THE ART OF THE SHORT STORY

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TO

DR. L. A. SHERMAN,

IN GRATEFUL MEMORY OF MANY

HAPPY STUDENT DAYS.

FOREWORD.

As EACH child lives over again in briefer form the life of the entire race, so the short story contains an epitome of the art development of the ages.

And as each nation is striving for an art medium to express its best life and hope and aspiration, so America is testing the short story.

Some day there will come an American who will write a story as exquisitely beautiful as Mr. James' *The Altar of the Dead*, as exquisitely individual as Kipling's *Without Benefit of Clergy*, as exquisitely simple as Stevenson's *Will of the Mill*—an American who will have Maupassant's power of presenting a beautiful illusion, in phrase distinct and individual, and who will have the added power of presenting, in this most concise and artistic of forms, that special message which America holds in trust for all mankind.

THE SHORT STORY.

STORIES which are merely short are common to every age and literature. The short story, however, has come to be the technical name applied to a certain literary form which has a few well-defined characteristics and which is of comparatively recent development.

Each nation, as it works out its literary destiny, selects some special form in which its emotions or aspirations most naturally find expression,—the epic, the drama, the fable or the novel,—and develops this form to its highest perfection. The choicest literature of a great nation is not all, of course, in one mood or type, yet nations inevitably gravitate toward that special form of expression best suited to the message which each nation has for all other nations.

The Short Story

The short story, for many years the literary form of the French, may now be said to belong, by right of conquest, to the Americans. It is the purpose of this little volume to point out some phases of its art development.

A glance at the four most closely related literary forms, the sketch, the essay, the novel and the short story may be helpful.

The sketch, the simplest of the four, contains practically nothing of plot, except occasionally a mere outline. The special elements of technique which distinguish both the novel and the short story are usually absent from both the sketch and the essay. If found, they occur only in isolated cases and in embryo. The typical sketch presents merely an impression, either of nature or of human life, not too clearly defined nor too closely knit. It represents a glance in passing, rather than a steady view; a flitting emotion, rather than a consuming passion. Yet it has great value in

showing the beginnings of technical literary achievement in the cases of both the individual and the nation.

The essay deals with the intellect, rather than with the emotions, and is typically an investigation into the meaning of things or the principles underlying some phase of life. Like the sketch it is without plot or any of the technical elements except kindling hints and words as the signs of emotions. In the older literature figures occupy quite a prominent place in both essay and sketch, but more recently these involved forms have given place to a simpler manner.

The novel is the presentation of the development of a group of characters, arranged in the perspective of their importance, through certain crises culminating in an artistic climax. The novel must have, among other things: 1. A well-developed plot. 2. Good characterization. 3. A great underlying theme or prin-

ciple of life. 4. A reproduction on the printed page of the local color of a definite place and the indelible characterization of live people. It represents action and sequence.

The short story contains at its best all the essential elements of technique of the novel, but in a condensed form. It deals with the crisis in the soul of one character at its culmination, like sculpture or painting, rather than in the development of the character, as in the drama or the novel.

Concrete examples best illustrate development, and we can begin in no better place than with Boccaccio. His work is chiefly valuable now as one of the mile stones to show us whence and how far we have come. His stories, which have been the foundation of so much in literature, have but traces or germs of the modern short story. They are short; and they show a shrewd and homely knowledge of some phases of human nature. The

points of resemblance and dissimilarity between them and the Canterbury Tales have been too often pointed out to need reference here. The two are as nearly synonymous developments as ever come in related literatures.

The shortness of Boccaccio's stories is, however, mere shortness, never condensation or perspective. The tales are short by nature rather than by art. There is nothing of artistic selection, of reserve, which constitute the very essence of the work of the modern French or American artist.

The human nature, too, is naïve, primitive, but only one-sided, and never even approaches a study of a soul's crisis. The view of life is frank, open, ingenuous. Woman is the prey of man, to be hunted down wherever found. There is no slightest hint of even a dawning conception of chastity for its own sake, among men or women, clergy or laity, monk or nun. It is in short the great example of man's com-

plete misjudgment of woman's character. The most elemental and inevitable physical effects of license are ignored as complacently as the moral effects. And this too as the typical style of stories told for the amusement of a group of ladies. Verily, we have come a long way from Boccaccio.

And yet, while the perspective of human life is all awry and the humanity so fragmentary, there are touches here and there so true that they have a life everlasting, and occur still in our speech of the day, without even a suspicion, often, of their origin. The point of view of the man up a tree is only one of a dozen that might be mentioned.

What a pity that the quaint drolleries of the inimitable Italian were not employed upon subjects which might with propriety be admitted among moderns. Humor is all too rare to be wasted upon impossible themes. But anyone

doubting the progress of the race in clean mindedness should read The Decameron.

Our present investigation only covers the relation of the Canterbury Tales to the modern short story. Boccaccio preceded Chaucer such a short time in a literary way that they may be regarded as contemporaneous. Each bears practically the same relation to the literature of his nation. These facts, along with the additional fact that the two have told a number of the same tales, makes a comparison of their work of especial interest. As has been pointed out Boccaccio shows little or nothing of the involved, condensed, highly wrought out, modern plot. He gives an ingenious, smoothly flowing version of tales of easy virtue. In a certain quality of delicious naïveté they have never been surpassed. But when Chaucer comes to tell these same tales there is a marked difference in two regards,—a difference in art, and a difference in morals. Chaucer

outlined a character and touched off its salient points in a way far beyond Boccaccio. His prologue is a veritable gallery of his time, as vitally realistic in places as a modern moving picture. His characters live and act before us. They show us the real beginnings in English of making the printed page reproduce and preserve for us living men and women whose natures, motives, lives, we may rightly read from their actions. The other point of difference,—in morals, shows the beginning of that divergence which marks the gulf between Anglo-Saxon and Latin life and literature.

Boccaccio's dominant note is a shameless parade of the sensuous, an utter disregard of the fundamental laws of either physiology or morals, a view of life completely out of perspective. Indulgence of the senses brings certain inevitable physical and moral results, Boccaccio to the contrary notwithstanding. And while Chaucer has much of the freedom

of his age, his versions of Boccaccio's stories show a marked restraint in the sensuous details, and at the very least the beginnings of a moral consciousness. While, therefore, there is not at first an apparent resemblance between the Canterbury Tales and a modern story of the best type, like Kipling's *Without Benefit of Clergy*, for example, there is nevertheless the beginning of two very important qualities; first, the reproduction of living men and women on paper; second, an indication of race and literary conscience in presenting life in its true and proper proportions. Chaucer was far ahead of his age in these two particulars; after him English writers lapsed woefully, both in art and in moral perception.

Irving and Hawthorne mark the transitional stage between the essay and the short story. Of course it goes without saying that nothing finer has ever been done in the essay line than portions of *The Sketch Book*. Nor has any-

thing ever been done, in tales of the kind, much better than *The Spectral Bridegroom*, *The Legend of Sleepy Hollow*, or *Rip Van Winkle*. But admirable and artistic as they are they more closely resemble the essay than the modern short story. The descriptions of scenery are matchless, but not in the terse short story method. *The Legend of Sleepy Hollow*, for example, contains 10,000 words, and while no one would have the temerity to suggest that there was a word too much, the author is nevertheless at no pains to cut down to the quick.

The Spectral Bridegroom is chiefly valuable as a reproduction of the spirit of old folk-lore,—and it gives this perfectly. *The Legend* contains much of the good natured character painting which keeps Irving alive. But his types are simple in the extreme and as simply drawn. Ichabod and his horse Gunpowder are almost Don Quixote and Rosinante come to

life again. Brom Bones and Katrine are not complex character studies.

Rip Van Winkle is better drawn. And Irving owes fully as much to Joseph Jefferson as Jefferson does to Irving. The legend and the play are not of course synonymous works or art. A good modern short story may often be dramatized with but few changes of line or situation. For example, Richard Harding Davis's story *Her First Appearance* is dramatized into *The Littlest Girl* with but slight modifications. But the dramatic form of *Rip Van Winkle* contains only suggestions of the tale of Irving.

How far the thoroughly delightful sketch of Irving's falls below a short story of the first class may be realized by comparing it with Joseph Jefferson's stage version, a by no means perfect piece of dramatization, though one containing some, and indeed many of the elements of a true masterpiece of stage-craft.

That the sketch could not be played as written is at once evident. There is a magnificent motif for a play or short story, and a delightful group of characters, with the immortal *Rip* occupying the center of the stage. But nothing could be less dramatic. The alterations which were found to be necessary in modeling it into a play of the day and of all time are in the main those changes which would be required to make it a typical modern short story,—or in other words these changes represent the artistic progress of the tale from Irving's day to ours.

The very essence of a short story, or of a play, is to reveal a character to us by what he *does* before our eyes. The dramatic transformation of *Rip* from the essay presentation to the stage is almost as effective as Mr. Jefferson's acting. Let us look for a moment at some of the things in the play, but not in the sketch. In the first place the manner is essen-

tially different, for while the sketch merely tells us this or that or the other fact *about* Rip, the play sets *Rip* going before us and leaves us to draw our own conclusions. *Rip* is brought in, the children on his back. His long-suffering wife appears and *Rip*, with his good-natured roguery perverts our sympathies from the poor woman and the children, where, by all the laws of humanity they rightfully belong, to the drink-loving vagabond. *Rip* swears off on half a dozen occasions before our eyes and for most urgent reasons. Then with his unstable good nature he forswears himself and returns to his cups. Each of these incidents, stated as facts in the sketch, becomes a living reality on the stage, and the dramatists work was to transpose it from one literary mode, the essay, to another, the drama. The incidents of the prospective marriage of the two children, and of the deed to *Rip's* land, both foreign to the original sketch, are inter-

polated as dramatically necessary to a full understanding of the character. Many of the other incidents are germane to the original, for example the incident preceding *Rip's* departure from home, when our errant sympathies go out with the vagabond again, instead of remaining with the wife, where, morally, they belong.

The most significant change is in the substitution of dialect; and this substitution contains the whole philosophy of the use of dialect in literature. Dialect is nothing more or less than one of the dramatic properties, one of the various means employed to make that particular man stand out in the picture. Of course it is not consistent: theatrical properties seldom are. Their life and vitality consists not in a photographic reproduction of the abject truth, but of a careful selection of certain artistic elements which will give an *impression* of the truth or reality. For example in real life *Rip*

would undoubtedly speak the same as most of the others, either German, or Dutch, or, if you will, broken English. But in the play *Rip* and *Rip alone* speaks a dialect,—his wife at the wash-tub even using the modulated R and the Italian A of Broadway itself. Yet this dialect of *Rip's* is one of the best things *dramatically* in the literature of the stage. It is the life, the vitality itself, of *Rip*.

The famous monologue act, too, with its weird, enchanting mountain setting, is one of the most splendid dramatic scenes on the stage, and the highest example of the influence a single speaker can exert. Yet the whole occupies but two pages in the sketch and contains no suggestion of that superb human quality which makes *Rip* a living man before us. With what infinite art Mr. Jefferson and his dramatist have let us see *Rip's* emotions, as he talks to those unanswering old sea dogs! We seem to see clear through the man's character and in

twenty minutes make the friend of a life time.

But the most surprising thing of all is that after doing such magnificent work throughout the four acts, even to such minute details as the change of the name of *Rip*'s dog from *Wolf* to *Schneider*, the dramatist should so completely go to pieces in the last act. The hand of melodrama was evidently heavy upon him. Nothing could have been better than the ending as sketched; to have *Rip* return to see his son and counterpart on the one hand, and to get his first real glimpse of those he loved when his daughter calls "Hush, Rip!" to her boy, *Rip*'s grandson; to learn later that his wife is dead. But the dramatist must needs have the wife living in refined unhappiness; must have Henry return from sea just at the opportune moment, and worst of all, must make Dame Van Winkle deliberately and coolly turn at once from one husband to the other without legal or emotional comment!

Permitting the wife to live might be forgiven, especially as it gives Mr. Jefferson an opportunity for one of his most telling hits—his appeal to have his dog Schneider, rather than his wife, summoned to identify him! In fact all of the present ending might have been saved without having the wife marry again. That is a gross artistic error.

Every alteration made in the original sketch is in the direction of showing some human quality of *Rip*. It is essentially a one-character play, for in very truth *Rip* has the center of the stage continuously.

Had Irving not become engrossed in other lines of literary work he could have produced a short story which would have satisfied the most exacting ideals, although perhaps he would never have attained that remarkable degree of condensation which is one of the chief characteristics of the modern short story.

The Gothic spirit of repression had not laid its hand on him.

In Hawthorne's work, as in Irving's the qualities of the essay still predominate. As Dr. L. A. Sherman has pointed out, few men who have written English have been able to make readers feel the spiritual significance of the real and the true as Hawthorne makes them feel the significance of the unreal and the untrue. He is an anticipation, in excess, of feeling and of art, the portrayer of the weird and the mysterious. And yet, while Hawthorne's picture of life is always just a little out of perspective, there is, in his short stories, never anything harmful or demoralizing in his departure from a proper focus. Had his riper genius been directed toward the short story as a literary form, instead of to the romance, he would have been as easily our master in that department as he is in the region of his choice.

The stories in *Mosses from an old Manse*,

and *Twice Told Tales* are only the practice work of a literary aspirant seeking his forte. It is perhaps not too much to say that no one of them would have achieved immortality without the reflected influence of *The Scarlet Letter*. It is a critic's dictum that the same man cannot be pre-eminently successful with both the short story and the novel. And this is certainly true in the case of Hawthorne. We are delighted to find that the author of *The Scarlet Letter* could do as effective work as is found in *The Birthmark*, or in *Rappaccini's Daughter*. They prefigure the greater things to come,—that superb handling of the weird and the mysterious, along with that relentless search among the motives of the human heart. No one ever got closer to some phases of the inner consciousness of man and woman than did Hawthorne. His limitations, however, are many and noticeable. He entirely lacks bubbling humor. It is the unusual, rather than the

actual which constantly attracts him. He has none of the single-stroke depiction of life or character which is so general among moderns. In his shorter stories he but seldom pictures nature along with man. Human nature alone, in its mystical aspects, is usually the theme of his choice.

The Great Carbuncle typifies another phase of his work. The allegory has survived with him from an earlier literary manner as noticeably as several other characteristics precede their time. His excellencies are so extremely excellent that it is only by keeping rigidly in mind those qualities which are conspicuously absent that we arrive at a just estimate of his position.

After Irving and Hawthorne it begins to become increasingly evident that a new literary form is striving for birth,—a form which shall have for its province the presentation of a crisis in a single soul's development. This presenta-

tion, at its best, must be brief beyond anything yet dreamed of in literary art. The novel had solidified from eight volumes to three, and later to one, or even to the novelette. But the new form must be nearer three thousand words than the three hundred thousand of its predecessor. Yet it must be comprehensive; potent alike of what has gone before in the life of the central character, and of what is to follow in the years to come.

This new form has taken the name of the short story, and its development, during the half century, has followed, almost chronologically, along certain well defined lines, namely:—

1. Plot.
2. Human interest.
3. Character.
4. Dramatic intensity.
5. Theme.

While some writers, particularly among moderns, have given us stories which typify several, or even all, of these cardinal literary virtues, most of them have been conspicuously successful in but one line. For purposes of investigation and study, therefore, the authors may be best grouped together along the lines of their greatest excellence, and sub-grouped to show the development of this particular literary excellence.

PLOT.

THE first fundamental requirement underlying all successful story telling is to have a story to tell. Self-evident as this may seem it is a requirement which has been overlooked and is being overlooked in thousands of stories. The requirement includes not only that the story shall be present, but that it shall be artistically presented. The recognition of a vital story in life is never difficult. The presentation of that story, with every element germane to it in its proper place, and in its proper proportion, and with every element foreign to it rigorously excluded, is by no means a simple task. It was Zangwill who said that the first man who added a little to a story here and substracted a little there to make it a better story

was the first artist, — although his companions probably called him a shorter name!

After artistic selection has done its full measure of work with the details of a particular story there comes the greater question of selection among stories in order that only the best may survive. This is the final phase of the development, however, and will be considered under the Theme.

The first American who was conspicuously successful with the short story plot was Edgar Allan Poe. *The Gold Bug* is usually spoken of as one of the greatest stories of its class. And indeed, like many another old masterpiece, it stands supreme until brought into close and impartial comparison with some of its younger and better rivals. Coming to it from the modern point of view we sadly miss characterization, and local color, and many of those qualities which have come to be the very life of the truly great short story. But we

must once for all get ourselves away from modern excellences and cease to expect them, or be disappointed at their absence, while we give due credit to the pioneers for the things they did.

The plot of *The Gold Bug*, though in no wise what would now be regarded as artistically perfect, is excellent for its time and for a beginning. The interest is intense and sustained, culminating, through a series of minor climaxes, in a good strong situation. The real climax, however, comes in the middle of the story, while the latter half is taken up with explanations. One need only read *The Necklace*, of Maupassant, or indeed some of Poe's own later stories, to see how far *The Gold Bug* is from the high-water mark. There are of course thousands of hidden treasure stories. One turns most naturally to *Treasure Island* in comparison, and how immeasurably better that story is. The characters live and breathe, the de-

scriptions reconstruct the very picture, whether it be of the landscape or the old sailor with his greasy pigtail as he appears at the inn. The negro dialect of *The Gold Bug* suffers terribly, too, when compared with Harris, or Page, or Hopkinson Smith. One only realizes how well certain Americans have come to do a short story when some of those written in the last decade are compared with their predecessors of goodly reputation. *The Heart of God*, a recent prize story by Joanna E. Wood surpasses *The Gold Bug* in every detail of the story teller's art. There is at least one novel, too, *The Moonstone*, by Wilkie Collins, which contains the essence of all that is good and great in plot construction, merely from the standpoint of the involved, whether it be for the short story or the novel. For as far as plot alone is concerned these two do not differ, save that the short story involves but one leading character and one incident, while the novel in-

volves many. One is a single span; the other a bridge.

The Murders in the Rue Morgue is the first great American story in which that remarkable literary trick known as the reversed inference appears. This art device, seemingly so simple, is singularly effective, and if Poe is not its inventor he is at least its most successful employer until we reach Conan Doyle and *Sherlock Holmes.*

The trick consists in taking an unusual set of conditions and working backwards from them until an appearance of the finest kind of deductive reasoning is given. For example, to invert the process, the murder in the above story is really committed by an immense ourang-outang. The author begins with the peculiar marks on the throat of the victim, then indicates the remarkable agility displayed in clambering from an upper window, and finally shows that a number of foreigners of six different nation-

alities testify that the strange voice spoke a language unknown to each in turn. One forgets for the moment that the author is in possession of the answer to the problem during all the time he is mystifying us with its baffling conditions. There is a dash and a brilliancy about some of the alleged deductions of *Sherlock Holmes* which quite take the breath, and which are considerably more dramatic and effective in art treatment than the more quietly involved work of Poe in this tale.

In its gruesome characteristics *The Murders in the Rue Morgue* has not often been surpassed, except by ghost stories, which have really an unfair advantage in that they appeal to the strong potential superstitious element common to the entire human race. When one considers Poe's marvelous effectiveness in verse it is surprising that his prose is not richer artistically in many ways. Prose-poetry, at least in the short story, was not one of his

achievements. *The Murders in the Rue Morgue*, while thoroughly good for a beginning, would have been cut down one-half by a capable modern, with characters each perfectly individualized. If the modern had anything like Poe's command of language he would have inserted in the tale some word-painting that would last as long as the language.

In *The Black Cat* Poe has cut down to the quick. In conciseness and unity of treatment it is unsurpassed. That it is effective goes without saying. And yet, looking back over it, one quality rises pre-eminent. While the half sanity is perfectly simulated there is an incredibility, even an impossibility about the incidents which greatly detracts from anything but their first unreasoning impression. Poe makes us forget this for an instant, but only for an instant. The figure of the hanged cat upon the wall, or the white gallows on the breast of Pluto's successor, and worst of all the state-

ment that a live cat was unconsciously walled up in the manner alleged, weaken the final effect of the story. Compare this, for a moment, with *The Piece of String*, by Maupassant, to see of what slight, yet of what inevitably true material a great artist constructs his plots. A work of art, weird or gruesome though it be, must ring true to human experience in every particular, to be really great. A masterful short story forces one to think of it time after time for years, and each time with increasing wonder at the truth and comprehensiveness of the feeling or principle it sets forth.

The Fall of the House of Usher contains two important elements not found in either of the previous stories. The first is a touch of local color and an indication of mood, of high artistic quality. Then there is some personal description, lengthy and categorical it is true, but more effective than is usual with that method. The tale is as weird as the others

but much better poised. There are no impossibilities, nor even very glaring improbabilities, and as a whole it deserves the place it has so long held among the early masterpieces.

The family physician is set out for us in two potent lines:

"On one of the staircases I met the physician of the family. His countenance, I thought, wore a mingled expression of low cunning and perplexity. He accosted me with trepidation and passed on."

This is substantially all we are given of this physician, directly, and yet there is conveyed to us the inevitable impression that he is the one who had most to do with the tragedy.

Then the handling of accessories throughout is superb. It is suggestive in the highest degree, suggestive with a definite dramatic purpose. Perhaps nowhere in the literature of the short story are stage-settings handled with greater artistic effect. The aspect of nature,

of the castle, the rooms, the draperies, everything, enhances this feeling of a mysterious impending doom. Compared with the bald statements in *The Murders in the Rue Morgue* this tale easily rises to the height of a masterpiece. We have here at least something of the poetic Poe.

But the most artistic of all the short stories Poe wrote is *The Cask of Amontillado*. The reserve is perfect, as is also the superb rendering of Machiavellian Italian nature. The artist touch is apparent from the first line, which sounds the motif, to that dynamic last line "*In pace requiescat*"—and the whole contains only 3000 words.

The desire for revenge and its cause, the determination to be avenged, the searching out of the weak place in the armor of his enemy, the skill with which he is enticed into the wine vaults, the potent meaning crowded into the connoisseur's repetition of the magic name

"Amontillado," the half admission of doubt, and the pretenses of calling in another expert,—all are handled with an art which even Maupassant never surpassed. Then the immolation, the sudden sobering of the victim, his wavering between abject fear and hope, the building up of the masonry tier by tier and the final placing of the last stone, are done in a way which is matchless. What a vista of Italian life this little story opens out before us! It is indeed the crucial moment in the lives of two men, a moment enabling us to see both forward and backward.

There is just enough local color,—a touch here and there, like the nitre on the walls of the vault. And there is just enough human nature subordinated to the central figure,—like the picture of the servants gone to the carnival because ordered to remain. In short it is perfect.

Conan Doyle is another example of success

in the treatment of plot for its own sake. His chief excellence consists, as has already been indicated, not in character depiction, though he suggests character in all of his stories, but in an especial subdivision of plot construction. We are supposed to see examples of deductions of the highest scientific and criminal value, made by combining the observation of the minute details with the closest reasoning. As a matter of fact, however, the author merely avails himself of that device so common to writers of detective stories and builds backwards, until he secures the result he wishes.

For example, in *A Scandal in Bohemia*, a physician in practice might naturally have "a black mark of nitrate of silver on his right forefinger," or "smell of iodoform," or have "a bulge on his top coat, where he secreted his stethoscope." So the author has *Sherlock Holmes* announce his conclusion first, and

finally give the above simple reasons for reaching it. Then, after the reader has been properly mystified and enlightened, he is given the next result of certain other supposed inductions and is left to grope in the dark, without at most more than a hint of the data on which they are based. This is a trick so captivating that Doyle is able to play it time after time to the increasing delight of his readers. Take that peculiarity out of his work and Conan Doyle is no greater than scores of other clever constructors of plots. He is the legitimate descendent of Poe in this particular, but has surpassed his literary ancestor in the quality of his art. He appeals, however, only to curiosity and interest, rather than to genuine heart qualities. He entertains, but does not deeply move. He lacks the other characteristics of a truly great short story writer. But so unusual is his power, and so captivating his use of it, that he has constantly a host of ardent admirers.

The plot of pure incident alone has therefore reached its highest development, and its limitations are all too apparent. Something must be added. The history of short story writing is in effect an epitome of the history of mankind, beginning with an interest merely in what men *do*, and working gradually away from this to a consideration, not of what they *do*, but of what they *are*.

HUMAN INTEREST.

HOLY WRIT is the authority for the principle underlying the next phase of development. "He who conquereth his own soul is greater than he who taketh a city."

And so the short story grew beyond an involved and pleasing chronicle of actions merely, and began to indicate an answer to the demand for the second of the cardinal virtues, Human Interest. As in all growth, the epochs overlap. Human Interest, at its first appearance far subordinate to plot, grew apace, until in time it became the predominant quality. Yet the love of a story for its own sake is one of the strongest hungers among mankind, and occupies so deep a place in the human heart that the most perfectly artistic

stories are those in which plot and human interest supplement each other, rather than the ones in which one or the other quality predominates, as will be shown by examples presently.

Two writers have been conspicuously successful with stories in which plot and human interest bear major and minor parts respectively, rather than co-ordinate parts,—Thomas Bailey Aldrich and Frank R. Stockton. *Marjorie Daw* contains one of the most cleverly constructed plots in light literature. The *denouement* is perfect. There is a delicate pleasing touch in every line, an underlying good humor. The characterization is admirable, particularly that of *Marjorie*. We have here one of the best brief examples of what makes a likable woman, in print,—for many continue to love her even after the dismal discovery that "there *is* no Marjorie Daw!" And light as the story is, there is a potent

theme,—the power of ideals. It is the ideal, in life or character, that moves the world.

The Lady or the Tiger, the other example, has long enjoyed the distinction of being the best story of its kind ever written. Let us look for a moment at its excellences. The quality which commends it above all others is its superb plot, so simple, yet so exasperatingly impossible of solution. Stockton has shown in this story that there is at least one chamber of the feminine heart of which he has a perfect knowledge. How inimitably he has enlisted every particle of woman's curiosity. It is the theme of themes for a woman, and after all the years there are still thousands of women and many men still hungry for the solution.

Nothing could be better than the skill with which Stockton has balanced the probabilities on either side. The interest is intensely human from the first line. The solution depends ab-

solutely upon the personal characteristics of the reader, and hence may of course never be settled, except in a thousand ways, each reader furnishing that key which his own nature and experience has given him. It is a double character study. The simple question whether that young lover was eaten or married would have mattered but little,—except to him. But the solution depends entirely upon what manner of maiden that semi-barbaric princess proves to be, and that in turn depends upon what manner of man or woman the particular reader chances to be. Many women would find it impossible to construct, out of their own consciousness, a barbaric princess who would consign her lover to the tigers. Some women find it equally impossible to postulate a princess who would resign her lover to a hated rival, even to save his life.

There are two particulars in which the tale is noticeably excellent, and one in which it

has never been surpassed. The former is the plot, the latter the diction. Never have English words better or more briefly, dramatically, effectively placed a situation for a reader. Phasing as good as the following abounds:

"A semi-barbaric king, whose ideas were large, florid and untrammeled."

" His nature was bland and genial. Nothing pleased him so much as to make the crooked straight, and crush down uneven places."

And then that superbly ingenious climax:

" Now the point of the story is this: Did the tiger come out of that door or did the lady?"

The characterization, too, is clear cut and effective.

Of course Stockton does not rise, and does not attempt to rise, above the plane of the entertainer. He has no doctrine to teach, no reform to advance. He represents the lighter, rather than the more serious view-point.

Though he has never risen to the height of this story again he has written numbers of thoroughly wholesome tales, and the world is his debtor for many a laugh. But humor is almost entirely an inborn quality and it is art we are considering. Much of his work is merely sketching, and he has the knack of presenting the most absurdly impossible things in an easy matter-of-fact way which carries conviction in almost every case. His absurdities win credence as readily as Hawthorne's studies of the weird. The tale which the widow told the four seafaring men in *A Story-Teller's Pack* represents this phase of Mr. Stockton's work at its best. Humor is a blessed thing and it may prove that America is to give her greatest message to mankind in humorous guise. But there is a deep instinct which demands that the truly great Anglo-Saxon story shall be an interpretation of some of the serious things of life.

Richard Harding Davis's *An Unfinished Story*, or *The Other Woman;* Bret Harte's *The Luck of Roaring Camp;* Stevenson's *Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde;* or Kipling's *William, the Conqueror*, show plot in its highest artistic development, not as a single quality of a story, but so thoroughly blended with human interest, dramatic intensity and theme as to make a unit of perfectly fused elements. As the plot element of these stories is not conspicuously different from those already considered, they will be examined more fully under the respective headings in which each is pre-eminent.

The province of art is in the emotions. So it soon became evident that the things men do involving their joys or their sorrows, had a potency, in moving their fellow-men, far beyond actions in which no heart quality was present. The human heart has always craved an interpretation of its pleasures or its grief, and has even unduly honored the fortunate inter-

preter who gave genuine expression to the real motives so often lying buried and unrecognized. Heart quality came, therefore, to take its place along with plot.

As in other forms of literature the best results have been obtained, not by the exclusive use of either humor or pathos, but where laughter and tears follow each other so closely that they are really intermingled and the sharp contrast between them accentuates the qualities of each. It is a recognized principle of the drama, as well as of the short story, that when a situation becomes too acute it is best relieved by a humorous turn.

Beside the Bonny Brier Bush, by Dr. John Watson, is the most perfect example of these particular qualities in recent literature. Judged from the standard of plot construction the sketches in this volume are hardly stories at all. What men do, or omit doing, is only introduced for the purpose of showing us the vital points

of character. To what extent the character study will supplant the story of plot is a much mooted question. A short story at best will always contain all of the elements,—a well-defined dramatic plot, the effective description of persons and places, character depiction, and, unobtrusively, yet inevitably, a theme with broad human foundations. The short story and the character study are not partially developed literary forms, one of the other. They are co-ordinate modes of literary expression, each complete and adequate in its place. The probability is that, as the individual comes in his later years to regard what men are, rather than what they do, the character study will be the favorite mode of the more mature portion of the reading public, while the short story will retain the deep-rooted affection of those young in years or in heart.

No writer of any language has ever excelled Dr. Watson in his line. An artist's ability may

be judged by the completeness with which he enables his readers to see his characters and to sympathize with them. No characters in fiction have ever been more real or more potent in moving men's hearts than *Marget* and *Georgie Howe*, *Domsie*, and *Dr. Maclure*. The great virtue in Dr. Watson's work is its absolute truth to life and its absolute insistence upon the highest standards. There has been much in popular literature of recent years which almost forces one to a belief in the general prevalence of degeneracy. But *The Bonny Brier Bush* is a superb tonic for those whose moral courage has become flabby. Its unprecedented success proves for the thousandth time that people prefer pure ideals.

The Scotch are a self-controlled, but deeply emotional people. When, therefore, a reader comes to understand by the manner in which the severest restraint is swept aside, what must have been the strength of the passion engen-

dered, and sets himself to realize an adequate cause for this entirely unusual exhibition, his own heart and eyes must respond to the call upon them. It is no uncommon thing, at readings from *Dr. Maclure*, where the reader is utterly without those stage accessories which make a theatre scene effective, to see entire audiences wiping their eyes. And these audiences never feel afterwards that they have been improperly beguiled into tears, as they sometimes do after a matinee.

In spite of his many errors in the selection of subjects Maupassant is ranked among the world's greatest artists, first on account of his wonderful phrasing, and second because of his success in making men feel the things he wishes to place before them. And while the range of his characters and subjects infinitely exceeds that of Dr. Watson, he has nowhere secured that intensity of feeling which the Scot commands, or taken his reader as deeply into the

hearts of his characters. The true measure of success in the use of language, or in the depiction of human emotions, is effectiveness, and Watson is more effective than Maupassant because he has, added to his art, all the advantages accruing from truth and honesty and high ideals.

New literary qualities first make their appearance in answer to a definite need. Then they are present in excess for a little while, each writer anxious to try his hand with the new device. Finally they take their proper place and proportion in the literary scheme and are gradually assumed or taken for granted. Thus heart quality, once unknown in literature, is now a primal requisite in work of any pretension whatever.

The Madonna of the Tubs, by Elizabeth Stuart Phelps, may be taken as a typical modern American magazine story. One can only appreciate the immense gulf between a

story of this type and one of its literary ancestors by reading the two in close conjunction. Artistically the improvement is shown in many ways—in the clear-cut plot, in the individualization of each character, especially of the *Madonna* and of *Rafe*—the latter one of those master studies of perfect souls in poor broken bodies. Then there is local color, concisely, artistically, adequately done. But the superiority in technique is only a small part of its virtue. There is humanity in it, the specific thing we are looking for just now, humanity stripped down to the heart's core. There is no false perspective, no vice tolerated as virtue, no setting aside of the great vital truths, but men and women of our own flesh and blood with whom we laugh and weep. The story not only presents a true picture of human life, but it presents an interpretation. We see through the very eyes and feel through the hearts of several human beings. We are taught

a good and great lesson in a thoroughly artistic manner. The human feeling is the dominant quality of the story. One reads it, not only with unflagging interest, but often with the moist eyes which are, after all, the final test.

In the pictures of New England life pathos and the sombre colors usually predominate. Heman White Chaplin has given us, however, in *Five Thousand Dollars and Other Stories* much of the brighter view. His sense of humor is remarkably acute. He has the mother-wit of the average small village at his constant command. Scarcely a page of his stories fails to wield a good honest hearty laugh. It is usually the dry cackling humor of the American country store, as delicious as it is unexpected, often consisting of a mere turn of a phrase, as:—"allots my hen house to the flames," and—

"Must we be kerried to the skies
On *feathery* beds of ease."

Sometimes it is in the situation, or in a suggested dialect, as in the case of the Hebrew in *Five Hundred Dollars*. This, it seems to me, is one of the finest examples of the true art purpose of dialect to be found,—a presentation of the peculiarly individual quality of this man's speech without unnecessarily disfiguring the English. Sometimes, too, the humor permeates the entire character, like *Joshua Carr*, whose qualifications and re-qualifications of every statement he makes are so remarkably good that it is a wonder he has escaped the stage.

Humorous stories are not, as a rule, long; indeed their usual quality is that brevity which is the soul of wit. The professional humorists, like Bill Nye, with his dog Entomologist, have a technique of their own. It has been said that the man falling down is the basis of most American humor. Surprise and contrast at least play a large part in its success. The only literary form closely related to the short story in which

humor plays a pre-eminent part, is the dramatic monologue. Browning is the real inventor of this form, although its humorous possibilities seem to have escaped him. He brought it to its highest perfection in *My Last Duchess*, which will typify for all time its many literary and artistic excellences. It stands as the culmination of literary condensation,—a novel in fifty lines. It is really surprising that so attractive a form should not sooner have been used for prose and general literary and dramatic productions. It has recently attained a greater vogue on the stage than in literature, and the monologue has, during the last decade, become a specialty with many dramatic authors and actors. It is usually confined to a vaudeville skit, however, not often rising above a burlesque, or to the dignity of a valuable dramatic production. But many of these seemingly light and frivolous skits have in them the very essence of dramatic and literary art. And if the short

story ever develops to a new form it will be sure to follow one of two directions,—either that of the pastel, or that of the dramatic monologue, with all of the chances in favor of the latter and more vital form.

Ruth McEnery Stuart's story *Sonny* is the first humorous success of the dramatic monologue in literature proper. There have been monologues, of course, from the days of Hamlet's and Macbeth's soliloquys or their predecessors, but no case in which the entire artistic situation is given through the eyes or from the point of view of but one person. It is by no means the delicious humor alone that has made *Sonny* so popular, though the humor is as fresh, as genuine, and as thoroughly good as anything in English. But there are other humorists, and humor is not the most distinguishing feature.

The fond father, who is the only speaker, talks to us fifteen minutes. In that time he puts us in complete possession of practically

everything vital to be said of himself, his wife, *Sonny*, *Grandma*, *Dicey*, and much of the *Doctor*. It has become a common, though by no means easy feat to have several people characterize themselves and each other in their combined talk. The range is wider and the task correspondingly easier. But this man enables us to glean from his rambling talk all his virtues, his age, his mental, moral, social condition,—even to the extent of his sole swear word, which he still misses! We are able from this fifteen minute autobiography to construct, with practically entire accuracy, the past life and the future possibilities of each member of the group. The loyalty to the wife, the fear and strangeness of handling the newly-arrived little guest, the fortitude of enduring the strained posture, the surprise and delight at discovering the various perfect functions of the baby, the genuine heart sympathy of the new salutation "Mother," the broad humane feeling

toward everything both animate and inanimate, all make *Sonny*, unpretentious as it is, one of the best interpretations of the effects of paternity to be found in literature.

A few selections will best illustrate the quality of the diction:—

"I'm right here by yo' side on my knees, in pure thankfulness."

"I want to tell you, honey, that you never, even in yo' young days, looked ez purty to my eyes ez what you do right now."

"I'll have to lay this wood down again *an' think!*"

"Don't you think he's to say a leetle bit undersized?"

As a sample of condensed humorous characterization this story is unsurpassed.

CHARACTER.

WE HAVE now two qualities taken for granted; first, a clearly defined plot; second, human interest. The desire, however, to know what manner of men and women these are, is growing stronger and stronger. It is no longer sufficient to have a story which deals with the vital life of men and women. We must know the particular class or quality of our man, first, in regard to his local surroundings; second, in regard to his outer life; and third, in regard to his inner life. Then we must know specifically how the man or woman of this story differs from his companions in the story and in the world at large. We desire to know just where to place him in the catalogue of life. So we are ready to go somewhat broadly into the study of character.

In literature this study has taken two forms; first, character in conjunction with plot; second, character study independent of anything which may be called a plot,—the former as a means; the latter as an end in itself. Though they come historically in the above order we will take the latter first, because it emphasizes somewhat more strongly the subject just now under consideration.

One of the most artistic and successful character studies in the English language is *Jonathan*, by F. Hopkinson Smith. This example has an added interest for us because Mr. Smith is recognizedly an all around literary craftsman of the first quality, having done the most artistic work imaginable in sketch, short story and novel. He has all of Chaplin's ability to pick out and get down on the printed page the one salient point which makes a particular character live and breathe before us. He has an ability as a word painter unsurpassed even by

Ruskin, as his *Gondola Days* bears ample evidence. Seldom, indeed, can the same man get his perspective right in such diverse forms as sketch, short story, and novel. Mr. Smith has done it repeatedly, and incidentally has done as remarkable things in two other and entirely distinct arts.

Mr. Smith set out to show us what manner of man *Jonathan* is. In the true, realistic method he began with the most unpromising characteristics,—his gaunt form and unconventional garb, his hut on the mountain side, his sole-leather wife. But *Jonathan* and his wife are rescued from possible ridicule, the former by the mention of his eyes,—"that won you, kindly, twinkling, merry, trustful, trusting eyes," and the latter by her voice, "like a wood sound, low and far away,—soft as a bird call."

Then, "there was a dog,—a mean sniveling, stump-tailed dog, of no particular breed or kidney."

After many, many experiments, it has been found that the most effective way of getting the real qualities which go to make up a character into the consciousness of a reader from the printed page is to give certain representative or typical actions. The world-wide method of reading human nature in life is by means of representative actions, going back of the action itself to the cause, and then to the quality of mind or of heart that it indicates. This is as true in literature as it is in life. Men only ask to be given the data; they draw their own conclusions. The man who is seen to abuse a dumb animal, must not complain if he is adjudged potentially capable of cruelty and cowardice in every department of life.

These typical actions are the short-hand method of reading character.

So, from examples of the sympathy and patience and affection *Jonathan* lavishes on the absolutely worthless cur, we come to learn what

would have been the welcome which a child might have received in his home. And from the instances of the chipmunks, of the daisies, of the dinnerless artist high up on the wind-blown hill we little by little come into the presence of one of nature's noblemen. That this man is capable of doing, and indeed has done the things which usually go to make up a story, we need not be told. The author barely suggests two of them, but wisely concludes that "there is no story,—only *Jonathan*." That this sketch is a forerunner of the things that are to come goes without saying. It is not a short story, but the successor of the short story. For some of us are surely coming to the time when we will ask for only the data about the characters and construct for ourselves our own short stories, or accept the characters at their full value without insisting upon the dramatic evidence.

To return, however, to a consideration of the place which character plays in the short story proper.

Local color is, for the short story or the novel, what scenery is for the drama, namely, the environment germane to a particular character or action. Those things which surround a man with his consent become proper witnesses as to his character. If he resents their presence, but is powerless, his actions will indicate it.

So, the first paragraph of a modern short story sets forth the time and place. A Remington or a Gibson learns after years of experience the few lines which must be retained to give to a drawing personality and individuality, as well as the hundreds which must be discarded. The modern writers select their words with the artist's eye for salient points, giving a hint here, or a touch there, to kindle the imagination, rather than cataloging, in the manner of their predecessors, all of the qual-

ities which go to make up a scene or a face and thus failing to convey to the reader any conception of either. This principle of artistic selection of salient points applies equally to the description (1) of places, with kindling hints and local color as the chief elements of technique; (2) of the outer personality, with physical peculiarities and dialects as the elements; and (3) of the inner personality, with typical actions, showing the kind and degree of character. And as the race progresses in literary and ethical culture the subjects chosen are first the possible, then the probable, and finally the inevitable.

Examples of the three kinds are so abundant in all recent writing that only one or two need be taken.

First, illustrating the effective description of places:—

"I found the Major in front of Delmonico's." Smith, *A Gentleman Vagabond.*

"It was in the smoking room of a Cunarder, two days out." Smith. *A Knight of the Legion of Honor.*

"I was sitting in the shadow of Mme. Poulard's delightful inn at St. Michel when I first saw Baader." Smith. *Baader.*

"Above the Schweitzerhoff Hotel, and at the end of the long walk fronting the lake at Lucerne,—the walk studded with round, dumpy, Noah's-ark trees,—stands a great building surrounded by flowers and palms, and at night ablaze with hundreds of lamps hung in festoons of blue, yellow and red." Smith. *The Lady of Lucerne.*

"When the Gravesend tender left the P. & O. steamer for Bombay and went back to catch the train for Town, there were many people in it, crying." Kipling. *Yoked With an Unbeliever.*

"The present school house stands in an open place beside the main road to Muirtown, tree-

less and comfortless, built of red, staring stone, with a play-ground for the boys and another for the girls, and a trim smug-looking teacher's house, all very neat and symmetrical, and well regulated." Watson. *A Lad of Pairts.*

Second, illustrating the successful description of outer personality:—

"A middle-aged little man, with ear-rings." Chaplin.

"A stiff, broadcloth image, with small silk hat and creaking boots." Chaplin.

"With yellow hair and a thin, pinched face and a body all angles, outlined through her straight up and down calico dress." Smith. *Jonathan.*

"A man of middle height, but stooping below it, with sandy hair turning to grey, and bushy eye-brows covering keen shrewd, grey eyes." Watson. *A Lad of Pairts.*

Third, showing the successful description of inner personality:—

"Whereupon Domsie took snuff and assigned his share of the credit to the Doctor." Watson. *A Lad of Pairts.*

"And he flushed all over when Jim said of his work that it was 'not half bad.'" Kipling. *William the Conqueror.*

"Prayed in a soft, low voice, with a little break in it." Watson. *In Marget's Garden.*

The philosophy of the rival schools of realism and idealism may be largely found under this head of character description, depending first upon the point of view and second upon the direction in which one looks. The realist habitually looks down; the idealist, up. There are three recent writers who typify various stages of this mental condition, Hamlin Garland, some of whose work represents the realistic and the pessimistic in the extreme if not in excess; Mary E. Wilkins Freeman, whose view is truthful, though not optimistic nor cheerfuly inspiring, and Thomas Nelson

Page, who gives a phase of American life no less true than the others, yet full of hope and ideals and inspiration.

The Return of the Private occupies the same place among American short stories as *The Man with the Hoe* does in poetry and painting. No one questions the truth of either of the three presentations. They give us the exact, the unadulterated truth. And yet, while it is nothing but the truth, it is not the whole truth, and fails, to that extent, in giving us a picture of life in proper perspective. No one has ever given the sad, dull, dreary, monotonous, almost hopeless side of American and particularly prairie farm life like Garland. And yet if this were all the story the Westerner would be far removed from the arrant enthusiast that he now is. Hope and confidence are the dominant notes of the West,—not the mere dogged submission which Garland sometimes depicts. That there are times when hope seems ill

founded, no one denies. But there are also periods of glorious prosperity, when the West goes forward with giant strides, and when a decade will bring to all the deserving of a community the rewards of an Eastern life-time. Had Garland but included this portion in the picture no fault could be found with him. It is doubtless true that he presented nothing more sadly than it impressed him; but one of the artistic temperament is hardly a fair sample to try Western life and impressions on. This intense realism, this implacable pessimism dominates all of the stories in *Main Traveled Roads*, and some of Garland's other work. What a blessing a gleam of sunny humor would be. And there is sunshine and hope in the West, even across an occasional field of parched corn.

The Revolt of Mother has for its leading notes character and New England conscience. There is enough plot to carry the story, but the

final interest centers in the characters themselves.

The mother has stood disappointment for forty years without complaining, and endures this last and greatest disappointment,—of seeing the spot chosen for her real home and set apart for that purpose during all those years, now used for an unneeded barn,—still without complaining. She is indeed one of the silent heroines. She asks about the digging of the foundations, but the husband, with guilty conscience, is grim and silent. At last she wins a reluctant admission from husband and son combined. The reader is shown in a dozen ways how deeply she is hurt,—but that ancient spirit of Anglo-Saxon repression forbids her showing it openly. We fully expect that some word of protest will escape her. But she excuses the father to the children. At last she does make a plea to her husband,—a powerful plea, which we think must surely move him. But he stands

as grimly determined as ever. The comfort of neither wife nor daughter seems to affect him in the least. And yet, though he remains so exasperatingly silent, there is nothing of the flood of reproachful words we feel certain must come, nor even the slightest symptom of bitterness. The unselfish wife goes steadily on ministering to his comfort and to his comfort alone.

But a providential opportunity comes, and during his absence she moves the family into the new barn. The husband returns. The empty home and his sudden fear for his wife's sanity give him something to think about. He is at last able to see that her patience has reached the straining point. And he surrenders unconditionally.

"I'll—put up the—partitions an'—everything you want, mother. Why, mother," he said, hoarsely, "I hadn't no idea you was so set on it as all this comes to."

We can find no reason to complain at the

truth of Miss Wilkins' picture. The deeper things of life are not so readily seen nor so openly spoken of in New England as in Virginia.

Marse Chan and *Meh Lady*, by Thomas Nelson Page, are in some particulars the best short stories yet written in America. They are so nearly companion pieces that the criticism which applies to one also includes the other. They represent the highest type of the proper blending of plot and character study, of local color, of interpretation, of poetry. The setting is perfect, in each case the old negro servant telling the story and contributing both by his manner and by what he says, to a revival of the old conditions. What America lost in the Civil War, by losing the old standard of Southern life at its best, has never been fully realized and can never be regained. The poetic and romantic South has gone from us forever. It will never be possible again under modern con-

ditions. And whatever glory and success may come to the nation, the halo of those golden days of the past can never be renewed. Even to-day one hears throughout the South the echo of what men *were*, rather than what they *did*.

It is no part of the artist's work to enter into a discussion of political events and their significance. His sole purpose is to interpret to us certain phases of human life, to put us as completely as possible, emotionally, into the places of his characters.

Page, better than anyone else, has enabled a reader to realize how it must have felt to be a Southern gentleman or lady of the old school during the war.

There is no romance about victory. The Lost Cause will ever be a theme to conjure by. These two stories have, added to their very pronounced human sympathy, a national significance surpassed only by another work of the same author, *Red Rock*. The time was ripe,—

the Spanish war having been the occasion for a complete re-union of North and South,—for presentations of the spiritual side of the Lost Cause. *Red Rock*, and *The Crisis*, and *The Cavalier* are but a beginning of the movement. *Lady Baltimore* gives a glimpse from another angle. The novel, of course, takes a broader view of the field than the short story. But no stories have ever gone deeper into the significance of a national epoch than *Meh Lady* and *Marse Chan*. It is earnestly to be hoped that more of the life of that time may be rescued before it is too late.

DRAMATIC INTENSITY.

WE HAVE assumed, up to this point, (1) a well defined plot; (2) human interest; (3) character, of place and of person.

In the life of the individual the intense moments are the moments of physical, or mental, or spiritual progress. The fallow years between seem to count for less. It is intense moments which furnish material for short story art.

The impression produced is always a little less than the force producing it. Actor and artist alike allow for this. The former accentuates the expression of his face, the tones of his voice, the eccentricities of manner or of costume. The latter selects and classifies his material with the same end in view.

Intensity, in short story writing, has come to manifest itself in four ways:—(1) in the dia-

logue, which is keyed to a higher pitch than ever occurs in life; (2) in situation or action; (3) in contrast; (4) in climax.

Anthony Hope is admittedly the modern master of dialogue writing. It took two centuries to teach authors to write so as to give the impression of actual men and women talking. Some of the earlier dialogues do not even remotely resemble the speech they are supposed to represent.

The Dolly Dialogues are by far the best thing of their kind. Nothing could be more natural than that Anthony Hope, whose dialogues are so clever in his more elaborate work, should specialize a little and give a few things which are exclusively dialogue. Along the line of quips and partial suggestions they are unsurpassed. Most authors fail to trust their readers sufficiently. But Anthony Hope never adds a word too much, often stopping abruptly in the middle of the sentence, when the meaning has

been sufficiently suggested. The plots of the *Dialogues* are, of course, meagre, but it is entirely possible that this ultra-suggestive, sketchy style of dialogue writing may take that place, in the future, which the editor of *Harper's* predicts for it, as the successor of the short story.

Anthony Hope, it should be said in passing, has been equally successful with stories of virile plot. He has appreciated more nearly than any living writer the proportions which the public likes in the modern romance. *The Prisoner of Zenda* will be a model of construction for years to come. It typifies what the novel owes to the short story. A popular novel of to-day may not take 200 pages to work up the interest, as did the books of our illustrious forebears. Nor may it devote page after page to description which fails to give the reader a definite conception of either person or place. A modern novel, at its best, has in each chapter the structural

perfection and the condensation of the short story, and in addition has, in each chapter, an integral part of a well formulated plan, culminating in an ascending series of dramatic climaxes.

Anthony Hope's plots are, as a rule, based upon fundamental human nature, and have usually a whimsical, good-natured turn. *The Miller of Hofbau* illustrates these points, and reveals, as well, knowledge of the feminine heart which, while making no pretense beyond the cursory, is really profound. The brother's challenge, at first ignored, then considered, and finally accepted, the adventure of the heretofore ever-winning Princess in trying her charms upon the indifferent miller, the skill with which our expectations are carried along, the miller's sudden change of heart, and the teaching of the lesson which the Princess needed most; then her recovery and good-natured acceptance of the situation,—are all as good as anything in

lighter literature. Nothing could be more clever than the ending of the tale, with that gentle reminder across the face of every mirror, "Remember the Miller of Hofbau!"

What to have a character say, or omit saying, in one of the great crises of life, is of course a great problem. Yet it has been solved time after time, by Davis, by Kipling, by Bret Harte, by Stevenson, and by many others. And it should be acknowledge that while we have given more modern names, and occasionally a different treatment to this and other of the elements which go to make a great piece of literary art, we have not really, either in principle or in practice, gotten beyond William Shakespeare. After all is said, *Macbeth* contains all the fundamental art of the short story.

Intensity of situation, of contrast, and of climax are so closely related that the illustrations may be grouped together.

Richard Harding Davis has two stories

which furnish superb examples, *The Other Woman* and *An Unfinished Story*. He is an artist in the use of contrast,—as witness the delightful badinage in the opening pages of *The Other Woman*, offset against the tragic intensity of the latter portion of the story. Nothing could better serve for an artistic preface to the scene in the Bishop's study, nor better emphasize the powerful closing scene. The conflict of interest between the young lover and the old father, with the ready assumption of success on the one hand, and the surprise and dismay on the other at the sudden prospect of the loss of the dearest part of his life,—all are drawn superbly. Then comes the fine dramatic quality of the Bishop's question,—followed by that unspoken answer to it. Climax follows climax, easily, yet inevitably. The unexpected disclosure of another love, the proud restraint on the one hand, the freedom from even the suggestion of a liaison; then the innocent eaves-

dropper, all unconscious of the tragedy which hovered so near; the spirited defence of *Latimer*, the winning over of the old Bishop, but the inevitable answer of the daughter, "Let him go to her!"—all constitute one of the finest studies in dramatic situation, climax and contrast in short story literature.

A truly dramatic and tragic situation occurs when both parties to it are clearly in the right, each from his own point of view, with no possibility of a reconciliation.

The Bishop's right to ask the question is undoubted. Once asked it must be answered, and answered honestly. Yet an honest answer, that he not only *had* loved, but practically either still *did* love or at least was still capable of loving the other woman, and of choosing her, for *any* time, under *any* circumstances, made *Latimer's* acceptance by a self-respecting and high-spirited girl impossible.

The quality which stands out, above all

others in the story, is the clean, honest life of *Latimer*. And his turning his back now, upon even the direction of temptation, is the finest stroke of all.

The strength of a story is measured by the hold which the problem it states takes upon the readers. Problems in human life differ from those of mathematics in this: the former are capable of endless solutions; the latter of but one. And the questions involved in *The Other Woman* have been thrashed over and are still being thrashed over by hundreds of readers. Had the Bishop a right to ask the question? Was the answer satisfactory?

Just as finely dramatic and as faithful a picture of life among the more favored is *An Unfinished Story*. Its opening is as perfect a society dinner scene as has been done. The story, like the one just mentioned, gives rise to discussions about human actions and motives which are the best possible indication of ab-

sorbing human interest. The reserve is perfect. Hero and heroine are introduced to the reader easily and naturally. The way is artistically paved for what follows; never for a moment is there an opportunity to anticipate the *denouement*, or to destroy the tremendous effect of that series of climaxes which lead to the girl's punishment. Was she justified in supposing her lover dead? Was he justified in calling her thus publicly to account? The beauty of the story, too, consists largely in the absence of any suggestion of disloyalty to her present fiance. Any one but Davis, it seems to me, might have had his heroine waver, or show some sign of returning allegiance to her former lover. That she is a heartless flirt it is impossible to believe. That she is, in spite of appearances, a true-hearted woman, it is impossible to doubt. She is clearly taken at a disadvantage. Nothing she could possibly say in explanation would justify her to her former

lover. And the story is told from his point of view alone. Yet we have a feeling, in spite of all, that deep down in her woman's heart there was a reason,—a reason which she perhaps never could or would explain, but a good reason, nevertheless. *Her* version of the story, however, has never been written.

Kipling and Bret Harte are so full of magnificent dramatic situations and contrasts that illustrations may be found on every page. The former would have won literary immortality on his contrasts alone. And Stevenson's *Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde* is the apotheosis of contrast in literature.

THEME.

IF THE advancing development in short story writing had ceased at this point the French would still be our masters, for they have done everything that either Englishman or American has done, thus far, and it must be confessed, have done it better. In pure technique Maupassant and his colleagues are clearly beyond us. But an artist is responsible alike for the selection of his subject, for his point of view and for his treatment. It is not sufficient that he paint or picture the thing as he sees it. A great deal has been said in recent years about "Art for Art's Sake." Yet the fact remains that no world-recognized masterpiece has been produced which depends for its success upon technique alone, or which is an example solely of art for art's sake. On the other hand every

great work of art, whether it be in music, in painting, in sculpture or in literature, has for its very foundation some underlying message for humanity, or some interpretation of life. And this brings us to the consideration of the final element.

All good Anglo-Saxons continually ask themselves and each other these questions:—"What is this for?" "What is its purpose?" And so our writers of the highest class make a rigid search, among the *possible* stories or themes for those which *must* be told, for those containing a message for humanity so important that they dare not fail to announce it. Boccaccio's license or Maupassant's art itself are counted of less value than this.

Kipling's *William, the Conqueror*, will illustrate the point. That author's work is the most valuable of tonics. Those croakers who constantly complain of temperate zone weather should read some of his descriptions of the

everyday heat of India, and then forever hold their peace. Kipling has, more distinctly than any other writer of to-day, the sturdy Anglo-Saxon conquering instinct which has made the White Man the Ruler of All Men, and fitted him to bear his burden. This dominant note of the ruler is only one in the Kipling score. Perhaps his most pronounced characteristic is his capacity as an interpreter. And in no story of modern times is this quality more signally exhibited than in *William the Conqueror*.

During the year preceding its publication there had been running throughout the current literature a series of articles about India. The yellow journals gratuitously made the cause their own. They made the unique discovery that the famines in India were in some way the result of English rule. Then they drew harrowing pictures of the destitution, illustrated by photographs of living skeletons, and added statistics to show how many starving millions might

be fed with the money expended in the Queen's Jubilee. Kipling stood this as long as he was able. The necessity for making some protest finally overcame him. And *William the Conqueror* is his reply. How superb it is! There is not the slightest indication anywhere that its purpose is didactic. It is a perfect example of the artistic presentation of a case.

It contains all of those elements which go to make up a great story,—a plot strong enough to carry a problem in human destiny and replete with human interest; local color which brings into our very nostrils the breath of the drouth; kindling hints which sketch for us the appearance of things; character drawing which makes the men and women bone of our bone, and flesh of our flesh.

It was commonly said that Kipling could not draw a woman, yet what could be better in the line of strong, capable, courageous, tender, womanly womanhood than *William*, with her

quaintly masculine name. Her first introduction to us, with the scar of honor on her forehead; the suggestion of the trials she has come through in the past; the promptness of her decision to encounter even greater perils in the future; her tact; her resourcefulness,—all the qualities which we are made to feel that she possesses place her in the front rank of the heroines of fiction.

Nor is the drawing of the men less satisfactory. *Sir Jimmy Hawkins*, and *Scott* and *Martyn* are types of the thoroughly efficient trained soldier, a constructive conqueror in peace as in war. They show us and the world just why it is that England rules. The magnificent Anglo-Saxon reserve and suppression indicated everywhere are among the finest qualities in the story. After one of the largest and most creditable pieces of work a man can do, Kipling says:

"And he flushed all over when Jim said of

his work that it was 'not half bad'." This is enough for these men, and better than fulsome flattery. Then, too, there is the equally restrained handling of the incident of Scott's passing within five miles of *William*, yet not riding to see her, though he wanted to go so badly, because it was his duty to stand by the wagons. And *William's* appreciation of his motives, her riding out to see "the top of his helmet,—to know he was all right,"—and their comparison of notes afterwards.

How infinitely, infinitely better a story or an incident of this kind is than one of the Latin tales of easy conquest. These men and women, who ruled themselves first, were the inevitable rulers of others.

There are too many good qualities in any typical tale of Kipling's to enumerate them all. But it would be gross injustice to omit a word of praise for the description of the survival of the English Christmas in India. How these

gaunt, hard-working men love their homes and institutions will stand indelibly impressed on the mind of every reader. How good it is to be put in the place of one of these typical Englishmen, particularly when the work just before us as Americans is to be so similar;—to be shown how much he is doing to conquer the famine which reigned supreme in the land at intervals before he came; to see how nobly he bears the burden.

No less successful is *With the Main Guard*. For years England had been sending her best manhood to India. The country from end to end was most vitally concerned in securing some adequate notion of what the sons were really doing. Hundreds had written on the subject, yet the most life-like presentation at hand was the choleric old gentleman of the novel or the stage,—usually an uncle, with a red face and a most violent temper, a retired major,—he was always a major,—returned from India.

It was *Mulvaney*, *Mulvaney* the immortal, who changed all this, *Mulvaney* and his colleagues *Ortheris* and *Learoyd*. How perfectly they typify the rank and file of the British army between them, the Irishman, the Scot and the London cockney. They are not only of the people,—they are the people themselves.

Kipling's introductions are usually art of the highest degree, and this is one of the best. So little is told, so much is suggested. It is during the early morning hours, from two to four, the coolest part of the day, yet it is so intolerably hot that the men are on the verge of madness. One or two deft touches indicate this. Then *Mulvaney*, the matchless, begins his herculean task of diverting their minds for a little while by talk. The story which he tells is perhaps the most vivid presentation of a hand-to-hand fight in English. It would be necessary to quote it entire to show its excellence. One or two lines will indicate its quality. *Mulvaney's* beginning

"in the middle of the story" is skill and tact itself. Then come his sly devices to secure the attention of his comrades, his appeal to *Ortheris* for a name which he himself knows perfectly, and his casual remark that *Learoyd* was not there, followed on the instant by that worthy's vivid testimonial of the occasion, the frightful scar he bore from the battle. The introduction of the *Black Tyrone*, their boyish haunts, their colors, their officers, their general characteristics, are sketched with a stroke. The description of the favorite way each has of fighting, followed by *Mulvaney's* characteristic comment:—

"Each does ut his way, like makin' love," is one of the most effective touches.

And:—

"The long knives were dancing in front, like the sun on Donegal Bay."

"And the next minute his head was in two halves, an' he wint down grinnin' by sections."

Then there is the incident of the boy officer, taken care of in spite of himself. And the other boy, the bugler, "pokin' 'round among the best wid a rifle an' a baynit."

"Is it amusin' yourself you're paid for, ye limb?" sez I. "Come out av that an' attind to your duty," sez I. But the boy was not pleased.

And the Paythans, too, the one who bit off a heel in his death struggle, and the other who fired to kill, even when wounded to the death. There has never been a more adequate battle picture.

Then the ending, as abrupt as the beginning, —"Guard, Turn Out!"

And as if that were not enough, that wonderful contrast, the introduction of the little child, driven hither and thither by the heat of the night. One might suppose the end had been reached, but there are two superb artist touches to follow, the sketch of *Mulvaney* him-

self, "his eyes sunk in his head, his face drawn and white," and his question, the echo of *Macbeth's*, under different circumstances, "but can them that helps others help thimselves!"

Finally, that last tragic line:—

"And over the bastions of Fort Amara broke the pitiless day."

What will the heat of this day be when the night has been so nearly unbearable?

And how shall we measure the innate heroism of these common soldiers of the Queen whose lives are hers but for the asking!

The Courting of Dinah Shadd, *Without Benefit of Clergy*, and almost every other of Kipling's stories contain themes which have become the inspiration of the race.

Kipling, and Conan Doyle, and Anthony Hope are, perhaps a little unfairly, classed with the Americans, because they more nearly resemble them in technique. They have helped carry on the best Anglo-Saxon traditions, and

have expressed them with a high degree of condensation and of art. There are more Americans writing good short stories to-day than there are Englishmen. And it seems more evident, daily, that the Americans will preserve a lofty theme, even though presented under the art guise of homely humor, and will develop through the short story, an art form which shall be the acme of condensation.

Historically, the theme may be said to begin with Edward Everett Hale's *Man Without a Country*, the first American short story of note with a definite theme or conscious purpose. Of course it is still a much mooted question to what extent morals or didactics may enter into art. And yet the difference on this point is largely a difference of method, rather than of aim. That one may baldly preach under the guise of art no one pretends. Yet on the other hand no one denies that the greatest sermons are preached by the masterpieces, and preached

all the more effectively because every trace of didacticism is absent. We must turn to Shakespeare for the highest proof of this. If ever sermon was preached it is by *Macbeth*, and *Othello*, and *Antony*, and the others, yet all without obvious text or pulpit method.

Hale definitely desired to teach a certain lesson, the lesson of patriotism. Of all possible methods of doing this, he chose the short story method and the negative treatment. He would show the world how it would seem to really be a man without a country, and thus enkindle the hearts of those who remained loyal, and at the same time rebuke those who so lightly thought to abandon the nation. The signal success of the effort is well known, but we are concerned at present merely with the artistic aspects of the tale. The character chosen, and the method are superb. The unfaithful officer Nolan has many natural opportunities to place sharply in contrast the normal feelings of a home and

country loving man and a perpetual exile. The device and the incidents chosen are dramatic and effective in the extreme. It is enough of a testimonial to the success of the author in conveying an impression of vital truth to state that for years thousands refused to believe that the story was fiction, a compliment probably unequaled in the literary history of the race.

Self restraint, and a willingness to trust an audience are great gifts for an artist. Dr. Hale fell just a little short in these particulars. He introduces his text and points his moral in one or two places, and the tale lacks, by just this much, being a perfect example of its kind. If he could only have allowed the story to stand absolutely on its own merits it would have been perfect. Shakespeare never announces a text.

One of the finest examples of the successful treatment of the theme in American fiction is *The Village Convict*, by Heman White Chaplin. This author has been particularly success-

ful in three lines, (1) in the use of kindling hints to describe persons and places; (2) in handling the realistic or negative method of presentation; (3) in impersonal treatment.

No American who has ever written has surpassed Chaplin in the ability to sketch a person or a place in half a dozen words, so that the image will stand out as distinctly characteristic as a Remington drawing. Chaplin is the child of Chaucer is his facility with these thumb-nail sketches, as well as in his success in catching and transmitting the wit and humor of folk life.

In showing the value of a particular quality by picturing a man or woman apparently devoid of it, a method of presentation of which Browning was so fond, Chaplin is also uniquely successful. The realists persistently put their worst foot forward. And so Chaplin leads us to believe at first that in *The Village Convict* we will have to deal with an ordinary barn-burning jail-bird. But we are shown, step by

step, how a New England conscience will in the end triumph over a fault of hasty youth and win anew the respect of neighbors. The supreme excellence of the story lies in the fact that from beginning to end nothing is baldly affirmed for the reader. He is supplied with the data in the case and left to prepare his own verdict.

The first entrance of *Eph* into the village store after his return, the tongue-tied bystanders, each eager to say something, but able to think of nothing which did not lead directly or indirectly to the prison, is as artistic in its Gothic restraint as anything in short story literature. Every line of this story and of *Five Hundred Dollars* and of *Eli* and of *By the Sea* is good and true and American to the innermost core.

The self restraint and independence of *Eph*, the encouragement and trust of *Susan*,—not a mere passive trust, but an active, womanly, potent influence, one of those influences by which

women have wielded a goodly domination over men for all time; the gradual returning confidence of neighbors and townsmen,—all these things we are enabled to see in precisely the right way, until we have utterly overthrown our first impression of *Eph* and have become his enthusiastic admirers.

Browning's habit differed in this; that while Chaplin and most of the other realists begin with a negative view of the character, and correct this later, as in the case of *Eph*, or Hopkinson Smith's *Jonathan*, or countless others, Browning gives us a uniformly and consistently negative character to emphasize a positive virtue, as in the case of the Bishop in *The Bishop Orders His Tomb*, who, supposedly the essence of all spirituality, is in fact a man of the grosser senses, entirely devoid, in his real inner life, of genuine spiritual worth.

While the latter method is dynamically effective at times, the former is nearer the truth

of real life, for men are neither all good or all bad. The corrective method has the advantage, too, of appealing to that trait in human nature which requires us, when we find that we have misjudged a character, to exalt him, possibly beyond his just deserts, in reparation. This gives the opportunity for those stories with a bad beginning but a good ending which are forever popular.

In his impersonal treatment of a theme Chaplin is as good a model as Shakespeare himself. In no place does either author give us *his* view, or ask us to do or think aught on *his* authority. He merely introduces the witnesses and allows them to testify to the vital facts.

It is morally, and in the broad sense, however, rather than technically, that *The Village Convict* and those of which it is the type, show such marked progress. The question involved in it is one of the utmost human interest. Can a sinner, who has fallen, rise again into the

good opinion of pure men and women? How?

There is no cant or hypocrisy about any of the characters. The atmosphere is pure and clean and bracing throughout. We have a presentation of a crisis in the life of a human being. And we have it presented so adequately and so truthfully as to insure its immediate acceptance. One who may never have seen New England is put in possession of the essential features of New England life and character, both in their inner and their outer manifestations, and it is all done in about seven thousand words.

The province of art is to interpret, and to interpret truly for us, phases of life with which we are either not familiar, or which we but partially appreciate.

One of the most unaccountable things in literary development is the way an occasional writer will anticipate all of the spiritual art growth of a century. Shakespeare is again the

great example of this. We are just beginning to come abreast of him. We will never surpass him.

In the short story, Bret Harte represents one of these anticipations, for he gave us, in *The Luck of Roaring Camp*, nearly fifty years ago, an epitome of all the art we have been able to master since.

The first great objection to *The Luck* was on the ground of morality. But Harte was unyielding, and the tale was printed as he wrote it, incidentally laying the foundation for the success of *The Overland Monthly*.

It is one of the first and greatest examples of the use of the negative method in literature. The moral and spiritual condition of *Roaring Camp* was as bad as anything could be. This is sketched in with a few deft strokes; the excitement, which was not occasioned by a fight; the fact that a woman, Cherokee Sal, was involved; her life, habits, condition, together with

the standing of the various men in the camp. Truly it is about as unpromising a scene for the introduction of a hero as could be found. But the hero arrives and the transformation begins. "A little child shall lead them," would have been the ministerial text. But without in any sense preaching, Mr. Harte enables us to see that the innocence of child life, nature's great purifier, is sufficient to effect at least a beginning of cleanliness and decency even in forsaken *Roaring Camp*. The mother dies, expiating in a way, her many sins, and the camp adopts the little stranger. Incident after incident is introduced to show the revival of the humane feelings in the hearts of the gamblers and thugs. The christening, the collection, the delight of *Kentuck* over "the d—d little cuss" who "wrastled with his finger," the introduction of *Jenny*, the proxy mother, the supplies ordered, —everything indicates how the leaven is working. The local color of the story is perfect.

The character drawing is vivid, life-like, truth-telling. The renovation of the camp, the returning love of nature, the awakening of the long dormant desire for decency and reputable surroundings and good women, all of these widening circles of influence have their center in the rosewood cradle of *The Luck*. The series of ascending climaxes, leading up to that magnificent culmination, the death of *Kentuck*, is perfect.

There are other stories of American life to be told and other ideals to be expressed. But nothing in the later years has yet been done which for art, for truth, for vividness, for an exalted theme, surpasses *The Luck of Roaring Camp*.

The theme, therefore, is the most vital element in the modern short story. It is the element which contains the real reason for the superiority of the English and American short story over their French competitor. It was

Howells who, in *Criticism and Fiction*, answering the French query, "Must we be forever bound down to your traditions of decency?" made the fitting reply, "Are they worse than your traditions of indecency?"

There seems to be something about the artistic temperament which, unless held in strong restraint, induces a perversion of moral vision. The French short story, like all other French art, is great in technique, but inadequate in theme. Nothing could possibly be more artistic than much of Maupassant. But a work of art is great in proportion as it moves men; and the good old-fashioned Anglo-Saxon ideals of honor and chastity are more potent than the Latin refinements of expression and, too often, of corruption, which, unfortunately, typify so much of French literature and art. The English and American short story of the highest type rings true at every point; the French story too often rings false.

The short story, then, of the present day, is marked by these characteristics. It tells—

1. When and where something happens.
2. What the actor or actors look like.
3. What manner of people they really are.
4. What they do or feel, at the crucial moment in the development of the soul, a moment potential of all the life which has gone before and presaging all the life which is to follow.

The theme, or what it all *means*, is, in the best art, an inevitable inference of a cardinal principle of life.

The extent to which modern writers realize their artistic obligation is best indicated by Henry VanDyke in the preface to *The Ruling Passion*. He says:—

"Lord, let me never tag a moral to a tale or tell a story without a meaning. Make me respect my material so much that I dare not slight my work. Help me to deal honestly with words and with people, because they are both

alive. Show me that, as in a river, so in writing, clearness is the best quality, and a little that is pure is worth much that is mixed. Teach me to see the local color without being blind to the inner light. Give me an ideal that will stand the strain of weaving into human stuff on the loom of the real. Keep me from caring more for books than for folks, for art than for life. Steady me to do my full stint of work as well as I can; and when that is done, stop me, pay what wages Thou wilt, and help me to say, from a quiet heart, a grateful Amen!"

High as this ideal is Dr. VanDyke has reached it in several of the stories which go to make up the volume.

The Anglo-Saxon has a blessed literary heritage. And not the least of the treasures are the short stories of Davis, of Bret Harte, of Miss Wilkins, of Mrs. Phelps, of Dr. Watson, of Hopkinson Smith and of Kipling. There are more gems to follow.

STORIES.

Aldrich, Thomas Bailey:
Marjorie Daw.

Browning, Robert:
My Last Duchess. The Bishop Orders His Tomb.

Chaplin, Heman White:
Five Hundred Dollars and Other Stories.

Collins, Wilkie:
The Moonstone.

Doyle, Conan:
Adventures of Sherlock Holmes.

Davis, Richard Harding:
Her First Appearance. An Unfinished Story. ("Van Bibber and Others.") The Other Woman. ("Gallegher.")

Garland, Hamlin:
The Return of a Private. ("Main Traveled Roads.")

Hale, Edward E.:
A Man Without a Country.

Hawthorne, Nathaniel:
The Birthmark. Rappaccini's Daughter. The Great Carbuncle. Twice Told Tales. Scarlet Letter. Mosses from an Old Manse.

Harte, Bret:
The Luck of Roaring Camp.

Hope, Anthony:
Dolly Dialogues. Miller of Hofbau. The Prisoner of Zenda.

Irving, Washington:
The Sketch Book. The Spectral Bridegroom. The Legend of Sleepy Hollow. Rip Van Winkle.

STORIES

James, Henry:
The Altar of the Dead. ("Terminations.")

Kipling, Rudyard:
William The Conqueror. ("The Day's Work.") Without Benefit of Clergy. Yoked with an Unbeliever. With the Main Guard. The Courting of Dinah Shadd.

Maupassant, Guy De:
The Necklace. The Piece of String. ("The Odd Number.")

Page, Thomas Nelson:
Meh Lady. Marse Chan. ("In Ole Virginia.") Red Rock.

Phelps, Elizabeth Stuart:
A Madonna of the Tubs.

Poe, Edgar Allan:
The Gold Bug. The Murders in the Rue Morgue. The Black Cat. The Fall of the House of Usher. The Cask of Amontillado.

Smith, F. Hopkinson:
Jonathan. Baader. The Lady of Luzerne. A Knight of the Legion of Honor. ("A Gentleman Vagabond and Other Stories.")

Stevenson, Robert Louis:
Dr. Jekyl and Mr. Hyde. Treasure Island. Will of the Mill.

Stockton, Frank R.:
The Lady or the Tiger. A Story Teller's Pack.

Stuart, Ruth McEnery:
Sonny.

Van Dyke, Henry:
The Ruling Passion.

Watson, John (Ian Maclaren):
A Lad of Pairts. ("Beside the Bonnie Brier Bush.")

Wilkins, Mary E. (Freeman):
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