specialty, and then he may receive twice that sum. Copy readers have from \$30 to \$40 a week. The reporter who starts in with no experience has sometimes \$15 a week, and sometimes less. It is often the privilege of members of the city staff to make extra money on the Sunday paper, and to their copy is always given the preference.

It is because salaries are high and promotions are speedy that New York City is the Mecca of the newspaper man, and the staffs of the Gotham papers are for the most part recruited from the men from western and southern towns. It is the young enthusiast with the western push and the southern enthusiasm, who goes east with a letter from his home newspaper, with his mind open to impressions, with eyes that see



where they look — he is the one who meets with intoxicating success. He had, perhaps, \$18 a week at the office of the home newspaper. In New York he finds an opening and goes to work with a zeal that surprises even himself. In two years, it may be, he has worked up to a position that commands \$5,000 a year. He never gets any higher, and the chances are that he runs his pace in four years. A successful newspaper career often does not last more than four years. During that time he may even receive \$10,000 a year. Five years later he may look for a position at \$20 a week, — and not be able to find it. He, least of all, is able to understand the situation, which is merely the working of the invariable rule.

The standard of the newspaper is constantly changing, and unless the editor lends himself to the change that is going on all the while, unless he continually adapts himself to new standards, he is not fitted to hold any position. Once out of the paper, he can reënter only by beginning over again — “at the bottom of the ladder” — and by working his way up. Where is the man who has the courage and enthusiasm to do this? He must seek work in other fields. Oftentimes it proves to be a blessing in disguise, for the real ability of the man is then developed. It was only two years ago that the most highly-paid artist on one of the large Sunday papers decided to resign in order to take a vacation in Europe. For two years he had received a weekly salary of \$250. He went to Europe, spent his money with the lavish hand of one who makes it too easily to understand its value, and finally landed in New York City, ready to replenish his depleted bank account. But during his absence, the paper had learned to do without him, and when he applied for his old position it was not to be had, but he was told that he might go to work on \$14 a week. He was indignant, but circumstances woke him up later, and he found that he had either to begin at the bottom of the ladder or to starve. The standards of the paper had changed during his absence, and it was not until he had assimilated the atmosphere of the new standard that he could produce what the paper wanted, for even \$14 a week.

REWARDS

IN NO particular do the rewards of journalism keep pace with the rewards accruing in other professions, and it is safe to say that with the same amount of individuality and zeal put into another enterprise, in the commercial world, for instance, the returns would far exceed any ever harvested in the fields of journalism. It is also safe to state that it is the love of adventure, and the desire to exercise what is known as gumption, that lure the alert young man to the fields of journalism when his time and attention might be more fruitfully devoted to another and more prom-

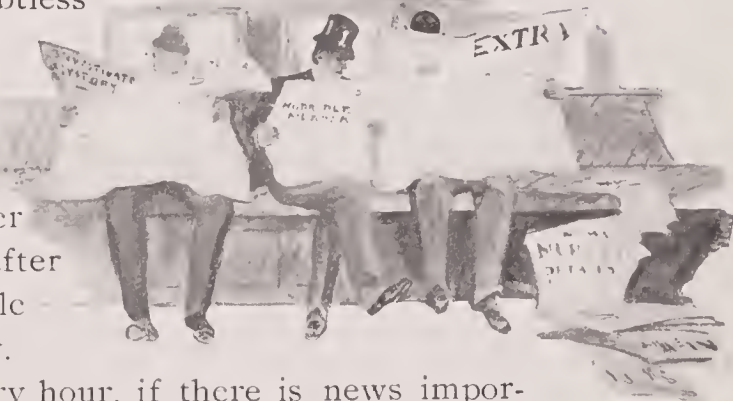
ising enterprise. The stepping-stone to a political career or to the publisher's business, is certainly to be found by the bright man at the end of the journalistic vista; but it is a question if the young man who starts out on the staff of a daily paper looks far enough ahead to see anything in the shape of a definite object. He doubtless leans to a literary career, but the more fortunate he is in the newspaper world, the farther retreat his opportunities for a literary life.

Congressman Amos J. Cummings, of New York, gives it as his opinion that a man with journalistic training succeeds better in politics than in any other profession. In the biographies of senators and members of the House of Representatives, published from year to year in the "Congressional Directory," appear references to the fact that this or that senator or representative was at one time a printer or an editor. James G. Blaine always pointed with pride to the fact that he had been a newspaper reporter, and later, an editor. President Harrison's private secretary and President McKinley's first secretary were both editors of newspapers, and the secretaryship to the President is now one of the most important positions in the gift of the National Executive. In the McKinley administration, a greater number of appointments to responsible and honored positions was made from the ranks of journalists than from any other profession, and this was not, perhaps, because the men were more competent, but because of their influence and political experience.

THE EVENING PAPER

THE greatest innovation in the newspaper world during the past five years has been the evening paper. It was the commercial journalist who discovered its value. As every business man would read a paper on his way home in the afternoon, it would prove an excellent medium for advertising, particularly as it would go into the family at an hour when every one had leisure to read it. It has proved a greater enterprise than the morning paper, doubtless because there are so many editions, and the possibilities for attracting the buyer are therefore greater. The first edition of the evening paper is put on the press as soon as the morning paper is printed, and it is on the streets soon after breakfast. By ten o'clock it is impossible to buy a morning paper from a newsboy.

Then there are editions sent out every hour, if there is news important enough to warrant it. The last edition, "The Sporting Extra," is printed about five o'clock. The "Extra" is decidedly a feature of this



new journalism. It is issued from the office with the least possible delay after the receipt of any news that is sufficiently startling in character to warrant its immediate publication. The "Extra" proper, here referred to, does not include the various regular editions brought out during the day. The first page stands ready to lend itself to change at any moment.

THE SUNDAY PAPER

THE Sunday paper is a source of revenue to the free lance writer though it is more or less fluctuating as a market; there is scarcely any magazine matter of a personal nature that is not first worked up in the Sunday edition. It is a great source of revenue to the business department, and, indeed, if it were not so there would soon be a curtailing of its size. The management scarcely dares to make radical changes in the paper lest it might not prove so valuable as an advertising medium. But the Sunday supplement has practically killed the weekly illustrated paper and the comic or humorous weekly, so far, at least, as New York City sales are concerned. The humorous and illustrated publications are either a rehash of old matter, or else, as in the case of the comic papers, the latter gives so little for the money that the metropolitan market has been practically closed to them.

ART DEPARTMENT

THE art department of the paper occupies its present popular place entirely to the detriment of the writer; it is often more profitable to be a good photographer than a good writer. This is the photographic era in the newspaper. No one can tell how long it will last—how long it will be before the writer may again have an opportunity. Good artists are not plentiful, and the good one, even the good photographer who has in addition to his art certain reliable traits of character, earns a large salary. If he can also write, then indeed is the field his own.

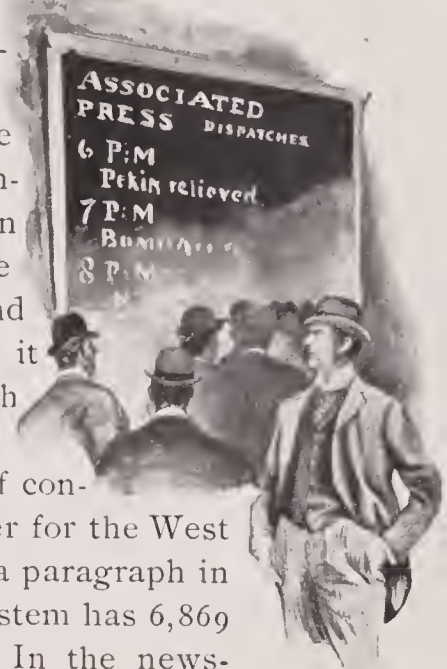
ASSOCIATED PRESS

THE most remarkable and stupendous consequence of modern journalism is the Associated Press, whose ramifications extend to the most remote and inaccessible regions of the globe. It seems almost incredible that a mere association, forty years ago, of three or four newspapers in the city of New York, for the purpose of obtaining news at less expense, should have resulted in this all-powerful, far-reaching, never-tiring news-agent, which the world knows and recognizes as the Associated Press. Charles A. Dana, Horace Greeley, the elder Bennett, and two or three other men equally prominent at that time in the newspaper world, real-

ized that there was a great mass of news which could not properly be classed under the head of "exclusive," even though one or two of them had it, and the others had not; they realized also that this particular class of news was costing them an exorbitant sum of money every day in the year, and they figured that if they could establish a joint office for the reception of such news, they would not only reduce the expense incurred in obtaining and transmitting it, but they would be enabled, by selling it to other publications not in their "combine," to realize a profit. Thus was born the Associated Press. To-day its influence and power have attained such enormous proportions, that should the Associated Press refuse to serve any newspaper in New York, that newspaper would have to go out of business.

There are now six hundred and eighty-four members of the Associated Press, and more than two thousand four hundred papers are served with its news. In order to handle the news expeditiously, the United States is divided into four sections, the Eastern, Western, Central, and Southern divisions. When an occurrence in a town has more than a local interest, the agent informs the division superintendent, who, after considering the relative value of the matter to his section and others, telegraphs back the amount he wants. As the news comes to him he transmits it over his own circuit and to the other division superintendents, who in turn send it through their own part of the country. News that is worth a column in one certain section may be of less value elsewhere, and the superintendent of each division has a staff of condensers who judge of its relative value. A column of matter for the West may be reduced to a half column in the Central division, a paragraph in the East, and to a line or two in the South. The whole system has 6,869 miles of leased wire by day, and 16,365 miles by night. In the newspaper office to which the "A. P." sends its news, by a messenger from the main office, the copy itself is known as the "flimsy," because it is printed on thin tissue paper. This is for the purpose of manifolding the copies, by which process a dozen copies may be made at the same time.

The Associated Press has correspondents to send to any remote locality where there are no newspapers, and it is also connected with European news associations. There is a division office in London, and there are agents in such out-of-the-way places as Adelaide, in New South Wales, Fez, in Morocco, and Persia. By a recent arrangement with the Navy Department, some officer on every United States war vessel is a correspondent of the Associated Press. Though this system is mutual, the newspapers are assessed at regular intervals, the total for one year being in the neighborhood of two million dollars.



Serving all classes of newspapers as it does, it is necessary that the news sent out by the Associated Press shall be absolutely colorless statements, nothing more. So great is its influence, and so essential is the service to the success of a newspaper, that it practically limits the establishment of any more newspapers. To quote its own description of itself, it is "a mutual organization of newspapers, having for its object the collection and distribution of the important news of the world." But on the outside it is often referred to as "the newspaper trust."

YELLOW JOURNALISM

"YELLOW JOURNALISM" is now a phrase that is known the world over. It means simply sensational journalism. The term originated with the color press which came into vogue a few years ago, and which enabled the papers to issue their "valentine supplements." Any picture that could be painted was sacrificed to the color supplement. It is not right, however, to describe as a "fake" everything that is connected with so-called "yellow" journalism. That the glaring headlines which one encounters in the paper are often misleading in suggestion while not really so in fact, cannot be denied; but this too has its uses and serves to attract an otherwise careless observer so that he is induced to possess himself of a paper, and he thereby becomes acquainted with not only the subject of the headlines that attracted him, but with the general contents of the sheet. There is no newspaper in New York City, "yellow" or "white," the news of which is not absolutely reliable as far as the intent of the editor is concerned. What is known as "faking" is not tolerated in any newspaper office. It is a crime with a punishment that admirably fits it, and any reporter knows that when he commits the crime it is done at his peril.

CIRCULATION AND ADVERTISING

THE newest thing about the new journalism is the variety of methods by which it builds its circulation. The scare head is one way, the "beat" or the "scoop" is another way of inviting prominence, as it inspires in its reader the pride that his own paper has scored a triumph over its contemporaries. Another method is that of printing, daily, the number of the circulation, which tends to encourage a personal interest in the progress of the paper. "Featuring" is another method. This consists of advertising conspicuously certain articles which are to appear in the immediate future; bill boards, street cars, and elevated stations, are utilized for this purpose. The posters with which the city is decorated by the newspaper is another innovation of the new journalism, and certainly no hippodrome ever announced itself with more garish advertising than do the New York Sunday papers on certain occasions.

The field of charity and philanthropy offers another of the fruitful ways and means of advertising, through which the public is benefited, both by personal giving and receiving, though primarily the object is to increase the popularity of the paper.

The Free Ice Fund, the Sick Babies' Fund, the Fresh Air Fund, the Christmas Dinner Fund, the Sunshine Society, the Maine Monument Fund, and similar enterprises, are all advertising schemes to increase the circulation of the paper. Whenever there is a great disaster in any part of the country, such as that which occurred in 1900 at Galveston, Texas, newspapers vie with one another in the effort to send out the first relief train laden with medicine, food, clothing, physicians, nurses, and whatever else may be donated to relieve the suffering. The prize contests that offer a trip around the world, the prize story, and the "chromo with every number" are all in the interest of circulation. The sporting page, now such a conspicuous feature in the newspapers, aims to attract a certain large class of people, and it is usually the case that the name of a well-known man of that fraternity is secured as editor, or to answer for the authenticity of reports.

The "Woman's Realm," a feature adopted to attract advertisers, did not increase the circulation of papers sufficiently to warrant the expenditure, and so it was dropped some time ago. The Sunday paper is the delight of the advertising manager, for if it were not practical it would be dropped very soon. An increase of circulation means an increase of the advertising rate, and the advertising is the very soul of the modern newspaper, for no newspaper could live a day without it. A circulation of 100,000 copies,—if a one-cent paper, is sold to dealers at fifty or sixty cents a hundred—brings in \$500 or \$600 a day, but this pays only for the white paper, the composing room and press room expenses, and part of the cost of delivery.

It not infrequently happens that the man who expected to make a hit in the editorial department of a newspaper finds himself involved in the advertising department; and it is no mean tribute to his ability that he is qualified for the work of meeting advertisers and getting from them what the paper wants. He conducts his business very much as the drummer sells goods, and the wider his personal acquaintance the more extensive the business he can command. Women are not often employed in the advertising department of the newspaper, although now and then a clever woman is sent to give an advertiser a "write up" that must not sound like an advertisement.

The following incident, related by a woman once prominent in the newspaper world, suggests the willingness of the business department, and shows how involved are its schemes to attract the advertiser. "It was in the day of the 'Woman's Page,'" she said, "and I was employed

by a paper that made a specialty of its Woman's Department. The editor-in-chief sent for me, and told me that he would like to have me call upon the heads of the advertising departments of the principal stores, and ask them to give him an idea that would be of service in improving the woman's page. I was told to say to certain of them that the chief had said that they were especially bright men, and as they dealt in novelties of interest to women, they doubtless knew more about what women liked than did any one else in New York. He impressed me with the fact that it was good ideas for the woman's page that I was in search of, and that I was to do my best to get them. If I succeeded in getting only one, he should consider that I had done a good week's work. In each case I was to write an account of the interview and submit the report to him.

"I worked very conscientiously that week, and called upon every man on the list of names the editor had given me. In each case I was assured that the woman's page should be examined at once, and that if I would call again, an idea would doubtless be awaiting me. On calling the second time, I was assured that the page had been examined and that it was considered very fine, that I was to present compliments to my editor-in-chief, etc. I bore the message with perfect sincerity. I was new at newspaper work at that time, was very much in earnest, and concluded that while the week's work had not seemed especially remunerative, inasmuch as I had not gleaned an idea, it was, doubtless, the ordinary experience of reporters."

"I did not see my chief in regard to the matter, but the managing editor assured me that my work had been satisfactory."

"'But,' I said, 'I did not get an idea.'"

"'No,' he replied, 'but you succeeded in attracting attention to the woman's page, and that was all that was required of you. You have been jollyng the advertisers.'"

"If I had not been perfectly sincere, the chief knew that I could not make the right impression. I fell into the trap set for me, and need scarcely add that the advertising manager of each store I visited also fell into the same trap."

REPORTING

THE newspaper reporter is created by force of circumstances. Every young man who finds himself suddenly face to face with the world and confronted with the word "necessity," may turn to newspaperdom. Either he has not sufficient means to prepare himself for one of the standard professions—that of doctor, lawyer, or preacher,—or he lacks the necessary energy and application. There is just enough mystery surrounding the making of a great paper to attract him. He has met and known newspaper men, and has found them fascinating,—young

men who seemed to him to live without the pale of ordinary laws and rules, and who could use, whenever occasion required, the magic "open sesame," "I'm Mr. Smith of the 'Herald,'" or "I'm Jones of the 'Tribune.'" "

It is in many ways a natural consequence of his bringing-up that the young man just out of college or the high school should turn to the newspaper for a means of livelihood. He has passed with credit through his studies; he has evinced, on more than one occasion, marked talent with the pen,—at least that is what his chums have assured him, time after time; his parents have "managed" to see him through his collegiate course, but he has reached the point where he must pick his own way onward. Now, at the age of twenty-one, or possibly a year or two more, he is suddenly made to realize that the old folks have done for him all that can be expected, and he must do the rest.

Perhaps in reality the father has had ambitions for his son. He has longed to see him take to the code, to the scalpel, or to the church. The lad himself may have had yearnings of that kind, but the impatience of youth cannot wait through the time of toil and trial for the diploma, and for the practice that is to follow. There must be another and a quicker method of earning a livelihood; and that other and quicker method, the only one at hand, the only one to which his talents are already adapted, is reporting,—and without casting any reflections upon the calling of reporter, it remains, nevertheless, true that he is fitted for that sort of work only because he is fitted for nothing else. The editor to whom he applies is ever on the alert for young and inexperienced men, who wear the light of genius in their eyes, and who have ambition to become journalists. Such young men write fairly good English; they are smart, bright, "cheeky," not to be put down, and are apt to be made of the stuff that does not know when it is down. They want to succeed, and their chief desire is to please the editor,—and what is more important still, they can, except on extraordinary occasions, do the work of high-salaried men for fifteen dollars a week.

It does not matter if the young applicant does not know the city,—he will soon learn that, and while he is learning it, he will be sent to police stations or be assigned to similar easy work until he "knows the ropes." If he is a stranger in the city, he is even better off in the matter of securing quick employment; but just why this is so, nobody, not even the editor himself, can tell.

If one should make a tour of the newspaper offices of New York City, and take a poll of the city staff of each paper in the metropolis, it would



be discovered that ninety per cent of the reporters hail from the country, and many of them from the south and west. "From the country" does not imply that they come from the really rural districts, but from smaller cities and towns, where many of them have now and then written a column or two for the local paper. Of the hundreds who annually migrate to New York in this way, and who succeed in securing employment on one paper or another, an exceedingly small percentage remains in the work for any length of time. The very nature of his work brings the reporter in contact with all sorts and conditions of life and employment, and sooner or later he is sure to find something that is more congenial, or to which he is better adapted, and the newspaper work is abandoned.

There is, however, now and then, a real reporter—the simon-pure article, who takes as naturally to the calling as a young duckling takes to water. He is, nevertheless, a *rara avis*, and the representatives of his kind engaged on the New York papers to-day, might be counted on the fingers of one hand. He is a young-appearing, clean-shaven, shrewd-looking man whose age it is impossible to guess, but which may be twenty-



eight or forty-eight years. Invariably he has been with the same paper ever since he began his career as a reporter, and just as invariably he has had the same kind of reportorial work to do through the administration of half a dozen city editors. He has found that he has a "field," and he is smart enough to stick to it, and wise enough to decline promotion. He draws a large salary, because he has made himself indispensable. There are men who absolutely decline to be interviewed by the ordinary reporter, but who will talk to this one at all times. He knows everybody in his line. He has neither time nor inclination for other society. He will not waste his time with anybody over a bar or a pack of cards, unless it is in the line of his work, or to secure his story in better shape. Whenever an important piece of news comes up, on which some one who is acquainted with the facts must be interviewed at once, he knows who to interview, and he has the address—and nine times out of ten, he is already so well acquainted with the person sought that the great man addresses him by his first name.

The real reporter is a methodical personage, and in that he is distinct from all others of his species. He reports at his desk in the office at a certain hour each day, and you may rely upon his being there neither early nor late, but on time. Usually, unless it is something of especial moment that has come up during the morning, the city editor permits him to take his own assignments, for the real reporter is careful to know more about the line he covers than can possibly be known at the desk,

and the schedule, therefore, after his name, exhibits only one word, which, for instance, may be Politics.

When this star man of the staff enters the room, he looks over his mail and glances at the several morning papers, exactly as if he were an editor; presently he strolls over to the city desk and seats himself upon one corner of it.

"How much will you want me to cover to-day?" he inquires, referring to space and not to territory. "Senator so-and-so is in town, or will be this afternoon, and I ought to get a good story out of him on that Kloober bill; it comes up next week in the Senate."

"Will he talk to you about it?"

"Oh yes; he always talks to me; shall I look him up?"

"Yes; how many columns can you take care of to-day? Better make it as much as you can. Looks as though things were going to be slow. Better make it two and a half or three."

The real reporter strolls back to his desk, lingers awhile and smokes, chats with such of the "young 'uns" as may happen to be in the office and who view him with envious and awestruck eyes. Presently he closes his desk with a bang and departs in search of a hearty luncheon, and later in the afternoon he may be seen in the vicinity of the Fifth Avenue hotel, or at the Democratic or Union League club, and doubtless he will be talking familiarly with a United States Senator from California, who calls him "Tom," and who supplies good cigars, and acts as though it were an honor to know him.

He does not waste too much time over the senator, either. He is too well posted in his business to cheapen himself, or to smoke more than one of the senator's cigars, and besides, there are other fish to fry; and so he goes from place to place, seeing everybody whom it is worth his while to see, and discussing different subjects with each one he interviews. But never once during all that day could you discover in his possession anything that resembles a notebook. He relies entirely upon his memory, and that serves him accurately; if it did not, these men would not permit him to interview them time after time. In the evening, if nothing new has occurred to alter his plans, he dines at his club, or with friends, and early finds his way to the office where the night city editor is now at the desk. To him he goes and briefly tells what he has and again asks the question, "How much space shall I cover?" He is told, and he goes to his desk, writes the required amount, turns it in, takes his hat and gloves, nods good night to those who happen to look up, and disappears. He has obtained a position of prominence in his occupation. He is often better informed upon the subjects upon which he interviews the great men who come to town, than they are themselves, and it is a

matter of frequent occurrence that he can give them information that they are very anxious to have.

Such a man will remain a reporter to the end of his days, but he will never look old, or worn, or *blasé*. He takes too good care of himself for that; his life is too methodical, and he never permits himself to indulge in excesses. You will find him at the great conventions when a President is to be nominated, and his face will be more familiar there, and better known to many or nearly all of the delegates, than are the faces of their colleagues. I have one in mind now, who for twenty years has not missed a state or national convention. He has seen many of the great leaders come and go; he has witnessed their rise to power and their fall from its dizzy height, and he has known and has interviewed them all. Now, he looks on as serenely as ever, as unmoved, and as uninterested. You might meet him in a drawing room or at a convention and you would describe him as a man of thirty. Well, I know that he is much older, but he could pass for even less.

It is not his business, and it is not his habits, that keep him young, but it is the serenity of his brain. He is a spectator where all others are participants. He looks on where others take part. He is passive while they are active. He possesses the reporter's brain, upon which no deep impressions are ever made,—which keeps only a temporary record of current events.

When the young and inexperienced reporter enters upon his duties, the word "assignment" has for him a portentous meaning, for it may send him anywhere at the will of the city editor, to glean from a mere suggestion, perhaps, enough matter to fill a column of his paper. I recall in this connection, an anecdote that was related to me by a gentleman who is now an editor on one of the great dailies of the city. He had joined the staff of an evening paper that is now extinct, or rather, that was absorbed long since by another. He was new, young, ambitious, and yearned for glory, and he had been in the employ of the paper only a week when the momentous event took place.

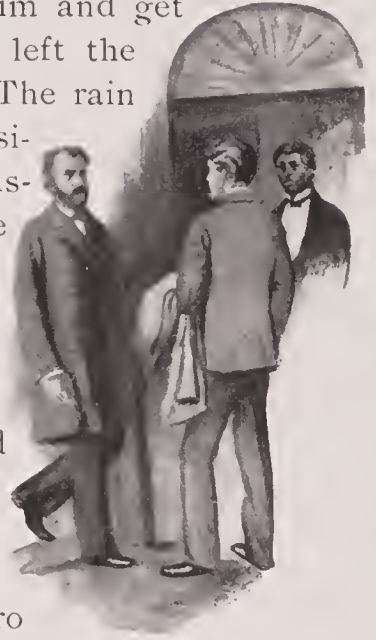
The city editor called him to the desk about seven o'clock in the evening and said:—

"Billy, Senator Conkling is in town. He arrived to-night and went at once to the house of Chester A. Arthur, on Lexington Avenue. The River and Harbor appropriation bill will come up in the Senate the day after to-morrow and I would like very much to get the senator to say something about it. Do you think you could interview him?"

"Certainly, sir," replied Billy, with all the confidence of the young reporter, who did not know that the great New York senator never permitted himself to be interviewed upon pending legislation.

The city editor looked at one of the older reporters who stood near and winked; then he added:—

“Well, if you can get the senator to say something about that bill, and about anything else of interest, you’ll secure a ‘beat,’ and I’ll agree to raise your salary. I want to tell you before you start out that he is not easy to interview. He may refuse to see you, and in that case there will be nothing to do but to report back; but if you can see him and get something,—well, this office will be proud of you.” Billy left the office, full of enthusiasm, to interview the great senator. The rain was falling in torrents when he started uptown for the residence of Chester A. Arthur, who was then Collector of Customs at the port of New York. He did not see why the senator should refuse to talk upon such a simple matter as the River and Harbor bill, which, by the way, at that particular time was attracting considerable attention in the newspapers. After leaving the car, he had some distance to walk in the rain before arriving at his destination. He was soaked to the knees and the rain was running in streams from his umbrella when at last he rang the bell. The door was opened instantly, and Billy dropped his closed umbrella in the vestibule and stepped into the hallway before the astonished negro who had responded to the ring could ask who he was.



“I want to see Senator Conkling!” he said, and at the same instant he was conscious that some person was descending the stairs and at that moment had paused on the bottom stair, not six feet from him. One glance told him, from the pictures he had seen — for he had never before seen the gentleman himself — that it was Senator Conkling. He did not bother any more with the negro, but, with every reportorial instinct awakened by finding himself so suddenly and so unexpectedly in the presence of the man he sought, he exclaimed:—

“Good evening, Senator. I’m from the “Mail.” Mr. Blank, our city editor, asked me to call upon you about the River and Harbor bill, which is to come up in the Senate day after to-morrow. He thought that you would give me a few facts about it that we could use in the paper. It does come up day after to-morrow, doesn’t it?”

Everybody knows that the “Mail” was owned by John Kelly, and that it was a Tammany organ. Conkling and his adherents loved neither the paper nor its owner, and it was doubtless the very last paper in Gotham for which the senator would consent to talk in any event, even had it not been his inviolable rule not to talk for the press about pending legislation. He, therefore, made Billy no reply whatever, but stood there on the bottom step, looking down upon him with that pouter-pigeon, freezing glance that had frequently shriveled more important personages than

the young reporter. But Billy was not dismayed. He was only the more determined.

"You are acquainted with Mr. Blank, our city editor, I presume?" he said.

"I do not think I have the honor of knowing the gentleman," replied the senator in his coldest tones.

"Well, that doesn't matter. Will you tell me something about the River and Harbor bill, Senator?"

"I must decline to be interviewed on any subject whatever, sir."

"But, Senator, this is a public matter. The public is intensely interested in the appropriations. Will the bill pass the Senate without amendment?"

"I know nothing about it, sir."

"Are you in favor of the bill, or are you opposed to it, Senator?"

"I know nothing about it, sir."

"The opposition to the bill is chiefly among the Democrats, is it not?"

"I know nothing about it, sir."

"What is the total amount of the appropriation asked for?"

"I know nothing about it, sir."

"Well, certainly you are in favor of the improvement suggested at the mouth of the Mississippi?"

"I know nothing about it, sir."

"Is this virtually the same bill that has been up in Congress several times before?"

"I know nothing about it, sir."

"Can't I induce you to say something about the bill, Senator? Something, however little it may be?"

"I know nothing about it, sir."

"Well, will you talk about some other public matter now before the Senate—anything?"

"I know nothing about it, sir."

"Will you say something about the Senate itself?"

"I know nothing about it, sir."

"Pardon me, Senator, but do you mean to tell me that you know nothing about the Senate?"

"I decline to be interviewed, sir. I know nothing about these matters."

"You have been quoted as opposed to the Ship-subsidy bill,—is it true that you are opposed to it?"

The Senator straightened himself until he was at least an inch taller, and then, with anger in his eyes, but in a voice that was as calm as ever, he said:—

"I have been subjected to this questioning long enough, sir. I will not be interviewed. You must excuse me. Please take your departure."

"But the Subsidy bill! Are you opposed to it?"

"I know nothing about it, sir."

"One more question, Senator, only one more, and I will go."

The Senator permitted his chin whiskers to touch his shirt bosom in something that resembled a haughty bow, evidently relieved that there was only one more question, and the next instant it was fired at him like a shot out of a gun.

"Is there anything, Senator, connected with the Senate, the House of Representatives, the Administration, or the public affairs of the nation that you do know something about?"

Only the Senator's unassailable dignity saved him from an explosion; but he prided himself upon never manifesting annoyance toward any person whom he considered an inferior, and although there was an angry glitter in his eyes, he replied as urbanely as before, and with another short nod of his head:—

"Nothing, sir."

Billy gave him one parting shot as he passed through the door which the negro had already opened and closed suggestively several times.

"Thank you, Senator," he said, genially. "You have given me a delightful interview. I hope you will take the trouble to read the "Mail" to-morrow. You have taught me one thing: A great man must know how to look wise, even if he is densely ignorant concerning public affairs."

When Billy reported back at the office, the city editor greeted him with a smile.

"Well, did you see him?" he asked.

"Certainly," replied Billy.

"Get anything?"

"You bet! Just wait till I write it. Can I have two columns?"

"Two? You can have a dozen if you got an interview with Senator Conkling."

"Well, I had an interview, and a long one, and I can write it, too."

Billy went to his desk, and two hours later when he turned in his copy, the city editor was all expectancy. He began to read, at first with surprise, then with interest, and then with undisguised merriment. Presently he called others to his desk, and they all laughed together over Billy's copy; and it was sent to the composing room almost word for word as Billy wrote it. When the "Mail" appeared on the street, it contained nearly three columns about the great senior senator from New York, who, while posing as the oracle of his country and as the leader in

the Senate, confessed that he was absolutely ignorant of the business before that august body. The article was intensely humorous and intensely real, and it was reprinted and quoted in hundreds of papers, from ocean to ocean. There are many who read this who will remember it. Years afterward, after he had retired from politics forever, as it proved, Mr. Conkling admitted to the writer of this article that he had never read in any newspaper, an article concerning himself that stung him so sharply as that one did.

The point is this: Billy proved himself a good reporter; one who was equal to an emergency, and who could make the most out of an interview, no matter what the subject discussed might be, for the article he wrote was intensely more interesting than anything that the senator might have said about the River and Harbor bill could have been; and Billy did get a raise in his salary. A young man who would be a successful reporter, must be *sui generis*, ubiquitous, and quietly determined in whatever he undertakes. If he possesses sensitive feelings that are inclined to be hurt, he must leave them in his room when he goes to the office, for they form no part nor parcel of his business. Urbane, polite, insistent, determined, always, there is only one goal for him to attain, and that is to get what he is sent to get, no matter what it is, or where it is.

THE WASHINGTON CORRESPONDENT

THERE is a Mecca toward which the eyes of every young reporter turn longingly, and that Mecca is Washington. He believes that if some day he can become the Washington correspondent for his paper, the height of his ambition will have been attained: and indeed, there is much to be said in favor of that laudable ambition on his part. The Washington correspondent belongs to a class of reporters that is distinct from all other classes. He must know the value of news and he must be sufficiently familiar with the inner workings of the paper he represents to know about how much space a certain bit of news is worth. He must be, in a sense, an editor. He has a bureau in his charge, and often a staff of two or more reporters under him. He must know when to spend money for his paper in order to accomplish results, and when the time comes to spend it, he must have the courage of his convictions, and must not be parsimonious. It is better to spend a thousand dollars and win your point than to save five hundred dollars and come in second best. Always, he must have it in mind that it is his first duty to get ahead of every other correspondent at the capital, upon every possible occasion. He must possess the personal acquaintance and be on more or less familiar terms with the heads of departments, from the highest and most important down to the most insignificant,—and it is often in one

of the latter places that a correspondent gets upon the track of news that will give him the greatest "beat" of his life.

It is true that many of the great news "beats" come to a reporter by accident, but there is method even in the accident, for the recipient has taught himself to be around where "accidents" are likely to happen. He must manage to be friendly with the private secretary to the President, and he should have more than a mere speaking acquaintance with the members of the cabinet. He should cultivate assiduously the friendship of several members of Congress who are on the committees which are most likely to afford him the news he wants throughout the session, and he can always manage to win the good will of a western senator by saying something pleasant about him in his paper when it is least expected. Last, and most important of all, he must manage, through the friends he makes in departments and elsewhere, to be everywhere at the same time. There are methods of accomplishing this paradoxical condition, and of doing it unostentatiously; for the moment his "connections" are known to the other correspondents, much of its value is lost. Also, he should cultivate the representatives of two or three papers of cities other than his own, so that they may conspire with him to exchange important news, and if there is a "beat," one paper of each of these cities may have it, to the undoing of the others.

Frequently every correspondent in the city of Washington is on the *qui vive* awaiting the happening of some expected event that is sure to take place. Each is anxious that his own paper shall be first to announce the event when it happens, and all sorts of tricks and designs are resorted to in order to accomplish that result. Many may remember the time when James G. Blaine hung between life and death, and yet lived on from day to day. There was not a representative of a New York newspaper in Washington at that time who had not personally resolved that his own paper should be the first on the street to announce the dissolution of the great man when it took place. Lafayette Square, opposite the mansion where the Blaine family resided,—the same, by the way, before which General Sickles shot Philip Barton Key, many years ago,—was lined with cabs hired by the day, and each carriage contained a correspondent, or someone to represent a correspondent, awaiting the announcement of Mr. Blaine's death. Day and night those carriages stood there, always occupied by alert, energetic reporters who were prepared instantly to give the word to dash to the telegraph office with the all-important news. To illustrate how the "accident" of getting news will sometimes happen, this is how the news of the great secretary's demise first reached New York:

There was one correspondent who represented a New York paper that declined to go to the expense of hiring a carriage by the day;

he was also without a staff to assist him. He had, however, during the ten weary days that had passed in unceasing watching, called at the house several times, and had, each time, encountered the same maid, so that she had learned to know him. When the crucial moment came this correspondent, having heard an hour earlier that the secretary was better, had walked to the Arlington hotel for a bit of refreshment, and was returning, with the intention of going to the Press Club for a little rest. His route took him by the Blaine mansion, and as he was in the act of passing, the front door opened, and the maid to whom he had spoken several times before, came out on the steps and looked up and down the street. The correspondent turned and ran up the steps hastily, in view of all the cabs and their occupants across the street.

"How is Mr. Blaine?" he asked of the maid, in a low tone.

"He died ten minutes ago," was the startling announcement.

"You must not tell that I told you. The family do not want it known for an hour or two."

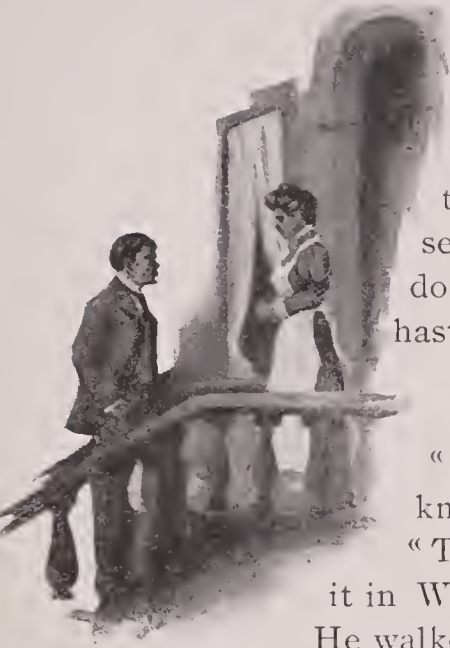
"Thank you," replied the correspondent. "I will not mention it in Washington."

He walked slowly down the steps, paused at the bottom to light a cigar, and then walked slowly, and apparently dejectedly, onward in the direction of the telegraph office, while the occupants of the several cabs who had seen him when he spoke to the maid, and who had thrust their heads out of their cab windows to observe if anything had happened, drew them in again and did not even take the trouble to inquire what the maid had said. Everything that had been said for ten days had been the same, and not one of them could imagine anything new.

The correspondent did not quicken his pace all the way to the telegraph office. He even wrote his wire leisurely, filed it, and walked out. The sigh of relief that he breathed then was deep and fervent. At the club, he whispered the information to a St. Louis man, to a correspondent from Cincinnati and to one from New Orleans. They filed their messages as leisurely as he had done, and then they all went out together. An hour later there was a cab race down the street toward the telegraph office,—for nothing. The news was on the press of one paper in New York, before the correspondents of the other papers of the metropolis had filed it in Washington. That was a news "accident," but it was also the result of not permitting an opportunity, however trivial, to escape.

THE SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT

THE "Special Correspondent" is another genus of the same general family. Invariably, he is a graduate of almost every reportorial depart-



ment of a newspaper. There is nothing, there should be nothing, connected with writing for a newspaper, in which he has not had experience, and through it all, he has proved himself to be a man of ability, and above all, a good writer who knows what to say and how to say it. The "special" has at some time in his career been a Washington correspondent, and generally, he has had, while there, a *penchant* for foreign news, so that he has hobnobbed with secretaries of the legations. Frequently, he converses freely in two or three languages, and he goes in for the "dress-suit end of things." From Washington, he is more than likely to graduate to London or Paris, to represent his paper there, and if some little thing happens during his incumbency, for instance, like our recent war with Spain, he is ordered to leave his bureau in charge of one of his staff and to go at once to Madrid to see Minister Woodford, etc., etc. From that moment he is a "special." Like the caged tiger, once having known the taste of blood, nothing else will satisfy him, and he settles down no more to the humdrum life of an ordinary correspondent.

He has talked with princes and dukes; he has interviewed prime ministers of different courts, and he resents the imputation that he is any longer a reporter, in any sense of the word. He is more autocratic than the managing editor, more unapproachable than any of the great men he interviews; and in fact, he is really a great man. If a war breaks out in Afghanistan, he is sent to the front as a war correspondent, and he sends by cable what he can and writes long letters covering the particulars that he cannot transmit by wire. He becomes familiar with generals and staff officers, and he is the most independent man in either army, since he is not subject to orders from anybody, so long as he does not transcend the general orders under which they all live.

As the representative of his newspaper in this capacity, he has almost unlimited power of expenditure to obtain given results. He can hire special trains at will, charter steamboats and tugs, or engage the services of a telegraph operator and hold him just as long as he can keep his copy going. It is related of the great war correspondent of the "London Times," when reporting the Franco-Prussian war, that on one occasion he held one wire during an entire day, filling in the breaks in his news with such irrelevant matter as "Mary Had a Little Lamb," or "The Charge of the Light Brigade," and all that at six or eight cents a word. The other correspondents kicked their heels vainly against the wainscoting while they waited to get the wire; but the fortunate man grimly held it



and his paper got the news of the battle far in advance of every other paper in the world, for that was the only telegraph office near the scene of conflict.

There have been very few, and there are now fewer, great special, or war, correspondents. There have been many who have appeared, meteor-like, for a time, and then disappeared; there is only now and then one who is really great in his profession, and he must perforce be especially adapted to the work. He must have graduated through all the ramifications of his career, and have been found especially proficient in each.

THE WOMAN REPORTER

THERE is one branch of reporting of which mention should be made, and that is, the reportorial work that is performed by women. Not many years have passed since woman was unknown in journalism, but the work she has done in the last few years in that line deserves attention. She was taken first into the newspaper world in connection with the "Woman's Page," which was supposed to be devoted exclusively to the interests of women. But the newspaper speedily discovered that the things that interest women were not sufficiently distinct from general news to warrant setting aside a page for their especial attention. However, the woman reporter who came in with the Woman's Page, remained after the page was relegated to the past; and in many instances she has proved herself a more versatile and ubiquitous gatherer of news than her male competitor. Wherever she is employed in that capacity now, it is not because she is a woman, but because she is a good reporter, and because, like the political reporter referred to, she has a field which nobody can take from her. Her work must stand on its own merits, and she is regarded just as much a part of the general machinery of a paper, as is the best paid reporter on the journal. There is no one who can compete with her in reporting fashions and social functions. The man has never been born who could describe feminine costumes to the satisfaction of feminine readers; a woman always can do so. She sees an infinite variety of things that the eyes of a man would never discover; she gathers, intuitively, gossip and spicy matter which a man would never notice, and which insures to the paper she represents a circulation that otherwise it never would have.

The woman reporter has reached the place she now occupies only after many and varied experiences. When she first came before the public it was to write such features as "Through a Woman's Eyes," "The Woman about Town," and similar work of a personal nature representing the woman's point of view. The editor was anxious to know just how things looked to a woman, and she brought such a graphic and versatile pen to the work, that her field at once enlarged and there was

scarcely anything that was beyond her ability. For a time she was the bright particular star in the newspaper office. She was sent to interview prize fighters and report prize fights. She was sent around the world in eighty days, on an assignment, and she did slum work and sweat-shop work; she did all sorts of detective work; she exposed all sorts of wrongs in prisons, asylums, and almshouses; she taught in Sunday Schools, in the Chinese missions; she went up in balloons, she slid down fire escapes; almost anything that was novel and unusual for a woman, she was asked to do.

Women made a great deal of money at that time, and they might have made a great deal more had they possessed sufficient foresight, for the era was to be a short one. Like all other things, the woman in journalism became an old story as soon as the sensational field into which she had made her way was exhausted. Later came the war, and as peace is more in a woman's line of writing than is war, she found herself crowded out. During the height of her popularity the newspaper woman had looked down upon the society reporter, the fashion writer, and the woman who was authority on complexions and hair renewers. The women who were smart enough to cultivate a specialty are now the only ones in the field, with the exception of a very few who belong to the regular reportorial staff, for the reason that they do the same kind of work that the men do, and perhaps have *entrée* to some particular field. The work they do is taxing in the extreme.

There is also the woman writer who has made a reputation in the book field — a poet, perhaps, or a literary light whose name attracts the reader, or rather attracts the editor. She is having her day at present. The newspaper woman who did her work so well a few years ago is, as a rule, now employed on the magazines. Her training in the newspaper world is of value to the magazine, and even if she is not employed regularly, by keeping her eyes open and familiarizing herself with the quality of matter used in the various magazines, she makes a fairly good living as a "free lance." The field of fiction is open to every one, and for the good short-story writer there is always an income. When she has reached this reservation there is a certain sparkle in life which is the result of successful effort, the reward of achievement. She is then a graduate of the school of journalism, and she is in the way to do great things some day. She has reached a standard where she receives pay for the quality instead of the quantity of her work, and now and then she receives orders by mail, and checks come by the same mail, and the days are crowded with work which she may do at her own sweet will, or she may "work like a beaver" — as she usually does. So long as the achievement is greater than the effort she is on the high road to development. There is no woman in all New York who enjoys life more than this

“free-lance” writer. But she has reached this plane by passing through much tribulation. The road leading to it is by no means a rose-strewn path.

THE STEPPING-STONE

A REPORTORIAL career cannot be said to be of any value as a profession, for at the best it is the most uncertain and thankless calling to which a young man can aspire. Viewed from the standpoint of being a stepping-stone to something better, its value cannot be overestimated, for there is no occupation in the world where a young man can acquire such a vast fund of general knowledge as through his daily search for news, and in his daily lesson of its application. One may look over the field of journalism generally, and find that the great journalists who have been in their day great reporters are very rare. In fact, it may be said that not one of them really becomes great unless he manages to obtain an interest in a paper and so controls its policy and politics. Charles A. Dana was assistant secretary of war; Horace Greeley ran for President; George Jones refused a million dollars in cash to suppress the *exposé* of the Tweed ring; and James Gordon Bennett created the greatest newspaper the world has ever known. Other great reporters of the past, whose names might be mentioned here, have become special writers, or have given up the calling entirely, and are now teaching journalism to others.

The reporter's career, is more than likely to lead to something that will prove to be his life's work, whether it be in politics, diplomacy, or general business. He makes acquaintances, while he is a reporter, that he could make in no other way; he makes friends of men of affairs who will be of inestimable benefit to him when that other occupation does come. It will teach the boy to be a man more quickly than anything else could; it will imbue him with a degree of self-reliance that is not to be found elsewhere; it will sharpen his wits, give him self-possession, alertness, penetration, and above all, a quality of courage to face the world, without which no young man can achieve success.

Walk through any one of the newspaper offices of New York shortly before midnight, when the members of the staff are at their desks, and count among the scores of heads bent over the rapidly-growing copy, the gray crowns that you can see. If you find one out of every score you will make a discovery. Even the editors are young. Where, then, are the men who sat at those desks two, three, five, ten years ago?

They are no longer newspaper men. You will find them in the Assembly Chamber at Albany; you will find them in the House of Representatives at Washington; you will find them in the Consular service across the seas; you will find them in the advertising departments of the

great stores; you will find them in charge of literary bureaus for railroads; you will find them in the editorial chairs of magazines; you will find them in the theatrical profession, acting as advance agents; you will find them anywhere and everywhere except occupying a chair at one of the editorial desks in the office where they began their career. But all that experience has been a necessary part of their development. Because a young student teaches school for a time, it does not follow that he expects to remain a school-teacher throughout his life.

Active, outdoor newspaper work, such as that of the city reporter, has a strong fascination. The general utility man, whose work is not confined to certain specific lines, is liable to be sent anywhere, on any mission, at a moment's notice. It may be a conflagration, a great disaster, a murder or other crime, that he is commissioned to "write up." Often the greatest haste is necessary—to beat rival newspapers or to avoid being beaten by them—and a general reporter makes himself valuable to his employer in proportion as he can gather facts quickly and intelligently and put his "story" into good, smooth, readable shape with rapidity and correctness. A piece of work of this kind well done always brings to the reporter a genuine satisfaction, and rarely fails to elicit the commendation of others. The reporter who would succeed must not shirk hard work. At times the strain will be severe, for many hours together, but employers are usually considerate and give the faithful servant an opportunity to rest after the stress has passed.

There can be no education for the work of reporting. There is only one place to acquire it, and that is in the city department, under the basilisk eye of the potentate who sits at the desk and chills you with his freezing glance; and under the hatchet of the copy reader who "edits your story with an ax," and who "kills" the very part of it you thought the best. But there the young man will find an education that he will never forget, and one that he will delight to talk about years afterward—when he is a member of Congress, or minister to the Court of St. James.

SUGGESTIONS AS TO HABITS OF READING

TO SPEAK of the habit of reading is to speak at first personally. The world of books lies outside of us. It encircles us. It invites us. It is ours to approach at will, to enter and to deal with as we please. It is a world of beauty, of strength, and power, but as we enter, it is well to see that the quiet figure of *Reason* goes before. For we begin not simply with this world of books, but in a more complex way, with our own minds and with our own especial habit of mind. And here it would seem that we should be very much at home, for whatever books may be in their own sphere and in their own character, our habit of reading them is our own, and in the region of our own minds it would appear that any process so intimate and so oft repeated as to have become a habit must be entirely familiar to us. But the wise saying "Know thyself," has its value to-day as ever. If we inquire with sincerity into our habit of reading, are we not almost sure at the outset that, as we turn from the world of books without to the world of habit within, we shall discover, first, that we are almost wholly ignorant as to what our habit of reading is; and second, that this habit, whatever it may be, when brought into the light, will fall far below our own ideal of what it should be?

There is a Persian saying, "A wise man knows an ignorant one, because he himself has been ignorant; but the ignorant cannot recognize the wise, because he never has been wise." When we realize our ignorance we are inclined to seek wisdom; and in this question of habit of reading, we come face to face with our need whatever it may be, and at the same time, become conscious that we can train this habit into a power that in the end will lead us.

In the world of to-day, books have become as daily bread, and they offer themselves as the one great and principal means both for the growth of what we call knowledge, and for the production of that higher and more delicate grace of mind that is known as culture. As flowers respond to the tendance of the skilful gardener, so our own powers of thought, our perceptions and consciousness of beauty, arise and blossom within us, beneath the stimulus and vivifying influence of books.

Professor Atkinson says:—

"Who can over-estimate the value of good books, those ships of thought, as Bacon so finely calls them, voyaging through the sea of time, and carrying their precious freight so safely from generation to generation? Here are the finest minds giving us the best wisdom of present and all past ages; here are intellects gifted far beyond ours, ready to give us the results of lifetimes of patient thought, imaginations open to the beauty of the universe."

When we realize what place books occupy in the world, we most fully appreciate the need of rational habits in regard to our relation to them. The gracious influence of these silent ones has come down through the years, molding the different ages of man. Take books from the make-up of the world and we have lost the mental and moral compass of time. Realize, therefore, first and for all time, the greatness of books, and give diligent training to the mind you bring to them.

As books multiply and come pouring out of the press, and as most people desire to read something during a part of every day, it is plainly a duty that the reading faculty should be trained with judgment in order to fully utilize its rights and privileges. As the powers of nature react to destroy, in accordance with ignorant use, so habits of reading react upon human intelligence, reducing it to low conditions by the reading of unworthy writings, overstraining its power by too heavy and urgent demand, or scattering its force by turning in too many directions. "Reading is to the mind what exercise is to the body." Just as the body is stimulated and kept in strong physical condition by exercise, so the brain cells are stimulated and energized by regular thought exercise. It is a well-known scientific fact that when brain cells do not perform their natural duty, they fall into negative conditions, and in the end are incapable of answering a sudden call to activity. A very small amount of brain exercise is necessary, but if it is given daily, the thought currents can go on independently, and in the end you have strength instead of weakness.

This is a power to be understood, a force to be perceived, in order that it may be disciplined and controlled. There was a time when men were not called upon to think of these things. History tells us of the days when reading was an art unknown to the people; when book-making was a slow, laborious process, done by the pens and hands of a few who knew the craft of copying letter by letter, and putting the precious manuscript into its single binding—a whole edition in one, representing time, knowledge, care, and skill; the training of eye, mind, and hand; a work done for the love of doing and having, a work to pass slowly from hand to hand among the very few who could read it. What were they doing, those early bookmakers? They were finding a way to preserve and to give to their limited clientele the knowledge of some other human mind; finding the way to catch the elusive thought and to preserve it for future generations. And this is what, in the most apposite fashion, is being done among us here to-day.

Underneath all printed words lie the thoughts of men. Every line we read leads back to some human brain for its origin. It is an offering of thought to thought. John Milton said, in a way the world may not forget:—

“Books are not absolutely dead things, but do contain a potency of life in them, to be as active as that Soul whose progeny they are; nay they do preserve as in a vial, the purest efficacy and extraction of that living intellect that bred them. I know they are as lively and as vigorously productive as those fabulous Dragon's teeth; and being sown up and down may chance to spring up armed men.”

Francis Bacon said:—

“The images of men's wits and knowledge remain in books exempted from the worry of time and capable of perpetual renovation. Neither are they fitly to be called images, because they generate still and cast their seed in the minds of others, provoking and causing infinite actions and opinions in succeeding ages.”

And therefore it is that choice is vital to us. Thought is of every quality. It touches every subject. It is produced and printed for every possible end, and in justice to our own intelligence, whatever portion of the thought of others we accept for our own use should be taken knowingly—with conscious, deliberate intention.

For these reasons have wise minds emphasized the needs of well-ordered habits in relation to the reading of books. They set before us first the idea of what we are to do in the book world, and what use we shall make of its riches. The starting point is personal. It is a most interior requirement. It is the pursuit of culture. It is examination, guidance, training, and self-control. “Whatever the world of books may contain, we are to set sail with our own thoughts, for that land of divine truth which ever awaits those who have the seeing eye and the hearing ear.” There are three great divisions of this subject, three clear and separate points that make it easy for us to set out along our way.

First, ourselves; our own intelligence, the mind within us. Next, the books themselves, the reading matter of the world—for what is true in regard to the principles of habit in one place and in one language, is true also in others—and finally, the putting together of these two, the mind and the book. This third and last step is the reading. It is the process which, by our own habit of choice and through the methods we pursue, reveals the temper, the action, and condition, trained or untrained, of our minds, and shows the influence that other minds exert upon our own, and makes definite the purposes for which we read.

The first question for us then is, not our own taste, our own thoughtless wishes in relation to ourselves. It is the question of what lies within us as an endowment of mental power, and how, by reading, we can increase that power and use it to serve our best desires and to further our progress in life. This is then the question involved in our habit of reading. Here each one sits at home in his own mental kingdom. The

literature of many languages await his choice. If, of ourselves, we do not know how to read wisely or well, is there to be found any principle of order and method in reading that we can keep in mind and follow as we go? By a principle we mean some line of absolute truth and right that belongs naturally to a subject, and that being known, enables us to understand how to carry out an action or a process.

Principles do not change. They are of equal value at all times, in all places, and under all conditions. To know these things is to know how to think and act in relation to them. Emerson says, "The value of a principle is that it explains so many things." We might add, to what variety of action does one's knowledge of principle enable us to attain.

The first thing is to understand the principles by which any subject is to be explained, for having these we can interpret what we see and can work out the solution of problems for ourselves. For we are independent only when we have knowledge of the law and are willing to work by it. In the world of nature, the principles of science, once discovered and made clear, have been readily accepted and acted upon. By this means, the mechanical progress of the world is achieved. In the world of conduct and mental action, principles are not so readily seen. The study of literature is not an exact science. It offers to the individual no absolute and steadfast rules by which to educate and control the mighty force of his own power of thought. Here each must to some extent feel his own way, must consult his own desires, make his own mistakes, and learn his own lessons as to his needs and how to meet them. It is, however, because of this personal independence that the suggestions of general principles in reading have great value.

PRINCIPLES OF READING

THE LOVE OF BOOKS

FIRST of all among words of guidance come the praise of books, and the love of reading them as a chief means of mental growth.

"You only, O books, are liberal and independent. You give to all who ask . . . you are golden urns in which manna is laid up. The four-streamed river of Paradise, where the human mind is fed, and the arid intellect moistened and watered; fruitful olives, vines of Engedi, fig trees knowing no sterility; burning lamps to be ever held in the hand, The library of wisdom is more precious than all riches, and nothing that can be wished for is worthy to be compared with it. Whoever, therefore, acknowledges himself to be a zealous follower of truth, of happiness, of wisdom, of science, or even of the faith, must of necessity make himself a Lover of Books."

This was written in Latin, in 1344, but is equally true to-day. To be by nature really fond of reading, to feel joy at the sight of a book, to be eager to hold it in your hands and hopeful as to its value, and to be able at all times to find comradeship, consolation, and delight in the books that one may learn to know and to gather about one—this cast of mind has always been regarded by those who have possessed it, as a mental characteristic for which to be devoutly thankful. Fenelon said:—

“If the crowns of all the kingdoms of the empire were laid down at my feet in exchange for my books and my love of reading, I would spurn them all.”

In earlier times, to own books and to read them continuously was in a sense a new-born joy in the world. It was the satisfying of a long-felt need and craving. It was the opening of wide opportunities for knowledge and mental culture, and as books were collected, and read and re-read, they became even more than living masters, powerful to influence and instruct their readers. The love of reading led men to practise all possible economies so that they might own books. Even so late as 1820, Charles Lamb in “*Elia's Essay upon Old China*,” gives a tender picture of this love of reading overbalancing all other pleasures.

“Do you remember the brown suit, which you made to hang upon you till all your friends cried shame upon you, it grew so threadbare—and all because of that folio Beaumont and Fletcher which you dragged home late at night. . . . Do you remember how we eyed it for weeks before we could make up our minds to the purchase? Was there no pleasure in being a poor man?”

In these things we see the habit of reading based upon an intense and natural love of books. It was a simple and sincere love of reading in itself, and beyond that it was delight in the knowledge, that gave to those who read with such rejoicing, the impulse to become authors themselves. In our own day the market value of a book is reduced to the least that has ever been known. Still, the profusion of books has not destroyed the love of reading. Still is it born in many ardent minds; and apart from those who give their lives to books, in these days of general education, the love of reading is almost universal. It is at least fair to suppose that all who have any interest in the question of habits of reading have at heart some love of books. The first question should be as to what books one does love. We should begin with what we enjoy, and should take our most positive inclination as the foundation of what we propose to read.

The use of reading is to develop character. It is to inform, and to arouse our own thoughts and ideas, and to touch the springs of action, so that in consequence of reading we shall better understand life, and be able to fill more perfectly our own places by using the power that was born

with us. Our reading should be a training in speech, in manners, in understanding of others — a drawing nearer to the center of all beauty.

The peril that besets the reader who confines himself to fiction, is a certain weakening of personal character. If the reader finds it hard to return to life as it is about him; if he is restless and irritable; if he is absent-minded, and out of heart with daily duty; if his ideas of right behavior have been lowered by the company he has been with, then his use of books is plainly not a stimulus to higher living, but a dissipation, a waste of energy, a weakening of his own mind, and through this weakness, an injury to other people. Then it is that the habit of reading needs reforming. Then it is time that the reader should give up his fancy and, for his mind's sake, should endeavor to choose and to love something else in the rich kingdom of books; something with the strong note in it, that he can put gratefully into the midst of his life.

THE HABIT OF CHOICE

IN THESE modern times, through the multitude of books that have piled up on the book-shelf of time, and that to-day come feverishly from publisher to public, a peculiar temptation assails the reader, and this is the sense of interest in many different subjects and the undertone of desire to know all things that concern humanity. This idea of universal knowledge is natural and attractive, but it is an effort to attain the impossible.

All departments of life, science, mechanical arts, sport, physical health, philosophy, creeds and religion, the drama and fine arts, music, painting, sculpture, romance, and poetry, all of these have libraries of their own, while twice a day, the newspaper with tremendous force beats like a great pulse at the heart of the world. Nothing happens that we are not told. All things that do happen affect our lives more or less, and in them all even the average reader takes a passing interest as he hears them alluded to by others. Yet to pay heed to all things is increasingly impossible, for, in accordance with the pressure of events and conditions, our own life hastens its pace, and an hour of leisure for reading becomes in itself a brief and precious thing. How shall we use it? Why should we not seek to know all that we can? Why should we not read for "information" merely; and why should not "the more, the better" be the rule to guide us? This is the temptation. The habit of choice saves us.

In general, we choose our employment for the return that it will bring. We may stand and watch a crowd as it leads our vision on from point to point, and this is very well for entertainment; but if it becomes our habit — if we are onlookers merely — what is our own gain when it is counted? What of our own faculties if we are simply surveyors of

what others are doing, and have no place or time for labors of our own, and what return have we, if we give nothing? It may seem that we are growing wise, that having seen all, we must know all. But this is a shallow notion. As a first principle, if we are to expect a return that we can rejoice over, there must be an investment of our own, and in this investment, selection is our safeguard, for reading means the use of power and the use of time.

In regard to this interest in all that comes and goes, Frederic Harrison says: —

“Are we not, amidst the multiplicity of books and of writers, in continual danger of being drawn off by what is stimulating rather than solid, by curiosity after something accidentally notorious, by what has no intelligible thing to recommend it, except that it is new? Now, to stuff our minds with what is simply trivial, simply curious, or that which at best has but a low nutritive power, this is to close our minds to what is solid and enlarging, and spiritually sustaining.

“Whether our neglect of the great books comes from our not reading at all, or from an incorrigible habit of reading the little books, it ends in just the same thing. And that thing is ignorance of all the greater literature of the world. To neglect all the abiding parts of knowledge for the sake of the evanescent parts, is really to know nothing worth knowing. It is in the end the same, whether we do not use our minds for serious study at all, or whether we exhaust them by an impotent veracity for desultory “information”—a thing as fruitful as whistling. Of the two evils, I prefer the former. At least in that case the mind is healthy and open. It is not gorged and enfeebled by excess in that which cannot nourish, much less enlarge and beautify our nature. But there is much more than this. Even to those who resolutely avoid the idleness of reading what is trivial, a difficulty is presented—a difficulty every day increasing by virtue even of our abundance of books. What are the subjects, what are the books we are to read; in what order, with what connection, to what ultimate use or object? Even those who are resolved to read the better books are embarrassed by a field of choice practically boundless.

“The longest life, the greatest industry, joined to the most powerful memory would not suffice to make us profit from a hundredth part of the world of books before us. If the great Newton said that he seemed to have been all his life gathering a few shells on the shore, whilst a boundless ocean of truth still lay beyond and unknown to him, how much more to each of us must the sea of literature be a pathless immensity beyond our powers of vision or of reach—an immensity in which industry itself is useless without judgment, method, discipline; where it is of infinite importance what we can learn and remember, and utterly of no importance what we may have once looked at or heard of.”

The first duty then is to understand ourselves, to protect ourselves from the happening of the moment, to measure our own ideals, to com-

prehend our needs, and to see what reading can best satisfy them. Our needs are points of growth. They make themselves known, these importunate voices, crying for that which shall sustain them. These needs are sometimes a demand for absolute practical knowledge; sometimes an appeal for entertainment; sometimes a thirst for beauty that lies in literature of fine and delicate order, especially in poetry. And all of these voices should be listened to and answered, for they are natural and good. But one's own choice should be as deliberate as possible. It is not enough to pacify the cry within until the moment of urgency has passed. Careful reading is that which helps us to steady ourselves, and to express ourselves.

"Those who have read of everything are thought to understand everything, too; but it is not always so. Reading furnishes the mind only with materials of knowledge: it is by thinking about what we read that we personally profit. We are of the ruminating kind, and it is not enough to cram ourselves with a great load of collections. Unless we chew them over again, they will not give us strength and nourishment."

In the leisure hour, amid the companionship of books, half-animate thoughts may spring into being and startle us with their strength and beauty. At such a critical moment there should be no over-crowding from the mere desire to know. Congreve said: "Read and take your nourishment in at your eyes. Shut up your mouth and chew the end of understanding."

"But," you say, "in this study of habit, how can I know my own needs, and how meet them until I find them out by reading?"

It is here that advice and help come to the reader from others. The choice of books has been considered from many points of view, and many guides are to be found that are an aid to first selection. But as a preface to reading, we should understand that as we go, over and above whatever we do, or rather beneath all, as a foundation, should stand the determination to be true to our own ideas of what we are, of what we want to be, and of what service books can be to us in the pursuit of this ideal. We must cherish our individuality, and though we go into the library with a guide to help us, it may prove to be quite as much our duty to do without such help and to insist upon choosing for ourselves. For, as a part of this habit of choice, we have to realize that we are free. The books are ours, all of them, and the use we make of them is the building of our own fortune. To follow a rule blindly is, in reading, to deny our own character and power of thought.

As to the library, it is the reader's Mecca. Emerson says:—

"Consider what you have in the smallest chosen library. A company of the wisest and wittiest men that could be picked out of all civil countries, in

a thousand years, have set in best order the results of their learning and wisdom. We owe to books those general benefits which come from high intellectual action. Thus, I think, we often owe to them the perception of immortality. They impart sympathetic activity to the moral power. Go with mean people, and you think life is mean. Then read Plutarch, and the world is a proud place, peopled with men of positive quality, with heroes and demigods standing around us who will not let us sleep. Then they address the imagination. They become the organic culture of the time. . . .

“In a library we are surrounded by many hundreds of dear friends, but they are imprisoned by an enchanter in these paper and leathern boxes; and though they know us, and have been waiting two, ten, or twenty centuries for us, — some of them, — and are eager to give us a sign and unbosom themselves, it is a law of their limbo that they must not speak until spoken to.

“The atmosphere of a library is its own, and there is hardly an environment that man shapes for himself that holds refinements so uplifting and so noble. The simple rules,—“Speak low,” “Walk softly,” “Do not mutilate the books,”—that bring out the scorn of the careless visitor, have deep influence in the end and create and keep inviolate the spirit of the place. Alas! that a stern law does not demand these sacred temples in all our overcrowded districts. There is a quotation from one Heinsius, the keeper of the library at Leyden in Holland: ‘I no sooner’ (saith he) ‘come into the library, but I bolt, as it were, the doors, excluding lust, ambition, avarice, and all such vices, whose nurse is idleness, the mother of ignorance, and melancholy herself; and in the very lap of eternity, amongst so many divine souls, I take my seat with so lofty a spirit and sweet content, that I pity all our great ones and rich men that know not this happiness.’”

You cannot gather together a few books without feeling their presence in the room. You cannot give up your mind to a short period of worthy reading without feeling the higher tone that it gives to life.

HABIT OF SYSTEMATIC READING

WE HAVE seen that the field of choice in books is boundless and that the first principle of choice is found in the character and tendency of our own minds, and in our ideals and desires as to what result we wish to attain through our reading. This brings us to the idea of reading books in regular courses, and to our own ways of reading them. The course itself, whatever it may be, whether of science, of history, of poetry, or of all these in connection, is to be held quite apart from the habit of mind with which we pursue it. We are still considering this personal requirement.

The books, in their order and arrangement, set before us a system of thoughts that in one way or another are related. They may be the authors of a given period of time, or the history, the religion, the learning and art of that period; or they may be a series of volumes relating to one subject. In any case, they are in an order of their own, and there is no danger of

their departing from it. But our own habits are not so manageable. If they are to be systematized *they must be held to serve some one intention* that shall go on persistently, in spite of delay or in spite of the opposition of circumstances.

If we can keep clearly in mind that we want to know some one thing, and can read comprehensively and continuously to gain what we do want, there will be no lack of system, no matter how we read. To many people who desire to read and through reading to gain the advantage of such training, the leisure hour never seems to come; but the old saying "No man is too busy to read Shakespeare" is but a universal way of saying there is time to read in the midst of the busiest life.

First, have your book ready and by a magnetism of its own, it will draw unto itself the peaceful moment. And this will serve us well, for in systematic reading, it is neither place nor time that needs to be so regular. It is the *habit of thought* that accustoms us to be always ready, at any moment's notice, to begin with the author or with the subject that we are reading, and make the precious moment of utmost avail. Such reading may be broken as to amount and time, but it is only in these regards that it is fragmentary. The principle of being systematic relates to one's regulated mentality, and if the reader understands this and clears his thought as he goes on, his reading, however interrupted, can never be disorderly, but will result in some degree of intelligence and culture.

HABITS OF CLEAR THOUGHT

TO CLEAR the thought means to look back from a little distance of time at what one has read, and to gather out of it just the few salient points that we wish to keep as helps to our own progress. It is learning how to see what we do want, and how to drop into oblivion what we do not need to retain. To do this, we bear steadily in mind the end we are pursuing, and while we may follow an author into many byways, pleasant and good, we must continually get back to the highway that leads in the most direct manner, to the point we have in view. To quote Frederic Harrison again:—

"It is impossible to give any method to our reading till we get nerve enough to reject."

This is especially necessary in any historic study. Subjects are very large. An author may write pages that are of excellent value as statements of fact but of no real use to us at the moment. So we clear our mental vision, and by its light discover that in reality we are using our minds in several different ways at once. We are at will remembering what we wish to keep, we are forgetting things that we do not need, we are reviewing and balancing the values of what we have read. And

we see that this power and habit of selection grows out of a certain process that has become natural to us and which we keep constantly repeating, — the process of comparison.

HABIT OF COMPARISON

As we read a book we form an estimate of it, of its vitality — its power for use and beauty. It takes on a character of its own and becomes of especial value to us, or perhaps is of no value at all. In reaching this judgment we see that the action of our mind is from the book back to personal thought and criticism. We compare one thing with another that bears upon the same subject, we compare each thing we read with the idea, the half-defined fancy or the desire within us, and finally, by taking these steps, we reach the point of decision and judgment.

This comparative faculty is constantly at work within us, no matter what we are doing. Even the housekeeper's "pinch of salt" is a quantity to be chosen regardfully. General taste sets a standard, and there must be neither too much nor too little. So judgment plays its constant part, from homeliest detail to the height of reason and of art. To the student of books, no greater help can come than through cultivation of this natural habit of comparison. Born within us, it needs only to be recognized and relied upon to become a rapid and powerful means of enlightenment as to our own real opinions.

All the fine qualities that go to make up criticism, perception, selection, discrimination — all the qualities that go to make a good and wise reader — are powers that lie dormant within us. Reading of the right kind develops them; well-ordered reading, reading after right principles. Here we have ancient instruction. Confucius said, "He who merely knows right principles is not equal to him who loves them." Under the leadership of right principles in reading we do honor to ourselves and to the book. Said Thomas à Kempis: —

"If thou wilt receive profit, read with humility, simplicity, and faith, and seek not at any time the fame of being learned."

And, to quote another master, Bacon said: —

"Read not to contradict and confute, not to believe and take for granted, nor to find talk and discourse, but to weigh and consider."

Still one must not always be in a judicial state, of mind for in the cap and gown of such severity, we lose the essence of lighter effective thought in literature. It is indeed this gentle, candid, unprejudiced spirit, the love of principle, that as a talisman protects and guides us when with honest purpose we enter the high domain of books; and for all who can so pass its portals, it is the kingdom of delight. Here the author has done his work. He retires and leaves it in your hand.

You read it then, if you read it in the finest way, with regard only for the thought in the book and for the thought in your own mind. You take the book for its individuality and for its value to yourself, having neither that enthusiasm for a person that shall weaken judgment nor that perversity of temper that leads to impatient rejection of a subject as yet unstudied.

Readers frequently abuse writers, but what might not writers justly say of their readers? What poor, dull, indolent, feeble, careless minds do they bring to deal with thoughts whose excellence lies deep. Surely this side of the question should make an impression on the careless mind. We then have a duty to perform as the reader. Already there is established a code of behavior between ourselves and the book. With a little forethought, it is comparatively easy to go through this book-world with an open, alert mind, seeking quick sympathy and understanding with whatever author you meet. This does not mean that valuable time should be given to any book that may chance to come within the range of careless vision; but as we take up any book let it be held at least worthy of criticism. It is not the time you spend with a book, it is the spirit of your approach.

There is also a great deal to be said for the other side of the question, and we must not lose the good that a book, chosen in a listless moment, may bring to us. Sometimes you happen on the most occult medicine in this random reading. In the Bhagavat Gita there are these words, "Thou shouldst strive to raise thyself by thyself. Self is the friend of Self; and Self in like manner, is the enemy of Self." Herein lies the conclusion of this whole idea of habit of reading. With whatever dependence upon others one may begin to read in any definite way, as soon as that way becomes clear he should take to himself the largest liberty and choice. In his reading, he must be his own best friend, and the rules formulated for the best development of that reading should be his own.

Be free as to your ways of work. Pursue your own ends. The important thing is to have an end and the wish to attain it. Read for what you want — for facts, for theories, for language, for ideas. Read as you please — the middle or the end of a book before the beginning if so you please. Read fast or slow. Look into as many authors as you choose. Skim along until you find what you want, or read with rigid exactness if that gives you most satisfaction and help. For in all this, the only essential habit is the certainty that you know what you are reading and what you are reading for. Above all things, be honest with yourself if you would discover what you really enjoy.

As to remembering what is read, much depends upon the interest and attention of the moment, and also upon the habit of reading things

in connection one with another. If the first impression is keen and clear, it is likely to remain; and while with many, memory is an endowment of mind far removed from habit, concentration and absolute unwavering devotion to the subject in hand will bring a reward in our own increase of power.

In the progress of life, while reading relates to industry and study for practical results, it also, by its own character, leads us to the kingdom of the heart, where we read not for labor, but for love alone. Here, reading becomes an art, a gentle art, alluring and consoling. Here, books, when deeply read, become to us as so many pictures of humanity, or as mirrors where we see the past and catch glimpses of the heart of the day in which we live. Here are the works of those who with insight and consummate understanding of human nature have portrayed the heroism, the sympathy, the pity, the wit, the laughter of mankind. All great elements of life are there, each cloaked indeed with its own aspect, from the god to the clown, yet each one ready to drop his disguise and appear in his simplicity and greatness at the recognizing glance of a discerning eye. To this end, then, must all noble habits of reading lead us—to the power of perceiving the best and calling it to us to become our own.

It is a happy world, this realm of literature, whether one is a reader only, or, conscious of creative power, is stirred to become himself a writer. It is a world with its own laws, calling for the response of those who enter. It is the world of royal progress, and here to our refreshment after weary days, our minds, cleared by steadfast following of our best desires, become as sanctuaries into which enter the world's great writers, bearing with them priceless knowledge.

THE CHOICE OF READING

LITERATURE AS AN EXPRESSION OF LIFE

IT REQUIRES nothing out of our ordinary experience to teach us that books are a sign of human life, and that our interest in them is a sign of the life that is astir within ourselves. Immortality is manifest in the printed line, and the pulse of the writing beats continually with the spirit that produced it. Reading, then, is a living process. It is the power of some remote hour united to the living hour in which you read. It is a force mighty in its effect and influence upon the characters of those who read; and side by side with living souls, the books of our choice take part in directing our thoughts and, through them, controlling the actions of our lives.

Understanding this, as from our own experience we do, we see what many a writer has told us, that literature is a master key to life. Its office is to interpret and to reveal. Its power is to make significant and clear, things that without this word spoken might have been unseen, unfelt, unthought. It is the outpouring of the heart and soul and mind of humanity. It is the verdict of experience. It is the voice of man calling to his brothers, sure of their reply, and content that the word be spoken. The man himself may not be known to us historically, but books, in themselves, potently reveal the spirit of life. Apart from their respective authors, they have voice, sentiment, character of their own, and they appeal to us as companions and guides.

The friends we make in books go with us through life and form a society, strangely mingled indeed, yet having a harmony of its own. But before this intimacy, and before this enlarging of our world, comes the choice. A few great books, or indeed not so few, every one knows by reputation, or as slight acquaintances; and some are known closely and familiarly, through long continued and devoted reading. But every reader should look over the great plain of literature for himself and not depend upon a mere list of books chosen by some one else. However intelligent such a choice may be, there is the wonder back of it how it was thought out, how arrived at; and so, before any book is taken up by the suggestion of a book list, let the reader turn and look back along that old, old pathway worn by the traversing of many feet, the "perpetual priesthood" of literary men.

In an elementary way, at least, all readers should understand the great fusing of human thought and emotion that has been going on in the world from the early primitive days when men scratched their literature on stones, to the reciters of the Saga; to the wandering tellers of tales, "unweaponed save by their tongues;" to the troubadour through the medieval hush, when the voice of the world was a whisper; down through years ringing with beauty, to the full-blown rose of Elizabethan drama; and to our own day of the brilliant present, when the literature is of quicker breath and "the harpists we were wont to hear" are heeded not amid the excited clamor of modern thought.

It has been finely said by Mr. W. H. Crawshaw:—

"At the bottom of every true conception of literature lies the supreme fact that it is essentially a growth, and that it grows out of human life. True literature, like true art of whatever kind, can never be in any real sense an artificial product. It is rather a spontaneous and passionate utterance of the human soul. Man does not say, 'Go to, let us create literature.' He lives, and literature is one of the manifold results."

When man comes into this world, he finds it ready for him. He finds it a place where everything is at work, the elements of its unity ex-

panding into a diversity unlimited, yet maintaining throughout an order and harmony of relationship and labor that is an exposition of the presence and activity of law. He is not long contented to be a mere looker-on; he is filled with desire to become a worker himself; he seizes upon the wealth of material lying broadcast throughout the world, and by knowledge based upon, and conforming to, the laws that control that material, he becomes a co-worker, one of the weavers of the great and beautiful world-tapestry begun in ages past, of which literature forms so important a part. This idea of literature as an outgrowth from the heart and soul of man, leads the student back from books to the history of humanity itself, for thus we find the beginnings of literature.

THE HISTORIC BASIS OF LITERATURE

ALL subjects of study have their explanation in themselves. Principles have no dates. They belong not to time, but to life. The key to the production and growth of literature, as a whole, lies in the rise and growth of nations. To comprehend this, look back through the vistas of the ages. In the clear perspective of time we see that from the ancient Asian era to our own day one movement has repeated itself. In each great country, as the early wandering tribes settled therein grew into a strong, united life, and, under one name, became one people — that is as tribes have grown to be nations — each nation has been found possessed of its own literary gift. Each nation developed a certain force in thought and expression, an innate temper and individuality of tone and spirit, that, molded into its own language, has attained the distinctive character that we call national. The steps that each great nation has taken in this progression have resulted in the formation of religion, government, language, and social order; while along the way, as an organic part of each country's growth, has appeared its own characteristic literature.

The Vedic hymn belongs to India. It could belong nowhere else. The works of Milton are a part of England's greatness of life, and in this first large view of the literature of any people, taking it as a whole, we see its nature as a living growth, and also that, in its range from early song to fierce struggles for justice, to calm, philosophical reasoning or to romance, this literature is for each land an expression of the nation's ideal life,— the inner voice of its soul and spirit. It is the outpouring of its hope, its imagination, and its love; the revelation of its struggles with life, and the uprising of its joy.

But this principle of nationality in literature is only the exterior sphere of its life. Within, stand the individuals, the authors whose works we seek, and as we approach them we find that, divided by their

writings, they stand apart in two distinct classes. First in order, generally speaking, come all works of a severe and practical character. Here the authors have been face to face with questions of the day. Their writings relate to government, to history, to law, to religion, to science, and industry. They have a direct purpose and appeal directly to judgment. Among these writings some attain to literary perfection. Orations and political speeches are often famous as models and are read for their masterly force and elegance of diction. Here, although in their use of thought and language these works relate to public affairs, the individual still claims his place. His name is written in the history of his times and remains, as Demosthenes remains with ancient Greece, or as Webster and Lincoln with the life-growth of America.

This class of authors we recognize readily. Their work has been for the state, or for church and state. If we wish to know what they have said, and how they have said it, their books are at hand. To these men of strong intellect and restrained power, we owe an homage we must not forget to pay. But this is but the outer circle of literary life. To find literature proper we must pass inside, to an inner field of growth. And here in the interior province, we meet a class of writers the members of which are moved by far different impulses, and who work to other ends.

This inner plane of work is the world of pure expression. Here awaits us poetry, plays, novels, and essays, together with all the lighter writings which the world might perhaps do without, but which the world would scarcely care to lose. Here are dreams, fancies, poetic visions, all flights of human thought, seeking to pierce the mysteries of life, to look into and to read aright the symbolic face of Nature. Here are all things fleeting and immortal, the airy shafts of words, the pages serious or whimsical, the hour as it circles by with its follies or its depths of feeling, all that the literary spirit, working freely in its own kingdom, produces at its will, from the iridescence of fantastic thought to the pastorals of prose, from the fugitive impression to the haunting word wisely set.

And here comes to the student the question of the choice of books. It is evident that to know something of history, will shed light on the work of individuals. For with all that is alike in human experience, literature gives the unlimited diversity of human expression, and the spirit of each age is both repressed and illuminated by its writers. The student of literature reads often of "the spirit of the age," of "the spirit of the times," as affecting the literary progress of various periods. By this is meant a larger influence than that exerted by the existence of the nation alone. It applies to movements of mind and thought, that, starting from some single point, have been woven in

threads of gold from nation to nation, producing a unity of thought as also of action. This is the breath of the world, the half-understood new note, struck suddenly. For familiar example, consider the rising of Martin Luther against the church of Rome. From man to man ran protest or repudiation, and history shows with what dividing, yet uniting, force, the lines of religious differences were drawn.

At that age of the world this upheaval of thought was possible. The time was ripe "For, in fact, it is the age that forms the man, not the man that forms the age. . . . If Luther had been born in the tenth century, he would have effected no Reformation."

And again in a large way, how great was the effect of exploration upon the people of Europe. The changing of the sea from a barrier to a highway; the sudden fabulous wealth of added dominion played a potent part in dreams of those at home, widening their imagination as no other cause could have done. Look to it that you understand these things before you try to follow the life of literature.

Interest in history is often aroused by the reading of a story, or a poem, or by a wise reflection quoted from ancient lore; and whenever this desire to know does awaken, it is well to satisfy it. For one can begin anywhere, here and now, five centuries before Christian Greece, or further east in Asia, where five thousand years ago, great peoples occupied the lands. But begin where we will, here is the chief thing to remember,—that the chain of life is endless. The power of Egypt on the Nile, the rising of monarchies on the Tigris and the Euphrates in Western Asia, the fusing there of many elements of life, the exchange from land to land of arts, industries, and captive people; the religious degradation, the successions of life culminating at Babylon with the rise of the Persians; all of these things were influential in preparing the way for the rise of Greece and Rome in Europe. So from any point in history, we may always look backward and forward. We read for our own interest, and no one lesson that history can teach is so great as the consciousness of the unity of human life that it arouses within us. Broken into many forms, set apart by differences of race, nation, locality, and time, all men have been pursuing one idea,—their own growth and development. All phases of life illustrate this and all have an interior connection, which the student, out of regard for his own mental clearness, should not forget.

History should come first on every list of books. Histories are the columns that uphold the delicate structure of literature. The beginnings of written histories are inscriptions that, with infinite scholarship, have been deciphered from moldering walls. Sargon says :—

"I besieged and took Ashdod. . . . I carried off captive his gods, his wife, his sons, his daughters, and his treasures, all the contents of his palace,

and the inhabitants of his land. I rebuilt again his cities and placed there the people whom I had conquered in the land of the rising sun. I gave them an officer of mine as governor, and treated them like Assyrians."

But the history that interests us, and especially the history that enlightens us as to times when poetry arose with the drama and the other more imaginative writings, begins with the authors of Greece and Rome.

So it is usual for book lists to give the names of Herodotus, Xenophon, Thucydides, and Tacitus, as historians whose works are of especial interest and value to us as a record of early times in Europe. These books, apart from their information, are full of vitality. They are written out of an intense interest in life, and by their force, their naturalness, their incident and reflection, have a charm and an educating power which all readers should know in some degree for themselves.

Coming into later times, Grote's "Greece," Gibbon's "Rome," and Hume's "England," are standard works. To general readers, however, these books are rarely known except through reference and quotation. But for people of limited time, a large class unfortunately, books of history are now produced with care, and if one has access to a book club or to a library, a line of reading can be chosen that will give a rapid outline of the progress of the world, and enable the reader to comprehend enough, both of the spirit of the age and of the life of a nation, to serve as a foundation for the reading of other histories and literature.

In connection with history comes biography and letters. To many, the personal interest is the easiest beginning. Individuals are elements in the larger life. When read for personal interest only, biography has not so educating an influence as when it leads the reader to realize the times in which a man or woman moved. But the choice is open to all and, it is wide. In every department of life, some biography may be chosen, and with each, from St. Augustine to Franklin, one may enter an especial world and feel the throb of its interests and its joy.

In this class of literature, which includes autobiographies, journals, memoirs, and letters, there is the tremulous human note:—

"Every sensitive person is aware of mental atmosphere surrounding persons and places, just as the perfume emanates from and surrounds a rose. Wherever man has lived and thought, these atmospheres have been left behind him."

In book lists or in any library, biographies are classed under careful headings and can easily be selected. In a course of reading, a series of lives suggest the contrast of times, manners, and language in various countries; and a judicious personal selection from these may well be made to serve as an introduction to history.

INNER WORLD OF LITERATURE

As we turn from history to enter the inner world of literature we come to what has been termed the pleasure ground of humanity. As its sunny fields open before us, our desires lead the way. We are free, we are no longer under severe guidance. We are not responsible except to ourselves. Here, in waiting, and as yet in disguise, stand those who upon acquaintance may become our friends. Our task is to discover our own likings and to find out ourselves. With what thought shall we enter this kingdom of the imagination?

A little searching shows how many a voice answers; a little wisdom shows the value of the "Choicely good." This company is made up of two sorts of people, authors and readers. They come to give and to take; their exchange is thought for thought, and joy is the heritage of both. The author seeks in creation his pleasure, his purpose, his life. For his own joy he makes his book. "Man creates because he has an instinct for action. The spirit within him is a restless spirit and will not be content in idleness." Independent in his labor, he chooses his men and women, the time in which they shall live, the setting for their passing.

At his command his people live or die, and under his control, they speak and act in revelation of the spirit within them. For books are the creation of human thought; when the thought from which they spring is vital and strong, and the language in which they are given to the world is worthy, their life is enduring. To quote De Quincey — himself a master of stately prose that will live: —

"At this hour, one thousand eight hundred years since their creation, the Pagan tales of Ovid, never equaled on this earth for the gayety of their movement and the capricious graces of their narrative, are read by all Christendom."

Another has said: —

"Plato died about two thousand years ago, yet in these printed books he lives and speaks forever. There is no death to thought."

In this world of creation, the question for the author is, how nearly can he succeed in bringing out of his mind the thoughts that lie there. In his choice of subject and method, he alone is responsible. In his workmanship he does what he can. He has revealed his mind and thought. What no one knew of him as a man before, is incarnate in language which all men may read. And now comes the right of the reader. In pursuit of his own pleasure, he comes to make his choice of all that the author offers; and by his decision, his approval, or his rejection of what he finds, he, too, makes a revelation of his own thought and mind. It is by the power of the imagination that the characters and the

scenes of literature are produced. It is by that power that we behold and hear them. Whatever the character, we understand it. The clue to interpretation lies within ourselves, and by that personal relationship, we come through our own experience to see that the principles that guide us in our choice of human companionship, do in reality, apply in the world of books. Each well-drawn figure brings its own atmosphere, and because of this vitality of influence, we are led to be discriminating, for nowhere in life can there be an assemblage so varied in character, quality, and speech, as that which awaits us in literature.

“Thus the difficulties of literature are as great as those of the world, the obstacles of finding the right friends are as great, the peril is as great of being lost in a Babel of voices and an ever-changing mass of beings. Books are not wiser than men, the true books are not easier to find than the true men, the bad books or the vulgar books are not less obtrusive and not less ubiquitous than the bad or vulgar men are everywhere; the art of right reading is as long and as difficult to learn, as the art of right living.”

Carlyle, in his famous Inaugural Address, says:—

“Everywhere a good kind of book and a bad kind of book . . . I may remind you that it is becoming a very important consideration in our day. And we have to cast aside altogether the idea people have, that if they are reading any book, that if an ignorant man is reading any book, he is doing rather better than nothing at all. I must entirely call that in question, I even venture to deny that. It would be much safer and better for many a reader that he had no concern with books at all. There is a number, a frightfully increasing number, of books that are decidedly, to the readers of them, not useful. But an ingenious reader will learn, also, that a certain number of books were written by a supremely noble kind of people—not a very great number of books, but still a number fit to occupy all your reading industry. Do adhere more or less to that side of things. In short, as I have written it down somewhere else, I conceive that books are like men’s souls, divided into sheep and goats. Some few are going up, and carrying us up, heavenward,—calculated, I mean, to be of priceless advantage in teaching,—in forwarding the teaching of all generations. Others, a frightful multitude are going down, down; doing ever the more and the wider mischief. Keep a strict eye on that latter class. For the rest, in regard to all your studies and reading here, and to whatever you may learn, you are to remember that the aim is not particular knowledges,—not that of getting higher and higher in technical perfections, . . . there is a higher aim lying at the rear of all that, especially among those who are intended for literary pursuits.

“You are even to bear in mind that there lies behind that, the acquisition of what may be called wisdom, namely, sound appreciation and just decision as to all the objects that come round you, and the habits of behaving with justice, candor, clear insight, and loyal adherence to fact. Great is wisdom; infinite is the value of wisdom. It cannot be exaggerated, it is the highest achievement of man. ‘Blessed is he that getteth understanding.’”

In the effort to "get understanding" we are led to the idea of standards in literature. In any reading, we immediately become aware that we are forming opinions as to the character and the merit of a book. We discover directly, that in regard to that same writing some one else has other ideas. The world will never be of one mind either about books or men. Among books, we must in freedom read that which we enjoy. Still we know that while individual opinions vary, certain ideals do hold. Some books take a high place in the world's estimation, others stand relatively low. With a little thought we see that these questions of quality, good, and bad, must apply to, and cover several leading points. There is the subject of the book, the method of treatment, the beauty or the poverty of its language, its moral sentiment. How are these things decided? What are standards in literature?

Naturally, these questions lead to the idea of criticism. As literary history shows, the criticism of literature in the hands of masters becomes an art. But a little knowledge of its leading principles belongs by right to every intelligent reader, and these can be briefly suggested. The establishing of critical standards in literature began with Plato and Aristotle in Athens. Plato thought that good art must spring from good morals. In his "Republic" he wrote:—

"Excellence of thought and of harmony, of form and of rhythm, is connected with excellence of character."

The "Spirit of Truth" was to be the leading influence in the production of literature; and good writing, as good art, must represent truth as it is known in the world. Aristotle, coming later, went beyond this limitation. "The business of the poet," he said, "is to tell, not what has happened but what could happen, and what is possible, either from its probability or from its necessary connection with what has gone before. Therefore poetry has a wider truth and a higher aim than has history, for poetry deals with the universal, history with the particular."

The author is not restricted, but from this high point of view, all elements of existence are his to choose from. In the days of Aristotle, the forms of writing were oratory, philosophy, the drama, and poetry. To-day, the novel and the essay hold a great place in literature, the novel, especially, being a popular and a powerful form of literary art. In this progress, life and literature have unfolded together. The writer of to-day may say to himself, as in "Faust" the manager of the theater says to the poet:—

"With resolute courageous trust
Seize every possible impression
And make it firmly your possession.
You'll then work on because you must."

And it is a matter of "impression." The impress that life makes upon the author will lead him to present the things of life, not as they actually appear, but rearranged in the light of his own imagination, and set forth idealized, transfigured, and made suggestive to the imagination of the reader. When this is accomplished, literature is art work.

In England, early in the eighteenth century, Addison wrote the "Pleasures of the Imagination," an essay relating to the subject of elements of literature and its criticism. First, he says, that as the human mind "can never meet with any sight in nature which sufficiently answers its highest ideas of Pleasantry," the author has the pleasure of "adding greater Beauties than are put together in nature, where he describes a Fiction. . . . In a word he has the modeling of Nature in his own hands and may give her what charms he pleases, provided he does not reform her too much and run into absurdities by endeavoring to excel."

The second "pleasure" which is the deeper one, is the power in man to turn away from that outer view, to the world of his own thought, and, still keeping the forms of Nature for the forms of his work, to infuse into his writing the power of his own spirit, and to set forth in words the world of his imagination. "Words when well chosen possess such force that a description often gives us more lively ideas than the sight of things themselves."

For the sake then of more lively ideas, ideas of beauty and greatness clearly defined, so that they can be followed out into life, it is well for us to have some knowledge of the principles that underlie good judgment. Let a man say to himself, What is the nearest need in my life? There is no such need, apart from the need of man to man, that some book will not meet, and in a degree, content. To some temperaments the first finding and communing with Carlyle means new life, unlimited growth; to another mind, Charles Dickens makes a clear sunny space in the midst of depressing influences. Or to stand on stronger ground, there is the insistent demand of your mind to know how to place people and events, how to understand what the great procession of life means; and then we turn to such teachers as Emerson, Ruskin, Browning, and ask them to teach us how to hold "the league of heart to heart."

"The clearest and most imperative duty lies on every one of you to be assiduous in your reading. Learn to be good readers—which is perhaps a more difficult thing than you imagine. Learn to be discriminative in your reading, to read faithfully, and with your best attention, all kinds of things in which you have a real interest, and which you find to be really fit for what you are engaged in."

It is not necessary, however, for one to be technically critical of an author in order to enjoy him. Books appeal to the heart, and without a

thought of history, of the laws of criticism, or of being learned in regard to them. Many a life is uplifted by a love of reading, and a nice sense of choice as to what is clean and good.

If is not necessary, either, to be too severe. There are light ways of reading even serious books. It is well to remember the story of the fanatical old gentleman who, from too serious a point of view, gave up reading at eighteen because Becky Sharp disappointed him. The kingdom is one's own. One should not be afraid of greatness nor daunted by antiquity. A wise word from Epictetus may befriend a drooping spirit; a page of "Faust" may suggest "the stars at last"; an idle glance into Homer may remind one of the near presence of the gods:—

"A great scholar, in the highest sense of the term, is not one who depends simply on an infinite memory, but also on an infinite and electrical power of combination, bringing together from the four winds, like the angel of the Resurrection, what else were dust from dead men's bones, into the unity of breathing life."

In literature, the oldest form is poetry. Matthew Arnold says in his essays on criticism:—

"We should conceive of poetry more worthily and more highly than it has been the custom to conceive of it. We should conceive of it as capable of higher uses and called to higher destinies than those which, in general, men have assigned to it hitherto. More and more, mankind will discover that we have to turn to poetry to interpret life for us, to console us, to sustain us."

As to the power of poetry and its effect upon its readers, Arnold says that it is "the power of so dealing with things as to awaken in us a wonderfully full and intimate sense of them and of our own relations to them." By this means poetry becomes interpretation. It connects nature with life. Its substance is the life of man idealized. It is thought using the universal. Its spirit is the drift of cloud, the perfume of the rose, the night, with its stars and the dawn used symbolically as signs of human life. Its means is language held in control by the law of rhythm.

As Victor Cousin says:—

"Speech is the instrument of poetry; poetry molds it to its uses and idealizes it that so it may express ideal beauty. It gives it the charm and majesty of meter, it turns it into something that is neither voice nor music, but which partakes of the nature of both, something at once material and spiritual; something finished, clear, and precise, like the sharpest contours and forms; something living and animated like color, something pathetic and infinite like sound. A word in itself, above all, a word chosen and transfigured by poetry, is the most powerful and the most universal of symbols."

Poetry has a long history of its own. The earliest writings, rhythmic in form, were at once poetry, religion, and history, however fragmentary.

The *Rigveda* of India is an example. A sacred book of the oldest, symbolic in character, mythological in form, to the Hindoos it is the earliest phrasing of wisdom. In it, as in other books of the ancient East, including the Hebrew Bible, we meet the essential element of poetry, the spirit of nature in relation to the spirit of man, untouched by methods of modern thought. Translations by Max Müller, Monier-Williams, and others, have put these characteristic Oriental writings within reach of all readers.

Passing westward, the student finds Grecian poetry developed and divided as to form, into the epic, or "story telling in verse," which was the oldest form, and later, into the elegiac and lyric poetry, for the expression of personal feeling and emotion, and dramatic poetry which was written for acting. Here arose the writings that are now "classic." To know nothing of this work, which was first Greek, and then Greek and Roman, is to leave out of your reading a knowledge of the beginnings of European literature and of the great influences that have followed and produced undying effect upon the work of the world from then until now.

The need of the general reader to be acquainted with the genius, the ideas, the methods of this literature, has led to abundance of translation. Jebb's "Greek Literature" gives a concise historic outline of the periods and character of this remarkable achievement, and its most important works are in every library.

MODERN LITERATURE

THE classic literature of Greece and Rome arose in freedom below the Danube, in a world that was its own. Roman dominion extended east into Asia, south into Africa. Alexandria, founded for commerce and power, was the seat of scholars. Eastward, Constantinople, designed for imperial glory, was to be the essential home of Greek life and culture, and to stand as a bulwark against Asia until the New World should be found; and in this southern land, in the fifth century, A. D., the old gods had passed into the realm of poetry and art before the power of Christianity, and Rome was the head of the Roman Catholic Church. And now, let the student of literature observe, it is the day of the North. Into this civilized South come the Teutons, the barbarians,—Goths, Vandals, and Lombards,—to shatter the old life, too weak to resist, and to rear the new; and, after their earliest inroads, the atmosphere clears, and we see these Teutons at home in the land of their invasion. A thousand years are darkened by battle for territory and the crude ignorance of a transition period; but by the fifteenth century, the mighty forces of the South and North have become welded together.

The religion, language, and cosmopolitan influence of Rome had been absorbed by the Teutons, for their coming "did not in any way kill what

possessed life." On the other hand, as Guizot says further, "It was the rude barbarians of Germany who introduced the sentiment of personal independence, the love of individual liberty into European civilization; it was unknown among the Romans, it was unknown in the Christian Church, it was unknown in nearly all the civilizations of antiquity." So arose the new nations — Italy, Spain, Germany, France, and England — leading in the new life, a life that the fifteenth century brought into the sunlight of free expression. "For the first time," says Taine, "men opened their eyes and saw." The restive spirit of man expressed itself in the new literature.

"Personal independence" — the love of liberty — this was the keynote, the deep leading motive of literary production. Added to that new estimate and science of individuality, was the Teuton's love and respect for woman and for home. It was an elevating and softening influence in literature. The family had a new recognition in art, in poetry, in philosophy, and in romance. For a time, in the early days of the world, metrical movement was the only form of expression of life. The prose that followed, arose from the writing down of oral tradition and from the innate desire of man to tell the story of his own experience. The source of prose is hidden in the mountains of myth, its childhood is cherished in the tenderness of the fairy tale. As the student of literature pauses to look back, he catches the drift of song, the telling of the tale that has been going on through the dark age — fitful yet persistent.

To understand all later writing, fix in your mind the beginning. During the Dark Ages, books and culture belonged to the monk in the cloister. Society was catholic, feudal, and chivalrous. Touched by the impulse of growth, it now took to itself the grace of popular song. The Troubadour was abroad. He was a "finder of songs" who for awhile sang delightfully, and passed, with his soft Provençal tongue, giving way to the growth of France, Spain, Germany, Italy, and England, with their fully-formed languages and writings. From this point the interest of English readers most naturally turns for its first choice of reading to English literature.

Epic poetry is most popularly known through the *Nibelungenlied*, which has been brought into our own lives by the translations of Carlyle and the genius of Wagner; through the English *Beowulf*, and at length, along this line of sustained thought, through Milton, who, in *Paradise Lost*, "went out of this lower world in search of the sublime." But the heart of the world sang songs, and lyric poetry has been the accomplishment of modern life.

In a choice of modern reading, the fifteenth century stands as a point of observation for the reader. Life then was enlarging. The nations, having become established, began to exert influence one upon another.

The lessening power of the Roman Catholic Church, the growing power of individual states, the idea of balance of power between states as individual factors, in distinction from the old idea of Europe; the differences in religion which, in spite of intolerance, led to freedom of thought; the many industrial pursuits and the wider knowledge that, with the fall of Constantinople before the Turks in 1453, and the consequent westward migration of many scholarly Greeks, came through commerce, printing, and travel — these things mark the beginning of international life.

In England, in the fourteenth century, the language was freed from other tongues and became national in character and form. At that period came Chaucer, "who made our tongue into a true means of poetry . . . all our prose writers and poets derive their tongue from the language of the 'Canterbury Tales.'" For this reason, as well as from the fact that he wrote out of the poetic nature and that his poetry appeals to that nature in his readers, a liberal choice from Chaucer has interest.

Following English poetry since that time, and seeing how the world has loved and repeated its songs, we may read Arnold's words once more, and so be led to choose from among our poets and their work, according to our taste; yet with intelligent judgment, as to what poetry is, as part of a nation's literature.

In this time of world's growth, and as a sign of the spirit of the age, themes multiplied and literature appeared in all its now familiar forms. Philosophy, the study of the nature of man's being, took a large place. Breaking away from the control of old classic theories, and also from thinking closely with the church, "the sentiment of personal independence, the love of individual liberty" led men to assert their opinions in freedom. The writings of Spinoza in Holland, of Lord Bacon in England, of Montaigne in France, and of Descartes, whose starting point was "I think, therefore I am," are illustrations of this new period of metaphysical study. A choice of reading among philosophers may be aided by reference to George Henry Lewes's "History of Philosophy," in which are given brief outlines of leading systems.

As to Bacon, his work emphasized the necessity of observation and experience as the basis of knowledge. His clear method of thought, his power to use illustration and symbol, yet in brief terse sentences to give "the most matter in the fewest words," produced a work valuable both for its character and its form. His writings should be known to all lovers of English who desire uplifting influences — as he says, "when the mind goes deeper and sees the dependence of the causes and works of Providence, it will easily perceive according to the mythology of the poets, that the upper link of nature's chain is fastened to Jupiter's throne."

CLASSICAL AND ROMANTIC LITERATURE

OUT of this growth of the world, the end of the fifteenth and the beginning of the sixteenth centuries, two literary movements, the Classical and the Romantic, take their rise. The first was the Renaissance — the revival of the beauty and power of older work in literature — and writers looked back for models in method and style, and “the transcendently powerful influence of Greek literature began to work upon the world.” The Romantic movement of thought led forward. It was the impulse of new life, interest in new ideas, the sense of new power in society. Mankind took the place of the gods, and Teutonic speech prevailed above Latin.

In England the two elements worked together. In a choice of reading, the essays of Addison, marked by clearness and elegance, touching social themes with, as Thackeray said, “a wit that makes us laugh and leaves us good and happy,” illustrates this classical influence that affected many writers of the time. In Shakespeare, who went beyond limitations, we find the swift, forcible words of life used to express deepest experience. Humanity became the theme and the impulse of modern writing, and vigorous English, tempered by usage, grew into the essay, the drama, and the novel.

THE ESSAY

THE essay is written from the contemplative point of view. It is social in character. It deals with men and life. It belongs to cultivated, developed literature, not to rude sessions of life. The writer has the perception of the artist. He keeps within the court of language. He follows one thought through a maze of suggestion, or he sets a number closely together to cover much ground in little space. A single man, a cavalier, rose-scented from the folded years, a gray and dusty book lover, or a simple soul in homespun, may be the subject of the essay; or it may be “A Rainy Day.” Perception and insight are at work. The essay stands on the border line of philosophy, but is restrained by art instinct from being too long, too heavy, too documental.

Art, morals, manners, mark the field of the essay. The attitude of the reader toward it must not be severely critical as far as mere statement of fact, history, philosophy, character, or life are concerned; but must have regard rather to the personal expression of all these, “embodied in the mystery of the words.” The essay appeals to the heart and deeper thought of people and has been chosen since the days of Seneca and Cicero as a favorite form of literary expression. In England it has been used by Addison, Steele, Coleridge, Lamb, “the last

true lover of antiquity " with his " aroma of old English," Leigh Hunt, Hazlitt, Landor, Carlyle with his studies of German literature and authors, the brilliant Macaulay, Walter Pater, Stevenson, and our well-known Emerson, whose phrase is the very touchstone of thought and imagination. The list of latter day essayists is long, and the form is in constant use.

THE DRAMA

THE place that the drama has held in literary history can scarcely be fairly presented in this brief survey. Human nature in its relation to itself is dramatic. Man's interest in himself is intensely personal, and because of this sense of individuality, and the intimate relation of each person to others in society, nothing has been more natural than that from Asia to America, the world through five thousand years of its literary and social history, should have found a never-ceasing pleasure in the writing and the acting of its plays.

Life shapes itself in episodes, and it is as a reflection of this natural life movement that we have a play upon the stage. Man stands centrally in creation. All elements of human character are active or dormant within each soul. All emotions are in some degree common to all men. The subjects of the drama, therefore, have been taken from life and taken with the certainty that if, by means of fair language and adequate acting, the dramatist's conception can be made clear, there will be no failure of response.

How great a resource has been the writing of plays, how great a love and how great a labor has been the acting, and with what throb of joy the world's great audiences have gone to see a play. The whole of life has entered into this world-drama. Tragedy the deepest, comedy the gayest, the plays of religious experiences, mysteries, miracle plays, the *Passion Play* at Oberammergau, *The Masque*, the laughing farce,—all these are but so many phases of human existence, idealized, epitomized and set before us for recognition. The drama, therefore, must be very fully represented in every complete selection of books. For while theater-going is frequently impossible, the pioneer may have Æschylus and Shakespeare in his cabin.

The reader of dramatic literature has at command translations of the old Greek plays, and, to begin at Athens, with the *Eumenides* or *Furies* of Æschylus, or the *Ædipus* or the *Antigone* of Sophocles, and to follow this line of human expression through European history, is to realize the majesty of dramatic thought, and to get the deepest conception of the drama's place in literature. The dramas of Calderon, Corneille, Racine, Molière, and Dumas, show that dramatic art was a living need, the need of the dramatist to express himself, the need of the actor to

create the part, and, underneath it all, the strong love of humanity to see life reflected.

In England we pass rapidly from *Ralph Royster Doyster*, the first English comedy, to the plays of Peele, Green, and Marlowe, and so on to the luminous name of Shakespeare, where we pause in the presence of a great single personality. The time of Shakespeare is that of a settled and accepted monarchy, a point that helps us to understand the man. The only way to know Shakespeare is to read him for himself, by himself, all alone. After that, know what others say about him. There is something precious in one's own first impressions, and when the author is great, they should never be lost. Shakespeare is universal. His themes are Life, Love, and Law. His characters are realities for all who meet them. He teaches the great commandments of Christianity. He says, "Forbear to judge for we are sinners all." He sends through all his work a tender humanizing influence. To Shakespeare the long lines of historic growth lead up; and, reaching him, we open his books for our own life reading.

All of his power as a master, all of his dramatic force, all that makes him especially great in his profession, remarkable and varied as it is, is altogether secondary to the fact that over and above the form of his work is the power with which he appeals to the individual mind and soul; and for this reason, if for no other, read Shakespeare. Set apart with reverence a place in your mind for his everlasting holding, and hang therein a little lamp that shall signal you back, if through the mean companionship of careless writers you stray too far afield. With this wise and great one in your temple you cannot be long misled by false teachings in the market place.

THE NOVEL

THE novel is distinctly a modern form in literature. Since its first appearance, over two hundred and fifty years ago, it has developed with increasing power, and to-day fills a preponderant place in the book world. "We cannot say that the novels of 1740 legitimately developed into the novels of 1780; that the novels of 1780 logically developed into the novels of 1820; that the novels of 1820 legitimately and regularly developed into the novels of 1850; still, as the influences of life are continuous, and as the novel is the closest expression of individuality, so these life influences have had formative power and the development of the novel has followed the development of life."

F. H. Stoddard in his valuable *Evolution of the English Novel* gives five specific kinds of expression in novel form:—

"The novel of personal life, of individual, separate, domestic life, is the basal form. A novel is a record of emotion; the story of a human life touched

with emotion; the story of two human lives under stress of emotional arousement; the story of domestic life with emotion pervading it; the story of a great historical character in his day of aroused emotional activity; or the story of the romantic adventures of some person in whom we are forced by the author to take an interest."

The novel began in England with a few strong stories that took modern human life as their subject. Richardson with *Pamela* and *Clarissa Harlowe*; Fielding with *Tom Jones*; Sterne, Goldsmith, Fanny Burney with *Evelina*, are the leading names in the early life of the novel. Eighty years later, Walter Scott opened the era of the historical romantic novel.

In the meantime, the French Revolution had occurred and had dramatized literary feeling. Out of this came an unsettled period in which Jane Austin "produced the best novel we have of every-day society of 1811-17." Following this, arose the work of Scott. With the truer perception of the time, romance made approach to life. History had been written and read, and its verity cultivated imagination. Between these wide points, Scott stood in a high light. He took the movement of history and combined with it the spirit of romance.

"In the historical novel there may be foreshortening, picturesque grouping, design; but it is in the interest of the completeness of the picture. The historical novel is not mere history, it is rather magnetized history, in which every fact is quiveringly tendent toward some focal pole of unity." In France, this spirit was strongly productive, as the works of Victor Hugo and Dumas show. Here, as in England, the novel moved toward the expression of individuality.

In the history of the novel, all good work, however varied, is a link in the chain. Out of the past, grows the present. As Edmund Gosse says, "We owe much to the strenuous labors which made George Meredith, and, later, Thomas Hardy and Robert Louis Stevenson, possible." The richness of literature to-day is the culmination of the bloom of these great years.

In America, the world movement is everywhere apparent. American literature is an expression of the life of the country. Between America and England, national differences exist and have their effect upon literature; but the laws of literary development are the same. In this country, early seriousness passed from theology to the historical works of Prescott, Motley, Parkham, Bancroft and others; to Cooper with his novels of American life; to Washington Irving with his sketches and short stories, and his life of Washington; to the poets, Bryant, Holmes, and Lowell; to the romances of Poe and Hawthorne; to the novels of Mrs. Stowe, Miss Phelps, and Mrs. Burnett. The new note struck in America has been strong and vital. The studies of local character

and environment have made a unique addition and have been brilliantly done by Miss Murfree (Charles Egbert Craddock), Miss Kate Chopin, Thomas Nelson Page, and John Fox, Jr., in the South, and by Mary E. Wilkins and Sarah Orne Jewett in the East; while, constant as life itself, comes the succession of popular and frequently admirable short stories and lyric poetry of the present day.

In all of this, choice is the reader's privilege. The highest idea that can be offered for guidance is the idea of the progress of life, the evolution of the individual, and the choice in reading that shall minister to the highest needs of the hour.

A LIBRARY OF HOME CULTURE

THE following list of one hundred books is a suggestion rather than a guide, toward the formation of such a library in small space and at small cost, as may serve as a means to the vital end of self-culture. In the main, it is probably adequate, but in many details, it may well be altered to meet the requirements of individual tastes. A list of this sort should be elastic, that it may take in some degree the personal impress of each reader. Yet it should be borne in mind that in a fairly close adherence to this list the reader may feel secure; for these books are almost all stamped with the approval of time, or sanctioned by a consensus of trained opinion.

The Bible is not included, because it stands apart; its preëminence is so overwhelming, that to have included it among a hundred others would show a lack of the sense of proportion. It is essential and inevitable, a library in itself—itsself the whole literature of a race, a compendium of power, beauty, and conduct. The list is made up of books that belong essentially to the literature of power. For purposes of reference, there will be needed to supplement it, certain convenient repositories of fact, books that are tools. Such are a good dictionary, an atlas, and a series of compact popular handbooks, such as are now so abundant and cheap.

Out of the hundred, it has seemed well to depart from precedent and to devote nearly a third of the number to the works of contemporaries. The first seventy are selected from what are acknowledged to be standard works. The remaining thirty are chosen from the compositions of those writers who are most closely in touch with us, and give expression to the aims and tendencies of our own day. These are most deeply significant to us, out of all proportion perhaps to the rank which they may come to take at last on the roll of the accepted great. A choice of reading which binds one too exclusively to the past is not that which will best fit the reader to play his part in life. The list is made for the reader who will read the masterpieces of foreign languages in translation. It, there-

fore, seeks to limit to the last degree the choice from foreign literatures, because of the loss which all great works must suffer in the process of translation. It is for this reason, for instance, that Heine, who subtly eludes translation, is omitted; and Horace, whom the most skilled translator succeeds only in disguising. But there are translators who add to the beauty and distinction of the original, among whom Fitzgerald, the translator of Omar Khayyam, stands preëminent.

POETRY AND DRAMA:—

Homer (preferably in the prose translation by Butcher & Lang and Lang, Leaf & Myers); Æschylus's "The Prometheus"; Sophocles's "The Œdipus Trilogy"; The Greek Anthology (translations collected in the Canterbury Poets Series); Catullus; Firdausi's "Shahnamah"; Omar Khayyam; Dante; Chaucer's "The Canterbury Tales"; Spenser's "The Faerie Queene"; Milton; Molière's "Le Bourgeois Gentilhomme"; Shakespeare; Goethe's "Faust"; Burns; Wordsworth (Arnold's Selections); Byron; Shelley; Keats; Emerson; Poe; Walt Whitman's "Leaves of Grass"; Browning; Tennyson; Matthew Arnold; Rossetti.

HISTORY AND BIOGRAPHY:—

Herodotus; Plutarch's "Lives"; Livy; Boswell's "Life of Johnson"; Lockhart's "Life of Scott"; Carlyle's "French Revolution"; Green's "Short History of the English People"; Motley's "Rise of the Dutch Republic"; Parkman's "Montcalm and Wolf."

PHILOSOPHY, ETC.:—

Locke's "The Conduct of the Human Understanding"; Darwin's "The Origin of Species"; Spencer.

ESSAYS AND CRITICISM:—

Montaigne; Bacon; Addison; Macaulay; Lamb; Emerson; De Quincey; Carlyle's "Heroes and Hero Worship"; Matthew Arnold; Robert Louis Stevenson.

FICTION:—

"The Morte D'Arthur"; "The Arabian Nights"; "Pilgrim's Progress"; "Robinson Crusoe"; "Don Quixote"; Balzac's "Le Père Goriot"; Dumas's "The Three Musketeers"; Scott's "Ivanhoe"; Thackeray's "Henry Esmond"; Dickens's "David Copperfield"; Hugo's "Les Misérables"; George Eliot's "The Mill on the Floss"; Hawthorne's "The Scarlet Letter"; Pater's "Marius the Epicurean"; Stevenson's "Treasure Island."

MISCELLANEOUS:—

Marcus Aurelius's "Meditations"; Jeremy Taylor's "Holy Living and Holy Dying"; Marco Polo's "Travels"; Ruskin's "Modern Painters" and "Sesame and Lilies"; Lubke's "History of Art"; Hammerton's "The Intellectual Life."

READING

IN THIS age of abundant literature, reading is a matter of importance to every life. One who has a keen appetite for good books has a mine of spiritual riches which Cræsus might covet. In solitude, sickness, misfortune, age, books are a solace, an inspiration, a means of companionship. Other friends may turn away, or may die; books are always faithful. To the young, in particular, they are mental food. They nourish the thoughts as meats nourish the blood. Good blood means a healthy body; bad blood means a diseased body. So good thoughts mean a strong and useful character, while bad thoughts mean intellectual and moral degeneracy.

The boy Lincoln nourished his patriotism on Weems's *Life of Washington*. He also read two infidel books which influenced him to such an extent that he wrote a discourse against the Christian religion. Happily he soon recovered from this blunder, but the fact shows what dangerous power lurks in an evil book. On the other hand, the boy criminal, Jesse Pomeroy, one of the most brutal characters of the last century, confessed that he had always been a great reader of "blood-and-thunder" stories. He had read, even at his early age, no less than sixty dime novels of the bloodiest description. One cause of his monstrous career is not far to seek. Marryat's novels have sent thousands of boys to sea, and the various lives of Napoleon have turned an equal number to a military career. Other books have had an influence less startling, but not less real. One's thoughts, hopes, emotions, and resolves, are colored, if not caused, by early readings.

A prominent writer declares, "there is explosive material in most of us, if we can only reach it. A book often serves as a match to light the dormant powder. Books should be wisely selected and be read with care. Desultory reading is bad. An indifferent plan is better than no plan. The indifferent plan will surely exclude the worst, even if it fails to include the best. One who accepts everything will get not a little intellectual garbage and moral refuse. Passive reading is worse. In this, the reader surrenders himself passively into the hands of the author. It is a mild species of mental hypnotism. There are few people to whom one would wish to give hypnotic control of one's soul. But worst of all is the eager reading of vicious books. The taste for such "literature" is to be likened to nothing less than the drunkard's appetite for the drink which curses him; or the opium fiend's insane craving for his deadly drug. This particular topic needs no further elaboration.

There are other mischievous books, which are exceedingly harmful even though they are not classed as vicious. For boys, these are mostly

stories of lurid adventure. For girls, they are the merely sentimental, hysterical class. They not only crowd out the true intellectual food and destroy the taste for it, but they positively injure the reader. They leave the mind in a fever or in a state of imbecility. They paralyze the power of the will for all that is good. A useful book will stimulate the brain and inspire the purpose. To say of a book that it is easy reading is not necessarily praise. Reading is a task of the brain, an exercise, and should not always be made easy. It is not a substitute for thought, it is a stimulus to thought, and a guide to the more useful paths of thinking. The mischievous books are those that make the reader peevish, and discontented with the daily routine of life. He was a great man who wrote "Blessed be drudgery." The wise Creator has ordained that the major part of the work of this life should be drudgery. The brave and true heart cheerfully takes up the daily tasks. The book that interferes with the proper contentment of the boy or girl, does irreparable damage to the character.

The test of all work is its effect. A brilliant painting may attract momentary admiration but, later on, become positively tiresome; while Millet's *Angelus* grows more beautiful the more it is seen. As with painting, so with books. The book that stands the test of time is the great book. The book that makes you permanently better — either stirring you to good impulses, or furnishing your mind with useful facts, or giving you the restfulness and calm needed for future work — is the good book. Its permanent effect is good. In selecting books, one is guided largely by the judgment of one's friends, and by the published book reviews. When these command your confidence, you may get much benefit from their opinions. Emerson's three rules are good to ponder even if they be not entirely practical. They are: "Never read a book that is not a year old; Never read any but famous books; and Never read a book that you do not like."

Read newspapers, but read them gingerly. The head lines are full and usually give an excellent summary of the news of the day. Specific articles need to be read in detail. Such editorials as meet the reader's needs will be read with care. But all of this should occupy only a little time. The excessive reading of the daily paper will leave no time for more extended reading and study, nor will it accomplish permanent benefit. It is well to have one good magazine every month and to look over several. In almost every magazine there is at least one article that is well worth the reader's while. But the culling of these is a very different matter from reading the publication from cover to cover. Even though the ablest writers of the day are contributors to the magazines, the latter should not be allowed to crowd books out of one's life.

The books that are suggested in this article are intended only as a suggestion as to the sort of books which may be helpful to any boy or girl. The authors here named are but few of the many that have won their place in the confidence of the best judges; they are mentioned to give the reader a definite starting point. Boys like a flavor of excitement. This taste is natural and legitimate, and books for boys should have a healthy, vigorous action. The appeal of the writer, implied though not expressed, should be to the inherent manliness which is found in the nature of every healthy boy. A good specimen of such a book, one that is almost ideal, is *Tom Brown's School Days at Rugby*, by Thomas Hughes. Girls like a flavor of sentiment. This is their nature and the taste should be met. But it should be met in a natural and healthy way, not by maudlin or hysterical emotion. A type of the healthy book for girls is Miss Alcott's *Old Fashioned Girl*.

Many of the best books in the world's literature are equally good for both young and old. Kipling's *Jungle Books* are of this sort. The works of Ernest Seton-Thompson and of John Burroughs cannot be too highly praised. Among the works of history may be named the writings of Edward Eggleston, and those of John Fiske. Also *Boy's Froissart*, and *Boy's King Arthur*, both edited by Sidney Lanier; Dickens's *Child's History of England*, Lord's *Beacon Lights of History*, and some volume in the series of the *Stories of Nations*. It is well to keep at hand several of the best collections of poetry.

The three volumes of *Open Sesame* and Whittier's *Child Life in Poetry* are adapted to younger persons; but Bryant's *Library of Poetry and Song*, and Palgrave's *Golden Treasury* should also be within reach. These should not exclude the separate volumes of favorite authors.

In biography, a good start may be made with Mrs. Bolton's *Boys Who became Famous*. Thomas Hughes's *Alfred the Great*, and Southey's *Nelson* are excellent. The biographical list should include Washington, Lincoln, Grant, and, in fact, all the formative men of our country. The books of travel for young people are very numerous. *The Zig-Zag Journeys* of Hezekiah Butterworth, the *Bodley Books* of Horace E. Scudder, and the series of *Boy Travelers* by Thomas W. Knox, are enough to furnish a small library. When to these are added the accounts of various attempts to reach the North Pole, the exploration of Africa, the journeys through the less-known parts of Asia, and the voyages of R. H. Dana, Mr. Darwin, and Professor Agassiz, it is seen that there is no lack of material in this department. There are various primers of science, issued by leading publishers, some of which are fascinating. There are also larger works, like those of Miss Arabella B. Bulkley.

Among story-writers, Hawthorne stands easily at the head. Mr. Mabie's *Norse Stories* are valuable. Mark Twain's *The Prince and the*

Pauper deserves special mention. The list that includes the names of Miss Alcott, Elizabeth Stuart Phelps, Kate Douglas Wiggin, Joel Chandler Harris, Charles Dudley Warner, Thomas Bailey Aldrich, and Edward Everett Hale shows that there is no excuse for bringing up children on goody-goody, wishy-washy, hysterical, criminal, and altogether abominable stories, such as cause ruin to the mind and damage to the soul.

The young reader will not long be young. He should, therefore, continually look to the great authors with determination to enter into their fellowship as early as possible. As soon as you can do so with pleasure, read the great poets: Shakespeare, Wordsworth, Milton, Tennyson, and the American poets. Cherish an ambition to read the great novels: *Romola*, *The Newcomes*, *Lorna Doone*, *John Inglesant*, *David Copperfield*, *Griffith Gaunt*, and *All Sorts and Conditions of Men*. Try to love the books and the authors you read. The author whom you prefer is likely to be your most potent teacher. Read, therefore, with enthusiasm, with energy, with the whole mind. Absorb the mental and moral life of a book. Assimilate it into your life. It will increase your mental stature and strengthen your moral vitality. There is danger of cramming the brain and starving the mind. The best reader is not the one who merely appropriates knowledge, but the one who converts it into character.

HOW TO READ A CLASSIC

A CLASSIC is a writing that by the supreme standard of worth and beauty has received from each age the highest tribute. Men have turned to these writings for mental discipline, for inspiration and refreshment, and have been repaid from an unlimited source of high excellence. The classics have taken their place in the literature of the world by virtue of their own quality; they stand preëminent and fixed—

“Constant as the Northern Star.”

To understand what constitutes a classic, we turn to literature itself. The word implies comparison. In meaning, it stands for the very best of all. A classic is that which belongs to the best class, to the first class, to the highest class. Applied to literature, the word signifies that we have standards of excellence in writing; that these standards are clear to us, and that by reference to them we are able to select and to bring together, in one class, writers whose works are distinguished for their intrinsic worth and excellence. At first glance it would appear that to different readers different things must seem to be the best, and it would be impossible for the mind of the world to be agreed as to what should be selected as worthy to represent the highest rank in literature. But our standards grow out of general life; they exist as a

sign of general experience; they take their place in general intelligence, and rule our judgment and action with little doubt or question. In the world of literature, these standards of excellence exist as a sign of time and experience, and of the unity of life and thought in man. The old literature of the world has for centuries been subject to criticism, and history shows with what agreement of heart and head, works have been selected from the old and from the new to be called the best, the classic.

All minds select more or less, and selection runs naturally along two lines; either on that of our critical judgment, or that of our natural love. Like two pathways, these lines of thought and feeling lead direct from any book to the mental vision of the individual. The pathway of critical judgment is often but slightly used. Love alone leads many a reader to a book. But in the decision of the world as to what is classic, these two, love and judgment, have run side by side and have met in one conclusion.

The history of the classic begins early, and is continuous. It is an expression of a chief joy in the world, for, as its history and interpretation show, it is the deepest expression of the human heart set forth in the best literary form. This we appreciate fully only by reading for ourselves. In this matter of standards by which critics have helped to establish the order of classic literature, Matthew Arnold stands as a leading English authority. This is because he sets before us as a ground for judgment a few simple points that with a little thought become clear to all who have first realized that literature is loved because it is an expression of life.

The classics of the world are both poetry and prose. Apart from their form, however, their theme is life, and expression in either form is reached by means of perfectly chosen language. Thus the rules of criticism apply equally to either form of literature. If a poem is old, we can take its "historic estimate." If it appeals to our feeling, we can consider that "personal estimate." But "the real estimate" lies in the study of what is "the really excellent." This real estimate "we must employ if we are to make poetry yield to us its full benefit. So high is that benefit, the benefit of feeling clearly and enjoying deeply the really excellent, the truly classic in poetry, that we do well, I say, to set it fixedly before our minds as our object in studying poets and poetry." For the attainment of that enjoyment, one must first of all look candidly at what is read, without prejudice, without too much veneration for greatness, but with an open and clear mind. And here keep two points in sight; one the desire to know what other people have regarded as "the really excellent," the other to know if what has been so chosen seems excellent to us.

It is by this means that we come to comprehend the standard of greatness. From a study of the classics, we learn to know the spirit of noble and beautiful writing. "Indeed, there can be no more useful help for discovering what poetry belongs to the class of the truly excellent, than to have always in mind the words of the great masters, and to apply them as a touchstone to other poetry.

The classic in literature, that is, whatever belongs to the class of the very best, will always have its own complete and definite form. It may be an epic, such as Milton's "Paradise Lost"; it may be lyric poetry, as Robert Burns's "Bonnie Doon"; it may be drama, as Shakespeare's "Macbeth"; or prose, as an essay by Addison; but whatever the theme, or the placing, the language will be always noble—always the triumph of the word. For this reason, the student in classic work finds models for technical study.

In his analysis of masterpieces, the student will find motive and movement; the arrangement and succession of scenes; the speech of the characters; the relationship, the appearance and the grouping of persons, introduced with some peculiar quality of power. In this pursuit, technical study will of itself suggest comparison. The value of one great composition makes the mind observant and inquiring as to others; and the student is naturally led from one point to another, to see by what methods the great masters have done the work that bears their names. In this way, the reader's mind is trained to a comprehension of the mechanism and method of the best, and he will gather, and hold in his mind, models for guidance in his own workmanship.

Many readers do not pay heed to this close technical study; they read emotionally under the teaching of life. They read to find an outlet for their own sense of the inexpressible, to find the best they know in themselves and in their dreams, set in some other light, in other scenes, with other words, distant by any length of years, illuminated by sympathy, and so made an enlargement of life. In short, they read for pleasure, and with desire for the "highest quality" of literary art in its expression.

The classic is majesty of thought, and illumined insight, which of itself has led to the setting together of words harmonious and clear. All of the qualities that make life sweet, strong, and true, all the elements that make it bitter and sinister, are used to give rank to literature. All that gives grace, brilliancy, power, and charm, to human society are the qualities that enrich the written word; and the highest literature is that which, on the plane of art, removed from literal relation to place, people, condition, and circumstance, makes manifest by its own "high beauty, worth, and power" the ideal of the soul.

So then we turn with human interest in search of some illustration of what the world has agreed to call the classic works of literature. With-

out regard to older writing, however worthy, the reader knows that in Greece and in Rome, a field of classic study awaits him. Indeed, so great, so varied, so original, and so finished, are the writings of these ancient nations, that formerly they held a place apart from modern literature, and were regarded as being the classics of the world.

At the beginning, in an enchantment of youth, stand the *Iliad* and the *Odyssey*, the two Greek poems that founded epic art. In the question of their classic value, their history and their authorship are set aside. All that relates to those questions is readily learned through the ample commentary of such books as Jevon's "History of Greek Literature," Jebb's "Homer," Gladstone's "Homer," Mahaffy's "History of Greek Literature." These Homeric writings "belong to the end, not to the beginning, of a poetical epoch. They mark the highest point reached by a school of poetry in 'Ionia,' which began by shaping the rude war songs of Æolic bards into short lays, and gradually developed a style suited to heroic narrative." This epicverse is written for recitation. As culture advanced, "when lyric songs set to music were called *mclê*, 'things sung,' all poems that were not accompanied by music, but were merely recited, were distinguished as *cpê*, spoken verses. Now the chief kind of poetry that was thus merely recited was, like the Homeric, narrative poetry in hexameter verse. To this kind, therefore, the name *cpê* was especially given, and it came to be called *Epic* poetry. Hexameter verse—called by the Greeks 'Heroic' verse, because it was used in epic poetry, which tells of heroes," is retained in many of the metrical translations.

The *Iliad* relates certain events in the ten years' siege of Ilium or Troy, by the Greeks. It opens with the wrath of Achilles, the Greek hero-warrior, son of Peleus. Affronted by King Agamemnon, Atreus's son, Achilles had withdrawn from the fight, and his heart within his shaggy breast was divided in counsel, whether to draw his keen blade, set the company aside and slay Atrides, or to assuage his anger and curb his soul. While yet he doubted thereof in heart and soul, and was drawing his great sword from its sheath, Athena came to him from heaven, sent forth of the white-armed goddess Hera, whose heart loved both alike and had care for them. She stood behind Peleus's son and caught him by his golden hair; to him only was she visible, and of the rest, no man beheld her. Then Achilles marveled, and turned him about, and straightway knew Pallas Athena; and terribly shone her eyes. He spoke to her winged words, and said:—

"Why now art thou close hither, thou daughter of ægis-bearing Zeus? Is it to behold the insolence of Agamemnon, son of Atreus? Yes, I will tell thee that I deem shall even be brought to pass; by his own haughtiness shall he soon lose his life."

Then the bright-eyed goddess Athena spoke to him again:—

“I came from heaven to stay thine anger, if perchance thou wilt hearken to me, being sent forth of the white-armed goddess Hera, that loveth you twain alike, and careth for you. Go to now, cease from strife, and let not thine hand draw the sword; yet with words indeed revile him, even as it shall come to pass. For thus will I say to thee, and so it shall be fulfilled; hereafter shall goodly gifts come to thee, yea in threefold measure, by reason of this despite; hold thou thine hand, and hearken to us.”

And Achilles, fleet of foot, made answer and said to her:—

“Goddess, needs must a man observe the saying of you twain, even though he be very wroth of heart; for so it is the better way, whosoever obeyeth the gods, to him they gladly hearken. He said, and stayed his heavy hand on the silver hilt, and thrust the great sword back into the sheath, and was not disobedient to the saying of Athena; and she forthwith departed to Olympus, to the other gods in the palace of ægis-bearing Zeus.”

A single passage gives but faint suggestion of any great work; still, in any selection from the *Iliad* one comes immediately in touch with the great pulse of its life, and recognizes its essential characteristics. There is the simple directness of its writing, as when Hector summons his brother to leave his house and come into the battle.

“Then in reply to his brother, thus spoke Alexander, the godlike,—

‘Hector, indeed you reproach me with justice, no more than I merit.

Therefore to you will I speak, and do you give attention and hearken;’”

and where Hector replies to his wife when she implores him to stay with her:—

“I too have thought of all this, dear wife, but I fear the reproaches,

Both of the Trojan youths and the long-haired maidens of Troy,

If like a cowardly churl I would keep me aloof from the combat.

Nor would my spirit permit; for well have I learned to be valiant.”

In the *Iliad*, the author does not appear. The story is told with deep enthusiasm for heroes and honored gods, yet in the manner and with the restraint of the artist dominating the narrative. The landscape limits the scene, “the bright sea” with “many-ridged Olympus” overshadowing, the “saffron-colored dawn” bringing the day; and the west, where “the sun’s bright light dropped into Ocean, drawing black night across Earth, the grain-giver.”

Genius unsurpassed—and that in an age when there were no masters—produced the *Iliad*. Pure unity of place and plan, of scene and action, beauty, grace, grandeur, and pathos, all are here in the simple narrative of the *Iliad*. Still the reader realizes that with all of its greatness and restraint, this ancient writing stands far from the literary work of to-day. The world of society has undergone a tremendous change. In its development, man has grown conscious of his threefold relations

to Nature, to God, and to Man; or as Wordsworth says, his thoughts have dwelt —

“On Man, on Nature and on human life,”

until all of these have entered into his literature, and in the highest work, the three in this unity and correspondence are ever present.

In the reading, therefore, of the earliest classics, the historic position of society is very plainly suggested, while, also, in the right reading, the literary spirit leads the way; teaching the student to keep the mind clear to the actual merit of the work. This is its highest value. It is for this gift of the best that we read,—

“The classic comes to us out of the cool and quiet of other times, as the measure of what, a long experience has shown, will at least never displease us. And in the classical literature of Greece and Rome, as in the classics of the last century, the essentially classical element is that quality of ardor in beauty which they possess, indeed, in a preëminent degree, and which impresses some minds to the exclusion of everything else in them. The charm, therefore, of what is classical in art or literature is that of the well-known tale, to which we can, nevertheless, listen over and over again, because it is told so well. To the absolute beauty of its artistic form is added the incidental, tranquil charm of familiarity.”

The literature that came after the *Iliad* was a sign of new growth. “Now the private citizen begins to think and to act more independently. He has wider influence, higher work, finer pleasure,—more to stir his mind and warm his fancy. Knowledge is widening its circle, the fine arts are slowly ripening, science is struggling to its birth, life is growing eager and full. . . . And now, about 700 B. C., in this dawn of large promise, the poet comes forward with his first distinct attempt to interest other people in his own thoughts and feelings.

“Spirit, thou Spirit, like a troubled sea
Ruffled with deep and hard calamity
Sustain the shock, a daring heart oppose.”

— *Archilochus*.

Or the well-known words from Alcæus:—

“What constitutes a State?
Not high-raised battlements nor labored mound,
Thick wall or moated gate;
Not cities fair, with spires and turrets crowned;
No;—Men, high-minded Men.”

Out of this new political and individual life, rose the new lyric poetry, and we hold the names of Sappho, Anacreon, Simonides, and Pindar, whose odes, even in translation, bring visions of the “cadenced step” with which the glad procession sought the temples of the gods.

“ O lyre of gold,
 Which Phoëbus and that sister quire,
 With crisped locks of darkest violet hue,
 Their seemly heritage forever hold:
 The cadenced step hangs listening on thy chime
 Spontaneous joys ensue;
 The vocal troops obey thy signal notes,
 While, sudden from the shrilling wire
 To lead the solemn dance thy murmur floats
 In its preluding flight of song;
 And in thy streams of music drowned,
 The forked lightning in Heaven's azure clime
 Quenches its ever flowing fire.”

These lines are history, but they are also far more. They hold the spirit of poetry, and so sincere is it, and so strong, that at its touch

“ Spontaneous joys ensue.”

The sense of power awakening in the reader responds to their “signal notes” and the mind, inspired, stands alert and poised through that “preluding flight of song” ready to follow it forth with harmonious movement into life. When this sense of greatness is roused in the mind of the modern reader, he forgets the passage of time. What was ancient is his to-day, and the gift of the old author is as fresh as were the flowers that blossomed when he wrote.

From this early lyric poetry, the course of the classic is to Greek drama. The tragedies of Æschylus, Sophocles, and Euripides, hold high place in the kingdom of the classic. In form, these dramas are simple; in theme, they interweave mythology and human life; in intention, they are ethical; in spirit, they seek the ideal; in their influence, they were strong to educate and refine society. Thus drama became of the deepest interest to the people. It was the expression of life. It was action in place of narration. Its effect depended upon its unity, upon its action, upon its revelation of the depth of human nature. Its appeal was to the people; its response is from all time.

The “Agamemnon” of Æschylus is the first of a majestic trilogy. Its theme is the death of the great King of Argos. The second play, the “Choëphori,” tells of the vengeance of the King's son Orestes; and the third of the series, the “Eumenides,” relates the trial of Orestes, his final deliverance from the Furies, the culmination of doom, and the attainment of peace for the house of Atreus.

In the “Antigone” of Sophocles, the sister gives burial to her brother and for her deed is herself condemned to death.

“ So it is to me to undergo this doom
 No grief at all; but had I left my brother,

My Mother's Child, unburied where he lay,
 Then I had grieved; but now this grieves me not.
 Senseless I seem to thee, so doing? Belike
 A senseless judgment leaves me void of sense."

The great themes and heroic ideals of early dramas, stand in literature as prelude to the warmth and grace that have been added to later writings.

Among classics, these old writings "stand preëminent." "They are in every respect models, admirably fitted, by presenting high ideals of excellence, for imitation and for study, and calculated to exercise a molding influence on the mind, and to produce that culture which is an important element in education."

In reading the Greek classics, we observe that their elements are peculiar to their time. Their great theme is man, under the dominion of the gods, facing the problems of existence. Their conceptions are of titanic grandeur. They give intensity of suffering, wild effects of the forces of earth and air, and the uttermost of doom. Yet independence of thought and force of character are present, adding to all that is external, powerful and decided actions in individuals. Circumstance, the external world where the law of fate is visible, is shown to be subject to change. Upon the inner world the burden rests. Here these classics show the power of man to struggle against fate, and even through adversity to conquer; and the undertone of the great masters of Greek tragedy is the source of law, moral and divine. These things touch us nearly. Unity of religion and unity of science, with the coming into history of the Teutonic mind, have carried the world on from the Greek period with mighty strides. Yet the seeking is still for "the breath and finer spirit of all knowledge" and the fulfilment of dreams. We read these classics for the vital and lofty note; for their style, severe and elegant; for their swift, light shafts of comedy; and we are grateful to those

"Olympian bards who sang
 Divine ideas below,
 Which always find us young
 And always keep us so."

Turning to Rome, one perceives that the Latin literature has not a simple history. It represents the strong and accurate forms of Latin illuminated and expanded by the pliant, cosmopolitan genius of the Greek mind and language.

Here the great epic is the "Æneid" of Virgil (75-19 B.C.). Its theme is the sacred origin of Rome and its divinely preordained destiny. Tennyson called Virgil:—

"Weaver of the stateliest measure
 Ever molded by the lips of man."

The work is great in its refinement and elegance of language, in its lofty conceptions of character of human life, and in its tenderness and loving appreciation of nature. Beauty he found among those —

“Unto humble ways
Attempered, and patient in their toil; and still
The old have honor of them and the gods have praise.”

Virgil wrote as the gods were about to pass away in the breaking up of the old tradition.

The work of the Romans has behind it the long line of Greek ancestry from Homer, Herodotus, and Thucydides, to Plato, Aristotle, and Plutarch. This Latin work is not a new note, yet under Greek culture it adds to the classics of the world by the writings of Cicero,—his rhetoric, orations, and philosophy; the poetic work of Catullus, Horace, and Ovid; the histories of Livy, Cæsar, Sallust, and, in later days, of Tacitus.

The “Course of Empire” leads ever westward, but Italy detains the reader by claims that are all her own. From Rome, the ancient city, literary history leads to Florence. There, through the growth of centuries, new life arose upon the foundations of the old. There, out of a great fusion of elements between the old Italy and the new, was born Dante, a poet with vision for the invisible; a thoughtful, educated man who could take up the dialects of his time and with consummate skill weave them into a written language. In the work of Dante, the classic has a large gift. Born in Florence in 1265, in the midst of stress and tumult, he took his place and part in the vigorous life of the world of men. That he had time for the great work of the *New Life* and the *Divine Comedy* is the marvel. “There are few other works of man, perhaps there is no other, which afford such evidences as the *Divine Comedy* of uninterrupted consistency of purpose, of sustained vigor of imagination, and of steady force of character, controlling alike the vagaries of the poetic temperament, the wavering of human purpose, the fluctuation of human powers, and the untowardness of circumstances. This poem stands at the beginning of modern literature. There was no previous modern standard of style; the language was molded and the verse invented by Dante. He did not borrow his style from the Ancients, and when he says to Virgil, ‘Thou art he from whom I took the fair style that has done me honor,’ he meant only that he learned from him the principles of noble and adequate poetic expression. The style of the *Divine Comedy* is as different from that of the *Æneid* as it is from that of *Paradise Lost*. . . . The *Divine Comedy* is the expression of high character and of a manly nature of surpassing breadth and tenderness of sympathy, of intense moral earnestness, and elevation of purpose.”

But with all the wealth and beauty of literature that arose in Europe, giving to the world some writings classical and immortal from every country, even Iceland, the heart of the English reader turns to England. There, at the close of the sixteenth century, we find Shakespeare; and for illustration of an English classic, we will consider *The Merchant of Venice*.

The plot of *The Merchant of Venice* runs along two lines distinct in character, yet harmonized in dramatic unity; one being the uttermost demand of revenge, the other the noble love of a lady:—

“Fair and, fairer than that word, of wondrous virtue.”

By a few extracts taken in order from the play, its chief elements and its story are to be seen. There is first the character of the Merchant engrossed with large affairs. He has “Argosies with portly sail.” He has business on the Rialto. He has large means and leisure. He is of a noble cast of mind and soul. Not in love, and not a business man merely, he cherishes a strong and manly friendship for Bassanio. Bassanio is in love with Portia, the gracious lady of Belmont. He has need of means that he may press his suit in competition with other lords. Antonio replies when told of this need:—

“I pray you, good Bassanio, let me know it;
And if it stand, as you yourself still do,
Within the eye of honor, be assur'd
My purse, my person, my extremest means
Lie all unlock'd to your occasions.”

But because his fortunes are just then all at sea, he bids Bassanio

“ . . . Go forth;
Try what my credit can in Venice do.”

They seek Shylock, the Jew. He will lend the money on Antonio's bond, and he says:—

“If you repay me not on such a day,
In such a place . . . let the forfeit
Be nominated for an equal pound
Of your fair flesh, to be cut off and taken
In what part of your body pleaseth me.”

This agreed to, Bassanio seeks Portia. She and her waiting maid, Nerissa, have already been introduced in the play. In her home stand three caskets. To the suitor that shall choose the right one, the lady Portia, by her father's will, must give her hand. Bassanio hastens to this ordeal. As the play shows, Portia already loves Bassanio, who

“ . . . from her eyes
Did receive fair speechless messages.”

With Bassanio goes his friend Gratiano, who is in love with Nerissa. Among Bassanio's friends is Lorenzo, a Christian who is in love with Jessica, the Jew's daughter. She consents to an elopement. Shylock, discovering this, is thrown into utter agony of spirit. In the meantime Portia's royal lovers, one after another, fail to open the right casket. Bassanio in turn arrives, eager for his fortune, and by happy choice, fairly wins the "thrice-fair lady."

At this juncture Lorenzo and Jessica enter again upon the scene at Belmont, happy in their love but bearing ill news to Bassanio. Through the loss of his ships at sea, Antonio is reduced to debt and forced to pay to Shylock the forfeit—the pound of flesh demanded by the bond.

Portia asks:—

“What sum owes he the Jew?”

Bassanio replies:—

“For me, three thousand ducats.”

Portia answers:—

“What, no more?”

Pay him six thousand, and deface the bond;
Double six thousand and then treble that.”

At her wish, they arrange a hasty marriage and Bassanio goes quickly to Venice to relieve Antonio. In Venice, Antonio faces Shylock:—

“Hear me yet, good Shylock.”

Shylock replies:—

“I'll have my bond; speak not against my bond.”

Antonio says again:—

“I pray thee, hear me speak.”

But Shylock says:—

“I'll have my bond; I will not hear thee speak.”

Antonio asking no more “bootless prayers” turns aside saying:—

“ . . . Pray God, Bassanio come
To see me pay his debt, and then I care not.”

And now arrives Portia, disguised as a lawyer come from Padua to decide the law. She is accompanied by Nerissa, disguised as a clerk. Bassanio has already offered Shylock payment in the Court:—

“For thy three thousand ducats here is six.”

And Shylock replies:—

“If every ducat in six thousand ducats
Were in six parts, and every part a ducat,
I would not draw them; I would have my bond.”

Portia having entered, the Court asks Antonio:—

“Do you confess the bond?”

Antonio replies:—

“I do.”

Portia says:—

“Then must the Jew be merciful,”

and follows with her exquisite plea for mercy. It falls dead upon the unrelenting Shylock, who, by refusal, overreaches himself and puts himself in the power of the Court. Portia reminds him:—

“Shylock, there's thrice thy money offer'd thee.”

Still he replies:—

“No, not for Venice.”

The scene moves now to its powerful conclusion. Antonio is told to lay bare his breast. Shylock cries:—

“A sentence! Come, prepare!”

The climax is reached when Portia, suddenly interposing, says to Shylock:—

“Tarry a little; there is something else.
This bond doth give thee here no jot of blood;
The words expressly are a pound of flesh:
Take then thy bond, take thou thy pound of flesh,
But, in the cutting it, if thou dost shed
One drop of Christian blood, thy lands and goods
Are, by the laws of Venice, confiscate
Unto the State of Venice.”

Shylock says:—

“I take this offer, then; pay the bond thrice
And let the Christian go.”

But Portia says:—

“ . . . soft! no haste:—
He shall have nothing but the penalty.”

The Duke then passes sentence upon Shylock, giving him his life but dividing his wealth between Antonio and the State. Shylock replies:—

“Nay, take my life and all, pardon not that;
You take my house when you do take the prop,
That doth sustain my house; you take my life,
When you do take the means whereby I live.”

Portia asks:—

“What mercy can you render him, Antonio?”

Antonio asks that the fine be reduced by half, but adds that Shylock shall become a Christian and shall bequeath his possessions to Lorenzo and his daughter Jessica. Shylock, broken by defeat, says:—

“I pray you give me leave to go from Venice,
I am not well”—

and with this, the tragic strain of the play is over. Portia will accept no fee, but still unrecognized, begs from Bassanio the ring she herself has given him.

The play passes over now to Belmont. The last scene is one of great beauty. In the moon-lit garden, with soft music playing near, Lorenzo and Jessica await Portia, who arrives just in advance of Bassanio, Antonio, and Gratiano. And now Portia, surrounded by them all, produces the ring and reveals herself as the young Doctor who pleaded for Antonio. Lorenzo is told of his “deed of gift”; Antonio hears that his argosies

“Are richly come to harbor,”

and as the day breaks, Portia, saying,

“It is almost morning.”

turns and leads them within the portals of Belmont.

“The Merchant of Venice” is an English classic. It is one of the great productions of the greatest master. As a drama, it belongs to the class of the very best. How then shall it be read? First, as a whole. In approaching a painting, one sees it first as a whole. After swift recognition of the subject, catching salient points, the impression of the whole remains. The study of detail, in justice to both painter and student, comes later. In the same way, the mental vision of literature should first gain an impression of the whole. This is easily done with “The Merchant of Venice.” The play leads the reader naturally through its episodes to its conclusion, and sends him back to its close study with the knowledge that it will repay him richly.

The plot of the play was taken by Shakespeare from old sources. The story of the three caskets and the story of the Jew who demanded the pound of flesh, and who, losing it, was compelled to become a Christian, has been found in the tales of India; and the right to take payment in flesh of the insolvent debtor was admitted in the Twelve Tables of ancient Rome. In Italy, the tale was told in the collection *Il Peccorone* by Ser Giovanni Fiorentino, published in Milan, 1558. The same story appeared in French as *The Orator* by Alexander Silvayn. This was translated, 1596, in London; and there is also in Percy’s “Reliques” an old ballad, *Gernutus* which is held to be older than the play.

“In Venice Town, not long ago, a cruel Jew did dwell
Which lived all on usurie, as Italian writers tell.”

The interest in these details lies in the fact that Shakespeare had the literary genius to take these old tales and give them a higher and more human character, charged with the color and life of his own day. The time covered by the play is variously estimated. It gives the general impression, however, of a period of three months to the maturity of the bond. This quickness of movement adds to the force of the play. The play is written in iambic pentameter, the blank verse broken now and then by prose dialogues. One of these occurs between Portia and Nerissa, a merry comment on the unfortunate lovers. In the meeting between Launcelot and his father, a rapid prose dialogue ensues; and again, in the street of Venice, when Shylock hurls the full invective of his revenge against Antonio.

“He hath disgraced me, and hindered me half a million; laughed at my losses, mocked at my gains, scorned my nation, thwarted my bargains, cooled my friends, heated mine enemies; and what’s his reason? I am a Jew. Hath not a Jew eyes? Hath not a Jew hands, organs, dimensions, senses, affections, passions?

“If a Jew wrong a Christian, what is his humility? Revenge. If a Christian wrong a Jew, what should his sufferance be, by Christian example? Why, revenge. The villainy you teach me, I will execute; and it shall go hard, but I will better the instruction.”

Often, at the close of earnest or impassioned passages, the speaker falls into the gentleness of rhyme. In many cases this is but a couplet, as Jessica to Lorenzo:—

“If thou keep promise I shall end this strife,
Become a Christian and thy loving wife.”

Or Portia to Nerissa as they set out for Venice:—

“ . . . and therefore haste away,
For we must measure twenty miles to-day.”

In other instances the form is lyric, as at the moment of Bassanio’s choice he finds the scroll and reads:—

“You that choose not by the view
Chance as fair, and choose as true
Since this fortune falls to you;
Be content and seek no new,
If you be well pleased with this,
And hold your future for your bliss:
Turn you where your lady is
And claim her with a loving kiss.”

And as he turns to Portia he still speaks in rhyme:—

“A gentle scroll,—fair lady, by your leave
I come by note, to give and to receive.”

These changes of form, skilfully used, give variety, grace, and strength to the construction of the play.

The elements of this play are the highest of the time. Portia moves through the scenes with great dignity and charm, raising to her height of character all those near her. In her determination to follow out her dead father's wish in the choice of the caskets, she shows steadfast adherence to duty, love, and honor.

“If I live to be as old as Sibylla
. . . I will be obtained by the manner of my father's will.”

And again she says, in fear lest she lose Bassanio:—

“ . . . I could teach you
How to choose right, but then I am forsworn.”

Portia possesses strong individuality, buoyancy of spirit, and sweet, womanly tenderness. “These are innate; she has other distinguishing qualities more external, and which are the result of the circumstances in which she is placed. Thus she is the heiress of a princely name and countless wealth; a train of obedient pleasures has ever waited around her; and from infancy she has breathed an atmosphere redolent of perfume and blandishment. Accordingly, there is a commanding grace, a high-bred, airy elegance, a spirit of magnificence in all she does and says, as one to whom splendor had been familiar from her very birth.

. . . She is full of penetrative wisdom, and genuine tenderness, and lively wit; but as she has never known want or grief, or fear, or disappointment, her wisdom is without a touch of the somber or the sad; her affections are all mixed up with faith, hope, and joy; and her wit has not a particle of malevolence or causticity.”

Jessica makes a rich line of color with her Eastern beauty, and her romantic love for Lorenzo is a charm of the play. Her elopement calls for small condemnation, since in her words to Gobbo, she shows the spirit of Shylock's home,

“I am sorry thou wilt leave my father so!
Our house is hell,—”

The romantic character of the play is strongly marked. Delicate song holds a measure here and there.

“Tell me where is fancy bred.”

Music and the love of music; its power and spell and welcome are woven as an accompaniment to its sweetest scenes.

“Here will we sit, and let the sound of music
Creep in our ears; soft stillness and the night
Become the touches of sweet harmony.

[*Enter Musicians.*

Come, ho! and wake Diana with a hymn
With sweetest touches pierce your mistress's ear
And draw her home with music.”

“The man that hath no music in himself,
Nor is not moved with concord of sweet sounds,
Is fit for treasons, stratagems, and spoils;
The motions of his spirit are dull as night
And his affections dark as Erebus.
Let no such man be trusted—

Mark the music.”

Music! hark!”

Says Portia to Nerissa as they near Belmont, returning from the trial

“It is your music, madam of the house.”

The strife of the play is a moral strife. It is the clash of ideas and tradition; a passage in the drama of history. The position of the Jew is wonderfully illustrated in Shylock. His character is depicted with unerring skill; still it requires more of imagination to enter deeply into his life than into that of any other member of the company. Antonio's relations and words are simple. He is devoted to his kinsman, Bassanio, to whom he says:—

“You know me well; . . .
Then do but say to me what I should do,
* * * * *
And I am prest unto it; therefore speak.”

And in court, prepared for death, his message to Portia is:—

“Say how I loved you, speak me fair in death,
And when the tale is told, bid her be judge
Whether Bassanio had not once a lover.”

Courtesy and tenderness are native to Antonio. With a brave spirit, he looks into the face of death, hastening the decision of the Court, while upon his release, his controlled behavior and his mercy to Shylock bespeak the gentleman of high degree. Earlier, he has heaped insult upon the Jew, but in the Venice of that day, Catholic Christians had gone no farther in ethics than to hold such conduct honorable and right.

Portia, with her noble dignity and sweetness, holds high ideas within her soul. These, however, touch our sympathy and admiration easily. She is of our own race, as, except Jessica, are all her companions.

But the Jew is alien, and only by true sympathy, both literary and human, can we enter into the depths of his passion and his suffering. In Europe, the Jew, neither Teuton nor Christian, was shut out from politics and from religion. But while Church and State refused him, the University and the Bank were open. With highest gift for scholarship and for "thrift" in finance, learning and money became his ways of power. By inheritance, the Jew had his passionate Oriental nature and the deep-hearted traditions of his race. Once his nation, the bright star of history, stood with God above, and the family, the tribe, the nation in unity below, led by the law. In Venice his resource was still the law. This gives the thread by which we follow Shylock. His movements are methodical, not erratic. The Christian has treated him with brutal disdain. Naturally, Shylock says:—

"I hate him for he is a Christian

* * * * *

. . . and he rails

* * * * *

On me, my bargains, and my well-won thrift,
Which he calls interest. Cursed be my tribe,
If I forgive him!"

The loss of his daughter was his greatest heart sorrow, touching the love of family that belong to his race. Jessica has taken a ring and Shylock cries:—

"Out upon her! Thou torturest me, Tubal; it was my turquoise; I had it of Leah when I was a bachelor."

Thus for a moment he shows his heart. The wealth his daughter has taken touches his greed, and between the two sorrows we see the man Shylock. His passion culminates in revenge, but in revenge within the letter of the law:

"Thou call'dst me dog before thou hadst a cause
But since I am a dog, beware my fangs.
The duke shall grant me justice."

In the court he says to Bassanio:—

"I am not bound to please thee with my answer,"

And to the duke:—

"If you deny me, fie upon your law!
* * * * *

I stand for judgment; answer; shall I have it?"

Strong in the law, he whets his knife and coolly replies to Gratiano:—

" . . . I stand here for law."

Portia, in the court admits to him:

“ . . . the Venetian law
Cannot impugn you as you do proceed”—

and when directly she says he must be merciful, he exclaims,

“ On what compulsion must I? tell me that.”

Mercy he puts aside.

“ . . . I crave the law.”

This is his reiterated and only reply to argument, taunt, or beseeching. When at last Portia forbids him in his last hope he asks,—

“ Is that the law?”

and finally in his humiliation, to Portia's hard question:—

“ Art thou contented, Jew?”

he bows before the power he had invoked and says,

“ I am content.”

Whatever classic you take up for special reading, first place it. Know out of what great historic phase of life a writing comes. Learn what you can of its origin, form, and purpose, as a means of comprehending it yourself: Follow always the comparative method of reading. Realize the spirit of it, and from that point of view look to the greatness of other ages. Read with a clear, inquiring mind. Read to find and keep what you want, what you need as an illustration and expression of the heart and soul of life—your life and the life of others. In the passage of time, certain writings have survived migration, alien tongues, and ignorance. These are the classics of the world and the years bring them to the very threshold of to-day.

THE USE OF A LIBRARY

SIR JOHN LUBBOCK, in an article on Free Libraries, claims “ that a great part of what the British spend on books, they save in prisons and police.” In thus advocating the moral and ethical importance of a library he gave to the world a thought which finds its greatest force in the undoubted truth of his statement. If it be true that “ of the making of many books there is no end,” it is equally true that because of the stress and tension of life one cannot keep a-breast of the stream of current literature, nor can one follow the stream back to the original source of classic writings. Were reading and study man's life work, he might contemplate this Herculean task; but most of us are compelled to recog-

nize and give place to urgent demands which crowd out the systematic study of books; thus, lack of time rather than lack of interest proves a bar to extensive reading.

The advance of progress and learning since the powerful impetus given by the invention of printing in the fifteenth century, forbids ignorance in the wide-awake men of our day. Notwithstanding hundreds of immediate demands, they must comprehend the subjects that occupy the attention of the world. For their own protection they must have a keen interest in all movements that tend toward man's improvement. The acquisition of knowledge and the ability to use it skilfully, is part of the essential equipment of a man of affairs and he should be trained to utilize the works of the world's great thinkers as a stimulus to his own powers. This thought or some modification of it, established the libraries of the past, and will found others in the future.

J. H. Burton said, "A great library cannot be constructed, it is the growth of ages." True as this is, one cannot wait for the ages to complete the library in order to revel in its delights. From the first the library must be complete to meet the daily demands of its readers. A small circle is as perfect geometrically as one of a greater diameter, and the young library must sustain the same relative completeness to the older one. For instance, every library, whether in a busy metropolis or in the smallest hamlet, should be furnished with standard books of reference, the latest and most authentic dictionaries, the best books on the common-school studies, and volumes dealing with the illustrations and descriptions of the Fine Arts, before its shelves are stacked with fiction and the literary fad of the hour.

A library should be a workshop for the intellect, and its volumes, pamphlets, and magazines, should in every convenient and accessible way provide the reader with the information he desires. Some one has said, "A library should supply the best reading for the greatest number at the least cost." If this simple yet ideal condition could be effected, it would prove a potent factor in the lives of men. The common school has gradually become a power in every community. The library should be used to reinforce and amplify the knowledge already acquired in the school. If teachers and parents would use their influence to impress the importance of this idea upon the minds of young people, the path from the school to the library would be well beaten and the habit thus formed could not fail to exert a marked influence throughout life. Teach a child to know books not merely as sources of daily information, but as friends who are worthy of sympathetic study and constant companionship; teach him to become familiar with books and to handle them not gingerly, as a stranger, but with intelligent fondness; and you will equip him with an armor that will defy the assaults of ignorance and corruption.

Standard literature comprises the best thoughts of the noblest minds. In erecting and founding libraries, men place these thoughts within the grasp of their fellow creatures. We, who find books everywhere, cannot appreciate the passionate eagerness with which the clerk in Chaucer's band of pilgrims cherished his few volumes.

“For him lever have at his beddes heed
 Twenty bokes, clad in blak or reed
 Of Aristotle and his philosophye,
 Than robes riche, or fithele or gay sautrye.
 * * * * *
 But al that he mighte of his freende hente
 On bokes and on lerninge he it spente.”

It is interesting to note that the founding of the first American library practically coincides with the date of the first permanent English settlement. In 1621 the colonists of Jamestown, Virginia, were the recipients of a gift, from an unknown gentleman in London, of several books for the Henrico College, organized by the townsfolk. The unknown donor sent across to his courageous brethren “a small Bible, with cover richly wrought; a great church Bible, the Book of Common Prayer, St. Augustin's ‘De Civitate Dei’; Master Perkins, his works; and an exact map of America.” This unique collection was unfortunately burned in 1622 when the town and its inhabitants fell under an attack of the Indians.

The second library established in the New World, and hence the oldest to-day, was founded at Harvard College in 1628. Philadelphia was not slow in following so worthy an example, for in those early years Franklin with his energetic “Junto” — a club of progressive boys — started the Philadelphia Library Company, which to this day bears testimony to his activities. The foremost municipal library in the world at the present time, is the Boston Public Library, with its 750,000 volumes.

The history of the library, back to the origin of the first collection of manuscripts, runs in the same geographical direction as the history of civilization; for in Asia and Africa investigators have found the earliest recorded collections. The clay bricks of Babylonia and the papyrus rolls of Egypt form the earliest monuments of written records. The first authentic library, according to Diodorus Siculus, was established by the Egyptian king, Rameses I., B. C. 1400, and bore an inscription, meaning “a storehouse of medicine for the mind.” Even the Ancients realized that a well-trained and healthy mind was a necessary complement to perfect physical training. For a long time the existence of this early library was considered fabulous, but modern investigation proved the contrary. In 1850, the archæologist Layard discovered at Nineveh an extensive collection of clay bricks covered

with cuneiform characters which represented some ten thousand distinct works. An Assyrian monarch who lived about 1650 B. C. was the collector of this valuable library.

The earliest record of a library dedicated to the public was the one Pisistratus collected at Athens. It was subsequently conveyed to Persia when Xerxes conquered that city. This so-called tyrant was the first Grecian to collect the songs of Homer and to have them preserved. When Rome conquered Athens, the seat of learning was transferred to Alexandria, where under the sway of the Ptolemies was gathered a priceless and precious collection of books. The library Cleopatra received as a gift from Mark Antony is said to have been the 200,000 rolls of the kings of Pergamus. Although the Greeks were not noted for the documents they collected and bequeathed to the world, yet it was a Greek, Aristotle, who inspired the Ptolemies to enrich the Alexandrian library until it contained 700,000 volumes. All of these books were burned by the barbarous Saracens, under Omar, 640 A. D. The earliest Roman libraries were collected by one Lucullus and his fellow-worker, Asinius Pollio. Although it was not the inclination of the Roman to spend much time in reading, while the attractions of the forum, the arena, and the rostrum could allure him, yet when his taste turned to books he knew how to indulge it.

The Vatican Library — the typical library of Italy — has been described as a "modern antique," and, with its busts, the old presses or "Armara" in which the rolls are kept, the antique vases and mural decorations, it is almost an exact reproduction of the library of a wealthy patrician of the Roman era. During the next period of the world's history, the learning, as well as most of the books, was confined to the monasteries. The monks had the time, inclination, and opportunity not only to consult, but moreover to reproduce the rare works of literature of which they were the custodians. The revival of learning, coincident with the invention of printing, loosed the bands of restriction and privilege and opened the road to knowledge to all the world.

In 1608 at Norwich, a small English town, a library was started that has continued to the present day. The example was a good one and many towns and cities followed it until the year 1759, which marks a new epoch in the library history of the world. On the fifteenth day of January the British Museum consisting of four important collections was opened. The trustees of the museum laid their foundation upon the following libraries as corner-stones: the Royal Library, which had existed since the reign of Henry VII., was the first valuable contribution; the Coltonian which had been acquired in the year 1700; the Harleian collection, begun by Robert Harley in 1665, and a Sloane collection that contained 50,000 medical works and books on natural history.

Let us now turn to the practical side of the library. It is astonishing that so many intelligent people are hopelessly "at sea" if they are required to consult the works of a public library. They may know all about the particular book they wish to consult, but how to secure it, is quite another question. In the best libraries the catalogue card system is used. To explain briefly, the names of books, authors, and subjects, are arranged alphabetically on cards, made secure in long, narrow drawers by means of a brass rod running through a hole in the center of the lower edge of the cards. On the front of each drawer the respective letters of the first and last card inclusive are pasted, so that the reader at a rapid glance can select that drawer in which he will find the cards dealing with his subject. Should he know the author he desires, but not his works, he can easily find the latter tabulated next to the card bearing the author's name. Often colored cards are used for different phases of the subject. For instance, in the Columbia Library, green cards are used for biographical books, yellow cards for books of criticism, and white cards for the authors' works. Thus in looking for a special volume of Lowell, say "My Study Window," the reader can rapidly pass over the colored ones without stopping to note the inscription of all cards under that author's name. If, the reader desires only the subject, for example, chemistry, he would select the drawer lettered "Che" and under the general topic find all the books treating of that science. To prevent confusion and avoid imposing too great a task upon the helpers at the loan desk, slips are provided, upon which the reader writes the title of the book, the date of publication, and the shelf number, together with his signature, as in the Astor Library, New York; or he gives the catalogue number and his name, according to the rule and custom of a circulating library, as at Columbia. This done, he hands his slip to a librarian who, in turn, consults the record cards to ascertain whether the book is in or out, gives it over to an attendant to hunt up and bring to the reader's desk.

Unless special requests are made, and with the exception of common reference books, it is no longer the custom to allow free access to the shelves in large public libraries. This privilege is still an open question on both sides of the Atlantic. In a recent congress of librarians, the subject received most thoughtful consideration. In most of the large libraries it was found that the loss by theft and mutilation overbalanced the cost of an additional corps of attendants necessary to hunt up the books.

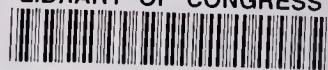
King George III. is credited with saying that "lawyers do not know so much more law than other people; but they know better where to find it;" which reminds one of the proverb that "Learning is, after all, mainly knowing where to look things up."

X 859

22



LIBRARY OF CONGRESS



0 038 701 666 1