

U.S. STUDIES HUMANITIES



COLUMBUS CITY SCHOOLS

**Resource Notebook
Revised 2010-11**

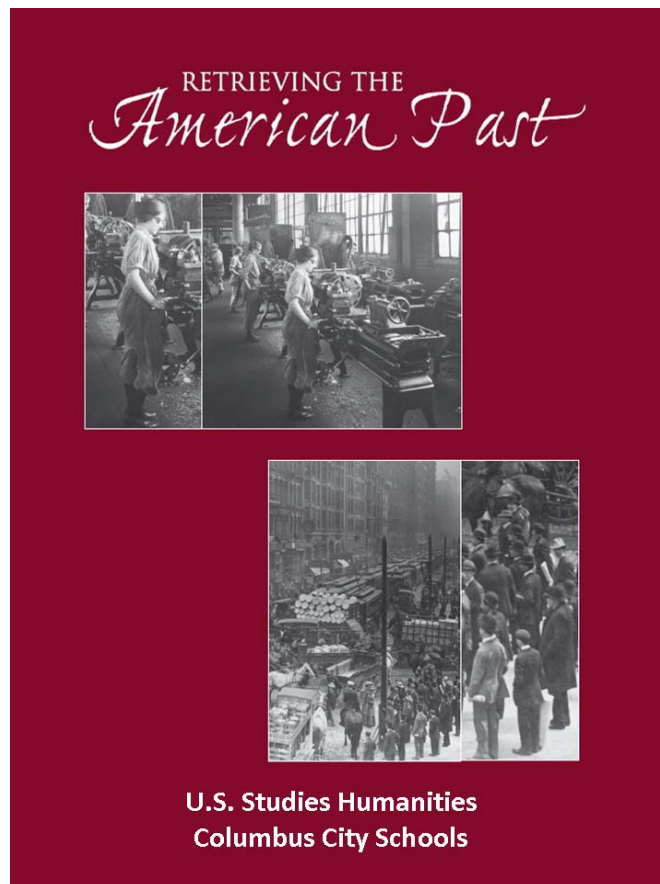
Teacher's Guide to Using this Resource Notebook

This resource notebook has been developed to help teachers integrate history, literature, and the arts into the humanities curriculum. It is not intended to be a curriculum guide, but rather a supplement to the district approved curriculum. In planning daily lessons, teachers should use this notebook along with the district curriculum guides in Reading, Writing, and Social Studies.

Teachers should not attempt to use every item in this notebook. Instead, they should choose a variety of reading selections and activities that will help students understand the historical time period and thematic connections for each unit.

Each section in this notebook contains recommended readings and resources for one unit in the U.S. Studies curriculum guide. This material includes: recommended novels and literary connections, art and music connections, reading study guides, primary sources, supplemental activities, and novel study guides.

The reading study guides in this notebook are based on reading selections from the Humanities custom reader, *Retrieving the American Past*. The selections in this book were chosen by CCS Humanities teachers from a variety of databases in literature and history.





COLUMBUS CITY SCHOOLS

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Humanities · Art and Music Connection

Unit 1: Foundations of U.S. Studies

Use the following resources guides to integrate the study of art and music throughout the course.

Discussing Art

This four-step process will help you generate discussion about and insights into the art works you study in your seminar and in your classes. It was developed by National Humanities Fellow Joy Kasson, who teaches American Studies at the University of North Carolina at Chapel Hill, and is adapted and reproduced here with her permission.

- **LEVEL 1: VISUAL INVENTORY**

Describe the image, beginning with the largest, most obvious features and proceed toward more particular details. Describe fully, without making evaluations. What do you see? What is the setting? What is the time of day, the season of the year, the region of the country?

- **LEVEL 2: DOCUMENTATION**

Note what you know about the work. Who made it? When? Where? What is its title? How was it made? What were the circumstances of its creation? How was it received? Refer to the work's accompanying note in the toolbox.

- **LEVEL 3: ASSOCIATIONS**

Begin to make evaluations and draw conclusions using observations and prior knowledge. How does this image relate to its historical and cultural framework? Does it invite comparison or correlation with historical or literary texts? Do you detect a point of view or a mood conveyed by the image? Does it present any unexplained or difficult aspects? Does it trigger an emotional response in you as a viewer? What associations (historical, literary, cultural, artistic) enrich your viewing of this image?

- **LEVEL 4: INTERPRETATION**

Develop an interpretation of the work which both recognizes its specific features and also places it in a larger historical or thematic context.

<http://www.nationalhumanitiescenter.org/pds/gilded/disart.htm>

Humanities · Art and Music Connection

Unit 1: Foundations of U.S. Studies

Activities for Integrating Music

Activity 1: Understanding Historical Based Music through INTERPRETING (10-20 Min)

Music Interpretation Sheet- Use the following questions adapted from the U.S. National Archives & Records Administration Sound Recording Analysis Worksheet: 1.) Identify the tone or mood of the music 2.) List 3 things that you heard in the song that you think are important. 3.) Why do you think those were important parts of the song? 4.) What audience do you think the song was made for? 5.) What evidence helps you to know this? 6.) List two things the music tells you about all, one, or two of the following topics: American History, society, culture 7.) Read or listen to the lyrics. Write a paragraph about what you think the artist is trying to say to his/her audience.

Activity 2: Understanding Historical Based Music through RE-INTERPRETING

OPTION A (15-25 Min)

Songs should be played from beginning to end and teachers could use music interpretation sheet provided in lesson # 1 to aid students listening. (Usually the most effective way of doing this is playing the song once without the sheet and then playing it again for students with access to the sheet.) The students could be asked what questions the artist leaves unanswered. Their additional verse should seek to answer that question.

OPTION B (25-45 Min)

Songs should be played from beginning to end and lyrics can be provided. (This makes it easier for students to rewrite music without incorporating original lyrics, the chorus is optional) When students are finished the new lyrics may possibly be traded in class while other students use the music interpretation sheet provided in Activity #1 to critique their peers' songs.

OPTION C (30-50 Min)

History is full of cause and effect. After listening to a song students are to research what happened before the event that effectively caused the event or what happened after the event. Then students are to create their own song with their own rhyme scheme and chorus that describes the events that took place before or after. (For an even more challenging task mandate that students' songs follow a particular rhyme scheme and beat count) Once again, when students are finished the new songs may possibly be traded in class while other students use the music interpretation sheet provided in Activity #1 to critique their peers songs.

OPTION D (40-75 Min)

Most every song has a bias or an opinion that the artist is trying to portray. Students listening to the song should identify the bias that the song has and who/ or what the bias is portraying. Students should be instructed to show the "other side of the story" through song. This can be done by totally creating a new song that shows the other view point or be recreating the original song (keeping the rhyme scheme and rhythm intact) to show the viewpoint of the other person, group, or things. When students' songs are completed the teacher may allow other students to critique their peers' songs using the music interpretation sheet provided in Activity #1.

Activity 3: Understanding Historical Based Music through VISUALS (10-20 Min)

Students are to listen to a song once through without any sort of prompt available for them. When the music is replayed, student are to draw what they hear onto paper using little or no words (this is up to the teachers discretion). Draw 3 things that you heard in the music that you think are important to history, society, and or culture. (Paper can be divided up into thirds or created as one "mural") On the back of the paper students are to explain why they think that the three things they chose were important to the song and its explanation of history, society, or culture.

Humanities · Art and Music Connection

Unit 1: Foundations of U.S. Studies

EXTENDING THE ACTIVITY (15-30 Min)

History is full of pictures that describe historic, societal, or cultural events. Students should take their newly created picture home or with them to the library or computer lab and search online for a historical picture that they think goes along with the song they heard and the picture they created. Students should print this picture out or copy and paste it into a multimedia document to later be shown. Students, in their search for this picture, should identify why they chose this historical picture, how it relates/compares to their picture, and how it goes along with the song that they heard. This can be done in a presentation style model or via document.

Activity 4: Understanding Historical Based Music through MULTIMEDIA

OPTION A (Time N/A)

Students can create a PowerPoint project with the music playing in the back ground. The pictures they find can be historically based (often found online), their own created digital photographs (cameras would be needed), or random pictures that help describe the song. These pictures can be inserted into a PowerPoint presentation and set to a timed transition to graphically represent a “music video”. A rationale of why they chose the pictures should also be present.

OPTION B (Time N/A)

Students can create an actual music video using video cameras and the music that was chosen. Once again the music should be playing and the students create a music video that visually enhances the song and graphically explains the story that the music describes. The video should represent the tone of the song and reflect the impact on history, society and/or culture.

Adapted from “Teaching American History through Music”
<http://www.valleyview.k12.oh.us/vvhs/dept/sci/blemke/music/index.htm>

Humanities • Primary Source Modules U.S. Studies: 1877-Present

Refer to these sites throughout the year for primary sources and lessons.



<http://www.nationalhumanitiescenter.org/pds/index.htm>

Developed as part of the National Humanities Center Toolbox Library, this site contains the following relevant modules: The Gilded and the Gritty: America, 1870-1912, The Making of African American Identity: Volume II, 1865-1917, Volume III, 1917-1968; Becoming Modern: America, 1918-1929.

[The Library of Congress](#)

The Learning Page 

lesson plans
▼

<http://memory.loc.gov/learn/lessons/index.html>

Based on collections of the Library of Congress, the Learning page includes lesson plans with primary sources for American history and literature. Relevant modules include: Rise of Industrial America, 1876-1900, Progressive Era to New Era, 1900-1929, Great Depression/World War II, 1929-1945, Postwar United States, 1945-1968



<http://www.archives.gov/education/lessons/>

From the National Archives Teaching With Documents Lesson Plans - This site contains reproducible copies of primary documents from the holdings of the National Archives of the United States. Teaching with primary documents encourages a varied learning environment for teachers and students alike. Lectures, demonstrations, analysis of documents, independent research, and group work become a gateway for research with historical records in ways that sharpen students' skills and enthusiasm for history, social studies, and the humanities.

Humanities · Primary Source Modules
U.S. Studies: 1877-Present



<http://www.digitalhistory.uh.edu/modules/>

Designed and developed to support the teaching of American History in K-12 schools and colleges by the Department of History and the College of Education at the University of Houston. Each module includes: a succinct historical overview; recommended documents, films, and historic images; teaching resources including lesson plans, fact checks, and activities.



<http://edsitement.neh.gov/>

EDSITEment is a growing collection of online resources for teaching: Art and Culture (Anthropology, Archaeology, Architecture, Film, Folklore, Music, Philosophy, Visual Arts), History and Social Studies (African-American history, Immigration/Migration, The Great Depression, The West, Women's Rights/History, World War I, World War II), and Literature and Language Arts (American Biography, Drama, Essay, Fiction, Poetry)

Introduction to Documents Worksheet

1. This evening, with the help of a family member or an adult who is close to you, look through the souvenirs of your life that have been saved as you have grown. For example, these might include a photograph, a letter, a diary, a newspaper clipping, a birth certificate, a report card, or a library or social security card. Select one item to bring into class that you are willing to share with your classmates and teacher.

2. During your turn in class, present your document and provide the following information:
 - a. What type of document is this?

 - b. What is the date of the document?

 - c. Who created the document?

 - d. How does the document relate to you?

3. Consider, for your document and the documents of your classmates, responses to the following questions:
 - a. What does the existence of this document say about whoever created it?

 - b. What does the existence of this document say about whoever saved it?

 - c. What does the existence of this document say about American life in this era?

Written Document Analysis Worksheet

1. Type of Document (Check one):

- | | | |
|-------------------------------------|--|---|
| <input type="checkbox"/> Newspaper | <input type="checkbox"/> Map | <input type="checkbox"/> Advertisement |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Letter | <input type="checkbox"/> Telegram | <input type="checkbox"/> Congressional record |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Patent | <input type="checkbox"/> Press release | <input type="checkbox"/> Census report |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Memorandum | <input type="checkbox"/> Report | <input type="checkbox"/> Other: _____ |

2. Unique Physical Qualities of the Document (check one or more):

- | | | |
|---|---|---------------------------------------|
| <input type="checkbox"/> Interesting letterhead | <input type="checkbox"/> Seals | <input type="checkbox"/> Other: _____ |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Handwritten | <input type="checkbox"/> Notations | |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Typed | <input type="checkbox"/> "RECEIVED" stamp | |

3. Date(s) of the Document:

4. Author (or creator) of the Document:

Position (Title)

5. For What Audience was the Document Written?

6. Document Information (There are many possible ways to answer A-E.)

A. List three things the author said that you think are important:

- 1.
- 2.
- 3.

B. Why do you think this document was written?

C. What evidence in the document helps you to know why it was written? Quote from the document.

D. List two things the document tells you about life in the United States at the time it was written:

- 1.
- 2.

E. Write a question to the author that is left unanswered by the document:

Map Analysis Worksheet

1. Type of Map (check one):

- | | | |
|---|--|---|
| <input type="checkbox"/> Raised relief map | <input type="checkbox"/> Satellite photograph/mosaic | <input type="checkbox"/> Artifact map |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Political map | <input type="checkbox"/> Weather map | <input type="checkbox"/> Contour-line map |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Natural resource map | <input type="checkbox"/> Topographic map | <input type="checkbox"/> Pictograph |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Bird's-eye view | <input type="checkbox"/> Military map | <input type="checkbox"/> Other: _____ |

2. Physical Qualities of the Map (check one or more):

- | | | |
|----------------------------------|---------------------------------------|---|
| <input type="checkbox"/> Compass | <input type="checkbox"/> Title | <input type="checkbox"/> Notations |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Date | <input type="checkbox"/> Legend (key) | <input type="checkbox"/> Name of mapmaker |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Scale | <input type="checkbox"/> Handwritten | <input type="checkbox"/> Other: _____ |

3. Date of Map:

4. Creator of Map:

5. Where was the map produced?

6. Map Information

A. List three things in this map that you think are important:

- 1.
- 2.
- 3.

B. Why do you think this map was drawn?

C. What evidence in the map suggests why it was drawn?

D. What information does the map add to the textbook's account of this event?

E. Does the information in this map support or contradict information that you have read about this event? Explain.

F. Write a question to the mapmaker that is left unanswered by this map.

Photograph Analysis Worksheet

STEP 1. OBSERVATION

A. Study the photograph for 2 minutes. Form an overall impression of the photograph and then examine individual items. Next, divide the photo into quadrants and study each section to see what new details become visible.

B. Use the chart below to list people, objects, and activities in the photograph.

PEOPLE	OBJECTS	ACTIVITIES

STEP 2. INFERENCE

Based on what you have observed above, list three things you might infer from this photograph:

1.

2.

3.

STEP 3. QUESTIONS

A. What questions does this photograph raise in your mind?

B. Where could you find answers to them?

Cartoon Analysis Worksheet

Visuals

Words (not all cartoons include words)

STEP ONE

1. List the objects or people you see in the cartoon.
2. Identify the cartoon caption and/or title.
3. Locate three words or phrases used by the cartoonist to identify objects or people within the cartoon.
4. Record any important dates or numbers that appear in the cartoon.

STEP TWO

1. Which of the objects on your list are symbols?
2. What do you think each symbol means?
3. Which words or phrases in the cartoon appear to be the most significant? Why do you think so?
4. List adjectives that describe the emotions portrayed in the cartoon.

STEP THREE

1. Describe the action taking place in the cartoon.
2. Explain how the words in the cartoon clarify the symbols.
3. Explain the message of the cartoon.
4. What special interest groups would agree/disagree with the cartoon's message? Why?

Artifact Analysis Worksheet

1. Type of Artifact

A. Describe the material from which it was made: bone, pottery, metal, wood, stone, leather, glass, paper, cardboard, cotton, wood, plastic, other material.

2. Special Qualities of the Artifact

A. Describe how it looks and feels: shape, color, texture, size, weight, movable parts, anything printed, stamped or written on it.

3. Uses of the Artifact

A. What might it have been used for?

B. Who might have used it?

C. Where might it have been used?

D. When might it have been used?

4. What Does the Artifact Tell Us?

A. What does it tell us about technology of the time in which it was made and used?

B. What does it tell us about the life and times of the people who made it and used it?

C. Can you name a similar item today?

5. Bring a Sketch, a Photograph, or the Artifact Listed in 4C Above to Class.

Sound Recording Analysis Worksheet

Step 1. Pre-listening

A. Whose voices will you hear on this recording?

B. What is the date of this recording?

C. Where was this recording made?

Step 2. Listening

A. Type of sound recording (check one):

- | | | |
|--|--|---|
| <input type="checkbox"/> Policy speech | <input type="checkbox"/> Entertainment broadcast | <input type="checkbox"/> Arguments before a court |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Congressional testimony | <input type="checkbox"/> Press conference | <input type="checkbox"/> Panel discussion |
| <input type="checkbox"/> News report | <input type="checkbox"/> Convention proceedings | <input type="checkbox"/> Other: _____ |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Interview | <input type="checkbox"/> Campaign speech | |

B. Unique physical qualities of the recording

- | | | |
|---|--|---|
| <input type="checkbox"/> Music | <input type="checkbox"/> Narrated | <input type="checkbox"/> Background sound |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Live broadcast | <input type="checkbox"/> Special sound effects | |

C. What is the tone or mood of this recording?

Step 3. Post-listening (or repeated listening)

A. List three things in this sound recording that you think are important:

1.

2.

3.

B. Why do you think the original broadcast was made and for what audience?

C. What evidence in the recording helps you to know why it was made?

D. List two things this sound recording tells you about life in the United States at the time it was made:

1.

2.

E. Write a question to the broadcaster that is left unanswered by this sound recording.

F. What information do you gain about this event that would not be conveyed by a written transcript? Be specific.

Motion Picture Analysis Worksheet

Step 1. Pre-viewing

A. Title of film: _____

Record Group source: _____

B. What do you think you will see in this motion picture? List three concepts or ideas that you might expect to see based on the title of the film. List some people you might expect to see based on the title of the film.

Concepts/Ideas	People
1.	1.
2.	2.
3.	3.

Step 2. Viewing

A. Type of motion picture (check where applicable)

- | | | |
|---|---|---------------------------------------|
| <input type="checkbox"/> Animated cartoon | <input type="checkbox"/> Propaganda film | <input type="checkbox"/> Combat film |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Documentary film | <input type="checkbox"/> Theatrical short subject | <input type="checkbox"/> Other: _____ |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Newsreel | <input type="checkbox"/> Training film | |

B. Physical qualities of the motion picture (check where applicable)

- | | | |
|--|---|---|
| <input type="checkbox"/> Music | <input type="checkbox"/> Color | <input type="checkbox"/> Animation |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Narration | <input type="checkbox"/> Live action | <input type="checkbox"/> Dramatizations |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Special effects | <input type="checkbox"/> Background noise | |

C. Note how camera angles, lighting, music, narration, and/or editing contribute to creating an atmosphere in this film. What is the mood or tone of the film?

Step 3. Post-viewing (or repeated viewing)

A. Circle the things that you listed in the previewing activity that were validated by your viewing of the motion picture.

B. What is the central message(s) of this motion picture?

C. Consider the effectiveness of the film in communicating its message. As a tool of communication, what are its strengths and weaknesses?

D. How do you think the filmmakers wanted the audience to respond?

E. Does this film appeal to the viewer's reason or emotion? How does it make you feel?

F. List two things this motion picture tells you about life in the United States at the time it was made:

1.

2.

G. Write a question to the filmmaker that is left unanswered by the motion picture.

H. What information do you gain about this event that would not be conveyed by a written source? Be specific.

Poster Analysis Worksheet

1. What are the main colors used in the poster?

2. What symbols (if any) are used in the poster?

3. If a symbol is used, is it
 - a. clear (easy to interpret)?
 - b. memorable?
 - c. dramatic?

4. Are the messages in the poster primarily visual, verbal, or both?

5. Who do you think is the intended audience for the poster?

6. What does the poster's creator hope the audience will do?

7. What purpose(s) is served by the poster?

8. The most effective posters use symbols that are unusual, simple, and direct. Is this an effective poster?

WHAT QUESTIONS DO WE ASK OF THE PAST?

THINKING LIKE A HISTORIAN



CAUSE AND EFFECT

What were the causes of past events?

What were the effects?

- Who or what made change happen?
- Who supported change?
- Who did not support change?
- Which effects were intended?
- Which effects were accidental?
- How did events affect people's lives, community, and the world?



CHANGE AND CONTINUITY

What has changed?

What has remained the same?

- Who has benefited from this change?
- Who has not benefited? And why?



TURNING POINTS

How did past decisions or actions affect future choices?

- How did decisions or actions narrow or eliminate choices for people?
- How did decisions or actions significantly transform people's lives?



USING THE PAST

How does the past help us make sense of the present?

- How is the past similar to the present?
- How is the past different from the present?
- What can we learn from the past?



THROUGH THEIR EYES

How did people in the past view their world?

- How did their worldview affect their choices and actions?
- What values, skills and forms of knowledge did people need to succeed?

HOW DO WE KNOW?

WHAT QUESTIONS DO WE ASK OF THE PAST? HOW? WHAT? WHERE? WHEN? WHY? WHO?

HOW CAN WE FIND OUT? HOW DO WE EVALUATE THE EVIDENCE?

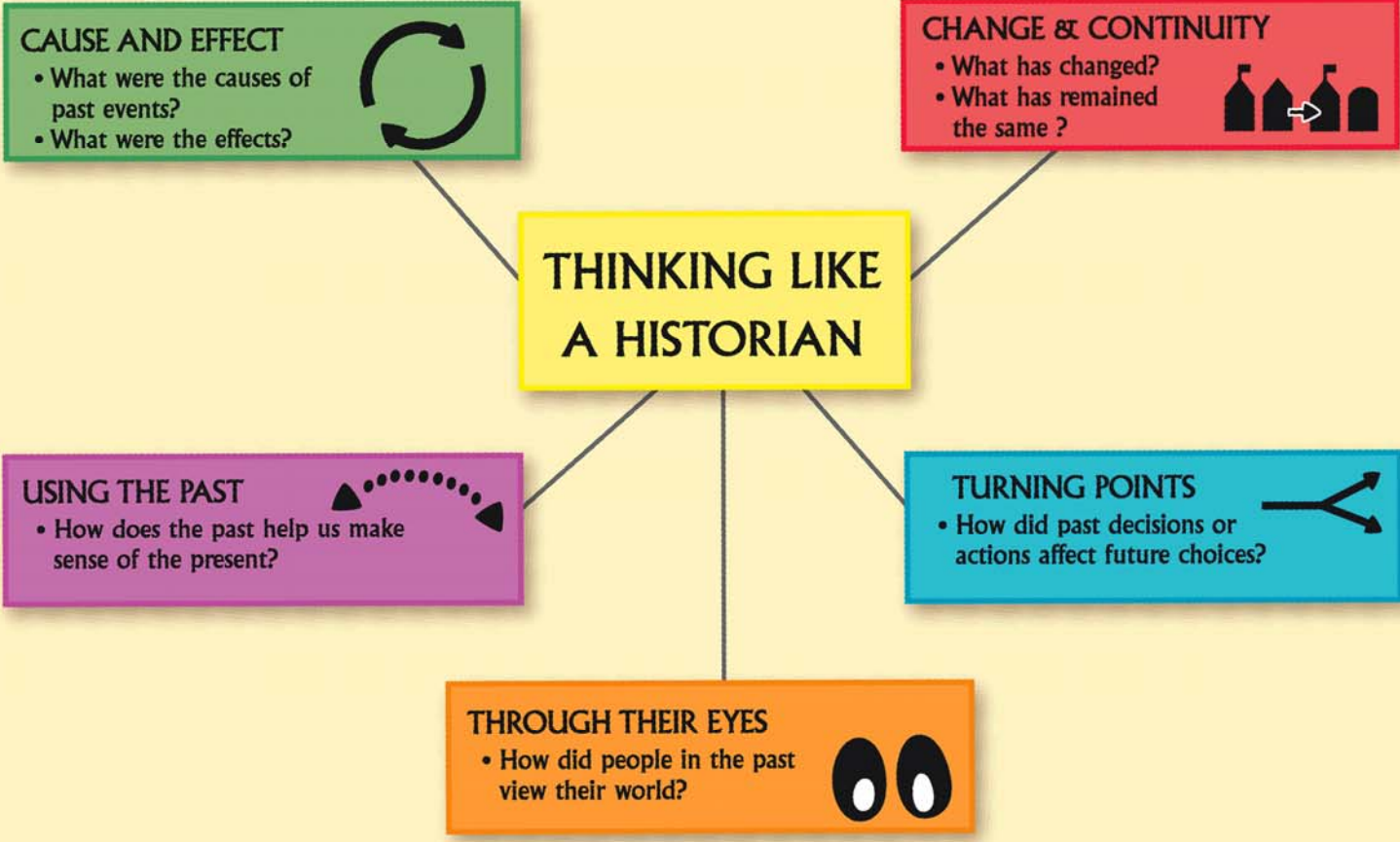
HOW DO WE KNOW?

WHAT MATTERS WHY DOES IT MATTER?

WHAT QUESTIONS DO WE ASK OF THE PAST? HOW? WHAT? WHERE? WHEN? WHY? WHO?
HOW CAN WE FIND OUT? HOW DO WE EVALUATE THE EVIDENCE?

WHAT MATTERS? WHY DOES IT MATTER?

WHAT QUESTIONS DO WE ASK OF THE PAST? HOW? WHAT? WHERE? WHEN? WHY? WHO?
HOW CAN WE FIND OUT? HOW DO WE EVALUATE THE EVIDENCE?
WHAT MATTERS? WHY DOES IT MATTER?



WHAT MATTERS? WHY DOES IT MATTER?

HOW DO WE KNOW?

HOW CAN WE FIND OUT? HOW DO WE EVALUATE THE EVIDENCE?

HOW DO WE KNOW?

WHAT QUESTIONS DO WE ASK OF THE PAST? HOW? WHAT? WHERE? WHEN? WHY? WHO?

CAUSE AND EFFECT



CHANGE AND CONTINUITY



THINKING LIKE A HISTORIAN

USING THE PAST



TURNING POINTS



THROUGH THEIR EYES



Humanities · Reading Images

Unit 1: Foundations of U.S. Studies

Teacher Notes for Reading Images

In our overwhelmingly visual world, we are inundated by visual references that often need to be decoded in order to be fully comprehensible. Similarly, the past has provided us with images that both enhance and broaden our understanding of historical events that in written form can sometimes seem rather two-dimensional and irrelevant to our lives. For example, who can conceive of Washington’s famous crossing of the Delaware without picturing Emanuel Leutz’s famous painting with a stern-faced Washington leading the troops to a surprise attack and victory at the Battle of Trenton? But, careful study of the painting and the context surrounding the event reveals some interesting inaccuracies (both intentional and inadvertent) such as a flag from 1777 being flown in a scene that took place on December 25, 1776, as well as the light of dawn symbolically referencing the emergence of a new era when in reality the crossing was completed by 3 a.m. It is this type of careful study that helps students “unpack” seemingly innocuous or meaningless details in order to expose some version of the truth—in this case, the apotheosis of George Washington.



It is imperative that we teach our students to analyze or closely “read” these images skillfully and thoughtfully like any other piece of printed text. Therefore, the handouts and images that correspond to each of the Humanities units will enhance the student’s ability to examine non-print text (paintings, photography, graphs, charts, written music, etc.) as well as serve as transitional links between the concepts and ideas presented in the humanities classroom.

Humanities · Teacher Resource Notebook

Unit 2: Industrialization and Imperialism

Essential Question: *What social, political, and economic opportunities and challenges arise from changes in technology?*



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Humanities · Recommended Readings and Resources

Unit 2: Industrialization and Imperialism

Novels

Edward Bellamy, *Looking Backward*

Stephen Crane, *Maggie: A Girl of the Streets*

Jacob Riis, *How the Other Half Lives*

Upton Sinclair, *The Jungle*

Mark Twain, *The Gilded Age*

Willa Cather, *My Ántonia*

[Study Guide: http://www.glencoe.com/sec/literature/litlibrary/pdf/my_antonia.pdf]

Literature Textbook Correlations

Literature, Language and Literacy: Grade Ten, Prentice Hall 2010

Anton Chekhov. "The Problem." p. 256

O. Henry. "One Thousand Dollars." p. 308

Leo Tolstoy. "How Much Land Does a Man Need?" p. 338

Theodore H. White. "The American Idea." P. 560

N. Scott Momaday. "The Way to Rainy Mountain." p. 595

Mark Twain. from *A Connecticut Yankee in King Arthur's Court*. p. 1192

Retrieving the American Past Humanities Reader Selections

Excerpts from *Roughing It*, Mark Twain, 1872

"The Outcasts of Poker Flat" by Bret Harte

The Jungle by Upton Sinclair

"The Gospel of Wealth," Andrew Carnegie, 1889

Carnegie Steel, Andrew Carnegie, 1880s and early 1890s

Opposition to Standard Oil, George Rice, 1899

The Knights of Labor, Terence Powderly, 1880s and early 1890s

The Industrial Workers of the World: Preamble and Song, 1908

"Women's Right to Vote" by Susan B. Anthony

Woman's Suffrage a Threat to the Home, Mrs. Arthur M. Dodge, 1913

Suffrage Tactics in New York, Mrs. Oreola Williams Haskell, 1915

In Support of American Expansionism in the Philippines, Albert Beveridge, 1898

Denunciation of American Imperialism, William Graham Sumner, 1898

William Jennings Bryan Rejects Imperialists' Arguments, 1900

The Secretary of War Defends McKinley's Policy, Elihu Root, 1900

Websites

<http://www.nationalhumanitiescenter.org/pds/gilded/index.htm>

http://www.americaslibrary.gov/jb/gilded/jb_gilded_subj.html

<http://us.history.wisc.edu/hist102/lectures/lecture04.html>

http://www.digitalhistory.uh.edu/database/article_display.cfm?HHID=142

Humanities · Art and Music Connection

Unit 2: Industrialization and Imperialism

Industrialization and the Arts

During the Industrial Revolution in the United States many artists chose to focus on realistic subjects and topics that reflected what was actually happening in many American cities.

The Ashcan School

The artists of the Ashcan School rebelled against the genteel American Impressionism that represented the vanguard of American art at the time. Their works, generally dark in tone, captured the spontaneous moments of life and often depicted such subjects as prostitutes and drunks, butchered pigs, overflowing tenements with laundry hanging on lines, boxing matches, and wrestlers. It was their frequent, although not total, focus upon poverty and the daily realities of urban life that prompted American critics to consider them the fringe modern art.

Web Links:

<http://www.artlex.com/ArtLex/a/ashcan.html>

This site contains examples of paintings and sketches created by Ashcan school artists.

Music of the Industrial Revolution

The rise of industrialization in the United States was accompanied by the rise of organized labor. Many of the songs and music to come out of the era were associated with the labor movement and were used to protest the tactics of big business and memorialize those who struggled and fought for the right to organize.

Web Links:

<http://www.woodyguthrie.org/Lyrics/Lyrics.htm>

Lyrics of Woody Guthrie's "1913 Massacre", "Ludlow Massacre" and "Union Maid" as well as all of his recorded music.

<http://www.struggle.ws/anarchism/songs/usa/solidarityforever.html>

This site includes the lyrics of "Solidarity Forever" one of the most famous IWW songs of the era.

<http://unionsong.com/songs.html>

This site has over 640 songs and poems about labor and the labor movement

Music of American Imperialism

Music of the late 1890s played a significant role in the war effort during the Spanish-American War. Patriotic marches and sentimental songs romanticized the war and rallied Americans behind the cause. During the Spanish-American War era, songwriters played a role somewhat akin to that of the yellow journalists. Just as newspaper stories promoted the war, popular songs celebrated the war by honoring its heroes and victories. Songs like *Brave Dewey and His Men* and *The Charge of the Roosevelt Riders* lauded war heroes Commodore Dewey and Theodore Roosevelt. Other songs, like *Ma Filipino Babe* and *The Belle of Manila*, sentimentalized the struggles abroad and romanticized the idea of intervention.

Web Links:

<http://www.pbs.org/crucible/frames/music.html>

This site contains sheet music and covers, as well as audio files from the 1890s and Spanish-American war era.

Humanities · Literary Connection

Unit 2: Industrialization and Imperialism

The Progressive Era was a period in which the American middle class responded to problems that resulted from rapid industrialization, such as child labor. Progressives responded to these societal ills by enacting economic, political, social, and moral reforms. They wanted government regulation in order to guarantee fair business competition. Progressives believed that science and technology would aid mankind with solutions to social ills.

LITERARY MOVEMENTS

Realism—Literary movement from the late nineteenth century to the middle of the twentieth in which fiction writers depicted American life realistically, instead of through a lens of idealism or romanticism. Realists describe the lives of ordinary men and women, as well as explain their thoughts and feelings. Realists studied the emerging social sciences, such as psychology and sociology to explain human behavior.

Naturalism—Writers attempted to dissect human behavior with the objectivity of a scientist. Writers such as Jack London and Theodore Dreiser combined Realism with Darwinism to form Naturalism. Human behavior was determined by forces beyond the individual's power, especially by biology and environment. Their characters often had limited choices and motivations. Naturalist writer Emile Zola believed that heredity determined human nature, and those who had a weak or evil family member were destined for failure. The only viable escape, he believed, was through scientific medical intervention and education. Stephen Crane was interested in the reactions of humans during moments of stress.

FICTION

Gilded Age and Progressive era works served two purposes. Some novels sought to explore and define the American experience, while others worked to expose injustices and social ills brought on by industrialization and urbanization. Many works of fiction related to industrialization and imperialism are based on truth. Tales of the Wild West, transition from living in the country to living in the city, big business, and the effects of imperialism are all addressed in American fiction.

Discussion Questions

- Think about the time period and conditions of society when the authors wrote these works, as well as the conditions of society today. Discuss how conditions of their times may have influenced their works. Compare and/or contrast how today's society aligns to the environment depicted in the works.

Literature Textbook Correlations

Literature, Language and Literacy: Grade Ten, Prentice Hall 2010

- Chekhov, Anton. "A Problem." p. 256
Chekhov's writings played an important role in bringing about reform during the late nineteenth and early twentieth century. In this story, a family struggles with what to do about their errant nephew. The story raises important questions about forgiveness and responsibility.
- Henry, O. "One Thousand Dollars." p. 308
A young New Yorker inherits a small fortune from his uncle and chooses to give it to his uncle's ward, the woman he loves, even though his love is unrequited.
- Tolstoy, Leo. "How Much Land Does a Man Need." p. 338
In this short story, Tolstoy discusses issues with private ownership. In this story, private ownership encourages individual greed, a theme common during industrialization and something the Progressives sought to control with reforms.

Humanities · Literary Connection

Unit 2: Industrialization and Imperialism

- Twain, Mark. from *A Connecticut Yankee in King Arthur's Court*. p. 1192
This novel satirizes the utopian days of King Arthur. It serves as an analysis of such issues as monarchy versus democracy, as the main character, Hank, becomes concerned with the inequities he sees between the aristocracy and commoners of medieval England. Using democratic values and technology he attempts to reform the country.

Other short stories:

- Kate Chopin. *Bayou Folk*. Is a collection of twenty three short stories which are set in the Cane River country of Louisiana where Chopin herself lived for several years. In these stories her characters challenge the limits of their socioeconomic station and rebel against the social mores of their times. The best-known story in *Bayou Folk* is "Désirée's Baby". Désirée, a lovely young woman who grew up with foster parents, marries a successful plantation owner, Armand Aubigny. But when their newborn child exhibits African American skin coloring, Aubigny claims Désirée's unknown parentage is to blame, but as Désirée wanders away from the plantation the reader learns that Armand's racial identity is also ambiguous.

Novels

- Willa Cather. *O' Pioneers*. This novel about the American West, when released, was viewed as a new kind of writing; an American response to the American experience. Willa Cather captured the essence of late nineteenth-century America, testifying from firsthand experience to the settling of the West, to the power of the land itself, to the flow of history through remarkable individuals and through impersonal forces, and to the trials and travails of pioneer life.

Poetry

- Carl Sandburg. *Chicago Poems*
- Paul Laurence Dunbar. *Lyrics of Lowly Life*

Play

- Fitch, Clyde. *The City*. 1909. A family finds itself in conflict as a move is made from country to city life.

NONFICTION

Many works of nonfiction during this era deal with issues in industrialization and big business brought forth by the muckrakers. In addition to this type of literature, works about western expansion and political movements to acquire more territory for the United States were prevalent.

Discussion Questions

- While the West was still wild, the East and Midwest were facing a period in which the United States was changing from a primarily agrarian society to one of industrialization. Much nonfiction focused on the conflicts inherent in such a drastic change. This was also a time period in which the United States flexed its muscles as it entered into war against Spain to keep a stronghold in the American West.

Literature Textbook Correlations

Literature, Language and Literacy: Grade Ten, Prentice Hall 2010

- White, Theodore H. "The American Idea." P. 560
White traces the development of the American idea and considers its powerful appeal to people across the world.

Nonfiction books

- Riis, Jacob. *How the Other Half Lives*.
- Sinclair, Upton. *The Jungle*. This muckraking novel is a relevant portrait of capitalism at its worst and an impassioned account of the human spirit facing nearly insurmountable challenges.

Humanities • Primary Source Modules
Unit 2: Industrialization and Imperialism



The
GILDED
and the
Gritty
America, 1870-1912



<http://www.nationalhumanitiescenter.org/pds/gilded/index.htm>

Developed as part of the National Humanities Center Toolbox Library, this site contains nearly a hundred primary sources—historical documents, literary texts, and works of art—thematically organized with notes and discussion questions.

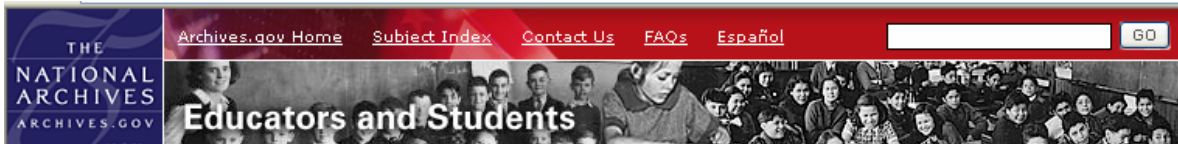
[The Library of Congress](#)

The Learning Page  ...

lesson plans
▼

<http://memory.loc.gov/learn/lessons/index.html>

Based on collections of the Library of Congress, the Learning page includes lesson plans with primary sources for American history and literature. Lessons for this unit can be located in the “Rise of Industrial America, 1876-1900” and “Progressive Era to New Era, 1900-1929” sections.



<http://www.archives.gov/education/lessons/industrial-us.html>
<http://www.archives.gov/education/lessons/modern-america.html>

From the National Archives Teaching With Documents Lesson Plans - This site contains reproducible copies of primary documents from the holdings of the National Archives of the United States. Teaching with primary documents encourages a varied learning environment for teachers and students alike. Lectures, demonstrations, analysis of documents, independent research, and group work become a gateway for research with historical records in ways that sharpen students' skills and enthusiasm for history, social studies, and the humanities.

Humanities · Primary Source Modules
Unit 2: Industrialization and Imperialism



http://www.digitalhistory.uh.edu/modules/gilded_age/index.cfm
<http://www.digitalhistory.uh.edu/modules/progressivism/index.cfm>

Designed and developed to support the teaching of American History in K-12 schools and colleges by the Department of History and the College of Education at the University of Houston. Each module includes: a succinct historical overview; recommended documents, films, and historic images; teaching resources including lesson plans, fact checks, and activities.



<http://edsitement.neh.gov/>

EDSITEment is a growing collection of online resources for teaching English, history, and art. Relevant lessons for this unit include: The Industrial Age in America: Robber Barons and Captains of Industry, The Industrial Age in America: Sweatshops, Steel Mills, and Factories, Women's Suffrage: Why the West First? and Chinua Achebe's *Things Fall Apart*: Teaching Through the Novel.

Humanities · Reading Study Guide
from *Roughing It*, by Mark Twain
Retrieving the American Past

Key Vocabulary

Desperado—

Depredations—

Etiquette—

Gloating—

Myrmidons—

Ostensibly—

Redress—

Questions for Review and Discussion

1. In the opening paragraph, how does Mark Twain compare his account of Slade to that of the drivers and conductors? Which words and phrases does he use to emphasize his point of view?
2. The tone of the first paragraph is didactic as Twain instructs the “Eastern reader” how to approach his account of Slade. What can the contemporary reader infer about the veracity of the information about the West available to the “Eastern reader”?
3. Why does Twain assert that Slade was “born of good parentage,” but then state in the next sentence that at age 26, Slade killed a man and fled the county? What do these opposites reveal about his overall characterization of Slade?
4. How does Slade resolve a dispute when he was the train master on the California bound emigrant trains? What do his actions reveal about his personality?

Humanities · Reading Study Guide
from *Roughing It*, by Mark Twain
Retrieving the American Past

5. How does Slade taunt the Indian chief? Did Slade treat his Indian victims more callously than he did other victims?

6. In his role as company agent, what does Slade have to do to bring about change? Identify examples of hyperbole, irony, and understatement Twain uses to describe Slade’s methods. What is the effect of these comic devices?

7. What signifies murder “etiquette” in the Rocky mountain region? How would Eastern readers define etiquette?

8. Twain includes anecdotes about bystanders admiring the marksmanship of the killer, yet attending the funeral of the victim and another that claims Slade was the judge, jury, and executioner in his district. What can the reader infer about life in the West in contrast to life back East?

9. Identify the simile Twain uses to describe how Slade “saved up his enemies”? What aspect of Slade’s personality does the simile convey?

10. How does Twain describe Slade’s physical appearance and behavior at the end of the chapter? Is the narrator’s conflict with Slade more suspenseful in light of his account of the previous behavior of the capricious killer?

Humanities · Reading Study Guide
“The Outcasts of Poker Flat” by Bret Harte
Retrieving the American Past

Key Vocabulary

ominous—

virtuous—

infelicitous—

malevolence—

remonstrance—

equanimity—

querulous—

expatriated—

provincial—

anathema—

bellicose—

pariah—

Questions for Review and Discussion

1. Which aspects of the short story might readers in the 1800's consider controversial?

Humanities · Reading Study Guide

“The Outcasts of Poker Flat” by Bret Harte

Retrieving the American Past

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2. From reading the story, what can the reader infer about how a group of strangers will react in dire circumstances?
3. Identify an example of a symbol and the literary allusion and explain the significance of each in relation to the plot.
4. What precipitated the transformations in the Duchess, Mother Shipton, and Mr. Oakhurst? Describe how their beginning actions contrast with their later behaviors. Is Oakhurst a flawed hero?
5. What is ironic about the ending? Support your answer with examples from the text.

Humanities · Reading Study Guide

***The Jungle*, by Upton Sinclair**

Retrieving the American Past

Literary Terms

Figurative language—

Tone—

Mood—

Characterization—

Key Vocabulary

Insensibility—

Torpor—

Stupor—

Sordid—

Respite—

Cessation—

Stupefying—

Jest—

Apparatus—

Questions for Review and Discussion

1. What kind of characterization does Sinclair use to describe Ona at the top of page 16? Explain.

Humanities · Reading Study Guide
“Gospel of Wealth,” Andrew Carnegie
Retrieving the American Past

Key Vocabulary
entrepreneur –

Questions for Review and Discussion

1. Carnegie acknowledges great disparities in wealth, but insists this is beneficial to society. What are the consequences of the “law of competition”? Why does Carnegie believe this “law” is essential?
2. What are the three modes in which surplus wealth can be disposed of?
3. What does Carnegie believe the wealthy should do with their money? Why does he believe this is better for the masses than redistributing income?
4. What are the duties of the man of wealth?

Humanities · Reading Study Guide
Carnegie Steel, 1880s and Early 1890s
Retrieving the American Past

Key Vocabulary

vertical integration –

Questions for Review and Discussion

1. Why does Carnegie believe it is important to own the raw materials necessary to produce a finished product?
2. What steps did Carnegie take in order to control all processes required to produce steel?
3. What technological advances gave Carnegie an advantage over his competitors?
4. Why did Carnegie purchase the majority of shares in the Coke Company?
5. In what ways did Carnegie's policies bring "order" and "efficiency" to Carnegie's operations?

Humanities · Reading Study Guide
Opposition to Standard Oil, George Rice, 1899
Retrieving the American Past

Key Vocabulary

trusts –

collusion –

monopoly –

Questions for Review and Discussion

1. Why, according to George Rice, did his oil refinery business fail?
2. What agreement was arranged between Standard Oil and the railroad industry? Why is this agreement unfair?
3. What are the consequences of the arrangement between Standard Oil and the railroad industry?
4. How did Standard Oil use price cuts to drive out their competitors out of business?
5. Do you think Rice's judgment of Standard Oil's business practices is fair? Why or why not?

Humanities · Reading Study Guide
The Knights of Labor, Terence Powderly
Retrieving the American Past

Key Vocabulary

artisan –

Questions for Review and Discussion

1. What was the goal of the early organizers of the Knights of Labor?
2. What types of workers were permitted to join the Knights of Labor?
3. What is the “ordinance of God” to which a member had to adhere?
4. In what ways were the Knight of Labor committed to “mutual assistance”?
5. What was the position of the Knights of Labor concerning equality?
6. The introductory paragraph states that Powderly hints “the broader religious and social values that underlay the Knights’s perspective”? What examples in the reading support this statement?

Humanities · Reading Study Guide

The Industrial Workers of the World: Preamble and Song, 1908

Retrieving the American Past

Key Vocabulary

capitalists –

Questions for Review and Discussion

1. How did the IWW perceive the relationship between workers and employers? Did the IWW believe any cooperation was possible?
2. What does the IWW think of trade unions?
3. According to the IWW Preamble, what is necessary to change the condition of workers?
4. The introductory paragraph refers to the IWW Preamble as “one of the most revolutionary statements ever made.” What is revolutionary about this document?
5. According to the song, what would be the impact if workers united and demanded their rights?
6. What perspective is reflected in the political cartoons?

Humanities · Reading Study Guide
Women's Right to Vote, Susan B. Anthony
Retrieving the American Past

Questions for Review and Discussion

1. How does Anthony draw upon the concept of natural rights and the Declaration of Independence to make her argument?
2. What is Senator Charles Sumner's position on women's right to vote? Why does he refuse to support an amendment guaranteeing women the right to vote? What does he suggest is the better method for women to obtain their right to vote?
3. How does Anthony demonstrate civil disobedience?
4. According to Anthony, why are state laws prohibiting women's right to vote unconstitutional?
5. What argument does Anthony use to counter the claim that the use of "he, his, and him" in the constitution and law refers only to men?

Humanities · Reading Study Guide
Women's Suffrage a Threat to the Home
Retrieving the American Past

Questions for Review and Discussion

1. Dodge claims that "Home has been the woman's business and her love and life for centuries. It is the foundation of society, the basis of all morals. Without the home we should become unmoral and without moral society, in turn, must perish" (pp. 25-26). Do you agree with this statement? Why or why not? Explain.
2. Dodge ties two major and disparaging things to the suffrage movement. What are they, and what do you think of her logic? Use evidence from the text to support your answer.
3. On page 26, in order to discredit the suffragists, Dodge suggests that their actions may be disingenuous. What does she say AND does this seem like an effective rhetorical strategy? Explain.
4. On page 27, Dodge argues that "A woman can do anything if she does not vote; she is likely to do little if she does." Do you agree with this statement? Why or why not? Explain.
5. Do any of Dodge's sentiments detract from her persuasiveness? Use evidence from the text to support your answer.

Humanities · Reading Study Guide
Suffrage Tactics in New York
Retrieving the American Past

Questions for Review and Discussion

1. How did the women's suffrage movement utilize progressive reforms to support their cause?
2. Describe the organization of the Woman Suffrage Party of Greater New York. What did they use as a model for organization?
3. Between 1910 and 1917, membership in the Woman Suffrage party of Great New York increased from 20,000 to 500,000. What general tactics were used to increase membership?
4. To make their case for women's suffrage, suffragettes had to appeal to a variety of groups. What specific groups did they target and what tactics were used with each group.
5. What was the result on election day? How did the suffragettes respond?

Humanities · Reading Study Guide
The Equal Rights Amendment
Retrieving the American Past

Key Vocabulary

ratification –

Questions for Review and Discussion

1. How did the Civil Rights Movement influence the ERA?
2. Why did the ERA fail to be ratified by enough states?
3. How is the language of the ERA similar to the 14th amendment? See “Women’s Right to Vote” by Susan B. Anthony.
4. The ERA has been re-introduced in every session of Congress since 1982. Why do think the ERA has never been ratified?

Humanities · Reading Study Guide
In Support of American Expansion in the Philippines
Retrieving the American Past

Key Vocabulary

commerce –

Questions for Review and Discussion

1. What religious justification does Beveridge use to support American expansionism?
2. How does Beveridge appeal to history to gain support for his argument?
3. How does Beveridge respond to arguments that the U.S. should not govern people against their will?
4. Why does Beveridge believe people in the Philippines will be better off under U.S. control?
5. What does Beveridge mean by the “march of the flag”?
6. According to Beveridge, why did industrialization lead to the need for expansion?

Humanities · Reading Study Guide

Denunciation of American Imperialism, William Graham Sumner

Retrieving the American Past

Key Vocabulary

seductive –

discord –

dominion –

exploited –

plutocracy –

Questions for Review and Discussion

1. Why does Sumner believe expansionism and imperialism betray the founding ideals of the United States? How does Sumner's view of America's founding ideals differ from Beveridge's views? See "In Support of American Expansion in the Philippines."
2. According to Sumner, what do Spanish-Americans and Filipinos think of American ways?
3. What options does Sumner believe are available for the governing of colonies?
4. Why does Sumner argue that imperialism is a threat to democracy in America?

Humanities · Reading Study Guide

William Jennings Bryan Rejects Imperialists' Arguments

Retrieving the American Past

Questions for Review and Discussion

1. According to Bryan, what are the major arguments used in defense of American imperialism?
2. How does Bryan respond to the argument that imperialism is necessary to make the U.S. a world power?
3. Bryan states, "It is not necessary to own a people in order to trade with them." What evidence does he offer in support of this claim? Why is this statement a challenge to the argument that imperialism is necessary for commercial interests?
4. What religious arguments are made in favor of imperialism? How does Bryan counter those arguments?
5. What does Bryan propose as the solution to the "Philippine Question"?

Humanities · Reading Study Guide

The Secretary of War Defends McKinley's Policy, Elihu Root

Retrieving the American Past

Questions for Review and Discussion

1. What charges were made against McKinley's policy in the Philippines?
2. How does Root respond to the charges that McKinley's policy violated the concept of rule by "consent of the governed?" Compare Root's argument with Beveridge's argument on this issue. See "In Support of American Expansion in the Philippines."
3. What is Root's attitude toward Filipinos? How can you tell?
4. How does Root answer the charge that imperialism would be destructive to the national character and institutions of the United States? Contrast Root's argument with Sumner's argument on this issue. See "Denunciation of American Imperialism."
5. In your judgment, were the arguments of the imperialists or the anti-imperialists more persuasive and credible? What should the United States have done with the Philippines?

Humanities · Primary Source**The Triumph of America, Andrew Carnegie, 1885**

The old nations of the earth creep on at a snail's pace; the Republic thunders past with the rush of the express. The United States, the growth of a single century, has already reached the foremost rank among nations, and is destined soon to out-distance all others in the race. In population, in wealth, in annual savings, and in public credit; in freedom from debt, in agriculture, and in manufactures, America already leads the civilized world...

Into the distant future of this giant nation we need not seek to peer; but if we cast a glance forward, as we have done backward, for only fifty years, and assume that in that short interval no serious change will occur, the astounding fact startles us that in 1935, fifty years from now, when many in manhood will still be living, one hundred and eighty millions of English-speaking republicans will exist under one flag and possess more than two hundred and fifty thousand millions of dollars, or fifty thousand millions sterling of national wealth. Eighty years ago the whole of America and Europe did not contain so many people; and, if Europe and America continue their normal growth, it will be little more than another eighty years ere the mighty Republic may boast as many loyal citizens as all the rulers of Europe combined, for before the year 1980 Europe and America will each have a population of about six hundred millions.

The causes which have led to the rapid growth and aggrandizement of this latest addition to the family of nations constitute one of the most interesting problems in the social history of mankind. What has brought about such stupendous results — so unparalleled a development of a nation within so ethnic character of the people, the topographical and climatic conditions under which they developed, and the influence of political institutions founded upon the equality of the citizen.

Certain writers in the past have maintained that the ethnic type of a people has less influence upon its growth as a nation than the conditions of life under which it is developing. The modern ethnologist knows better. We have only to imagine what America would be today if she had fallen, in the beginning, into the hands of any other people than the colonizing British, to see how vitally important is this question of race. America was indeed fortunate in the seed planted upon her soil. With the exception of a few Dutch and French it was wholly British; and ...the American of today remains true to this noble strain and is four-fifths British. The special aptitude of this race for colonization, its vigor and enterprise, and its capacity for governing, although brilliantly manifested in all parts of the world, have never been shown to such advantage as in American. Freed here from the pressure of feudal institutions no longer fitted to their present development, and freed also from the dominion of the upper classes, which have kept the people at home from effective management of affairs and sacrificed the nation's interest for their own, as is the nature of classes, these masses of the lower ranks of Britons, called upon to found a new state, have proved themselves possessors of a positive genius for political administration.

The second, and perhaps equally important factor in the problem of the rapid advancement of this branch of the British race, is the superiority of the conditions under which it has developed. The home which has fallen to its lot, a domain more magnificent than has cradled any other race in the history of the world, presents no obstructions to unity — to the thorough amalgamation of its dwellers, North, South, East, and West, into one homogeneous mass — for the conformation of the American continent differs in important respects from that of every other great division of the globe. In Europe the Alps occupy a central position, forming on each side watersheds of rivers which flow into opposite seas. In Asia the Himalaya, the Hindu Kush, and the Altai Mountains divide the continent, rolling from their sides many great rivers which pour their floods into widely separated oceans. But in North America the mountains rise up on each coast, and from them the land slopes gradually together in one valley, offering to commerce many thousand miles of navigable streams. The map thus proclaims the unity of North America, for in this great central basin, three million square miles in extent, free from impassable rivers or mountain barriers great enough to hinder free intercourse, political integration is a necessity and consolidation a certainty...

The unity of the American people is further powerfully promoted by the foundation upon which the political structure rests, the equality of the citizen. There is not one shred of privilege to be met with anywhere in all the laws. One man's right is every man's right. The flag is the guarantor and symbol of equality. The people are not emasculated by being made to feel that their own country decrees their inferiority, and holds them unworthy of privileges accorded to others. No ranks, no titles, no hereditary dignities, and therefore no classes. Suffrage is universal, and votes are of equal weight. Representatives are paid, and political life and usefulness thereby thrown open to all. Thus there is brought about a community of interests and aims which a Briton, accustomed to monarchical and aristocratic institutions, dividing the people into classes with separate interests, aims, thoughts, and feelings, can only with difficulty understand.

The free common school system of the land is probably, after all, the greatest single power in the unifying process which is producing the new American race. Through the crucible of a good common English education, furnished free by the State, pass the various racial elements — children of Irishmen, Germans, Italians, Spaniards, and Swedes, side by side with the native American, all to be fused into one, in language, in thought, in feeling, and in patriotism. The Irish boy loses his brogue, and the German child learns English. The sympathies suited to the feudal systems of Europe, which they inherit from their fathers, pass off as dross, leaving behind the pure gold of the only noble political creed: "All men are created free and equal." Taught now to live and work for the common weal, and not for the maintenance of a royal family or an overbearing aristocracy, not for the continuance of a social system which ranks them beneath an arrogant class of drones, children of Russian and German serfs, of Irish evicted tenants, Scotch crofters, and other victims of feudal tyranny, are translated into republican Americans, and are made in one love for a country which provides equal rights and privileges for all her children. There is no class so intensely patriotic, so wildly devoted to the Republic as the naturalized citizen and his child, for little does the native-born citizen know of the value of rights which have never been denied. Only the man born abroad, like myself, under institutions which insult him at his birth, can know the full meaning of Republicanism...

It is these causes which render possible the growth of a great homogeneous nation, alike in race, language, literature, interest, patriotism — an empire of such overwhelming power and proportions as to require neither army nor navy to ensure its safety, and a people so educated and advanced as to value the victories of peace.

The student of American affairs today sees no influences at work save those which make for closer and closer union. The Republic has solved the problem of governing large areas by adopting the federal, or home-rule system, and has proved to the world that the freest self-government of the parts produces the strongest government of the whole.

Humanities · Primary Source**The Chicago Strike: A Teamster, July 6, 1905**

After I had worked as cash boy when a little chap, left an orphan, I improved my chances by becoming a grocer's clerk. I had by that time grown to be quite a chunk of a lad, and my new job included the delivery of goods with the grocer's wagon. I took care of my horses and the barn and became very much attached to the animals.

One of the horses was my particular pet. He would permit no familiarity from anybody but me. He knew me, my step and voice and would prance about in his stall when I came in the morning, lay back his ears and show his big, strong teeth in a way that to others would have been a danger signal but to me meant his morning salutation. I would go fearlessly into his stall, pat his flank and shoulder and neck, ending by feeding him a lump of sugar. He sulked and was stubborn when driven by anyone else, but for me would do anything I asked. He seemed to understand when I talked to him. I guess most horses must understand me, for they are all my friends. I worked for the grocer seven years; got up between 5 and 6 in the morning, looked after the horses, had my breakfast and was out with my wagon soon after 7. I frequently did not get through until 9 or 10 at night, but I liked the work and my employer was a good man. He paid me \$6 a week and boarded me. It was really the only home I had had since my early boyhood, so when the grocer failed in business I felt as sorry over it as he did himself.

I next got a job with a department store, first as helper and afterward as driver. About that time the teamsters formed a union and I became a charter member of the delivery wagon drivers' branch. Through the influence of the union we got a regular scale of wages, the first year \$12 a week and after two and a half years \$15 a week as the minimum. We have nothing to do with the care of the horses. When a wagon is taken to the barn after the day's work is finished the "inside" men take charge and we have nothing further to do until the next morning, when we find our teams hitched, ready waiting for us to start right out.

I make one exception to the regular rule, however. I go to the barn a while before leaving time and personally grease my wagon. My reason for this is because I want it to run without grinding. I have learned just what attention the wagon requires and I find I can do the greasing more satisfactorily myself. After I have fixed it up the wheels run along easily and without "catching." A driver gets to know his wagon, what it requires and what it can do, just as a locomotive engineer knows his engine.

If there is a hitch anywhere he recognizes the cause of the trouble at once; so sensitive does a driver become to the smooth running of his wagon that he can actually tell the instant a boy catches hold of the tailboard as he drives along the street. That little additional drag is felt by the man on the seat just as certainly as it is by the horse in the shafts.

The union not only regulated wages and working hours, but improved the class of men employed. We of the Delivery Wagons' Union are under bonds, and on account of the responsibility attached to the work we exercise care in admitting men to our organization. We frequently have the collection of C.O.D. bills, so it is to our own interest to have honest and reliable men. One man going wrong brings the whole organization into disrepute. I can see trouble ahead in getting back to our former standard when the strike ends.

Now, about this strike. The teamsters of Chicago are subdivided into over fifty different unions. Each branch of the work has its separate organization. There are over 35,000 teamsters enrolled, and at the height of the trouble something less than 10,000 drivers, helpers and boys became involved. If less than one third of our number have been able to kick up all the fuss we are charged with, it is interesting to conjecture what might have been done if the entire number had taken an active part.

The strike started to compel Montgomery Ward & Co. to arbitrate the causes leading up to the walk out of their garment workers. The teamsters, being a powerful organization, voted to help the garment workers and to refuse either to haul from the boycotted firm or to 'deliver goods to them. That naturally led to including in the boycott

The Chicago Strike: A Teamster, July 6, 1905 (continued)

houses that insisted on their drivers delivering to strike bound houses. Drivers for coal dealers, express companies, department stores, lumber firms and many wholesale houses were from time to time added to the boycott list. Ward & Co. would not yield to the demand for arbitration of the garment workers' difficulty, claiming that the workers left their employ voluntarily nearly a year ago and that the places left vacant had been filled at once and in a satisfactory manner. As the strike progressed the garment workers' grievance became rather lost sight of in the greater question of holding the teamsters' unions together.

Many things have occurred to hurt our side of the fight I will not admit that all the things charged against us, directly, are true, but at the same time I must admit that many, many things can have no defense. When the Employers' Association formed a teaming company and offered to put their men to work in the places of the strikers they brought to Chicago for that purpose a lot of non union drivers, some of them pretty tough customers. The new drivers for coal teams were mostly negroes from Southern cities, and they had nerve to stay on their wagons in spite of persuasion to give up. Then some of the overzealous union drivers, assisted by sympathizers, who regarded force a better argument than mere words, undertook to dispose of these strike breakers. Every union driver conceived it to be his privilege, if not duty, to block the way of the "scabs." One thing led to another until stones and bricks were freely thrown at the imported drivers. The officers of one of the local unions took part in the forcible style of argument, and their arrest followed.

It was charged in the hearing before the grand jury that a gang of fighters, known as the "Educational Committee," was employed to "do" certain drivers. A man would be spotted and when the chance came he would be attacked by the "Educational Committee." In some instances he would not recover from the beating, and in other cases he would be crippled for life. That sort of thing, of course, instead of doing our cause any good injured us with the public and caused discontent in our own ranks. Many of us are bitterly opposed to any such methods.

It got so that a man really carried his life in his hands when he started out to drive a team for a boycotted firm, if he happened to come in contact with a crowd of these "educators" without being amply protected by a police guard.

When the strike extended to the lumber drivers there was all sorts of trouble over in the West Side lumber district. A large number of the union drivers are Poles Polaks, they are commonly called and they live in small houses in the vicinity. Their women are big and strong. It is no unusual sight to see one of these women carrying, with apparently little effort, a load of firewood or huge sack of coal that would stagger an ordinary man. They know but little English, but constantly are chattering in the strange lingo of their native land. When their husbands and sons left their jobs and a new set took their places those women at once took a hand in the effort to drive away the men they regarded as interlopers. They knew little if anything about any conflict between the unions and employers. All that any one of them could understand was that a stranger sat on the lumber wagon that "belongs to my man." That was not to be tolerated for a moment. Armed with heavy clubs they charged on the non union drivers, and unless the police guard was strong enough to cope with infuriated amazons it went pretty hard with the drivers if the women got within reach of them with their clubs.

In all the riotous scenes attending the strike there was nothing done even to approach the fierceness of the attacks by these women. The police would charge upon them with drawn clubs, but hesitated when it came to rapping them over the head as they would have done in the case of dispersing a mob of men. The officers would content themselves with laying vigorous licks on the well developed part of the muscular women's anatomy presenting the most promising target, without accomplishing much more than drawing the "fire" of the attacking party to themselves. Many a time drivers, policemen and bystanders would be compelled to flee pell-mell before a mob of these women, flourishing clubs of enormous size.

A favorite way to oppose the strike breakers at the lumber yards was to set fire to their loads. A can of oil poured over the rear of the load and a lighted match did the work. In spite of the vigilance of the guards, the loads frequently would be set on fire, and, of course the sight of a load of burning lumber soon attracted a big crowd.

The Chicago Strike: A Teamster, July 6, 1905 (continued)

The attacks next hardest to handle by the police were those engaged in by school children. These young sympathizers soon picked up the spirit of lawlessness. At the public schools when a non union driver brought a load of coal for the building the children, only too pleased to have a chance to yell and get into mischief, hooted at the drivers, finally going to the extent of throwing stones at them. It was only by the aid of parents that the police at last were able to put a stop to these outbreaks.

But far the greatest blow our cause received was the discovery that some of our leaders were engaged in the most disreputable mode of life. They spent nights in low resorts and spent money freely in entertaining women of the vilest character. On top of all this it was openly charged that some of these officers had been receiving money from certain employers, either for the purpose of calling a strike or to settle one. The only offset to these damaging stories lay in the fact that the paying employers were equally to blame.

As already stated, many of us are opposed to violence and to the destruction of property. I, for one, think the cause of unionism has received a blow that will take some time to recover from. These lawless acts were practiced by a bad element in our own ranks, I am sorry to say, but were largely participated in by a lot of hoodlums, who took advantage of conditions to defy the law. Teamsters are not all angels, any more than are all men engaged in other lines of work, but in our ranks we have some good law abiding citizens, who will compare favorably with the best. We have been charged with things of which I feel sure none of us have been guilty. For instance, we have been charged with throwing acid on horses driven by non union drivers. I would not be afraid to wager my life that no teamster worthy the name ever did such a dastardly thing. Why, we fairly love horses, and I know if anybody attempted to hurt my horses I would be down off my wagon in a jiffy with my coat off ready to fight. I cannot deny that acid "eggs" were thrown at horses at times, but it couldn't have been done by teamsters.

It has been said that driving a team is not a trade and that teamsters should not be classed as trade unionists. It may not be a trade in the sense that, say, carpenter work or printing is, but still a good teamster must possess certain qualifications that every ordinary "laborer" does not possess. In our union a member must serve three years before he can receive the highest wages of the scale. He must read and write and know the city thoroughly. He must know what to do in an emergency if anything happens to his horse or wagon. His horse may pick up a nail, take sick, go lame, or show distress from any cause. If the driver is capable he knows what to do for the time being. If the harness break or the wagon meet with an accident, he must be able to patch up the one and make shift with the other.

I heard of a non-union driver, during the early days of the strike, who broke a shaft by running into something way out on the southside. When a crowd gathered around and laughed at his mishap, he seemed to be perfectly helpless. He simply took to his heels and left his wagon on the hands of his police guard. The officer had to tie up the shaft with a strap, take the outfit to a neighboring livery stable and telephone for another driver. I also heard that the darky driver had collected \$40 on a C.O. D. before the accident. I refer to this incident to indicate the difference between trained and trusty drivers and pick ups.

From present indications the strike soon will be over. I am both sorry and glad sorry that it was so badly managed, but glad that we will have the chance to get work again at living wages. I am quite sick of living on the "benefit."

Some of us, most likely, will not get our old jobs back in a hurry, but then well, we'll have to make the best of it

Chicago, Ill.

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Who is a Progressive? by Theodore Roosevelt

In his recent speech at Philadelphia President Taft stated that he was a Progressive, and this raises the question as to what a Progressive is. More is involved than any man's say-so as to himself.

A well-meaning man may vaguely think of himself as a Progressive without having even the faintest conception of what a Progressive is. Both vision and intensity of conviction must go to the make-up of any man who is to lead the forward movement, and mildly good intentions are utterly useless as substitutes.

The essential difference, as old as civilized history, is between the men who, with fervor and broad sympathy and imagination, stand for the forward movement, the men who stand for the uplift and betterment of mankind, and who have faith in the people, on the one hand; and, on the other hand, the men of narrow vision and small sympathy, who are not stirred by the wrongs of others. With these latter stand also those other men who distrust the people, and many of whom not merely distrust the people, but wish to keep them helpless so as to exploit them for their own benefit.

The difference has never been more accurately set forth than in a lecture by the great English writer, Mr. J.A. Froude, delivered some forty-five years ago, and running as follows:

Two kinds of men... appear as leaders in time of change... On one side there are the... men who have no confidence in the people — who have no passionate convictions — men who believe that all wholesome reforms proceed downward from the educated to the multitudes; who regard with contempt, qualified by terror, appeals to the popular conscience or to popular intelligence.

Opposite to these are the men of faith — and by faith I do not mean belief in dogmas, but belief in goodness, belief in justice, in righteousness ... They are not contented with looking for what may be useful or pleasant to themselves; they look by quite other methods for what is honorable, for what is good, for what is just. They believe that if they can find out that, then all hazards, in spite of all present consequences to themselves, that is to be preferred?

When the air is heavy with impostors, and men live only to make money... and the kingdom of heaven is bought and sold, and all that is high and pure in man is smothered by corruption, fire of the same kind bursts out in higher natures with a fierceness which cannot be controlled; and confident in truth and right, they call fearlessly on the seven thousand in Israel who have not bowed the knee to Baal to rise and stand by them.

They do not ask whether those whom they address have wide knowledge of history or science or philosophy; they ask rather that they shall be honest, that they shall be brave. They know well that conscience is no exceptional privilege of the great or the cultivated, that to be generous and unselfish is no prerogative of rank or intellect.

We of today who stand for the Progressive movement here in the United States are not wedded to any particular kind of machinery, save solely as means to the end desired. Our aim is to secure the real and not the nominal rule of the people. With this purpose in view, we propose to do away with whatever in our government tends to secure to privilege, and to the great sinister special interests, a rampart from behind which they can beat back the forces that strive for social and industrial justice, and frustrate the will of the people.

For this purpose we believe in securing for the people the direct election of United States Senators, exactly as the people have already secured in actual practice the direct election of the President. We believe in securing for the people the right of nominating candidates for office, from the President down, by direct primaries, because the convention system, good in its day, has been twisted from its purpose, so that the delegates to the conventions, when chosen under the present methods by pressure of money and patronage, often deliberately misrepresent

instead of representing the popular will. We believe in securing to the people the exercise of a real and not merely a nominal control over their representatives in office, this control to include the power to secure the enactment of laws which the people demand, and the rejection of laws to which the people are opposed, if, after due effort, it is found impossible to get from the Legislature and the courts a real representation of the deliberate popular judgment in these matters.

But these and kindred measures are merely machinery, and each community must judge for itself as to the machinery which its needs make necessary. The object, however, must be the same everywhere; that is, to give the people real control, and to have the people exercise this control in a spirit of the broadest sympathy and broadest desire to secure social and industrial justice for every man and woman, so that the work of all of us may be done and the lives of all of us lived under conditions which will tend to increase the dignity, the worth, and the efficiency of each individual.

If in any State the courts, in addition to doing justice in the ordinary cases between man and man, have striven to help and not hamper the people in their efforts to secure social and industrial justice in a far broader sense for the people as a whole, then in that community there may be no need for change as regards them. But where, in any community, as in my own State of New York, for instance, the highest court of the State, because of its adherence to outworn, to dead and gone systems of philosophy, and its lack of understanding of and sympathy with the living, the vital needs of those in the community whose needs are greatest, becomes a bulwark of privilege and the most effective of all means for preventing the people from working in efficient fashion for true justice, then I hold that the power, after due deliberation and in Constitutional fashion, to have their judgment made efficient and their interpretation of the Constitution made binding upon their servants the judges no less than upon their servants the legislators and executives?

Every man who fights fearlessly and effectively against special privilege in any form is to that extent a Progressive. Every man who, directly or indirectly, upholds privilege and favors the special interests, whether he acts from evil motives or merely because he is puzzle-headed or dull of mental vision or lacking in social sympathy, or whether he simply lacks interest in the subject, is a reactionary.

Every man is to that extent a Progressive if he stands for any form of social justice, whether it securing proper protection for factory girls against dangerous machinery, for securing a proper limitation of hours of labor for women and children in industry, for securing proper living conditions for those who dwell in the thickly crowded regions of our great cities, for helping, so far as legislators can help, all the conditions of work and life for wage-workers in great centers of industry, or for helping by the action both of the National and State governments, so far as conditions will permit, the men and women who dwell in the open country to increase their efficiency both in production on their farms and in business arrangements for the marketing of their produce, and also to increase the opportunities to give the best possible expression to their social life. The man is a reactionary, whatever may be his professions and no matter how excellent his intentions, who opposes these movements, or who, if in high place, takes no interest in them and does not earnestly lead them forward.

When, in deference to the reactionaries in Congress, the President put a stop to the work of the Country Life Commission, so that for three years the National Government has done little but mark time, or indeed to step backward, as regards this movement, then, no matter how good his intentions, his actions ranged him against the Progressive side. When the President supports those courts which declare that the people have no power to do social justice by enacting laws such as those I have above outlined, and when he opposes the effort to give to the sober judgment of the people due effect, as against the decisions of a reactionary court, then he shows himself a reactionary.

When the President characterizes a moderate proposal to render effective the sober judgment of the American people, as against indefensible and reactionary court decisions in favor of the privileged classes, as "laying the ax

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at the foot of the tree of well-ordered freedom," then the President is standing against the sane and moderate movement for social justice; he is standing in favor of privilege; and he thereby ranks himself against the Progressives, against the cause of justice for the helpless and the wronged, and on the side of the reactionaries, on the side of the beneficiaries of privilege and injustice.

Four years ago the Progressives supported Mr. Taft for President, and he was opposed by such representatives of special privilege as Mr. Penrose of Pennsylvania, Mr. Aldrich of Rhode Island, Mr. Gallinger of New Hampshire, and Messrs. Lorimer, Cannon, and McKinley of Illinois; and he was opposed by practically all the men of the stamp of Messrs. Guggenheim and Evans in Colorado, Mr. Cox in Ohio, and Mr. Patrick Calhoun of San Francisco. These men were not progressives then, and they do not pretend to be Progressives now. But, unlike the President, they know who is a Progressive and who is not. They know that he is not a Progressive. Their judgment in this matter is good. After three and a half years of association with and knowledge of the President, these and their fellows are now the President's chief supporters; and they and the men who feel and act as they do in business and in politics give him the great bulk of his strength. The President says that he is a Progressive. These men know him well and have studied his actions for three years, and they regard him as being precisely the kind of Progressive whom they approve — that is, as not a Progressive at all.

Now, the progressiveness that meets and merits the cordial approval of these gentlemen is not the kind of progressiveness which we on our side champion. However good the President's intentions, I believe that his actions have shown that he is entitled to the support of precisely these men. Take the most important bit of legislation enacted by the last Republican Congress — the Rate Bill. When this bill was submitted by the Administration, it was a thoroughly mischievous measure, which would have undone the good work that has been accomplished in the control of the great railways during the last twenty years. In that shape it was reported out of the Senate committee by its ardent champion, Senator Aldrich. In that shape it was championed by all those gentlemen whom I have mentioned who had it in their power to give such support.

But the Progressives in the Senate amended the bill, against the determined opposition of the reactionary friends of the Administration. They made it a good bill by striking out the chief features of the bill as the reactionaries framed it. They made but one mistake. They left in the bill the provision for a Commerce Court; and in its actual workings this feature of the bill has proved thoroughly mischievous, and should be repealed.

The gentlemen in question and their allies cordially approve the administration of the Pure Food and Drugs Bill during the last three years, which has resulted in Dr. Wiley's resigning, because, as he says in print, the situation has become intolerable, and "the fundamental principles of the Food and Drugs Act had one by one been paralyzed and discredited." He specifically mentioned among the interests engaged in the manufacture of misbranded or adulterated foods which had escaped from the control of the Bureau the interests engaged in "the manufacture of so-called whisky from alcohol, colors, and flavors." The gentlemen I have named and the great interests back of them, and their allies, like- Mr. Tawney, of Minnesota, were responsible for the President's abandoning the Country Life and Conservation Commissions, which had cost the Government nothing and had rendered invaluable service to the country; and they also cordially approved the nomination of Mr. Ballinger to the position of Secretary of the Interior.

For two years the Administration did everything in its power to undo the most valuable work that had been done in Conservation, especially in securing to the people the right to regulate water power franchise in the public interest. This effort became so flagrant and the criticism so universal that it was finally abandoned even by the Administration itself. As for the efforts to secure social justice in industrial matters, by securing child labor legislation, for instance, the Administration simply abandoned them completely.

Alike in its action and in its inaction, the conduct of the Administration during the last three years has been such as to merit the support and approval of Messrs. Aldrich, Gallinger, Penrose, Lorimer, Cox, Guggenheim, and the other

gentlemen I have mentioned. I do not wonder that they support it, but I do not regard an Administration which has merited and which receives such support as being entitled and to call itself Progressive, no matter with what elasticity the word may be stretched.

No men have been closer or more interested students of the career of President Taft than these men, no men better understand its real significance, no men better appreciate what the effect of the continuance of this Administration for another four years would mean. I believe that their judgment upon the Administration and upon what its continuance would mean to the people can be accepted, and I think that their judgment, as shown by the extreme recklessness of their actions in trying to secure the President's renomination, gives us an accurate gauge as to what the Administration merits from the people, and what the action of the people should be.

There is no question that in many States these gentlemen and those now allied with them are well aware that the majority of the people are against them, but they have set themselves to work by hook or by crook to overcome that majority. Under ordinary circumstances, in an ordinary political contest among politicians of substantially the same stamp, they would undoubtedly prefer to follow the majority of the people. They do not do so in this instance because they realize fully that the interests they champion are antagonistic to the interest of the people, and that on this occasion the line-up is clean-cut between the people on one side, and on the other the political bosses and all who represent special privilege and the evil alliance of big business with politics.

The Republican party is now facing a great crisis. It is to decide whether it will be, as in the days of Lincoln, the party of the plain people, the party of progress, the party of social and industrial justice; or whether it will be the party of privilege and of special interests, the heir to those who were Lincoln's most bitter opponents, the party that represents the great interests within and with out Wall Street which desire through their control over the servants of the public to be kept immune from punishment when they do wrong and to be given privileges to which they are not entitled.

The big business concern that is both honest and far-sighted will, I believe, in the end favor our effort to secure thorough-going supervision and control over industrial big business, just as we have now secured it over the business of inter-State transportation and the business of banking under the National law. We do not propose to do injustice to any man, but we do propose adequately to guarantee the people against injustice by the mighty corporations which make up the predominant and characteristic feature of modern industrial life.

Prosperity can permanently come to this country only on a basis of honesty and of fair treatment for all. Those men of enormous wealth who bitterly oppose every species of effective control by the people, through their Governmental agents, over the business use of that wealth are, I verily believe, most short-sighted as to their own ultimate interests. They should welcome such effort, they should welcome every effort to make them observe and to assist them in observing the law, so that their activities shall be helpful and not harmful to the American people. Most surely if the wise and moderate control we advocate does not come, then some day these men or their descendants will have to face the chance of some movement of really dangerous and drastic character being directed against them.

The very wealthy men who oppose this action illustrate the undoubted truth that some of the men who have the money touch, some of the men who can amass enormous fortunes, possess an ability as specialized and non-indicative of other forms of ability as the ability to play chess exceptionally well, or to add up four columns of figures at once. The men of wealth of this type are not only hostile to the interest of the country, but hostile to their own interests; their great business ability is unaccompanied by even the slightest ability to read the signs of the times or understand the temper of the American people. I stand for the adequate control, the real control, of all big business, and especially of all monopolistic big business where it proves unwise or impossible to break up the monopoly.

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There is a grim irony in the effect that has been produced upon Wall Street by the complete breakdown of the prosecutions against various trusts, notably the Standard Oil and Tobacco Trusts, under the Sherman Law. I have always insisted that, while the Sherman Law should be kept upon the books so as to be used wherever possible against monopoly, yet that it is by itself wholly unable to afford the relief demanded by the American people as against all the great corporations actually or potentially guilty of anti-social practices. Wall Street was at first flurried by the decisions in the Oil and Tobacco Trust cases. But as regards the Sherman Anti-Trust Law, Wall Street has now caught up with the Administration.

The President has expressed his entire satisfaction with the Anti-Trust Law, and now that the result of the prosecutions under it has been to strengthen the Standard Oil and Tobacco Trusts, to increase the value of their stocks, and, at least in the case of the Standard Oil, to increase the price to the consumer, Wall Street is also showing in practical fashion its satisfaction with the workings of the law, by its antagonism to us who intend to establish a real control of big business which shall not harm legitimate business, but shall really, and not nominally, put a stop to the evil practices of evil combinations.

The President has stated that he distrusts "impulsive action" by the public. I certainly greatly prefer deliberate action by the public, and in every proposal I have ever made I have always provided for such deliberate action. But I prefer even impulsive action by the public to action by the politicians against the interests of the public, whether this action be taken in tricky haste or with tricky deliberation. The President has warned us against soap-box primaries. At least these primaries are better than the primaries which represented the "impulsive action of the postmasters in States like Georgia, Florida, and South Carolina, when these "impulsive" postmasters held their conventions at the earliest possible date, so as to affect the result in other States of the Union where there is a genuine Republican party.

I see by the press that in your own State [Kentucky] the postmasters have been warned to resign their leadership in the party committees; but, if the statements in the press are correct, the resignations are not demanded with any "impulsiveness." On the contrary, they have been asked with such leisurely deliberation that the day for holding the primaries will have passed before the request becomes effective. Now, gentlemen, if the newspaper reports are correct, such a request is a good deal worse than a sham.

We are in a period of change; we are fronting a great period of further change. Never was the need more imperative for men of vision who are also men of action. Disaster is ahead of us if we trust to the leadership of the men whose hearts are seared and whose eyes are blinded, who believe that we can find safety in dull timidity and dull action, The unrest cannot be quieted by the ingenious trickery of those who profess to advance by merely marking time. It cannot be quieted by demanding only the prosperity which is to come to those who have little. There must be material prosperity; they are enemies of all of us who wantonly or unwisely interfere with or disregard it; but it can come in permanent shape only if obtained in accordance with, not against, the spirit of justice and of righteousness.

Clouds hover about the horizon throughout the civilized world. But here in America the fault is our own if the sky above us is not clear. We have a continent on which to work out our destiny. Our people, our men and women, are fit to face the mighty days. If we fail, the failure will be lamentable; for not only shall we fail for ourselves, but our failure will wreck the fond desires of all throughout the world who look toward us with the eager hope that here, in this great Republic, it shall be proved, from ocean to ocean, that the people can rule themselves, and, thus ruling, can give liberty and do justice both to themselves and to others.

The present contest is but a phase of the larger struggle. Assuredly the fight will go on. Our opponents, representing the brute power of ceded privilege, can win only by using the led captains of mercenary politics, and the crooked financiers who stand behind those led captains, and those newspapers which those financiers and politicians own, influence, or control. They can win only by playing upon the timidity or the shortsightedness or the

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mere lack of knowledge of worthy citizens, and by misleading them into supporting for the moment the powers that prey, the powers that pillage, the dread powers that exploit the people for their own purpose, and that turn popular government into a sinister sham.

Certain big men, who, alas have sometimes perverted the courts to their own uses, now tell us that it is impious to speak of the people's insisting upon justice being done by the courts. We answer that with all our might we will uphold the courts against lawlessness; and that we also intend to see that in their turn the courts give justice to all. We say, in the words of Lincoln, that we must prevent wrong "being done either by Congress or courts. The people of these United States are rightful masters of both Congress and courts, not to overthrow the Constitution, but to overthrow the men who prevent the Constitution."

Again, Lincoln stated our case today when he said, in the course of his joint debate with Douglas, "That is the real issue. That is the issue which will continue in this country when these poor tongues of Judge Douglas and myself shall be silent. It is the eternal struggle between these two principles — right and wrong — throughout the world. They are the two principles that have stood face to face from the beginning of time. The one is the common right of humanity, the other the divine right of kings. It is the same principle in whatever shape it develops itself. It is the same spirit that says: You toil and work and earn bread and I'll eat it. No matter in what shape it comes, whether from the mouth of a king who bestrides the people of his own nation and lives from the fruit of their labor, or from one race of men as an apology for enslaving another race, it is the same tyrannical principle."

And of course this applies no more to the slave-owner or to the foreign despot than to the present-day American citizen who oppresses others by the abuse of special privilege, be his wealth great or little, be he the multi-millionaire owner of railways and mines and factories who forgets his duties to those who earn him his bread while earning their own, or be he only the owner of a foul little sweatshop in which he grinds dollars from the excessive and underpaid labor of haggard women. We who stand for the cause of progress, for the cause of the uplift of humanity and the betterment of mankind, are pledged to eternal war against tyranny and wrong, by the few or by the many, by a plutocracy or by a mob. We stand for justice and for fair play; fearless and confident we face the coming years, for we know that ours are the banners of justice and that all men who wish well to the people must fight under them. We fight to make this country a better place to live in for those who have been harshly treated by fate; and if we succeed, it will also be a better place to live in for those who have been treated? None of us can really prosper permanently if masses of men and women are ground down and forced to lead starved and sordid lives so that their souls are crippled like their bodies and the fine edge of their every feeling is blunted.

I ask that those of us to whom Providence, to whom fate, has been kind, remember that each must be his brother's keeper, and that all must feel their obligation to the less fortunate who work beside us in the strain and press of our eager modern life. I ask justice for the weak for their sakes, and I ask it also for the sake of our own children, and of our children's children who are to come after us. This country will not be a good place for any of us to live in if it is not a reasonably good place for all of us to live in. When I plead the cause of the crippled brakeman on a railway, of the overworked girl in a factory, of the stunted child toiling at inhuman labor, or all who work excessively or in unhealthy surroundings, of the family dwelling in the squalor of a noisome tenement, of the worn out farmer in regions where the farms are worn out also; when I protest against the unfair profits of unscrupulous and conscienceless men, or against the greedy exploitation of the helpless by the beneficiaries of privilege — in all these cases I am not only fighting for the weak, I am also fighting for the strong. The sons of all of us will pay in the future if we of the present do not do justice in the present. If the fathers amuse others to eat bitter bread, the teeth of their own sons shall be set on edge. Our cause is the cause of justice for all, in the interest of all. Surely there was never a more noble cause; surely there was never a cause in which it was better worth while to spend and be spent.

Humanities · Primary Source**Major Problems in the Gilded Age and the Progressive Era*****Lincoln Steffens, 1904***

When I set out on my travels, an honest New Yorker told me honestly that I would find that the Irish, the Catholic Irish, were at the bottom of it all everywhere. The first city I went to was St. Louis, a German city. The next was Minneapolis, a Scandinavian city, with a leadership of New Englanders. Then came Pittsburg, Scotch Presbyterian, and that was what my New York friend was. "Ah, but they are all foreign populations," I heard. The next city was Philadelphia, the purest American community of all, and the most hopeless. And after that came Chicago and New York, both mongrel-bred, but the one triumph of reform, the other the best example of good government that I had seen. The "foreign element" excuse is one of the hypocritical lies that save us from the clear sight of ourselves.

Another such conceit of our egotism is that which deplores our politics and lauds our business. This is the wail of the typical American citizen. Now, the typical American citizen is the business man. The typical business man is a bad citizen; he is busy. If he is a "big business man" and very busy, he does not neglect, he is busy with politics, oh, very busy and very businesslike. I found him buying bootleggers in St. Louis, defending grafters in Minneapolis, originating corruption in Pittsburg, sharing with bosses in Philadelphia, deploring reform in Chicago, and beating good government with corruption funds in New York. He is a self-righteous fraud, this big business man. He is the chief source of corruption, and it were a boon if he would neglect politics, But he is not the business man that neglects politics; that worth is the good citizen, the typical business man. He too is busy; he is the one that has no use and therefore no time for politics. When his neglect has permitted bad government to go so far that he can be stirred to action, he is unhappy, and he looks around for a cure that shall be quick, so that he may hurry back to the shop. Naturally, too, when he talks politics, he talks shop. His patent remedy is quack; it is business.

"Give us a business man," he says ("like me," he means). "Let him introduce business methods into politics and government; then I shall be left alone to attend to my business."

There is hardly an office from United States Senator down to Alderman in any part of the country to which the business man has not been elected; yet politics remains corrupt, government pretty bad, and the selfish citizen has to hold himself in readiness like the old volunteer firemen to rush forth at any hour, in any weather, to prevent the fire; and he goes out sometimes and he puts out the fire (after the damage is done) and he goes back to the shop sighing for the business man in politics. The business man has failed in politics as he has in citizenship. Why?

Because politics is business. That's what's the matter with it, That's what's the matter with everything, — art literature, religion, journalism, law, medicine, — they're all business, and all — as you see them, Make politics a sport, as they do in England, or a profession, as they do in Germany, and we'll have — well, something else than we have now, — if we want it, which is another question...

But do the people want good government? Tammany says they don't. Are the people honest? Are the people better than Tammany? Are they better than the merchant and the politician? ...

No, the contemned methods of our despised politics are the most methods of our braggart business, and the corruption that shocks us in public affairs we proactively ourselves in our private concerns. There is no essential difference between the pull that gets your wife into society or for your book a favorable review, and that which gets a heeler into office, a thief out of jail, a rich man's son on the board of directors of a corporation; none between the corruption of a labor union, a bank, and a political machine; none between a dummy director of a trust and the caucus-bound member of a legislature; none between a labor boss like Sam Parks, a boss of banks like John D. Rockefeller, a boss is not a politician, he is an American institution, the product of a freed people that have not the spirit to be free.

And it's all a moral weakness; a weakness right where we think we are strongest. Oh, we are good—on Sunday,

Lincoln Steffens, *Major Problems in the Gilded Age and the Progressive Era* (continued)

and we are "fearfully patriotic" on the Fourth of July. But the bribe we pay to the janitor to prefer our interests to the landlord's, is the little brother of the bribe passed to the alderman to sell a city street, and the father of the air-brake stock assigned to the president of a railroad to have this life-saving invention adopted on his road. And as for graft, railroad passes, saloon and bawdy-house blackmail, and watered democratic institutions and our republican form of government, of our grand Constitution and our just laws. We are a free and sovereign people, we govern ourselves and the government is ours. But that is the point. We are responsible, not our leaders, since we follow them. We let them divert our loyalty from the United States to some "party" and we let them boss the party and turn our municipal democracies into autocracies and our republican nation into a plutocracy. We cheat our government and we let our leaders loot it, and we let them wheedle and bribe our sovereignty from us. True, they pass for us strict laws, but we are content to let them pass also bad laws, giving away public property in exchange; and our good, and often impossible, laws we break our own laws and rob our own government, the lady at the customhouse, the lyncher with his rope, and the captain of industry with his bribe and his rebate. The spirit of graft and of lawlessness is the American spirit...

We Americans may have failed. We may be mercenary and selfish. Democracy with us may be impossible and corruption inevitable, but... we can stand the truth; that there is pride in the character of American citizenship; and that this pride may be a power in the land. So this little volume (*The Shame of the Cities*), a record of shame and yet of self-respect, a disgraceful confession, yet a declaration of honor, is dedicated, in all good faith, to the accused- to all the citizens of all the cities in the United States.

Humanities • Primary Source**In Support of an American Empire, by Albert J. Beveridge****Congressional Record, 56 Congress, 1 Session, pp. 704-712**

MR. PRESIDENT, the times call for candor. The Philippines are ours forever, "territory belonging to the United States," as the Constitution calls them. And just beyond the Philippines are China's illimitable markets. We will not retreat from either. We will not repudiate our duty in the archipelago. We will not abandon our opportunity in the Orient. We will not renounce our part in the mission of our race, trustee, under God, of the civilization of the world. And we will move forward to our work, not howling out regrets like slaves whipped to their burdens but with gratitude for a task worthy of our strength and thanksgiving to Almighty God that He has marked us as His chosen people, henceforth to lead in the regeneration of the world.

This island empire is the last land left in all the oceans. If it should prove a mistake to abandon it, the blunder once made would be irretrievable. If it proves a mistake to hold it, the error can be corrected when we will. Every other progressive nation stands ready to relieve us.

But to hold it will be no mistake. Our largest trade henceforth must be with Asia. The Pacific is our ocean. More and more Europe will manufacture the most it needs, secure from its colonies the most it consumes. Where shall we turn for consumers of our surplus? Geography answers the question. China is our natural customer. She is nearer to us than to England, Germany, or Russia, the commercial powers of the present and the future. They have moved nearer to China by securing permanent bases on her borders. The Philippines give us a base at the door of all the East.

Lines of navigation from our ports to the Orient and Australia, from the Isthmian Canal to Asia, from all Oriental ports to Australia converge at and separate from the Philippines. They are a self-supporting, dividend-paying fleet, permanently anchored at a spot selected by the strategy of Providence, commanding the Pacific. And the Pacific is the ocean of the commerce of the future. Most future wars will be conflicts for commerce. The power that rules the Pacific, therefore, is the power that rules the world. And, with the Philippines, that power is and will forever be the American Republic. . . .

But if they did not command China, India, the Orient, the whole Pacific for purposes of offense, defense, and trade, the Philippines are so valuable in themselves that we should hold them. I have cruised more than 2,000 miles through the archipelago, every moment a surprise at its loveliness and wealth. I have ridden hundreds of miles on the islands, every foot of the way a revelation of vegetable and mineral riches. . . .

Here, then, senators, is the situation. Two years ago there was no land in all the world which we could occupy for any purpose. Our commerce was daily turning toward the Orient, and geography and trade developments made necessary our commercial empire over the Pacific. And in that ocean we had no commercial, naval, or military base. Today, we have one of the three great ocean possessions of the globe, located at the most commanding commercial, naval, and military points in the Eastern seas, within hail of India, shoulder to shoulder with China, richer in its own resources than any equal body of land on the entire globe, and peopled by a race which civilization demands shall be improved. Shall we abandon it?

That man little knows the common people of the republic, little understands the instincts of our race who thinks we will not hold it fast and hold it forever, administering just government by simplest methods. We may trick up devices to shift our burden and lessen our opportunity; they will avail us nothing but delay. We may tangle conditions by applying academic arrangements of self-government to a crude situation; their failure will drive us to our duty in the end.

Humanities · Document-Based Question

The Progressive Movement

This question is based on the accompanying documents (1–8). This question is designed to test your ability to work with historical documents. Some of these documents have been edited for the purposes of this question. As you analyze the documents, take into account both the source of each document and any point of view that may be presented in the document.

Historical Context:

The Progressive movement that began in the late 1800s was an attempt to bring about governmental reforms and to correct injustices in American life.

Task: Using information from the documents and your knowledge of United States history, answer the questions that follow each document in Part A. Your answers to the questions will help you write the Part B essay in which you will be asked to:

- Discuss specific problems or injustices that were present in American life during the late 1800s and early 1900s
- Explain how reforms proposed during the Progressive Era attempted to address these problems

Humanities · Document-Based Question

The Progressive Movement

Part A

Directions: Analyze the documents and answer the short-answer questions that follow each document in the space provided.

Document 1

“Lodgers in a Bayard Street Tenement”



Source: photo by Jacob Riis, 1890

1. State two conditions that Jacob Riis’ photograph shows about life in cities in the late 1800s.

Document 2

With one member trimming beef in a cannery, and another working in a sausage factory, the family had a first-hand knowledge of the great majority of Packingtown swindles. For it was the custom, as they found, whenever meat was so spoiled that it could not be used for anything else, either to can it or else chop it up into sausage. With what had been told them by Jonas, who had worked in the pickle rooms, they could now study the whole of the spoiled meat industry on the inside, and read a new and grim meaning into that old Packingtown jest — that they use everything of the pig except the squeal.
— Upton Sinclair, *The Jungle* (1906)

2. Identify one industrial abuse that is described in this passage from *The Jungle*.

Humanities · Document-Based Question

The Progressive Movement

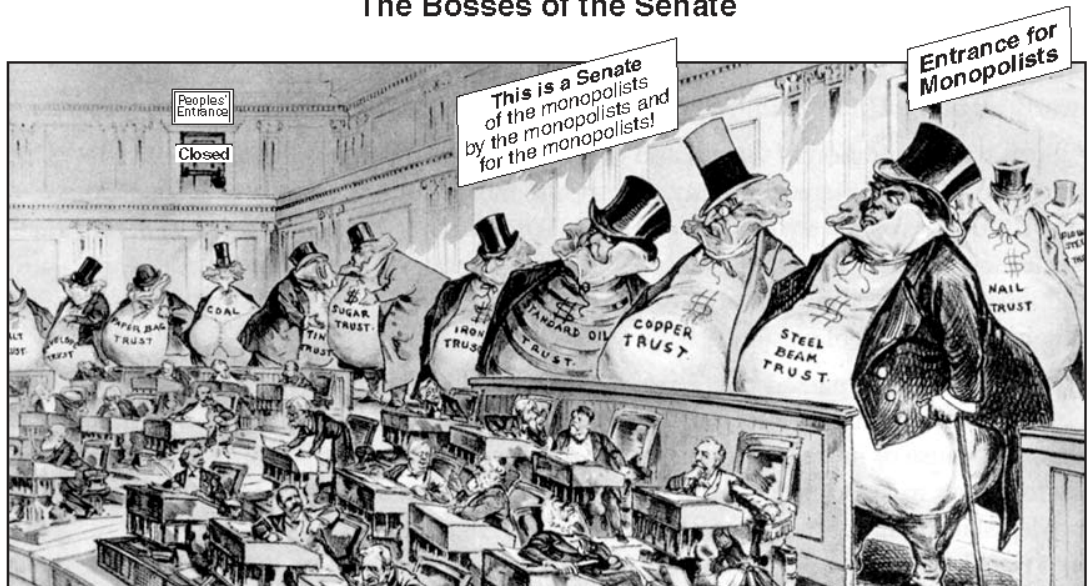
Document 3

Date	Percentage of Children Between the Ages of 10 and 15 Who Worked
1890	18.1
1900	18.2
1910	15.0
1920	11.3

3. According to the chart, how did the percentage of working children between the ages of 10 and 15 change from 1890 to 1920?

Document 4

The Bosses of the Senate



Source: Joseph J. Keppler, 1890, (adapted)

4. According to the cartoon, who were the “Bosses of the Senate”?

Humanities · Document-Based Question

The Progressive Movement

Document 5

Our laws should be so drawn as to protect and encourage corporations which do their honest duty by the public and discriminate sharply against [regulate] those organized in the spirit of mere greed, for improper speculative purpose.
— Theodore Roosevelt (1900)

5. What did Theodore Roosevelt say should be done to corporations that operate with little or no consideration for the public good?

Document 6

We propose . . . “effective legislation to prevent industrial accidents, occupational diseases, overwork, and unemployment . . . to fix minimum standards of health and safety in industry . . . and to provide a living wage throughout industry. . . .”
— Progressive Party platform (1912)

6. State two reforms that were proposed in the Progressive Party platform of 1912.

Humanities · Document-Based Question

The Progressive Movement

Document 7

The Senate of the United States shall be composed of two senators from each state, chosen by the legislature thereof, for six years; and each senator shall have one vote.

—United States Constitution (1787)

The Senate of the United States shall be composed of two senators from each state, elected by the people thereof, for six years; and each senator shall have one vote.

— 17th Amendment to the United States Constitution (1913)

7. How did the 17th Amendment make the selection of United States senators more democratic?

Document 8

The preamble of the Federal Constitution says: "We, the people of the United States. . . ." It was we, the people; not we, the white male citizens; nor yet we, the male citizens; but we, the whole people, who formed the Union. And we formed it, not to give the blessings of liberty, but to secure them; not to the half of ourselves and the half of our posterity, but to the whole people — women as well as men."

— Susan B. Anthony

8. What argument was used by Susan B. Anthony to support the demand that women be given the right to vote?

Humanities · Document-Based Question

The Progressive Movement

Part B. Essay

Directions: Write a well-organized essay that includes an introduction, several paragraphs, and a conclusion. Use evidence from at least five documents in the body of the essay. Support your response with relevant facts, examples, and details. Include additional outside information.

Historical Context:

The Progressive movement that began in the late 1800s was an attempt to bring about governmental reforms and to correct injustices in American life.

Task: Using information from the documents and your knowledge of United States history, write an essay in which you:

- Discuss specific problems or injustices that were present in American life during the late 1800s and early 1900s
- Explain how reforms proposed during the Progressive Era attempted to address these problems

Guidelines:

In your essay, be sure to:

- Address all aspects of the Task by accurately analyzing and interpreting at least five documents
- Incorporate information from the documents
- Incorporate relevant outside information
- Support the theme with relevant facts, examples, and details
- Use a logical and clear plan of organization
- Introduce the theme by establishing a framework that is beyond a simple restatement of the Task or Historical Context and conclude with a summation of the theme

Humanities · Literature Selection
from *Maggie: A Girl of the Streets* by Stephen Crane

Chapter I

A very little boy stood upon a heap of gravel for the honor of Rum Alley. He was throwing stones at howling urchins from Devil's Row who were circling madly about the heap and pelting at him.

His infantile countenance was livid with fury. His small body was writhing in the delivery of great, crimson oaths.

"Run, Jimmie, run! Dey'll get yehs," screamed a retreating Rum Alley child.

"Naw," responded Jimmie with a valiant roar, "dese micks can't make me run."

Howls of renewed wrath went up from Devil's Row throats. Tattered gamins on the right made a furious assault on the gravel heap. On their small, convulsed faces there shone the grins of true assassins. As they charged, they threw stones and cursed in shrill chorus.

The little champion of Rum Alley stumbled precipitately down the other side. His coat had been torn to shreds in a scuffle, and his hat was gone. He had bruises on twenty parts of his body, and blood was dripping from a cut in his head. His wan features wore a look of a tiny, insane demon.

On the ground, children from Devil's Row closed in on their antagonist. He crooked his left arm defensively about his head and fought with cursing fury. The little boys ran to and fro, dodging, hurling stones and swearing in barbaric trebles.

From a window of an apartment house that upreared its form from amid squat, ignorant stables, there leaned a curious woman. Some laborers, unloading a scow at a dock at the river, paused for a moment and regarded the fight. The engineer of a passive tugboat hung lazily to a railing and watched. Over on the Island, a worm of yellow convicts came from the shadow of a building and crawled slowly along the river's bank.

A stone had smashed into Jimmie's mouth. Blood was bubbling over his chin and down upon his ragged shirt. Tears made furrows on his dirt-stained cheeks. His thin legs had begun to tremble and turn weak, causing his small body to reel. His roaring curses of the first part of the fight had changed to a blasphemous chatter.

In the yells of the whirling mob of Devil's Row children there were notes of joy like songs of triumphant savagery. The little boys seemed to leer gloatingly at the blood upon the other child's face.

Down the avenue came boastfully sauntering a lad of sixteen years, although the chronic sneer of an ideal manhood already sat upon his lips. His hat was tipped with an air of challenge over his eye. Between his teeth, a cigar stump was tilted at the angle of defiance. He walked with a certain swing of the shoulders which appalled the timid. He glanced over into the vacant lot in which the little raving boys from Devil's Row seethed about the shrieking and tearful child from Rum Alley.

"Gee!" he murmured with interest. "A scrap. Gee!"

He strode over to the cursing circle, swinging his shoulders in a manner which denoted that he held victory in his fists. He approached at the back of one of the most deeply engaged of the Devil's Row children.

"Ah, what deh hell," he said, and smote the deeply-engaged one on the back of the head. The little boy fell to the ground and gave a hoarse, tremendous howl. He scrambled to his feet, and perceiving, evidently, the size of his

Stephen Crane, *Maggie: A Girl of the Streets*

assailant, ran quickly off, shouting alarms. The entire Devil's Row party followed him. They came to a stand a short distance away and yelled taunting oaths at the boy with the chronic sneer. The latter, momentarily, paid no attention to them.

"What deh hell, Jimmie?" he asked of the small champion.

Jimmie wiped his blood-wet features with his sleeve.

"Well, it was dis way, Pete, see! I was goin' teh lick dat Riley kid and dey all pitched on me."

Some Rum Alley children now came forward. The party stood for a moment exchanging vainglorious remarks with Devil's Row. A few stones were thrown at long distances, and words of challenge passed between small warriors. Then the Rum Alley contingent turned slowly in the direction of their home street. They began to give, each to each, distorted versions of the fight. Causes of retreat in particular cases were magnified. Blows dealt in the fight were enlarged to catapultian power, and stones thrown were alleged to have hurtled with infinite accuracy. Valor grew strong again, and the little boys began to swear with great spirit.

"Ah, we blokies kin lick deh hull damn Row," said a child, swaggering.

Little Jimmie was striving to stanch the flow of blood from his cut lips. Scowling, he turned upon the speaker.

"Ah, where deh hell was yeh when I was doin' all deh fightin?" he demanded. "Youse kids makes me tired."

"Ah, go ahn," replied the other argumentatively.

Jimmie replied with heavy contempt. "Ah, youse can't fight, Blue Billie! I kin lick yeh wid one han'."

"Ah, go ahn," replied Billie again.

"Ah," said Jimmie threateningly.

"Ah," said the other in the same tone.

They struck at each other, clinched, and rolled over on the cobble stones.

"Smash 'im, Jimmie, kick deh damn guts out of 'im," yelled Pete, the lad with the chronic sneer, in tones of delight.

The small combatants pounded and kicked, scratched and tore. They began to weep and their curses struggled in their throats with sobs. The other little boys clasped their hands and wriggled their legs in excitement. They formed a bobbing circle about the pair.

A tiny spectator was suddenly agitated.

"Cheese it, Jimmie, cheese it! Here comes yer fader," he yelled.

The circle of little boys instantly parted. They drew away and waited in ecstatic awe for that which was about to happen. The two little boys fighting in the modes of four thousand years ago, did not hear the warning.

Stephen Crane, *Maggie: A Girl of the Streets*

Up the avenue there plodded slowly a man with sullen eyes. He was carrying a dinner pail and smoking an apple-wood pipe.

As he neared the spot where the little boys strove, he regarded them listlessly. But suddenly he roared an oath and advanced upon the rolling fighters.

"Here, you Jim, git up, now, while I belt yer life out, you damned disorderly brat."

He began to kick into the chaotic mass on the ground. The boy Billie felt a heavy boot strike his head. He made a furious effort and disentangled himself from Jimmie. He tottered away, damning.

Jimmie arose painfully from the ground and confronting his father, began to curse him. His parent kicked him. "Come home, now," he cried, "an' stop yer jawin', er I'll lam the everlasting head off yehs."

They departed. The man paced placidly along with the apple-wood emblem of serenity between his teeth. The boy followed a dozen feet in the rear. He swore luridly, for he felt that it was degradation for one who aimed to be some vague soldier, or a man of blood with a sort of sublime license, to be taken home by a father.

Chapter II

Eventually they entered into a dark region where, from a careening building, a dozen gruesome doorways gave up loads of babies to the street and the gutter. A wind of early autumn raised yellow dust from cobbles and swirled it against an hundred windows. Long streamers of garments fluttered from fire-escapes. In all unhandy places there were buckets, brooms, rags and bottles. In the street infants played or fought with other infants or sat stupidly in the way of vehicles. Formidable women, with uncombed hair and disordered dress, gossiped while leaning on railings, or screamed in frantic quarrels. Withered persons, in curious postures of submission to something, sat smoking pipes in obscure corners. A thousand odors of cooking food came forth to the street. The building quivered and creaked from the weight of humanity stamping about in its bowels.

A small ragged girl dragged a red, bawling infant along the crowded ways. He was hanging back, baby-like, bracing his wrinkled, bare legs.

The little girl cried out: "Ah, Tommie, come ahn. Dere's Jimmie and fader. Don't be a-pullin' me back."

She jerked the baby's arm impatiently. He fell on his face, roaring. With a second jerk she pulled him to his feet, and they went on. With the obstinacy of his order, he protested against being dragged in a chosen direction. He made heroic endeavors to keep on his legs, denounce his sister and consume a bit of orange peeling which he chewed between the times of his infantile orations.

As the sullen-eyed man, followed by the blood-covered boy, drew near, the little girl burst into reproachful cries. "Ah, Jimmie, youse bin fightin' agin."

The urchin swelled disdainfully.

"Ah, what deh hell, Mag. See?"

The little girl upbraided him, "Youse allus fightin', Jimmie, an' yeh knows it puts mudder out when yehs come home half dead, an' it's like we'll all get a poundin'."

Stephen Crane, *Maggie: A Girl of the Streets*

She began to weep. The babe threw back his head and roared at his prospects.

"Ah, what deh hell!" cried Jimmie. "Shut up er I'll smack yer mout'. See?"

As his sister continued her lamentations, he suddenly swore and struck her. The little girl reeled and, recovering herself, burst into tears and quaveringly cursed him. As she slowly retreated her brother advanced dealing her cuffs. The father heard and turned about.

"Stop that, Jim, d'yeh hear? Leave yer sister alone on the street. It's like I can never beat any sense into yer damned wooden head."

The urchin raised his voice in defiance to his parent and continued his attacks. The babe bawled tremendously, protesting with great violence. During his sister's hasty manoeuvres, he was dragged by the arm.

Finally the procession plunged into one of the gruesome doorways. They crawled up dark stairways and along cold, gloomy halls. At last the father pushed open a door and they entered a lighted room in which a large woman was rampant.

She stopped in a career from a seething stove to a pan-covered table. As the father and children filed in she peered at them.

"Eh, what? Been fightin' agin, by Gawd!" She threw herself upon Jimmie. The urchin tried to dart behind the others and in the scuffle the babe, Tommie, was knocked down. He protested with his usual vehemence, because they had bruised his tender shins against a table leg.

The mother's massive shoulders heaved with anger. Grasping the urchin by the neck and shoulder she shook him until he rattled. She dragged him to an unholy sink, and, soaking a rag in water, began to scrub his lacerated face with it. Jimmie screamed in pain and tried to twist his shoulders out of the clasp of the huge arms.

The babe sat on the floor watching the scene, his face in contortions like that of a woman at a tragedy. The father, with a newly-laden pipe in his mouth, crouched on a backless chair near the stove. Jimmie's cries annoyed him. He turned about and bellowed at his wife:

"Let the damned kid alone for a minute, will yeh, Mary? Yer allus poundin' 'im. When I come nights I can't git no rest 'cause yer allus poundin' a kid. Let up, d'yeh hear? Don't be allus poundin' a kid."

The woman's operations on the urchin instantly increased in violence. At last she tossed him to a corner where he limply lay cursing and weeping.

The wife put her immense hands on her hips and with a chieftain-like stride approached her husband.

"Ho," she said, with a great grunt of contempt. "An' what in the devil are you stickin' your nose for?"

The babe crawled under the table and, turning, peered out cautiously. The ragged girl retreated and the urchin in the corner drew his legs carefully beneath him.

The man puffed his pipe calmly and put his great mudded boots on the back part of the stove.

Stephen Crane, *Maggie: A Girl of the Streets*

"Go teh hell," he murmured, tranquilly.

The woman screamed and shook her fists before her husband's eyes. The rough yellow of her face and neck flared suddenly crimson. She began to howl.

He puffed imperturbably at his pipe for a time, but finally arose and began to look out at the window into the darkening chaos of back yards.

"You've been drinkin', Mary," he said. "You'd better let up on the bot', ol' woman, or you'll git done."

"You're a liar. I ain't had a drop," she roared in reply.

They had a lurid altercation, in which they damned each other's souls with frequency.

The babe was staring out from under the table, his small face working in his excitement.

The ragged girl went stealthily over to the corner where the urchin lay.

"Are yehs hurted much, Jimmie?" she whispered timidly.

"Not a damn bit! See?" growled the little boy.

"Will I wash deh blood?"

"Naw!"

"Will I—"

"When I catch dat Riley kid I'll break 'is face! Dat's right! See?"

He turned his face to the wall as if resolved to grimly bide his time.

In the quarrel between husband and wife, the woman was victor. The man grabbed his hat and rushed from the room, apparently determined upon a vengeful drunk. She followed to the door and thundered at him as he made his way down stairs.

She returned and stirred up the room until her children were bobbing about like bubbles.

"Git outa deh way," she persistently bawled, waving feet with their dishevelled shoes near the heads of her children. She shrouded herself, puffing and snorting, in a cloud of steam at the stove, and eventually extracted a frying-pan full of potatoes that hissed.

She flourished it. "Come teh yer suppers, now," she cried with sudden exasperation. "Hurry up, now, er I'll help yeh!"

The children scrambled hastily. With prodigious clatter they arranged themselves at table. The babe sat with his feet dangling high from a precarious infant chair and gorged his small stomach. Jimmie forced, with feverish

Stephen Crane, *Maggie: A Girl of the Streets*

rapidity, the grease-enveloped pieces between his wounded lips. Maggie, with side glances of fear of interruption, ate like a small pursued tigress.

The mother sat blinking at them. She delivered reproaches, swallowed potatoes and drank from a yellow-brown bottle. After a time her mood changed and she wept as she carried little Tommie into another room and laid him to sleep with his fists doubled in an old quilt of faded red and green grandeur. Then she came and moaned by the stove. She rocked to and fro upon a chair, shedding tears and crooning miserably to the two children about their "poor mother" and "yer fader, damn 'is soul."

The little girl plodded between the table and the chair with a dish-pan on it. She tottered on her small legs beneath burdens of dishes.

Jimmie sat nursing his various wounds. He cast furtive glances at his mother. His practised eye perceived her gradually emerge from a muddled mist of sentiment until her brain burned in drunken heat. He sat breathless.

Maggie broke a plate.

The mother started to her feet as if propelled.

"Good Gawd," she howled. Her eyes glittered on her child with sudden hatred. The fervent red of her face turned almost to purple. The little boy ran to the halls, shrieking like a monk in an earthquake.

He floundered about in darkness until he found the stairs. He stumbled, panic-stricken, to the next floor. An old woman opened a door. A light behind her threw a flare on the urchin's quivering face.

"Eh, Gawd, child, what is it dis time? Is yer fader beatin' yer mudder, or yer mudder beatin' yer fader?" ...

Chapter VIII

(At this point in the novella, Maggie was dating a handsome bartender, Pete, and working in a factory.)

As thoughts of Pete came to Maggie's mind, she began to have an intense dislike for all of her dresses.

"What deh hell ails yeh? What makes yeh be allus fixin' and fussin'? Good Gawd," her mother would frequently roar at her.

She began to note, with more interest, the well-dressed women she met on the avenues. She envied elegance and soft palms. She craved those adornments of person which she saw every day on the street, conceiving them to be allies of vast importance to women.

Studying faces, she thought many of the women and girls she chanced to meet, smiled with serenity as though forever cherished and watched over by those they loved.

The air in the collar and cuff establishment strangled her. She knew she was gradually and surely shrivelling in the hot, stuffy room. The begrimed windows rattled incessantly from the passing of elevated trains. The place was filled with a whirl of noises and odors.

She wondered as she regarded some of the grizzled women in the room, mere mechanical contrivances sewing seams and grinding out, with heads bended over their work, tales of imagined or real girlhood happiness, past

Stephen Crane, *Maggie: A Girl of the Streets*

drunks, the baby at home, and unpaid wages. She speculated how long her youth would endure. She began to see the bloom upon her cheeks as valuable.

She imagined herself, in an exasperating future, as a scrawny woman with an eternal grievance. Too, she thought Pete to be a very fastidious person concerning the appearance of women. ...

Chapter XV

(At this point in the novella, Pete has deserted Maggie, and she returns home in despair.)

When he arrived home he found his mother clamoring. Maggie had returned. She stood shivering beneath the torrent of her mother's wrath.

"Well, I'm damned," said Jimmie in greeting.

His mother, tottering about the room, pointed a quivering forefinger.

"Lookut her, Jimmie, lookut her. Dere's yer sister, boy. Dere's yer sister. Lookut her! Lookut her!"

She screamed in scoffing laughter.

The girl stood in the middle of the room. She edged about as if unable to find a place on the floor to put her feet.

"Ha, ha, ha," bellowed the mother. "Dere she stands! Ain' she purty? Lookut her! Ain' she sweet, deh beast? Lookut her! Ha, ha, lookut her!"

She lurched forward and put her red and seamed hands upon her daughter's face. She bent down and peered keenly up into the eyes of the girl.

"Oh, she's jes' dessame as she ever was, ain' she? She's her mudder's purty darlin' yit, ain' she? Lookut her, Jimmie! Come here, fer Gawd's sake, and lookut her."

The loud, tremendous sneering of the mother brought the denizens of the Rum Alley tenement to their doors. Women came in the hallways. Children scurried to and fro.

"What's up? Dat Johnson party on anudder tear?"

"Naw! Young Mag's come home!"

"Deh hell yeh say?"

Through the open door curious eyes stared in at Maggie. Children ventured into the room and ogled her, as if they formed the front row at a theatre. Women, without, bended toward each other and whispered, nodding their heads with airs of profound philosophy. A baby, overcome with curiosity concerning this object at which all were looking, sidled forward and touched her dress, cautiously, as if investigating a red-hot stove. Its mother's voice rang out like a warning trumpet. She rushed forward and grabbed her child, casting a terrible look of indignation at the girl.

Stephen Crane, *Maggie: A Girl of the Streets*

Maggie's mother paced to and fro, addressing the doorful of eyes, expounding like a glib showman at a museum. Her voice rang through the building.

"Dere she stands," she cried, wheeling suddenly and pointing with dramatic finger. "Dere she stands! Lookut her! Ain' she a dindy? An' she was so good as to come home teh her mudder, she was! Ain' she a beaut'? Ain' she a dindy? Fer Gawd's sake!"

The jeering cries ended in another burst of shrill laughter.

The girl seemed to awaken. "Jimmie—"

He drew hastily back from her.

"Well, now, yer a hell of a t'ing, ain' yeh?" he said, his lips curling in scorn. Radiant virtue sat upon his brow and his repelling hands expressed horror of contamination.

Maggie turned and went.

The crowd at the door fell back precipitately. A baby falling down in front of the door, wrenched a scream like a wounded animal from its mother. Another woman sprang forward and picked it up, with a chivalrous air, as if rescuing a human being from an oncoming express train.

As the girl passed down through the hall, she went before open doors framing more eyes strangely microscopic, and sending broad beams of inquisitive light into the darkness of her path. On the second floor she met the garbled old woman who possessed the music box.

"So," she cried, "'ere yehs are back again, are yehs? An' dey've kicked yehs out? Well, come in an' stay wid me teh-night. I ain' got no moral standin'."

From above came an unceasing babble of tongues, over all of which rang the mother's derisive laughter. ...

Chapter XVIII

(Maggie turns to the streets and prostitution; she commits suicide. Her death is not stated and some readers conclude she was murdered.)

When almost to the river the girl saw a great figure. On going forward she perceived it to be a huge fat man in torn and greasy garments. His gray hair straggled down over his forehead. His small, bleared eyes, sparkling from amidst great rolls of red fat, swept eagerly over the girl's upturned face. He laughed, his brown, disordered teeth gleaming under a gray, grizzled moustache from which beer-drops dripped. His whole body gently quivered and shook like that of a dead jelly fish. Chuckling and leering, he followed the girl of the crimson legions.

At their feet the river appeared a deathly black hue. Some hidden factory sent up a yellow glare, that lit for a moment the waters lapping oilily against timbers. The varied sounds of life, made joyous by distance and seeming unapproachableness, came faintly and died away to silence.

Humanities · Literature Selection Study Guide
from *Maggie: A Girl of the Streets* by Stephen Crane

Questions for Review and Discussion

1. How does Maggie and Jimmie's environment influence their development?
2. In chapter eight, what does Maggie admire about the women on the avenue? Why does she admire these attributes?
3. How does Maggie compare the deprivation of her work environment to her probable destiny? Identify the examples of personification and metaphor in her description. How are her thoughts an example of the naturalism movement?
4. What can the reader infer about the mother's state of mind when Maggie returns home? What is ironic about the mother's treatment of her daughter?
5. Which issues addressed in the novella were of interest to Progressives?

Humanities · Literature Selection**from *How the Other Half Lives*, Jacob Riis, 1890****Introduction, Chapter 6**

*Before Hine took his camera to Ellis Island to photograph immigrants who were just arriving, Jacob Riis took his into the tenements of New York to photograph those who had settled in. Riis (1849-1914) came to the United States from Denmark in 1870. He held several menial jobs before embarking on a journalistic career in 1873. Having suffered economic hardship himself, he decided to focus his work on the plight of the poor. In time he became so frustrated with the inability of words to describe the conditions he saw, he turned to photography, using it to particularly dramatic effect at night, when his magnesium flash would temporarily blind his subjects and freeze them in their surroundings. *How the Other Half Lives* caused an immediate sensation and won for Riis the hearty congratulations of Theodore Roosevelt, then New York City's Police Commissioner, who used it to help make his case for reform. The book is a tour that takes middle-class readers through "back alleys . . . stable lanes and hidden byways" to discover the secrets of New York. We present Riis's introduction and his chapter on the Bend, the "foul core of New York's slums." The introduction offers a sense that New York has crossed a line and become irredeemably corrupt. At times reading "The Bend," you may have to remind yourself that Riis was writing out of sympathy for the immigrants.*

INTRODUCTION

LONG ago it was said that "one half of the world does not know how the other half lives." That was true then. It did not know because it did not care. The half that was on top cared little for the struggles, and less for the fate of those who were underneath, so long as it was able to hold them there and keep its own seat. There came a time when the discomfort and crowding below were so great, and the consequent upheavals so violent, that it was no longer an easy thing to do, and then the upper half fell to inquiring what was the matter. Information on the subject has been accumulating rapidly since, and the whole world has had its hands full answering for its old ignorance.

In New York, the youngest of the world's great cities, that time came later than elsewhere, because the crowding had not been so great. There were those who believed that it would never come; but their hopes were vain. Greed and reckless selfishness wrought like results here as in the cities of older lands. "When the great riot occurred in 1863," so reads the testimony of the Secretary of the Prison Association of New York before a legislative committee appointed to investigate causes of the increase of crime in the State twenty-five years ago, "every hiding-place and nursery of crime discovered itself by immediate and active participation in the operations of the mob. Those very places and domiciles, and all that are like them, are to-day nurseries of crime, and of the vices and disorderly courses which lead to crime. By far the largest part—eighty per cent. at least—of crimes against property and against the person are perpetrated by individuals who have either lost connection with home life, or never had any, or whose homes had ceased to be sufficiently separate, decent, and desirable to afford what are regarded as ordinary wholesome influences of home and family. . . . The younger criminals seem to come almost exclusively from the worst tenement house districts, that is, when traced back to the very places where they had their homes in the city here." Of one thing New York made sure at that early stage of the inquiry: the boundary line of the Other Half lies through the tenements.

It is ten years and over, now, since that line divided New York's population evenly. To-day three-fourths of its people live in the tenements, and the nineteenth century drift of the population to the cities is sending ever-increasing multitudes to crowd them. The fifteen thousand tenant houses that were the despair of the sanitarian in the past generation have swelled into thirty-seven thousand, and more than twelve hundred thousand persons call them home. The one way out he saw—rapid transit to the suburbs—has brought no relief. We know now that there is no way out; that the "system" that was the evil offspring of public neglect and private greed has come to stay, a storm-centre forever of our civilization. Nothing is left but to make the best of a bad bargain.

What the tenements are and how they grow to what they are, we shall see hereafter. The story is dark enough, drawn from the plain public records, to send a chill to any heart. If it shall appear that the sufferings and the sins of the "other half," and the evil they breed, are but as a just punishment upon the community that gave it no other choice, it will be because that is the truth. The boundary line lies there because, while the forces for good on one side vastly outweigh the bad—it were not well otherwise—in the tenements all the influences make for evil; because they are the hot-beds of the epidemics that carry death to rich and poor alike; the nurseries of pauperism and crime that fill our jails and police courts; that throw off a scum of forty thousand human wrecks to the island asylums and workhouses year by year; that turned out in the last eight years a round half million beggars to prey upon our charities; that maintain a standing army of ten thousand tramps with all that that implies; because, above all, they touch the family life with deadly moral contagion. This is their worst crime, inseparable from the system. That we have to own it the child of our own wrong does not excuse it, even though it gives it claim upon our utmost patience and tenderest charity.

What are you going to do about it? is the question of to-day. It was asked once of our city in taunting defiance by a band of political cutthroats, the legitimate outgrowth of life on the tenement-house level.¹ Law and order found the answer then and prevailed. With our enormously swelling population held in this galling bondage, will that answer always be given? It will depend on how fully the situation that prompted the challenge is grasped. Forty per cent. of the distress among the poor, said a recent official report, is due to drunkenness. But the first legislative committee ever appointed to probe this sore went deeper down and uncovered its roots. The "conclusion forced itself upon it that certain conditions and associations of human life and habitation are the prolific parents of corresponding habits and morals," and it recommended "the prevention of drunkenness by providing for every man a clean and comfortable home. Years after, a sanitary inquiry brought to light the fact that "more than one-half of the tenements with two-thirds of their population were held by owners veto trade the keeping of them a business, generally a speculation. The owner was seeking a certain percentage on his outlay, and that percentage very rarely fell below fifteen per cent., and frequently exceeded thirty."² . . . The complaint was universal among the tenants that they were entirely smeared for, and that the only answer to their requests to have the place put in order by repairs and necessary improvements was that they must pay their rent or leave. The agent's instructions were simple but emphatic: "Collect the rent in advance, or, failing, eject the occupants." Upon such a stock grew this upas-tree. Small wonder the fruit is bitter. The remedy that shall be an effective answer to the coming appeal for justice must proceed from the public conscience. Neither legislation nor charity can cover the ground. The greed of capital that wrought the evil must itself undo it, as far as it can now be undone. Homes must be built for the working masses by those who employ their labor; but tenements must cease to be "good property" in the old, heartless sense. "Philanthropy and five per cent." is the penance exacted.

If this is true from a purely economic point of view, what then of the outlook from the Christian standpoint? Not long ago a great meeting was held in this city, of all denominations of religious faith, to discuss the question how to lay hold of these teeming masses in the tenements with Christian influences, to which they are now too often strangers. Might not the conference have found in the warning of one Brooklyn builder, who has invested his capital on this plan and made it pay more than a money interest, a hint worth heeding: "How shall the love of God be understood by those who have been nurtured in sight only of the greed of man?"

¹Tweed was born and bred in a Fourth Ward tenement.

² Forty per cent was declared by witnesses before a Senate Committee to be a fair average interest on tenement property. Instances were given of its being one hundred percent and over.

CHAPTER VI. THE BEND

WHERE Mulberry Street crooks like an elbow within hail of the old depravity of the Five Points, is "the Bend," foul core of New York's slums. Long years ago the cows coming home from the pasture trod a path over this hill. Echoes of tinkling bells linger there still, but they do not call up memories of green meadows and summer fields; they proclaim the home-coming of the ragpicker's cart. In the memory of man the old cow-path has never been other than a vast human pig-sty. There is but one "Bend" in the world, and it is enough. The city authorities, moved by the angry protests of ten years of sanitary reform effort, have decided that it is too much and must come down. Another Paradise Park will take its place and let in sunlight and air to work such transformation as at the Five Points, around the corner of the next block. Never was change more urgently needed. Around "the Bend" cluster the bulk of the tenements that are stamped as altogether bad, even by the optimists of the Health Department. Incessant raids cannot keep down the crowds that make them their home. In the scores of back alleys, of stable lanes and hidden byways, of which the rent collector alone can keep track, they share such shelter as the ramshackle structures afford with every kind of abomination rifled from the dumps and ash-barrels of the city. Here, too, shunning the light, skulks the unclean beast of dishonest idleness. "The Bend" is the home of the tramp as well as the rag-picker.



"The Bend"

It is not much more than twenty years since a census of "the Bend" district returned only twenty-four of the six hundred and nine tenements as in decent condition. Three-fourths of the population of the "Bloody Sixth" Ward were then Irish. The army of tramps that grew up after the disbandment of the armies in the field, and has kept up its muster-roll, together with the in-rush of the Italian tide, have ever since opposed a stubborn barrier to all efforts at permanent improvement. The more that has been done, the less it has seemed to accomplish in the way of real relief, until it has at last become clear that nothing short of entire demolition will ever prove of radical benefit. Corruption could not have chosen ground for its stand with better promise of success. The whole district is a maze of narrow, often unsuspected passageways—necessarily, for there is scarce a lot that has not two, three, or four tenements upon it, swarming

with unwholesome crowds. What a birds-eye view of "the Bend" would be like is a matter of bewildering conjecture. Its everyday appearance, as seen from the corner of Bayard Street on a sunny day, is one of the sights of New York.

Bayard Street is the high road to Jewtown across the Bowery, picketed from end to end with the outposts of Israel. Hebrew faces, Hebrew signs, and incessant chatter in the queer lingo that passes for Hebrew on the East Side attend the curious wanderer to the very corner of Mulberry Street. But the moment he turns the corner the scene changes abruptly. Before him lies spread out what might better be the market-place in some town in Southern Italy than a street in New York—all but the houses; they are still the same old tenements of the unromantic type. But for once they do not make the foreground in a slum picture from the American metropolis. The interest centres not in them, but in the crowd they shelter only when the street is not preferable, and that with the Italian is only when it rains or he is sick. When the sun shines the entire population seeks the street, carrying on its household work, its bargaining, its love-making on street or sidewalk, or idling there when it has nothing better to do, with the reverse of the impulse that makes the Polish Jew coop himself up in his den with the thermometer at stewing heat. Along the curb women sit in rows, young and old alike with the odd head-covering, pad or turban, that is their badge of servitude—her's to bear the burden as long as she lives—haggling over baskets of frowsy weeds, some sort of salad probably, stale tomatoes, and oranges not above suspicion. Ash-barrels serve them as counters, and not infrequently does the arrival of the official cart en route for the dump cause a temporary suspension of trade until the barrels have been emptied and restored. Hucksters and pedlars'

Riis, How the Other Half Lives (continued)

carts make two rows of booths in the street itself, and along the houses is still another—a perpetual market doing a very lively trade in its own queer staples, found nowhere on American ground save in "the Bend." Two old hags, camping on the pavement, are dispensing stale bread, baked not in loaves, but in the shape of big wreaths like exaggerated crullers, out of bags of dirty bed-tick. There is no use disguising the fact: they look like and they probably are old mattresses mustered into service under the pressure of a rush of trade. Stale bread was the one article the health officers, peter a raid on the market, once reported as "not unwholesome." It was only disgusting.

Here is a brawny butcher, sleeves rolled up above the elbows and clay pipe in mouth, skinning a kid that hangs from his hook. They will tell you with a laugh at the Elizabeth Street police station that only a few days ago when a dead goat had been reported lying in Pell Street it was mysteriously missing by the time the offal-cart came to take it away. It turned out that an Italian had carried it off in his sack to a wake or feast of some sort in one of the back alleys.



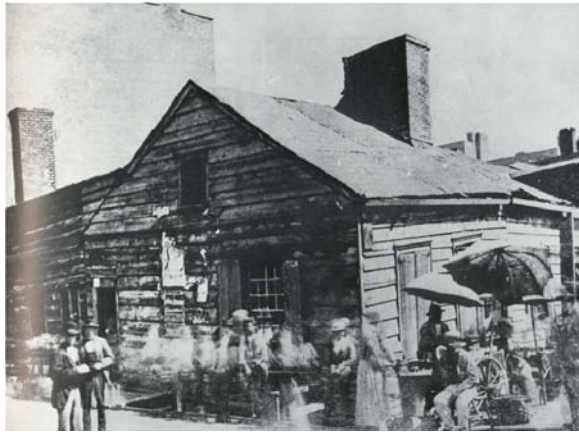
Bandits Roost

On either side of the narrow entrance to Bandit's Roost, one of the most notorious of these, is a shop that is a fair sample of the sort of invention necessity is the mother of in "the Bend." It is not enough that trucks and ash-barrels have provided four distinct lines of shops that are not down on the insurance maps, to accommodate the crowds. Here have the very hallways been made into shops. Three feet wide by four deep, they have just room for one, the shop-keeper, who, himself within, does his business outside, his wares displayed on a board hung across what was once the hall door. Back of the rear wall of this unique shop a hole has been punched from the hall into the alley and the tenants go that way. One of the shops is a "tobacco bureau," presided over by an unknown saint, done in yellow and red—there is not a shop, a stand, or an ash-barrel doing duty for a counter, that has not its patron saint—the other is a fish-stand full of slimy, odd-looking creatures, fish that never swam in American waters, or if they did, were never seen on an American fish-stand, and snails. Big, awkward sausages, anything but appetizing, hang in the grocer's doorway, knocking against the customer's head as if to remind him that they are there waiting to be bought. What they are I never had the courage to ask. Down the street comes a file of women carrying enormous bundles of fire-wood on their heads, loads of decaying vegetables from the market wagons in their aprons, and each a baby at the breast supported by a sort of sling that prevents it from tumbling down. The women do all the carrying, all the work one sees going on in "the Bend." The men sit or stand in the streets, on trucks, or in the open doors of the saloons smoking black clay pipes, talking and gesticulating as if forever on the point of coming to blows. Near a particularly boisterous group, a really pretty girl with a string of amber beads twisted artlessly in the knot of her raven hair has been bargaining long and earnestly with an old granny, who presides over a wheel-barrow load of second-hand stockings and faded cotton yarn, industriously darning the biggest holes while she extols the virtues of her stock. One of the rude swains, with patched overalls tucked into his boots, to whom the girl's eyes have strayed more than once, steps up and gallantly offers to pick her out the handsomest pair, whereat she laughs and pushes him away with a gesture which he interprets as an invitation to stay; and he does, evidently to the satisfaction of the beldame, who forthwith raises her prices fifty per cent without being detected by the girl.

Red bandannas and yellow kerchiefs are everywhere; so is the Italian tongue, infinitely sweeter than the harsh gutturals of the Russian Jew around the corner. So are the "ristorantes" of innumerable Pasquales; half of the people in "the Bend" are christened Pasquale, or get the name in some other way. When the police do not know the name of an escaped murderer, they guess at Pasquale and send the name out on alarm; in nine cases out of ten it fits. So are the "banks" that hang out their shingle as tempting bait on every hand. There are half a dozen in the single block, steamship agencies, employment offices, and savings-banks, all in one. So are the toddling youngsters bow-legged half of them, and so are no end of mothers, present and prospective, some of them scarce

Riis, *How the Other Half Lives* (continued)

yet in their teens. Those who are not in the street are hanging half way out of the windows, shouting at some one below. All "the Bend" must be, if not altogether, at least half out of doors when the sun shines.



Mulberry "Bend," southwest corner of the block

In the street, where the city wields the broom, there is at least an effort at cleaning up. There has to be, or it would be swamped in filth overrunning from the courts and alleys where the rag-pickers live. It requires more than ordinary courage to explore these on a hot day. The undertaker has to do it then, the police always. Right here, in this tenement on the east side of the street, they found little Antonia Candia, victim of fiendish cruelty, "covered," says the account found in the records of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children, "with sores, and her hair matted with dried blood." Abuse is the normal condition of "the Bend," murder its everyday crop, with the tenants not always the criminals. In this block between Bayard, Park,

Mulberry, and Baxter Streets, "the Bend" proper, the late Tenement House Commission counted 155 deaths of children ¹ in a specimen year (1882). Their percentage of the total mortality in the block was 68.28, while for the whole city the proportion was only 46.20. The infant mortality in any city or place as compared with the whole number of deaths is justly considered a good barometer of its general sanitary condition. Here, in this tenement, No. 59 1/2, next to Bandits' Roost, fourteen persons died that year, and eleven of them were children; in No. 61 eleven, and eight of them not yet five years old. According to the records in the Bureau of Vital Statistics only thirty-nine people lived in No. 59 1/2 in the year 1888, nine of them little children. There were five baby funerals in that house the same year. Out of the alley itself, No. 59, nine dead were carried in 1888, five in baby coffins. Here is the record of the year for the whole block, as furnished by the Registrar of Vital Statistics, Dr. Roger S. Tracy:

Deaths and Death-rates in 1888 in Baxter and Mulberry Streets, between Park and Bayard Streets.

	POPULATION			DEATHS			DEATH-RATE		
	Five years old and over	Under five years	Total	Five years old and over	Under five years	Total	Five years old and over	Under five years	General
Baxter Street	1,918	315	2,233	26	46	72	13.56	146.02	32.24
Mulberry Street	2,788	629	3,417	44	86	130	15.78	136.70	38.05
Total	4,706	944	5,650	70	132	202	14.87	139.83	35.75

The general death-rate for the whole city that year was 26.27.

These figures speak for themselves, when it is shown that in the model tenement across the way at Nos. 48 and 50, where the same class of people live in greater swarms (161, according to the record), but under good management, and in decent quarters, the hearse called that year only twice, once for a baby. The agent of the Christian people who built that tenement will tell you that Italians are good tenants, while the owner of the alley will oppose every order to put his property in repair with the claim that they are the worst of a bad lot. Both are right, from their different stand-points. It is the stand-point that makes the difference—and the tenant.

Riis, How the Other Half Lives (continued)

What if I were to tell you that this alley, and more tenement property in "the Bend," all of it notorious for years as the vilest and worst to be found an) where, stood associated on the tax-books all through the long struggle to make its owners responsible, which has at last resulted in a qualified victory for the law, with the name of an honored family, one of the "oldest and best," rich in possessions and in influence, and high in the councils of the city's government? It would be but the plain truth. Nor would it be the only instance by very many that stand recorded on the Health Department's books of a kind that has come near to making the name of landlord as odious in New York as it has become in Ireland. Bottle Alley is around the corner in Baxter Street; but it is a fair specimen of its kind, wherever found. Look into any of these houses, everywhere the same piles of rags, of malodorous bones and musty paper all of which the sanitary police flatter themselves they have banished to the dumps and the warehouses. Here is a "flat" of "parlor" and two pitch-dark coops called bedrooms. Truly, the bed is all there is room for. The family teakettle is on the stove, doing duty for the time being as a wash-boiler. By night it will have returned to its proper use again, a practical illustration of how poverty in "the Bend" makes both ends meet. One, two, three beds are there, if the old boxes and heaps of foul straw can be called by that name; a broken stove with crazy

*Bottle Alley*

pipe from which the smoke leaks at every joint, a table of rough boards propped up on boxes, piles of rubbish in the corner. The closeness and smell are appalling. How many people sleep here? The woman with the red bandanna shakes her head sullenly, but the bare-legged girl with the bright face counts on her fingers—five, six!

"Six, sir!" Six grown people and five children.

"Only five," she says with a smile, swathing the little one on her lap in its cruel bandage. There is another in the cradle—actually a cradle. And how much the rent?

Nine and a half, and "please, sir! he won't put the paper on."

"He" is the landlord. The "paper" hangs in musty shreds on the wall.

*"The Homestead" in "the Bend"*

Well do I recollect the visit of a health inspector to one of these tenements on a July day when the thermometer outside was climbing high in the nineties; but inside, in that awful room, with half a dozen persons washing, cooking, and sorting rags, lay the dying baby alongside the stove, where the doctor's thermometer ran up to 115 degrees! Perishing for the want of a breath of fresh air in this city of untold charities! Did not the manager of the Fresh Air Fund write to the pastor of an Italian Church only last year ² that "no one asked for Italian children," and hence he could not send any to the country?

Half a dozen blocks up Mulberry Street there is a ragpicker's settlement, a sort of overflow from "the Bend," that exists to-day in all its pristine nastiness. Something like forty families are packed into five old two-story and attic houses that were built to hold five, and out in the yards additional crowds are, or were until very recently, accommodated in sheds built of all sorts of old boards and used as

Riis, How the Other Half Lives (continued)

drying racks for the Italian tenants' "stock." I found them empty when I visited the settlement while writing this. The last two tenants had just left. Their fate was characteristic. The "old man," who lived in the corner coop, with barely room to crouch beside the stove—there would not have been room for him to sleep had not age crooked his frame to fit his house—had been taken to the "crazy-house," and the woman who was his neighbor and had lived in her shed for years had simply disappeared. The agent and the other tenants "guessed," doubtless correctly, that she might be found on the "island," but she was decrepit anyhow from rheumatism, and "not much good," and no one took the trouble to inquire for her. They had all they could do attending to their own business and raising the rent. No wonder; I found that for one front room and two "bedrooms" in the shameful old wrecks of buildings the tenant was paying \$10 a month, for the back-room and one bedroom \$9, and for the attic rooms, according to size, from \$3.75 to \$5.50. There is a standing quarrel between the professional—I mean now the official—sanitarian and the unsalaried agitator for sanitary reform over the question of overcrowded tenements. The one puts the number a little vaguely at four or five hundred, while the other asserts that there are thirty-two thousand, the whole number of houses classed as tenements at the census of two years ago, taking no account of the better kind of fats. It depends on the angle from which one sees it which is right. At best the term overcrowding is a relative one, and the scale of official measurement conveniently sliding. Under the pressure of the Italian influx the standard of breathing space required for an adult by the health officers has been cut down from six to four hundred cubic feet. The "needs of the situation" is their plea, and no more perfect argument could be advanced for the reformer's position.

It is in "the Bend" the sanitary policeman locates the bulk of his four hundred, and the sanitary reformer gives up the task in despair. Of its vast homeless crowds the census takes no account. It is their instinct to shun the light, and they cannot be corralled in one place long enough to be counted. But the houses can, and the last count showed that in "the Bend" district, between Broadway and the Bowery and Canal and Chatham Streets, in a total of four thousand three hundred and sixty-seven "apartments" only nine were for the moment vacant, while in the old "Africa," west of Broadway, that receives the overflow from Mulberry Street and is rapidly changing its character, the notice "standing room only" is up. Not a single vacant room was found there. Nearly a hundred and fifty "lodgers" were driven out of two adjoining Mulberry Street tenements, one of them aptly named "the House of Blazes," during that census. What squalor and degradation inhabit these dens the health officers know. Through the long summer days their carts patrol "the Bend," scattering disinfectants in streets and lanes, in sinks and cellars, and hidden hovels where the tramp burrows. From midnight till far into the small hours of the morning the policeman's thundering rap on closed doors is heard, with his stern command, "Apri port!" on his rounds gathering evidence of illegal overcrowding. The doors are opened unwillingly enough—but the order means business, and the tenant knows it even if he understands no word of English—upon such scenes as the one presented in the picture. It was photographed by flashlight on just such a visit. In a room not thirteen feet either-way slept twelve men and women, two or three in bunks set in a sort of alcove, the rest on the floor. A kerosene lamp burned dimly in the fearful atmosphere, probably to guide other and later arrivals to their "beds," for it was only just past midnight. A baby's fretful wail came from an adjoining hall-room, where, in the semi-darkness, three recumbent figures could be made out. The "apartment" was one of three in two adjoining buildings we had found, within half an hour, similarly crowded. Most of the men were lodgers, who slept there for five



Lodgers in a crowded Bayard Street tenement

Another room on the top floor, that had been examined a few nights before, was comparatively empty. There were only four persons in it, two men, an old woman, and a young girl. The landlord opened the door with alacrity, and exhibited with a proud sweep of his hand the sacrifice he had made of his personal interests to satisfy the law. Our visit had been anticipated. The policeman's back was probably no sooner turned than the room was reopened for business.

¹ The term child means in the mortality tables a person under five years of age. Children five years old and over figure in the tables as adults.

² See City Mission Report, February, 1890, page 77.

Humanities · Literature Selection Study Guide
from *How the Other Half Lives*, Jacob Riis, 1890

Questions for Review and Discussion

1. What image of the city does Riis present?
2. Why, according to Riis, should the middle class care about the other half?
3. What offends Riis most about the Bend?
4. What solutions does he propose for the problems he discovers there?
5. What role does light play in *How the Other Half Lives*?
6. What relationship does Riis posit between environment and character?
7. How does Riis view his subjects? What does he assume about their view of themselves?
8. What does Riis hope to achieve through his use of photography?
9. What does Riis suggest about his subjects' prospects for assimilation?

Adapted from <<http://www.nationalhumanitiescenter.org/pds/gilded/people/text5/text5read.htm>>

Humanities · Literature Selection
from *Children of the Tenements*, Jacob Riis

PAOLO'S AWAKENING

Paolo sat cross-legged on his bench, stitching away for dear life. He pursed his lips and screwed up his mouth into all sorts of odd shapes with the effort, for it was an effort. He was only eight, and you would scarcely have imagined him over six, as he sat there sewing like a real little tailor; only Paolo knew but one seam, and that a hard one. Yet he held the needle and felt the edge with it in quite a grown-up way, and pulled the thread just as far as his short arm would reach. His mother sat on a stool by the window, where she could help him when he got into a snarl,--as he did once in a while, in spite of all he could do,--or when the needle had to be threaded. Then she dropped her own sewing, and, patting him on the head, said he was a good boy.

Paolo felt very proud and big then, that he was able to help his mother, and he worked even more carefully and faithfully than before, so that the boss should find no fault. The shouts of the boys in the block, playing duck-on-a-rock down in the street, came in through the open window, and he laughed as he heard them. He did not envy them, though he liked well enough to romp with the others. His was a sunny temper, content with what came; besides, his supper was at stake, and Paolo had a good appetite. They were in sober earnest, working for dear life--Paolo and his mother.

"Pants" for the sweater in Stanton Street was what they were making; little knickerbockers for boys of Paolo's own age. "Twelve pants for ten cents," he said, counting on his fingers. The mother brought them once a week--a big bundle which she carried home on her head--to have the buttons put on, fourteen on each pair, the bottoms turned up, and a ribbon sewed fast to the back seam inside. That was called finishing. When work was brisk--and it was not always so since there had been such frequent strikes in Stanton Street--they could together make the rent money, and even more, as Paolo was learning and getting a stronger grip on the needle week by week. The rent was six dollars a month for a dingy basement room, in which it was twilight even on the brightest days, and a dark little cubbyhole where it was always midnight, and where there was just room for a bed of old boards, no more. In there slept Paolo with his uncle; his mother made her bed on the floor of the "kitchen," as they called it.

The three made the family. There used to be four; but one stormy night in winter Paolo's father had not come home. The uncle came alone, and the story he told made the poor home in the basement darker and drearier for many a day than it had yet been. The two men worked together for a padrone on the scows. They were in the crew that went out that day to the dumping-ground, far outside the harbor. It was a dangerous journey in a rough sea. The half-frozen Italians clung to the great heaps like so many frightened flies, when the waves rose and tossed the unwieldy scows about, bumping one against the other, though they were strung out in a long row behind the tug, quite a distance apart. One sea washed entirely over the last scow and nearly upset it. When it floated even again, two of the crew were missing, one of them Paolo's father. They had been washed away and lost, miles from shore. No one ever saw them again.

The widow's tears flowed for her dead husband, whom she could not even see laid in a grave which the priest had blessed. The good father spoke to her of the sea as a vast God's acre, over which the storms are forever chanting anthems in His praise to whom the secrets of its depths are revealed; but she thought of it only as the cruel destroyer that had robbed her of her husband, and her tears fell faster. Paolo cried, too: partly because his mother cried; partly, if the truth must be told, because he was not to have a ride to the cemetery in the splendid coach. Giuseppe Salvatore, in the corner house, had never ceased talking of the ride he had when his father died, the year before. Pietro and Jim went along, too, and rode all the way behind the hearse with black plumes. It was a sore subject with Paolo, for he was in school that day.

And then he and his mother dried their tears and went to work. Henceforth there was to be little else for them. The luxury of grief is not among the few luxuries which Mott Street tenements afford. Paolo's life, after that, was

Jacob Riis, from *Children of the Tenements*

lived mainly with the pants on his hard bench in the rear tenement. His routine of work was varied by the household duties, which he shared with his mother. There were the meals to get, few and plain as they were.

Paolo was the cook, and not infrequently, when a building was being torn down in the neighborhood, he furnished the fuel as well. Those were his off days, when he put the needle away and foraged with the other children, dragging old beams and carrying burdens far beyond his years.

The truant officer never found his way to Paolo's tenement to discover that he could neither read nor write, and, what was more, would probably never learn. It would have been of little use, for the public schools thereabouts were crowded, and Paolo could not have got into one of them if he had tried. The teacher from the Industrial School, which he had attended for one brief season while his father was alive, called at long intervals, and brought him once a plant, which he set out in his mother's window-garden and nursed carefully ever after. The "garden" was contained within an old starch box, which had its place on the window-sill since the policeman had ordered the fire-escape to be cleared. It was a kitchen-garden with vegetables, and was almost all the green there was in the landscape. From one or two other windows in the yard there peeped tufts of green; but of trees there was none in sight--nothing but the bare clothes-poles with their pulley-lines stretching from every window.

Beside the cemetery plot in the next block there was not an open spot or breathing-place, certainly not a playground, within reach of that great teeming slum that harbored more than a hundred thousand persons, young and old. Even the graveyard was shut in by a high brick wall, so that a glimpse of the greensward over the old mounds was to be caught only through the spiked iron gates, the key to which was lost, or by standing on tiptoe and craning one's neck. The dead there were of more account, though they had been forgotten these many years, than the living children who gazed so wistfully upon the little paradise through the barred gates, and were chased by the policeman when he came that way. Something like this thought was in Paolo's mind when he stood at sunset and peered in at the golden rays falling athwart the green, but he did not know it. Paolo was not a philosopher, but he loved beauty and beautiful things, and was conscious of a great hunger which there was nothing in his narrow world to satisfy.

Certainly not in the tenement. It was old and rickety and wretched, in keeping with the slum of which it formed a part. The whitewash was peeling from the walls, the stairs were patched, and the door-step long since worn entirely away. It was hard to be decent in such a place, but the widow did the best she could. Her rooms were as neat as the general dilapidation would permit. On the shelf where the old clock stood, flanked by the best crockery, most of it cracked and yellow with age, there was red and green paper cut in scallops very nicely. Garlic and onions hung in strings over the stove, and the red peppers that grew in the starch-box at the window gave quite a cheerful appearance to the room. In the corner, under a cheap print of the Virgin Mary with the Child, a small night-light in a blue glass was always kept burning. It was a kind of illumination in honor of the Mother of God, through which the widow's devout nature found expression. Paolo always looked upon it as a very solemn show. When he said his prayers, the sweet, patient eyes in the picture seemed to watch him with a mild look that made him turn over and go to sleep with a sigh of contentment. He felt then that he had not been altogether bad, and that he was quite safe in their keeping.

Yet Paolo's life was not wholly without its bright spots. Far from it. There were the occasional trips to the dump with Uncle Pasquale's dinner, where there was always sport to be had in chasing the rats that overran the place, fighting for the scraps and bones the trimmers had rescued from the scows. There were so many of them, and so bold were they, that an old Italian who could no longer dig, was employed to sit on a bale of rags and throw things at them, lest they carry off the whole establishment. When he hit one, the rest squealed and scampered away; but they were back again in a minute, and the old man had his hands full pretty nearly all the time. Paolo thought that his was a glorious job, as any boy might, and hoped that he would soon be old, too, and as important. And then the men at the cage--a great wire crate into which the rags from the ash barrels were stuffed, to be plunged into the river, where the tide ran through them and carried some of the loose dirt away. That was called washing the rags. To Paolo it was the most exciting thing in the world. What if some day the crate should bring up a fish, a real fish,

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from the river? When he thought of it he wished that he might be sitting forever on that string-piece, fishing with the rag-cage, particularly when he was tired of stitching and turning over, a whole long day.

Besides, there were the real holidays, when there was a marriage, a christening, or a funeral in the tenement, particularly when a baby died whose father belonged to one of the many benefit societies. A brass band was the proper thing then, and the whole block took a vacation to follow the music and the white hearse out of their ward into the next. But the chief of all the holidays came once a year, when the feast of St. Rocco--the patron saint of the village where Paolo's parents had lived--was celebrated. Then a really beautiful altar was erected at one end of the yard, with lights and pictures on it. The rear fire-escapes in the whole row were decked with sheets, and made into handsome balconies,--reserved seats, as it were,--on which the tenants sat and enjoyed it.

A band in gorgeous uniforms played three whole days in the yard, and the men in their holiday clothes stepped up, bowed, and crossed themselves, and laid their gifts on the plate which St. Rocco's namesake, the saloon-keeper in the block, who had got up the celebration, had put there for them. In the evening they set off great strings of fire-crackers in the street in the saint's honor, until the police interfered once and forbade that. Those were great days for Paolo always.

But the fun Paolo loved best of all was when he could get in a corner by himself, with no one to disturb him, and build castles and things out of some abandoned clay or mortar, or wet sand if there was nothing better. The plastic material took strange shapes of beauty under his hands. It was as if life had been somehow breathed into it by his touch, and it ordered itself as none of the other boys could make it. His fingers were tipped with genius, but he did not know it, for his work was only for the hour. He destroyed it as soon as it was made, to try for something better. What he had made never satisfied him--one of the surest proofs that he was capable of great things, had he only known it. But, as I said, he did not.

The teacher from the Industrial School came upon him one day, sitting in the corner by himself, and breathing life into the mud. She stood and watched him awhile, unseen, getting interested, almost excited, as he worked on. As for Paolo, he was solving the problem that had eluded him so long, and had eyes or thought for nothing else. As his fingers ran over the soft clay, the needle, the hard bench, the pants, even the sweater himself, vanished out of his sight, out of his life, and he thought only of the beautiful things he was fashioning to express the longing in his soul, which nothing mortal could shape. Then, suddenly, seeing and despairing, he dashed it to pieces, and came back to earth and to the tenement.

But not to the pants and the sweater. What the teacher had seen that day had set her to thinking, and her visit resulted in a great change for Paolo. She called at night and had a long talk with his mother and uncle through the medium of the priest, who interpreted when they got to a hard place. Uncle Pasquale took but little part in the conversation. He sat by and nodded most of the time, assured by the presence of the priest that it was all right. The widow cried a good deal, and went more than once to take a look at the boy, lying snugly tucked in his bed in the inner room, quite unconscious of the weighty matters that were being decided concerning him. She came back the last time drying her eyes, and laid both her hands in the hand of the teacher. She nodded twice and smiled through her tears, and the bargain was made. Paolo's slavery was at an end.

His friend came the next day and took him away, dressed up in his best clothes, to a large school where there were many children, not of his own people, and where he was received kindly. There dawned that day a new life for Paolo, for in the afternoon trays of modelling-clay were brought in, and the children were told to mould in it objects that were set before them. Paolo's teacher stood by, and nodded approvingly as his little fingers played so deftly with the clay, his face all lighted up with joy at this strange kind of a school-lesson.

After that he had a new and faithful friend, and, as he worked away, putting his whole young soul into the tasks that filled it with radiant hope, other friends, rich and powerful, found him out in his slum. They brought better-paying work for his mother than sewing pants for the sweater, and Uncle Pasquale abandoned the scows to

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become a porter in a big shipping-house on the West Side. The little family moved out of the old home into a better tenement, though not far away. Paolo's loyal heart clung to the neighborhood where he had played and dreamed as a child, and he wanted it to share in his good fortune, now that it had come. As the days passed, the neighbors who had known him as little Paolo came to speak of him as one who some day would be a great artist and make them all proud. He laughed at that, and said that the first bust he would hew in marble should be that of his patient, faithful mother; and with that he gave her a little hug, and danced out of the room, leaving her to look after him with glistening eyes, brimming over with happiness.

But Paolo's dream was to have another awakening. The years passed and brought their changes. In the manly youth who came forward as his name was called in the academy, and stood modestly at the desk to receive his diploma, few would have recognized the little ragamuffin who had dragged bundles of fire-wood to the rookery in the alley, and carried Uncle Pasquale's dinner-pail to the dump. But the audience gathered to witness the commencement exercises knew it all, and greeted him with a hearty welcome that recalled his early struggles and his hard-won success. It was Paolo's day of triumph. The class honors and the medal were his. The bust that had won both stood in the hall crowned with laurel--an Italian peasant woman, with sweet, gentle face, in which there lingered the memories of the patient eyes that had lulled the child to sleep in the old days in the alley. His teacher spoke to him, spoke of him, with pride in voice and glance; spoke tenderly of his old mother of the tenement, of his faithful work, of the loyal manhood that ever is the soul and badge of true genius. As he bade him welcome to the fellowship of artists who in him honored the best and noblest in their own aspirations, the emotion of the audience found voice once more. Paolo, flushed, his eyes filled with happy tears, stumbled out, he knew not how, with the coveted parchment in his hand.

Home to his mother! It was the one thought in his mind as he walked toward the big bridge to cross to the city of his home--to tell her of his joy, of his success. Soon she would no longer be poor. The day of hardship was over. He could work now and earn money, much money, and the world would know and honor Paolo's mother as it had honored him. As he walked through the foggy winter day toward the river, where delayed throngs jostled one another at the bridge entrance, he thought with grateful heart of the friends who had smoothed the way for him. Ah, not for long the fog and slush! The medal carried with it a travelling stipend, and soon the sunlight of his native land for him and her. He should hear the surf wash on the shingly beach and in the deep grottos of which she had sung to him when a child. Had he not promised her this? And had they not many a time laughed for very joy at the prospect, the two together?

He picked his way up the crowded stairs, carefully guarding the precious roll. The crush was even greater than usual. There had been delay--something wrong with the cable; but a train was just waiting, and he hurried on board with the rest, little heeding what became of him so long as the diploma was safe. The train rolled out on the bridge, with Paolo wedged in the crowd on the platform of the last car, holding the paper high over his head, where it was sheltered safe from the fog and the rain and the crush.

Another train backed up, received its load of cross humanity, and vanished in the mist. The damp, gray curtain had barely closed behind it, and the impatient throng was fretting at a further delay, when consternation spread in the bridge-house. Word had come up from the track that something had happened. Trains were stalled all along the route. While the dread and uncertainty grew, a messenger ran up, out of breath. There had been a collision. The last train had run into the one preceding it, in the fog. One was killed, others were injured. Doctors and ambulances were wanted.

They came with the police, and by and by the partly wrecked train was hauled up to the platform. When the wounded had been taken to the hospital, they bore from the train the body of a youth, clutching yet in his hand a torn, blood-stained paper, tied about with a purple ribbon. It was Paolo. The awakening had come. Brighter skies than those of sunny Italy had dawned upon him in the gloom and terror of the great crash. Paolo was at home, waiting for his mother.

Humanities · Literature Selection Study Guide
Jacob Riis, from *Children of the Tenements*

Key Vocabulary

tenement -

scow -

Questions for Review and Discussion

1. What social issue is being “exposed” in this selection? According to the author, how can this social ill be cured?
2. What labor activity often interrupted Paolo and his mother’s ability to make money? Based on this how do you think the author felt about organized labor?
3. What is significant about Paolo’s father’s death? How did it affect Paolo and his family?
4. What are the “bright spots” in Paolo’s life? Why are many of this ironic?
5. What event changed Paolo’s life in this story? How did it also affect his family’s life?
6. Describe your reaction to the end of the story? Why do you think that the author chose this ending? How does it serve to further explicate his message?

Humanities • Literature Selection
from *Looking Backward*, Edward Bellamy

Julian West, the narrator of Looking Backward, was born into an aristocratic family in the late nineteenth century. The gap between the rich and poor was vast and seemingly impossible to remedy through any means. Like other members of his class, Julian thought himself superior to the toiling masses, and he regarded their frequent strikes with anger and contempt. Julian was engaged to Edith Bartlett. They planned to marry when the construction of their new home was completed, but the frequent strikes by the building trades had delayed their marriage for over a year.

Julian, a sufferer of insomnia, had secretly built an underground sleeping chamber to shield himself from street noises. He also enlisted the aid of Doctor Pillsbury, a skilled mesmerist, who never failed to leave Julian in a deep sleep. Pillsbury trained Julian's servant, Sawyer, to revive Julian from a mesmerized sleep. The night before Pillsbury left Boston for a new job in New Orleans, Julian enlisted his help one last time. After Pillsbury left, Julian's home was destroyed by a fire; Julian was protected by his underground chamber. Because no one knew of his chamber, Julian was assumed dead.

Over one hundred years later, Julian's secret chamber is discovered by Doctor Leete, who was preparing the site for the construction of a new laboratory. Julian has not aged a day because he has been in a state of suspended animation. Doctor Leete revives him and takes him into his home. Julian quickly learns that twentieth-century society is vastly different from that of the nineteenth century.

CHAPTER V

When, in the course of the evening the ladies retired, leaving Dr. Leete and myself alone, he sounded me as to my disposition for sleep, saying that if I felt like it my bed was ready for me; but if I was inclined to wakefulness nothing would please him better than to bear me company. "I am a late bird, myself," he said, "and, without suspicion of flattery, I may say that a companion more interesting than yourself could scarcely be imagined. It is decidedly not often that one has a chance to converse with a man of the nineteenth century."

Now I had been looking forward all the evening with some dread to the time when I should be alone, on retiring for the night. Surrounded by these most friendly strangers, stimulated and supported by their sympathetic interest, I had been able to keep my mental balance. Even then, however, in pauses of the conversation I had had glimpses, vivid as lightning flashes, of the horror of strangeness that was waiting to be faced when I could no longer command diversion. I knew I could not sleep that night, and as for lying awake and thinking, it argues no cowardice, I am sure, to confess that I was afraid of it. When, in reply to my host's question, I frankly told him this, he replied that it would be strange if I did not feel just so, but that I need have no anxiety about sleeping; whenever I wanted to go to bed, he would give me a dose which would insure me a sound night's sleep without fail. Next morning, no doubt, I would awake with the feeling of an old citizen.

"Before I acquire that," I replied, "I must know a little more about the sort of Boston I have come back to. You told me when we were upon the house-top that though a century only had elapsed since I fell asleep, it had been marked by greater changes in the conditions of humanity than many a previous millennium. With the city before me I could well believe that, but I am very curious to know what some of the changes have been. To make a beginning somewhere, for the subject is doubtless a large one, what solution, if any, have you found for the labor question? It was the Sphinx's riddle of the nineteenth century, and when I dropped out the Sphinx was threatening to devour society, because the answer was not forthcoming. It is well worth sleeping a hundred years to learn what the right answer was, if, indeed, you have found it yet."

"As no such thing as the labor question is known nowadays," replied Dr. Leete, "and there is no way in which it could arise, I suppose we may claim to have solved it. Society would indeed have fully deserved being devoured if it had failed to answer a riddle so entirely simple. In fact, to speak by the book, it was not necessary for society to solve the riddle at all. It may be said to have solved itself. The solution came as the result of a process of industrial

Edward Bellamy, from *Looking Backward*

evolution which could not have terminated otherwise. All that society had to do was to recognize and cooperate with that evolution, when its tendency had become unmistakable."

"I can only say," I answered, "that at the time I fell asleep no such evolution had been recognized."

"It was in 1887 that you fell into this sleep, I think you said."

"Yes, May 30th, 1887."

My companion regarded me musingly for some moments. Then he observed, "And you tell me that even then there was no general recognition of the nature of the crisis which society was nearing? Of course, I fully credit your statement. The singular blindness of your contemporaries to the signs of the times is a phenomenon commented on by many of our historians, but few facts of history are more difficult for us to realize, so obvious and unmistakable as we look back seem the indications, which must also have come under your eyes, of the transformation about to come to pass. I should be interested, Mr. West, if you would give me a little more definite idea of the view which you and men of your grade of intellect took of the state and prospects of society in 1887. You must, at least, have realized that the widespread industrial and social troubles, and the underlying dissatisfaction of all classes with the inequalities of society, and the general misery of mankind, were portents of great changes of some sort."

"We did, indeed, fully realize that," I replied. "We felt that society was dragging anchor and in danger of going adrift. Whither it would drift nobody could say, but all feared the rocks."

"Nevertheless," said Dr. Leete, "the set of the current was perfectly perceptible if you had but taken pains to observe it, and it was not toward the rocks, but toward a deeper channel."

"We had a popular proverb," I replied, "that 'hindsight is better than foresight,' the force of which I shall now, no doubt, appreciate more fully than ever. All I can say is, that the prospect was such when I went into that long sleep that I should not have been surprised had I looked down from your house-top to-day on a heap of charred and moss-grown ruins instead of this glorious city."

Dr. Leete had listened to me with close attention and nodded thoughtfully as I finished speaking. "What you have said," he observed, "will be regarded as a most valuable vindication of Storiot, whose account of your era has been generally thought exaggerated in its picture of the gloom and confusion of men's minds. That a period of transition like that should be full of excitement and agitation was indeed to be looked for; but seeing how plain was the tendency of the forces in operation, it was natural to believe that hope rather than fear would have been the prevailing temper of the popular mind."

"You have not yet told me what was the answer to the riddle which you found," I said. "I am impatient to know by what contradiction of natural sequence the peace and prosperity which you now seem to enjoy could have been the outcome of an era like my own."

"Excuse me," replied my host, "but do you smoke?" It was not till our cigars were lighted and drawing well that he resumed. "Since you are in the humor to talk rather than to sleep, as I certainly am, perhaps I cannot do better than to try to give you enough idea of our modern industrial system to dissipate at least the impression that there is any mystery about the process of its evolution. The Bostonians of your day had the reputation of being great askers of questions, and I am going to show my descent by asking you one to begin with. What should you name as the most prominent feature of the labor troubles of your day?"

"Why, the strikes, of course," I replied.

"Exactly; but what made the strikes so formidable?"

Edward Bellamy, from *Looking Backward*

"The great labor organizations."

"And what was the motive of these great organizations?"

"The workmen claimed they had to organize to get their rights from the big corporations," I replied.

"That is just it," said Dr. Leete; "the organization of labor and the strikes were an effect, merely, of the concentration of capital in greater masses than had ever been known before. Before this concentration began, while as yet commerce and industry were conducted by innumerable petty concerns with small capital, instead of a small number of great concerns with vast capital, the individual workman was relatively important and independent in his relations to the employer. Moreover, when a little capital or a new idea was enough to start a man in business for himself, workingmen were constantly becoming employers and there was no hard and fast line between the two classes. Labor unions were needless then, and general strikes out of the question. But when the era of small concerns with small capital was succeeded by that of the great aggregations of capital, all this was changed. The individual laborer, who had been relatively important to the small employer, was reduced to insignificance and powerlessness over against the great corporation, while at the same time the way upward to the grade of employer was closed to him. Self-defense drove him to union with his fellows.

"The records of the period show that the outcry against the concentration of capital was furious. Men believed that it threatened society with a form of tyranny more abhorrent than it had ever endured. They believed that the great corporations were preparing for them the yoke of a baser servitude than had ever been imposed on the race, servitude not to men but to soulless machines incapable of any motive but insatiable greed. Looking back, we cannot wonder at their desperation, for certainly humanity was never confronted with a fate more sordid and hideous than would have been the era of corporate tyranny which they anticipated.

"Meanwhile, without being in the smallest degree checked by the clamor against it, the absorption of business by ever larger monopolies continued. In the United States there was not, after the beginning of the last quarter of the century, any opportunity whatever for individual enterprise in any important field of industry, unless backed by a great capital. During the last decade of the century, such small businesses as still remained were fast-failing survivals of a past epoch, or mere parasites on the great corporations, or else existed in fields too small to attract the great capitalists. Small businesses, as far as they still remained, were reduced to the condition of rats and mice, living in holes and corners, and counting on evading notice for the enjoyment of existence. The railroads had gone on combining till a few great syndicates controlled every rail in the land. In manufactories, every important staple was controlled by a syndicate. These syndicates, pools, trusts, or whatever their name, fixed prices and crushed all competition except when combinations as vast as themselves arose. Then a struggle, resulting in a still greater consolidation, ensued. The great city bazaar crushed its country rivals with branch stores, and in the city itself absorbed its smaller rivals till the business of a whole quarter was concentrated under one roof, with a hundred former proprietors of shops serving as clerks. Having no business of his own to put his money in, the small capitalist, at the same time that he took service under the corporation, found no other investment for his money but its stocks and bonds, thus becoming doubly dependent upon it.

"The fact that the desperate popular opposition to the consolidation of business in a few powerful hands had no effect to check it proves that there must have been a strong economical reason for it. The small capitalists, with their innumerable petty concerns, had in fact yielded the field to the great aggregations of capital, because they belonged to a day of small things and were totally incompetent to the demands of an age of steam and telegraphs and the gigantic scale of its enterprises. To restore the former order of things, even if possible, would have involved returning to the day of stage-coaches. Oppressive and intolerable as was the régime of the great consolidations of capital, even its victims, while they cursed it, were forced to admit the prodigious increase of efficiency which had been imparted to the national industries, the vast economies effected by concentration of management and unity of organization, and to confess that since the new system had taken the place of the old the wealth of the world had increased at a rate before undreamed of. To be sure this vast increase had gone chiefly to make the rich richer, increasing the gap between them and the poor; but the fact remained that, as a

Edward Bellamy, from *Looking Backward*

means merely of producing wealth, capital had been proved efficient in proportion to its consolidation. The restoration of the old system with the subdivision of capital, if it were possible, might indeed bring back a greater equality of conditions, with more individual dignity and freedom, but it would be at the price of general poverty and the arrest of material progress.

"Was there, then, no way of commanding the services of the mighty wealth-producing principle of consolidated capital without bowing down to a plutocracy like that of Carthage? As soon as men began to ask themselves these questions, they found the answer ready for them. The movement toward the conduct of business by larger and larger aggregations of capital, the tendency toward monopolies, which had been so desperately and vainly resisted, was recognized at last, in its true significance, as a process which only needed to complete its logical evolution to open a golden future to humanity.

"Early in the last century the evolution was completed by the final consolidation of the entire capital of the nation. The industry and commerce of the country, ceasing to be conducted by a set of irresponsible corporations and syndicates of private persons at their caprice and for their profit, were intrusted to a single syndicate representing the people, to be conducted in the common interest for the common profit. The nation, that is to say, organized as the one great business corporation in which all other corporations were absorbed; it became the one capitalist in the place of all other capitalists, the sole employer, the final monopoly in which all previous and lesser monopolies were swallowed up, a monopoly in the profits and economies of which all citizens shared. The epoch of trusts had ended in The Great Trust. In a word, the people of the United States concluded to assume the conduct of their own business, just as one hundred odd years before they had assumed the conduct of their own government, organizing now for industrial purposes on precisely the same grounds that they had then organized for political purposes. At last, strangely late in the world's history, the obvious fact was perceived that no business is so essentially the public business as the industry and commerce on which the people's livelihood depends, and that to entrust it to private persons to be managed for private profit is a folly similar in kind, though vastly greater in magnitude, to that of surrendering the functions of political government to kings and nobles to be conducted for their personal glorification."

"Such a stupendous change as you describe," said I, "did not, of course, take place without great bloodshed and terrible convulsions."

"On the contrary," replied Dr. Leete, "there was absolutely no violence. The change had been long foreseen. Public opinion had become fully ripe for it, and the whole mass of the people was behind it. There was no more possibility of opposing it by force than by argument. On the other hand the popular sentiment toward the great corporations and those identified with them had ceased to be one of bitterness, as they came to realize their necessity as a link, a transition phase, in the evolution of the true industrial system. The most violent foes of the great private monopolies were now forced to recognize how invaluable and indispensable had been their office in educating the people up to the point of assuming control of their own business. Fifty years before, the consolidation of the industries of the country under national control would have seemed a very daring experiment to the most sanguine. But by a series of object lessons, seen and studied by all men, the great corporations had taught the people an entirely new set of ideas on this subject. They had seen for many years syndicates handling revenues greater than those of states, and directing the labors of hundreds of thousands of men with an efficiency and economy unattainable in smaller operations. It had come to be recognized as an axiom that the larger the business the simpler the principles that can be applied to it; that, as the machine is truer than the hand, so the system, which in a great concern does the work of the master's eye in a small business, turns out more accurate results. Thus it came about that, thanks to the corporations themselves, when it was proposed that the nation should assume their functions, the suggestion implied nothing which seemed impracticable even to the timid. To be sure it was a step beyond any yet taken, a broader generalization, but the very fact that the nation would be the sole corporation in the field would, it was seen, relieve the undertaking of many difficulties with which the partial monopolies had contended."

Humanities · Literature Selection Study Guide
Edward Bellamy, from *Looking Backward*

Key Vocabulary

capital –

labor organizations –

Questions for Review and Discussion

1. What does Dr. Leete find ironic about Julian’s description of the mood of his day?
2. What does Julian say is the “most prominent feature of the labor troubles” of the late 19th century? How does Dr. Leete respond to this accusation?
3. Describe the changes in labor that have occurred over the past 100 years, while Julian has been asleep. What surprises Julian the most about these changes?
4. How would you describe the economic system of the U.S. in the year 2000? According to Dr. Leete, how did it come to be that way?
5. To what does Dr. Leete compare the consolidation of the entire capital of the nation? Why might Julian consider this comparison impossible? (think about the type of economic system and the type of government)
6. According to Dr. Leete, what was the main driving force for the changes in the U.S. economy? Why is this ironic?
7. Why do you think Bellamy choose a man of the wealthy class as his protagonist instead of someone from the working class? Explain your answer.

Humanities · Literature Selection
Excerpt from *The Gilded Age* by Mark Twain

CHAPTER I.

June 18—. Squire Hawkins sat upon the pyramid of large blocks, called the "stile," in front of his house, contemplating the morning.

The locality was Obedstown, East Tennessee. You would not know that Obedstown stood on the top of a mountain, for there was nothing about the landscape to indicate it—but it did: a mountain that stretched abroad over whole counties, and rose very gradually. The district was called the "Knobs of East Tennessee," and had a reputation like Nazareth, as far as turning out any good thing was concerned.

The Squire's house was a double log cabin, in a state of decay; two or three gaunt hounds lay asleep about the threshold, and lifted their heads sadly whenever Mrs. Hawkins or the children stepped in and out over their bodies. Rubbish was scattered about the grassless yard; a bench stood near the door with a tin wash basin on it and a pail of water and a gourd; a cat had begun to drink from the pail, but the exertion was overtaking her energies, and she had stopped to rest. There was an ash-hopper by the fence, and an iron pot, for soft-soap-boiling, near it.

This dwelling constituted one-fifteenth of Obedstown; the other fourteen houses were scattered about among the tall pine trees and among the corn-fields in such a way that a man might stand in the midst of the city and not know but that he was in the country if he only depended on his eyes for information.

"Squire" Hawkins got his title from being postmaster of Obedstown—not that the title properly belonged to the office, but because in those regions the chief citizens always must have titles of some sort, and so the usual courtesy had been extended to Hawkins. The mail was monthly, and sometimes amounted to as much as three or four letters at a single delivery. Even a rush like this did not fill up the postmaster's whole month, though, and therefore he "kept store" in the intervals.

The Squire was contemplating the morning. It was balmy and tranquil, the vagrant breezes were laden with the odor of flowers, the murmur of bees was in the air, there was everywhere that suggestion of repose that summer woodlands bring to the senses, and the vague, pleasurable melancholy that such a time and such surroundings inspire.

Presently the United States mail arrived, on horseback. There was but one letter, and it was for the postmaster. The long-legged youth who carried the mail tarried an hour to talk, for there was no hurry; and in a little while the male population of the village had assembled to help. As a general thing, they were dressed in homespun "jeans," blue or yellow—here were no other varieties of it; all wore one suspender and sometimes two—yarn ones knitted at home,—some wore vests, but few wore coats. Such coats and vests as did appear, however, were rather picturesque than otherwise, for they were made of tolerably fanciful patterns of calico—a fashion which prevails thereto this day among those of the community who have tastes above the common level and are able to afford style. Every individual arrived with his hands in his pockets; a hand came out occasionally for a purpose, but it always went back again after service; and if it was the head that was served, just the cant that the dilapidated straw hat got by being uplifted and rooted under, was retained until the next call altered the inclination; many' hats were present, but none were erect and no two were canted just alike. We are speaking impartially of men, youths and boys. And we are also speaking of these three estates when we say that every individual was either chewing natural leaf tobacco prepared on his own premises, or smoking the same in a corn-cob pipe. Few of the men wore whiskers; none wore moustaches; some had a thick jungle of hair under the chin and hiding the throat—the only pattern recognized there as being the correct thing in whiskers; but no part of any individual's face had seen a razor for a week.

Mark Twain, *The Gilded Age* excerpt

These neighbors stood a few moments looking at the mail carrier reflectively while he talked; but fatigue soon began to show itself, and one after another they climbed up and occupied the top rail of the fence, hump-shouldered and grave, like a company of buzzards assembled for supper and listening for the death-rattle. Old Damrell said:

"Tha hain't no news 'bout the jedge, hit ain't likely?"

"Cain't tell for sartin; some thinks he's gwyne to be 'long toreckly, and some thinks 'e hain't. Russ Mosely he tote ole Hanks he mought git to Obeds tomorrer or nex' day he reckoned."

"Well, I wisht I knowed. I got a 'prime sow and pigs in the cote-house, and I hain't got no place for to put 'em. If the jedge is a gwyne to hold cote, I got to roust 'em out, I reckon. But tomorrer'll do, I 'spect."

The speaker bunched his thick lips together like the stem-end of a tomato and shot a bumble-bee dead that had lit on a weed seven feet away. One after another the several chewers expressed a charge of tobacco juice and delivered it at the deceased with steady, aim and faultless accuracy.

"What's a stirrin', down 'bout the Forks?" continued Old Damrell.

"Well, I dunno, skasely. Ole, Drake Higgins he's ben down to Shelby las' week. Tuck his crap down; couldn't git shet o' the most uv it; hit wasn't no time for to sell, he say, so he 'fotch it back agin, 'lowin' to wait tell fall. Talks 'bout goin' to Mozouri—lots uv 'ems talkin' that-away down thar, Ole Higgins say. Cain't make a livin' here no mo', sich times as these. Si Higgins he's ben over to Kaintuck n' married a high-toned gal thar, outen the fust families, an' he's come back to the Forks with jist a hell's-mint o' whoop-jamboree notions, folks says. He's tuck an' fixed up the ole house like they does in Kaintuck, he say, an' tha's ben folks come cler from Turpentine for to see it. He's tuck an gawmed it all over on the inside with plarsterin'."

"What's plasterin'?"

"I dono. Hit's what he calls it. 'Ole Mam Higgins, she tole me. She say she wasn't gwyne to hang out in no sich a dern hole like a hog. Says it's mud, or some sich kind o' nastiness that sticks on n' covers up everything. Plarsterin', Si calls it."

This marvel was discussed at considerable length; and almost with animation. But presently there was a dog-fight over in the neighborhood of the blacksmith shop, and the visitors slid off their perch like so many turtles and strode to the battle-field with an interest bordering on eagerness. The Squire remained, and read his letter. Then he sighed, and sat long in meditation. At intervals he said:

"Missouri. Missouri. Well, well, well, everything is so uncertain."

At last he said:

"I believe I'll do it.—A man will just rot, here. My house my yard, everything around me, in fact, shows' that I am becoming one of these cattle—and I used to be thrifty in other times."

He was not more than thirty-five, but he had a worn look that made him seem older. He left the stile, entered that part of his house which was the store, traded a quart of thick molasses for a coonskin and a cake of beeswax, to an old dame in linsey-woolsey, put his letter away, an went into the kitchen. His wife was there, constructing some dried apple pies; a slovenly urchin of ten was dreaming over a rude weather-vane of his own contriving; his small sister, close upon four years of age, was sopping corn-bread in some gravy left in the bottom of a frying-pan and

Mark Twain, *The Gilded Age* excerpt

trying hard not to sop over a finger-mark that divided the pan through the middle—for the other side belonged to the brother, whose musings made him forget his stomach for the moment; a negro woman was busy cooking, at a vast fire-place. Shiftlessness and poverty reigned in the place.

"Nancy, I've made up my mind. The world is done with me, and perhaps I ought to be done with it. But no matter—I can wait. I am going to Missouri. I won't stay in this dead country and decay with it. I've had it on my mind sometime. I'm going to sell out here for whatever I can get, and buy a wagon and team and put you and the children in it and start."

"Anywhere that suits you, suits me, Si. And the children can't be any worse off in Missouri than, they are here, I reckon."

Motioning his wife to a private conference in their own room, Hawkins said: "No, they'll be better off. I've looked out for them, Nancy," and his face lighted. "Do you see these papers? Well, they are evidence that I have taken up Seventy-five Thousand Acres of Land in this county—think what an enormous fortune it will be some day! Why, Nancy, enormous don't express it—the word's too tame! I tell your Nancy—"

"For goodness sake, Si—"

"Wait, Nancy, wait—let me finish—I've been secretly bailing and fuming with this grand inspiration for weeks, and I must talk or I'll burst! I haven't whispered to a soul—not a word—have had my countenance under lock and key, for fear it might drop something that would tell even these animals here how to discern the gold mine that's glaring under their noses. Now all that is necessary to hold this land and keep it in the family is to pay the trifling taxes on it yearly—five or ten dollars—the whole tract would not sell for over a third of a cent an acre now, but some day people will be glad to get it for twenty dollars, fifty dollars, a hundred dollars an acre! What should you say to" [here he dropped his voice to a whisper and looked anxiously around to see that there were no eavesdroppers,] "a thousand dollars an acre!

"Well you may open your eyes and stare! But it's so. You and I may not see the day, but they'll see it. Mind I tell you; they'll see it. Nancy, you've heard of steamboats, and maybe you believed in them—of course you did. You've heard these cattle here scoff at them and call them lies and humbugs,—but they're not lies and humbugs, they're a reality and they're going to be a more wonderful thing some day than they are now. They're going to make a revolution in this world's affairs that will make men dizzy to contemplate. I've been watching—I've been watching while some people slept, and I know what's coming.

"Even you and I will see the day that steamboats will come up that little Turkey river to within twenty miles of this land of ours—and in high water they'll come right to it! And this is not all, Nancy—it isn't even half! There's a bigger wonder—the railroad! These worms here have never even heard of it—and when they do they'll not believe in it.

But it's another fact. Coaches that fly over the ground twenty miles an hour—heavens and earth, think of that, Nancy! Twenty miles an hour. It makes a man's brain whirl. Some day, when you and I are in our graves, there'll be a railroad stretching hundreds of miles—all the way down from the cities of the Northern States to New Orleans—and its got to run within thirty miles of this land—may be even touch a corner of it. Well; do you know, they've quit burning wood in some places in the Eastern States? And what do you suppose they burn? Coal!" [He bent over and whispered again:] "There's world—worlds of it on this land! You know that black stuff that crops out of the bank of the branch?—well, that's it. You've taken it for rocks; so has every body here; and they've built little dams and such things with it. One man was going to build a chimney out of it. Nancy I expect I turned as white as a sheet! Why, it might have caught fire and told everything. I showed him it was too crumbly. Then he was going to build it of copper ore—splendid yellow forty-per-cent. ore! There's fortunes upon fortunes of copper ore on our land! It scared me to death, the idea of this fool starting a smelting furnace in his house without

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knowing it, and getting his dull eyes opened. And then he was going to build it of iron ore! There's mountains of iron ore here, Nancy—whole mountains of it. I wouldn't take any chances. I just stuck by him—I haunted him—I never let him alone till he built it of mud and sticks like all the rest of the chimneys in this dismal country. Pine forests, wheat land, corn land, iron, copper, coal—wait till the railroads come, and the steamboats! We'll never see the day, Nancy—never in the world—never, never, never, child. We've got to drag along, drag along, and eat crusts in toil and poverty, all hopeless and forlorn—but they'll ride in coaches, Nancy! They'll live like the princes of the earth; they'll be courted and worshiped; their names will be known from ocean to ocean! Ah, well-a-day! Will they ever come back here, on the railroad and the steamboat, and say, 'This one little spot shall not be touched—this hovel shall be sacred—for here our father and our mother suffered for us, thought for us, laid the foundations of our future as solid as the hills!'"

"You are a great, good, noble soul, Si Hawkins, and I am an honored woman to be the wife of such a man"—and the tears stood in her eyes when she said it. "We will go to Missouri. You are out of your place, here, among these groping dumb creatures. We will find a higher place, where you can walk with your own kind, and be understood when you speak—not stared at as if you were talking some foreign tongue. I would go anywhere, anywhere in the wide world with you I would rather my body would starve and die than your mind should hunger and wither away in this lonely land."

"Spoken like yourself, my child! But we'll not starve, Nancy. Far from it. I have a letter from Beriah Sellers—just came this day. A letter that—I'll read you a line from it!"

He flew out of the room. A shadow blurred the sunlight in Nancy's face—there was uneasiness in it, and disappointment. A procession of disturbing thoughts began to troop through her mind. Saying nothing aloud, she sat with her hands in her lap; now and then she clasped them, then unclasped them, then tapped the ends of the fingers together; sighed, nodded, smiled—occasionally paused, shook her head. This pantomime was the elocutionary expression of an unspoken soliloquy which had something of this shape:

"I was afraid of it—was afraid of it. Trying to make our fortune in Virginia, Beriah Sellers nearly ruined us and we had to settle in Kentucky and start over again. Trying to make our fortune in Kentucky he crippled us again and we had to move here. Trying to make our fortune here, he brought us clear down to the ground, nearly. He's an honest soul, and means the very best in the world, but I'm afraid, I'm afraid he's too flighty. He has splendid ideas, and he'll divide his chances with his friends with a free hand, the good generous soul, but something does seem to always interfere and spoil everything. I never did think he was right well balanced. But I don't blame my husband, for I do think that when that man gets his head full of a new notion, he can out-talk a machine. He'll make anybody believe in that notion that'll listen to him ten minutes—why I do believe he would make a deaf and dumb man believe in it and get beside himself, if you only set him where he could see his eyes tally and watch his hands explain. What a head he has got! When he got up that idea there in Virginia of buying up whole loads of negroes in Delaware and Virginia and Tennessee, very quiet, having papers drawn to have them delivered at a place in Alabama and take them and pay for them, away yonder at a certain time, and then in the meantime get a law made stopping everybody from selling negroes to the south after a certain day—it was somehow that way—mercy how the man would have made money! Negroes would have gone up to four prices. But after he'd spent money and worked hard, and traveled hard, and had heaps of negroes all contracted for, and everything going along just right, he couldn't get the laws passed and down the whole thing tumbled. And there in Kentucky, when he raked up that old numskull that had been inventing away at a perpetual motion machine for twenty-two years, and Beriah Sellers saw at a glance where just one more little cog-wheel would settle the business, why I could see it as plain as day when he came in wild at midnight and hammered us out of bed and told the whole thing in a whisper with the doors bolted and the candle in an empty barrel. Oceans of money in it—anybody could see that. But it did cost a deal to buy the old numskull out—and then when they put the new cog wheel in they'd overlooked something somewhere and it wasn't any use—the troublesome thing wouldn't go. That notion he got up here did look as handy as anything in the world; and how him and Si did sit up nights working at it with the

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curtains down and me watching to see if any neighbors were about. The man did honestly believe there was a fortune in that black gummy oil that stews out of the bank Si says is coal; and he refined it himself till it was like water, nearly, and it did burn, there's no two ways about that; and I reckon he'd have been all right in Cincinnati with his lamp that he

got made, that time he got a house full of rich speculators to see him exhibit only in the middle of his speech it let go and almost blew the heads off the whole crowd. I haven't got over grieving for the money that cost yet. I am sorry enough Beriah Sellers is in Missouri, now, but I was glad when he went. I wonder what his letter says. But of course it's cheerful; he's never down-hearted—never had any trouble in his mlife—didn't know it if he had. It's always sunrise with that man, and fine and blazing, at that—never gets noon; though—leaves off and rises again. Nobody can help liking the creature, he means so well—but I do dread to come across him again; he's bound to set us all crazy, of coarse. Well, there goes old widow Hopkins—it always takes her a week to buy a spool of thread and trade a hank of yarn. Maybe Si can come with the letter, now."

And he did:

"Widow Hopkins kept me—I haven't any patience with such tedious people. Now listen, Nancy—just listen at this:

"Come right along to Missouri! Don't wait and worry about a good price but sell out for whatever you can get, and come along, or you might be too late. Throw away your traps, if necessary, and come empty-handed. You'll never regret it. It's the grandest country—the loveliest land—the purest atmosphere—I can't describe it; no pen can do it justice. And it's filling up, every day—people coming from everywhere. I've got the biggest scheme on earth—and I'll take you in; I'll take in every friend I've got that's ever stood by me, for there's enough for all, and to spare. Mum's the word—don't whisper—keep yourself to yourself. You'll see! Come! —rush!—hurry!—don't wait for anything!"

"It's the same old boy, Nancy, jest the same old boy—ain't he?"

"Yes, I think there's a little of the old sound about his voice yet. I suppose you—you'll still go, Si?"

"Go! Well, I should think so, Nancy. It's all a chance, of course, and, chances haven't been kind to us, I'll admit—but whatever comes, old wife, they're provided for. Thank God for that!"

"Amen," came low and earnestly.

And with an activity and a suddenness that bewildered Obedstown and almost took its breath away, the Hawkinses hurried through with their arrangements in four short months and flitted out into the great mysterious blank that lay beyond the Knobs of Tennessee.

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Excerpt from *The Gilded Age* by Mark Twain

Literary Terms

foreshadowing—

satire—

soliloquy—

vernacular—

Vocabulary

gilded—

squire—

contemplating—

gaunt—

ash-hopper—

balmy—

tranquil—

laden—

repose—

dilapidated—

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Excerpt from *The Gilded Age* by Mark Twain

Questions for Review and Discussion

1. How does Mrs. Hawkins feel about Beriah Sellers?
2. What decision does Squire Hawkins make after he reads the letter from Sellers?
3. What is the Hawkins' financial situation?
4. How does Mrs. Hawkins respond to Squire Hawkins when he tells her of his plans?
5. What does Mrs. Hawkins' soliloquy reveal about her husband?
6. How do the people, including the mail carrier, behave after the mail arrives? What does this say about the community and the people in it?

Humanities · Literature Selection
from *Twenty Years at Hull House*, Jane Addams

CHAPTER VII**PROBLEMS OF POVERTY**

That neglected and forlorn old age is daily brought to the attention of a Settlement which undertakes to bear its share of the neighborhood burden imposed by poverty, was pathetically clear to us during our first months of residence at Hull-House. One day a boy of ten led a tottering old lady into the House, saying that she had slept for six weeks in their kitchen on a bed made up next to the stove; that she had come when her son died, although none of them had ever seen her before; but because her son had "once worked in the same shop with Pa she thought of him when she had nowhere to go." The little fellow concluded by saying that our house was so much bigger than theirs that he thought we would have more room for beds. The old woman herself said absolutely nothing, but looking on with that gripping fear of the poorhouse in her eyes, she was a living embodiment of that dread which is so heartbreaking that the occupants of the County Infirmary themselves seem scarcely less wretched than those who are making their last stand against it.

This look was almost more than I could bear for only a few days before some frightened women had bidden me come quickly to the house of an old German woman, whom two men from the country agent's office were attempting to remove to the County Infirmary. The poor old creature had thrown herself bodily upon a small and battered chest of drawers and clung there, clutching it so firmly that it would have been impossible to remove her without also taking the piece of furniture. She did not weep nor moan nor indeed make any human sound, but between her broken gasps for breath she squealed shrilly like a frightened animal caught in a trap. The little group of women and children gathered at her door stood aghast at this realization of the black dread which always clouds the lives of the very poor when work is slack, but which constantly grows more imminent and threatening as old age approaches. The neighborhood women and I hastened to make all sorts of promises as to the support of the old woman and the country officials, only too glad to be rid of their unhappy duty, left her to our ministrations. This dread of the poorhouse, the result of centuries of deterrent Poor Law administration, seemed to me not without some justification one summer when I found myself perpetually distressed by the unnecessary idleness and forlornness of the old women in the Cook County Infirmary, many of whom I had known in the years when activity was still a necessity, and when they yet felt bustlingly important. To take away from an old woman whose life has been spent in household cares all the foolish little belongings to which her affections cling and to which her very fingers have become accustomed, is to take away her last incentive to activity, almost to life itself. To give an old woman only a chair and a bed, to leave her no cupboard in which her treasures may be stowed, not only that she may take them out when she desires occupation, but that their mind may dwell upon them in moments of reverie, is to reduce living almost beyond the limit of human endurance.

The poor creature who clung so desperately to her chest of drawers was really clinging to the last remnant of normal living--a symbol of all she was asked to renounce. For several years after this summer I invited five or six old women to take a two weeks' vacation from the poorhouse which was eagerly and even gayly accepted. Almost all the old men in the County Infirmary wander away each summer taking their chances for finding food or shelter and return much refreshed by the little "tramp," but the old women cannot do this unless they have some help from the outside, and yet the expenditure of a very little money secures for them the coveted vacation. I found that a few pennies paid their car fare into town, a dollar a week procured lodging with an old acquaintance; assured of two good meals a day in the Hull-House coffee-house they could count upon numerous cups of tea among old friends to whom they would airily state that they had "come out for a little change" and hadn't yet made up their minds about "going in again for the winter." They thus enjoyed a two weeks' vacation to the top of their bent and returned with wondrous tales of their adventures, with which they regaled the other paupers during the long winter.

The reminiscences of these old women, their shrewd comments upon life, their sense of having reached a point where they may at last speak freely with nothing to lose because of their frankness, makes them often the most delightful of companions. I recall one of my guests, the mother of many scattered children, whose one bright spot

Jane Addams, from *Twenty Years at Hull House*

through all the dreary years had been the wedding feast of her son Mike,--a feast which had become transformed through long meditation into the nectar and ambrosia of the very gods. As a farewell fling before she went "in" again, we dined together upon chicken pie, but it did not taste like the "the chicken pie at Mike's wedding" and she was disappointed after all.

Even death itself sometimes fails to bring the dignity and serenity which one would fain associate with old age. I recall the dying hour of one old Scotchwoman whose long struggle to "keep respectable" had so embittered her that her last words were gibes and taunts for those who were trying to minister to her. "So you came in yourself this morning, did you? You only sent things yesterday. I guess you knew when the doctor was coming. Don't try to warm my feet with anything but that old jacket that I've got there; it belonged to my boy who was drowned at sea nigh thirty years ago, but it's warmer yet with human feelings than any of your damned charity hot-water bottles." Suddenly the harsh gasping voice was stilled in death and I awaited the doctor's coming shaken and horrified.

The lack of municipal regulation already referred to was, in the early days of Hull-House, paralleled by the inadequacy of the charitable efforts of the city and an unfounded optimism that there was no real poverty among us. Twenty years ago there was no Charity Organization Society in Chicago and the Visiting Nurse Association had not yet begun its beneficial work, while the relief societies, although conscientiously administered, were inadequate in extent and antiquated in method.

As social reformers gave themselves over to discussion of general principles, so the poor invariably accused poverty itself of their destruction. I recall a certain Mrs. Moran, who was returning one rainy day from the office of the county agent with her arms full of paper bags containing beans and flour which alone lay between her children and starvation. Although she had no money she boarded a street car in order to save her booty from complete destruction by the rain, and as the burst bags dropped "flour on the ladies' dresses" and ""beans all over the place," she was sharply reprimanded by the conductor, who was the further exasperated when he discovered she had no fare. He put her off, as she had hoped he would, almost in front of Hull-House. She related to us her state of mind as she stepped off the car and saw the last of her wares disappearing; she admitted she forgot the proprieties and "cursed a little," but, curiously enough, she pronounced her malediction, not against the rain nor the conductor, nor yet against the worthless husband who had been set up to the city prison, but, true to the Chicago spirit of the moment, went to the root of the matter and roundly "cursed poverty."

This spirit of generalization and lack of organization among the charitable forces of the city was painfully revealed in that terrible winter after the World's Fair, when the general financial depression throughout the country was much intensified in Chicago by the numbers of unemployed stranded at the close of the exposition. When the first cold weather came the police stations and the very corridors of the city hall were crowded by men who could afford no other lodging. They made huge demonstrations on the lake front, reminding one of the London gatherings in Trafalgar Square.

It was the winter in which Mr. Stead wrote his indictment of Chicago. I can vividly recall his visits to Hull-House, some of them between eleven and twelve o'clock at night, when he would come in wet and hungry from an investigation of the levee district, and while he was drinking hot chocolate before an open fire, would relate in one of his curious monologues, his experience as an out-of-door laborer standing in line without an overcoat for two hours in the sleet, that he might have a chance to sweep the streets; or his adventures with a crook, who mistook him for one of this own kind and offered him a place as an agent for a gambling house, which he promptly accepted. Mr. Stead was much impressed with the mixed goodness in Chicago, the lack of rectitude in many high places, the simple kindness of the most wretched to each other. Before he published "If Christ Came to Chicago" he made his attempt to rally the diverse moral forces of the city in a huge mass meeting, which resulted in a temporary organization, later developing into the Civic Federation. I was a member of the committee of five appointed to carry out the suggestions made in this remarkable meeting, and or first concern was to appoint a committee to deal with the unemployed. But when has a committee ever dealt satisfactorily with the unemployed? Relief stations were opened in various part of the city, temporary lodging houses were established,

Jane Addams, from *Twenty Years at Hull House*

Hull-House undertaking to lodge the homeless women who could be received nowhere else; employment stations were opened giving sewing to the women, and street sweeping for the men was organized. It was in connection with the latter that the perplexing question of the danger of permanently lowering wages at such a crisis, in the praiseworthy effort to bring speedy relief, was brought home to me. I insisted that it was better to have the men work half a day for seventy-five cents than a whole day for a dollar, better that they should earn three dollars in two days than in three days. I resigned from the street-cleaning committee in despair of making the rest of the committee understand that, as our real object was not street cleaning but the help of the unemployed, we must treat the situation in such wise that the men would not be worse off when they returned to their normal occupations. The discussion opened up situations new to me and carried me far afield in perhaps the most serious economic reading I have ever done.

A beginning also was then made toward a Bureau of Organized Charities, the main office being put in charge of a young man recently come from Boston, who lived at Hull-House. But to employ scientific methods for the first time at such a moment involved difficulties, and the most painful episode of the winter came for me from an attempt on my part to conform to carefully received instructions. A shipping clerk whom I had known for a long time had lost his place, as so many people had that year, and came to the relief station established at Hull-House four or five times to secure help for his family. I told him one day of the opportunity for work on the drainage canal and intimated that if any employment were obtainable, he ought to exhaust that possibility before asking for help. The man replied that he had always worked indoors and that he could not endure outside work in winter. I am grateful to remember that I was too uncertain to be severe, although I held to my instructions. He did not come again for relief, but worked for two days digging on the canal, where he contracted pneumonia and died a week later. I have never lost trace of the two little children he left behind him, although I cannot see them without a bitter consciousness that it was at their expense I learned that life cannot be administered by definite rules and regulations; that wisdom to deal with a man's difficulties comes only through some knowledge of his life and habits as a whole; and that to treat an isolated episode is almost sure to invite blundering.

It was also during this winter that I became permanently impressed with the kindness of the poor to each other; the woman who lives upstairs will willingly share her breakfast with the family below because she knows they "are hard up"; the man who boarded with them last winter will give a month's rent because he knows the father of the family is out of work; the baker across the street who is fast being pushed to the wall by his downtown competitors, will send across three loaves of stale bread because he has seen the children looking longingly into his window and suspects they are hungry. There are also the families who, during times of business depression, are obliged to seek help from the county or some benevolent society, but who are themselves most anxious not to be confounded with the pauper class, with whom indeed they do not in the least belong. Charles Booth, in his brilliant chapter on the unemployed, expresses regret that the problems of the working class are so often confounded with the problems of the inefficient and the idle, that although working people live in the same street with those in need of charity, to thus confound two problems is to render the solution of both impossible.

I remember one family in which the father had been out of work for this same winter, most of the furniture had been pawned, and as the worn-out shoes could not be replaced the children could not go to school. The mother was ill and barely able to come for the supplies and medicines. Two years later she invited me to supper one Sunday evening in the little home which had been completely restored, and she gave as a reason for the invitation that she couldn't bear to have me remember them as they had been during that one winter, which she insisted had been unique in her twelve years of married life. She said that it was as if she had met me, not as I am ordinarily, but as I should appear misshapen with rheumatism or with a face distorted by neuralgic pain; that it was not fair to judge poor people that way. She perhaps unconsciously illustrated the difference between the relief-station relation to the poor and the Settlement relation to its neighbors, the latter wishing to know them through all the varying conditions of life, to stand by when they are in distress, but by no means to drop intercourse with them when normal prosperity has returned, enabling the relation to become more social and free from economic disturbance.

Jane Addams, from *Twenty Years at Hull House*

Possibly something of the same effort has to be made within the Settlement itself to keep its own sense of proportion in regard to the relation of the crowded city quarter to the rest of the country. It was in the spring following this terrible winter, during a journey to meet lecture engagements in California, that I found myself amazed at the large stretches of open country and prosperous towns through which we passed day by day, whose existence I had quite forgotten.

In the latter part of the summer of 1895, I served as a member on a commission appointed by the mayor of Chicago, to investigate conditions in the county poorhouse, public attention having become centered on it through one of those distressing stories, which exaggerates the wrong in a public institution while at the same time it reveals conditions which need to be rectified. However necessary publicity is for securing reformed administration, however useful such exposures may be for political purposes, the whole is attended by such a waste of the most precious human emotions, by such a tearing of living tissue, that it can scarcely be endured. Every time I entered Hull-House during the days of the investigation, I would find waiting for me from twenty to thirty people whose friends and relatives were in the suspected institution, all in such acute distress of mind that to see them was to look upon the victims of deliberate torture. In most cases my visitor would state that it seemed impossible to put their invalids in any other place, but if these stories were true, something must be done. Many of the patients were taken out only to be returned after a few days or weeks to meet the sullen hostility of their attendants and with their own attitude changed from confidence to timidity and alarm.

This piteous dependence of the poor upon the good will of public officials was made clear to us in an early experience with a peasant woman straight from the fields of Germany, whom we met during our first six months at Hull-House. Her four years in America had been spent in patiently carrying water up and down two flights of stairs, and in washing the heavy flannel suits of iron foundry workers. For this her pay had averaged thirty-five cents a day. Three of her daughters had fallen victims to the vice of the city. The mother was bewildered and distressed, but understood nothing. We were able to induce the betrayer of one daughter to marry her; the second, after a tedious lawsuit, supported his child; with the third we were able to do nothing. This woman is now living with her family in a little house seventeen miles from the city. She has made two payments on her land and is a lesson to all beholders as she pastures her cow up and down the railroad tracks and makes money from her ten acres. She did not need charity for she had an immense capacity for hard work, but she sadly needed the service of the State's attorney office, enforcing the laws designed for the protection of such girls as her daughters.

We early found ourselves spending many hours in efforts to secure support for deserted women, insurance for bewildered widows, damages for injured operators, furniture from the clutches of the installment store. The Settlement is valuable as an information and interpretation bureau. It constantly acts between the various institutions of the city and the people for whose benefit these institutions were erected. The hospitals, the county agencies, and State asylums are often but vague rumors to the people who need them most. Another function of the Settlement to its neighborhood resembles that of the big brother whose mere presence on the playground protects the little one from bullies.

We early learned to know the children of hard-driven mothers who went out to work all day, sometimes leaving the little things in the casual care of a neighbor, but often locking them into their tenement rooms. The first three crippled children we encountered in the neighborhood had all been injured while their mothers were at work: one had fallen out of a third-story window, another had been burned, and the third had a curved spine due to the fact that for three years he had been tied all day long to the leg of the kitchen table, only released at noon by his older brother who hastily ran in from a neighboring factory to share his lunch with him. When the hot weather came the restless children could not brook the confinement of the stuffy rooms, and, as it was not considered safe to leave the doors open because of sneak thieves, many of the children were locked out. During our first summer an increasing number of these poor little mites would wander into the cool hallway of Hull-House. We kept them there and fed them at noon, in return for which we were sometimes offered a hot penny which had been held in a tight little fist "ever since mother left this morning, to buy something to eat with." Out of kindergarten hours our little guests noisily enjoyed the hospitality of our bedrooms under the so-called care of any resident who

Jane Addams, from *Twenty Years at Hull House*

volunteered to keep an eye on them, but later they were moved into a neighboring apartment under more systematic supervision.

Hull-House was thus committed to a day nursery which we sustained for sixteen years first in a little cottage on a side street and then in a building designed for its use called the Children's House. It is now carried on by the United Charities of Chicago in a finely equipped building on our block, where the immigrant mothers are cared for as well as the children, and where they are taught the things which will make life in America more possible. Our early day nursery brought us into natural relations with the poorest women of the neighborhood, many of whom were bearing the burden of dissolute and incompetent husbands in addition to the support of their children. Some of them presented an impressive manifestation of that miracle of affection which outlives abuse, neglect, and crime--the affection which cannot be plucked from the heart where it has lived, although it may serve only to torture and torment. "Has your husband come back?" you inquire of Mrs. S., whom you have known for eight years as an overworked woman bringing her three delicate children every morning to the nursery; she is bent under the double burden of earning the money which supports them and giving them the tender care which alone keeps them alive. The oldest two children have at last gone to work, and Mrs. S. has allowed herself the luxury of staying at home two days a week. And now the worthless husband is back again--the "gentlemanly gambler" type who, through all vicissitudes, manages to present a white shirtfront and a gold watch to the world, but who is dissolute, idle and extravagant. You dread to think how much his presence will increase the drain upon the family exchequer, and you know that he stayed away until he was certain that the children were old enough to earn money for his luxuries. Mrs. S. does not pretend to take his return lightly, but she replies in all seriousness and simplicity, "You know my feeling for him has never changed. You may think me foolish, but I was always proud of his good looks and educated appearance. I was lonely and homesick during those eight years when the children were little and needed so much doctoring, but I could never bring myself to feel hard toward him, and I used to pray the good Lord to keep him from harm and bring him back to us; so, of course, I'm thankful now." She passes on with a dignity which gives one a new sense of the security of affection.

I recall a similar case of a woman who had supported her three children for five years, during which time her dissolute husband constantly demanded money for drink and kept her perpetually worried and intimidated. One Saturday, before the "blessed Easter," he came back from a long debauch, ragged and filthy, but in a state of lachrymose repentance. The poor wife received him as a returned prodigal, believed that his remorse would prove lasting, and felt sure that if she and the children went to church with him on Easter Sunday and he could be induced to take the pledge before the priest, all their troubles would be ended. After hours of vigorous effort and the expenditure of all her savings, he finally sat on the front doorstep the morning of Easter Sunday, bathed, shaved and arrayed in a fine new suit of clothes. She left him sitting there in the reluctant spring sunshine while she finished washing and dressing the children. When she finally opened the front door with the three shining children that they might all set forth together, the returned prodigal had disappeared, and was not seen again until midnight, when he came back in a glorious state of intoxication from the proceeds of his pawned clothes and clad once more in the dingiest attire. She took him in without comment, only to begin again the wretched cycle. There were of course instances of the criminal husband as well as of the merely vicious. I recall one woman who, during seven years, never missed a visiting day at the penitentiary when she might see her husband, and whose little children in the nursery proudly reported the messages from father with no notion that he was in disgrace, so absolutely did they reflect the gallant spirit of their mother.

While one was filled with admiration for these heroic women, something was also to be said for some of the husbands, for the sorry men who, for one reason or another, had failed in the struggle of life. Sometimes this failure was purely economic and the men were competent to give the children, whom they were not able to support, the care and guidance and even education which were of the highest value. Only a few months ago I met upon the street one of the early nursery mothers who for five years had been living in another part of the city, and in response to my query as to the welfare of her five children, she bitterly replied, "All of them except Mary have been arrested at one time or another, thank you." In reply to my remark that I thought her husband had always had such admirable control over them, she burst out, "That has been the whole trouble. I got tired taking care of

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him and didn't believe that his laziness was all due to his health, as he said, so I left him and said that I would support the children, but not him. From that minute the trouble with the four boys began. I never knew what they were doing, and after every sort of a scrape I finally put Jack and the twins into institutions where I pay for them. Joe has gone to work at last, but with a disgraceful record behind him. I tell you I ain't so sure that because a woman can make big money that she can be both father and mother to her children."

As I walked on, I could but wonder in which particular we are most stupid--to judge a man's worth so solely by his wage-earning capacity that a good wife feels justified in leaving him, or in holding fast to that wretched delusion that a woman can both support and nurture her children.

One of the most piteous revelations of the futility of the latter attempt came to me through the mother of "Goosie," as the children for years called a little boy who, because he was brought to the nursery wrapped up in his mother's shawl, always had his hair filled with the down and small feathers from the feather brush factory where she worked. One March morning, Goosie's mother was hanging out the washing on a shed roof before she left for the factory. Five-year-old Goosie was trotting at her heels handing her clothes pins, when he was suddenly blown off the roof by the high wind into the alley below. His neck was broken by the fall, and as he lay piteous and limp on a pile of frozen refuse, his mother cheerily called him to "climb up again," so confident do overworked mothers become that their children cannot get hurt. After the funeral, as the poor mother sat in the nursery postponing the moment when she must go back to her empty rooms, I asked her, in a futile effort to be of comfort, if there was anything more we could do for her. The overworked, sorrow-stricken woman looked up and replied, "If you could give me my wages for to-morrow, I would not go to work in the factory at all. I would like to stay at home all day and hold the baby. Goosie was always asking me to take him and I never had any time." This statement revealed the condition of many nursery mothers who are obliged to forego the joys and solaces which belong to even the most poverty-stricken. The long hours of factory labor necessary for earning the support of a child leave no time for the tender care and caressing which may enrich the life of the most piteous baby.

With all of the efforts made by modern society to nurture and educate the young, how stupid it is to permit the mothers of young children to spend themselves in the coarser work of the world! It is curiously inconsistent that with the emphasis which this generation has placed upon the mother and upon the prolongation of infancy, we constantly allow the waste of this most precious material. I cannot recall without indignation a recent experience. I was detained late one evening in an office building by a prolonged committee meeting of the Board of Education. As I came out at eleven o'clock, I met in the corridor of the fourteenth floor a woman whom I knew, on her knees scrubbing the marble tiling. As she straightened up to greet me, she seemed so wet from her feet up to her chin, that I hastily inquired the cause. Her reply was that she left home at five o'clock every night and had no opportunity for six hours to nurse her baby. Her mother's milk mingled with the very water with which she scrubbed the floors until she should return at midnight, heated and exhausted, to feed her screaming child with what remained within her breasts.

These are only a few of the problems connected with the lives of the poorest people with whom the residents in a Settlement are constantly brought in contact.

I cannot close this chapter without a reference to that gallant company of men and women among whom my acquaintance is so large, who are fairly indifferent to starvation itself because of their preoccupation with higher ends. Among them are visionaries and enthusiasts, unsuccessful artists, writers, and reformers. For many years at Hull-House, we knew a well-bred German woman who was completely absorbed in the experiment of expressing musical phrases and melodies by means of colors. Because she was small and deformed, she stowed herself into her trunk every night, where she slept on a canvas stretched hammock-wise from the four corners and her food was of the meagerest; nevertheless if a visitor left an offering upon her table, it was largely spent for apparatus or delicately colored silk floss, with which to pursue the fascinating experiment. Another sadly crippled old woman, the widow of a sea captain, although living almost exclusively upon malted milk tablets as affording a cheap form of prepared food, was always eager to talk of the beautiful illuminated manuscripts she had sought out in her

Jane Addams, from *Twenty Years at Hull House*

travels and to show specimens of her own work as an illuminator. Still another of these impressive old women was an inveterate inventor. Although she had seen prosperous days in England, when we knew her, she subsisted largely upon the samples given away at the demonstration counters of the department stores, and on bits of food which she cooked on a coal shovel in the furnace of the apartment house whose basement back room she occupied. Although her inventions were not practicable, various experts to whom they were submitted always pronounced them suggestive and ingenious. I once saw her receive this complimentary verdict—"this ribbon to stick in her coat"—with such dignity and gravity that the words of condolence for her financial disappointment, died upon my lips. These indomitable souls are but three out of many whom I might instance to prove that those who are handicapped in the race for life's goods, sometimes play a magnificent trick upon the jade, life herself, by ceasing to know whether or not they possess any of her tawdry goods and chattels.

Humanities · Literature Selection Study Guide
Jane Addams, from *Twenty Years at Hull House*

Key Vocabulary

Settlement house –

Social reformers –

Questions for Review and Discussion

1. According to the selection, which groups of people are most affected by poverty? Why?
2. Describe the condition of those of old age in Addams' account.
3. Who is most responsible for helping the poor of the Chicago area in this excerpt? Why do you suspect this is so?
4. What problems do women affected by poverty face? Do you get the impression that women are more or less affected by poverty than any other group? Why?

Humanities · Activity
Image Analysis

Look closely at the image below. Use elements of the image to support the following theses:

Thesis #1: After the Civil War, the availability of natural resources, new inventions, and a receptive market combined to fuel an industrial boom that included an increased demand for labor.

Thesis #2: Child laborers barely experienced their youth. Going to school to prepare for a better future was an opportunity these underage workers rarely enjoyed.



Spinner Girl—Whitnel Cotton Mill, North Carolina
Artist: Lewis Hine (1909)

Use the space below to explain how the elements of the image support the above theses:

Humanities · Activity

Image Analysis

Look closely at the image below. Use elements of the image to support the following theses:

Thesis #1: Middle-class mothers kept their small children at home thus providing them with more educational opportunities and more time for play.

Thesis #2: For middle-class children of the Gilded Age and Progressive Era, childhood could last deep into the teenage years.



An Interlude

Artist: William Sergeant Kendall (1907)

Use the space below to explain how the elements of the image support the above theses:

Humanities · Activity

Image Analysis

Making Inferences from Images

Look closely at the image below and read each of the subsequent statements. Circle the one statement that best fits what the image is portraying. Then, on the next page, explain your choice by discussing how the artist's use of specific details supports your inference.



Tenement Children (February, 1910)

1. A seven-year-old girl is caught playing “*hide and seek*” with her siblings by a photographer.
2. A seven-year-old girl struggles to care for her sisters and baby brother while her immigrant parents look for work.
3. A seven-year-old girl takes her sisters and brother for a stroll around Central Park in New York City.
4. A seven-year-old girl shows the photographer that she is strong enough to lift her baby brother.

Humanities · Activity
Image Analysis



Artist: John Singer Sargent (1893)

1. A young mother sits for her portrait to celebrate the birth of her first child in 1890's Wyoming.
2. A young teenager stares fearfully at the artist as he paints her portrait to celebrate her eighteenth birthday.
3. A wealthy heiress stares calmly and self-assuredly at the painter as he paints her portrait on the eve of her wedding.
4. A young woman stares out of the canvas in sorrow as she is mourning the loss of her parents who died on the *Titanic*.

Humanities · Activity
Image Analysis

Two Faces of Manhood



Young Jesse (1865)



Young Edwin (1862)

1. Older brother Jesse mimics his younger brother's pose in a photograph taken as he prepares for revenge on German soldiers for the death of Edwin.
2. Two young men pose for remembrance portraits for their sweethearts in case they are killed in battle against the Spanish in Cuba.
3. Both Jesse and Edwin, wealthy young men from the East coast, take advantage of new photographic technology and sit for portraits for their parents.
4. The portraits of young men begin to reflect the cultural conflicts and East-West tensions sweeping the nation during and after the Civil War.

Humanities · Activity

Image Analysis

Answer each of the questions to demonstrate support for your inferential statement from the previous page.

1. In no more than thirty words, summarize what you think is happening in the photographs. Hint...Think of this as the plot in a work of fiction...what is happening, what are the occasions? How does this support your original inference?
2. Now, look at the characters in these images; what can they tell us? Look at the ages, facial features, social classes, clothing styles, etc. While we don't know them personally, by studying their body language, how they are dressed, etc. we can start to build an understanding of who they are. Describe the characters in this work but try to look at the composition as a whole and choose details that support your inference.
3. Setting/background is often one of the most important aspects of an image and these portraits are no different. Examine the setting/background and provide details that support your inference. What do the background and framing (or lack thereof) suggest to the viewer?
4. When we analyze fiction, we often look to the author's words to allow us access to his/her intentions or motivations; likewise, the same ideas can be used to understand the artist's or photographer's work. Therefore, analyze the photographer's composition (viewpoint...where photographer is looking, arrangement of people, where people are looking... their gaze, formal vs. informal pose, use of props, etc.) in order to support the choice of your inference statement.

Humanities · Activity

Jacob Riis, Tenement Life Photographs



The Statue of Liberty
Ellis Island Foundation, Inc.



Immigrants waiting in line with their luggage.
The Statue of Liberty, Ellis Island Foundation, Inc.

Humanities · Activity

Jacob Riis, Tenement Life Photographs



Humanities · Activity

Jacob Riis, Tenement Life Photographs



Humanities · Activity

Jacob Riis, Tenement Life Photographs



Humanities · Activity

Jacob Riis, Tenement Life Photographs



Humanities · Activity

Jacob Riis, Tenement Life Photographs



Humanities · Activity

Jacob Riis, Tenement Life Photographs



Humanities · Activity

Jacob Riis, Tenement Life Photographs



Humanities · Activity

Jacob Riis, Tenement Life Photographs



Humanities · Activity

Jacob Riis, Tenement Life Photographs



Humanities · Activity

Jacob Riis, Tenement Life Photographs



Humanities · Activity

Jacob Riis, Tenement Life Photographs



Humanities · Activity

Jacob Riis, Tenement Life Photographs



Humanities · Activity

Lewis Hine, Child Labor Photographs



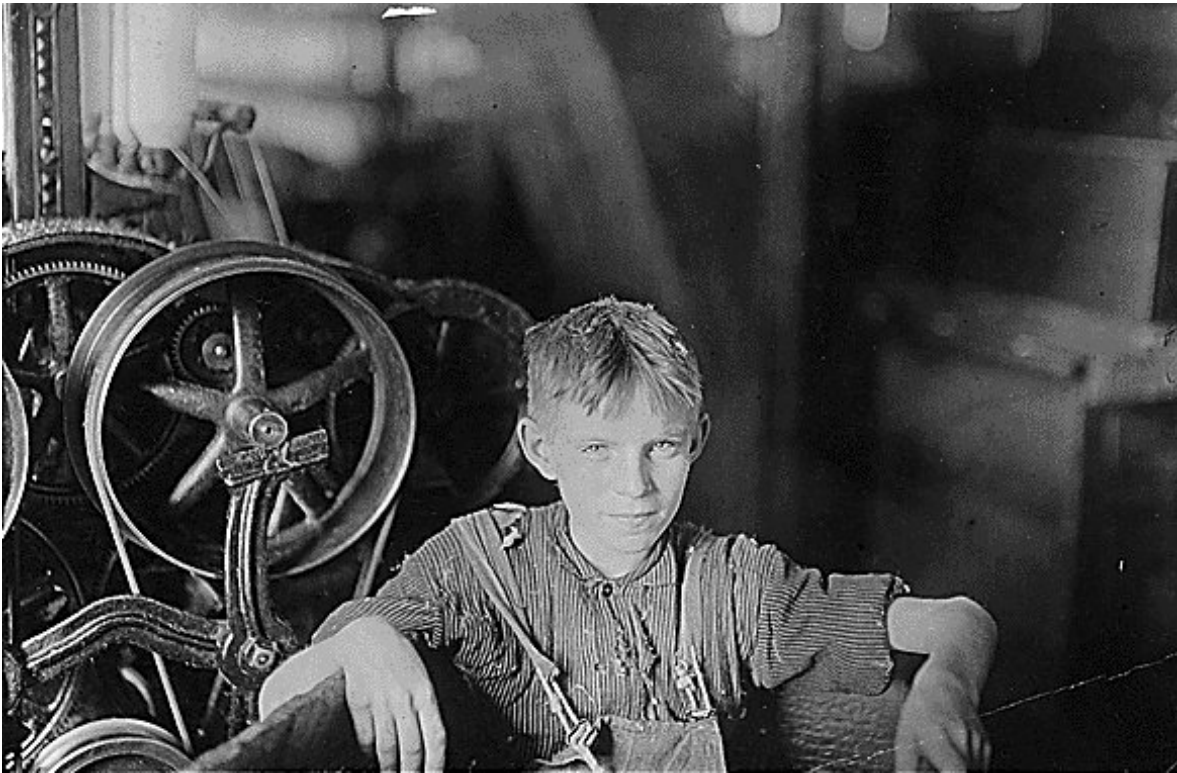
Humanities · Activity

Lewis Hine, Child Labor Photographs



Humanities · Activity

Lewis Hine, Child Labor Photographs



Humanities · Activity

Lewis Hine, Child Labor Photographs



Humanities · Activity

Lewis Hine, Child Labor Photographs



Humanities · Activity

Lewis Hine, Child Labor Photographs



Humanities · Activity

Triangle Factory Fire Photographs



Humanities · Activity
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FIRE TRAP VICTIMS BURIED

DRAFT NEW LAW TO SAVE SHOP WORK

THE WEATHER
Part and much milder today, but
no sun.

NEW YORK EVENING JOURNAL

8TH EDITION
EXTRA

No. 9321 P. M.

NEW YORK, TUESDAY, MARCH 23, 1911.

Price, 10 Cents Per Copy

ONE CENT

SHEEHAN LOSES IN CAUCUS

Attended to by a caucus in New York, William P. Sheehan, the aspirant for the Democratic nomination for the office of mayor, today made a speech in the caucus which was a defeat for him.



Who is responsible for the disaster of the fire and the loss of life? The picture depicts the scene at the Triangle factory.

Who is Responsible?



These dead girls cry aloud, not for revenge, but for justice. Their names were not on the list of the dead, but their names were on the list of the living.

WOMAN TELLS OF FIGHT FOR LIFE AT BARRED DOORS!

The latest developments to-day in the Aach building fire, where 145 wage earners, the majority of them girls, lost their lives, are these:
Mrs. Irene Selvon, who escaped from the burning building, corroborated in a thrilling story of the fire the charge made by Chief Croker and others that the doors were locked, cutting off all escape by the stairs. Mrs. Selvon will tell her story to-day to the District Attorney and the police.
Fire Marshal William L. Boers to-day will continue his inquiry into the fire. He will examine fifteen operators and eight firemen.
Twenty-nine more bodies were identified, making a total of 119 out of the 145 victims. In this total are included the skull and the two bodies the police investigators still in the subcellar. The number of hoodies removed to the Morgue was 42. This leaves twenty-nine unidentified at the Morgue.
Through the efforts of the Evening Journal and American a committee comprising five men of expert opinion was organized to advise amendments to the present building laws that will three establishments around working men and women in crowded shops and tall manufacturing structures.
Contributions for the relief of the families of the victims to-day reached the total of \$14,000. Of this amount Joseph E. Smith, treasurer of the Red Cross fund, received \$4,000, while \$8,000 was received at the Mayor's office.
There will be a few quiet funerals to-day, and to-day there will be news, when the victims of the fire have been buried, with a head marching about playing dead marches. The Silver Jubilee Union and other labor organizations have planned to march in the funeral procession. Religious services will be held in synagogue and Christian churches.
Hugh P. Miller, Commissioner of Buildings, who has been on a pleasure jaunt to Panama, arrived at Newark, N. J., yesterday, and is reported to be interesting to New York to-day.
Dr. O'Connor, who has charge of the bodies at the Morgue, will to-day remove the trunks and jewelry of the unidentified dead to the East Thirty-fifth street station. Later they will be taken to the Coroner's office.
SURVIVOR'S REMARKABLE STORY.
The remarkable story of Mrs. Irene Selvon, of No. 130 East Second street, who escaped from the burning Aach Building, in which she corroborates Fire Chief Croker and others, who charge that the doors leading to the stairs were locked, cutting off all escape in that direction, was related to-day to an Evening Journal reporter before Mrs. Selvon went to the District Attorney's office to make her statement.
"I had been employed for the last two years as a sewing machine operator in the factory of the Triangle Shirt Waist Company at Washington place and Greene street," said Mrs. Selvon. "I was familiar with the eighth and ninth and tenth floors of the building, and with all the ways of entering and leaving the place."
"I had a room on the eighth floor, a small room, but I had a key to the door. I had a key to the door of the eighth floor, and I had a key to the door of the ninth floor, and I had a key to the door of the tenth floor."
"I had a key to the door of the eighth floor, and I had a key to the door of the ninth floor, and I had a key to the door of the tenth floor."
"I had a key to the door of the eighth floor, and I had a key to the door of the ninth floor, and I had a key to the door of the tenth floor."
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"I had a key to the door of the eighth floor, and I had a key to the door of the ninth floor, and I had a key to the door of the tenth floor."
"I had a key to the door of the eighth floor, and I had a key to the door of the ninth floor, and I had a key to the door of the tenth floor."

7 HURT AS AUTO HITS AMBULANCE

A motor car in the vicinity of the building at No. 128 Westchester street, Brooklyn, to-day had some trouble with the motor. The car, owned by a woman, was being driven by a man. The car was hit by a truck, and the driver was injured. The truck driver was also injured. The car was damaged. The truck was damaged. The driver of the car was taken to the hospital. The driver of the truck was taken to the hospital. The car was towed away. The truck was towed away.

POLICEMAN HURT BY RUNAWAY HORSE

Police Officer John W. Wilson, of the 10th Precinct, was injured today by a horse that ran away from a harness shop. The horse was running in the street, and the officer was hit by the horse's head. The officer was taken to the hospital. The horse was captured.

ENDS HIS ILLS BY BULLET IN HEART

The great drama that right across the street from the Aach Building, in which a man named John J. Smith, a police officer, was shot and killed. The man was shot by a man named John J. Smith. The man was shot in the heart. The man was killed.

Ends Life in Cemetery P.O. May this Sunday

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AMERICAN READERS Will Take Your Pains

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SUES HUSBAND TO GET SON AND \$50,000

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Why Door Was Key Locked

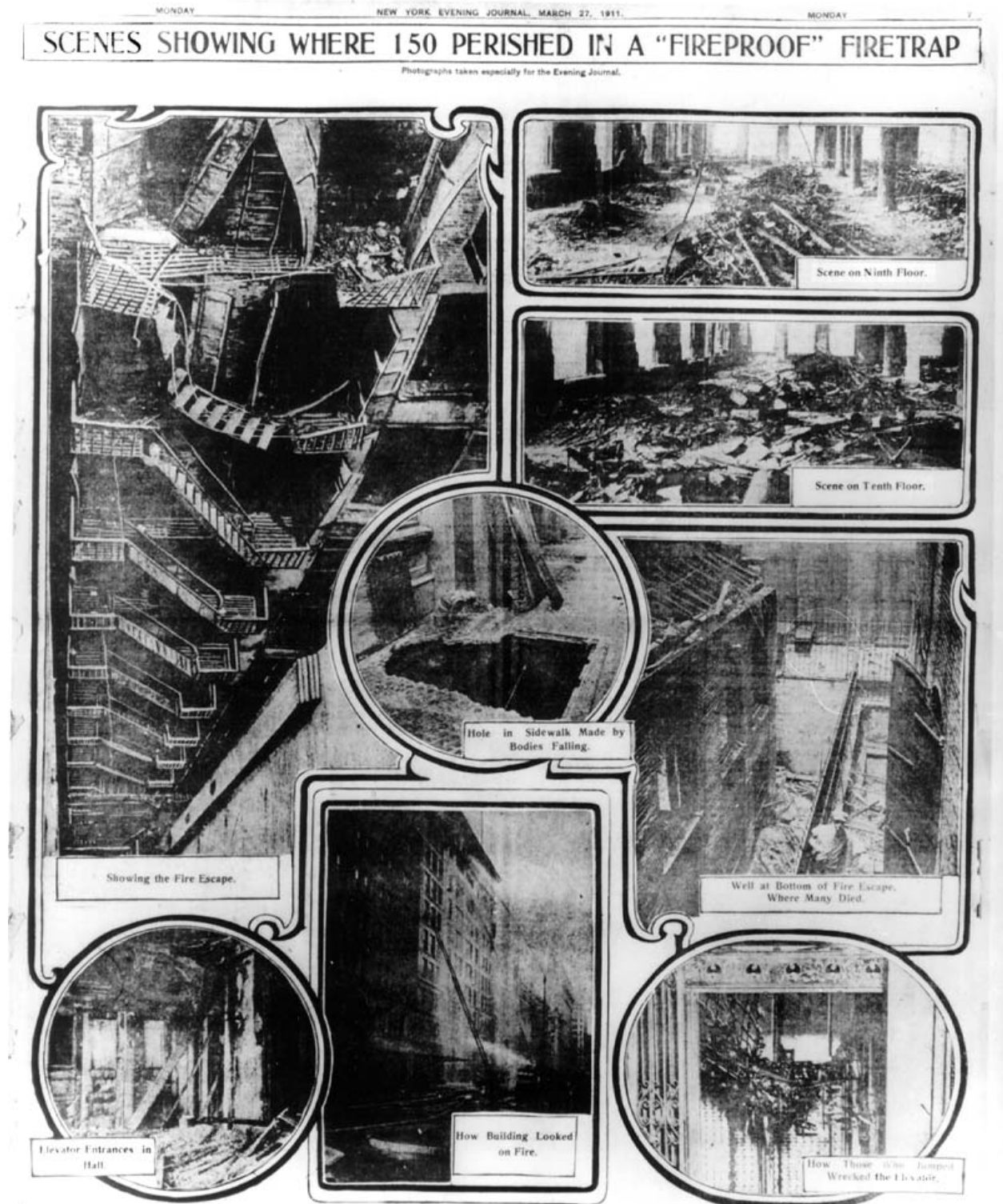
Advertisement for a product or service.

This Ought to Fit Somebody: Who is He?



Humanities · Activity

Triangle Factory Fire Photographs



Humanities · Teacher Resource Notebook

Unit 3: 20th Century America to 1941

Essential Question: *How are patterns of cause and effect evident in the chronology of history?*



COLUMBUS CITY SCHOOLS

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Humanities · Recommended Readings and Resources

Unit 3: 20th Century America to 1941

Novels

William H. Armstrong, *Souder*

[Study Guide: <http://www.glencoe.com/sec/literature/litlibrary/pdf/souder.pdf>]

Richard Wright, *Black Boy*

Ernest Hemingway, *A Farewell to Arms*

F. Scott Fitzgerald, *The Great Gatsby*

John Steinbeck, *The Red Pony*

Literature Textbook Correlations

Literature, Language and Literacy: Grade Ten, Prentice Hall 2010

- Douglass, Ann. "Feel the City's Pulse? Be-bop." p. 91
- Hughes, Langston. "Marian Anderson, Famous Concert Singer." p. 98
- Kelley, William Melvin. "A Visit to Grandmother." p. 243
- West, Dorothy. "The Sun Parlor." P. 490
- Johnson, James Weldon. "My City." p. 677
- Hughes, Langston. "The Weary Blues." p. 736
- McCrae, John. "In Flanders Fields." p. 738
- Sandburg, Carl. "Jazz Fanstasia." p. 739

Retrieving the American Past Humanities Reader Selections

- Speech at the Atlanta Exposition, Booker T. Washington, 1895, p. 91
- The Souls of Black Folk*, W. E. B. Du Bois, 1903, p. 97
- Declaration of Principles of the NAACP, W. E. B. Du Bois, 1905, p. 103
- "Soldier's Home" by Ernest Hemingway, p. 109
- American Women and the World War, Ida Clyde Clarke, 1918, p. 117
- In Defense of the Treaty of Versailles, Woodrow Wilson, 1919, p. 121
- Speech Delivered in Canton, Ohio, June 16, 1918, Eugene V. Debs, p. 125
- "Winter Dreams" by F. Scott Fitzgerald, p. 129
- The City for African Americans, Richard Wright, 1920s, p. 147
- "The Waltz" by Dorothy Parker, p. 151
- "I, Too" by Langston Hughes, p. 155
- "Dream Variations" by Langston Hughes, p. 157
- "Jazzonia" by Langston Hughes, p. 159
- "The Weary Blues" by Langston Hughes, p. 161
- "America" by Claude McKay, p. 163
- "Incident" by Countee Cullen, p. 165

Websites

<http://www.inmotionaame.org/migrations/landing.cfm?migration=8>

http://www.jcu.edu/harlem/Literature/Page_1.htm

<http://library.duke.edu/digitalcollections/adaccess/>

<http://ehistory.osu.edu/osu/mmh/clash/default.htm>

Humanities · Art and Music Connection

Unit 3: 20th Century America to 1941

The Early 20th century and the Arts

In the beginning years of the century, European art styles, such as expressionism and impressionism, dominated the American art scene. However, as World War I ended, and Americans returned home victorious, American art diverged from its European counterpart. The most prominent American art movement of the early 20th century was the Harlem Renaissance, which took place during the 1920s and 1930s. During the Great Depression, when funding for artists was scarce, the government began to subsidize artists of all mediums, allowing many painters and photographers to continue creating through the Works Progress Administration. The 1930s are most notable for the completion of some of the nation's most memorable skyscrapers, including the Chrysler Building and the Empire State Building.

The Harlem Renaissance

The Harlem Renaissance was a flowering of African-American social thought that was expressed through the visual arts, as well as through music (Louis Armstrong, Eubie Blake, Fats Waller and Billie Holiday), literature (Langston Hughes, Zora Neale Hurston, and W.E.B. DuBois), theater (Paul Robeson) and dance (Josephine Baker). Centered in the Harlem district of New York City, the *New Negro Movement*, as it was called at the time, had a profound influence across the United States and even around the world.

Web Links:

<http://www.artlex.com/ArtLex/h/harlemrenaissance.html>

This site contains examples of paintings and sketches created by artists of the Harlem Renaissance.

Music of the Early 20th Century

The music of the early 20th century is commonly associated with the rising popularity of jazz and the increasing influence of African American musical traditions in mainstream music. From 1900 to roughly 1918 the most popular musical format was Ragtime, made popular by artists and composer Scott Joplin. Beginning around 1920, jazz began to gain popularity. In fact, the decade of the 1920's was given the moniker "The Jazz Age" by author F. Scott Fitzgerald, who saw the musical genre as the driving force behind the period.

Web Links:

<http://kclibrary.lonestar.edu/music-2.html>

This site contains links to audio file and background information to popular music from 1900-1950.

<http://historymatters.gmu.edu/mse/songs/online.html>

This site contains background information on genres of the period, links to audio files and sheet music, as well as song analysis questions and lesson plans.

<http://www.digitalhistory.uh.edu/audio/music.cfm>

This site contains public domain audio files as well as links to outside sites with music from the entire era.

Humanities · Literary Connection

Unit 3: 20th Century America to 1941

The first third of the 20th Century in America is often referred to as the Modern Era. In 1918 the United States emerged from World War I a victor, but a changed nation, ushering in a feeling of lost innocence and a strong sense of disillusionment with traditional values and beliefs. During the 1920's, given the name "The Jazz Age" by F. Scott Fitzgerald, American values were further challenged by a backlash against Prohibition with the glamorization of the bootlegger, the speakeasy, the short-skirted flapper, jazz rhythms, and the gangster. At the same time, the Harlem Renaissance revolutionized the African American contribution to American literature by introducing the rhythms of jazz and blues into poetry and addressing stereotypes of blacks and issues of class, race and gender. With the stock market crash of 1929, the prosperity that most Americans had enjoyed during the 1920's was erased without regard to class, race or gender. America emerged from the economic collapse in 1941 with its entry into World War II and the bombing of Pearl Harbor.

LITERARY MOVEMENTS

Modernism—The term used in reference to the bold new experimental styles and forms that swept the arts during the first third of the twentieth century. Modernism called for changes in subject matter, in fictional styles, in poetic forms, and in attitudes. The elements of modernism in American Literature include:

- Emphasis on bold experimentation in style and form, reflecting the fragmentation of society.
- Rejection of traditional themes and subject matter.
- Sense of disillusionment and loss of faith in the American dream
- Rejection of the ideal of a hero as infallible in favor of a hero who is flawed and disillusioned but shows "grace under pressure"
- Interest in the inner workings of the human mind, sometimes expressed through new narrative techniques such as stream of consciousness.

FICTION

American modernist writers both echoed and challenged the American dream by asking fundamental questions about the meaning and purpose of the human existence.

Discussion Questions

- How free is the individual? Do dreams drive us or are they merely illusions? Is life meaningful, or are we all driven by malignant forces beyond our control, even beyond our understanding? Has the new focus on money replaced the old dream of forging a new society? In the horror of modern warfare, is heroism possible? What is the American Dream and is it still alive?

Literature Textbook Correlations

Literature, Language and Literacy: Grade Ten, Prentice Hall 2010

- Douglass, Ann. "Feel the City's Pulse? Be-bop." p. 91
This article discusses the influence of African American musical styles on the country during the first half of the 20th century.
- Kelley, William Melvin. "A Visit to Grandmother." p. 243
Kelly wrestles with the moral, cultural and political questions African Americans faced as a result of the Great Migration of the 1920s. This selection shows how old grievances and tensions within a family can persist through the years, affecting even the most capable and accomplished people.

Humanities · Literary Connection

Unit 3: 20th Century America to 1941

- West, Dorothy. "The Sun Parlor." P. 490
West emerges during the Harlem Renaissance and is a good example of the contributions of African American writers to the overall body of American literature.
- Johnson, James Weldon. "My City." p. 677
- Hughes, Langston. "The Weary Blues." p. 736
The speaker in the poem describes the mournful tunes he hears on a street in Harlem, an African American community. Harlem became the center of the Harlem Renaissance and helped to bring to the fore African American artistic expression.
- McCrae, John. "In Flanders Fields." p. 738
This is a poem in which McCrae remembers soldiers killed during the First World War.
- Sandburg, Carl. "Jazz Fantasia." p. 739
In this poem Sandburg combines slang and musical expressions to create a unique, jumpy rhythm that echoes the energetic rhythms of jazz.

Other short stories:

Novels

- Steinbeck, John. *The Red Pony*.
- Faulkner, William. *The Sound and the Fury*. Faulkner created his "heart's darling," the beautiful and tragic Caddy Compson, whose story Faulkner told through separate monologues by her three brothers: the idiot Benji, the neurotic suicidal Quentin, and the monstrous Jason.
- Hemingway, Ernest. *A Farewell to Arms*. 1929. This is the story of Lieutenant Henry, an American, and Catherine Barkley, a British nurse. The two meet in Italy, and almost immediately Hemingway sets up the central tension of the novel: the tenuous nature of love in a time of war.

NONFICTION

Many works of nonfiction during this era deal with issues brought forth leading up to and including World War I. Other nonfiction selections examine the "permissiveness" of the Jazz Age including prohibition and the Great Depression.

Discussion Questions

- Much nonfiction focused on the conflicts the United States found itself involved with both at home and abroad. How did these conflicts help to shape the United States as we know it today?

Literature Textbook Correlations

Literature, Language and Literacy: Grade Ten, Prentice Hall 2010

- Hughes, Langston. "Marian Anderson, Famous Concert Singer." p. 98
Hughes wrote this short biography as a tribute to Anderson, whom he much admired.

Humanities · Literary Connection

Unit 3: 20th Century America to 1941

Autobiography

- Hurston, Zora Neale. *Dust Tracks on a Road: An Autobiography*. 1942. Zora Neale Hurston's account of her rise from childhood poverty in the rural South to a prominent place among leading artists and intellectuals of the Harlem Renaissance.
- Johnson, James Weldon. *The Autobiography of an Ex-Colored Man*. 1927. James Weldon Johnson's pioneering novel parallels his own life, probes the psychological aspects of "passing for white," and examines the American caste and class system.
- Washington, Booker T. *Up from Slavery*. 1901. This autobiography recounts Washington's triumph over the legacy of slavery, his founding of Tuskegee Institute, and his emergence as a national spokesperson for his race.
- Wells, Ida B. *Crusade for Justice: The Autobiography of Ida B. Wells*. 1970. This engaging memoir tells of Ida B. Wells's private life as mother of a growing family as well as her public activities as teacher, lecturer, and journalist in her fight against attitudes and laws oppressing African-Americans.
- Wright, Richard. *Black Boy*. 1945. This best-selling classic is Richard Wright's unforgettable and eloquent fictionalized autobiography of growing up in the Jim Crow South.

Websites

www.english.emory.edu/LostPoets/OwenPoetry.html

World War I poetry: "On Seeing a Piece of Heavy Artillery"

www.memory.loc.gov/learn/lessons/00/lincolnm/intro.html

www.pbs.org/greatwar/resources/lesson.html

The lessons include 1) WWI: Beginnings and Progression; 2) Symbols of the Stalemate; 3) No One Spared; and, 4) Killing Fields.

www.archives.gov/education/lessons/369th-infantry/activities.html

www.edsitement.neh.gov/view_lesson_plan.asp?id=471

In this curriculum unit, students reconsider the events leading to U.S. entry into World War I through the lens of archival documents.

www.art-ww1.com/gb/visite.html

One hundred paintings from international collections that depict images pertaining to WWI

Humanities · Primary Source Modules
Unit 3: 20th Century America to 1941



**The Making of
African
American
Identity**
Volume III, 1917-1968



<http://www.nationalhumanitiescenter.org/pds/maai3/index.htm>

Developed as part of the National Humanities Center Toolbox Library, this site contains nearly a hundred primary sources—historical documents, literary texts, and works of art—thematically organized with notes and discussion questions.

Segregation-<http://www.nationalhumanitiescenter.org/pds/maai3/segregation/segregation.htm>

“Racial Segregation” (essay), *Opportunity*, December 1927 William Pickens

“Aims and Objectives of the Movement for a Solution of the Negro Problem”, 1923, Marcus Garvey

Great Migration-<http://www.nationalhumanitiescenter.org/pds/maai3/migrations/migrations.htm>

Negro Migration during the War, 1920 Emmett J. Scott

Leaving but Staying, Walter Cavers and Willie Harrell (interview)

The Migration of the Negro, Jacob Lawrence (series of paintings)



The World War I Document Archive

<http://www.gwpda.org/>

This site includes hundreds of primary sources on the Great War, including photographs, letters, memoirs, etc. Organized by topic and includes a search engine.

Humanities · Primary Source Modules
Unit 3: 20th Century America to 1941



<http://www.archives.gov/education/lessons/depression-wwii.html>

From the National Archives Teaching With Documents Lesson Plans - This site contains reproducible copies of primary documents from the holdings of the National Archives of the United States. Teaching with primary documents encourages a varied learning environment for teachers and students alike. Lectures, demonstrations, analysis of documents, independent research, and group work become a gateway for research with historical records in ways that sharpen students' skills and enthusiasm for history, social studies, and the humanities.



World War I - <http://www.digitalhistory.uh.edu/historyonline/us32.cfm>

Controversies of the 1920s - <http://www.digitalhistory.uh.edu/historyonline/us33.cfm>

The Great Depression and the New Deal - <http://www.digitalhistory.uh.edu/historyonline/us34.cfm>

Designed and developed to support the teaching of American History in K-12 schools and colleges by the Department of History and the College of Education at the University of Houston. Each module includes: a succinct historical overview; recommended documents, films, and historic images; teaching resources including lesson plans, fact checks, and activities.



<http://library.duke.edu/digitalcollections/adaccess/>

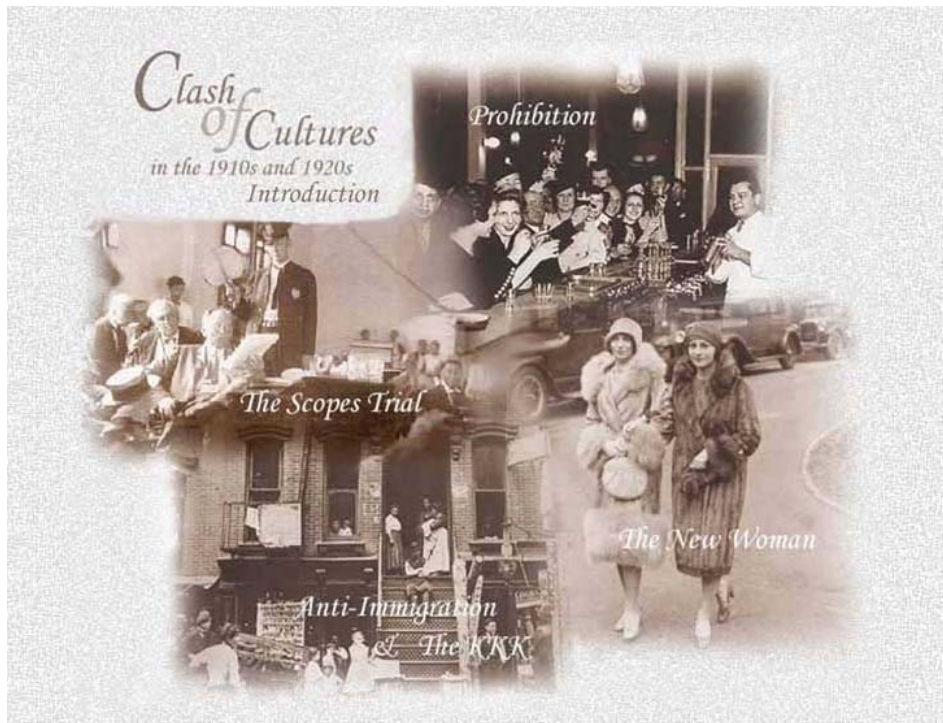
The Ad*Access Project presents images and database information for over 7,000 advertisements printed in newspapers and magazines between 1911 and 1955. Ad*Access concentrates on five main subject areas: Radio, Television, Transportation, Beauty and Hygiene, and World War II, providing a coherent view of a number of major campaigns and companies through images preserved in one particular advertising collection available at Duke University.

Humanities · Primary Source Modules
Unit 3: 20th Century America to 1941



<http://edsitement.neh.gov/>

EDSITEment is a growing collection of online resources for teaching English, history, and art. Relevant lessons for this unit include: Poetry of the Great War, Woodrow Wilson and Foreign Policy, Depression-Era Photographs, Jacob Lawrence's Migration Series,



<http://ehistory.osu.edu/osu/mmh/clash/default.htm>

This web site is part of the outreach mission of the Harvey Goldberg Program for Excellence in Teaching in the Department of History at The Ohio State University. The site includes documents and images on prohibition, immigration restriction & The Ku Klux Klan, The New Woman, The Scopes Trail.

Humanities · Reading Study Guide
Declaration of Principles of the NAACP
Retrieving the American Past, pp. 103-108

Vocabulary

Suffrage—

Oppression—

“Jim Crow”—

Questions for Review and Discussion

1. It is clear that Booker T. Washington held different views on achieving African-American equality from W.E. B. Du Bois and the NAACP. Based on Washington’s “Speech at the Atlanta Exposition,” (p. 91) which of the principles of the NAACP would he disagree with? Are there any principles that Washington would support? Explain.
2. During this time period, women also faced oppression and discrimination. What are the similarities between the principles of the NAACP and the standards set for the American Women during World War I? See “American Women and the World War” on p. 117.
3. Based on Eugene Debs’ “Speech Delivered in Canton,” which of the NAACP principles would support his particular platform?

Humanities · Reading Study Guide
“Soldier’s Home” by Ernest Hemingway
***Retrieving the American Past*, pp. 109-115**

Literary Terms

Internal conflict—

External conflict—

Dynamic character—

Static character—

Theme—

Key Vocabulary

Elaborately—

Hysteria—

Atrocity—

Apocryphal—

Non-committal—

Alliances—

Intrigue—

Boasted—

Engagements (in the military sense)—

Hamper—

Humanities · Reading Study Guide
“Soldier’s Home” by Ernest Hemingway
***Retrieving the American Past*, pp. 109-115**

Questions for Review and Discussion

1. Why have the people in Krebs’s hometown “quit the greeting of heroes?”
2. Why does Krebs begin to lie about his experiences in the war? How does this make him feel?
3. The narrator states that Krebs’s “acquaintances, who had heard detailed accounts of German women found chained to machine guns in the Argonne forest and who could not comprehend, or were barred by their patriotism from interest in, any German machine gunners who were not chained, were not thrilled by his stories.” What does this imply about the preconceived notions people have about war? What does it imply about patriotism?
4. How did Krebs feel when he was a soldier? How do these feelings differ from how most people expect a soldier to feel in the midst of a war?
5. What does the way Krebs spends his time reveal about his mindset? Why do you think he spends his days as he does?

Humanities · Reading Study Guide
“Soldier’s Home” by Ernest Hemingway
***Retrieving the American Past*, pp. 109-115**

12. What does the story seem to say about wars and lies? Use details from the story to support your answer.

13. What does the story seem to say about wars and lies? Use details from the story to support your answer.

14. State the theme of the story using details from the story to support your answer.

15. Is Harold Krebs a hero? Why or why not?

Humanities · Reading Study Guide

American Women and the World War, Ida Clyde Clark

Retrieving the American Past, pp. 117-120

Vocabulary

Exploitation-

Questions for Review and Discussion

1. Why would America's entrance into war call women to work into the industrial field?
2. Why would trade union women focus on setting standards for government contracts versus individual businesses?
3. According to the committee, what grave dangers will women face replacing men in the workplace? What did the committee recommend?
4. What does the line: "now that democracy is declared on all side to be worth dying for, surely is worth living by" mean in connection to maintaining some of the standards women achieved?
5. Cite specific examples from the committee standards that could be applied to issues women face in the workplace in today's society.

Humanities · Reading Study Guide
In Defense of the Treaty of Versailles, Woodrow Wilson
Retrieving the American Past, pp. 121-123

Vocabulary

Covenant-

Questions for Review and Discussion

1. There was one note of applause early in the speech after the statement: "It is a very severe settlement." What do you think the listeners liked about Wilson's point?
2. According to Wilson, why should the U.S. join the League of Nations? Do you find this reason persuasive? Why or why or not?
3. Near the end of the speech, Wilson refers to principles that America professes. What principles could he be referring to? What does he mean by we must adopt or reject these principles and not take the middle course?
4. Wilson does not believe the League is a guarantee against the war, but he does believe it to be necessary. Why? Why does he believe the League will help prevent future wars?

Humanities · Reading Study Guide
The Canton, Ohio Speech, Eugene V. Debs
Retrieving the American Past, pp. 125-127

Vocabulary

Capitalism-

Socialism-

Sedition-

Questions for Review and Discussion

1. According to Debs, who is the greatest menace to individual liberty and well-being? What should Americans do instead of fighting in the war? Explain.
2. Explain Debs' beliefs about the coal miner and owner relationship under capitalism.
3. According to Debs, what is the status of the coal miner under socialism?
4. Eugene V. Debs was eventually imprisoned for sedition with the support of President Woodrow Wilson. Why do you think the President chose this position and do you agree with his decision?

Humanities · Reading Study Guide
“Winter Dreams” by F. Scott Fitzgerald
***Retrieving the American Past*, pp. 129-146**

Vocabulary

Malicious—

Petulance—

Mirth—

Perturbation—

Plaintive—

Elation—

Questions for Review and Discussion

Part I

1. What does the simile in the expression “poor as sin” suggest about characters’ possible motivation in this society?
2. Fitzgerald sketches three social classes in Black Bear, Minnesota. What classes does he describe, and what are their lives like?
3. What effect do the seasons have on Dexter’s mood?
4. What do Dexter’s dreams suggest he wants in the future?
5. What kind of woman do you think eleven-year-old July Jones will become? Why?

Humanities · Reading Study Guide
“Winter Dreams” by F. Scott Fitzgerald
***Retrieving the American Past*, pp. 129-146**

6. How is Fitzgerald being ironic when he says “Miss Jones and her retinue now withdrew, and at a proper distance from Dexter became involved in a heated conversation,...”? What does the irony suggest about Judy’s character?

Part II

7. What does the passage at the beginning of Part II suggest about Dexter’s motivation for seeking to possess “the glittering things themselves”?
8. What theme does the passage at the beginning of Part II suggest Fitzgerald will address in this story?
9. How do the men feel about July? Why doesn’t Dexter add his opinion to the conversation?
10. How does the song help awaken Dexter’s “winter dreams”?
11. In what way is Dexter not really going in a new direction at the end of Part II?

Part III

12. What kind of man does Dexter represent according to the passage at the beginning of Part III?
13. What word does Fitzgerald repeat for emphasis? What effect does this repetition have on the story’s theme?
14. Why does Dexter lie about his hometown?
15. What does the kiss symbolize for Dexter?

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“Winter Dreams” by F. Scott Fitzgerald
***Retrieving the American Past*, pp. 129-146**

Part IV

16. Why does Dexter put up with Judy’s careless behavior? Why do all the other young men as well?

17. Have Dexter’s dreams changed? Explain why or why not.

18. Does access to books, music, and art still differentiate the upper classes from the rest of society today? Explain.

19. What causes the fluctuations in Dexter’s mood in this scene? What do you think will be the result of his feelings?

20. What is the narrator saying about Judy’s character in the description of her entering “so many cars”?

21. Why does Judy make a renewed play for Dexter?

22. How is Judy’s proposal ironic? What is ironic about the fact that Dexter thinks of Judy as “his own”?

Part V

23. Does the narrator sympathize with Dexter or think that he is a fool for falling for Judy? Is Dexter “hard-minded” and “strong”? Why or why not?

Part VI

24. What is ironic about Devlin’s comment “So you’re from the Middle West,...That’s funny – I though men like you were probably born and raised on Wall Street.”?

25. What brought about the changes in Judy? Are they believable? Why or why not?

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26. What does the sunset represent? Why does Fitzgerald place it here?

27. In the last paragraph of the story what “thing” is Dexter referring to?

Whole Story

28. What details does Fitzgerald use to persuade us that Dexter is an ambitious young man? What does the story suggest are Dexter’s motivations? Explain how Dexter’s actions reveal his deepest motivations and conform to what the narrator and the other characters say about him.

29. In *Richard III*, Shakespeare refers to “the winter of our discontent.” How do Dexter’s “winter dreams” reflect his discontent? Does his sense of deprivation subside when he fulfills his ambition to become rich? Explain.

30. When they meet again as adults, Dexter decides that he has “wanted Judy Jones ever since he was as proud, desirous little boy”. What does Judy represent to Dexter? Explain why you think he really does—or does not—love her.

31. What make Dexter “newer and stronger” than the wealthy people he meets? Why, then, does he want his children to be like those people?

32. A recurring theme of Fitzgerald’s work is the pursuit of the American dream. Based on this story, explain what you think Fitzgerald saw as the American dream. (Be sure to address Dexter’s quest for Judy) What, if anything, do you think is left out of his vision?

33. Why do you think Dexter feels a profound sense of loss when he hears about Judy at the end of the story?

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The City for African Americans, Richard Wright

Retrieving the American Past, pp. 147-149

Vocabulary

Great Migration-

Segregation-

Discrimination-

Questions for Review and Discussion

1. What reasons led African Americans to journey north during the 1920s?
2. Wright notes that African Americans didn't experience the same kind of racial segregation in the North that they had in the South. How does he describe the experience of the industrial city?
3. Why was Wright depressed and dismayed when he first arrived in Chicago?
4. Explain the feeling of alienation that Wright experienced on the streetcar. What did he mean by "Each person seemed to regard the other as a part of the city landscape"?
5. What were the negative aspects of Wright's family migrating to the North? What did African Americans seem to have trouble coping with?

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“The Waltz” by Dorothy Parker
***Retrieving the American Past*, pp. 151-154**

Literary Terms

Inner conflict—

Irony—

Hyperbole—

Key Vocabulary

Bewilderment—

Futility—

Degradation—

Acclimated—

Cloistered—

Maliciously—

Captious—

Effete—

Noxious—

Gyration—

Questions for Review and Discussion

1. What is the narrator’s internal conflict?

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The Weary Blues by Langston Hughes
Retrieving the American Past, p. 161

Questions for Review and Discussion

1. How would you describe the rhythm of this poem? What techniques does Hughes use to create this rhythm?
2. What connotation do the words *rickety*, *raggy*, and *fool* have in common? What general impression of the piano player do they leave?
3. Identify the “song within the poem”. How does the language of the song lyrics differ from the rest of the poem?
4. What troubles might the pianist be experiencing?
5. What would you say is the most powerful image in “The Weary Blues”? Explain.
6. How does the message of the blues singer’s first verse contrast with that of his second?
7. What are some of the words in the poem that help to create a slow, weary, melancholy mood?
8. Identify and explain the similes in the poem’s last lines. What do you think the last five words suggest?

Humanities · Reading Study Guide
“Incident” by Countee Cullen
Retrieving the American Past, p. 165

Questions for Review and Discussion

1. What tone or mood does the formal structure of the poem evoke?
2. What is the poem’s message?
3. What might lead a child to insult an eight – year – old boy in the way described here? In what ways is a child’s prejudice even more disturbing than an adult’s?
4. What ironic overtones does the title have?
5. How does the last stanza indirectly make clear the impact the event had on him?

Humanities • Primary Source**“We are Literally Slaves,” An Early Twentieth-Century Black Nanny Sets the Record Straight**

In folklore the black nursemaid was seen as a dutiful, self-sacrificing black woman who loved her white family and its children every bit as much as her own. Yet the popular images of the loyal, contented black nursemaid, or “mammy,” were unfortunately far from the reality for the African-American women who worked in these homes. In 1912 the Independent printed this quasi-autobiographical account of servant life, as related by an African-American domestic worker, which dispelled the comforting “mammy” myth.

I am a negro woman, and I was born and reared in the South. I am now past forty years of age and am the mother of three children. My husband died nearly fifteen years ago, after we had been married about five years. For more than thirty years—or since I was ten years old—I have been a servant in one capacity or another in white families in a thriving Southern city, which has at present a population of more than 50,000. In my early years I was at first what might be called a “house-girl,” or, better, a “house-boy.” I used to answer the doorbell, sweep the yard, go on errands and do odd jobs. Later on I became a chambermaid and performed the usual duties of such a servant in a home. Still later I was graduated into a cook, in which position I served at different times for nearly eight years in all. During the last ten years I have been a nurse. I have worked for only four different families during all these thirty years. But, belonging to the servant class, which is the majority class among my race at the South, and associating only with servants, I have been able to become intimately acquainted not only with the lives of hundreds of household servants, but also with the lives of their employers. I can, therefore, speak with authority on the so-called servant question; and what I say is said out of an experience which covers many years.

To begin with, then, I should say that more than two-thirds of the negroes of the town where I live are menial servants of one kind or another, and besides that more than two-thirds of the negro women here, whether married or single, are compelled to work for a living, — as nurses, cooks, washerwomen, chambermaids, seamstresses, hucksters, janitresses, and the like. I will say, also, that the condition of this vast host of poor colored people is just as bad as, if not worse than, it was during the days of slavery. Tho today we are enjoying nominal freedom, we are literally slaves. And, not to generalize, I will give you a sketch of the work I have to do—and I’m only one of many.

I frequently work from fourteen to sixteen hours a day. I am compelled by my contract, which is oral only, to sleep in the house. I am allowed to go home to my own children, the oldest of whom is a girl of 18 years, only once in two weeks, every other Sunday afternoon—even then I’m not permitted to stay all night. I not only have to nurse a little white child, now eleven months old, but I have to act as playmate or “handy-andy,” not to say governess, to three other children in the home, the oldest of whom is only nine years of age. I wash and dress the baby two or three times each day, I give it its meals, mainly from a bottle; I have to put it to bed each night; and, in addition, I have to get up and attend to its every call between midnight and morning. If the baby falls to sleep during the day, as it has been trained to do every day about eleven o’clock, I am not permitted to rest. It’s “Mammy, do this,” or “Mammy, do that,” or “Mammy, do the other,” from my mistress, all the time. So it is not strange to see “Mammy” watering the lawn in front with the garden hose, sweeping the sidewalk, mopping the porch and halls, dusting around the house, helping the cook, or darning stockings. Not only so, but I have to put the other three children to bed each night as well as the baby, and I have to wash them and dress them each morning. I don’t know what it is to go to church; I don’t know what it is to go to a lecture or entertainment or anything of the kind. I live a treadmill life; and I see my own children only when they happen to see me on the streets when I am out with the children, or when my children come to the “yard” to see me, which isn’t often, because my white folks don’t like to see their servants’ children hanging around their premises. You might as well say that I’m on duty all the time—from sunrise to sunrise, every day in the week I am the slave, body and soul, of this family. And what do I get for this work—this lifetime bondage? The pitiful sum of ten dollars a month! And what am I expected to do with these ten dollars? With this money I’m expected to pay my house rent, which is four dollars per month, for a little house of two rooms, just big enough to turn round in; and I’m expected, also, to feed and clothe myself and three children. For two years my oldest child, it is true, has helped a little toward our support by taking in a little washing at home. She does the washing and ironing of two white families, with a total of five persons; one of these

“We are Literally Slaves”

families pays her \$1.00 per week, and the other 75 cents per week, and my daughter has to furnish her own soap and starch and wood For six months my youngest child, a girl about thirteen years old, has been nursing, and she receives \$1.50 per week but has no night work. When I think of the low rate of wages we poor colored people receive, and when I hear so much said about our unreliability, our untrustworthiness, and even our vices, I recall the story of the private soldier in a certain army who, once upon a time, being upbraided by the commanding officer because the heels of his shoes were not polished, is said to have replied “Captain, do you expect all the virtues for \$13 per month?”

Of course, nothing is being done to increase our wages, and the way things are going at present it would seem that nothing could be done to cause an increase of wages. We have no labor unions or organizations of any kind that could demand for us a uniform scale of wages for cooks, washerwomen, nurses, and the like; and, for another thing, if some negroes did here and there refuse to work for seven and eight and ten dollars a month, there would be hundreds of other negroes right on the spot ready to take their places and do the same work, or more, for the low wages that had been refused So that, the truth is, we have to work for little or nothing or become vagrants! And that, of course, in this State would mean that we would be arrested, tried, and despatched to the “State Farm,” where we would surely have to work for nothing or be beaten with many stripes!

Nor does this low rate of pay tend to make us efficient servants. The most that can be said of us negro household servants in the South—and I speak as one of them—is that we are to the extent of our ability willing and faithful slaves. We do not cook according to scientific principles because we do not know anything about scientific principles. Most of our cooking is done by guesswork or by memory. We cook well when our “hand” is in, as we say, and when anything about the dinner goes wrong, we simply say, “I lost my hand today!” We don’t know anything about scientific food for babies, nor anything about what science says must be done for infants at certain periods of their growth or when certain symptoms of disease appear, but somehow we “raise” more of the children than we kill, and, for the most part, they are lusty chaps—all of them. But the point is, we do not go to cooking-schools nor to nurse-training schools and so it can not be expected that we should make as efficient servants without such training as we should make were such training provided And yet with our cooking and nursing, such as it is, the white folks seem to be satisfied—perfectly satisfied. I sometimes wonder if this satisfaction is the outgrowth of the knowledge that more highly trained servants would be able to demand better pay!

Perhaps some might say, if the poor pay is the only thing about which we have to complain, then the slavery in which we daily toil and struggle is not so bad after all. But the poor pay isn’t all—not by any means! I remember very well the first and last place from which I was dismissed. I lost my place because I refused to let the madam’s husband kiss me. He must have been accustomed to undue familiarity with his servants, or else he took it as a matter of course, because without any love-making at all, soon after I was installed as cook, he walked up to me, threw his arms around me, and was in the act of kissing me, when I demanded to know what he meant, and shoved him away. I was young then, and newly married, and didn’t know then what has been a burden to my mind and heart ever since: that a colored woman’s virtue in this part of the country has no protection. I at once went home, and told my husband about it. When my husband went to the man who had insulted me, the man cursed him, and slapped him, and—had him arrested! The police judge fined my husband \$25. I was present at the hearing, and testified on oath to the insult offered me. The white man, of course, denied the charge. The old judge looked up and said “This court will never take the word of a negro against the word of a white man.” Many and many a time since I have heard similar stories repeated again and again by my friends. I believe nearly all white men take, and expect to take, undue liberties with their colored female servants—not only the fathers, but in many cases the sons also. Those servants who rebel against such familiarity must either leave or expect a mighty hard time, if they stay. By comparison, those who tamely submit to these improper relations live in clover. They always have a little “spending change,” wear better clothes, and are able to get off from work at least once a week—and sometimes oftener. This moral debasement is not at all times unknown to the white women in these homes. I know of more than one colored woman who was openly importuned by white women to become the mistresses of their white husbands, on the ground that they, the white wives, were afraid that, if their husbands

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did not associate with colored women, they would certainly do so with outside white women, and the white wives, for reasons which ought to be perfectly obvious, preferred to have their husbands do wrong with colored women in order to keep their husbands straight! And again, I know at least fifty places in my small town where white men are positively raising two families—a white family in the "Big House" in front, and a colored family in a "Little House" in the backyard. In most cases, to be sure, the colored women involved are the cooks or chambermaids or seamstresses, but it cannot be true that their real connection with the white men of the families is unknown to the white women of the families. The results of this concubinage can be seen in all of our colored churches and in all of our colored public schools in the South, for in most of our churches and schools the majority of the young men and women and boys and girls are light-skinned mulattoes. The real, Simon-pure, blue-gum, thick-lip, coalblack negro is passing away—certainly in the cities; and the fathers of the new generation of negroes are white men, while their mothers are unmarried colored women.

Another thing—it's a small indignity, it may be, but an indignity just the same. No white person, not even the little children just learning to talk, no white person at the South ever thinks of addressing any negro man or woman as Mr., or Mrs., or Miss. The women are called, "Cook," or "Nurse," or "Mammy," or "MaryJane," or "Lou," or "Dilcey," as the case might be, and the men are called "Bob," or "Boy," or "Old Man," or "Uncle Bill," or "Pate." In many cases our white employers refer to us, and in our presence, too, as their "negros." No matter what they call us—no matter what they teach their children to call us—we must tamely submit, and answer when we are called; we must enter no protest; if we did object, we should be driven out without the least ceremony, and, in applying for work at other places, we should find it very hard to procure another situation. In almost every case, when our intending employers would be looking up our record, the information would be give by telephone or otherwise that we were "impudent," "saucy," "dishonest," and "generally unreliable." In our town we have no such thing as an employment agency or intelligence bureau, and, therefore, when we want work, we have to get out on the street and go from place to place, always with hat in hand, hunting for it.

Another thing. Sometimes I have gone on the street cars or the railroad trains with the white children, and, so long as I was in charge of the children, I could sit anywhere I desired, front or back. If a white man happened to ask some other white man, "What is that negro doing in here?" and was told, "Oh, she's the nurse of those white children in front of her!" immediately there was the hush of peace. Everything was all right, so long as I was in the white man's part of the street car or in the white man's coach as a servant—a slave—but as soon as I did not present myself as a menial, and the relationship of master and servant was abolished by my not having the white children with me, I would be forthwith assigned to the "negro" seats or the "colored people's coach." Then, too, any day in my city, and I understand that it is so in every town in the South, you can see some "great big black burly" negro coachman or carriage driver huddled up beside some aristocratic Southern white woman, and nothing is said about it, nothing is done about it, nobody resents the familiar contact. But let that same colored man take off his brass buttons and his high hat, and put on the plain livery of an average American citizen, and drive one block down any thoroughfare in any town in the South with that same white woman, as her equal or companion or friend, and he'd be shot on the spot!

You hear a good deal nowadays about the "service pan." The "service pan" is the general term applied to "left-over" food, which in many a Southern home is freely placed at the disposal of the cook or, whether so placed or not, it is usually disposed of by the cook. In my town, I know, and I guess in many other towns also, every night when the cook starts for her home she takes with her a pan or a plate of cold victuals. The same thing is true on Sunday afternoons after dinner—and most cooks have nearly every Sunday afternoon off. Well, I'll be frank with you, if it were not for the service pan, I don't know what the majority of our Southern colored families would do. The service pan is the mainstay in many a home. Good cooks in the South receive on an average \$8 per month. Porters, butlers, coachmen, janitors, "office boys" and the like receive on an average \$16 per month. Few and far between are the colored men in the South who receive \$1 or more per day. Some mechanics do; as for example, carpenters, brick masons, wheelwrights, blacksmiths, and the like. The vast majority of negroes in my town are serving in menial capacities in homes, stores and offices. Now taking it for granted, for the sake of illustration, that the husband receives \$16 per month and the wife \$8. That would be \$24 between the two. The chances are that

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they will have anywhere from five to thirteen children between them. Now, how far will \$24 go toward housing and feeding and clothing ten or twelve persons for thirty days? And, I tell you, with all of us poor people the service pan is a great institution; it is a great help to us, as we wag along the weary way of life. And then most of the white folks expect their cooks to avail themselves of these perquisites; they allow it; they expect it. I do not deny that the cooks find opportunity to hide away at times, along with the cold "grub," a little sugar, a little flour, a little meal, or a little piece of soap; but I indignantly deny that we are thieves. We don't steal; we just "take" things—they are a part of the oral contract, express or implied. We understand it, and most of the white folks understand it. Others may denounce the service pan, and say that it is used only to support idle negroes, but many a time, when I was a cook, and had the responsibility of rearing my three children upon my lone shoulders, many a time I have had occasion to bless the Lord for the service pan!

I have already told you that my youngest girl was a nurse. With scores of other colored girls who are nurses, she can be seen almost any afternoon, when the weather is fair, rolling the baby carriage or lolling about on some one of the chief boulevards of our town. The very first week that she started out on her work she was insulted by a white man, and many times since has been improperly approached by other white men. It is a favorite practice of young white sports about town—and they are not always young, either—to stop some colored nurse, inquire the name of the "sweet little baby," talk baby talk to the child, fondle it, kiss it, make love to it, etc., etc., and in nine of ten cases every such white man will wind up by making love to the colored nurse and seeking an appointment with her.

I confess that I believe it to be true that many of our colored girls are as eager as the white men are to encourage and maintain these improper relations; but where the girl is not willing, she has only herself to depend upon for protection. If their fathers, brothers or husbands seek to redress their wrongs, under our peculiar conditions, the guiltless negroes will be severely punished, if not killed, and the white blackleg will go scot-free!

Ah, we poor colored women wage earners in the South are fighting a terrible battle, and because of our weakness, our ignorance, our poverty, and our temptations we deserve the sympathies of mankind. Perhaps a million of us are introduced daily to the privacy of a million chambers thruout the South, and hold in our arms a million white children, thousands of whom, as infants, are suckled at our breasts—during my lifetime I myself have served as "wet nurse" to more than a dozen white children. On the one hand, we are assailed by white men, and on the other hand, we are assailed by black men, who should be our natural protectors; and, whether in the cook kitchen, at the washtub, over the sewing machine, behind the baby carriage, or at the ironing board, we are but little more than pack horses, beasts of burden, slaves! In the distant future, it may be, centuries and centuries hence, a monument of brass or stone will be erected to the Old Black Mammies of the South, but what we need is present help, present sympathy, better wages, better hours, more protection, and a chance to breathe for once while alive as free women. If none others will help us, it would seem that the Southern white women themselves might do so in their own defense, because we are rearing their children—we feed them, we bathe them, we teach them to speak the English language, and in numberless instances we sleep with them—and it is inevitable that the lives of their children will in some measure be pure or impure according as they are affected by contact with their colored nurses.

Source: "More Slavery at the South," by a Negro Nurse, *Independent*, 25 January 1912, 196–200.

Humanities • Primary Source**On Making Our Race Life Count in the Life of the Nation, Booker T. Washington**

In the Bible one finds over and over again the words "a peculiar people." Reference is made to the Jews as "a peculiar people;"—a people differing in thought and temperament and mode of life from others by whom they were surrounded. Now the race to which Americans of African lineage belong is often described as "a peculiar people," having had, as we know, a peculiar history. They differ in color and in appearance, and in a very large degree their temperament and thought differ from that of the people about them. Now the Jews because they were different from the people by whom they were surrounded, because of their peculiar religious bent, were able to give to the world the doctrine of the unity and Fatherhood of God, and Christianity, the finest flower of Jewry. It is then, I think, not too much to hope that the very qualities which make the Negro different from the peoples by whom he is surrounded will enable him, in the fullness of time, to make a peculiar contribution to the nation of which he forms a part.

What that contribution is to be no man could now tell, but we must keep in mind that the race is made of individuals and

Every man God made is different, has some deed to do, Some work to work. Be undismayed.
Though thine be humble, do it, too.

As with an individual, so with a race. When you and I and all the other individuals that go to make up our race shall have learned to do well our own peculiar work, we shall be able to determine the bent of the race. It must fall upon you and me, who have had opportunity to work out in some measure our own individual problems, to give direction to the race. It is for us, therefore, to bring to the enrichment of our lives, as individuals, every quality which we are capable of cultivating.

There is in the New Testament a passage which I like to refer to and to think of; it reads something like this: "He that overcometh shall be clothed in white raiment." The expression "He that overcometh" occurs several times in the New Testament. I am anxious that the Tuskegee students shall get the idea firmly fixed in their minds that there are definite rewards coming to the individual or to the race that overcomes obstacles and succeeds in spite of seemingly insurmountable difficulties. The palms of victory are not for the race that merely complains and frets and rails. I do not mean to say that there is not a place for race loyalty and enthusiasm. There is a proper and vital place for protests against the wrongs that are inflicted without cause or reason. Every race, like every individual, should be swift to protest against injustice and wrongs, but no race must be content with mere powers. Every race must show to the world by tangible, visible, indisputable evidence that it can do more than merely call attention to the wrongs inflicted upon it. The reward of life is for those who choose the good where evil calls out on every hand. That reward is moral character. The more temptations resisted—the more difficult the struggle—the more robust the character. The wholly innocent person is much less praiseworthy than is he who has faced temptation and has come out of it unscarred. The virtues of foresight and thrift and frugality, brought bravely to the front, will bring large material possessions which if properly used will refine and enrich life.

I am constrained to refer once more to that "peculiar people," the Jews,—a race that has been handicapped in very much the same way as the colored people. Their opportunities have been limited in many directions. In Russia to-day they are in many cases debarred from schools and from entrance into the professions. And, notwithstanding the barriers in this country, one of the most noted banking firms in the United States is composed of Jews. Members of a despised race, they made up their minds that in spite of difficulties they would not stop to complain, but would compel recognition by making a real contribution to the country of which they formed a part. The Japanese race is a convincing example of the respect which the world gives to a race that can put brains and commercial activity into the development of the resources of a country. What material difficulties the thrifty Hollanders have had to overcome in the development of their country! But the battle against water and wind has developed not only a country, but an energetic, thrifty people. The Netherlands have literally been made by these

Booker T. Washington, *On Making Our Race Life Count*

sturdy Hollanders, who because they overcame are looked upon as a great and happy people.

There is, then, opportunity for the colored people to enrich the material life of their adopted country by doing what their hands find to do, minor duties though they be, so well that nobody else of any race can do them better. This is the aim that the Tuskegee student should keep steadily before him. If he remembers that all service, however lowly, is true service, an important step will have been taken in the solution of what we term "the race problem."

For it must be remembered that no individual of any race can contribute to the solution of any general problem until he has first worked out his own peculiar problem. Some months ago I met a former schoolmate whom I had not seen for a number of years. I was naturally interested to hear about his progress, and began to question him. I asked him where he lived, and he said he had no abiding-place, in fact he had lived in a half dozen places since we parted. IN answer to other questions, I found that he had no special trade, no special business, no bank account. I asked then what he had been doing in the intervening years, and he answered he had been travelling about over the country, doing his best to solve the race problem. That man should rather have been at work at the solution of his own individual problem. An individual circumstanced as he was could not solve anybody's problem. It is important to have one's own dooryard clean before calling attention to the imperfection in the neighbor's yard. Each Negro can put much into the life of his race by making his own individual life present a model in purity and patience, in industry and courage, in showing the world how to get strength out of difficulties. The late President Garfield once said that no person ever drowned, no matter how many times he was thrown overboard, who was worth saving, and that remark, with a few modifications, might be applied to a race. No race is ever lost that is worth saving, and no race need be lost that wants to save itself. The world is full of little people who through lack of wisdom and patience and perseverance merely add to the world's burdens. The despised Negro has the chance to show to the world that charity which suffereth long and is kind and which never faileth. In the face of discouragements and difficulties the Negro must ever remember that nobody can degrade him. Nobody can degrade a big race or a big man. Nobody can degrade a single member of any race. The individual himself is the only one who can inflict that punishment. Frederick Douglass was on one occasion compelled to ride for several hours in a portion of a freight car. A friend went into the freight car to console him and said to him that he hated to see a man of his intelligence in so humiliating a position. "I am ashamed that they have thus degraded you." But Douglass, straightening himself up in his seat, looked the friend in the face and said, "They cannot degrade Frederick Douglass." And so they cannot degrade a single individual who does not want to be degraded. Injustice cannot work harm upon the oppressed without injuring the oppressor. The Negro people must live the precepts taught by the Christ. They must go on multiplying, day by day, deeds of worthiness, piling them up mountain high. And just as you and I, as individuals, are called upon to serve the race of which we are a part, so let us as a race recognize the fact that we are part of a great nation which we are bound to serve-**1906**

EARLY PROBLEMS OF FREEDOM

The close of the Civil War left many of the agencies of emancipation without a cause. The anti-slavery publications, the state and national anti-slavery societies, "vigilance committees," and the vast Underground Railroad system, saw their purpose accomplished in the terms of peace. The American Anti-slavery society, which had been the longest in existence, and which, under the leadership of William Lloyd Garrison, had done more for freedom than any other single agency, was now ready to wind up its affairs. When a proposition was made for its dissolution, Frederick Douglass opposed it, giving his reasons in these words: "I felt that the work of the society was not done, that it had not fulfilled its mission, which was not merely to emancipate but to elevate the enslaved class...that the Negro still had a cause and that he needed my pen and voice to plead for it."

In taking this position, he showed that he had a clear and far-reaching comprehension of the many and serious problems and obligations that would in time result from the enforced emancipation of his people. He clearly foresaw that these problems were of a kind which had never before come within the range and scope of our

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national experience, and that if the country were to make the most of the good results of the war, and minimize its evils, the machinery of liberation and destruction must somehow be converted to the service of peace and construction. Two great questions had been settled, that the United States was to remain an indivisible nation, and that slavery was henceforth impossible in this nation.

The problems growing out of these achievements are still difficult. Before the Civil War, the people of the United States might have been classified as non-slave-holding and slave-holding white people; enslaved and free Negroes. Now, two of these classes, the slave-holders and the enslaved Negroes, disappeared and in the latter's stead, a new element was injected into the population, the freedmen, 4,000,000 souls, utterly destitute, without learning, without experience, and without traditions; dependent for their guidance, and almost for bare existence, upon the direction and good-will of the older elements. If, after the war, the South and the North could have united to repair the damages and solve the problems the conflict had left behind it, the history of the colored people in America, as well as their present condition, might have been different from what it is.

In facing the problems of reconstruction, the people of the North had no precedents and little knowledge of the Negro's character to guide them. The men who had the responsibility of providing for the present and future, of rehabilitating the South on the basis of freedom, were trained to treat every question, social and political, from the standpoint of party politics. But reconstruction needed the services of the sociologist more than of the party leader. There were but a few in public life capable of treating these matters in a non-partisan, a non-sectional, and a scientific spirit. Men could not so quickly overcome the animosities engendered by the Civil War. Abraham Lincoln, who alone seemed to have a spirit large enough to be the President of all the people, even to the least of them, was gone, and there was none in the public service to take his place. While others acted in the spirit of war, he acted in the spirit of peace. In managing large questions, he had a wonderful insight into the things that would aggravate conditions and a fine courage in avoiding them, until they had spent their force with as little harm as possible. His penetrative powers, the contagion of his kindly spirit, his unswerving love for what was just, were needed quite as much after as before and during the civil strife. Had Mr. Lincoln lived, his clear vision, it is safe to say, would have avoided many of the evils to which the country since fallen heir. As it was, however much the white people in slavery's former domain may have suffered, the Negro has borne the brunt of every mistake of the period of Reconstruction.

The Southern people had lost (so it seemed at the time at least) everything that was worth having and fighting for,—their "cause," their property in slaves, their prestige, and their political supremacy. Their homes were devastated and their plantations ravaged by the conquering Yankees. Their task was not to build up what had been destroyed, but to begin anew. It is asking too much to expect that they could have faced these conditions with a cheerful spirit. The slaves, as property, were now free, and this freedom was regarded as a punishment visited upon their former masters.

Free labor was new, and apart from this there was none of it to take the place of that of the liberated slaves. Furthermore, the white people had little or no faith in their possible usefulness. They feared that the Negro as a free man would not work, would not honor his contracts, and would use his liberty to commit all sorts of crimes against society. They could not, at once, rid themselves of the feeling that physical compulsion was the only way to keep the Negro within the bounds of law and labor. Carl Schurz, who, under the authority of the President, made a very thorough and statesman-like investigation of conditions, issued an official report of his findings, and it is clear from this paper that, if the Southern people could have overcome their fears of Negro freedom, the work of reconstruction would have been greatly simplified. They, however, were in no frame of mind to accept and honor any program for reconstruction emanating from the Negro and what was best to be done for him and with him.

Between the North and South, stood the ex-slave, free, and that was all. His situation was anomalous. As Mr. Douglass aptly says, "He was free from individual masters, but the slave of society." Yet, because of his long service to the country, either as a slave or a freeman, he deserved more than he could possibly have been paid in terms of

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law, defining and defending his rights. He was without power, and, as Mr. Douglass in describing him, said, "a man without force, is without the essential dignity of human nature."

In this almost totally helpless condition, the North expected too much of him and the ex-masters too little. It required more than the shock of four years of internecine war to change the solidarity of slavery into a society of organized self-helpfulness. A people who had been so long enslaved could not help being slavish in habits and instincts. They had little family life, no society, no institution except the church, a rudimentary conception of common interests, and very few traditions and ideals. No race ever came into the domain of freedom, independence, and democracy so little furnished with the elements of self-protection and self-determining purpose, as did the emancipated slaves forty years ago. Yet there were everywhere in the South important exceptions to this condition of race helplessness. Many free colored people, especially in the cities, were not hopelessly behind in the procession of progress. They fully understood the meaning of the war and its results. When the last gun was fired and they saw emancipation as a reality, their joy was unbounded. In many of the Southern cities, thousands of them gathered in the open streets and commons, where they shouted and prayed with full hearts, voiding in songs of jubilee and thanksgiving their gratitude for their great deliverance. There has been nothing like these demonstrations in the history of American liberty. No one who saw them could have any doubt whatever as to the Negro's appreciation of his freedom. It is a notable fact that in none of them was ever heard a word of hatred or revenge toward those who had been responsible for their long enslavement. Their gratitude was too great to leave room for resentment. God, Lincoln, and Freedom formed a mysterious trinity in the new awakening of these emancipated people.

All this was perfectly natural and hopeful, so far as it went, but it was not long before exultation gave way to the consciousness that this dearly bought liberty was a serious thing. The Negro capacity for happiness was large, but he could not live and sustain himself by this alone. Owning nothing, he had no place to live. Having nothing, he could get nothing. In addition to the ex-slaves, who were still fastened to the places where slavery left them and freedom found them, a great multitude, known as refugees, after emancipation made their way into the Union lines. When the war closed these were still with the Union army and dependent upon it for rations. It soon became apparent to those in authority, that something must be done in a large way by the Federal government itself to provide for this unorganized horde. To meet this serious condition, Congress, in the spring of 1865, passed an act establishing the "Freedmen's Bureau for the Relief of Freedmen and Refugees." Its main provisions were as follows:

The Bureau was to have supervision and management of abandoned lands.

It was to look after all subjects relating to refugees and freedmen.

It was to be under the control of a commission appointed by the President and to continue in its labors for one year after the close of the war.

The Secretary of War was given authority to issue provisions, clothing, and fuel for the immediate and temporary needs of freedmen and their wives and children.

The War Department was to set apart for the use of loyal refugees and freedmen abandoned lands under the control of the United States Army and assign to such freedmen, not more than forty acres of land, and to protect such persons in the possession of such land for at least three years at an annual rent, not to exceed six per cent. upon the appraised value of the land. At the end of that time, the tenant was allowed to purchase it and receive therefor from the government a certificate of purchase.

In addition to these provisions, the Freedmen's Bureau was intended to be a "friendly intermediary" between the

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ex-masters and ex-slaves. Nothing could have been done more surely to smooth the way for a kindly relationship between the two parties in question, if such a relationship had been possible. General O.O. Howard was the first commissioner of that Bureau. He had made a record as a soldier in the Union Army, but, better still, he was a man of humane impulses, without sectional bias, and of exalted Christian character. The value of his services in the work of Reconstruction can be easily seen by a glance at some of his reports made to Congress in 1865-1870.

In these five years of work on the part of the Bureau to bring order out of chaos, there had been established over 4,000 schools, employing 9,000 teachers and giving instruction to about a quarter of a million pupils of all ages. In 1870 the school attendance in the old slave-states amounted to nearly eighty per cent. of the enrollment. The demand for learning on the part of the colored people, as shown by the Bureau's work, was amazing, and afforded a gratifying evidence of their sense of responsibility as freedmen. The Negroes themselves made a good showing of what they were able to do by their own efforts in creating the means for their instruction. They sustained over 1300 schools and built over 500 school buildings, contributing more than \$200,000 out of their earnings to further the cause of education.

The value of the Freedmen's Bureau in thus stimulating an interest in this important subject and in developing a serious sense of responsibility on the part of the freedmen cannot well be overestimated. Carl Schurz in his report says:

"The Freedmen's Bureau would have been an institution of the greatest value, under competent leadership, had its organization, to some extent, been invaded by mentally and morally unfit persons...Nothing was needed at this time so much as an acknowledged authority, standing guard between the master and the ex-slave, commanding and possessing the confidence and respect of both, to aid the emancipated black man to make the best possible use of his unaccustomed freedom, and to aid the white man to whom free Negro labor was a well-nigh incurable idea, in meeting the difficulties, partly real and partly conjured up by the white man's prejudiced imagination."

The lack of fit men, in sufficient numbers, to continue the good work inaugurated by the Freedmen's Bureau was the cause, in great part, of the failure of Reconstruction methods of helpfulness. There were employed men of partisan spirit whose vision was clouded by political aspirations, and thus the future well-being of both races in the South was not kept paramount. The cause of most of the evils that in a few years followed and overwhelmed the colored people in the South, was lack of men strong in character, patriotism, justice, and understanding for the work in hand. This is true, in spite of the fact that there were those who were equal to the occasion, but who alone had not the power to perform the tasks set for them. No greater injury has been done the colored people of this country than that which resulted from putting them into a position of political antagonism to their former masters.

But the purposes of this biography do not require a full statement of the causes that led to the overthrow of the temporary supremacy held by the freedmen and their Northern allies. A careful reading of the history of the Southern states since the adoption of the Thirteenth Amendment to the Constitution of the United States in 1865, must convince the impartial reader that the Negroes were less the instigators than the victims of the mistakes of Reconstruction. Many of those who played the false role of friends and leaders left the freedmen to bear the brunt of the punishment which they have since suffered patiently, heroically, and alone. The Negroes of the South during the Reconstruction period were always amenable to wise direction. Those who were on hand to guide them, easily won their favor. There seems to be no reason to doubt that, had it been offered, the freedmen would have followed the leadership of the best elements in the South as willingly, if not more willingly, than that which they did accept.

The difficulty was that the Southern people could not in a day, or in a decade change their inborn conviction that emancipation was forced upon them as a punishment. They accepted this punishment in a spirit in which injured pride, the sense of loss of property, loss of "cause," and revenge were elements. But with all these losses and defeats, the imperious temper of the Southern people suffered no impairment, and they were in no mood to take

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hold of the work of Reconstruction in the spirit of the victorious North.

The South hesitated to act, and the ex-slave had no power to do so. As a result, the responsibility for movements for the protection of the Negroes fell to the North. It sought to accomplish this object by giving freedmen all the rights of citizenship. Under the presuppositions upon which our government was founded, this step was logical, even though it may have been, and indeed seems to have been, at that time unwise.

What has been said in the foregoing pages indicates what may be called the new field of labor for Frederick Douglass after emancipation. When the great war came to an end and the object for which he had so long labored was indeed an accomplished fact, he confessed that this great joy was somewhat tinged with a feeling of sadness. He said, "I felt that I had reached the end of the noblest part of my life." He was still in his prime, and all his faculties were clear and ready for action. He had no occupation, no business, no profession. His training and associations, during the previous thirty years, had unfitted him for manual labor, and he had no fortune that would enable him to live without exertion of some kind. But thoughts and feelings of this sort were soon swept aside by new interests and anxieties of the most absorbing character.

In the first place, fresh evidences of his popularity began to manifest themselves. His struggle for emancipation had been so conspicuous, his eloquence so stirring, and his participation in all the great questions of the day so earnest and compelling that his vogue continued as before.

In the great diversity of distinguished men and women who figured in the history of the quarter of a century immediately preceding the Civil War, Frederick Douglass was in the fullest sense of the word, a "self-made man." All kinds of persons were interested in him. His authority on every matter that concerned the Negro, North of South, was seldom questioned. His leadership, up to this time, was not often disputed. The American people manifested greater desire to hear him than ever before and invitations to lecture began to pour in upon him from colleges, lyceums, literary societies, and churches. It is scarcely too much to say that he was one of the most popular men on the lecture platform, and at a time when such illustrious personages as Henry Ward Beecher, Wendell Phillips, Theodore Tilton, Anna Dickinson, and Mary A Livermore gave to the American lyceum its highest distinction. His themes were no longer anti-slavery in character. His new lectures bore such titles as, "Selfmade Men," "The Races of Men," "William, the Silent," "John Brown," etc., all of which showed a wide reading, and a mastery of the art of eloquence. In addition to these lectures, he was called upon from every direction for informal talks on an almost endless variety of subjects.

But whatever might be the theme or the occasion, he could not get away from the Negro problem. As he said, "I never rise to speak before any American audience, without a feeling that my failure or success will bring harm or benefit to my whole race." When the all important question of reconstruction came to be considered, Mr. Douglass was found to be fully conversant with the progress of events, prepared to say his word, and play his part. While other men were uncertain, confused, and timid, Douglass's stand was bold, direct, and fearless. When it was time for him to speak and act, his words attracted wide attention and many persons in and out of Congress were willing to follow his leading. He had always been frank, honorable, and resourceful on the question of just treatment for his race and he was so far in advance of most of the men who had it in their power to make and unmake the laws, that it would have been a decided misfortune for the colored people to have been without his guidance. He had a wide acquaintance amongst men in public life. No other Negro in this country, at the time, knew political leaders in and out of Congress so intimately. His qualities of prudence and sagacity, as well as his great personal charm, made him welcome in the councils of his party. He was the soul of honor. Being thus gifted, Douglass was able to be as much for his people in a personal as in a public capacity. He had a way of getting close to the men in power and of reaching their hearts and enlisting their sympathies for the objects in whose service he was engaged. This was most fortunate. His race was without official connection with the government, without experience, and with no clearly defined status as citizens. If ever the colored people needed a strong man capable in every way to represent them, it was now, when the war was over and the question, what to do with the free Negro,

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must be answered in definite terms of law and governmental policy. Aside from his commanding abilities, and his personal attractiveness to men, Mr. Douglass had lived through the very experiences that fitted him to know and feel what the Negro needed and ought to have. He had been a slave, a fugitive slave, and a freedman, at a time, too, when Negro freedom was most despaired of. No white man could appreciate, as he could and did, the sweetness of the terms, Freedom and Liberty. One of his earliest utterances on this subject indicates his feeling at this period. "I saw no chance," he said, "of bettering the condition of the freedman, until he should cease to be merely a freedman and should become a citizen, and that there was no safety for him or for anybody else in America, outside of the American government."

At the time when Mr. Douglass publicly took this position, he was far more radical than some of the most ardent of his anti-slavery associates. This declaration was then regarded as a challenge to the sense of justice of the American people. Many earnest friends of the Negro thought it was asking too much, even though the race deserved the franchise. Others argued that the Negro was unfit for the suffrage and that it would aggravate the already strained relations between the two races in the South. Opposition was expected by Mr. Douglass and he was ready to meet it. No one understood better than he that his people had no training for citizenship, but he was accustomed to say that "if the Negro knows enough to fight for his country, he knows enough to vote; if he knows enough to pay taxes to support the government, he knows enough to vote; if he knows as much when sober as an Irishman knows when he is drunk, he knows enough to vote." He anticipated the evils that would follow the enfranchisement of the ex-slaves, but insisted that such evils would be temporary and that the good would be permanent. He further insisted that it was worth all the suffering endured by his race to have that principle established; that the right of suffrage would be an incentive to arouse the latent energies of the Negro to become worthy of full citizenship, and that such impulse was imperatively needed. He always declared that political equality was a widely different thing from social equality. He vigorously protested that the right of suffrage did not mean Negro domination in the slave states, if the best white people would wisely assume the leadership of the blacks. He believed in the domination of the fittest, and insisted that the white people of the South, because of their superiority in intelligence and in all the forces that make for supremacy, were in no danger of being overwhelmed by the new voters. He believed in the rule of the competent and that in the long run intelligent supremacy would be tempered with justice and the true spirit of democracy. He believed that those who were strong enough, either to help the ex-slave to get upon his feet or to crush him in his efforts to rise, would choose the more generous course.

At any rate, he deemed the time ripe to claim for the freedman full citizenship and equality before the law. When the question came forward for discussion, the people of the North were filled with enthusiasm over the results of the war and for the great objects they believed to have been achieved by it. It was the occasion to make a hero of every one who had taken part in the civil contest on the side of the Union. Even the Negro, for the first time, became the recipient of more than respectful consideration. The people of the North were as proud of his freedom as he was himself. If to give the negro the franchise, and laws to protect him in the exercise of it as a citizen, would make more lasting the results of the war, the North was now in a mood to grant it to him, since it seemed to add to the significance of the great struggle which had just been so victoriously concluded. Douglass took advantage of this condition of things to advocate suffrage for his people. By speech and print and personal appeals to the leaders of public opinion, he urged this cause upon them in and out of season. There was no lack of evidence that it was gaining in every direction. The number of those who thought the suffrage ought to be granted, because it was right; those who thought it a good thing from a partisan standpoint, and those who thought the results of the war would be lost unless the Negro were given the privilege, increased rapidly.

What Douglass calls one of the first steps in the direction of popular favor for universal suffrage, was an interview that he had with President Johnson on the 7th of March, 1866. He headed a delegation of prominent colored men, including George T. Downing, Lewis H. Douglass, William E. Matthews, John Jones, John F. Cook, Joseph E. Otis, A.W. Ross, William Whipper, John M. Brown, and Alexander Dunlop. The visit of these black men to the President for the purpose of urging upon the government the policy of the franchise for the freedmen, attracted the

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attention of the entire nation. Nothing better could have been devised to bring the whole question before the people and obtain a hearing for it.

The delegation soon found that Mr. Johnson was not in sympathy with their plans for Negro enfranchisement. The president had evidently anticipated their purpose in calling upon him and he was fully prepared to answer their arguments. He spoke to them at great length and left no ground for them to doubt his position in the matter. He also gave them no opportunity to reply. On returning from the White House, his colleagues empowered Mr. Douglass to prepare an address to the public, to be printed simultaneously with Mr. Johnson's address to them. Mr. Douglass's paper was in the form of a reply to the President's arguments against the suffrage proposition, and was as follows:

Mr. President:—In consideration of a delicate sense of propriety as well as of your own repeated intimations of indisposition to discuss or listen to a reply to the views and opinions you were pleased to express to us in your elaborate speech to-day, the undersigned would respectfully take this method of replying thereto;

Believing as we do that the views and opinions you expressed in that address are entirely unsound and prejudicial to the highest interest of our race, as well as to our country as well as to our country at large, we cannot do other than expose the same and, as far as may be in our power, arrest their dangerous influence. It is not necessary at this time to call attention to more than two or three features of your remarkable address. The first point to which we feel especially bound to take exceptions, is your attempt to found a policy opposed to your enfranchisement, upon the alleged ground of an existing hostility on the part of the former slaves to the poor white people of the South. We admit the existence of this hostility, and hold that it is entirely reciprocal. But you obviously commit an error by drawing an argument from an incident of slavery, and making it a basis for a policy adapted to a state of freedom. The hostility between the whites and blacks of the South is easily explained. It has its root and sap in the relation of slavery, and was incited on both sides by the cunning of the slave-masters. These masters secured their ascendancy over both the poor whites and blacks by putting enmity between them.

They divided both to conquer each. There was no earthly reason why the blacks should not hate and dread the poor whites when in a state of slavery, for it was from this class that their masters received their slave-catchers and slave-drivers and overseers. They were the men called in upon all occasions by the masters whenever any fiendish outrage was to be committed upon the slaves. Now, sir, you cannot but perceive that, the cause of this hatred removed, the effect must be removed also. Slavery is abolished. The cause of this antagonism is removed, and you must see that it altogether illogical to legislate from slave-holding and slave-driving premises for a people, whom you have repeatedly declared it your purpose to maintain in freedom.

Besides, if it were true, as you allege, that the hostility of the blacks toward the whites must necessarily project itself into a state of freedom, and that this enmity between the two races is even more intense in a state of freedom than in a state of slavery, in the name of Heaven, we reverently ask, how can you, in view of your proffered desire to promote the welfare of the black man, deprive him of all means of defense, and clothe him, whom you regard as his enemy, in the panoply of apolitical power? Can it be that you recommend a policy which would arm the strong and cast down the defenseless? Can you, by any possibility of reasoning, regard this as just, fair, or wise? Experience proves that those are most abused who can be abused with the greatest impunity. Men are whipped oftenest who are whipped easiest. Peace between races is not to be secured by degrading one race and exalting another, by giving power to one and withholding from another, but by maintaining a state of equal justice between all classes. First pure, then peaceable.

On the colonization theory you were pleased to broach, very much could be said. It is impossible to suppose, in view of the usefulness of the black man in time of peace as a laborer in the South and in time of war as a soldier in the North, and a growing respect for his rights among the people and his increasing adaptation to a high state of civilization in his native land, that there can ever come a time when he can be removed from this country without a

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terrible shock to its prosperity and peace. Besides, the worst enemy of the nation could not cast upon its fair name a greater infamy than to admit that Negroes could be tolerated among them in a state of the most degrading slavery and oppression, and must be cast away, driven to exile, for no other cause than having been freed from their chains.

When the question reached Congress, the Negro was not lacking in friends who were willing to go the full length of the Frederick Douglass program of Reconstruction. The first step taken was a report made to the Senate by a committee having the subject in charge. This report in effect provided that the whole matter of franchise be left to the option of the several states concerned. Mr. Douglass believed he saw in this proposition the continued political enslavement of his people, and he was on his guard. The following communication written and sent to the Senate by the delegation which had visited President Johnson speaks for itself.:

To the Honorable, the Senate of the United States:—The undersigned, being a delegation representing the colored people of the several states and now sojourning in Washington, charged with the duty to look after the best interests of the recently emancipated, would most respectfully, but earnestly, pray your honorable body to favor no amendment of the Constitution of the United States which will grant any one or all of the states of the Union to disfranchise any class of citizens on the ground of race or color, for any consideration whatever. They would further respectfully represent that the Constitution as adopted by the Fathers of this Republic in 1789 evidently contemplated the result which has now happened, to wit, the abolition of slavery. The men who framed it, and those who adopted it, framed and adopted it for the people, and the whole people, colored men being at the time legal voters in most of the states. In that instrument as it now stands, there is not a sentence or a syllable conveying any shadow of right or authority by which any state may make color or race a disqualification for the exercise of the right of suffrage, and the undersigned will regard as a real calamity the introduction of any words expressly or by implication, giving any state or states such power; and we respectfully submit that if the amendment now pending before your honorable body shall be adopted, it will enable any state to deprive any class of citizens of the elective franchise, notwithstanding it was obviously framed with a view to affect the question of Negro suffrage only.

For these and other reasons the undersigned respectfully pray that the amendment to the Constitution recently passed by the House and now before your body, not be adopted. And as in duty bound, etc.

In addition to this letter addressed to the United States Senate, Mr. Douglass and his associates saw and argued the matter with every member of that body who would grant them an audience. The "Option Measure" was defeated and to a considerable extent through Mr. Douglass's influence. By this time the question of Negro suffrage had become a leading issue. For the purpose of obtaining the sense of the country on this subject, there was arranged what was known at the time as the "National Loyalists' Convention," to be held at Philadelphia in September, 1866. It was made up of delegates from all parts of the Union, including many influential men in and out of public life. Rochester elected Mr. Douglass as its sole representative, which was a great tribute to him, giving new recognition to the Negro race. The entire country was quick to take notice of the city's action, in so important a gathering, and there was not only objection but open opposition to Mr. Douglass's taking a seat in the convention. Some of the leading delegates united in an effort to persuade him not to go.

Speaking of the situation, Mr. Douglass says that at Harrisburg, there was attached to his train cars loaded with representatives from some of the western states.

When my presence became known to these gentlemen, he continues, a consultation was immediately held among them upon the question of what was best to be done with me. It seems strange, in view of all the progress which had been made, that such a question should arise. But the circumstances of the times made me the Jonah of the Republican ship, and responsible for the contrary winds and misbehaving weather. I was duly waited upon by a committee of my brother delegates to represent to me the undesirableness of my attendance upon the National

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Loyalists' Convention. The spokesman of these sub-delegates was a gentleman from New Orleans...He began by telling me that he knew my history and my works and that he entertained no very slight degree of respect for me; that both himself and the gentlemen who sent him, as well as those who accompanied him, regarded me with admiration; that there was not among them the remotest objection to sitting in the convention with me, but their personal wishes in the matter they felt should be set aside for the sake of our common cause; that whether I should or should not go in the convention was purely a matter of expediency; that I must know that there was a very strong and bitter prejudice against my race in the North as well as in the South and that the cry of social and political equality would not fail to be raised against the Republican party if I should attend this loyal National convention...I listened very attentively to the address, uttering no word during its delivery; but when it was finished, I said to the speaker and the committee, with all the emphasis I could throw into my voice and manner, "Gentlemen, with all respect, you might as well ask me to put a loaded pistol to my head and blow my brains out, as to ask me to keep out of this convention to which I have been duly elected. Then, gentlemen, what would you gain by the exclusion? Would not the charge of cowardice, certain to be brought against you, prove more damaging than that of amalgamation; would you not be branded all over the land as dastardly hypocrites, professing principles which you have no wish or intention of carrying out? As a matter of policy or expediency, you will be wise to let me in. Everybody knows that I have been duly elected as a delegate by the city of Rochester. This fact has been broadly announced and commented upon all over the country. If I am not admitted, the public will ask, 'where is Douglass? Why is he not seen in the convention?' and you would find that inquiry more difficult to answer than any charge brought against you for favoring political or social equality; but ignoring the question of policy altogether and looking at it as one of right and wrong, I am bound to go into that convention; not to do so would be to contradict the principles and practice of my life."

The delegates withdrew from the car in which Mr. Douglass was riding without accomplishing their purpose. It was soon made evident to him that his argument had not changed the prejudices of his visitors. When he reached Philadelphia and learned of the plans of the convention, he easily detected a concerted scheme to ignore him altogether. "I was," he says, "the ugly and deformed child of the family and to be kept out of sight as much as possible, while there was company in the house."

It had been arranged that the delegates should assemble at Independence Hall and from there march in a body through the streets to the building where the convention was to be held. Mr. Douglass was present at Independence Hall at the appointed time, but he at once realized the situation. Only a few of the delegates, like General B.F. Butler, had the courage to even greet him. He was not only snubbed generally, but it was hinted to him that if he attempted to walk in the procession through the streets of a city where but a few years ago Negroes had been assaulted and their houses and schools burned down, he would be jeered at, insulted, and perhaps mobbed. It required no little courage to act in the face of these conditions, but Douglass never wavered. He was strong enough not to falter even at the desertion of men whom he had a right to regard as his friends.

When the procession was formed, the delegates were to march two abreast. By this arrangement, the man who would have the hardihood to walk beside the only Negro in line would be an easy mark for scorn and contempt if not bodily attack. It was believed that no white man, under these conditions, would dare to march with Douglass. One delegate after another, those who had formerly taken counsel with him, passed him by. But to use his own words: "There was one man present who was broad enough to take in the whole situation and brave enough to meet the duty of the hour; one who was neither afraid nor ashamed to own me as a man and a brother. One man of the purest Caucasian type, a poet, a scholar, brilliant as a writer, eloquent as a speaker, and holding a high influential position, the editor of a weekly journal having the largest circulation of any weekly paper in the state of New York, and that man was Theodore Tilton. He came to me in my isolation, seized me by the hand in a most brotherly way, and proposed to walk with me in the procession."

The delegates marching through the streets of Philadelphia met with a great ovation, and Mr. Douglass was singled out for special marks of favor. Along the entire way he was loudly cheered, applauded, and congratulated by the

Booker T. Washington, *On Making Our Race Life Count*

multitude. Those who had misjudged the sentiments of the Philadelphians were ashamed of themselves when they saw that he was apparently the most popular man in the procession. A very pleasing incident occurred on the line of march that day which served to call special attention to him. AS his eyes caught a glimpse of a beautiful young woman among the spectators, he was seen suddenly to leave his place and fervently greet her. She was a member of the Auld family, and Mr. Douglass, recognizing her at once, paid her homage publicly. It appears that she had come to Philadelphia from her home in Baltimore when she heard that the ex-slave was to be there and walk in the procession as one of the great men of the occasion, and had been following the line for over an hour with the hope of catching a view of the man who, but for his desire for freedom, might still have been a servant in her family. The newspapers made much of the incident, and described it as one of the most dramatic features of the day.

By the time the marchers had reached the hall, the fear of Mr. Douglass's presence, as a delegate, had given way to a feeling of respect, pride, and comradeship. He threw off all restraint, and went into to win from this body a resolution in favor of the franchise for his people. He delivered one of those powerful and convincing addresses that he was well able to make when aroused. As a result, he quite captured and controlled the sentiment of the convention in favor of his resolution, and when it adjourned Mr. Douglass was congratulated for having achieved a personal triumph that was remarkable for its completeness.

After the adoption of the Thirteenth, Fourteenth, and Fifteenth Amendments, there was some curious speculation as to what place Frederick Douglass would take in this larger world of citizenship that he had helped to create. A number of his friends and admirers thought that he had led his people so successfully out of the wilderness of slavery that he should now put himself into a position where he could guide them further in the proper use of their rights and privileges as citizens of the republic. Many urged that the South was the right place for one of his power and standing. No colored man in this country had such training for large responsibilities as Mr. Douglass had had, during the previous thirty years of service. It was also feared that, without such leadership as he could bring to the South, small men, of mere political training and of partisan methods and ambitions, would assume the direction of the newly-made citizens, and, by their selfishness and greed, bring down upon these poor people more miseries than could be cured in many generations. Everything seemed to invite Frederick Douglass to these new duties and new responsibilities. It was pointed out to him how easily he could have become a pioneer by being elected to the House of Representatives, or even to the Senate, from some of the reconstructed states of the South.

He thought long and seriously over the project, but finally concluded not to change his habitation for the sake of gaining political power. He expressed his conclusions on the matter as follows:

That I did not yield to this temptation was not entirely due to my age, but the idea did not entirely square well with my better judgment and sense of propriety. The thought of going to live among a people in order to gain their votes and acquire official honors was repugnant to my sense of self-respect, and I had not lived long enough in the political atmosphere of Washington to have this feeling blunted so as to make me indifferent to its suggestions...I had small faith in my aptitude as a politician, and could not hope to cope with rival aspirants. My life and labors in the North had in a measure unfitted me for such work, and I could not have readily adapted myself to that peculiar oratory found to be most effective with the newly enfranchised class. Upon the whole, I have never regretted that I did not enter the arena of Congressional honors to which I was invited. Outside of mere personal considerations, I saw, or thought I saw, that, in the nature of the case, the scepter of power had passed from the old slave-states to the free and loyal states, and that hereafter, at least for some time to come, the loyal North, with its advanced civilization, must dictate the policy and control of the destiny of the republic. I had an audience ready made in the free-states, one which the labors of thirty years had prepared for me, and before this audience the freedmen needed an advocate as much as they needed a member in Congress. I think that in this I was right, for thus far our colored members in Congress have not largely made themselves felt in the legislation of this country, and I have little reason to think that I could have done better than they - 1907

Humanities • Primary Source**On the League of Nations, 12 August 1919, Henry Cabot Lodge**

Henry Cabot Lodge, a vociferous Republican opponent (and Senate majority leader) of the Democrat President Woodrow Wilson – considered by many historians today Wilson's political nemesis - was routinely disdainful of Wilson's liberal ideals. While critical - albeit cautiously so - of Wilson's conduct of America's successful role in World War One, Cabot Lodge saved his greatest ire for Wilson's proposal and sponsorship of the League of Nations. Deeply suspicious of any attempt to unnecessarily involve the U.S. in international political matters Cabot Lodge campaigned ceaselessly against U.S. participation in the League. Cabot Lodge's viewpoint eventually prevailed over that of the increasingly frail president and the U.S. never joined the League. Reproduced below is a speech given by Cabot Lodge in Washington D.C. on 12 August 1919 in which he set forth his objections to the League.

Mr. President:

The independence of the United States is not only more precious to ourselves but to the world than any single possession. Look at the United States today. We have made mistakes in the past. We have had shortcomings. We shall make mistakes in the future and fall short of our own best hopes. But none the less is there any country today on the face of the earth which can compare with this in ordered liberty, in peace, and in the largest freedom?

I feel that I can say this without being accused of undue boastfulness, for it is the simple fact, and in making this treaty and taking on these obligations all that we do is in a spirit of unselfishness and in a desire for the good of mankind. But it is well to remember that we are dealing with nations every one of which has a direct individual interest to serve, and there is grave danger in an unshared idealism. Contrast the United States with any country on the face of the earth today and ask yourself whether the situation of the United States is not the best to be found. I will go as far as anyone in world service, but the first step to world service is the maintenance of the United States. I have always loved one flag and I cannot share that devotion [with] a mongrel banner created for a League. You may call me selfish if you will, conservative or reactionary, or use any other harsh adjective you see fit to apply, but an American I was born, an American I have remained all my life. I can never be anything else but an American, and I must think of the United States first, and when I think of the United States first in an arrangement like this I am thinking of what is best for the world, for if the United States fails, the best hopes of mankind fail with it.

I have never had but one allegiance - I cannot divide it now. I have loved but one flag and I cannot share that devotion and give affection to the mongrel banner invented for a league. Internationalism, illustrated by the Bolshevik and by the men to whom all countries are alike provided they can make money out of them, is to me repulsive. National I must remain, and in that way I like all other Americans can render the amplest service to the world. The United States is the world's best hope, but if you fetter her in the interests and quarrels of other nations, if you tangle her in the intrigues of Europe, you will destroy her power for good and endanger her very existence. Leave her to march freely through the centuries to come as in the years that have gone.

Strong, generous, and confident, she has nobly served mankind. Beware how you trifle with your marvellous inheritance, this great land of ordered liberty, for if we stumble and fall freedom and civilization everywhere will go down in ruin.

We are told that we shall 'break the heart of the world' if we do not take this league just as it stands. I fear that the hearts of the vast majority of mankind would beat on strongly and steadily and without any quickening if the league were to perish altogether. If it should be effectively and beneficently changed the people who would lie awake in sorrow for a single night could be easily gathered in one not very large room but those who would draw a long breath of relief would reach to millions.

We hear much of visions and I trust we shall continue to have visions and dream dreams of a fairer future for the race. But visions are one thing and visionaries are another, and the mechanical appliances of the rhetorician designed to give a picture of a present which does not exist and of a future which no man can predict are as unreal and short-lived as the steam or canvas clouds, the angels suspended on wires and the artificial lights of the stage.

Henry Cabot Lodge, *On the League of Nations*

They pass with the moment of effect and are shabby and tawdry in the daylight. Let us at least be real. Washington's entire honesty of mind and his fearless look into the face of all facts are qualities which can never go out of fashion and which we should all do well to imitate. Ideals have been thrust upon us as an argument for the league until the healthy mind which rejects cant revolts from them. Are ideals confined to this deformed experiment upon a noble purpose, tainted, as it is, with bargains and tied to a peace treaty which might have been disposed of long ago to the great benefit of the world if it had not been compelled to carry this rider on its back? 'Post equitem sedet atra cura,' Horace tells us, but no blacker care ever sat behind any rider than we shall find in this covenant of doubtful and disputed interpretation as it now perches upon the treaty of peace.

No doubt many excellent and patriotic people see a coming fulfilment of noble ideals in the words 'league for peace.' We all respect and share these aspirations and desires, but some of us see no hope, but rather defeat, for them in this murky covenant. For we, too, have our ideals, even if we differ from those who have tried to establish a monopoly of idealism.

Our first ideal is our country, and we see her in the future, as in the past, giving service to all her people and to the world. Our ideal of the future is that she should continue to render that service of her own free will. She has great problems of her own to solve, very grim and perilous problems, and a right solution, if we can attain to it, would largely benefit mankind. We would have our country strong to resist a peril from the West, as she has flung back the German menace from the East. We would not have our politics distracted and embittered by the dissensions of other lands. We would not have our country's vigour exhausted or her moral force abated, by everlasting meddling and muddling in every quarrel, great and small, which afflicts the world.

Our ideal is to make her ever stronger and better and finer, because in that way alone, as we believe, can she be of the greatest service to the world's peace and to the welfare of mankind.

Humanities • Primary Source**Speech On The League Of Nations Nov. 19, 1919, William E. Borah**

When the league shall have been formed, we shall be a member of what is known as the council of the league. Our accredited representative will sit in judgment with the accredited representatives of the other members of the league to pass upon the concerns not only of our country but of all Europe and all Asia and the entire world. Our accredited representatives will be members of the assembly. They will sit there to represent the judgment of these 110,000,000 people—more than—just as we are accredited here to represent our constituencies. We can not send our representatives to sit in council with the representatives of the other great nations of the world with mental reservations as to what we shall do in case their judgment shall not be satisfactory to us. If we go to the council or to the assembly with any other purpose than that of complying in good faith and in absolute integrity with all upon which the council or the assembly may pass, we shall soon return to our country with our self-respect forfeited and the public opinion of the world condemnatory.

Why need you gentlemen across the aisle worry about a reservation here or there when we are sitting in the council and in the assembly and bound by every obligation in morals, which the President said was supreme above that of law, to comply with the judgment which our representatives and the other representatives finally form? Shall we go there, Mr. President, to sit in judgment, and in case that judgment works for peace join with our allies, but in case it works for war withdraw our cooperation? How long would we stand as we now stand a great Republic commanding the respect and holding the leadership of the world, if we should adopt any such course? . .

We have said, Mr. President, that we would not send our troops abroad without the consent of Congress. Pass by now for a moment the legal proposition. If we create executive functions, the Executive will perform those functions without the authority of Congress. Pass that question by and go to the other question. Our members of the council are there. Our members of the assembly are there. Article 11 is complete, and it authorizes the league, a member of which is our representative, to deal with matters of peace and war, and the league through its council and its assembly deals with the matter, and our accredited representative joins with the others in deciding upon a certain course, which involves a question of sending troops. What will the Congress of the United States do? What right will it have left, except the bare technical right to refuse, which as a moral proposition it will not dare to exercise? Have we not been told day by day for the last nine months that the Senate of the United States, a coordinate part of the treaty-making power, should accept this league as it was written because the wise men sitting at Versailles had so written it, and has not every possible influence and every source of power in public opinion been organized and directed against the Senate to compel it to do that thing? How much stronger will be the moral compulsion upon the Congress of the United States when we ourselves have indorsed the proposition of sending our accredited representatives there to vote for us?

Ah, but you say that there must be unanimous consent, and that there is vast protection in unanimous consent.

I do not wish to speak disparagingly; but has not every division and dismemberment of every nation which has suffered dismemberment taken place by unanimous consent for the last 300 years? Did not Prussia and Austria and Russia by unanimous consent divide Poland? Did not the United States and Great Britain and Japan and Italy and France divide China and give Shantung to Japan? Was that not a unanimous decision? Close the doors upon the diplomats of Europe, let them sit in secret, give them the material to trade on, and there always will be unanimous consent....

Mr. President, if you have enough territory, if you have enough material, if you have enough subject peoples to trade upon and divide, there will be no difficulty about unanimous consent.

Do our Democratic friends ever expect any man to sit as a member of the council or as a member of the Assembly equal in intellectual power and in standing before the world with that of our representative at Versailles? Do you expect a man to sit in the council who will have made more pledges, and I shall assume made them in sincerity, for self-determination and for the rights of small peoples, than had been made by our accredited representative? And yet, what became of it? The unanimous consent was obtained nevertheless.

William E. Borah, *Speech On the League of Nations*

But take another view of it. We are sending to the council one man. That one man represents 110,000,000 people.

Here, sitting in the Senate, we have two from every State in the Union, and over in the other House we have Representatives in accordance with population, and the responsibility is spread out in accordance with our obligations to our constituency. But now we are transferring to one man the stupendous power of representing the sentiment and convictions of 110,000,000 people in tremendous questions which may involve the peace or may involve the war of the world....

What is the result of all this? We are in the midst of all of the affairs of Europe. We have entangled ourselves with all European concerns. We have joined in alliance with all the European nations which have thus far joined the league, and all nations which may be admitted to the league. We are sitting there dabbling in their affairs and intermeddling in their concerns. In other words, Mr. President—and this comes to the question which is fundamental with me—we have forfeited and surrendered, once and for all, the great policy of "no entangling alliances" upon which the strength of this Republic has been founded for 150 years.

My friends of reservations, tell me where is the reservation in these articles which protects us against entangling alliances with Europe?

Those who are differing over reservations, tell me what one of them protects the doctrine laid down by the Father of his Country. That fundamental proposition is surrendered, and we are a part of the European turmoils and conflicts from the time we enter this league...

Lloyd-George is reported to have said just a few days before the conference met at Versailles that Great Britain could give up much, and would be willing to sacrifice much, to have America withdraw from that policy. That was one of the great objects of the entire conference at Versailles, so far as the foreign representatives were concerned. Clemenceau and Lloyd-George and others like them were willing to make any reasonable sacrifice which would draw America away from her isolation and into the internal affairs and concerns of Europe. This league of nations, with or without reservations, whatever else it does or does not do, does surrender and sacrifice that policy; and once having surrendered and become a part of the European concerns, where, my friends, are you going to stop?

You have put in here a reservation upon the Monroe doctrine. I think that, in so far as language could protect the Monroe doctrine, it has been protected. But as a practical proposition, as a working proposition, tell me candidly, as men familiar with the history of your country and of other countries, do you think that you can intermeddle in European affairs; and, secondly, never to permit Europe to [interfere in our affairs].

We can not protect the Monroe doctrine unless we protect the basic principle upon which it rests, and that is the Washington policy. I do not care how earnestly you may endeavor to do so, as a practical working proposition your league will come to the United States....

Mr. President, there is another and even a more commanding reason why I shall record my vote against this treaty. It imperils what I conceive to be the underlying, the very first principles of this Republic. It is in conflict with the right of our people to govern themselves free from all restraint, legal or moral, of foreign powers....

Sir, since the debate opened months ago those of us who have stood against this proposition have been taunted many times with being little Americans. Leave us the, word American, keep that in your presumptuous impeachment, and no taunt can disturb us, no gibe discompose our purposes. Call us little Americans if you will, but leave us the consolation and the pride which the term American, however modified, still imparts.... We have sought nothing save the tranquillity of our own people and the honor and independence of our own Republic. No

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foreign flattery, no possible world glory and power have disturbed our poise or come between us and our devotion to the traditions which have made us a people or the policies which have made us a Nation, unselfish and commanding. If we have erred we have erred out of too much love for those things which from childhood you and we together have been taught to revere—yes, to defend even at the cost of limb and life. If we have erred it is because we have placed too high an estimate upon the wisdom of Washington and Jefferson, too exalted an opinion upon the patriotism of the sainted Lincoln....

Senators, even in an hour so big with expectancy we should not close our eyes to the fact that democracy is something more, vastly more, than a mere form of government by which society is restrained into free and orderly life. It is a moral entity, a spiritual force, as well. And these are things which live only and alone in the atmosphere of liberty. The foundation upon which democracy rests is faith in the moral instincts of the people. Its ballot boxes, the franchise, its laws, and constitutions are but the outward manifestations of the deeper and more essential thing—a continuing trust in the moral purposes of the average man and woman. When this is lost or forfeited your outward forms, however democratic in terms, are a mockery. Force may find expression through institutions democratic in structure equal with the simple and more direct processes of a single supreme ruler. These distinguishing virtues of a real republic you can not commingle with the discordant and destructive forces of the Old World and still preserve them. You can not yoke a government whose fundamental maxim is that of liberty to a government whose first law is that of force and hope to preserve the former. These things are in eternal war, and one must ultimately destroy the other. You may still keep for a time the outward form, you may still delude yourself, as others have done in the past, with appearances and symbols, but when you shall have committed this Republic to a scheme of world control based upon force, upon the combined military force of the four great nations of the world, you will have soon destroyed the atmosphere of freedom, of confidence in the self-governing capacity of the masses, in which alone a democracy may thrive. We may become one of the four dictators of the world, but we shall no longer be master of our own spirit. And what shall it profit us as a Nation if we shall go forth to the domination of the earth and share with others the glory of world control and lose that fine sense of confidence in the people, the soul of democracy?

Look upon the scene as it is now presented. Behold the task we are to assume, and then contemplate the method by which we are to deal with this task. Is the method such as to address itself to a Government "conceived in liberty and dedicated to the proposition that all men are created equal"? When this league, this combination, is formed four great powers representing the dominant people will rule one-half of the inhabitants of the globe as subject peoples—rule by force, and we shall be a party to the rule of force. There is no other way by which you can keep people in subjection. You must either give them independence, recognize their rights as nations to live their own life and to set up their own form of government, or you must deny them these things by force. That is the scheme, the method proposed by the league. It proposes no other. We will in time become inured to its inhuman precepts and its soulless methods strange as this doctrine now seems to a free people. If we stay with our contract, we will come in time to declare with our associates that force—force, the creed of the Prussian military oligarchy—is after all the true foundation upon which must rest all stable governments. Korea, despoiled and bleeding at every pore; India, sweltering in ignorance and burdened with inhuman taxes after more than one hundred years of dominant rule; Egypt, trapped and robbed of her birthright; Ireland, with 700 years of sacrifice for independence—this is the task, this is the atmosphere, and this is the creed in and under which we are to keep alive our belief in the moral purposes and self-governing capacity of the people, a belief without which the Republic must disintegrate and die. The maxim of liberty will soon give way to the rule of blood and iron. We have been pleading here for our Constitution. Conform this league, it has been said, to the technical terms of our charter, and all will be well. But I declare to you that we must go further and conform to those sentiments and passions for justice and freedom which are essential to the existence of democracy....

Sir, we are told that this treaty means peace. Even so, I would not pay the price. Would you purchase peace at the cost of any part of our independence? We could have had peace in 1776— the price was high, but we could have had it. James Otis, Sam Adams, Hancock, and Warren were surrounded by those who urged peace and British rule. All through that long and trying struggle, particularly when the clouds of adversity lowered upon the cause, there

William E. Borah, *Speech On the League of Nations*

was a cry of peace—let us have peace. We could have had peace in 1860; Lincoln was counseled by men of great influence and accredited wisdom to let our brothers—and, thank Heaven, they are brothers— depart in peace. But the tender, loving Lincoln, bending under the fearful weight of impending civil war, an apostle of peace, refused to pay the price, and a reunited country will praise his name forevermore—bless it because he refused peace at the price of national honor and national integrity. Peace upon any other basis than national independence, peace purchased at the cost of any part of our national integrity, is fit only for slaves, and even when purchased at such a price it is a delusion, for it can not last.

But your treaty does not mean peace—far, very far, from it. If we are to judge the future by the past it means war. Is there any guaranty of peace other than the guaranty which comes of the control of the war-making power by the people? Yet what great rule of democracy does the treaty leave unassailed? The people in whose keeping alone you can safely lodge the power of peace or war nowhere, at no time and in no place, have any voice in this scheme for world peace. Autocracy which has bathed the world in blood for centuries reigns supreme. Democracy is everywhere excluded. This, you say, means peace.

Can you hope for peace when love of country is disregarded in your scheme, when the spirit of nationality is rejected, even scoffed at? Yet what law of that moving and mysterious force does your treaty not deny? With a ruthlessness unparalleled your treaty in a dozen instances runs counter to the divine law of nationality. Peoples who speak the same language, kneel at the same ancestral tombs, moved by the same traditions, animated by a common hope, are torn asunder, broken in pieces, divided, and parceled out to antagonistic nations. And this you call justice. This, you cry, means peace. Peoples who have dreamed of independence, struggled and been patient, sacrificed and been hopeful, peoples who were told that through this peace conference they should realize the aspirations of centuries, have again had their hopes dashed to earth. One of the most striking and commanding figures in this war, soldier and statesmen, turned away from the peace table at Versailles declaring to the world, "The promise of the new life, the victory of the great humane ideals for which the peoples have shed their blood and their treasure without stint, the fulfillment of their aspirations toward a new international order and a fairer and better world, are not written into the treaty." No, your treaty means injustice. It means slavery. It means war. And to all this you ask this Republic to become a party. You ask it to abandon the creed under which it has grown to power and accept the creed of autocracy, the creed of repression and force.

Humanities • Primary Source

Returning Soldiers, W.E.B. Du Bois

We are returning from war! The Crisis and tens of thousands of black men were drafted into a great struggle. For bleeding France and what she means and has meant and will mean to us and humanity and against the threat of German race arrogance, we fought gladly and to the last drop of blood; for America and here highest ideals, we fought in far off hope; for the dominant southern oligarchy entrenched in Washington, we fought in bitter resignation, For the America that represents and gloats in lynching, disfranchisement, caste, brutality and devilish insult — for this, in the hateful upturning and mixing of things, we were forced by vindictive fate to fight, also.

But today we return! We return from the slavery of uniform which the world's madness demanded us to don to the freedom of civil garb. We stand again to look America squarely in the face and call a spade a spade. We sing:

This country of ours, despite all its better souls have done and dreamed, is yet a shameful land.

It *lynches*.

And lynching is barbarism of a degree of contemptible nastiness unparalleled in human history. Yet for fifty years we have lynched two Negroes a week, and we have kept this up right through the war.

It *disfranchises* its own citizens.

Disfranchisement is the deliberate theft and robbery of the only protection of poor against rich and black against white. The land that disfranchises its citizens and calls itself a democracy lies and knows it lies.

It *encourages ignorance*.

It has never really tried to educate the Negro. A dominant minority does not want Negroes educated. It wants servants, dogs, whores and monkeys. And when this land allows a reactionary group by its stolen political power to force as many black folk into these categories as it possibly can, it cries in contemptible hypocrisy:

"They threaten us with degeneracy; they cannot be educated."

It *steals* from us.

It organizes industry to cheat us. It cheats us out of our land; it cheats us out of our labor. It confiscates our savings. It reduces our wages. It raises our rent. It steals our profit. It taxes us without representation. It keeps us consistently and universally poor, and then feeds us on charity and derides our poverty.

It *insults* us.

It has organized a nation-wide and latterly a world-wide propaganda of deliberate and continuous insult and defamation of black blood wherever found. It decrees that it shall not be possible in travel nor residence, work nor play, education nor instruction for a black man to exist without tacit or open acknowledgement of his inferiority to the dirties white dog. And it looks upon any attempt to question of even discuss this dogma as arrogance, unwarranted assumption and treason.

This is the country to which we Soldiers of Democracy return. This is the fatherland for which we fought! But it is our fatherland. It was right for us to fight. The faults of our country are our faults. Under similar circumstances, we would fight again. But by the God of Heaven, we are cowards and jackasses if now that that war is over, we do not marshal every ounce of our brain and brawn to fight a sterner, longer, more unbending battle against the forces of hell in our own land.

We *return*.

We *return from fighting*.

We *return fighting*.

Make way for Democracy! We saved it from France, and by the Great Jehovah, we will save it in the United States of America, or know the reason why.

Humanities • Primary Source
Cleveland Riot Newspaper Article

1 DEAD, MANY HURT IN CLEVELAND RIOT
Soldiers, Sailors, and Civilians Aid Police Quell May Day Outbreaks.**DISORDER IN OTHER PLACES**
Radicals Battle with Police in Boston Streets—Many Strikes Called.

CLEVELAND, Ohio, May 1.— One man dead, twelve policemen and scores of civilians injured were the casualties in the Socialist May Day celebration in Cleveland tonight following a series of riots in which army tanks and motor transport trucks were used by the police, soldiers, and civilians in their efforts to suppress the disturbances which broke out in various sections of the city during the afternoon.

Demobilized soldiers, sailors, and volunteer civilians were marshaled in Public Square tonight by Captain C. D. Paxton, a French Army officer, and held in readiness to speed to other parts of the city where further outbreaks were expected during the night. Beginning when an army Lieutenant demanded that a soldier at the head of the Socialist procession discard a red flag when he carried, the riots continued throughout the greater part of the afternoon. The refusal of the soldier to heed the officer's command was the signal for an attack by the Lieutenant and several other soldiers who were on the scene. Immediately a free for-all fight began, in which the soldiers were being badly handled, until the arrival of several policemen.

A hurry call for the reserves brought several mounted police, and they charged, driving their horses directly into the throng and swinging their clubs with good effect. a number of the police horses were slashed with knives in the hands of the Socialists, while others pulled revolvers and fired at the police. The battle was so severe that fully twenty of the radicals were injured, some of them seriously. Ambulance surgeons from all the downtown hospitals were summoned and twenty were removed to hospitals.

The riot had hardly been quelled when another broke out in Public square at the same time that William Gibbs McAdoo, former Secretary of the Treasury, was addressing a Victory Loan rally in Keath's Hippodrome.

An army Lieutenant ordered two soldiers form the platform in Public Square, on which several Socialist speakers were gathered. The men refused to comply, and the Lieutenant with several soldiers mounted the platform. Instantly the Socialists rushed the platform and the fight began.

The soldiers battled valiantly, but were considerably outnumbered until the arrival of a score of mounted policemen and two army tanks manned by soldiers. The police charged the crowd, swinging their clubs with good effect. Several of the Socialists drew revolvers and fired in the air, but were finally driven back.

Seventy prisoners, many of whom, the police say, carried weapons, were arrested and locked up in Central Police Station. Women Shoppers Run for Shelter. The police had scarcely dispersed the throng in the square when another riot broke out two blocks away on Euclid Avenue, in the heart of the shopping district. Women shoppers ran for shelter as the Socialists again fired, but the police, aided by soldiers, charged the throng. Windows in hotels, department stores and other buildings were crowded with spectators, who threw ink bottles, ink wells, sticks and other articles at the heads of the rioters in the street below.

Socialist headquarters was totally wrecked when a throng of soldiers and civilians charged the place, driving the radicals out and completely demolishing the building. Typewriters and office furniture were thrown into the street. The one fatality occurred when Detective Woodring, in defending himself from an attack by the rioters, fired his revolver. The bullet struck one of the crowd and the man was instantly killed.

Cleveland Riot Newspaper Article

George Shuckard, 40 years old, of 4, 364 Chicester Avenue, was the night watchman who lost his head and fired several shots when he thought the crowd was intent on robbing the bank. Some of the soldiers and sailors who were injured were treated at the Liberty Loan station at 1,183 Broadway. Among these was Private Edward Gillespie, formerly of Company I, 104th Infantry. Gillespie said he was struck by a policeman in the lobby of the Prince George Hotel.

Among the spectators injured in the rioting at the square were two New Yorkers. They are the Rev. Fred P. Haggard, General Secretary of the Baptist laymen's movement and the Rev. Frank R. Baker. Both clergymen are attending the interchurch world movement convention here. Neither is seriously injured.

Humanities · Document-Based Question

The Impact of the Automobile

This question is based on the accompanying documents. The question is designed to test your ability to work with historical documents. Some of the documents have been edited for the purposes of the question. As you analyze the documents, take into account the source of each document and any point of view that may be presented in the document.

Historical Context:

The automobile has had an important influence on the United States since the early 20th century. Perhaps no other invention has had such a significant impact on production methods, the American landscape, the environment, and American values.

Task: Using information from the documents and your knowledge of United States history, answer the questions that follow each document in Part A. Your answers to the questions will help you write the Part B essay, in which you will be asked to:

- Discuss the political, economic, *and/or* social impacts of the automobile on the United States.

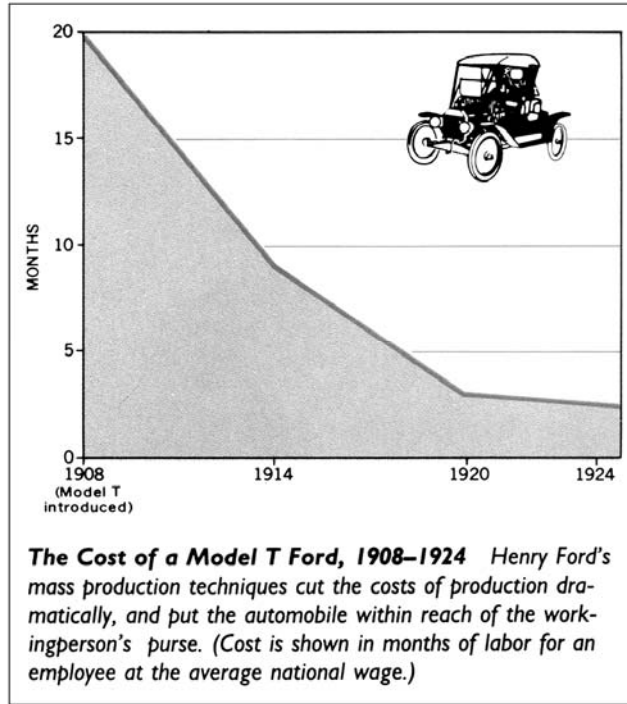
Humanities · Document-Based Question

The Impact of the Automobile

Part A
Short-Answer Questions

Document 1

Length of Time an Average American Employee Must Work to Purchase a Car



Source: Bailey and Kennedy, *The American Pageant*, D.C. Heath and Company, 1987

1. According to Bailey and Kennedy, how did Henry Ford's mass production techniques influence the cost of the automobile?

Humanities · Document-Based Question

The Impact of the Automobile

Document 2

. . . The result [of buying a car] upon the individual is to break down his sense of values. Whether he will or no, he must spend money at every turn. Having succumbed [given in] to the lure of the car, he is quite helpless thereafter. If a new device will make his automobile run smoother or look better, he attaches that device. If a new polish will make it shine brighter, he buys that polish. If a new idea will give more mileage, or remove carbon, he adopts that new idea. These little costs quickly mount up and in many instances represent the margin of safety between income and outgo. The over-plus [surplus] in the pay envelope, instead of going into the bank as a reserve-fund, goes into automobile expense. Many families live on the brink of danger all the time. They are car-poor. Saving is impossible. The joy of security in the future is sacrificed for the pleasure of the moment. And with the pleasure of the moment is mingled the constant anxiety entailed by living beyond one's means. . . .

Source: William Ashdown, "Confessions of an Automobilst," Atlantic Monthly, June 1925

2. According to William Ashdown, what were two negative impacts of automobile ownership in 1925? [2]

Document 3

. . . Massive and internationally competitive, the automobile industry is the largest single manufacturing enterprise in the United States in terms of total value of products and number of employees. One out of every six U.S. businesses depends on the manufacture, distribution, servicing, or use of motor vehicles. The industry is primarily responsible for the growth of steel and rubber production, and is the largest user of machine tools. Specialized manufacturing requirements have driven advances in petroleum refining, paint and plate-glass manufacturing, and other industrial processes. Gasoline, once a waste product to be burned off, is now one of the most valuable commodities in the world. . . .

Source: National Academy of Engineering, 2000

3. Based on this article, state two ways the automobile industry has had an impact on the American economy.

Humanities · Document-Based Question
The Impact of the Automobile

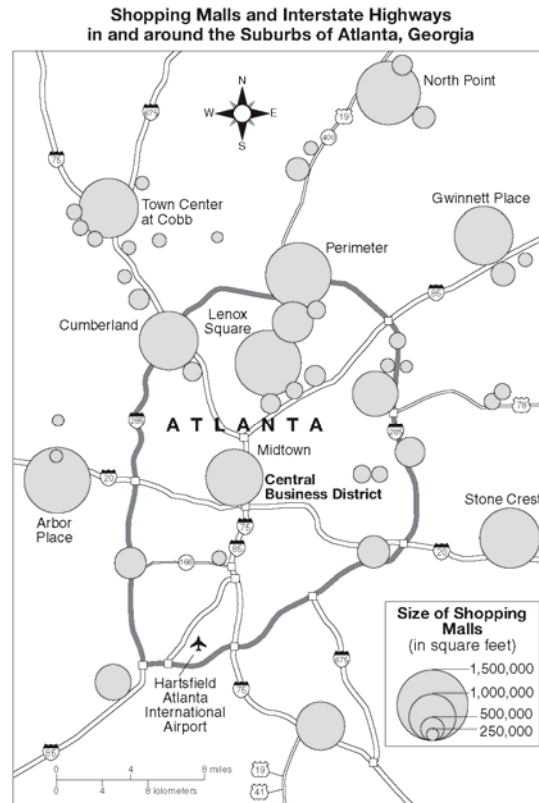
Document 4a

. . . The automobile allowed a completely different pattern. Today there is often a semi-void of residential population at the heart of a large city, surrounded by rings of less and less densely settled suburbs. These suburbs, primarily dependent on the automobile to function, are where the majority of the country’s population lives, a fact that has transformed our politics. Every city that had a major-league baseball team in 1950, with the exception only of New York—ever the exception— has had a drastic loss in population within its city limits over the last four and a half decades, sometimes by as much as 50 percent as people have moved outward, thanks to the automobile. In more recent years the automobile has had a similar effect on the retail commercial sectors of smaller cities and towns, as shopping malls and superstores such as the Home Depot and Wal-Mart have sucked commerce off Main Street and into the surrounding countryside. . . .

Source: John Steele Gordon, “Engine of Liberation,” *American Heritage*, November 1996

4a. According to John Steele Gordon, what has been one impact of the automobile on cities? [1]

Document 4b



Source: James M. Rubenstein, *The Cultural Landscape: An Introduction to Human Geography*, Pearson Prentice Hall, 2005 (adapted)

4b. Based on the information on this map, what is one impact of the automobile on suburbs?

Humanities · Document-Based Question**The Impact of the Automobile**

Document 5

. . . What did the automobile mean for the housewife? Unlike public transportation systems, it was convenient. Located right at her doorstep, it could deposit her at the doorstep that she wanted or needed to visit. And unlike the bicycle or her own two feet, the automobile could carry bulky packages as well as several additional people. Acquisition of an automobile therefore meant that a housewife, once she had learned how to drive, could become her own door-to-door delivery service. And as more housewives acquired automobiles, more businessmen discovered the joys of dispensing with [eliminating] delivery services—particularly during the Depression. . . .

Source: Ruth Schwartz Cowan, "Less Work for Mother?," *American Heritage*, September/October 1987

5. According to Ruth Schwartz Cowan, what was one way life changed for the American housewife as a result of the automobile?

Document 6**The Influence of the Automobile, 1923–1960 (Selected Years)**

- 1923** Country Club Plaza, the first shopping center, opens in Kansas City.
- 1924** In November, 16,833 cars cross the St. John's River into Florida, the beginning of winter motor pilgrimages to Florida.
- 1930** Census data suggest that southern cities are becoming more racially segregated as carousing whites move to suburbs that have no public transportation.
- King Kullen, first supermarket, Queens, New York City. Supermarkets are an outgrowth of the auto age, because pedestrians cannot carry large amounts of groceries home.
- 1932** One-room rural schools decline because school districts operate 63,000 school buses in the United States.
- 1956** Car pools enable Montgomery, Alabama, blacks [African Americans] to boycott successfully the local bus company, beginning the modern civil rights movement.
- National Defense and Interstate Highway Act passed. President Eisenhower argues: "In case of atomic attack on our cities, the road net [network] must allow quick evacuation of target areas."
- 1957** Sixty-six-year-old gas station operator Harlan Sanders, facing bankruptcy because the interstate has bypassed him, decides to franchise his Kentucky Fried Chicken restaurant.
- 1960** Organization of Petroleum Exporting Countries (OPEC) formed.

Source: Clay McShane, *The Automobile: A Chronology of Its Antecedents, Development, and Impact*, Greenwood Press, 1997 (adapted)

Humanities · Document-Based Question

The Impact of the Automobile

6a. According to Clay McShane, what were two economic impacts of the automobile on the United States?

b According to Clay McShane, what was one impact of the automobile on race relations in the United States?

Document 7

Minor disruptions have begun to appear in the world oil trade in the wake of the renewal of hostilities between the Arabs and the Israelis, and industry executives and Government officials in many countries are waiting to see whether the Arab states will make a serious attempt to use oil as a weapon in the conflict or any political confrontation that follows. The Egyptians are reported to have attacked Israeli-held oil fields in the occupied Sinai, and if true it would be the most ominous event so far in the oil situation. It would be the first direct attack by either side on oil production facilities in any of the conflicts thus far. If the Israelis retaliate it could mean major disruptions of supplies. . . .

Source: William D. Smith, "Conflict Brings Minor Disruptions in Oil Industry: Arab States' Moves Studied for Clues to Intentions," New York Times, October 9, 1973

7. According to William D. Smith, what could be one impact of the conflicts in the Middle East on the United States?

Humanities • Document-Based Question

The Impact of the Automobile

Document 8

WASHINGTON, July 17—President Reagan, appealing for cooperation in ending the “crazy quilt of different states’ drinking laws,” today signed legislation that would deny some Federal highway funds to states that keep their drinking age under 21.

At a ceremony in the White House Rose Garden, Mr. Reagan praised as “a great national movement” the efforts to raise the drinking age that began years ago among students and parents.

“We know that drinking, plus driving, spell death and disaster,” Mr. Reagan told visitors on a sweltering afternoon. “We know that people in the 18–to–20 age group are more likely to be in alcohol-related accidents than those in any other age group.”

Mr. Reagan indirectly acknowledged that he once had reservations about a measure that, in effect, seeks to force states to change their policies. In the past, Mr. Reagan has taken the view that certain matters of concern to the states should not be subject to the dictates of the Federal Government.

But in the case of drunken driving, Mr. Reagan said, “The problem is bigger than the individual states.” . . .

Source: Steven R. Weisman, “Reagan Signs Law Linking Federal Aid to Drinking Age,” *New York Times*, July 18, 1984

8. According to Steven R. Weisman, what was one reason President Reagan signed the law linking federal highway funds to the drinking age?

Document 9

. . . After a long and bitter debate, lawmakers in California today [July 2, 2002] passed the nation’s strongest legislation to regulate emissions of the main pollutant that can cause warming of the planet’s climate, a step that would require automakers to sell cars that give off the least possible amount of heat-trapping gases. . . .

California is the largest market for automobiles in the United States, as well as the state with more serious air pollution problems than any other. Under federal clean air legislation, the state’s air quality regulators are allowed to set standards for automobile pollution that are stricter than those imposed by federal law. In the past, many other states have followed California’s lead in setting pollution rules on vehicles, and ultimately American automakers have been forced to build cars that meet California’s standards and to sell them nationwide. . . .

Source: John H. Cushman Jr., “California Lawmakers Vote to Lower Auto Emissions,” *New York Times*, July 2, 2002

9. According to John H. Cushman Jr., what is one impact of the automobile on the United States?

Humanities · Document-Based Question

The Impact of the Automobile

Part B

Essay

Directions: Write a well-organized essay that includes an introduction, several paragraphs, and a conclusion. Use evidence from at least five documents in the body of the essay. Support your response with relevant facts, examples, and details. Include additional outside information.

Historical Context:

The automobile has had an important influence on the United States since the early 20th century. Perhaps no other invention has had such a significant impact on production methods, the American landscape, the environment, and American values.

Task: Using information from the documents and your knowledge of United States history, write an essay in which you

- Discuss the political, economic, and/or social impacts of the automobile on the United States

Guidelines:

In your essay, be sure to

- Develop all aspects of the task
- Incorporate information from at least five documents
- Incorporate relevant outside information
- Support the theme with relevant facts, examples, and details
- Use a logical and clear plan of organization, including an introduction and a conclusion that are beyond a restatement of the theme

Humanities · Literature Selection***"Boyhood Days" from *Up from Slavery* by Booker T. Washington***

Chapter II. Boyhood Days

After the coming of freedom there were two points upon which practically all the people on our place were agreed, and I found that this was generally true throughout the South: that they must change their names, and that they must leave the old plantation for at least a few days or weeks in order that they might really feel sure that they were free.

In some way a feeling got among the coloured people that it was far from proper for them to bear the surname of their former owners, and a great many of them took other surnames. This was one of the first signs of freedom. When they were slaves, a coloured person was simply called "John" or "Susan." There was seldom occasion for more than the use of the one name. If "John" or "Susan" belonged to a white man by the name of "Hatcher," sometimes he was called "John Hatcher," or as often "Hatcher's John." But there was a feeling that "John Hatcher" or "Hatcher's John" was not the proper title by which to denote a freeman; and so in many cases "John Hatcher" was changed to "John S. Lincoln" or "John S. Sherman," the initial "S" standing for no name, it being simply a part of what the coloured man proudly called his "entitles."

As I have stated, most of the coloured people left the old plantation for a short while at least, so as to be sure, it seemed, that they could leave and try their freedom on to see how it felt. After they had remained away for a while, many of the older slaves, especially, returned to their old homes and made some kind of contract with their former owners by which they remained on the estate.

My mother's husband, who was the stepfather of my brother John and myself, did not belong to the same owners as did my mother. In fact, he seldom came to our plantation. I remember seeing him there perhaps once a year, that being about Christmas time. In some way, during the war, by running away and following the Federal soldiers, it seems, he found his way into the new state of West Virginia. As soon as freedom was declared, he sent for my mother to come to the Kanawha Valley, in West Virginia. At that time a journey from Virginia over the mountains to West Virginia was rather a tedious and in some cases a painful undertaking. What little clothing and few household goods we had were placed in a cart, but the children walked the greater portion of the distance, which was several hundred miles.

I do not think any of us ever had been very far from the plantation, and the taking of a long journey into another state was quite an event. The parting from our former owners and the members of our own race on the plantation was a serious occasion. From the time of our parting till their death we kept up a correspondence with the older members of the family, and in later years we have kept in touch with those who were the younger members. We were several weeks making the trip, and most of the time we slept in the open air and did our cooking over a log fire out-of-doors. One night I recall that we camped near an abandoned log cabin, and my mother decided to build a fire in that for cooking, and afterward to make a "pallet" on the floor for our sleeping. Just as the fire had gotten well started a large black snake fully a yard and a half long dropped down the chimney and ran out on the floor. Of course we at once abandoned that cabin. Finally we reached our destination--a little town called Malden, which is about five miles from Charleston, the present capital of the state.

At that time salt-mining was the great industry in that part of West Virginia, and the little town of Malden was right in the midst of the salt-furnaces. My stepfather had already secured a job at a salt-furnace, and he had also secured a little cabin for us to live in. Our new house was no better than the one we had left on the old plantation in Virginia. In fact, in one respect it was worse. Notwithstanding the poor condition of our plantation cabin, we were at all times sure of pure air. Our new home was in the midst of a cluster of cabins crowded closely together, and as there were no sanitary regulations, the filth about the cabins was often intolerable. Some of our neighbours were coloured people, and some were the poorest and most ignorant and degraded white people. It was a motley mixture. Drinking, gambling, quarrels, fights, and shockingly immoral practices were frequent. All who lived in the little town were in one way or another connected with the salt business. Though I was a mere child, my stepfather

Booker T. Washington, "Boyhood Days" from *Up from Slavery*

put me and my brother at work in one of the furnaces. Often I began work as early as four o'clock in the morning.

The first thing I ever learned in the way of book knowledge was while working in this salt-furnace. Each salt-packer had his barrels marked with a certain number. The number allotted to my stepfather was "18."

At the close of the day's work the boss of the packers would come around and put "18" on each of our barrels, and I soon learned to recognize that figure wherever I saw it, and after a while got to the point where I could make that figure, though I knew nothing about any other figures or letters.

From the time that I can remember having any thoughts about anything, I recall that I had an intense longing to learn to read. I determined, when quite a small child, that, if I accomplished nothing else in life, I would in some way get enough education to enable me to read common books and newspapers. Soon after we got settled in some manner in our new cabin in West Virginia, I induced my mother to get hold of a book for me. How or where she got it I do not know, but in some way she procured an old copy of Webster's "blue-back" spelling-book, which contained the alphabet, followed by such meaningless words as "ab," "ba," "ca," "da." I began at once to devour this book, and I think that it was the first one I ever had in my hands. I had learned from somebody that the way to begin to read was to learn the alphabet, so I tried in all the ways I could think of to learn it,--all of course without a teacher, for I could find no one to teach me. At that time there was not a single member of my race anywhere near us who could read, and I was too timid to approach any of the white people. In some way, within a few weeks, I mastered the greater portion of the alphabet. In all my efforts to learn to read my mother shared fully my ambition, and sympathized with me and aided me in every way that she could. Though she was totally ignorant, she had high ambitions for her children, and a large fund of good, hard, common sense, which seemed to enable her to meet and master every situation. If I have done anything in life worth attention, I feel sure that I inherited the disposition from my mother.

In the midst of my struggles and longing for an education, a young coloured boy who had learned to read in the state of Ohio came to Malden. As soon as the coloured people found out that he could read, a newspaper was secured, and at the close of nearly every day's work this young man would be surrounded by a group of men and women who were anxious to hear him read the news contained in the papers. How I used to envy this man! He seemed to me to be the one young man in all the world who ought to be satisfied with his attainments.

About this time the question of having some kind of a school opened for the coloured children in the village began to be discussed by members of the race. As it would be the first school for Negro children that had ever been opened in that part of Virginia, it was, of course, to be a great event, and the discussion excited the wildest interest. The most perplexing question was where to find a teacher. The young man from Ohio who had learned to read the papers was considered, but his age was against him. In the midst of the discussion about a teacher, another young coloured man from Ohio, who had been a soldier, in some way found his way into town. It was soon learned that he possessed considerable education, and he was engaged by the coloured people to teach their first school. As yet no free schools had been started for coloured people in that section, hence each family agreed to pay a certain amount per month, with the understanding that the teacher was to "board 'round"--that is, spend a day with each family. This was not bad for the teacher, for each family tried to provide the very best on the day the teacher was to be its guest. I recall that I looked forward with an anxious appetite to the "teacher's day" at our little cabin.

This experience of a whole race beginning to go to school for the first time, presents one of the most interesting studies that has ever occurred in connection with the development of any race. Few people who were not right in the midst of the scenes can form any exact idea of the intense desire which the people of my race showed for an education. As I have stated, it was a whole race trying to go to school. Few were too young, and none too old, to make the attempt to learn. As fast as any kind of teachers could be secured, not only were day-schools filled, but night-schools as well. The great ambition of the older people was to try to learn to read the Bible before they died. With this end in view men and women who were fifty or seventy-five years old would often be found in the night-

Booker T. Washington, "Boyhood Days" from *Up from Slavery*

school. Some day-schools were formed soon after freedom, but the principal book studied in the Sunday-school was the spelling-book. Day-school, night-school, Sunday-school, were always crowded, and often many had to be turned away for want of room.

The opening of the school in the Kanawha Valley, however, brought to me one of the keenest disappointments that I ever experienced. I had been working in a salt-furnace for several months, and my stepfather had discovered that I had a financial value, and so, when the school opened, he decided that he could not spare me from my work. This decision seemed to cloud my every ambition. The disappointment was made all the more severe by reason of the fact that my place of work was where I could see the happy children passing to and from school mornings and afternoons. Despite this disappointment, however, I determined that I would learn something, anyway. I applied myself with greater earnestness than ever to the mastering of what was in the "blue-back" speller.

My mother sympathized with me in my disappointment, and sought to comfort me in all the ways she could, and to help me find a way to learn. After a while I succeeded in making arrangements with the teacher to give me some lessons at night, after the day's work was done. These night lessons were so welcome that I think I learned more at night than the other children did during the day. My own experiences in the night-school gave me faith in the night-school idea, with which, in after years, I had to do both at Hampton and Tuskegee. But my boyish heart was still set upon going to the day-school, and I let no opportunity slip to push my case. Finally I won, and was permitted to go to the school in the day for a few months, with the understanding that I was to rise early in the morning and work in the furnace till nine o'clock, and return immediately after school closed in the afternoon for at least two more hours of work.

The schoolhouse was some distance from the furnace, and as I had to work till nine o'clock, and the school opened at nine, I found myself in a difficulty. School would always be begun before I reached it, and sometimes my class had recited. To get around this difficulty I yielded to a temptation for which most people, I suppose, will condemn me; but since it is a fact, I might as well state it. I have great faith in the power and influence of facts. It is seldom that anything is permanently gained by holding back a fact. There was a large clock in a little office in the furnace. This clock, of course, all the hundred or more workmen depended upon to regulate their hours of beginning and ending the day's work. I got the idea that the way for me to reach school on time was to move the clock hands from half-past eight up to the nine o'clock mark. This I found myself doing morning after morning, till the furnace "boss" discovered that something was wrong, and locked the clock in a case. I did not mean to inconvenience anybody. I simply meant to reach that schoolhouse in time.

When, however, I found myself at the school for the first time, I also found myself confronted with two other difficulties. In the first place, I found that all the other children wore hats or caps on their heads, and I had neither hat nor cap. In fact, I do not remember that up to the time of going to school I had ever worn any kind of covering upon my head, nor do I recall that either I or anybody else had even thought anything about the need of covering for my head. But, of course, when I saw how all the other boys were dressed, I began to feel quite uncomfortable. As usual, I put the case before my mother, and she explained to me that she had no money with which to buy a "store hat," which was a rather new institution at that time among the members of my race and was considered quite the thing for young and old to own, but that she would find a way to help me out of the difficulty. She accordingly got two pieces of "homespun" (jeans) and sewed them together, and I was soon the proud possessor of my first cap.

The lesson that my mother taught me in this has always remained with me, and I have tried as best as I could to teach it to others. I have always felt proud, whenever I think of the incident, that my mother had strength of character enough not to be led into the temptation of seeming to be that which she was not--of trying to impress my schoolmates and others with the fact that she was able to buy me a "store hat" when she was not. I have always felt proud that she refused to go into debt for that which she did not have the money to pay for. Since that time I have owned many kinds of caps and hats, but never one of which I have felt so proud as of the cap made of the two pieces of cloth sewed together by my mother. I have noted the fact, but without satisfaction, I need not

Booker T. Washington, "Boyhood Days" from *Up from Slavery*

add, that several of the boys who began their careers with "store hats" and who were my schoolmates and used to join in the sport that was made of me because I had only a "homespun" cap, have ended their careers in the penitentiary, while others are not able now to buy any kind of hat.

My second difficulty was with regard to my name, or rather A name. From the time when I could remember anything, I had been called simply "Booker." Before going to school it had never occurred to me that it was needful or appropriate to have an additional name. When I heard the schoolroll called, I noticed that all of the children had at least two names, and some of them indulged in what seemed to me the extravagance of having three. I was in deep perplexity, because I knew that the teacher would demand of me at least two names, and I had only one.

By the time the occasion came for the enrolling of my name, an idea occurred to me which I thought would make me equal to the situation; and so, when the teacher asked me what my full name was, I calmly told him "Booker Washington," as if I had been called by that name all my life; and by that name I have since been known. Later in my life I found that my mother had given me the name of "Booker Taliaferro" soon after I was born, but in some way that part of my name seemed to disappear and for a long while was forgotten, but as soon as I found out about it I revived it, and made my full name "Booker Taliaferro Washington." I think there are not many men in our country who have had the privilege of naming themselves in the way that I have.

More than once I have tried to picture myself in the position of a boy or man with an honoured and distinguished ancestry which I could trace back through a period of hundreds of years, and who had not only inherited a name, but fortune and a proud family homestead; and yet I have sometimes had the feeling that if I had inherited these, and had been a member of a more popular race, I should have been inclined to yield to the temptation of depending upon my ancestry and my colour to do that for me which I should do for myself. Years ago I resolved that because I had no ancestry myself I would leave a record of which my children would be proud, and which might encourage them to still higher effort.

The world should not pass judgment upon the Negro, and especially the Negro youth, too quickly or too harshly. The Negro boy has obstacles, discouragements, and temptations to battle with that are little known to those not situated as he is. When a white boy undertakes a task, it is taken for granted that he will succeed. On the other hand, people are usually surprised if the Negro boy does not fail. In a word, the Negro youth starts out with the presumption against him.

The influence of ancestry, however, is important in helping forward any individual or race, if too much reliance is not placed upon it. Those who constantly direct attention to the Negro youth's moral weaknesses, and compare his advancement with that of white youths, do not consider the influence of the memories which cling about the old family homesteads. I have no idea, as I have stated elsewhere, who my grandmother was. I have, or have had, uncles and aunts and cousins, but I have no knowledge as to where most of them are. My case will illustrate that of hundreds of thousands of black people in every part of our country. The very fact that the white boy is conscious that, if he fails in life, he will disgrace the whole family record, extending back through many generations, is of tremendous value in helping him to resist temptations. The fact that the individual has behind and surrounding him proud family history and connection serves as a stimulus to help him to overcome obstacles when striving for success.

The time that I was permitted to attend school during the day was short, and my attendance was irregular. It was not long before I had to stop attending day-school altogether, and devote all of my time again to work. I resorted to the night-school again. In fact, the greater part of the education I secured in my boyhood was gathered through the night-school after my day's work was done. I had difficulty often in securing a satisfactory teacher. Sometimes, after I had secured some one to teach me at night, I would find, much to my disappointment that the teacher knew but little more than I did. Often I would have to walk several miles at night in order to recite my night-school lessons. There was never a time in my youth, no matter how dark and discouraging the days might be, when one resolve did not continually remain with me, and that was a determination to secure an education at any cost.

Booker T. Washington, "Boyhood Days" from *Up from Slavery*

Soon after we moved to West Virginia, my mother adopted into our family, notwithstanding our poverty, an orphan boy, to whom afterward we gave the name of James B. Washington. He has ever since remained a member of the family.

After I had worked in the salt-furnace for some time, work was secured for me in a coal-mine which was operated mainly for the purpose of securing fuel for the salt-furnace. Work in the coal-mine I always dreaded. One reason for this was that any one who worked in a coal-mine was always unclean, at least while at work, and it was a very hard job to get one's skin clean after the day's work was over. Then it was fully a mile from the opening of the coal-mine to the face of the coal, and all, of course, was in the blackest darkness. I do not believe that one ever experiences anywhere else such darkness as he does in a coal-mine.

The mine was divided into a large number of different "rooms" or departments, and, as I never was able to learn the location of all these "rooms," I many times found myself lost in the mine. To add to the horror of being lost, sometimes my light would go out, and then, if I did not happen to have a match, I would wander about in the darkness until by chance I found some one to give me a light. The work was not only hard, but it was dangerous. There was always the danger of being blown to pieces by a premature explosion of powder, or of being crushed by falling slate. Accidents from one or the other of these causes were frequently occurring, and this kept me in constant fear. Many children of the tenderest years were compelled then, as is now true I fear, in most coal-mining districts, to spend a large part of their lives in these coal-mines, with little opportunity to get an education; and, what is worse, I have often noted that, as a rule, young boys who begin life in a coal-mine are often physically and mentally dwarfed. They soon lose ambition to do anything else than to continue as a coal-miner.

In those days, and later as a young man, I used to try to picture in my imagination the feelings and ambitions of a white boy with absolutely no limit placed upon his aspirations and activities. I used to envy the white boy who had no obstacles placed in the way of his becoming a Congressman, Governor, Bishop, or President by reason of the accident of his birth or race. I used to picture the way that I would act under such circumstances; how I would begin at the bottom and keep rising until I reached the highest round of success.

In later years, I confess that I do not envy the white boy as I once did. I have learned that success is to be measured not so much by the position that one has reached in life as by the obstacles which he has overcome while trying to succeed. Looked at from this standpoint, I almost reached the conclusion that often the Negro boy's birth and connection with an unpopular race is an advantage, so far as real life is concerned. With few exceptions, the Negro youth must work harder and must perform his tasks even better than a white youth in order to secure recognition. But out of the hard and unusual struggle through which he is compelled to pass, he gets a strength, a confidence, that one misses whose pathway is comparatively smooth by reason of birth and race.

From any point of view, I had rather be what I am, a member of the Negro race, than be able to claim membership with the most favoured of any other race. I have always been made sad when I have heard members of any race claiming rights or privileges, or certain badges of distinction, on the ground simply that they were members of this or that race, regardless of their own individual worth or attainments. I have been made to feel sad for such persons because I am conscious of the fact that mere connection with what is known as a superior race will not permanently carry an individual forward unless he has individual worth, and mere connection with what is regarded as an inferior race will not finally hold an individual back if he possesses intrinsic, individual merit. Every persecuted individual and race should get much consolation out of the great human law, which is universal and eternal, that merit, no matter under what skin found, is, in the long run, recognized and rewarded. This I have said here, not to call attention to myself as an individual, but to the race to which I am proud to belong.

Humanities · Literature Selection***Southern Horrors: Lynch Law in All Its Phases, Ida B. Wells-Barnett***

PREFACE

The greater part of what is contained in these pages was published in the *New York Age* June 25, 1892, in explanation of the editorial which the Memphis whites considered sufficiently infamous to justify the destruction of my paper, the *Free Speech*.

Since the appearance of that statement, requests have come from all parts of the country that "Exiled" (the name under which it then appeared) be issued in pamphlet form. Some donations were made, but not enough for that purpose. The noble effort of the ladies of New York and Brooklyn Oct. 5 have enabled me to comply with this request and give the world a true, unvarnished account of the causes of lynch law in the South.

This statement is not a shield for the despoiler of virtue, nor altogether a defense for the poor blind Afro-American Sampsons who suffer themselves to be betrayed by white Delilahs. It is a contribution to truth, an array of facts, the perusal of which it is hoped will stimulate this great American Republic to demand that justice be done though the heavens fall.

It is with no pleasure I have dipped my hands in the corruption here exposed. Somebody must show that the Afro-American race is more sinned against than sinning, and it seems to have fallen upon me to do so. The awful death-roll that Judge Lynch is calling every week is appalling, not only because of the lives it takes, the rank cruelty and outrage to the victims, but because of the prejudice it fosters and the stain it places against the good name of a weak race.

The Afro-American is not a bestial race. If this work can contribute in any way toward proving this, and at the same time arouse the conscience of the American people to a demand for justice to every citizen, and punishment by law for the lawless, I shall feel I have done my race a service. Other considerations are of minor importance.

IDA B. WELLS

New York City, Oct. 26, 1892

To the Afro-American women of New York and Brooklyn, whose race love, earnest zeal and unselfish effort at Lyric Hall, in the City of New York, on the night of October 5, 1892—made possible its publication, this pamphlet is gratefully dedicated by the author.

HON. FRED. DOUGLASS'S LETTER

Dear Miss Wells:

Let me give you thanks for your faithful paper on the lynch abomination now generally practiced against colored people in the South. There has been no word equal to it in convincing power. I have spoken, but my word is feeble in comparison. You give us what you know and testify from actual knowledge. You have dealt with the facts with cool, painstaking fidelity and left those naked and uncontradicted facts to speak for themselves.

Brave woman! you have done your people and mine a service which can neither be weighed nor measured. If American conscience were only half alive, if the American church and clergy were only half christianized, if American moral sensibility were not hardened by persistent infliction of outrage and crime against colored people, a scream of horror, shame and indignation would rise to Heaven wherever your pamphlet shall be read.

But alas! even crime has power to reproduce itself and create conditions favorable to its own existence. It sometimes seems we are deserted by earth and Heaven yet we must still think, speak and work, and trust in the power of a merciful God for final deliverance.

Very truly and gratefully yours,
FREDERICK DOUGLASS
Cedar Hill, Anacostia, D.C., Oct. 25, 1892

THE OFFENSE

Wednesday evening May 24, 1892, the city of Memphis was filled with excitement. Editorials in the daily papers of that date caused a meeting to be held in the Cotton Exchange Building; a committee was sent for the editors of the *Free Speech* an Afro-American journal published in that city, and the only reason the open threats of lynching that were made were not carried out was because they could not be found. The cause of all this commotion was the following editorial published in the *Free Speech* May 21, 1892, the Saturday previous.

Eight negroes lynched since last issue of the *Free Speech* one at Little Rock, Ark., last Saturday morning where the citizens broke(?) into the penitentiary and got their man; three near Anniston, Ala., one near New Orleans; and three at Clarksville, Ga., the last three for killing a white man, and five on the same old racket—the new alarm about raping white women. The same programme of hanging, then shooting bullets into the lifeless bodies was carried out to the letter.

Nobody in this section of the country believes the old thread-bare lie that Negro men rape white women. If Southern white men are not careful, they will overreach themselves and public sentiment will have a reaction; a conclusion will then be reached which will be very damaging to the moral reputation of their women.

The *Daily Commercial* of Wednesday following, May 25, contained the following leader:

Those negroes who are attempting to make the lynching of individuals of their race a means for arousing the worst passions of their kind are playing with a dangerous sentiment. The negroes may as well understand that there is no mercy for the negro rapist and little patience with his defenders. A negro organ printed in this city, in a recent issue publishes the following atrocious paragraph: "Nobody in this section of the country believes the old thread-bare lie that negro men rape white women. If Southern white men are not careful they will overreach themselves, and public sentiment will have a reaction; and a conclusion will be reached which will be very damaging to the moral reputation of their women."

The fact that a black scoundrel is allowed to live and utter such loathsome and repulsive calumnies is a volume of evidence as to the wonderful patience of Southern whites. But we have had enough of it.

There are some things that the Southern white man will not tolerate, and the obscene intimations of the foregoing have brought the writer to the very outermost limit of public patience. We hope we have said enough.

The *Evening Scimitar* of same date, copied the *Commercial's* editorial with these words of comment:

Patience under such circumstances is not a virtue. If the negroes themselves do not apply the remedy without delay it will be the duty of those whom he has attacked to tie the wretch who utters these calumnies to a stake at the intersection of Main and Madison Sts., brand him in the forehead with a hot iron and perform upon him a surgical operation with a pair of tailor's shears.

Acting upon this advice, the leading citizens met in the Cotton Exchange Building the same evening, and threats of lynching were freely indulged, not by the lawless element upon which the devilry of the South is usually saddled—but by the leading business men, in their leading business centre. Mr. Fleming, the business manager and owning a

half interest the *Free Speech*, had to leave town to escape the mob, and was afterwards ordered not to return; letters and telegrams sent me in New York where I was spending my vacation advised me that bodily harm awaited my return. Creditors took possession of the office and sold the outfit, and the *Free Speech* was as if it had never been.

The editorial in question was prompted by the many inhuman and fiendish lynchings of Afro-Americans which have recently taken place and was meant as a warning. Eight lynched in one week and five of them charged with rape! The thinking public will not easily believe freedom and education more brutalizing than slavery, and the world knows that the crime of rape was unknown during four years of civil war, when the white women of the South were at the mercy of the race which is all at once charged with being a bestial one.

Since my business has been destroyed and I am an exile from home because of that editorial, the issue has been forced, and as the writer of it I feel that the race and the public generally should have a statement of the facts as they exist. They will serve at the same time as a defense for the Afro-Americans Sampsons who suffer themselves to be betrayed by white Delilahs.

The whites of Montgomery, Ala., knew J.C. Duke sounded the keynote of the situation—which they would gladly hide from the world, when he said in his paper, the *Herald*, five years ago: "Why is it that white women attract negro men now more than in former days? There was a time when such a thing was unheard of. There is a secret to this thing, and we greatly suspect it is the growing appreciation of white Juliets for colored Romeos." Mr. Duke, like the *Free Speech* proprietors, was forced to leave the city for reflecting on the "honah" of white women and his paper suppressed; but the truth remains that Afro-American men do not always rape(?) white women without their consent.

Mr. Duke, before leaving Montgomery, signed a card disclaiming any intention of slandering Southern white women. The editor of the *Free Speech* has no disclaimer to enter, but asserts instead that there are many white women in the South who would marry colored men if such an act would not place them at once beyond the pale of society and within the clutches of the law. The miscegnation laws of the South only operate against the legitimate union of the races; they leave the white man free to seduce all the colored girls he can, but it is death to the colored man who yields to the force and advances of a similar attraction in white women. White men lynch the offending Afro-American, not because he is a despoiler of virtue, but because he succumbs to the smiles of white women.

THE BLACK AND WHITE OF IT

The *Cleveland Gazette* of January 16, 1892, publishes a case in point. Mrs. J.S. Underwood, the wife of a minister of Elyria, Ohio, accused an Afro-American of rape. She told her husband that during his absence in 1888, stumping the State for the Prohibition Party, the man came to the kitchen door, forced his way in the house and insulted her. She tried to drive him out with a heavy poker, but he overpowered and chloroformed her, and when she revived her clothing was torn and she was in a horrible condition. She did not know the man but could identify him. She pointed out William Offett, a married man, who was arrested and, being in Ohio, was granted a trial.

The prisoner vehemently denied the charge of rape, but confessed he went to Mrs. Underwood's residence at her invitation and was criminally intimate with her at her request. This availed him nothing against the sworn testimony of a ministers wife, a lady of the highest respectability. He was found guilty, and entered the penitentiary, December 14, 1888, for fifteen years. Some time afterwards the woman's remorse led her to confess to her husband that the man was innocent.

These are her words:

I met Offett at the Post Office. It was raining. He was polite to me, and as I had several bundles in my arms he offered to carry them home for me, which he did. He had a strange fascination for me, and I invited him to call on me. He called, bringing chestnuts and candy for the children. By this means we got them to leave us alone in the room. Then I sat on his lap. He made a proposal to me and I readily consented. Why I did so, I do not know, but

that I did is true. He visited me several times after that and each time I was indiscreet. I did not care after the first time. In fact I could not have resisted, and had no desire to resist.

When asked by her husband why she told him she had been outraged, she said: "I had several reasons for telling you. One was the neighbors saw the fellows here, another was, I was afraid I had contracted a loathsome disease, and still another was that I feared I might give birth to a Negro baby. I hoped to save my reputation by telling you a deliberate lie." Her husband horrified by the confession had Offett, who had already served four years, released and secured a divorce.

There are thousands of such cases throughout the South, with the difference that the Southern white men in insatiate fury wreak their vengeance without intervention of law upon the Afro-Americans who consort with their women. A few instances to substantiate the assertion that some white women love the company of the Afro-American will not be out of place. Most of these cases were reported by the daily papers of the South.

In the winter of 1885-86 the wife of a practicing physician in Memphis, in good social standing whose name has escaped me, left home, husband and children, and ran away with her black coachman. She was with him a month before her husband found and brought her home. The coachman could not be found. The doctor moved his family away from Memphis, and is living in another city under an assumed name.

In the same city last year a white girl in the dusk of evening screamed at the approach of some parties that a Negro had assaulted her on the street. He was captured, tried by a white judge and jury, that acquitted him of the charge. It is needless to add if there had been a scrap of evidence on which to convict him of so grave a charge he would have been convicted.

Sarah Clark of Memphis loved a black man and lived openly with him. When she was indicted last spring for miscegenation, she swore in court that she was *not* a white woman. This she did to escape the penitentiary and continued her illicit relation undisturbed. That she is of the lower class of whites, does not disturb the fact that she is a white woman. "The leading citizens" of Memphis are defending the "honor" of *all* white women, *demi-monde* included.

Since the manager of the *Free Speech* has been run away from Memphis by the guardians of the honor of Southern white women, a young girl living on Poplar St., who was discovered in intimate relations with a handsome mulatto young colored man, Will Morgan by name, stole her father's money to send the young fellow away from that father's wrath. She has since joined him in Chicago.

The *Memphis Ledger* for June 8 has the following:

If Lillie Bailey, a rather pretty white girl seventeen years of age, who is now at the City Hospital, would be somewhat less reserved about her disgrace there would be some very nauseating details in the story of her life. She is the mother of a little coon. The truth might reveal fearful depravity or it might reveal the evidence of a rank outrage. She will not divulge the name of the man who has left such black evidence of her disgrace, and, in fact, says it is a matter in which there can be no interest to the outside world. She came to Memphis nearly three months ago and was taken in at the Woman's Refuge in the southern part of the city. She remained there until a few weeks ago, when the child was born. The ladies in charge of the Refuge were horrified. The girl was at once sent to the City Hospital, where she has been since May 30. She is a country girl. She came to Memphis from her father's farm, a short distance from Hernando, Miss. Just when she left there she would not say. In fact she says she came to Memphis from Arkansas, and says her home is in that State. She is rather good looking, has blue eyes, a low forehead and dark red hair. The ladies at the Woman's Refuge do not know anything about the girl further than what they learned when she was an inmate of the institution; and she would not tell much. When the child was born an attempt was made to get the girl to reveal the name of the Negro who had disgraced her, she obstinately refused and it was impossible to elicit any information from her on the subject.

Note the wording. "The truth might reveal fearful depravity or rank outrage." If it had been a white child or Lillie Bailey had told a pitiful story of Negro outrage, it would have been a case of woman's weakness or assault and she

could have remained at the Woman's Refuge. But a Negro child and to withhold its father's name and thus prevent the killing of another Negro "rapist." A case of "fearful depravity."

The very week the "leading citizens" of Memphis were making a spectacle of themselves in defense of all white women of every kind, an Afro-American, M. Stricklin, was found in a white woman's room in that city. Although she made no outcry of rape, he was jailed and would have been lynched, but the woman stated she bought curtains of him (he was a furniture dealer) and his business in her room that night was to put them up. A white woman's word was taken as absolutely in this case as when the cry of rape is made, and he was freed.

What is true of Memphis is true of the entire South. The daily papers last year reported a farmer's wife in Alabama had given birth to a Negro child. When the Negro farm hand who was plowing in the field heard it he took the mule from the plow and fled. The dispatches also told of a woman in South Carolina who gave birth to a Negro child and charged three men with being its father, *every one of whom has since disappeared*. In Tuscumbia, Ala., the colored boy who was lynched there last year for assaulting a white girl told her before his accusers that he had met her there in the woods often before.

Frank Weems of Chattanooga who was not lynched in May only because the prominent citizens became his body guard until the doors of the penitentiary closed on him, had letters in his pocket from the white woman in the case, making the appointment with him. Edward Coy who was burned alive in Texarkana, January 1, 1892, died protesting his innocence. Investigation since as given by the Bystander in the *Chicago Inter Ocean*, October 1, proves:

1. The woman who was paraded as a victim of violence was of bad character; her husband was a drunkard and a gambler.
2. She was publicly reported and generally known to have been criminally intimate with Coy for more than a year previous.
3. She was compelled by threats, if not by violence, to make the charge against the victim.
4. When she came to apply the match Coy asked her if she would burn him after they had "been sweethearting" so long.
5. A large majority of the "superior" white men prominent in the affair are the reputed fathers of mulatto children.

These are not pleasant facts, but they are illustrative of the vital phase of the so-called race question, which should properly be designated an earnest inquiry as to the best methods by which religion, science, law and political power may be employed to excuse injustice, barbarity and crime done to a people because of race and color. There can be no possible belief that these people were inspired by any consuming zeal to vindicate God's law against miscegnationists of the most practical sort. The woman was a willing partner in the victim's guilt, and being of the "superior" race must naturally have been more guilty.

In Natchez, Miss., Mrs. Marshall, one of the *creme de la creme* of the city, created a tremendous sensation several years ago. She has a black coachman who was married, and had been in her employ several years. During this time she gave birth to a child whose color was remarked, but traced to some brunette ancestor, and one of the fashionable dames of the city was its godmother. Mrs. Marshall's social position was unquestioned, and wealth showered every dainty on this child which was idolized with its brothers and sisters by its white papa. In course of time another child appeared on the scene, but it was unmistakably dark. All were alarmed, and "rush of blood, strangulation" were the conjectures, but the doctor, when asked the cause, grimly told them it was a Negro child. There was a family conclave, the coachman heard of it and leaving his own family went West, and has never returned. As soon as Mrs. Marshall was able to travel she was sent away in deep disgrace. Her husband died within the year of a broken heart.

Ebenzer Fowler, the wealthiest colored man in Issaquena County, Miss., was shot down on the street in Mayersville, January 30, 1885, just before dark by an armed body of white men who filled his body with bullets.

They charged him with writing a note to a white woman of the place, which they intercepted and which proved there was an intimacy existing between them.

Hundreds of such cases might be cited, but enough have been given to prove the assertion that there are white women in the South who love the Afro-American's company even as there are white men notorious for their preference for Afro-American women.

There is hardly a town in the South which has not an instance of the kind which is well known, and hence the assertion is reiterated that "nobody in the South believes the old thread bare lie that negro men rape white women." Hence there is a growing demand among Afro-Americans that the guilt or innocence of parties accused of rape be fully established. They know the men of the section of the country who refuse this are not so desirous of punishing rapists as they pretend. The utterances of the leading white men show that with them it is not the crime but the *class*. Bishop Fitzgerald has become apologist for lynchers of the rapists of *white* women only. Governor Tillman, of South Carolina, in the month of June, standing under the tree in Barnwell, S.C., on which eight Afro-Americans were hung last year, declared that he would lead a mob to lynch a *negro* who raped a *white* woman. So say the pulpits, officials and newspapers of the South. But when the victim is a colored woman it is different.

Last winter in Baltimore, Md., three white ruffians assaulted a Miss Camphor, a young Afro-American girl, while out walking with a young man of her own race. They held her escort and outraged the girl. It was a deed dastardly enough to arouse Southern blood, which gives its horror of rape as excuse for lawlessness, but she was an Afro-American. The case went to the courts, an Afro-American lawyer defended the men and they were acquitted.

In Nashville, Tenn., there is a white man, Pat Hanifan, who outraged a little Afro-American girl, and, from the physical injuries received, she has been ruined for life. He was jailed for six months, discharged, and is now a detective in that city. In the same city, last May, a white man outraged an Afro-American girl in a drug store. He was arrested, and released on bail at the trial. It was rumored that five hundred Afro-Americans had organized to lynch him. Two hundred and fifty white citizens armed themselves with Winchesters and guarded him. A cannon was placed in front of his home, and the Buchanan Rifles (State Militia) ordered to the scene for his protection. The Afro-American mob did not materialize. Only two weeks before Eph. Grizzard, who had only been *charged* with rape upon a white woman, had been taken from the jail, with Governor Buchanan and the police and militia standing by, dragged through the streets in broad daylight, knives plunged into him at every step, and with every fiendish cruelty a frenzied mob could devise, he was at last swung out on the bridge with hands cut to pieces as he tried to climb up the stanchions. A naked, bloody example of the blood-thirstiness of the nineteenth-century civilization of the Athens of the South! No cannon or military was called out in his defense. He dared to visit a white woman.

At the very moment these civilized whites were announcing their determination "to protect their wives and daughters," by murdering Grizzard, a white man was in the same jail for raping eight-year-old Maggie Reese, an Afro-American girl. He was not harmed. The "honor" of grown women who were glad enough to be supported by the Grizzard boys and Ed Coy, as long as the liaison was not known, needed protection; they were white. The outrage upon helpless childhood needed no avenging in this case; she was black.

A white man in Guthrie, Oklahoma Territory, two months ago inflicted such injuries upon another Afro-American child that she died. He was not punished, but an attempt was made in the same town in the month of June to lynch an Afro-American who visited a white woman.

In Memphis, Tenn., in the month of June, Ellerton L. Dorr, who is the husband of Russell Hancock's widow, was arrested for attempted rape on Mattie Cole, a neighbors cook; he was only prevented from accomplishing his purpose, by the appearance of Mattie's employer. Dorr's friends say he was drunk and not responsible for his actions. The grand jury refused to indict him and he was discharged.

THE NEW CRY

The appeal of Southern whites to Northern sympathy and sanction, the adroit, insidious plea made by Bishop Fitzgerald for suspension of judgment because those "who condemn lynching express no sympathy for the *white* woman in the case," falls to the ground in the light of the foregoing.

From this exposition of the race issue in lynch law, the whole matter is explained by the well-known opposition growing out of slavery to the progress of the race. This is crystallized in the oft-repeated slogan: "This is a white man's country and the white man must rule." The South resented giving the Afro-American his freedom, the ballot box and the Civil Rights Law. The raids of the Ku-Klux and White Liners to subvert reconstruction government, the Hamburg and Ellerton, S.C., the Copiah County, Miss., and the Lafayette Parish, La., massacres were excused as the natural resentment of intelligence against government by ignorance.

Honest white men practically conceded the necessity of intelligence murdering ignorance to correct the mistake of the general government, and the race was left to the tender mercies of the solid South. Thoughtful Afro-Americans with the strong arm of the government withdrawn and with the hope to stop such wholesale massacres urged the race to sacrifice its political rights for sake of peace. They honestly believed the race should fit itself for government, and when that should be done, the objection to race participation in politics would be removed.

But the sacrifice did not remove the trouble, nor move the South to justice. One by one the Southern States have legally(?) disfranchised the Afro-American, and since the repeal of the Civil Rights Bill nearly every Southern State has passed separate car laws with a penalty against their infringement. The race regardless of advancement is penned into filthy, stifling partitions cut off from smoking cars. All this while, although the political cause has been removed, the butcheries of black men at Barnwell, S.C., Carrolton, Miss., Waycross, Ga., and Memphis, Tenn., have gone on; also the flaying alive of a man in Kentucky, the burning of one in Arkansas, the hanging of a fifteen-year-old girl in Louisiana, a woman in Jackson, Tenn., and one in Hollendale, Miss., until the dark and bloody record of the South shows 728 Afro-Americans lynched during the past eight years. Not fifty of these were for political causes; the rest were for all manner of accusations from that of rape of white women, to the case of the boy Will Lewis who was hanged at Tullahoma, Tenn., last year for being drunk and "sassy" to white folks.

These statistics compiled by the *Chicago Tribune* were given the first of this year (1892). Since then, not less than one hundred and fifty have been known to have met violent death at the hands of cruel bloodthirsty mobs during the past nine months.

To palliate this record (which grows worse as the Afro-American becomes intelligent) and excuse some of the most heinous crimes that ever stained the history of a country, the South is shielding itself behind the plausible screen of defending the honor of its women. This, too, in the face of the fact that only *one-third* of the 728 victims to mobs have been *charged* with rape, to say nothing of those of that one-third who were innocent of the charge. A white correspondent of the *Baltimore Sun* declares that the Afro-American who was lynched in Chestertown, Md., in May for assault on a white girl was innocent; that the deed was done by a white man who had since disappeared. The girl herself maintained that her assailant was a white man. When that poor Afro-American was murdered, the whites excused their refusal of a trial on the ground that they wished to spare the white girl the mortification of having to testify in court.

This cry has had its effect. It has closed the heart, stifled the conscience, warped the judgment and hushed the voice of press and pulpit on the subject of lynch law throughout this "land of liberty." Men who stand high in the esteem of the public for Christian character, for moral and physical courage, for devotion to the principles of equal and exact justice to all, and for great sagacity, stand as cowards who fear to open their mouths before this great outrage. They do not see that by their tacit encouragement, their silent acquiescence, the black shadow of lawlessness in the form of lynch law is spreading its wings over the whole country.

Men who, like Governor Tillman, start the ball of lynch law rolling for a certain crime, are powerless to stop it when drunken or criminal white toughs feel like hanging an Afro-American on any pretext.

Even to the better class of Afro-Americans the crime of rape is so revolting they have too often taken the white man's word and given lynch law neither the investigation nor condemnation it deserved.

They forget that a concession of the right to lynch a man for a certain crime, not only concedes the right to lynch any person for any crime, but (so frequently is the cry of rape now raised) it is in a fair way to stamp us a race of rapists and desperadoes. They have gone on hoping and believing that general education and financial strength would solve the difficulty, and are devoting their energies to the accumulation of both.

The mob spirit has grown with the increasing intelligence of the Afro-American. It has left the out-of-the-way places where ignorance prevails, has thrown off the mask and with this new cry stalks in broad daylight in large cities, the centers of civilization, and is encouraged by the "leading citizens" and the press.

THE MALICIOUS AND UNTRUTHFUL WHITE PRESS

The *Daily Commercial* and *Evening Scimitar* of Memphis, Tenn., are owned by leading business men of that city, and yet, in spite of the fact that there had been no white woman in Memphis outraged by an Afro-American, and that Memphis possessed a thrifty law-abiding, property-owning class of Afro-Americans the *Commercial* of May 17, under the head of "More Rapes, More Lynchings" gave utterance to the following:

The lynching of three Negro scoundrels reported in our dispatches from Anniston, Ala., for a brutal outrage committed upon a white woman will be a text for much comment on "Southern barbarism" by Northern newspapers; but we fancy it will hardly prove effective for campaign purposes among intelligent people. The frequency of these lynchings calls attention to the frequency of the crimes which causes lynching. The "Southern barbarism" which deserves the serious attention of all people North and South, is the barbarism which preys upon weak and defenseless women. Nothing but the most prompt, speedy and extreme punishment can hold in check the horrible and bestial propensities of the Negro race. There is a strange similarity about a number of cases of this character which have lately occurred.

In each case the crime was deliberately planned and perpetrated by several Negroes. They watched for an opportunity when the women were left without a protector. It was not a sudden yielding to a fit of passion, but the consummation of a devilish purpose which has been seeking and waiting for the opportunity. This feature of the crime not only makes it the most fiendishly brutal, but it adds to the terror of the situation in the thinly settled country communities. No man can leave his family at night without the dread that some roving Negro ruffian is watching and waiting for this opportunity. The swift punishment which invariably follows these horrible crimes doubtless acts as a deterring effect upon the Negroes in that immediate neighborhood for a short time. But the lesson is not widely learned nor long remembered. Then such crimes, equally atrocious, have happened in quick succession, one in Tennessee, one in Arkansas, and one in Alabama. The facts of the crime appear to appeal more to the Negro's lustful imagination than the facts of the punishment do to his fears. He sets aside all fear of death in any form when opportunity is found for the gratification of his bestial desires.

There is small reason to hope for any change for the better. The commission of this crime grows more frequent every year. The generation of Negroes which have grown up since the war have lost in large measure the traditional and wholesome awe of the white race which kept the Negroes in subjection, even when their masters were in the army, and their families left unprotected except by the slaves themselves. There is no longer a restraint upon the brute passion of the Negro.

What is to be done? The crime of rape is always horrible, but the Southern man there is nothing which so fills the soul with horror, loathing and fury as the outraging of a white woman by a Negro. It is the race question in the ugliest, vilest, most dangerous aspect. The Negro as a political factor can be controlled. But neither laws nor lynchings can subdue his lusts. Sooner or later it will force a crisis. We do not know in what form it will come.

In its issue of June 4, the *Memphis Evening Scimitar* gives the following excuse for lynch law:

Aside from the violation of white women by Negroes, which is the outcropping of a bestial perversion of instinct, the chief cause of trouble between the races in the South is the Negro's lack of manners. In the state of slavery he learned politeness from association with white people, who took pains to teach him. Since the emancipation came and the tie of mutual interest and regard between master and servant was broken, the Negro has drifted away into a state which is neither freedom nor bondage. Lacking the proper inspiration of the one and the restraining force of the other he has taken up the idea that boorish insolence is independence, and the exercise of a decent degree of breeding toward white people is identical with servile submission. In consequence of the prevalence of this notion there are many Negroes who use every opportunity to make themselves offensive, particularly when they think it can be done with impunity.

We have had too many instances right here in Memphis to doubt this, and our experience is not exceptional. *The white people won't stand this sort of thing, and whether they be insulted as individuals or as a race, the response will be prompt and effectual.* The bloody riot of 1866, in which so many Negroes perished, was brought on principally by the outrageous conduct of the blacks toward the whites on the streets. It is also a remarkable and discouraging fact that the majority of such scoundrels are Negroes who have received educational advantages at the hands of the white taxpayers. They have got just enough of learning to make them realize how hopelessly their race is behind the other in everything that makes a great people, and they attempt to "get even" by insolence, which is ever the resentment of inferiors. There are well-bred Negroes among us, and it is truly unfortunate that they should have to pay, even in part, the penalty of the offenses committed by the baser sort, but this is the way of the world. The innocent must suffer for the guilty. If the Negroes as a people possessed a hundredth part of the self-respect which is evidenced by the courteous bearing of some that the *Scimitar* could name, the friction between the races would be reduced to a minimum. It will not do to beg the question by pleading that many white men are also stirring up strife. The Caucasian blackguard simply obeys the promptings of a depraved disposition, and he is seldom deliberately rough or offensive toward strangers or unprotected women.

The Negro tough, on the contrary, is given to just that kind of offending, and he almost invariably singles out white people as his victims.

On March 9, 1892, there were lynched in this same city three of the best specimens of young since-the-war Afro-American manhood. They were peaceful, law-abiding citizens and energetic business men.

They believed the problem was to be solved by eschewing politics and putting money in the purse. They owned a flourishing grocery business in a thickly populated suburb of Memphis, and a white man named Barrett had one on the opposite corner. After a personal difficulty which Barrett sought by going into the "People's Grocery" drawing a pistol and was thrashed by Calvin McDowell, he (Barrett) threatened to "clean them out." These men were a mile beyond the city limits and police protection; hearing that Barrett's crowd was coming to attack them Saturday night, they mustered forces, and prepared to defend themselves against the attack.

When Barrett came he led a *posse* of officers, twelve in number, who afterward claimed to be hunting a man for whom they had a warrant. That twelve men in citizen's clothes should think it necessary to go in the night to hunt one man who had never before been arrested, or made any record as a criminal has never been explained. When they entered the back door the young men thought the threatened attack was on, and fired into them. Three of the officers were wounded, and when the *defending* party found it was officers of the law upon whom they had fired, they ceased and got away.

Thirty-one men were arrested and thrown in jail as "conspirators," although they all declared more than once they did not know they were firing on officers. Excitement was at fever heat until the morning papers, two days after, announced that the wounded deputy sheriffs were out of danger. This hindered rather than helped the plans of the whites. There was no law on the statute books which would execute an Afro-American for wounding a white man, but the "unwritten law" did. Three of these men, the president, the manager and clerk of the grocery—"the leaders of the conspiracy"—were secretly taken from jail and lynched in a shockingly brutal manner. "The Negroes are getting too independent," they say, "we must teach them a lesson."

What lesson? The lesson of subordination. "Kill the leaders and it will cow the Negro who dares to shoot a white man, even in self-defense."

Although the race was wild over the outrage, the mockery of law and justice which disarmed men and locked them up in jails where they could be easily and safely reached by the mob—the Afro-American ministers, newspapers and leaders counselled obedience to the law which did not protect them.

Their counsel was heeded and not a hand was uplifted to resent the outrage; following the advice of the *Free Speech*, people left the city in great numbers.

The dailies and associated press reports heralded these men to the country as "toughs," and "Negro desperadoes who kept a low dive." This same press service printed that the Negro who was lynched at Indianola, Miss., in May, had outraged the sheriff's eight-year-old daughter. The girl was more than eighteen years old, and was found by her father in this man's room, who was a servant on the place.

Not content with misrepresenting the race, the mob-spirit was not to be satisfied until the paper which was doing all it could to counteract this impression was silenced. The colored people were resenting their bad treatment in a way to make itself felt, yet gave the mob no excuse for further murder, until the appearance of the editorial which is construed as a reflection on the "honor" of the Southern white women. It is not half so libelous as that of the *Commercial* which appeared four days before, and which has been given in these pages. They would have lynched the manager of the *Free Speech* for exercising the right of free speech if they had found him as quickly as they would have hung a rapist, and glad of the excuse to do so. The owners were ordered not to return, the *Free Speech* was suspended with as little compunction as the business of the "People's Grocery" broken up and the proprietors murdered.

THE SOUTH'S POSITION

Henry W. Grady in his well-remembered speeches in New England and New York pictured the Afro-American as incapable of self-government. Through him and other leading men the cry of the South to the country has been "Hands off! Leave us to solve our problem." To the Afro-American the South says, "the white man must and will rule." There is little difference between the Antebellum South and the New South.

Her white citizens are wedded to any method however revolting, any measure however extreme, for the subjugation of the young manhood of the race. They have cheated him out of his ballot, deprived him of civil rights or redress therefor in the civil courts, robbed him of the fruits of his labor, and are still murdering, burning and lynching him.

The result is a growing disregard of human life. Lynch law has spread its insidious influence till men in New York State, Pennsylvania and on the free Western plains feel they can take the law in their own hands with impunity, especially where an Afro-American is concerned. The South is brutalized to a degree not realized by its own inhabitants, and the very foundation of government, law and order, are imperilled.

Public sentiment has had a slight "reaction" though not sufficient to stop the crusade of lawlessness and lynching. The spirit of christianity of the great M.E. Church was aroused to the frequent and revolting crimes against a weak people, enough to pass strong condemnatory resolutions at its General Conference in Omaha last May. The spirit of justice of the grand old party asserted itself sufficiently to secure a denunciation of the wrongs, and a feeble declaration of the belief in human rights in the Republican platform at Minneapolis, June 7. Some of the great dailies and weeklies have swung into line declaring that lynch law must go. The President of the United States issued a proclamation that it be not tolerated in the territories over which he has jurisdiction. Governor Northern and Chief Justice Bleckley of Georgia have proclaimed against it. The citizens of Chattanooga, Tenn., have set a worthy example in that they not only condemn lynch law, but her public men demanded a trial for Weems, the accused rapist, and guarded him while the trial was in progress. The trial only lasted ten minutes, and Weems chose to plead guilty and accept twenty-one years sentence, than invite the certain death which awaited him

outside that cordon of police if he had told the truth and shown the letters he had from the white woman in the case.

Col. A.S. Colyar, of Nashville, Tenn., is so overcome with the horrible state of affairs that he addressed the following earnest letter to the *Nashville American*.

Nothing since I have been a reading man has so impressed me with the decay of manhood among the people of Tennessee as the dastardly submission to the mob reign. We have reached the unprecedented low level; the awful criminal depravity of substituting the mob for the court and jury, of giving up the jail keys to the mob whenever they are demanded. We do it in the largest cities and in the country towns; we do it in midday; we do it after full, not to say formal, notice, and so thoroughly and generally is it acquiesced in that the murderers have discarded the formula of masks. They go into the town where everybody knows them, sometimes under the gaze of the governor, in the presence of the courts, in the presence of the sheriff and his deputies, in the presence of the entire police force, take out the prisoner, take his life, often with fiendish glee, and often with acts of cruelty and barbarism which impress the reader with a degeneracy rapidly approaching savage life. That the State is disgraced but faintly expresses the humiliation which has settled upon the once proud people of Tennessee. The State, in its majesty, through its organized life, for which the people pay liberally, makes but one record, but one note, and that a criminal falsehood, "was hung by persons to the jury unknown." The murder at Shelbyville is only a verification of what every intelligent man knew would come, because with a mob a rumor is as good as a proof.

These efforts brought forth apologies and a short halt, but the lynching mania was raged again through the past three months with unabated fury.

The strong arm of the law must be brought to bear upon lynchers in severe punishment, but this cannot and will not be done unless a healthy public sentiment demands and sustains such action.

The men and women in the South who disapprove of lynching and remain silent on the perpetration of such outrages, are particeps criminis, accomplices, accessories before and after the fact, equally guilty with the actual lawbreakers who would not persist if they did not know that neither the law nor militia would be employed against them.

SELF-HELP

In the creation of this healthier public sentiment, the Afro-American can do for himself what no one else can do for him. The world looks on with wonder that we have conceded so much and remain law-abiding under such great outrage and provocation.

To Northern capital and Afro-American labor the South owes its rehabilitation. If labor is withdrawn capital will not remain. The Afro-American is thus the backbone of the South. A thorough knowledge and judicious exercise of this power in lynching localities could many times effect a bloodless revolution. The white man's dollar is his god, and to stop this will be to stop outrages in many localities.

The Afro-Americans of Memphis denounced the lynching of three of their best citizens, and urged and waited for the authorities to act in the matter and bring the lynchers to justice. No attempt was made to do so, and the black men left the city by thousands, bringing about great stagnation in every branch of business. Those who remained so injured the business of the street car company by staying off the cars, that the superintendent, manager and treasurer called personally on the editor of the *Free Speech*, asked them to urge our people to give them their patronage again. Other business men became alarmed over the situation and the *Free Speech* was run away that the colored people might be more easily controlled. A meeting of white citizens in June, three months after the lynching, passed resolutions for the first time, condemning it. *But they did not punish the lynchers*. Every one of them was known by name, because they had been selected to do the dirty work, by some of the very citizens who passed these resolutions. Memphis is fast losing her black population, who proclaim as they go that there is no protection for the life and property of any Afro-American citizen in Memphis who is not a slave.

The Afro-American citizens of Kentucky, whose intellectual and financial improvement has been phenomenal, have never had a separate car law until now. Delegations and petitions poured into the Legislature against it, yet the bill passed and the Jim Crow Car of Kentucky is a legalized institution. Will the great mass of Negroes continue to patronize the railroad? A special from Covington, Ky., says:

Covington, June 13.—The railroads of the State are beginning to feel very markedly, the effects of the separate coach bill recently passed by the Legislature. No class of people in the State have so many and so largely attended excursions as the blacks. All these have been abandoned, and regular travel is reduced to a minimum. A competent authority says the loss to the various roads will reach \$1,000,000 this year.

A call to a State Conference in Lexington, Ky., last June had delegates from every county in the State. Those delegates, the ministers, teachers, heads of secret and others orders, and the head of every family should pass the word around for every member of the race in Kentucky to stay off railroads unless obliged to ride. If they did so, and their advice was followed persistently the convention would not need to petition the Legislature to repeal the law or raise money to file a suit. The railroad corporations would be so effected they would in self-defense lobby to have the separate car law repealed. On the other hand, as long as the railroads can get Afro-American excursions they will always have plenty of money to fight all the suits brought against them. They will be aided in so doing by the same partisan public sentiment which passed the law. White men passed the law, and white judges and juries would pass upon the suits against the law, and render judgment in line with their prejudices and in deference to the greater financial power.

The appeal to the white man's pocket has ever been more effectual than all the appeals ever made to his conscience. Nothing, absolutely nothing, is to be gained by a further sacrifice of manhood and self-respect. By the right exercise of his power as the industrial factor of the South, the Afro-American can demand and secure his rights, the punishment of lynchers, and a fair trial for accused rapists.

Of the many inhuman outrages of this present year, the only case where the proposed lynching did *not* occur, was where the men armed themselves in Jacksonville, Fla., and Paducah, Ky, and prevented it. The only times an Afro-American who was assaulted got away has been when he had a gun and used it in self-defense.

The lesson this teaches and which every Afro-American should ponder well, is that a Winchester rifle should have a place of honor in every black home, and it should be used for that protection which the law refuses to give. When the white man who is always the aggressor knows he runs as great risk of biting the dust every time his Afro-American victim does, he will have greater respect for Afro-American life. The more the Afro-American yields and cringes and begs, the more he has to do so, the more he is insulted, outraged and lynched.

The assertion has been substantiated throughout these pages that the press contains unreliable and doctored reports of lynchings, and one of the most necessary things for the race to do is to get these facts before the public. The people must know before they can act, and there is no educator to compare with the press.

The Afro-American papers are the only ones which will print the truth, and they lack means to employ agents and detectives to get at the facts. The race must rally a mighty host to the support of their journals, and thus enable them to do much in the way of investigation.

A lynching occurred at Port Jarvis, N.Y., the first week in June. A white and colored man were implicated in the assault upon a white girl. It was charged that the white man paid the colored boy to make the assault, which he did on the public highway in broad day time, and was lynched. This, too was done by "parties unknown." The white man in the case still lives. He was imprisoned and promises to fight the case on trial. At the preliminary examination, it developed that he had been a suitor of the girl's. She had repulsed and refused him, yet had given him money, and he had sent threatening letters demanding more.

The day before this examination she was so wrought up, she left home and wandered miles away. When found she said she did so because she was afraid of the man's testimony. Why should she be afraid of the prisoner! Why should she yield to his demands for money if not to prevent him exposing something he knew! It seems

explainable only on the hypothesis that a *liaison* existed between the colored boy and the girl, and the white man knew of it. The press is singularly silent. Has it a motive? We owe it to ourselves to find out.

The story comes from Larned, Kansas, Oct. 1, that a young white lady held at bay until daylight, without alarming any one in the house, "a burly Negro" who entered her room and bed. The "burly Negro" was promptly lynched without investigation or examination of inconsistent stories.

A house was found burned down near Montgomery, Ala., in Monroe County, Oct. 13, a few weeks ago; also the burned bodies of the owners and melted piles of gold and silver.

These discoveries led to the conclusion that the awful crime was not prompted by motives of robbery. The suggestion of the whites was that "brutal lust was the incentive, and as there are nearly 200 Negroes living within a radius of five miles of the place the conclusion was inevitable that some of them were the perpetrators."

Upon this "suggestion" probably made by the real criminal, the mob acted upon the "conclusion" and arrested ten Afro-Americans, four of whom, they tell the world, confessed to the deed of murdering Richard L. Johnson and outraging his daughter, Jeanette. These four men, Berrell Jones, Moses Johnson, Jim and John Packer, none of them twenty-five years of age, upon this conclusion, were taken from jail, hanged, shot, and burned while yet alive the night of Oct. 12. The same report says Mr. Johnson was on the best of terms with his Negro tenants.

The race thus outraged must find out the facts of this awful hurling of men into eternity on supposition, and give them to the indifferent and apathetic country. We feel this to be a garbled report, but how can we prove it?

Near Vicksburg, Miss., a murder was committed by a gang of burglars. Of course it must have been done by Negroes, and Negroes were arrested for it. It is believed that two men, Smith Tooley and John Adams belonged to a gang controlled by white men and, fearing exposure, on the night of July 4, they were hanged in the Court House yard by those interested in silencing them. Robberies since committed in the same vicinity have been known to be by white men who had their faces blackened. We strongly believe in the innocence of these murdered men, but we have no proof. No other news goes out to the world save that which stamps us as a race of cutthroats, robbers and lustful wild beasts. So great is Southern hate and prejudice, they legally(?) hung poor little thirteen-year-old Mildrey Brown at Columbia, S.C., Oct. 7, on the circumstantial evidence that she poisoned a white infant. If her guilt had been proven unmistakably, had she been white, Mildrey Brown would never have been hung.

The country would have been aroused and South Carolina disgraced forever for such a crime. The Afro-American himself did not know as he should have known as his journals should be in a position to have him know and act.

Nothing is more definitely settled than he must act for himself. I have shown how he may employ the boycott, emigration and the press, and I feel that by a combination of all these agencies can be effectually stamped out lynch law, that last relic of barbarism and slavery. "The gods help those who help themselves."

Humanities · Literature Study Guide

***Southern Horrors: Lynch Law in All Its Phases* by Ida B. Wells-Barnett**

Key Vocabulary

Miscegenation—

Calumnies—

Palliate—

Sagacity—

Tacit—

Despoiler—

Acquiescence—

Heinous—

Plausible—

Bestial—

Propensities—

Impunity—

Eschewing—

Insidious—

Questions for Review and Discussion

1. Based on the “Preface” of the article, state the author’s purpose in your own words.

Humanities · Literature Selection**“Bernice Bobs Her Hair”, F. Scott Fitzgerald**

After dark on Saturday night one could stand on the first tee of the golf-coupe and see the country-club windows as a yellow expanse over a very black and wavy ocean. The waves of this ocean, so to speak, were the heads of many curious eddies, a few of the more ingenious chauffeurs, the golf professional's deaf sister—and there were usually several stray, diffident waves who might have rolled inside had they so desired. This was the gallery.

The balcony was inside. It consisted of the circle of wicker chairs that lined the wall of the combination clubroom and ballroom. At these Saturday-night dances it was largely feminine; a great babel of middle-aged ladies with sharp eyes and icy hearts behind lorgnettes and large bosoms. The main function of the balcony was critical, it occasionally showed grudging admiration, but never approval, for it is well known among ladies over thirty-five that when the younger set dance in the summer-time it is with the very worst intentions in the world, and if they are not bombarded with stony eyes stray couples will dance weird barbaric interludes in the corners, and the more popular, more dangerous, girls will sometimes be kissed in the parked limousines of unsuspecting dowagers.

But, after all, this critical circle is not close enough to the stage to see the actors' faces and catch the subtler byplay. It can only frown and lean, ask questions and make satisfactory deductions from its set of postulates, such as the one which states that every young man with a large income leads the life of a hunted partridge. It never really appreciates the drama of the shifting, semi-cruel world of adolescence. No; boxes, orchestra-circle, principals, and chorus be represented by the medley of faces and voices that sway to the plaintive African rhythm of Dyer's dance orchestra.

From sixteen-year-old Otis Ormonde, who has two more years at Hill School, to G. Reece Stoddard, over whose bureau at home hangs a Harvard law diploma; from little Madeleine Hogue, whose hair still feels strange and uncomfortable on top of her head, to Bessie MacRae, who has been the life of the party a little too long—more than ten years—the medley is not only the centre of the stage but contains the only people capable of getting an unobstructed view of it.

With a flourish and a bang the music stops. The couples exchange artificial, effortless smiles, facetiously repeat "*La-de-da-da dum-dum*," and then the clatter of young feminine voices soars over the burst of clapping.

A few disappointed stags caught in midfloor as they had been about to cut in subsided listlessly back to the walls, because this was not like the riotous Christmas dances—these slimmer hops were considered just pleasantly warm and exciting, where even the younger marrieds rose and performed ancient waltzes and terrifying fox trots to the tolerant amusement of their younger brothers and sisters.

Warren McIntyre, who casually attended Yale, being one of the unfortunate stags, felt in his dinner-coat pocket for a cigarette and strolled out onto the wide, semidark veranda, where couples were scattered at tables, filling the lantern-hung night with vague words and hazy laughter. He nodded here and there at the less absorbed and as he passed each couple some half-forgotten fragment of a story played in his mind, for it was not a large city and every one was Who's Who to every one else's past. There, for example, were Jim Strain and Ethel Demorest, who had been privately engaged for three years. Every one knew that as soon as Jim managed to hold a job for more than two months she would marry him. Yet how bored they both looked, and how wearily Ethel regarded Jim sometimes, as if she wondered why she had trained the vines of her affection on such a wind-shaken poplar.

Warren was nineteen and rather pitying with those of his friends who hadn't gone East to college. But, like most boys, he bragged tremendously about the girls of his city when he was away from it. There was Genevieve Ormonde, who regularly made the rounds of dances, house-parties, and football games at Princeton, Yale, Williams, and Cornell; there was black-eyed Roberta Dillon, who was quite as famous to her own generation as Hiram Johnson or Ty Cobb; and, of course, there was Marjorie Harvey, who besides having a fairylike face and a dazzling, bewildering tongue was already justly celebrated for having turned five cart-wheels in succession during the last pump-and-slipper dance at New Haven.

F. Scott Fitzgerald, "Bernice Bobs Her Hair"

Warren, who had groan up across the street from Marjorie, had long been "crazy about her." Sometimes she seemed to reciprocate his feeling with a faint gratitude, but she had tried him by her infallible test and informed him gravely that she did not love him. Her test was that when she was away from him she forgot him and had affairs with other boys. Warren found this discouraging, especially as Marjorie had been making little trips all summer, and for the first two or three days after each arrival home he saw great heaps of mail on the Harveys' hall table addressed to her in various masculine handwritings. To make matters worse, all during the month of August she had been visited by her cousin Bernice from Eau Claire, and it seemed impossible to see her alone. It was always necessary to hunt round and find some one to take care of Bernice. As August waned this was becoming more and more difficult.

Much as Warren worshipped Marjorie he had to admit that Cousin Bernice was sorta dopeless. She was pretty, with dark hair and high color, but she was no fun on a party. Every Saturday night he danced a long arduous duty dance with her to please Marjorie, but he had never been anything but bored in her company.

"Warren"—a soft voice at his elbow broke in upon his thoughts, and he turned to see Marjorie, flushed and radiant as usual. She laid a hand on his shoulder and a glow settled almost imperceptibly over him.

"Warren," she whispered "do something for me—dance with Bernice. She's been stuck with little Otis Ormonde for almost an hour."

Warren's glow faded.

"Why—sure," he answered half-heartedly.

"You don't mind, do you? I'll see that you don't get stuck."

"Sall right."

Marjorie smiled—that smile that was thanks enough.

"You're an angel, and I'm obliged loads."

With a sigh the angel glanced round the veranda, but Bernice and Otis were not in sight. He wandered back inside, and there in front of the women's dressing-room he found Otis in the centre of a group of young men who were convulsed with laughter. Otis was brandishing a piece of timber he had picked up, and discoursing volubly.

"She's gone in to fix her hair," he announced wildly. "I'm waiting to dance another hour with her."

Their laughter was renewed.

"Why don't some of you cut in?" cried Otis resentfully. "She likes more variety."

"Why, Otis," suggested a friend "you've just barely got used to her."

"Why the two-by-four, Otis?" inquired Warren, smiling.

"The two-by-four? Oh, this? This is a club. When she comes out I'll hit her on the head and knock her in again."

F. Scott Fitzgerald, "Bernice Bobs Her Hair"

Warren collapsed on a settee and howled with glee.

"Never mind, Otis," he articulated finally. "I'm relieving you this time."

Otis simulated a sudden fainting attack and handed the stick to Warren.

"If you need it, old man," he said hoarsely.

No matter how beautiful or brilliant a girl may be, the reputation of not being frequently cut in on makes her position at a dance unfortunate. Perhaps boys prefer her company to that of the butterflies with whom they dance a dozen times an but, youth in this jazz-nourished generation is temperamentally restless, and the idea of fox-trotting more than one full fox trot with the same girl is distasteful, not to say odious. When it comes to several dances and the intermissions between she can be quite sure that a young man, once relieved, will never tread on her wayward toes again.

Warren danced the next full dance with Bernice, and finally, thankful for the intermission, he led her to a table on the veranda. There was a moment's silence while she did unimpressive things with her fan.

"It's hotter here than in Eau Claire," she said.

Warren stifled a sigh and nodded. It might be for all he knew or cared. He wondered idly whether she was a poor conversationalist because she got no attention or got no attention because she was a poor conversationalist.

"You going to be here much longer?" he asked and then turned rather red. She might suspect his reasons for asking.

"Another week," she answered, and stared at him as if to lunge at his next remark when it left his lips.

Warren fidgeted. Then with a sudden charitable impulse he decided to try part of his line on her. He turned and looked at her eyes.

"You've got an awfully kissable mouth," he began quietly.

This was a remark that he sometimes made to girls at college proms when they were talking in just such half dark as this. Bernice distinctly jumped. She turned an ungraceful red and became clumsy with her fan. No one had ever made such a remark to her before.

"Fresh!"—the word had slipped out before she realized it, and she bit her lip. Too late she decided to be amused, and offered him a flustered smile

Warren was annoyed. Though not accustomed to have that remark taken seriously, still it usually provoked a laugh or a paragraph of sentimental banter. And he hated to be called fresh, except in a joking way. His charitable impulse died and he switched the topic.

"Jim Strain and Ethel Demorest sitting out as usual," he commented.

This was more in Bernice's line, but a faint regret mingled with her relief as the subject changed. Men did not talk to her about kissable mouths, but she knew that they talked in some such way to other girls.

F. Scott Fitzgerald, "Bernice Bobs Her Hair"

"Oh, yes," she said, and laughed. "I hear they've been mooning around for years without a red penny. Isn't it silly?"

Warren's disgust increased. Jim Strain was a close friend of his brother's, and anyway he considered it bad form to sneer at people for not having money. But Bernice had had no intention of sneering. She was merely nervous.

II

When Marjorie and Bernice reached home at half after midnight they said good night at the top of the stairs. Though cousins, they were not intimates. As a matter of fact Marjorie had no female intimates—she considered girls stupid. Bernice on the contrary all through this parent-arranged visit had rather longed to exchange those confidences flavored with giggles and tears that she considered an indispensable factor in all feminine intercourse. But in this respect she found Marjorie rather cold; felt somehow the same difficulty in talking to her that she had in talking to men. Marjorie never giggled, was never frightened, seldom embarrassed, and in fact had very few of the qualities which Bernice considered appropriately and blessedly feminine.

As Bernice busied herself with tooth-brush and paste this night she wondered for the hundredth time why she never had any attention when she was away from home. That her family were the wealthiest in Eau Claire; that her mother entertained tremendously, gave little dinners for her daughter before all dances and bought her a car of her own to drive round in, never occurred to her as factors in her home-town social success. Like most girls she had been brought up on the warm milk prepared by Annie Fellows Johnston and on novels in which the female was beloved because of certain mysterious womanly qualities always mentioned but never displayed.

Bernice felt a vague pain that she was not at present engaged in being popular. She did not know that had it not been for Marjorie's campaigning she would have danced the entire evening with one man; but she knew that even in Eau Claire other girls with less position and less pulchritude were given a much bigger rush. She attributed this to something subtly unscrupulous in those girls. It had never worried her, and if it had her mother would have assured her that the other girls cheapened themselves and that men really respected girls like Bernice.

She turned out the light in her bathroom, and on an impulse decided to go in and chat for a moment with her aunt Josephine, whose light was still on. Her soft slippers bore her noiselessly down the carpeted hall, but hearing voices inside she stopped near the partly open door. Then she caught her own name, and without any definite intention of eavesdropping lingered—and the thread of the conversation going on inside pierced her consciousness sharply as if it had been drawn through with a needle.

"She's absolutely hopeless!" It was Marjorie's voice. "Oh, I know what you're going to say! So many people have told you how pretty and sweet she is, and how she can cook! What of it? She has a bum time. Men don't like her."

"What's a little cheap popularity?"

Mrs. Harvey sounded annoyed.

"It's everything when you're eighteen," said Marjorie emphatically. "I've done my best. I've been polite and I've made men dance with her, but they just won't stand being bored. When I think of that gorgeous coloring wasted on such a ninny, and think what Martha Carey could do with it—oh!"

"There's no courtesy these days."

Mrs. Harvey's voice implied that modern situations were too much for her. When she was a girl all young ladies who belonged to nice families had glorious times.

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"Well," said Marjorie, "no girl can permanently bolster up a lame-duck visitor, because these days it's every girl for herself. I've even tried to drop hints about clothes and things, and she's been furious—given me the funniest looks. She's sensitive enough to know she's not getting away with much, but I'll bet she consoles herself by thinking that she's very virtuous and that I'm too gay and fickle and will come to a bad end. All unpopular girls think that way. Sour grapes! Sarah Hopkins refers to Genevieve and Roberta and me as gardenia girls! I'll bet she'd give ten years of her life and her European education to be a gardenia girl and have three or four men in love with her and be cut in on every few feet at dances."

"It seems to me," interrupted Mrs. Harvey rather wearily, "that you ought to be able to do something for Bernice. I know she's not very vivacious."

Marjorie groaned.

"Vivacious! Good grief! I've never heard her say anything to a boy except that it's hot or the floor's crowded or that she's going to school in New York next year. Sometimes she asks them what kind of car they have and tells them the kind she has. Thrilling!"

There was a short silence and then Mrs. Harvey took up her refrain:

"All I know is that other girls not half so sweet and attractive get partners. Martha Carey, for instance, is stout and loud, and her mother is distinctly common. Roberta Dillon is so thin this year that she looks as though Arizona were the place for her. She's dancing herself to death."

"But, mother," objected Marjorie impatiently, "Martha is cheerful and awfully witty and an awfully slick girl, and Roberta's a marvellous dancer. She's been popular for ages!"

Mrs. Harvey yawned.

"I think it's that crazy Indian blood in Bernice," continued Marjorie. "Maybe she's a reversion to type. Indian women all just sat round and never said anything."

"Go to bed, you silly child," laughed Mrs. Harvey. "I wouldn't have told you that if I'd thought you were going to remember it. And I think most of your ideas are perfectly idiotic," she finished sleepily.

There was another silence, while Marjorie considered whether or not convincing her mother was worth the trouble. People over forty can seldom be permanently convinced of anything. At eighteen our convictions are hills from which we look; at forty-five they are caves in which we hide.

Having decided this, Marjorie said good night. When she came out into the hall it was quite empty.

III

While Marjorie was breakfasting late next day Bernice came into the room with a rather formal good morning, sat down opposite, stared intently over and slightly moistened her lips.

"What's on your mind?" inquired Marjorie, rather puzzled.

Bernice paused before she threw her hand-grenade.

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"I heard what you said about me to your mother last night."

Marjorie was startled, but she showed only a faintly heightened color and her voice was quite even when she spoke.

"Where were you?"

"In the hall. I didn't mean to listen—at first."

After an involuntary look of contempt Marjorie dropped her eyes and became very interested in balancing a stray corn-flake on her finger."

"I guess I'd better go back to Eau Claire—if I'm such a nuisance." Bernice's lower lip was trembling violently and she continued on a wavering note: "I've tried to be nice, and—and I've been first neglected and then insulted. No one ever visited me and got such treatment."

Marjorie was silent.

"But I'm in the way, I see. I'm a drag on you. Your friends don't like me." She paused, and then remembered another one of her grievances. "Of course I was furious last week when you tried to hint to me that that dress was unbecoming. Don't you think I know how to dress myself?"

"No," murmured less than half-aloud.

"What?"

"I didn't hint anything," said Marjorie succinctly. "I said, as I remember, that it was better to wear a becoming dress three times straight than to alternate it with two frights."

"Do you think that was a very nice thing to say?"

"I wasn't trying to be nice." Then after a pause: "When do you want to go?"

Bernice drew in her breath sharply.

"Oh!" It was a little half-cry.

Marjorie looked up in surprise.

"Didn't you say you were going?"

"Yes, but—"

"Oh, you were only bluffing!"

They stared at each other across the breakfast-table for a moment. Misty waves were passing before Bernice's eyes, while Marjorie's face wore that rather hard expression that she used when slightly intoxicated undergraduate's were making love to her.

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"So you were bluffing," she repeated as if it were what she might have expected.

Bernice admitted it by bursting into tears. Marjorie's eyes showed boredom.

"You're my cousin," sobbed Bernice. "I'm v-v-visiting you. I was to stay a month, and if I go home my mother will know and she'll wah-wonder—"

Marjorie waited until the shower of broken words collapsed into little sniffles.

"I'll give you my month's allowance," she said coldly, "and you can spend this last week anywhere you want. There's a very nice hotel—"

Bernice's sobs rose to a flute note, and rising of a sudden she fled from the room.

An hour later, while Marjorie was in the library absorbed in composing one of those non-committal marvelously elusive letters that only a young girl can write, Bernice reappeared, very red-eyed, and consciously calm. She cast no glance at Marjorie but took a book at random from the shelf and sat down as if to read. Marjorie seemed absorbed in her letter and continued writing. When the clock showed noon Bernice closed her book with a snap.

"I suppose I'd better get my railroad ticket."

This was not the beginning of the speech she had rehearsed up-stairs, but as Marjorie was not getting her cues—wasn't urging her to be reasonable; it's an a mistake—it was the best opening she could muster.

"Just wait till I finish this letter," said Marjorie without looking round. "I want to get it off in the next mail."

After another minute, during which her pen scratched busily, she turned round and relaxed with an air of "at your service." Again Bernice had to speak.

"Do you want me to go home?"

"Well," said Marjorie, considering, "I suppose if you're not having a good time you'd better go. No use being miserable."

"Don't you think common kindness—"

"Oh, please don't quote 'Little Women'!" cried Marjorie impatiently. "That's out of style."

"You think so?"

"Heavens, yes! What modern girl could live like those inane females?"

"They were the models for our mothers."

Marjorie laughed.

"Yes, they were—not! Besides, our mothers were all very well in their way, but they know very little about their daughters' problems."

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Bernice drew herself up.

"Please don't talk about my mother."

Marjorie laughed.

"I don't think I mentioned her."

Bernice felt that she was being led away from her subject.

"Do you think you've treated me very well?"

"I've done my best. You're rather hard material to work with."

The lids of Bernice's eyes reddened.

"I think you're hard and selfish, and you haven't a feminine quality in you."

"Oh, my Lord!" cried Marjorie in desperation "You little nut! Girls like you are responsible for all the tiresome colorless marriages; all those ghastly inefficiencies that pass as feminine qualities. What a blow it must be when a man with imagination marries the beautiful bundle of clothes that he's been building ideals round, and finds that she's just a weak, whining, cowardly mass of affectations!"

Bernice's mouth had slipped half open.

"The womanly woman!" continued Marjorie. "Her whole early life is occupied in whining criticisms of girls like me who really do have a good time."

Bernice's jaw descended farther as Marjorie's voice rose.

"There's some excuse for an ugly girl whining. If I'd been irretrievably ugly I'd never have forgiven my parents for bringing me into the world. But you're starting life without any handicap—" Marjorie's little fist clinched, "If you expect me to weep with you you'll be disappointed. Go or stay, just as you like." And picking up her letters she left the room.

Bernice claimed a headache and failed to appear at luncheon. They had a *matinée* date for the afternoon, but the headache persisting, Marjorie made explanation to a not very downcast boy. But when she returned late in the afternoon she found Bernice with a strangely set face waiting for her in her bedroom.

"I've decided," began Bernice without preliminaries, "that maybe you're right about things—possibly not. But if you'll tell me why your friends aren't—aren't interested in me I'll see if I can do what you want me to."

Marjorie was at the mirror shaking down her hair.

"Do you mean it?"

"Yes."

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"Without reservations? Will you do exactly what I say?"

"Well, I—"

"Well nothing! Will you do exactly as I say?"

"If they're sensible things."

"They're not! You're no case for sensible things."

"Are you going to make—to recommend—"

"Yes, everything. If I tell you to take boxing-lessons you'll have to do it. Write home and tell your mother you're going' to soy another two weeks.

"If you'll tell me—"

"All right—I'll just give you a few examples now. First you have no ease of manner. Why? Because you're never sure about your personal appearance. When a girl feels that she's perfectly groomed and dressed she can forget that part of her. That's charm. The more parts of yourself you can afford to forget the more charm you have."

"Don't I look all right? "

"No; for instance you never take care of your eyebrows. They're black and lustrous, but by leaving them straggly they're a blemish. They'd be beautiful if you'd take care of them in one-tenth the time you take doing nothing. You're going to brush them so that they'll grew straight."

Bernice raised the brows in question.

"Do you mean to say that men notice eyebrows?"

"Yes—subconsciously. And when you go home you ought to have your teeth straightened a little. It's almost imperceptible, still—"

"But I thought," interrupted Bernice in bewilderment, "that you despised little dainty feminine things like that."

"I hate dainty minds," answered Marjorie. "But a girl has to be dainty in person. If she looks like a million dollars she can talk about Russia, ping-pong, or the League of Nations and get away with it."

"What else?"

"Oh, I'm just beginning! There's your dancing."

"Don't I dance all right?"

"No, you don't—you lean on a man; yes, you do—ever so slightly. I noticed it when we were dancing together yesterday. And you dance standing up straight instead of bending over a little. Probably some old lady on the side-

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line once told you that you looked so dignified that way. But except with a very small girl it's much harder on the man, and he's the one that counts."

"Go on." Bernice's brain was reeling.

"Well, you've got to learn to be nice to men who are sad birds. You look as if you'd been insulted whenever you're thrown with any except the most popular boys. Why, Bernice, I'm cut in on every few feet—and who does most of it? Why, those very sad birds. No girl can afford to neglect them. They're the big part of any crowd. Young boys too shy to talk are the very best conversational practice. Clumsy boys are the best dancing practice. If you can follow them and yet look graceful you can follow a baby tank across a barb-wire sky-scraper."

Bernice sighed profoundly, but Marjorie was not through.

"If you go to a dance and really amuse, say, three sad birds that dance with you; if you talk so well to them that they forget they're stuck with you, you've done something. They'll come back next time, and gradually so many sad birds will dance with you that the attractive boys will see there's no danger of being stuck—then they'll dance with you."

"Yes," agreed Bernice faintly. "I think I begin to see."

"And finally," concluded Marjorie, "poise and charm will just come. You'll wake up some morning knowing you've attained it and men will know it too."

Bernice rose.

"It's been awfully kind of you—but nobody's ever talked to me like this before, and I feel sort of startled."

Marjorie made no answer but gazed pensively at her own image in the mirror.

"You're a peach to help me," continued Bernice.

Still Marjorie did not answer, and Bernice thought she had seemed too grateful.

"I know you don't like sentiment," she said timidly.

Marjorie turned to her quickly.

"Oh, I wasn't thinking about that. I was considering whether we hadn't better bob your hair."

Bernice collapsed backward upon the bed.

IV

On the following Wednesday evening there was a dinner-dance at the country club. When the guests strolled in Bernice found her place-card with a slight feeling of irritation. Though at her right sat G. Reece Stoddard, a most desirable and distinguished young bachelor, the all-important left held only Charley Paulson. Charley lacked height, beauty, and social shrewdness, and in her new enlightenment Bernice decided that his only qualification to be her

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partner was that he had never been stuck with her. But this feeling of irritation left with the last of the soup-plates, and Marjorie's specific instruction came to her. Swallowing her pride she turned to Charley Paulson and plunged.

"Do you think I ought to bob my hair, Mr. Charley Paulson?"

Charley looked up in surprise.

"Why?"

"Because I'm considering it. It's such a sure and easy way of attracting attention."

Charley smiled pleasantly. He could not know this had been rehearsed. He replied that he didn't know much about bobbed hair. But Bernice was there to tell him.

"I want to be a society vampire, you see," she announced coolly, and went on to inform him that bobbed hair was the necessary prelude. She added that she wanted to ask his advice, because she had heard he was so critical about girls.

Charley, who knew as much about the psychology of women as he did of the mental states of Buddhist contemplatives, felt vaguely flattered.

"So I've decided," she continued, her voice rising slightly, "that early next week I'm going down to the Sevier Hotel barber-shop, sit in the first chair, and get my hair bobbed." She faltered noticing that the people near her had paused in their conversation and were listening; but after a confused second Marjorie's coaching told, and she finished her paragraph to the vicinity at large. "Of course I'm charging admission, but if you'll all come down and encourage me I'll issue passes for the inside seats."

There was a ripple of appreciative laughter, and under cover of it G. Reece Stoddard leaned over quickly and said close to her ear: "I'll take a box right now."

She met his eyes and smiled as if he had said something surprisingly brilliant.

"Do you believe in bobbed hair?" asked G. Reece in the same undertone.

"I think it's unmoral," affirmed Bernice gravely. "But, of course, you've either got to amuse people or feed 'em or shock 'em." Marjorie had culled this from Oscar Wilde. It was greeted with a ripple of laughter from the men and a series of quick, intent looks from the girls. And then as though she had said nothing of wit or moment Bernice turned again to Charley and spoke confidentially in his ear.

"I want to ask you your opinion of several people. I imagine you're a wonderful judge of character."

Charley thrilled faintly—paid her a subtle compliment by overturning her water.

Two hours later, while Warren McIntyre was standing passively in the stag line abstractedly watching the dancers and wondering whither and with whom Marjorie had disappeared, an unrelated perception began to creep slowly upon him—a perception that Bernice, cousin to Marjorie, had been cut in on several times in the past five minutes. He closed his eyes, opened them and looked again. Several minutes back she had been dancing with a visiting boy, a matter easily accounted for; a visiting boy would know no better. But now she was dancing with some one else,

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and there was Charley Paulson headed for her with enthusiastic determination in his eye. Funny—Charley seldom danced with more than three girls an evening.

Warren was distinctly surprised when—the exchange having been effected—the man relieved proved to be none other than G. Reece Stoddard himself. And G. Reece seemed not at all jubilant at being relieved. Next time Bernice danced near, Warren regarded her intently. Yes, she was pretty, distinctly pretty; and to-night her face seemed really vivacious. She had that look that no woman, however histrionically prescient, can successfully counterfeit—she looked as if she were having a good time. He liked the way she had her hair arranged, wondered if it was brillianine that made it glisten so. And that dress was becoming—a dark red that set off her shadowy eyes and high coloring. He remembered that he had thought her pretty when she first came to town, before he had realized that she was dull. Too bad she was dull—dull girls unbearable—certainly pretty though.

His thoughts zigzagged back to Marjorie. This disappearance would be like other disappearances. When she reappeared he would demand where she had been—would be told emphatically that it was none of his business. What a pity she was so sure of him! She basked in the knowledge that no other girl in town interested him; she defied him to fall in love with Genevieve or Roberta.

Warren sighed. The way to Marjorie's affections was a labyrinth indeed. He looked up. Bernice was again dancing with the visiting boy. Half unconsciously he took a step out from the stag line in her direction, and hesitated. Then he said to himself that it was charity. He walked toward her —collided suddenly with G. Reece Stoddard.

"Pardon me," said Warren.

But G. Reece had not stopped to apologize. He had again cut in on Bernice.

That night at one o'clock Marjorie, with one hand on the electric-light switch in the hall, turned to take a last look at Bernice's sparkling eyes.

"So it worked?"

"Oh, Marjorie, yes!" cried Bernice.

"I saw you were having a gay time."

"I did! The only trouble was that about midnight I ran short of talk. I had to repeat myself— with different men of course. I hope they won't compare notes."

"Men don't," said Marjorie, yawning, "and it wouldn't matter if they did—they'd think you were even trickier."

She snapped out the light, and as they started up the stairs Bernice grasped the banister thankfully. For the first time in her life she had been danced tired.

"You see," said Marjorie at the top of the stairs, "one man sees another man cut in and he thinks there must be something there. Well, we'll fix up some new stuff to-morrow. Good night."

"Good night."

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As Bernice took down her hair she passed the evening before her in review. She had followed instructions exactly. Even when Charley Paulson cut in for the eighth time she had simulated delight and had apparently been both interested and flattered. She had not talked about the weather or Eau Claire or automobiles or her school, but had confined her conversation to me, you, and us.

But a few minutes before she fell asleep a rebellious thought was churning drowsily in her brain—after all, it was she who had done it. Marjorie, to be sure, had given her her conversation, but then Marjorie got much of her conversation out of things she read. Bernice had bought the red dress, though she had never valued it highly before Marjorie dug it out of her trunk—and her own voice had said the words, her own lips had smiled, her own feet had danced. Marjorie nice girl—vain, though—nice evening—nice boys—like Warren—Warren—Warren—what's his name—Warren—

She fell asleep.

V

To Bernice the next week was a revelation. With the feeling that people really enjoyed looking at her and listening to her came the foundation of self-confidence. Of course there were numerous mistakes at first. She did not know, for instance, that Draycott Deyo was studying for the ministry; she was unaware that he had cut in on her because he thought she was a quiet, reserved girl. Had she known these things she would not have treated him to the line which began "Hello, Shell Shock!" and continued with the bathtub story—"It takes a frightful lot of energy to fix my hair in the summer—there's so much of it—so I always fix it first and powder my face and put on my hat; then I get into the bathtub, and dress afterward. Don't you think that's the best plan?"

Though Draycott Deyo was in the throes of difficulties concerning baptism by immersion and might possibly have seen a connection, it must be admitted that he did not. He considered feminine bathing an immoral subject, and gave her some of his ideas on the depravity of modern society.

But to offset that unfortunate occurrence Bernice had several signal success to her credit. Little Otis Ormonde pleaded off from a trip East and elected instead to follow her with a puppylike devotion, to the amusement of his crowd and to the irritation of G. Reece Stoddard, several of whose afternoon calls Otis completely ruined by the disgusting tenderness of the glances he bent on Bernice. He even told her the story of the two-by-four and the dressing-room to show her how fruitfully mistaken he and every one else had been in their first judgment of her. Bernice laughed off that incident with a slight sinking sensation.

Of all Bernice's conversation perhaps the best known and most universally approved was the line about the bobbing of her hair.

"Oh, Bernice, when you goin' to get the hair bobbed?"

"Day after to-morrow maybe," she would reply, laughing. "Will you come and see me? Because I'm counting on you, you know."

"Will we? You know! But you better hurry up."

Bernice, whose tonsorial intentions were strictly dishonorable, would laugh again.

"Pretty soon now. You'd be surprised."

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But perhaps the most significant symbol of her success was the gray car of the hypercritical Warren McIntyre, parked daily in front of the Harvey house. At first the parlor-maid was distinctly startled when he asked for Bernice instead of Marjorie; after a week of it she told the cook that Miss Bernice had gotta holda Miss Marjorie's best fella.

And Miss Bernice had. Perhaps it began with Warren's desire to rouse jealousy in Marjorie; perhaps it was the familiar though unrecognized strain of Marjorie in Bernice's conversation; perhaps it was both of these and something of sincere attraction besides. But somehow the collective mind of the younger set knew within a week that Marjorie's most reliable beau had made an amazing face-about and was giving an indisputable rush to Marjorie's guest. The question of the moment was how Marjorie would take it. Warren called Bernice on the 'phone twice a day, sent her notes, and they were frequently seen together in his roadster, obviously engrossed in one of those tense, significant conversations as to whether or not he was sincere.

Marjorie on being twitted only laughed. She said she was mighty glad that Warren had at last found some one who appreciated him. So the younger set laughed, too, and guessed that Marjorie didn't care and let it go at that.

One afternoon when there were only three days left of her visit Bernice was waiting in the hall for Warren, with whom she was going to a bridge party. She was in rather a blissful mood, and when Marjorie—also bound for the party—appeared beside her and began casually to adjust her hat in the mirror, Bernice was utterly unprepared for anything in the nature of a clash. Marjorie did her work very coldly and succinctly in three sentences.

"You may as well get Warren out of your head," she said coldly.

"What?" Bernice was utterly astounded.

"You may as well stop making a fool of yourself over Warren McIntyre. He doesn't care a snap of his anger about you."

For a tense moment they regarded each other—Marjorie scornful, aloof; Bernice astounded, half-angry, half-afraid. Then two cars drove up in front of the house and there was a riotous honking. Both of them gasped faintly, turned, and side by side hurried out.

All through the bridge party Bernice strove in vain to master a rising uneasiness. She had offended Marjorie, the sphinx of sphinxes. With the most wholesome and innocent intentions in the world she had stolen Marjorie's property. She felt suddenly and horribly guilty. After the bridge game, when they sat in an informal circle and the conversation became general, the storm gradually broke. Little Otis Ormonde inadvertently precipitated it.

"When you going back to kindergarten, Otis?" some one had asked.

"Me? Day Bernice gets her hair bobbed."

"Then your education's over," said Marjorie quickly. "That's only a bluff of hers. I should think you'd have realized."

"That a fact?" demanded Otis, giving Bernice a reproachful glance.

Bernice's ears burned as she tried to think up an effectual come-back. In the face of this direct attack her imagination was paralyzed.

"There's a lot of bluffs in the world," continued Marjorie quite pleasantly. "I should think you'd be young enough to know that, Otis."

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"Well," said Otis, "maybe so. But gee! With a line like Bernice's—"

"Really?" yawned Marjorie. "What's her latest bon mot?"

No one seemed to know. In fact, Bernice, having trifled with her muse's beau, had said nothing memorable of late.

"Was that really all a line?" asked Roberta curiously.

Bernice hesitated. She felt that wit in some form was demanded of her, but under her cousin's suddenly frigid eyes she was completely incapacitated.

"I don't know," she stalled.

"Splush!" said Marjorie. "Admit it!"

Bernice saw that Warren's eyes had left a ukulele he had been tinkering with and were fixed on her questioningly.

"Oh, I don't know!" she repeated steadily. Her cheeks were glowing.

"Splush!" remarked Marjorie again.

"Come through, Bernice," urged Otis. "Tell her where to get off."

Bernice looked round again—she seemed unable to get away from Warren's eyes.

"I like bobbed hair," she said hurriedly, as if he had asked her a question, "and I intend to bob mine."

"When?" demanded Marjorie.

"Any time."

"No time like the present," suggested Roberta.

Otis jumped to his feet.

"Good stuff!" he cried. "We'll have a summer bobbing party. Sevier Hotel barber-shop, I think you said."

In an instant all were on their feet. Bernice's heart throbbed violently.

"What?" she gasped.

Out of the group came Marjorie's voice, very clear and contemptuous.

"Don't worry—she'll back out!"

"Come on, Bernice!" cried Otis, starting toward the door.

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Four eyes—Warren's and Marjorie's—stared at her, challenged her, defied her. For another second she wavered wildly.

"All right," she said swiftly "I don't care if I do."

An eternity of minutes later, riding down-town through the late afternoon beside Warren, the others following in Roberta's car close behind, Bernice had all the sensations of Marie Antoinette bound for the guillotine in a tumbrel. Vaguely she wondered why she did not cry out that it was all a mistake. It was all she could do to keep from clutching her hair with both hands to protect it from the suddenly hostile world. Yet she did neither. Even the thought of her mother was no deterrent now. This was the test supreme of her sportsmanship; her right to walk unchallenged in the starry heaven of popular girls.

Warren was moodily silent, and when they came to the hotel he drew up at the curb and nodded to Bernice to precede him out. Roberta's car emptied a laughing crowd into the shop, which presented two bold plate-glass windows to the street.

Bernice stood on the curb and looked at the sign, Sevier Barber-Shop. It was a guillotine indeed, and the hangman was the first barber, who, attired in a white coat and smoking a cigarette, leaned non-chalantly against the first chair. He must have heard of her; he must have been waiting all week, smoking eternal cigarettes beside that portentous, too-often-mentioned first chair. Would they blind-fold her? No, but they would tie a white cloth round her neck lest any of her blood—nonsense—hair—should get on her clothes.

"All right, Bernice," said Warren quickly.

With her chin in the air she crossed the sidewalk, pushed open the swinging screen-door, and giving not a glance to the uproarious, riotous row that occupied the waiting bench, went up to the fat barber.

"I want you to bob my hair."

The first barber's mouth slid somewhat open. His cigarette dropped to the floor.

"Huh?"

"My hair—bob it!"

Refusing further preliminaries, Bernice took her seat on high. A man in the chair next to her turned on his side and gave her a glance, half lather, half amazement. One barber started and spoiled little Willy Schuneman's monthly haircut. Mr. O'Reilly in the last chair grunted and swore musically in ancient Gaelic as a razor bit into his cheek. Two bootblacks became wide-eyed and rushed for her feet. No, Bernice didn't care for a shine.

Outside a passer-by stopped and stared; a couple joined him; half a dozen small boys' nose sprang into life, flattened against the glass; and snatches of conversation borne on the summer breeze drifted in through the screen-door.

"Lookada long hair on a kid!"

"Where'd yuh get 'at stuff? 'At's a bearded lady he just finished shavin'."

But Bernice saw nothing, heard nothing. Her only living sense told her that this man in the white coat had removed one tortoise-shell comb and then another; that his fingers were fumbling clumsily with unfamiliar hairpins; that

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this hair, this wonderful hair of hers, was going—she would never again feel its long voluptuous pull as it hung in a dark-brown glory down her back. For a second she was near breaking down, and then the picture before her swam mechanically into her vision—Marjorie's mouth curling in a faint ironic smile as if to say:

"Give up and get down! You tried to buck me and I called your bluff. You see you haven't got a prayer."

And some last energy rose up in Bernice, for she clinched her hands under the white cloth, and there was a curious narrowing of her eyes that Marjorie remarked on to some one long afterward.

Twenty minutes later the barber swung her round to face the mirror, and she flinched at the full extent of the damage that had been wrought. Her hair was not curls and now it lay in lank lifeless blocks on both sides of her suddenly pale face. It was ugly as sin—she had known it would be ugly as sin. Her face's chief charm had been a Madonna-like simplicity. Now that was gone and she was—well frightfully mediocre—not stagy; only ridiculous, like a Greenwich Villager who had left her spectacles at home.

As she climbed down from the chair she tried to smile—failed miserably. She saw two of the girls exchange glances; noticed Marjorie's mouth curved in attenuated mockery—and that Warren's eyes were suddenly very cold.

"You see,"—her words fell into an awkward pause—"I've done it."

"Yes, you've—done it," admitted Warren.

"Do you like it?"

There was a half-hearted "Sure" from two or three voices, another awkward pause, and then Marjorie turned swiftly and with serpentlike intensity to Warren.

"Would you mind running me down to the cleaners?" she asked. "I've simply got to get a dress there before supper. Roberta's driving right home and she can take the others."

Warren stared abstractedly at some infinite speck out the window. Then for an instant his eyes rested coldly on Bernice before they turned to Marjorie.

"Be glad to," he said slowly.

VI

Bernice did not fully realize the outrageous trap that had been set for her until she met her aunt's amazed glance just before dinner.

"Why Bernice!"

"I've bobbed it, Aunt Josephine."

"Why, child!"

"Do you like it?"

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"Why Bernice!"

"I suppose I've shocked you."

"No, but what'll Mrs. Deyo think tomorrow night? Bernice, you should have waited until after the Deyo's dance—you should have waited if you wanted to do that."

"It was sudden, Aunt Josephine. Anyway, why does it matter to Mrs. Deyo particularly?"

"Why child," cried Mrs. Harvey, "in her paper on 'The Foibles of the Younger Generation' that she read at the last meeting of the Thursday Club she devoted fifteen minutes to bobbed hair. It's her pet abomination. And the dance is for you and Marjorie!"

"I'm sorry."

"Oh, Bernice, what'll your mother say? She'll think I let you do it."

"I'm sorry."

Dinner was an agony. She had made a hasty attempt with a curling-iron, and burned her finger and much hair. She could see that her aunt was both worried and grieved, and her uncle kept saying, "Well, I'll be darned!" over and over in a hurt and faintly hostile tone. And Marjorie sat very quietly, intrenched behind a faint smile, a faintly mocking smile.

Somehow she got through the evening. Three boys called; Marjorie disappeared with one of them, and Bernice made a listless unsuccessful attempt to entertain the two others—sighed thankfully as she climbed the stairs to her room at half past ten. What a day!

When she had undressed for the night the door opened and Marjorie came in.

"Bernice," she said "I'm awfully sorry about the Deyo dance. I'll give you my word of honor I'd forgotten all about it."

"S'all right," said Bernice shortly. Standing before the mirror she passed her comb slowly through her short hair.

"I'll take you down-town to-morrow," continued Marjorie, "and the hairdresser'll fix it so you'll look slick. I didn't imagine you'd go through with it. I'm really mighty sorry."

"Oh, 's'all right!"

"Still it's your last night, so I suppose it won't matter much."

Then Bernice winced as Marjorie tossed her own hair over her shoulders and began to twist it slowly into two long blond braids until in her cream-colored negligée she looked like a delicate painting of some Saxon princess. Fascinated, Bernice watched the braids grow. Heavy and luxurious they were moving under the supple fingers like restive snakes—and to Bernice remained this relic and the curling-iron and a to-morrow full of eyes. She could see G. Reece Stoddard, who liked her, assuming his Harvard manner and telling his dinner partner that Bernice shouldn't have been allowed to go to the movies so much; she could see Draycott Deyo exchanging glances with his mother and then being conscientiously charitable to her. But then perhaps by to-morrow Mrs. Deyo would

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have heard the news; would send round an icy little note requesting that she fail to appear—and behind her back they would all laugh and know that Marjorie had made a fool of her; that her chance at beauty had been sacrificed to the jealous whim of a selfish girl. She sat down suddenly before the mirror, biting the inside of her cheek.

"I like it," she said with an effort. "I think it'll be becoming."

Marjorie smiled.

"It looks all right. For heaven's sake, don't let it worry you!"

"I won't."

"Good night Bernice."

But as the door closed something snapped within Bernice. She sprang dynamically to her feet, clinching her hands, then swiftly and noiseless crossed over to her bed and from underneath it dragged out her suitcase. Into it she tossed toilet articles and a change of clothing, Then she turned to her trunk and quickly dumped in two drawerfuls of lingerie and stammer dresses. She moved quietly. but deadly efficiency, and in three-quarters of an hour her trunk was locked and strapped and she was fully dressed in a becoming new travelling suit that Marjorie had helped her pick out.

Sitting down at her desk she wrote a short note to Mrs. Harvey, in which she briery outlined her reasons for going. She sealed it, addressed it, and laid it on her pillow. She glanced at her watch. The train left at one, and she knew that if she walked down to the Marborough Hotel two blocks away she could easily get a taxicab.

Suddenly she drew in her breath sharply and an expression flashed into her eyes that a practiced character reader might have connected vaguely with the set look she had worn in the barber's chair—somehow a development of it. It was quite a new look for Bernice—and it carried consequences.

She went stealthily to the bureau, picked up an article that lay there, and turning out all the lights stood quietly until her eyes became accustomed to the darkness. Softly she pushed open the door to Marjorie's room. She heard the quiet, even breathing of an untroubled conscience asleep.

She was by the bedside now, very deliberate and calm. She acted swiftly. Bending over she found one of the braids of Marjorie's hair, followed it up with her hand to the point nearest the head, and then holding it a little slack so that the sleeper would feel no pull, she reached down with the shears and severed it. With the pigtail in her hand she held her breath. Marjorie had muttered something in her sleep. Bernice deftly amputated the other braid, paused for an instant, and then flitted swiftly and silently back to her own room.

Down-stairs she opened the big front door, closed it carefully behind her, and feeling oddly happy and exuberant stepped off the porch into the moonlight, swinging her heavy grip like a shopping-bag. After a minute's brisk walk she discovered that her left hand still held the two blond braids. She laughed unexpectedly—had to shut her mouth hard to keep from emitting an absolute peal. She was passing Warren's house now, and on the impulse she set down her baggage, and swinging the braids like piece of rope flung them at the wooden porch, where they landed with a slight thud. She laughed again, no longer restraining herself.

"Huh," she giggled wildly. "Scalp the selfish thing!"

Then picking up her staircase she set off at a half-run down the moonlit street.

Humanities · Literature Selection**“Dalyrimple Goes Wrong” by F. Scott Fitzgerald**

In the millennium an educational genius will write a book to be given to every young man on the date of his disillusion. This work will have the flavor of Montaigne's essays and Samuel Butler's note-books—and a little of Tolstoi and Marcus Aurelius. It will be neither cheerful nor pleasant but will contain numerous passages of striking humor. Since first-class minds never believe anything very strongly until they've experienced it, its value will be purely relative . . . all people over thirty will refer to it as "depressing."

This prelude belongs to the story of a young man who lived, as you and I do, before the book.

II

The generation which numbered Bryan Dalyrimple drifted out of adolescence to a mighty fan-fare of trumpets. Bryan played the star in an affair which included a Lewis gun and a nine-day romp behind the retreating German lines, so luck triumphant or sentiment rampant awarded him a row of medals and on his arrival in the States he was told that he was second in importance only to General Pershing and Sergeant York. This was a lot of fun. The governor of his State, a stray congressman, and a citizens' committee gave him enormous smiles and "By God, Sirs" on the dock at Hoboken; there were newspaper reporters and photographers who said "would you mind" and "if you could just"; and back in his home town there were old ladies, the rims of whose eyes grew red as they talked to him, and girls who hadn't remembered him so well since his father's business went blah! in nineteen-twelve. But when the shouting died he realized that for a month he had been the house guest of the mayor, that he and only fourteen dollars in the world and that "the name that will live forever in the annals and legends of this State" was already living there very quietly and obscurely.

One morning he lay late in bed and just outside his door he heard the up-stairs maid talking to the cook. The up-stairs maid said that Mrs. Hawkins, the mayor's wife, had been trying for a week to hint Dalyrimple out of the house. He left at eleven o'clock in intolerable confusion, asking that his trunk be sent to Mrs. Beebe's boarding-house.

Dalyrimple was twenty-three and he had never worked. His father had given him two years at the State University and passed away about the time of his son's nine-day romp, leaving behind him some mid-Victorian furniture and a thin packet of folded paper that turned out to be grocery bills. Young Dalyrimple had very keen gray eyes, a mind that delighted the army psychological examiners, a trick of having read it—whatever it was—some time before, and a cool hand in a hot situation. But these things did not save him a final, unresigned sigh when he realized that he had to go to work—right away.

It was early afternoon when he walked into the office of Theron G. Macy, who owned the largest wholesale grocery house in town. Plump, prosperous, wearing a pleasant but quite unhumorous smile, Theron G. Macy greeted him warmly.

"Well—how do, Bryan? What's on your mind?"

To Dalyrimple, straining with his admission, his own words, when they came, sounded like an Arab beggar's whine for alms.

"Why—this question of a job." ("This question of a job" seemed somehow more clothed than just "a job.")

"A job?" An almost imperceptible breeze blew across Mr. Macy's expression.

"You see, Mr. Macy," continued Dalyrimple, "I feel I'm wasting time. I want to get started at something. I had several chances about a month ago but they all seem to have—gone—"

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"Let's see," interrupted Mr. Macy. "What were they?"

"Well, just at the first the governor said something about a vacancy on his staff. I was sort of counting on that for a while, but I hear he's given it to Allen Gregg, you know, son of G. P. Gregg. He sort of forgot what he said to me—just talking, I guess."

"You ought to push those things."

"Then there was that engineering expedition, but they decided they'd have to have a man who knew hydraulics, so they couldn't use me unless I paid my own way."

"You had just a year at the university?"

"Two. But I didn't take any science or mathematics. Well, the day the battalion paraded, Mr. Peter Jordan said something about a vacancy in his store. I went around there to-day and I found he meant a sort of floor-walker—and then you said something one day"—he paused and waited for the older man to take him up, but noting only a minute wince continued—"about a position, so I thought I'd come and see you."

"There was a position," confessed Mr. Macy reluctantly, "but since then we've filled it." He cleared his throat again. "You've waited quite a while."

"Yes, I suppose I did. Everybody told me there was no hurry—and I'd had these various offers."
Mr. Macy delivered a paragraph on present-day opportunities which Dalyrimple's mind completely skipped."

"Have you had any business experience?"

"I worked on a ranch two summers as a rider."

"Oh, well," Mr. Macy disparaged this neatly, and then continued: "What do you think you're worth?"

"I don't know."

"Well, Bryan, I tell you, I'm willing to strain a point and give you a chance."
Dalyrimple nodded.

"Your salary won't be much. You'll start by learning the stock. Then you'll come in the office for a while. Then you'll go on the road. When could you begin? "

"How about to-morrow?"

"All right. Report to Mr. Hanson in the stock-room. He'll start you off."

He continued to regard Dalyrimple steadily until the latter, realizing that the interview was over, rose awkwardly.

"Well, Mr. Macy, I'm certainly much obliged."

"That's all right. Glad to help you, Bryan."

After an irresolute moment, Dalyrimple found himself in the hall. His forehead was covered with perspiration, and the room had not been hot.

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"Why the devil did I thank the son of a gun?" he muttered.

III

Next morning Mr. Hanson informed him coldly of the necessity of punching the time-clock at seven every morning, and delivered him for instruction into the hands of a fellow worker, one Charley Moore.

Charley was twenty-six, with that faint musk of weakness hanging about him that is often mistaken for the scent of evil. It took no psychological examiner to decide that he had drifted into indulgence and laziness as casually as he had drifted into life, and was to drift out. He was pale and his clothes stank of smoke; he enjoyed burlesque shows, billiards, and Robert Service, and was always looking back upon his last intrigue or forward to his next one. In his youth his taste had run to loud ties, but now it seemed to have faded, like his vitality, and was expressed in pale-lilac four-in-hands and indeterminate gray collars. Charley was listlessly struggling that losing struggle against mental, moral, and physical anemia that takes place ceaselessly on the lower fringe of the middle classes.

The first morning he stretched himself on a row of cereal cartons and carefully went over the limitations of the Theron G. Macy Company.

"It's a piker organization. My Gosh! Lookit what they give me. I'm quittin' in a coupla months. Hell! Me stay with this bunch!"

The Charley Moores are always going to change jobs next month. They do, once or twice in their careers, after which they sit around comparing their last job with the present one, to the infinite disparagement of the latter.

"What do you get?" asked Dalyrimple curiously.

"Me? I get sixty." This rather defiantly.

"Did you start at sixty?"

"Me? No, I started at thirty-five. He told me he'd put me on the road after I learned the stock. That's what he tells 'em a1l."

"How long've you been here?" asked Dalyrimple with a sinking sensation.

"Me? Four years. My last year, too, you bet your boots."

Dalyrimple rather resented the presence of the store detective as he resented the time-clock, and he came into contact with him almost immediately through the rule against smoking. This rule was a thorn in his side. He was accustomed to his three or four cigarettes in a morning, and after three days without it he followed Charley Moore by a circuitous route up a flight of back stairs to a little balcony where they indulged in peace. But this was not for long. One day in his second week the detective met him in a nook of the stairs, on his descent, and told him sternly that next time he'd be reported to Mr. Macy. Dalyrimple felt like an errant schoolboy.

Unpleasant facts came to his knowledge. There were "cave-dwellers" in the basement who had worked there for ten or fifteen years at sixty dollars a month, rolling barrels and carrying boxes through damp, cement-walled corridors, lost in that echoing half-darkness between seven and five-thirty and, like himself, compelled several times a month to work until nine at night.

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At the end of a month he stood in line and received forty dollars. He pawned a cigarette-case and a pair of field-glasses and managed to live—to eat, sleep, and smoke. It was, however, a narrow scrape; as the ways and means of economy were a closed book to him and the second month brought no increase, he voiced his alarm.

"If you've got a drag with old Macy, maybe he'll raise you," was Charley's disheartening reply. "But he didn't raise *me* till I'd been here nearly two years."

"I've got to live," said Dalyrimple simply. "I could get more pay as a laborer on the railroad but, Golly, I want to feel I'm where there's a chance to get ahead."

Charles shook his head sceptically and Mr. Macy's answer next day was equally unsatisfactory. Dalyrimple had gone to the once just before closing time.

"Mr. Macy, I'd like to speak to you."

"Why—yes." The unhumorous smile appeared. The voice was faintly resentful.

"I want to speak to you in regard to more salary."
Mr. Macy nodded.

"Well," he said doubtfully, "I don't know exactly what you're doing. I'll speak to Mr. Hanson."

He knew exactly what Dalyrimple was doing, and Dalyrimple knew he knew.

"I'm in the stock-room—and, sir, while I'm here I'd like to ask you how much longer I'll have to stay there."

"Why—I'm not sure exactly. Of course it takes some time to learn the stock."

"You told me two months when I started."

"Yes. Well, I'll speak to Mr. Hanson."
Dalyrimple paused irresolute.

"Thank you, sir."

Two days later he again appeared in the office with the result of a count that had been asked for by Mr. Hesse, the bookkeeper. Mr. Hesse was engaged and Dalyrimple, waiting, began idly fingering in a ledger on the stenographer's desk.

Half unconsciously he turned a page—he caught sight of his name—it was a salary list:

Dalyrimple
Demming
Donahoe
Everett

His eyes stopped—
Everett.....\$60

So Tom Everett, Macy's weak-chinned nephew, had started at sixty—and in three weeks he had been out of the packing-room and into the office.

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So that was it! He was to sit and see man after man pushed over him: sons, cousins, sons of friends, irrespective of their capabilities, while *he* was cast for a pawn, with "going on the road" dangled before his eyes—put of with the stock remark: I'll see; I'll look into it." At forty, perhaps, he would be a bookkeeper like old Hesse, tired, listless Hesse with a dull routine for his stint and a dull background of boarding-house conversation.

This was a moment when a genii should have pressed into his hand the book for disillusioned young men. But the book has not been written.

A great protest swelling into revolt surged up in him. Ideas half forgotten, chaotically perceived and assimilated, filled his mind. Get on—that was the rule of life—and that was all. How he did it, didn't matter—but to be Hesse or Charley Moore.

"I won't!" he cried aloud.

The bookkeeper and the stenographers looked up in surprise.

"What?"

For a second Dalyrimple stared—then walked up to the desk.

"Here's that data," he said brusquely. "I can't wait any longer."

Mr. Hesse's face expressed surprise. It didn't matter what he did—just so he got out of this rut. In a dream he stepped from the elevator into the stock-room, and walking to an unused aisle, sat down on a box, covering his face with his hands. His brain was whirring with the frightful jar of discovering a platitude for himself.

"I've got to get out of this," he said aloud and then repeated, "I've got to get out"—and he didn't mean only out of Macy's wholesale house.

When he left at five-thirty it was pouring rain, but he struck off in the opposite direction from his boarding-house, feeling, in the first cool moisture that oozed soggyly through his old suit, an odd exultation and freshness. He wanted a world that was like walking through rain, even though he could not see far ahead of him, but fate had put him in the world of Mr. Macy's lead storerooms and corridors. At first merely the overwhelming need of change took him, then half-plans began to formulate in his imagination.

"I'll go East—to a big city—meet people—bigger people—people who'll help me. Interesting work somewhere. My God, there *must* be."

With sickening truth it occurred to him that his facility for meeting people was limited. Of all places it was here in his own town that he should be known, was known—famous—before the water of oblivion had rolled over him. You had to cut corners, that was a11. Pull—relationship—wealthy marriages—

For several miles the continued reiteration of this preoccupied him and then he perceived that the rain had become thicker and more opaque in the heavy gray of twilight and that the houses were falling away. The district of full blocks, then of big houses, then of scattering little ones, passed and great sweeps of misty country opened out on both sides. It was hard walking here. The sidewalk had given place to a dirt road, streaked with furious brown rivulets that splashed and squashed around his shoes.

Cutting corners—the words began to fall apart, forming curious phrasings—little illuminated pieces of themselves. They resolved into sentences, each of which had a strangely familiar ring.

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Cutting corners meant rejecting the old childhood principles that success came from faithfulness to duty, that evil was necessarily punished or virtue necessarily rewarded—that honest poverty was happier than corrupt riches. It meant being hard.

This phrase appealed to him and he repeated it over and over. It had to do somehow with Mr. Macy and Charley Moore—the attitudes, the methods of each of them.

He stopped and felt his clothes. He was drenched to the skin. He looked about him and, selecting a place in the fence where a tree sheltered it, perched himself there.

In my credulous years—he thought—they told me that evil was a sort of dirty hue, just as definite as a soiled collar, but it seems to me that evil is only a manner of hard lucky, or heredity-and-environment, or "being found out." It hides in the vacillations of dubs like Charley Moore as certainly as it does in the intolerance of Macy, and if it ever gets much more tangible it becomes merely an arbitrary label to paste on the unpleasant things in other people's lives.

In fact—he concluded—it isn't worth worrying over what's evil and what isn't. Good and evil aren't any standard to me—and they can be a devil of a bad hindrance when I want something. When I want something bad enough, common sense tells me to go and take it—and not get caught.

And then suddenly Dalyrimple knew what he wanted first. He wanted fifteen dollars to pay his overdue board bill. With a furious energy he jumped from the fence, whipped off his coat, and from its black lining cut with his knife a piece about five inches square. He made two holes near its edge and then fixed it on his face, pulling his hat down to hold it in place. It flapped grotesquely and then dampened and clung clung to his forehead and cheeks.

Now . . . The twilight had merged to dripping dusk . . . black as pitch. He began to walk quickly back toward town, not waiting to remove the mask but watching the road with difficulty through the jagged eye-holes. He was not conscious of any nervousness . . . the only tension was caused by a desire to do the thing as soon as possible.

He reached the first sidewalk, continued on until he saw a hedge far from any lamp-post, and turned in behind it. Within a minute he heard several series of footsteps—he waited—it was a woman and he held his breath until she passed . . . and then a man, a laborer. The next passer, he felt, would be what he wanted . . . the laborer's footfalls died far up the drenched street . . . other steps grew nears grew suddenly louder. Dalyrimple braced himself.

"Put up your hands!"

The man stopped, uttered an absurd little grunt, and thrust pudgy arms skyward.

Dalyrimple went through the waistcoat.

"Now, you shrimp," he said, setting his hand suggestively to his own hip pocket, "you run, and stamp—loud! If I hear your feet stop I'll put a shot after you!"

Then he stood there in sudden uncontrollable laughter as audibly frightened footsteps scurried away into the night.

After a moment he thrust the roll of bills into his pocket, snatched of his mask, and running quickly across the street, darted down an alley.

IV

Yet, however Dalyrimple justified himself intellectually, he had many bad moments in the weeks immediately following his decision. The tremendous pressure of sentiment and inherited ambition kept raising riot with his attitude. He felt morally lonely.

The noon after his first venture he ate in a little lunch-room with Charley Moore and, watching him unspread the paper, waited for a remark about the hold-up of the day before. But either the hold-up was not mentioned or Charley wasn't interested. He turned listlessly to the sporting sheet, read Doctor Crane's crop of seasoned bromides, took in an editorial on ambition with his mouth slightly ajar, and then skipped to Mutt and Jeff. Poor Charley—with his faint aura of evil and his mind that refused to focus, playing a lifeless solitaire with cast-off mischief.

Yet Charley belonged on the other side of the fence. In him could be stirred up all the flamings and denunciations of righteousness; he would weep at a stage heroine's lost virtue, he could become lofty and contemptuous at the idea of dishonor.

On my side, thought Dalyrimple, there aren't any resting-places; a man who's a strong criminal is after the weak criminals as well, so it's all guerilla warfare over here.

What will it all do to me? he thoughts with a persistent weariness. Will it take tike color out of life with the honor? Will it scatter my courage and dull my mind?—despiritualize me completely—does it mean eventual barrenness, eventual remorse, failure?

With a great surge of anger, he would fling his mind upon the barrier—and stand there with the flashing bayonet of his pride. Other men who broke the laws of justice and charity lied to all the world. He at any rate would not lie to himself. He was more than Byronic now: not the spiritual rebel, Don Juan; not the philosophical rebel, Faust; but a new psychological rebel of his own century—defying the sentimental a priori forms of his own mind. Happiness was what he wanted—a slowly rising scale of gratifications of the normal appetites—and he had a strong conviction that the materials, if not the inspiration of happiness, could be bought with money.

V

The night came that drew him out upon his second venture, and as he walked the dark street he felt in himself a great resemblance to a cat—a certain supple, swinging litheness. His muscles were rippling smoothly and sleekly under his spare, healthy flesh—he had an absurd desire to bound along the street, to run dodging among trees, to tarn "cart-wheels" over soft grass.

It was not crisp, but in the air lay a faint suggestion of acerbity, inspirational rather than chilling.

"The moon is down—I have not heard the clock!"

He laughed in delight at the line which an early memory had endowed with a hushed awesome beauty.

He passed a man and then another a quarter of mile afterward.

He was on Philmore Street now and it was very dark. He blessed the city council for not having put in new lamp-posts as a recent budget had recommended. Here was the red-brick Sterner residence which marked the beginning of the avenue; here was the Jordon house, the Eisenhaurs', the Dents', the Markhams', the Frasers'; the Hawkins', where he had been a guest; the Willoughbys', the Everett's, colonial and ornate; the little cottage where lived the Watts old maids between the imposing fronts of the Macys' and the Krupstadts'; the Craigs—

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Ah . . . *there!* He paused, wavered violently—far up the street was a blot, a man walking, possibly a policeman. After an eternal second he found himself following the vague, ragged shadow of a lamp-post across a lawn, running bent very low. Then he was standing tense, without breath or need of it, in the shadow of his limestone prey.

Interminably he listened—a mile of a cat howled, a hundred yards away another took up the hymn in a demoniacal snarl, and he felt his heart dip and swoop, acting as shock-absorber for his mind. There were other sounds; the faintest fragment of song far away; strident, gossiping laughter from a back porch diagonally across the alley; and crickets, crickets singing in the patched, patterned, moonlit grass of the yard. Within the house there seemed to lie an ominous silence. He was glad he did not know who lived here.

His slight shiver hardened to steel; the steel softened and his nerves became pliable as leather; gripping his hands he gratefully found them supple, and taking out knife and pliers he went to work on the screen.

So sure was he that he was unobserved that, from the dining-room where in a minute he found himself, he leaned out and carefully pulled the screen up into position, balancing it so it would neither fall by chance nor be a serious obstacle to a sudden exit.

Then he put the open knife in his coat pocket, took out his pocket-flash, and tiptoed around the room.

There was nothing here he could use—the dining-room had never been included in his plans for the town was too small to permit disposing of silver.

As a matter of fact his plans were of the vaguest. He had found that with a mind like his, lucrative in intelligence, intuition, and lightning decision, it was best to have but the skeleton of a campaign. The machine-gun episode had taught him that. And he was afraid that a method preconceived would give him two points of view in a crisis—and two points of view meant wavering.

He stumbled slightly on a chair, held his breath, listened, went on, found the hall, found the stairs, started up; the seventh stair creaked at his step, the ninth, the fourteenth. He was counting them automatically. At the third creak he paused again for over a minute—and in that minute he felt more alone than he had ever felt before. Between the lines on patrol, even when alone, he had had behind him the moral support of half a billion people; now he was alone, pitted against that same moral pressure—a bandit. He had never felt this fear, yet he had never felt this exultation.

The stairs came to an end, a doorway approached; he went in and listened to regular breathing. His feet were economical of steps and his body swayed sometimes at stretching as he felt over the bureau, pocketing all articles which held promise—he could not have enumerated them ten seconds afterward. He felt on a chair for possible trousers, found soft garments, women's lingerie. The corners of his mouth smiled mechanically.

Another room . . . the same breathing, enlivened by one ghastly snort that sent his heart again on its tour of his breast. Round object—watch; chain; roll of bills; stick-pins; two rings—he remembered that he had got rings from the other bureau. He started out winced as a faint glow flashed in front of him, facing him. God!—it was the glow of his own wrist-watch on his outstretched arm.

Down the stairs. He skipped two crumbing steps but found another. He was all right now, practically safe; as he neared the bottom he felt a slight boredom. He reached the dining-room—considered the silver—again decided against it.

Back in his room at the boarding-house he examined the additions to his personal property: Sixty-five dollars in bills.

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A platinum ring with three medium diamonds, worth, probably, about seven hundred dollars. Diamonds were going up.

A cheap gold-plated ring with the initials O. S. and the date inside—'03—probably a class-ring from school. Worth a few dollars. Unsalable.

A red-cloth case containing a set of false teeth.

A silver watch.

A gold chain worth more than the watch.

An empty ring-box.

A little ivory Chinese god—probably a desk ornament.

A dollar and sixty-two cents an small change.

He put the money under his pillow and the other things in the toe of an infantry boot, stuffing a stocking in on top of them. Then for two hours his mind raced like a high-power engine here and there through his life, past and future, through fear and laughter. With a vague, inopportune wish that he were married, he fell into a deep sleep about half past five.

VI

Though the newspaper account of the burglary failed to mention the false teeth, they worried him considerably. The picture of a human waking in the cool dawn and groping for them irk vain, of a soft, toothless breakfast, of a strange, hollow, lisping voice calling the police station, of weary, dispirited visits to the dentist, roused a great fatherly pity in him.

Trying to ascertain whether they belonged to a man or a woman, he took them carefully out of the case and held them up near his mouth. He moved his own jaws experimentally; he measured with his fingers; but he failed to decide: they might belong either to a large-mouthed woman or a small-mouthed man.

On a warm impulse he wrapped them in brown paper from the bottom of his army trunk, and printed FALSE TEETH on the package in clumsy pencil letters. Then, the next night, he walked down Philmore Street, and shied the package onto the lawn so that it would be near the door. Next day the paper announced that the police had a clew—they knew that the burglar was in town. However, they didn't mention what the clew was.

VII

At the end of a month "Burglar Bill of the Silver District" was the nurse-girl's standby for frightening children. Five burglaries were attributed to him, but though Dalyrimple had only committed three, he considered that majority had it and appropriated the title to himself. He had once been seen—"a large bloated creature with the meanest face you ever laid eyes on." Mrs. Henry Coleman, awaking at two o'clock at the beam of an electric torch flashed in her eye, could not have been expected to recognize Bryan Dalyrimple at whom she had waved flags last Fourth of July, and whom she had described as "not at all the daredevil type, do you think?"

When Dalyrimple kept his imagination at white heat he managed to glorify his own attitude, his emancipation from petty scruples and remorse—but let him once allow his thought to rove unarmored, great unexpected horrors

F. Scott Fitzgerald, "Dalyrimple Goes Wrong"

and depressions would overtake him. Then for reassurance he had to go back to think out the whole thing over again. He found that it was on the whole better to give up considering himself as a rebel. It was more consoling to think of every one else as a fool.

His attitude toward Mr. Macy underwent a change. He no longer felt a dim animosity and inferiority in his presence. As his fourth month in the store ended he found himself regarding his employer in a manner that was almost fraternal. He had a vague but very assured conviction that Mr. Macy's innermost soul would have abetted and approved. He no longer worried about his future. He had the intention of accumulating several thousand dollars and then clearing out—going east, back to France, down to South America. Half a dozen times in the last two months he had been about to stop work, but a fear of attracting attention to his being in funds prevented him. So he worked on, no longer in listlessness, but with contemptuous amusement.

VIII

Then with astounding suddenness something happened that changed his plans and put an end to his burglaries. Mr. Macy sent for him one afternoon and with a great show of jovial mystery asked him if he had an engagement that night. If he hadn't, would he please call on Mr. Alfred J. Fraser at eight o'clock. Dalyrimple's wonder was mingled with uncertainty. He debated with himself whether it were not his cue to take the first train out of town. But an hour's consideration decided him that his fears were unfounded and at eight o'clock he arrived at the big Fraser house in Philmore Avenue.

Mr. Fraser was commonly supposed to be the biggest political influence in the city. His brother was Senator Fraser, his son-in-law was Congressman Demming, and his influence, though not wielded in such a way as to make him an objectionable boss, was strong nevertheless.

He had a great, huge face, deep-set eyes, and a barn-door of an upper lip, the melange approaching a worthy climax if a long professional jaw.

During his conversation with Dalyrimple his expression kept starting toward a smile, reached a cheerful optimism, and then receded back to imperturbability.

"How do you do, sir?" he laid, holding out his hand. "Sit down. I suppose you're wondering why I wanted you. Sit down."

Dalyrimple sat down.

"Mr. Dalyrimple, how old are you?"

"I'm twenty-three."

"You're young. But that doesn't mean you're foolish. Mr. Dalyrimple, what I've got to say won't take long. I'm going to make you a proposition. To begin at the beginning, I've been watching you ever since last Fourth of July when you made that speech in response to the loving-cup."

Dalyrimple murmured disparagingly, but Fraser waved him to silence.

"It was a speech I've remembered. It was a brainy speech, straight from the shoulder, and it got to everybody in that crowd. I know. I've watched crowds for years." He cleared his throat as if tempted to digress on his knowledge of crowds—then continued. "But, Mr. Dalyrimple, I've seen too many young men who promised brilliantly go to pieces, fail through want of steadiness, too many high-power ideas, and not enough willingness to work. So I waited. I wanted to see what you'd do. I wanted to see if you'd go to work, and if you'd stick to what you started." Dalyrimple felt a glow settle over him.

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"So," continued Fraser, "when Theron Macy told me you'd started down at his place, I kept watching you, and I followed your record through him. The first month I was afraid for awhile. He told me you were getting restless, too good for your job, hinting around for a raise—" Dalyrimple started.

"—But he said after that you evidently made up your mind to shut up and stick to it. That's the stuff I like in a young man! That's the stuff that wins out. And don't think I don't understand. I know how much harder it was for you after all that silly flattery a lot of old women had been giving you. I know what a fight it must have been—" Dalyrimple's face was burning brightly. It felt young and strangely ingenuous.

"Dalyrimple, you've got brains and you've got the stuff in you—and that's what I want. I'm going to put you into the State Senate."

"The *what*?"

"The State Senate. We want a young man who has got brains, but is solid and not a loafer. And when I say State Senate I don't stop there. We're up against it here, Dalyrimple. We've got to get some young men into politics—you know the old blood that's been running on the party ticket year in and year out." Dalyrimple licked his lips.

"You'll run me for the State Senate?"

"I'll *put* you in the State Senate."

Mr. Fraser's expression had now reached the point nearest a smile and Dalyrimple in a happy frivolity felt himself urging it mentally on—but it stopped, locked, and slid from him. The barn-door and the jaw were separated by a line strait as a nail. Dalyrimple remembered with an effort that it was a mouth, and talked to it.

"But I'm through," he said. "My notoriety's dead. People are fed up with me."

"Those things," answered Mr. Fraser, "are mechanical. Linotype is a resuscitator of reputations. Wait till you see the *Herald*, beginning next week—that is if you're with us—that is," and his voice hardened slightly, "if you haven't got too many ideas yourself about how things ought to be run."

"No," said Dalyrimple, looking him frankly in the eye. "You'll have to give me a lot of advice at first."

"Very well. I'll take care of your reputation then. Just keep yourself on the right side of the fence." Dalyrimple started at this repetition of a phrase he had thought of so much lately. There was a sudden ring at the door-bell.

"That's Macy now," observed Fraser, rising. "I'll go let him in. The servants have gone to bed."

He left Dalyrimple there in a dream. The world was opening up suddenly— The State Senate, the United States Senate—so life was this after all—cutting corners—common sense, that was the rule. No more foolish risks now unless necessity called—but it was being hard that counted—Never to let remorse or self-reproach lose him a night's sleep—let his life be a sword of courage—there was no payment—all that was drive!—drive! He sprang to his feet with clinched hands in a sort of triumph.

"Well, Bryan," said Mr. Macy stepping through the portières.

The two older men smiled their half-smiles at him.

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"Well Bryan," said Mr. Macy again.
Dalyrimple smiled also.

"How do, Mr. Macy?"

He wondered if some telepathy between them had made this new appreciation possible—some invisible realization. . . .

Mr. Macy held out his hand.

"I'm glad we're to be associated in this scheme—I've been for you all along—especially lately. I'm glad we're to be on the same side of the fence."

"I want to thank you, sir," said Dalyrimple simply. He felt a whimsical moisture gathering back of his eyes.

Humanities · Literature Study Guide
“Dalyruple Goes Wrong” by F. Scott Fitzgerald

Key Vocabulary

annals—

obscurely—

disparaged—

irresolute—

four-in-hands—

piker—

assimilated—

oblivion—

opaque—

rivulets—

litheness—

acerbity—

demoniacal—

ominous—

pliable—

enumerated—

animosity—

contemptuous—

imperturbability—

ingenuous—

portieres—

Humanities · Literature Study Guide

“Dalrymple Goes Wrong” by F. Scott Fitzgerald

Questions for Review and Discussion

1. Outline the experiences and realizations of Dalrymple that led to his disillusionment. What specific section in the story signaled a shift in Dalrymple’s way of thinking?
2. Cite specific evidence from the text that demonstrates the internal conflict Dalrymple experiences once he starts his criminal exploits.
3. Explain the significance of the following quotes as they apply to Dalrymple:
 - “Cutting corners meant rejecting the old childhood principles that success came from faithfulness to duty, that evil was necessarily punished or virtue necessarily rewarded – that honest poverty was happier than corrupt riches. It meant being hard.”
 - “When I want something bad enough, common sense tells me to go and take it – and not get caught.”
 - “Happiness was what he wanted – a slowly rising scale of gratifications of the normal appetites he had a strong conviction that the materials, if not the inspiration of happiness, could be bought with money.”

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4. “Focus on the scene between Dalyrimple and Mr. Fraser when he meets with Dalyrimple to make the proposal to run for state Senate. Discuss the implications of the following quotes and summarize the inferences about why Mr. Fraser and Mr. Macy approached Dalyrimple with this proposal.

A) *“You’ll run me for the State Senate?
I’ll put you in the State Senate.”*

B) *“Linotype is a resuscitator of reputations. Wait till you see the Herald, beginning next week – that is if you’re with us – that is,” and his voice hardened slightly, “if you haven’t got too many ideas yourself about how things ought to be run.”*

C) *“...I’ll take care of your reputation then. Just keep yourself on the right side of the fence...”*

D) *“The world was opening up suddenly – The State Senate, the United States Senate – so life was this after all – cutting corners – common sense, that was the rule. No more foolish risks now unless necessity called – but it was being hard that counted – Never to let remorse or self-reproach lose him a night’s sleep – let his life be a sword of courage—there was no payment- all that was drive! – drive!”*

E) *“He wondered if some telepathy between them made this new appreciation possible – some invisible realization...”*

F) *“I’m glad we’re to be associated in this scheme – I’ve been for you all along—especially lately. I’m glad we’re to be on the same side of the fence.”*

Humanities · Literature Selection
“The Ice Palace”, F. Scott Fitzgerald
from *Flappers and Philosophes*

The sunlight dripped over the house like golden paint over an art jar, and the freckling shadows here and there only intensified the rigor of the bath of light. The Butterworth and Larkin houses flanking were entrenched behind great stodgy trees; only the Happer house took the full sun, and all day long faced the dusty road-street with a tolerant kindly patience. This was the city of Tarleton in southernmost Georgia, September afternoon.

Up in her bedroom window Sally Carrol Happer rested her nineteen-year-old chin on a fifty-two-year-old sill and watched Clark Darrow's ancient Ford turn the corner. The car was hot—being partly metallic it retained all the heat it absorbed or evolved—and Clark Darrow sitting bolt upright at the wheel wore a pained, strained expression as though he considered himself a spare part, and rather likely to break. He laboriously crossed two dust ruts, the wheels squeaking indignantly at the encounter, and then with a terrifying expression he gave the steering-gear a final wrench and deposited self and car approximately in front of the Happer steps. There was a heaving sound, a death-rattle, followed by a short silence; and then the air was rent by a startling whistle.

Sally Carrol gazed down sleepily. She started to yawn, but finding this quite impossible unless she raised her chin from the window-sill, changed her mind and continued silently to regard the car, whose owner sat brilliantly if perfunctorily at attention as he waited for art answer to his signal. After a moment the whistle once more split the dusty air.

"Good mawnin'."

With difficulty Clark twisted his tall body round and bent a distorted glance on the window.

"Tain't mawnin', Sally Carrol."

"Isn't it, sure enough?"

"What you doin'?"

"Eatin' 'n apple."

"Come on go swimmin'—want to?"

"Reckon so."

"How 'bout hurryin' up?"

"Sure enough."

Sally Carrol sighed voluminously and raised herself with profound inertia from the floor where she had been occupied in alternately destroyed parts of a green apple and painting paper dolls for her younger sister. She approached a mirror, regarded her expression with a pleased and pleasant languor, dabbed two spots of rouge on her lips and a grain of powder on her nose, and covered her bobbed corn-colored hair with a rose-littered sunbonnet. Then she kicked over the painting water, said, "Oh, damn!"—but let it lay—and left the room.

"How you, Clark?" she inquired a minute later as she slipped nimbly over the side of the car.

"Mighty fine, Sally Carrol."

F. Scott Fitzgerald, "The Ice Palace"

"Where we go swimmin'?"

"Out to Walley's Pool. Told Marylyn we'd call by an' get her an' Joe Ewing."

Clark was dark and lean, and when on foot was rather inclined to stoop. His eyes were ominous and his expression somewhat petulant except when startlingly illuminated by one of his frequent smiles. Clark had "a income"—just enough to keep himself in ease and his car in gasolene—and he had spent the two years since he graduated from Georgia Tech in dozing round the lazy streets of his home town, discussing how he could best invest his capital for an immediate fortune.

Hanging round he found not at all difficult; a crowd of little girls had grown up beautifully, the amazing Sally Carrol foremost among them; and they enjoyed being swum with and danced with and made love to in the flower-filled summery evenings—and they all liked Clark immensely. When feminine company palled there were half a dozen other youths who were always just about to do something, and meanwhile were quite willing to join him in a few holes of golf, or a game of billiards, or the consumption of a quart of "hard yella licker." Every once in a while one of these contemporaries made a farewell round of calls before going up to New York or Philadelphia or Pittsburgh to go into business, but mostly they just stayed round in this languid paradise of dreamy skies and firefly evenings and noisy street fairs—and especially of gracious, soft-voiced girls, who were brought up on memories instead of money.

The Ford having been excited into a sort of restless resentful life Clark and Sally Carrol rolled and rattled down Valley Avenue into Jefferson Street, where the dust road became a pavement; along opiate Millicent Place, where there were half a dozen prosperous, substantial mansions; and on into the down-town section. Driving was perilous here, for it was shopping time; the population idled casually across the streets and a drove of low-moaning oxen were being urged along in front of a placid street-car; even the shops seemed only yawning their doors and blinking their windows in the sunshine before retiring into a state of utter and finite coma.

"Sally Carrol," said Clark suddenly, "it a fact that you're engaged?"

She looked at him quickly.

"Where'd you hear that?"

"Sure enough, you engaged?"

"'At's a nice question!"

"Girl told me you were engaged to a Yankee you met up in Asheville last summer."

Sally Carrol sighed.

"Never saw such an old town for rumors."

"Don't marry a Yankee, Sally Carrol. We need you round here."

Sally Carrol was silent a moment.

"Clark," she demanded suddenly, "who on earth shall I marry?"

F. Scott Fitzgerald, "The Ice Palace"

"I offer my services."

"Honey, you couldn't support a wife," she answered cheerfully. "Anyway, I know you too well to fall in love with you."

"At doesn't mean you ought to marry a Yankee," he persisted.

"S'pose I love him?"

He shook his head.

"You couldn't. He'd be a lot different from us, every way."

He broke off as he halted the car in front of a rambling, dilapidated house. Marylyn Wade and Joe Ewing appeared in the doorway.

"Lo Sally Carrol."

"Hi!"

"How you-all?"

"Sally Carrol," demanded Marylyn as they started of again, "you engaged?"

"Lawdy, where'd all this start? Can't I look at a man 'thout everybody in town engagin' me to him?"

Clark stared straight in front of him at a bolt on the clattering wind-shield.

"Sally Carrol," he said with a curious intensity, "don't you 'like us?"

"What?"

"Us down here?"

"Why, Clark, you know I do. I adore all you boys."

"Then why you gettin' engaged to a Yankee?."

"Clark, I don't know. I'm not sure what I'll do, but—well, I want to go places and see people. I want my mind to grow. I want to live where things happen on a big scale."

"What you mean?"

"Oh, Clark, I love you, and I love Joe here and Ben Arrot, and you-all, but you'll—you'll—"

"We'll all be failures?"

"Yes. I don't mean only money failures, but just sort of—of ineffectual and sad, and—oh, how can I tell you?"

F. Scott Fitzgerald, "The Ice Palace"

"You mean because we stay here in Tarleton?"

"Yes, Clark; and because you like it and never want to change things or think or go ahead."

He nodded and she reached over and pressed his hand.

"Clark," she said softly, "I wouldn't change you for the world. You're sweet the way you are. The things that'll make you fail I'll love always—the living in the past, the lazy days and nights you have, and all your carelessness and generosity."

"But you're goin' away?"

"Yes—because I couldn't ever marry you. You've a place in my heart no one else ever could have, but tied down here I'd get restless. I'd feel I was—wastin' myself. There's two sides to me, you see. There's the sleepy old side you love an' there's a sort of energy—the feeling that makes me do wild things. That's the part of me that may be useful somewhere, that'll last when I'm not beautiful any more."

She broke off with characteristic suddenness and sighed, "Oh, sweet cooky!" as her mood changed.

Half closing her eyes and tipping back her head till it rested on the seat-back she let the savory breeze fan her eyes and ripple the fluffy curls of her bobbed hair. They were in the country now, hurrying between tangled growths of bright-green coppice and grass and tall trees that sent sprays of foliage to hang a cool welcome over the road. Here and there they passed a battered negro cabin, its oldest white-haired inhabitant smoking a corncob pipe beside the door, and half a dozen scantily clothed pickaninnies parading tattered dolls on the wild-grown grass in front. Farther out were lazy cotton-fields where even the workers seemed intangible shadows lent by the sun to the earth, not for toil, but to while away some age-old tradition in the golden September fields. And round the drowsy picturesqueness, over the trees and shacks and muddy rivers, flowed the heat, never hostile, only comforting, like a great warm nourishing bosom for the Infant earth.

"Sally Carrol, we're here!"

"Poor chile's soun' asleep."

"Honey, you dead at last outa sheer laziness?"

"Water, Sally Carrol! Cool water waitin' for you!"

Her eyes opened sleepily.

"Hi!" she murmured, smiling.

II

In November Harry Bellamy, tall, broad, and brisk, came down from his Northern city to spend four days. His intention was to settle a matter that had been hanging fire since he and Sally Carrol had met in Asheville, North Carolina, in midsummer. The settlement took only a quiet afternoon and an evening in front of a glowing open fire, for Harry Bellamy had everything she wanted; and, beside, she loved him—loved him with that side of her she kept especially for loving. Sally Carrol had several rather clearly defined sides.

F. Scott Fitzgerald, "The Ice Palace"

On his last afternoon they walked, and she found their steps tending half-unconsciously toward one of her favorite haunts, the cemetery. When it came in sight, gray-white and golden-green under the cheerful late sun, she paused, irresolute, by the iron gate.

"Are you mournful by nature, Harry?" she asked with a faint smile.

"Mournful?" Not I."

"Then let's go in here. It depresses some folks, but I like it."

They passed through the gateway and followed a path that led through a wavy valley of graves—dusty-gray and mouldy for the fifties; quaintly carved with flowers and jars for the seventies; ornate and hideous for the nineties, with fat marble cherubs lying in sodden sleep on stone pillows, and great impossible growths of nameless granite flowers.

Occasionally they saw a kneeling figure with tributary flowers, but over most of the graves lay silence and withered leaves with only the fragrance that their own shadowy memories could waken in living minds.

They reached the top of a hill where they were fronted by a tall, round head-stone, freckled with dark spots of damp and half grown over with vines.

"Margery Lee," she read; "1844-1873. Wasn't she nice? She died when she was twenty-nine. Dear Margery Lee," she added softly. "Can't you see her, Harry?"

"Yes, Sally Carrol."

He felt a little hand insert itself into his.

"She was dark, I think; and she always wore her hair with a ribbon in it, and gorgeous hoop-skirts of alice blue and old rose."

"Yes."

"Oh, she was sweet, Harry! And she was the sort of girl born to stand on a wide, pillared porch and welcome folks in. I think perhaps a lot of men went away to war meanin' to come back to her; but maybe none of 'em ever did."

He stooped down close to the stone, hunting for any record of marriage.

"There's nothing here to show."

"Of course not. How could there be anything there better than just 'Margery Lee,' and that eloquent date?"

She drew close to him and an unexpected lump came into his throat as her yellow hair brushed his cheek.

"You see how she was, don't you Harry?"

"I see," he agreed gently. "I see through your precious eyes. You're beautiful now, so I know she must have been."

F. Scott Fitzgerald, "The Ice Palace"

Silent and close they stood, and he could feel her shoulders trembling a little. An ambling breeze swept up the hill and stirred the brim of her floppidy hat.

"Let's go down there!"

She was pointing to a flat stretch on the other side of the hill where along the green turf were a thousand grayish-white crosses stretching in endless, ordered rows like the stacked arms of a battalion.

"Those are the Confederate dead," said Sally Carrol simply.

They walked along and read the inscriptions, always only a name and a date, sometimes quite indecipherable.

"The last row is the saddest—see, 'way over there. Every cross has just a date on it and the word 'Unknown.'"

She looked at him and her eyes brimmed with tears.

"I can't tell you how real it is to me, darling—if you don't know."

"How you feel about it is beautiful to me."

"No, no, it's not me, it's them—that old time that I've tried to have live in me. These were just men, unimportant evidently or they wouldn't have been 'unknown'; but they died for the most beautiful thing in the world—the dead South. You see," she continued, her voice still husky, her eyes glistening with tears, "people have these dreams they fasten onto things, and I've always grown up with that dream. It was so easy because it was all dead and there weren't an disillusion comin' to me. I've tried in a way to live up to those past standards of noblesse oblige—there's just the last remnants of it, you know, like the roses of an old garden dying all round us—streaks of strange courtliness and chivalry in some of these boys an' stories I used to hear from a Confederate soldier who lived next door, and a few old darkies. Oh, Harry, there was something, there was something! I couldn't ever make you understand but it was there."

"I understand," he assured her again quietly.

Sally Carol smiled and dried her eyes on the tip of a handkerchief protruding from his breast pocket.

"You don't feel depressed, do you, lover? Even when I cry I'm happy here, and I get a sort of strength from it."

Hand in hand they turned and walked slowly away. Finding soft grass she drew him down to a seat beside her with their backs against the remnants of a low broken wall.

"Wish those three old women would clear out," he complained. "I want to kiss you, Sally Carrol."

"Me, too."

They waited impatiently for the three bent figures to move off, and then she kissed him until the sky seemed to fade out and all her smiles and tears to vanish in an ecstasy of eternal seconds.

Afterward they walked slowly back together, while on the corners twilight played at somnolent black-and-white checkers with the end of day.

F. Scott Fitzgerald, "The Ice Palace"

"You'll be up about mid-January," he said, "and you've got to stay a month at least. It'll be slick. There's a winter carnival on, and if you've never really seen snow it'll be like fairy-land to you. There'll be skating and skiing and tobogganing and sleigh-riding, and all sorts of torchlight parades on snow-shoes. They haven't had one for years, so they're gong to make it a knock-out."

"Will I be cold, Harry?" she asked suddenly.

"You certainly won't. You may freeze your nose, but you won't be shivery cold. It's hard and dry, you know."

"I guess I'm a summer child. I don't like any cold I've ever seen."

She broke off and they were both silent for a minute.

"Sally Carol," he said very slowly, "what do you say to—March?"

"I say I love you."

"March?"

"March, Harry."

III

All night in the Pullman it was very cold. She rang for the porter to ask for another blanket, and when he couldn't give her one she tried vainly, by squeezing down into the bottom of her berth and doubling back the bedclothes, to snatch a few hours' sleep. She wanted to look her best in the morning.

She rose at six and sliding uncomfortably into her clothes stumbled up to the diner for a cup of coffee. The snow had filtered into the vestibules and covered the door with a slippery coating. It was intriguing this cold, it crept in everywhere. Her breath was quite visible and she blew into the air with a naïve enjoyment. Seated in the diner she stared out the window at white hills and valleys and scattered pines whose every branch was a green platter for a cold feast of snow. Sometimes a solitary farmhouse would fly by, ugly and bleak and lone on the white waste; and with each one she had an instant of chill compassion for the souls shut in there waiting for spring.

As she left the diner and swayed back into the Pullman she experienced a surging rush of energy and wondered if she was feeling the bracing air of which Harry had spoken. This was the North, the North—her land now!

"Then blow, ye winds, heighho!
A-roving I will go,"

she chanted exultantly to herself.

"What's 'at?" inquired the porter politely.

"I said: 'Brush me off.'"

The long wires of the telegraph poles doubled, two tracks ran up beside the train—three—four; came a succession of white-roofed houses, a glimpse of a trolley-car with frosted windows, streets— more streets—the city.

F. Scott Fitzgerald, "The Ice Palace"

She stood for a dazed moment in the frosty station before she saw three fur-bundled figures descending upon her.

"There she is!"

"Oh, Sally Carrol!"

Sally Carrol dropped her bag.

"Hi!"

A faintly familiar icy-cold face kissed her, and then she was in a group of faces all apparently emitting great clouds of heavy smoke; she was shaking hands. There were Gordon, a short, eager man of thirty who looked like an amateur knocked-about model for Harry, and his wife, Myra, a listless lady with flaxen hair under a fur automobile cap. Almost immediately Sally Carrol thought of her as vaguely Scandinavian. A cheerful chauffeur adopted her bag, and amid ricochets of half-phrases, exclamations and perfunctory listless "my dears" from Myra, they swept each other from the station.

Then they were in a sedan bound through a crooked succession of snowy streets where dozens of little boys were hitching sleds behind grocery wagons and automobiles.

"Oh," cried Sally Carrol, "I want to do that! Can we Harry?"

"That's for kids. But we might—"

"It looks like such a circus!" she said regretfully.

Home was a rambling frame house set on a white lap of snow, and there she met a big, gray-haired man of whom she approved, and a lady who was like an egg, and who kissed her—these were Harry's parents. There was a breathless indescribable hour crammed full of self-sentences, hot water, bacon and eggs and confusion; and after that she was alone with Harry in the library, asking him if she dared smoke.

It was a large room with a Madonna over the fireplace and rows upon rows of books in covers of light gold and dark gold and shiny red. All the chairs had little lace squares where one's head should rest, the couch was just comfortable, the books looked as if they had been read—some—and Sally Carrol had an instantaneous vision of the battered old library at home, with her father's huge medical books, and the oil-paintings of her three great-uncles, and the old couch that had been mended up for forty-five years and was still luxurious to dream in. This room struck her as being neither attractive nor particularly otherwise. It was simply a room with a lot of fairly expensive things in it that all looked about fifteen years old.

"What do you think of it up here?" demanded Harry eagerly. "Does it surprise you? Is it what you expected I mean?"

"You are, Harry," she said quietly, and reached out her arms to him.

But after a brief kiss he seemed to extort enthusiasm from her.

"The town, I mean. Do you like it? Can you feel the pep in the air?"

"Oh, Harry," she laughed, "you'll have to give me time. You can't just fling questions at me."

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She puffed at her cigarette with a sigh of contentment.

"One thing I want to ask you," he began rather apologetically; "you Southerners put quite an emphasis on family, and all that—not that it isn't quite all right, but you'll find it a little different here. I mean—you'll notice a lot of things that'll seem to you sort of vulgar display at first, Sally Carrol; but just remember that this is a three-generation town. Everybody has a father, and about half of us have grandfathers. Back of that we don't go."

"Of course," she murmured.

"Our grandfathers, you see, founded the place, and a lot of them had to take some pretty queer jobs while they were doing the founding. For instance there's one woman who at present is about the social model for the town; well, her father was the first public ash man—things like that."

"Why," said Sally Carol, puzzled, "did you s'pose I was goin' to make remarks about people?"

"Not at all," interrupted Harry, "and I'm not apologizing for any one either. It's just that—well, a Southern girl came up here' last summer and said some unfortunate things, and—oh, I just thought I'd tell you."

Sally Carrol felt suddenly indignant—as though she had been unjustly spanked—but Harry evidently considered the subject closed, for he went on with a great surge of enthusiasm.

"It's carnival time, you know. First in ten years. And there's an ice palace they're building new that's the first they've had since eighty-five. Built out of blocks of the clearest ice they could find—on a tremendous scale."

She rose and walking to the window pushed aside the heavy Turkish portières and looked out.

"Oh!" she cried suddenly. "There's two little boys makin' a snow man! Harry, do you reckon I can go out an' help 'em?"

"You dream! Come here and kiss me."

She left the window rather reluctantly.

"I don't guess this is a very kissable climate, is it? I mean, it makes you so you don't want to sit round, doesn't it?"

"We're not going to. I've got a vacation for the first week you're here, and there's a dinner-dance to-night."

"Oh, Harry," she confessed, subsiding in a heap, half in his Lap, half in the pillows, "I sure do feel confused. I haven't got an idea whether I'll like it or not, an' I don't know what people expect, or anythin'. You'll have to tell me, honey."

"I'll tell you," he said softly, "if you'll just tell me you're glad to be here."

"Glad—just awful glad!" she whispered, insinuating herself into his arms in her own peculiar way. "Where you are is home for me, Harry."

And as she said this she had the feeling for almost the first time in her life that she was acting a part.

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That night, amid the gleaming candles of a dinner-party, where the men seemed to do most of the talking while the girls sat in a haughty and expensive aloofness, even Harry's presence on her left failed to make her feel at home.

"They're a good-looking crowd, don't you think?" he demanded. "Just look round. There's Spud Hubbard, tackle at Princeton last year, and Junie Morton—he and the red-haired fellow next to him were both Yale hockey captains; Junie was in my class. Why, the best athletes in the world come from these States round here. This is a man's country, I tell you. Look at John J. Fishburn!"

"Who's he?" asked Sally Carrol innocently.

"Don't you know?"

"I've heard the name."

"Greatest wheat man in the Northwest, and one of the greatest financiers in the country."

She turned suddenly to a voice on her right.

"I guess they forget to introduce us. My name's Roger Patton."

"My name is Sally Carrol Happer," she said graciously.

"Yes, I know. Harry told me you were coming."

"You a relative?"

"No, I'm a professor."

"Oh," she laughed.

"At the university. You're from the South, aren't you?"

"Yes; Tarleton, Georgia."

She liked him immediately—a reddish-brown mustache under watery blue eyes that had something in them that these other eyes lacked, some quality of appreciation. They exchanged stray sentences through dinner, and she made up her mind to see him again.

After coffee she was introduced to numerous good-looking young men who danced with conscious precision and seemed to take it for granted that she wanted to talk about nothing except Harry.

"Heavens," she thought, "They talk as if my being engaged made me older than they are—as if I'd tell their mothers on them!"

In the South an engaged girl, even a young married woman, expected the same amount of half-affectionate badinage and flattery that would be accorded a *débutante*, but here all that seemed banned. One young man after getting well started on the subject of Sally Carrol's eyes and, how they had allured him ever since she entered the room, went into a violent convulsion when he found she was visiting the Bellamys—was Harry's fiancée. He

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seemed to feel as though he had made some risqué and inexcusable blunder, became immediately formal and left her at the first opportunity.

She was rather glad when Roger Patton cut in on her and suggested that they sit out a while.

"Well," he inquired, blinking cheerily, "how's Carmen from the South?"

"Mighty fine. How's—how's Dangerous Dan McGrew? Sorry, but he's the only Northerner I know much about."

He seemed to enjoy that.

"Of course," he confessed, "as a professor of literature I'm not supposed to have read Dangerous Dan McGrew."

"Are you a native?"

"No, I'm a Philadelphian. Imported from Harvard to teach French. But I've been here ten years."

"Nine years, three hundred an' sixty-four days longer than me."

"Like it here?"

"Uh-huh. Sure do!"

"Really?"

"Well, why not? Don't I look as if I were havin' a good time?"

"I saw you look out the window a minute ago— and shiver."

"Just my imagination," laughed Sally Carroll "I'm used to havin' everythin' quiet outside an' sometimes I look out an' see a flurry of snow an' it's just as if somethin' dead was movin'"

He nodded appreciatively.

"Ever been North before?"

"Spent two Julys in Asheville, North Carolina."

"Nice-looking crowd aren't they?" suggested Patton, indicating the swirling floor.

Sally Carrol started. This had been Harry's remark.

"Sure are! They're—canine."

"What?"

She flushed.

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"I'm sorry; that sounded worse than I meant it. You see I always think of people as feline or canine, irrespective of sex."

"Which are you?"

"I'm feline. So are you. So are most Southern men an' most of these girls here."

"What's Harry?"

"Harry's canine distinctly. Al the men I've to-night seem to be canine."

"What does canine imply? A certain conscious masculinity as opposed to subtlety?"

"Reckon so. I never analyzed it—only I just look at people an' say 'canine' or 'feline' right off. It's right absurd I guess."

"Not at all. I'm interested. I used to leave a theory about these people. I think they're freezing up."

"What?"

"Well, they're growing' like Swedes—Ibsenesque, you know. Very gradually getting gloomy and melancholy. It's these long winters. Ever read Ibsen?"

She shook her head.

"Well, you find in his characters a cerulean brooding rigidity. They're righteous, narrow, and cheerless, without infinite possibilities for great sorrow or joy."

"Without smiles or tears?"

"Exactly. That's my theory. You see there are thousands of Swedes up here. They come, I imagine, because the climate is very much like their own, and there's been a gradual mingling. There're probably not half a dozen here to-night, but—we've had four Swedish governors. Am I boring you?"

"I'm mighty interested."

"Your future sister-in-law is half Swedish. Personally I like her, but my theory is that Swedes react rather badly on us as a whole. Scandinavians, you know, have the largest suicide rate in the world."

"Why do you live here if it's so depressing?"

"Oh, it doesn't get me. I'm pretty well cloistered, and I suppose books mean more than people to me anyway."

"But writers all speak about the South being tragic. You know—Spanish señoritas, black hair and daggers an' haunting music."

He shook his head.

"No, the Northern races are the tragic races—they don't indulge in the cheering luxury of tears."

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Sally Carrol thought of her graveyard. She supposed that that was vaguely what she had meant when she said it didn't depress her.

"The Italians are about the gayest people in the world—but it's a dull subject," he broke off. "Anyway, I want to tell you you're marrying a pretty fine man."

Sally Carrol was moved by an impulse of confidence.

"I know. I'm the sort of person who wants to be taken care of after a certain point, and I feel sure I will be."

"Shall we dance? You know," he continued as they rose, "it's encouraging to find a girl who knows what she's marrying for. Nine-tenths of them think of it as a sort of walking into a moving-picture sunset."

She laughed and liked him immensely.

Two hours later on the way home she nestled near Harry in the back seat.

"Oh, Harry," she whispered "it's so co-old!"

"But it's warm in here, daring girl."

"But outside it's cold; and oh, that howling wind!"

She buried her face deep in his fur coat and trembled involuntarily as his cold lips kissed the tip of her ear.

IV

The first week of her visit passed in a whirl. She had her promised toboggan-ride at the back of an automobile through a chill January twilight. Swathed in furs she put in a morning tobogganing on the country-club hill; even tried skiing, to sail through the air for a glorious moment and then land in a tangled laughing bundle on a soft snow-drift. She liked all the winter sports, except an afternoon spent snow-shoeing over a glaring plain under pale yellow sunshine, but she soon realized that these things were for children—that she was being humored and that the enjoyment round her was only a reflection of her own.

At first the Bellamy family puzzled her. The men were reliable and she liked them; to Mr. Bellamy especially, with his iron-gray hair and energetic dignity, she took an immediate fancy, once she found that he was born in Kentucky; this made of him a link between the old life and the new. But toward the women she felt a definite hostility. Myra, her future sister-in-law, seemed the essence of spiritless conversationality. Her conversation was so utterly devoid of personality that Sally Carrol, who came from a country where a certain amount of charm and assurance could be taken for granted in the women, was inclined to despise her.

"If those women aren't beautiful," she thought, "they're nothing. They just fade out when you look at them. They're glorified domestics. Men the centre of every mixed group."

Lastly there was Mrs. Bellamy, whom Sally Carrol detested. The first day's impression of an egg had been confirmed—an egg with a cracked, veiny voice and such an ungracious dumpiness of carriage that Sally Carrol felt that if she once fell she would surely scramble. In addition, Mrs. Bellamy seemed to typify the town in being innately hostile to strangers. She called Sally Carrol "Sally," and could not be persuaded that the double name was anything more than a tedious ridiculous nickname. To Sally Carrol this shortening of her name was presenting her to the public half clothed. She loved "Sally Carrol"; she loathed "Sally." She knew also that Harry's mother

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disapproved of her bobbed hair; and she had never dared smoke down-stairs after that first day when Mrs. Bellamy had come into the library sniffing violently.

Of all the men she met she preferred Roger Patton, who was a frequent visitor at the house. He never again alluded to the Ibsenesque tendency of the populace, but when he came in one day and found her curled upon the sofa bent over "Peer Gynt" he laughed and told her to forget what he'd said—that it was all rot.

They had been walking homeward between mounds of high-piled snow and under a sun which Sally Carrol scarcely recognized. They passed a little girl done up in gray wool until she resembled a small Teddy bear, and Sally Carrol could not resist a gasp of maternal appreciation.

"Look! Harry!"

"What?"

"That little girl—did you see her face?"

"Yes, why?"

"It was red as a little strawberry. Oh, she was cute!"

"Why, your own face is almost as red as that already! Everybody's healthy here. We're out in the cold as soon as we're old enough to walk. Wonderful climate!"

She looked at him and had to agree. He was mighty healthy-looking; so was his brother. And she had noticed the new red in her own cheeks that very morning.

Suddenly their glances were caught and held, and they stared for a moment at the street-corner ahead of them. A man was standing there, his knees bent, his eyes gazing upward with a tense expression as though he were about to make a leap toward the chilly sky. And then they both exploded into a shout of laughter, for coming closer they discovered it had been a ludicrous momentary illusion produced by the extreme bagginess of the man's trousers.

"Reckon that's one on us," she laughed.

"He must be Southerner, judging by those trousers," suggested Harry mischievously.

"Why, Harry!"

Her surprised look must have irritated him.

"Those damn Southerners!"

Sally Carrol's eyes flashed.

"Don't call 'em that."

"I'm sorry, dear," said Harry, malignantly apologetic, "but you know what I think of them. They're sort of—sort of degenerates—not at all like the old Southerners. They've lived so long down there with all the colored people that they've gotten lazy and shiftless."

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"Hush your mouth, Harry!" she cried angrily. "They're not! They may be lazy—anybody would be in that climate—but they're my best friends, an' I don't want to hear 'em criticised in any such sweepin' way. Some of 'em are the finest men in the world."

"Oh, I know. They're all right when they come North to college, but of all the hangdog, ill-dressed, slovenly lot I ever saw, a bunch of small-town Southerners are the worst!"

Sally Carrol was clenching her gloved hands and biting her lip furiously.

"Why," continued Harry, if there was one in my class at New Haven, and we all thought that at last we'd found the true type of Southern aristocrat, but it turned out that he wasn't an aristocrat at all—just the son of a Northern carpetbagger, who owned about all the cotton round Mobile."

"A Southerner wouldn't talk the way you're talking now," she said evenly.

"They haven't the energy!"

"Or the somethin' else."

"I'm sorry Sally Carrol, but I've heard you say yourself that you'd never marry—"

"That's quite different. I told you I wouldn't want to tie my life to any of the boys that are round Tarleton now, but I never made any sweepin' generalities."

They walked along in silence.

"I probably spread it on a bit thick Sally Carrol. I'm sorry."

She nodded but made no answer. Five minutes later as they stood in the hallway she suddenly threw her arms round him.

"Oh, Harry," she cried, her eyes brimming with tears; "let's get married next week. I'm afraid of having fusses like that. I'm afraid, Harry. It wouldn't be that way if we were married."

But Harry, being in the wrong, was still irritated.

"That'd be idiotic. We decided on March."

The tears in Sally Carrol's eyes faded; her expression hardened slightly.

"Very well—I suppose I shouldn't have said that."

Harry melted.

"Dear little nut!" he cried. "Come and kiss me and let's forget."

That very night at the end of a vaudeville performance the orchestra played "Dixie" and Sally Carrol felt something stronger and more enduring than her tears and smiles of the day brim up inside her. She leaned forward gripping the arms of her chair until her face grew crimson.

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"Sort of get you dear?" whispered Harry.

But she did not hear him. To the limited throb of the violins and the inspiring beat of the kettle-drums her own old ghosts were marching by and on into the darkness, and as fifes whistled and sighed in the low encore they seemed so nearly out of sight that she could have waved good-by.

"Away, Away,
Away down South in Dixie!
Away, away,
Away down South in Dixie!"

V

It was a particularly cold night. A sudden thaw had nearly cleared the streets the day before, but now they were traversed again with a powdery wraith of loose snow that travelled in wavy lines before the feet of the wind, and filled the lower air with a fine-particled mist. There was no sky— only a dark, ominous tent that draped in the tops of the streets and was in reality a vast approaching army of snowflakes—while over it all, chilling away the comfort from the brown-and-green glow of lighted windows and muffling the steady trot of the horse pulling their sleigh, interminably washed the north wind. It was a dismal town after all, she thought, dismal.

Sometimes at night it had seemed to her as though no one lived here—they had all gone long ago—leaving lighted houses to be covered in time by tombing heaps of sleet. Oh, if there should be snow on her grave! To be beneath great piles of it all winter long, where even her headstone would be a light shadow against light shadows. Her grave—a grave that should be flower-strewn and washed with sun and rain.

She thought again of those isolated country houses that her train had passed, and of the life there the long winter through—the ceaseless glare through the windows, the crust forming on the soft drifts of snow, finally the slow cheerless melting and the harsh spring of which Roger Patton had told her. Her spring—to lose it forever—with its lilacs and the lazy sweetness it stirred in her heart. She was laying away that spring—afterward she would lay away that sweetness.

With a gradual insistence the storm broke. Sally Carrol felt a film of flakes melt quickly on her eyelashes, and Harry reached over a furry arm and drew down her complicated flannel cap. Then the small flakes came in skirmish-line, and the horse bent his neck patiently as a transparency of white appeared momentarily on his coat.

"Oh, he's cold, Harry," she said quickly.

"Who? The horse? Oh, no, he isn't. He likes it!"

After another ten minutes they turned a corner and came in sight of their destination. On a tall hill outlined in vivid glaring green against the wintry sky stood the ice palace. It was three stories in the air, with battlements and embrasures and narrow icicled windows, and the innumerable electric lights inside made a gorgeous transparency of the great central hall. Sally Carrol clutched Harry's hand under the fur robe.

"It's beautiful!" he cried excitedly. "My golly, it's beautiful, isn't it! They haven't had one here since eighty-five!"

Somehow the notion of there not having been one since eighty-five oppressed her. Ice was a ghost, and this mansion of it was surely peopled by those shades of the eighties, with pale faces and blurred snow-filled hair.

"Come on, dear," said Harry.

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She followed him out of the sleigh and waited while he hitched the horse. A party of four—Gordon, Myra, Roger Patton, and another girl— drew up beside them with a mighty jingle of bells. There were quite a crowd already, bundled in fur or sheepskin, shouting and calling to each other as they moved through the snow, which was now so thick that people could scarcely be distinguished a few yards away.

"It's a hundred and seventy feet tall," Harry was saying to a muffled figure beside him as they trudged toward the entrance; "covers six thousand square yards."

"She caught snatches of conversation: "One main hall"—"walls twenty to forty inches thick"—"and the ice cave has almost a mile of—'—"this Canuck who built it—"

They found their way inside, and dazed by the magic of the great crystal walls Sally Carrol found herself repeating over and over two lines from "Kubla Khan":

"It was a miracle of rare device, A sunny pleasure-dome with caves of ice!"

In the great glittering cavern with the dark shut out she took a seat on a wooded bench and the evening's oppression lifted. Harry was right—it was beautiful; and her gaze travelled the smooth surface of the walls, the blocks for which had been selected for their purity and dearness to obtain this opalescent, translucent effect.

"Look! Here we go—oh, boy! " cried Harry.

A band in a far corner struck up "Hail, Hail, the Gang's All Here!" which echoed over to them in wild muddled acoustics, and then the lights suddenly went out; silence seemed to flow down the icy sides and sweep over them. Sally Carrol could still see her white breath in the darkness, and a dim row of pale faces over on the other side.

The music eased to a sighing complaint, and from outside drifted in the full-throated remnant chant of tee marching clubs. It grew louder like some pæan of a viking tribe traversing an ancient wild; it swelled—they were coming nearer; then a row of torches appeared, and another and another, and keeping time with their moccasined feet a long column of gray-mackinawed figures swept in, snow-shoes slung at their shoulders, torches soaring and flickering as their voice rose along the great walls.

The gray column ended and another followed, the light streaming luridly this time over red toboggan caps and flaming crimson mackinaws, and as they entered they took up the refrain; then came a long platoon of blue and white, of green, of white, of brown and yellow.

"Those white ones are the Wacouta Club," whispered Harry eagerly. "Those are the men you've met round at dances."

The volume of the voices grew; the great cavern was a phantasmagoria of torches waving in great banks of fire, of colors and the rhythm of soft-leather steps. The leading column turned and halted, platoon deploys in front of platoon until the whole procession made a solid flag of flame, and then from thousands of voices burst a mighty shout that filled the air like a crash of thunder, and sent the torches wavering. It was magnificent, it was tremendous! To Sally Carol it was the North offering sacrifice on some mighty altar to the gray pagan God of Snow. As the shout died the band struck up again and there came more singing, and then long reverberating cheers by each club. She sat very quiet listening while the staccato cries rent the stillness; and then she started, for there was a volley of explosion, and great clouds of smoke went up here and there through the cavern—the flash-light photographers at work—and the council was over. With the band at their head the clubs formed in column once more, took up their chant, and began to march out.

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"Come on!" shouted Harry. "We want to see the labyrinths down-stairs before they turn the lights of!"

They all rose and started toward the chute—Harry and Sally Carrol in the lead, her little mitten buried in his big fur gantlet. At the bottom of the chute was a long empty room of ice, with the ceiling so low that they had to stoop—and their hands were parted. Before she realized what he intended Harry Harry had darted down one of the half-dozen glittering passages that opened into the room and was only a vague receding blot against the green shimmer.

"Harry!" she called.

"Come on!" he cried back.

She looked round the empty chamber; the rest of the party had evidently decided to go home, were already outside somewhere in the blundering snow. She hesitated and then darted in after Harry.

"Harry!" she shouted.

She had reached a turning-point thirty feet down; she heard a faint muffled answer far to the left, and with a touch of panic fled toward it. She passed another turning, two more yawning alleys.

"Harry!"

No answer. She started to run straight forward, and then turned like lightning and sped back the way she had come, enveloped in a sudden icy terror.

She reached a turn—was it here?—took the left and came to what should have been the outlet into the long, low room, but it was only another glittering passage with darkness at the end. She called again, but the walls gave back a flat, lifeless echo with no reverberations. Retracing her steps she turned another corner, this time following a wide passage. It was like the green lane between the parted water of the Red Sea, like a damp vault connecting empty tombs.

She slipped a little now as she walked, for ice had formed on the bottom of her overshoes; she had to run her gloves along the half-slippery, half-sticky walls to keep her balance.

"Harry!"

Still no answer. The sound she made bounced mockingly down to the end of the passage.

Then on an instant the lights went out, and she was in complete darkness. She gave a small, frightened cry, and sank down into a cold little heap on the ice. She felt her left knee do something as she fell, but she scarcely noticed it as some deep terror far greater than any fear of being lost settled upon her. She was alone with this presence that came out of the North, the dreary loneliness that rose from ice-bound whalers in the Arctic seas, from smokeless, trackless wastes where were strewn the whitened bones of adventure. It was an icy breath of death; it was rolling down low across the land to clutch at her.

With a furious, despairing energy she rose again and started blindly down the darkness. She must get out. She might be lost in here for days, freeze to death and lie embedded in the ice like corpses she had read of, kept perfectly preserved until the melting of a glacier. Harry probably thought she had left with the others—he had gone by now; no one would know until next day. She reached pitifully for the wall. Forty inches thick, they had said—forty inches thick!

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On both sides of her along the walls she felt things creeping, damp souls that haunted this palace, this town, this North.

"Oh, send somebody—send somebody!" she cried aloud.

Clark Darrow—he would understand; or Joe Ewing; she couldn't be left here to wander forever—to be frozen, heart, body, and soul. This her— this Sally Carrol! Why, she was a happy thing. She was a happy little girl. She liked warmth and summer and Dixie. These things were foreign— foreign.

"You're not crying," something said aloud. "You'll never cry any more. Your tears would just freeze; all tears freeze up here!"

She sprawled full length on the ice.

"Oh, God!" she faltered.

A long single file of minutes went by, and with a great weariness she felt her eyes dosing. Then some one seemed to sit down near her and take her face in warm, soft hands. She looked up gratefully.

"Why it's Margery Lee" she crooned softly to herself. "I knew you'd come." It really was Margery Lee, and she was just as Sally Carrol had known she would be, with a young, white brow, and wide welcoming eyes, and a hoop-skirt of some soft material that was quite comforting to rest on.

"Margery Lee."

It was getting darker now and darker—all those tombstones ought to be repainted sure enough, only that would spoil 'em, of course. Still, you ought to be able to see 'em.

Then after a succession of moments that went fast and then slow, but seemed to be ultimately resolving themselves into a multitude of blurred rays converging toward a pale-yellow sun, she heard a great cracking noise break her new-found stillness.

It was the sun, it was a light; a torch, and a torch beyond that, and another one, and voices; a face took flesh below the torch, heavy arms raised her and she felt something on her cheek—it felt wet. Some one had seized her and was rubbing her face with snow. How ridiculous—with snow!

"Sally Carrol! Sally Carrol!"

It was Dangerous Dan McGrew; and two other faces she didn't know.

"Child, child! We've been looking for you two hours! Harry's half-crazy!"

Things came rushing back into place—the singing, the torches, the great shout of the marching clubs. She squirmed in Patton's arms and gave a long low cry.

"Oh, I want to get out of here! I'm going back home. Take me home"—her voice rose to a scream that sent a chill to Harry's heart as he came racing down the next passage—"to-morrow!" she cried with delirious, unstrained passion—"To-morrow! To-morrow! To-morrow!"

VI

The wealth of golden sunlight poured a quite enervating yet oddly comforting heat over the house where day long it faced the dusty stretch of road. Two birds were making a great to-do in a cool spot found among the branches of a tree next door, and down the street a colored woman was announcing herself melodiously as a purveyor of strawberries. It was April afternoon.

Sally Carrol Happer, resting her chin on her arm, and her arm on an old window-seat, gazed sleepily down over the spangled dust whence the heat waves were rising for the first time this spring. She was watching a very ancient Ford turn a perilous corner and rattle and groan to a jolting stop at the end of the walk. She made no sound and in a minute a strident familiar whistle rent the air. Sally Carrol smiled and blinked.

"Good mawnin'."

A head appeared tortuously from under the car-top below.

"Tain't mawnin', Sally Carrol."

"Sure enough!" she said in affected surprise. "I guess maybe not."

"What you doin'?"

"Eatin' a green peach. 'Spect to die any minute."

Clark twisted himself a last impossible notch to get a view of her face.

"Water's warm as a kettla steam, Sally Carol. Wanta go swimmin'?"

"Hate to move," sighed Sally Carol lazily, "but I reckon so."

Humanities · Literature Study Guide
“The Ice Palace” by F. Scott Fitzgerald

Questions for Review and Discussion

1. Identify specific passages from the story that reveal the characterization of Sally Carrol Happer. What were her aspirations for her life? How did the trip North impact her?

2. Consider the four basic elements of life – earth, air, fire, and water. Make a T-chart and label it – North and South. Cite specific references of Fitzgerald’s descriptions of these elements. Formulate a brief statement about what is revealed about the characters based on these references.

3. What does Fitzgerald say in this story about aspirations, love, success and failure in this time period? Do these views still apply to life today? Explain using references from the text.

4. Was the conflict between Sally and Harry simply a matter of personality differences? Or, was it a conflict between urban culture and rural culture? Explain your response and support with text references.

Humanities · Literature Selection
from *This Side of Paradise*, F. Scott Fitzgerald

BOOK 2, CHAPTER 5**The Egotist Becomes a Personage**

*"A fathom deep in sleep I lie
With old desires, restrained before,
To clamor lifeward with a cry,
As dark flies out the greying door;
And so in quest of creeds to share
I seek assertive day again...
But old monotony is there:
Endless avenues of rain.*

*Oh, might I rise again! Might I
Throw off the heat of that old wine,
See the new morning mass the sky
With fairy towers, line on line;
Find each mirage in the high air
A symbol, not a dream again...
But old monotony is there:
Endless avenues of rain."*

UNDER THE GLASS portcullis of a theatre Amory stood, watching the first great drops of rain splatter down and flatten to dark stains on the sidewalk. The air became gray and opalescent; a solitary light suddenly outlined a window over the way; then another light; then a hundred more danced and glimmered into vision. Under his feet a thick, iron-studded skylight turned yellow; in the street the lamps of the taxi-cabs sent out glistening sheens along the already black pavement. The unwelcome November rain had perversely stolen the day's last hour and pawned it with that ancient fence, the night.

The silence of the theatre behind him ended with a curious snapping sound, followed by the heavy roaring of a rising crowd and the interlaced clatter of many voices. The matinée was over.

He stood aside, edged a little into the rain to let the throng pass. A small boy rushed out, sniffed in the damp, fresh air and turned up the collar of his coat; came three or four couples in a great hurry; came a further scattering of people whose eyes as they emerged glanced invariably, first at the wet street, then at the rain-filled air, finally at the dismal sky; last a dense, strolling mass that depressed him with its heavy odor compounded of the tobacco smell of the men and the fetid sensuousness of stale powder on women. After the thick crowd came another scattering; a stray half-dozen; a man on crutches; finally the rattling bang of folding seats inside announced that the ushers were at work.

New York seemed not so much awakening as turning over in its bed. Pallid men rushed by, pinching together their coat-collars; a great swarm of tired, magpie girls from a department-store crowded along with shrieks of strident laughter, three to an umbrella; a squad of marching policemen passed, already miraculously protected by oilskin capes.

The rain gave Amory a feeling of detachment, and the numerous unpleasant aspects of city life without money occurred to him in threatening procession. There was the ghastly, stinking crush of the subway—the car cards thrusting themselves at one, leering out like dull bores who grab your arm with another story; the querulous worry as to whether some one isn't leaning on you; a man deciding not to give his seat to a woman, hating her for it; the woman hating him for not doing it; at worst a squalid phantasmagoria of breath, and old cloth on human bodies and the smells of the food men ate—at best just people—too hot or too cold, tired, worried.

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He pictured the rooms where these people lived—where the patterns of the blistered wall-papers were heavy reiterated sunflowers on green and yellow backgrounds, where there were tin bathtubs and gloomy hallways and verdureless, unnamable spaces in back of the buildings; where even love dressed as seduction—a sordid murder around the corner, illicit motherhood in the flat above. And always there was the economical stuffiness of indoor winter, and the long summers, nightmares of perspiration between sticky enveloping walls ... dirty restaurants where careless, tired people helped themselves to sugar with their own used coffee-spoons, leaving hard brown deposits in the bowl.

It was not so bad where there were only men or else only women; it was when they were vilely herded that it all seemed so rotten. It was some shame that women gave off at having men see them tired and poor—it was some disgust that men had for women who were tired and poor. It was dirtier than any battle-field he had seen, harder to contemplate than any actual hardship moulded of mire and sweat and danger, it was an atmosphere wherein birth and marriage and death were loathsome, secret things.

He remembered one day in the subway when a delivery boy had brought in a great funeral wreath of fresh flowers, how the smell of it had suddenly cleared the air and given every one in the car a momentary glow.

"I detest poor people," thought Amory suddenly. "I hate them for being poor. Poverty may have been beautiful once, but it's rotten now. It's the ugliest thing in the world. It's essentially cleaner to be corrupt and rich than it is to be innocent and poor." He seemed to see again a figure whose significance had once impressed him—a well-dressed young man gazing from a club window on Fifth Avenue and saying something to his companion with a look of utter disgust. Probably, thought Amory, what he said was: "My God! Aren't people horrible!"

Never before in his life had Amory considered poor people. He thought cynically how completely he was lacking in all human sympathy. O. Henry had found in these people romance, pathos, love, hate—Amory saw only coarseness, physical filth, and stupidity. He made no self-accusations: never any more did he reproach himself for feelings that were natural and sincere. He accepted all his reactions as a part of him, unchangeable, unmoral. This problem of poverty transformed, magnified, attached to some grander, more dignified attitude might some day even be his problem; at present it roused only his profound distaste.

He walked over to Fifth Avenue, dodging the blind, black menace of umbrellas, and standing in front of Delmonico's hailed an auto-bus. Buttoning his coat closely around him he climbed to the roof, where he rode in solitary state through the thin, persistent rain, stung into alertness by the cool moisture perpetually reborn on his cheek. Somewhere in his mind a conversation began, rather resumed its place in his attention. It was composed not of two voices, but of one, which acted alike as questioner and answerer:

This dialogue merged grotesquely into his mind's most familiar state—a grotesque blending of desires, worries, exterior impressions and physical reactions.

Question.—Well—what's the situation?

Answer.—That I have about twenty-four dollars to my name.

Q.—You have the Lake Geneva estate.

A.—But I intend to keep it.

Q.—Can you live?

A.—I can't imagine not being able to. People make money in books and I've found that I can always do the things that people do in books. Really they are the only things I can do.

Q.—Be definite.

A.—I don't know what I'll do—nor have I much curiosity. To-morrow I'm going to leave New York for good. It's a bad town unless you're on top of it.

Q.—Do you want a lot of money?

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A.—No. I am merely afraid of being poor.

Q.—Very afraid?

A.—Just passively afraid.

Q.—Where are you drifting?

A.—Don't ask *me!*

Q.—Don't you care?

A.—Rather. I don't want to commit moral suicide.

Q.—Have you no interests left?

A.—None. I've no more virtue to lose. Just as a cooling pot gives off heat, so all through youth and adolescence we give off calories of virtue. That's what's called ingenuousness.

Q.—An interesting idea.

A.—That's why a "good man going wrong" attracts people. They stand around and literally *warm themselves* at the calories of virtue he gives off. Sarah makes an unsophisticated remark and the faces simper in delight—"How *innocent* the poor child is!" They're warming themselves at her virtue. But Sarah sees the simper and never makes that remark again. Only she feels a little colder after that.

Q.—All your calories gone?

A.—All of them. I'm beginning to warm myself at other people's virtue.

Q.—Are you corrupt?

A.—I think so. I'm not sure. I'm not sure about good and evil at all any more.

Q.—Is that a bad sign in itself?

A.—Not necessarily.

Q.—What would be the test of corruption?

A.—Becoming really insincere—calling myself "not such a bad fellow," thinking I regretted my lost youth when I only envy the delights of losing it. Youth is like having a big plate of candy. Sentimentalists think they want to be in the pure, simple state they were in before they ate the candy. They don't. They just want the fun of eating it all over again. The matron doesn't want to repeat her girlhood—she wants to repeat her honeymoon. I don't want to repeat my innocence. I want the pleasure of losing it again.

Q.—Where are you drifting?

This dialogue merged grotesquely into his mind's most familiar state—a grotesque blending of desires, worries, exterior impressions and physical reactions.

One Hundred and Twenty-seventh Street—or One Hundred and Thirty-seventh Street.... Two and three look alike—no, not much. Seat damp ... are clothes absorbing wetness from seat, or seat absorbing dryness from clothes?... Sitting on wet substance gave appendicitis, so Froggy Parker's mother said. Well, he'd had it—I'll sue the steamboat company, Beatrice said, and my uncle has a quarter interest—did Beatrice go to heaven?... probably not— He represented Beatrice's immortality, also love-affairs of numerous dead men who surely had never thought of him ... if it wasn't appendicitis, influenza maybe. What? One Hundred and Twentieth Street? That must have been One Hundred and Twelfth back there. One O Two instead of One Two Seven. Rosalind not like Beatrice, Eleanor like Beatrice, only wilder and brainier. Apartments along here expensive—probably hundred and fifty a month—maybe two hundred. Uncle had only paid hundred a month for whole great big house in Minneapolis. Question—were the stairs on the left or right as you came in? Anyway, in 12 Univee they were straight back and to the left. What a dirty river—want to go down there and see if it's dirty—French rivers all brown or black, so were Southern rivers. Twenty-four dollars meant four hundred and eighty doughnuts. He could live on it three months and sleep in the park. Wonder where Jill was—Jill Bayne, Fayne, Sayne—what the devil—neck hurts, darned uncomfortable seat. No desire to sleep with Jill, what could Alec see in her? Alec had a coarse taste in women. Own taste the best; Isabelle, Clara, Rosalind, Eleanor, were all-American. Eleanor would pitch, probably southpaw. Rosalind was outfield, wonderful hitter, Clara first base, maybe. Wonder what Humbird's body looked like now. If he himself hadn't been bayonet instructor he'd have gone up to line three months sooner, probably been killed. Where's the darned bell—

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The street numbers of Riverside Drive were obscured by the mist and dripping trees from anything but the swiftest scrutiny, but Amory had finally caught sight of one—One Hundred and Twenty-seventh Street. He got off and with no distinct destination followed a winding, descending sidewalk and came out facing the river, in particular a long pier and a partitioned litter of shipyards for miniature craft: small launches, canoes, rowboats, and catboats. He turned northward and followed the shore, jumped a small wire fence and found himself in a great disorderly yard adjoining a dock. The hulls of many boats in various stages of repair were around him; he smelled sawdust and paint and the scarcely distinguishable fiat odor of the Hudson. A man approached through the heavy gloom.

"Hello," said Amory.

"Got a pass?"

"No. Is this private?"

"This is the Hudson River Sporting and Yacht Club."

"Oh! I didn't know. I'm just resting."

"Well—" began the man dubiously.

"I'll go if you want me to."

The man made non-committal noises in his throat and passed on. Amory seated himself on an overturned boat and leaned forward thoughtfully until his chin rested in his hand.

"Misfortune is liable to make me a damn bad man," he said slowly.

IN THE DROOPING HOURS

While the rain drizzled on Amory looked futilely back at the stream of his life, all its glitterings and dirty shallows. To begin with, he was still afraid—not physically afraid any more, but afraid of people and prejudice and misery and monotony. Yet, deep in his bitter heart, he wondered if he was after all worse than this man or the next. He knew that he could sophisticate himself finally into saying that his own weakness was just the result of circumstances and environment; that often when he raged at himself as an egotist something would whisper ingratiatingly: "No. Genius!" That was one manifestation of fear, that voice which whispered that he could not be both great and good, that genius was the exact combination of those inexplicable grooves and twists in his mind, that any discipline would curb it to mediocrity. Probably more than any concrete vice or failing Amory despised his own personality—he loathed knowing that to-morrow and the thousand days after he would swell pompously at a compliment and sulk at an ill word like a third-rate musician or a first-class actor. He was ashamed of the fact that very simple and honest people usually distrusted him; that he had been cruel, often, to those who had sunk their personalities in him—several girls, and a man here and there through college, that he had been an evil influence on; people who had followed him here and there into mental adventures from which he alone rebounded unscathed.

Usually, on nights like this, for there had been many lately, he could escape from this consuming introspection by thinking of children and the infinite possibilities of children—he leaned and listened and he heard a startled baby awake in a house across the street and lend a tiny whimper to the still night. Quick as a flash he turned away, wondering with a touch of panic whether something in the brooding despair of his mood had made a darkness in its tiny soul. He shivered. What if some day the balance was overturned, and he became a thing that frightened children and crept into rooms in the dark, approached dim communion with those phantoms who whispered shadowy secrets to the mad of that dark continent upon the moon....

Amory smiled a bit.

"You're too much wrapped up in yourself," he heard some one say. And again—

"Get out and do some real work—"

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"Stop worrying—"

He fancied a possible future comment of his own.

"Yes—I was perhaps an egotist in youth, but I soon found it made me morbid to think too much about myself."

Suddenly he felt an overwhelming desire to let himself go to the devil—not to go violently as a gentleman should, but to sink safely and sensuously out of sight. He pictured himself in an adobe house in Mexico, half-reclining on a rug-covered couch, his slender, artistic fingers closed on a cigarette while he listened to guitars strumming melancholy undertones to an age-old dirge of Castile and an olive-skinned, carmine-lipped girl caressed his hair. Here he might live a strange litany, delivered from right and wrong and from the hound of heaven and from every God (except the exotic Mexican one who was pretty slack himself and rather addicted to Oriental scents)—delivered from success and hope and poverty into that long chute of indulgence which led, after all, only to the artificial lake of death.

There were so many places where one might deteriorate pleasantly: Port Said, Shanghai, parts of Turkestan, Constantinople, the South Seas—all lands of sad, haunting music and many odors, where lust could be a mode and expression of life, where the shades of night skies and sunsets would seem to reflect only moods of passion: the colors of lips and poppies.

STILL WEEDING

Once he had been miraculously able to scent evil as a horse detects a broken bridge at night, but the man with the queer feet in Phoebe's room had diminished to the aura over Jill. His instinct perceived the fetidness of poverty, but no longer ferreted out the deeper evils in pride and sensuality.

There were no more wise men; there were no more heroes; Burne Holiday was sunk from sight as though he had never lived; Monsignor was dead. Amory had grown up to a thousand books, a thousand lies; he had listened eagerly to people who pretended to know, who knew nothing. The mystical reveries of saints that had once filled him with awe in the still hours of night, now vaguely repelled him. The Byrons and Brookes who had defied life from mountain tops were in the end but flaneurs and poseurs, at best mistaking the shadow of courage for the substance of wisdom. The pageantry of his disillusion took shape in a world-old procession of Prophets, Athenians, Martyrs, Saints, Scientists, Don Juans, Jesuits, Puritans, Fausts, Poets, Pacifists; like costumed alumni at a college reunion they streamed before him as their dreams, personalities, and creeds had in turn thrown colored lights on his soul; each had tried to express the glory of life and the tremendous significance of man; each had boasted of synchronizing what had gone before into his own rickety generalities; each had depended after all on the set stage and the convention of the theatre, which is that man in his hunger for faith will feed his mind with the nearest and most convenient food.

Women—of whom he had expected so much; whose beauty he had hoped to transmute into modes of art; whose unfathomable instincts, marvellously incoherent and inarticulate, he had thought to perpetuate in terms of experience—had become merely consecrations to their own posterity. Isabelle, Clara, Rosalind, Eleanor, were all removed by their very beauty, around which men had swarmed, from the possibility of contributing anything but a sick heart and a page of puzzled words to write.

Amory based his loss of faith in help from others on several sweeping syllogisms. Granted that his generation, however bruised and decimated from this Victorian war, were the heirs of progress. Waving aside petty differences of conclusions which, although they might occasionally cause the deaths of several millions of young men, might be explained away—supposing that after all Bernard Shaw and Bernhardt, Bonar Law and Bethmann-Hollweg were mutual heirs of progress if only in agreeing against the ducking of witches—waiving the antitheses and approaching individually these men who seemed to be the leaders, he was repelled by the discrepancies and contradictions in the men themselves.

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There was, for example, Thornton Hancock, respected by half the intellectual world as an authority on life, a man who had verified and believed the code he lived by, an educator of educators, an adviser to Presidents—yet Amory knew that this man had, in his heart, leaned on the priest of another religion.

And Monsignor, upon whom a cardinal rested, had moments of strange and horrible insecurity—inexplicable in a religion that explained even disbelief in terms of its own faith: if you doubted the devil it was the devil that made you doubt him. Amory had seen Monsignor go to the houses of stolid philistines, read popular novels furiously, saturate himself in routine, to escape from that horror.

And this priest, a little wiser, somewhat purer, had been, Amory knew, not essentially older than he. Amory was alone—he had escaped from a small enclosure into a great labyrinth. He was where Goethe was when he began "Faust"; he was where Conrad was when he wrote "Almayer's Folly."

Amory said to himself that there were essentially two sorts of people who through natural clarity or disillusion left the enclosure and sought the labyrinth. There were men like Wells and Plato, who had, half unconsciously, a strange, hidden orthodoxy, who would accept for themselves only what could be accepted for all men—incurable romanticists who never, for all their efforts, could enter the labyrinth as stark souls; there were on the other hand sword-like pioneering personalities, Samuel Butler, Renan, Voltaire, who progressed much slower, yet eventually much further, not in the direct pessimistic line of speculative philosophy but concerned in the eternal attempt to attach a positive value to life....

Amory stopped. He began for the first time in his life to have a strong distrust of all generalities and epigrams. They were too easy, too dangerous to the public mind. Yet all thought usually reached the public after thirty years in some such form: Benson and Chesterton had popularized Huysmans and Newman; Shaw had sugar-coated Nietzsche and Ibsen and Schopenhauer. The man in the street heard the conclusions of dead genius through some one else's clever paradoxes and didactic epigrams.

Life was a damned muddle ... a football game with every one off-side and the referee gotten rid of—every one claiming the referee would have been on his side....

Progress was a labyrinth ... people plunging blindly in and then rushing wildly back, shouting that they had found it ... the invisible king—the élan vital—the principle of evolution ... writing a book, starting a war, founding a school....

Amory, even had he not been a selfish man, would have started all inquiries with himself. He was his own best example—sitting in the rain, a human creature of sex and pride, foiled by chance and his own temperament of the balm of love and children, preserved to help in building up the living consciousness of the race.

In self-reproach and loneliness and disillusion he came to the entrance of the labyrinth.

Another dawn flung itself across the river, a belated taxi hurried along the street, its lamps still shining like burning eyes in a face white from a night's carouse. A melancholy siren sounded far down the river.

MONSIGNOR

Amory kept thinking how Monsignor would have enjoyed his own funeral. It was magnificently Catholic and liturgical. Bishop O'Neill sang solemn high mass and the cardinal gave the final absolutions. Thornton Hancock, Mrs. Lawrence, the British and Italian ambassadors, the papal delegate, and a host of friends and priests were there—yet the inexorable shears had cut through all these threads that Monsignor had gathered into his hands. To Amory it was a haunting grief to see him lying in his coffin, with closed hands upon his purple vestments. His face had not changed, and, as he never knew he was dying, it showed no pain or fear. It was Amory's dear old friend,

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his and the others'—for the church was full of people with daft, staring faces, the most exalted seeming the most stricken.

The cardinal, like an archangel in cope and mitre, sprinkled the holy water; the organ broke into sound; the choir began to sing the *Requiem Eternam*.

All these people grieved because they had to some extent depended upon Monsignor. Their grief was more than sentiment for the "crack in his voice or a certain break in his walk," as Wells put it. These people had leaned on Monsignor's faith, his way of finding cheer, of making religion a thing of lights and shadows, making all light and shadow merely aspects of God. People felt safe when he was near.

Of Amory's attempted sacrifice had been born merely the full realization of his disillusion, but of Monsignor's funeral was born the romantic elf who was to enter the labyrinth with him. He found something that he wanted, had always wanted and always would want—not to be admired, as he had feared; not to be loved, as he had made himself believe; but to be necessary to people, to be indispensable; he remembered the sense of security he had found in Burne.

Life opened up in one of its amazing bursts of radiance and Amory suddenly and permanently rejected an old epigram that had been playing listlessly in his mind: "Very few things matter and nothing matters very much."

On the contrary, Amory felt an immense desire to give people a sense of security.

THE BIG MAN WITH GOGGLES

On the day that Amory started on his walk to Princeton the sky was a colorless vault, cool, high and barren of the threat of rain. It was a gray day, that least fleshly of all weathers; a day of dreams and far hopes and clear visions. It was a day easily associated with those abstract truths and purities that dissolve in the sunshine or fade out in mocking laughter by the light of the moon. The trees and clouds were carved in classical severity; the sounds of the countryside had harmonized to a monotone, metallic as a trumpet, breathless as the Grecian urn.

The day had put Amory in such a contemplative mood that he caused much annoyance to several motorists who were forced to slow up considerably or else run him down. So engrossed in his thoughts was he that he was scarcely surprised at that strange phenomenon—cordiality manifested within fifty miles of Manhattan—when a passing car slowed down beside him and a voice hailed him. He looked up and saw a magnificent Locomobile in which sat two middle-aged men, one of them small and anxious looking, apparently an artificial growth on the other who was large and begoggled and imposing.

"Do you want a lift?" asked the apparently artificial growth, glancing from the corner of his eye at the imposing man as if for some habitual, silent corroboration.

"You bet I do. Thanks."

The chauffeur swung open the door, and, climbing in, Amory settled himself in the middle of the back seat. He took in his companions curiously. The chief characteristic of the big man seemed to be a great confidence in himself set off against a tremendous boredom with everything around him. That part of his face which protruded under the goggles was what is generally termed "strong"; rolls of not undignified fat had collected near his chin; somewhere above was a wide thin mouth and the rough model for a Roman nose, and, below, his shoulders collapsed without a struggle into the powerful bulk of his chest and belly. He was excellently and quietly dressed. Amory noticed that he was inclined to stare straight at the back of the chauffeur's head as if speculating steadily but hopelessly some baffling hirsute problem.

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The smaller man was remarkable only for his complete submersion in the personality of the other. He was of that lower secretarial type who at forty have engraved upon their business cards: "Assistant to the President," and without a sigh consecrate the rest of their lives to second-hand mannerisms.

"Going far?" asked the smaller man in a pleasant disinterested way.

"Quite a stretch."

"Hiking for exercise?"

"No," responded Amory succinctly, "I'm walking because I can't afford to ride."

"Oh."

Then again:

"Are you looking for work? Because there's lots of work," he continued rather testily. "All this talk of lack of work. The West is especially short of labor." He expressed the West with a sweeping, lateral gesture. Amory nodded politely.

"Have you a trade?"

No—Amory had no trade.

"Clerk, eh?"

No—Amory was not a clerk.

"Whatever your line is," said the little man, seeming to agree wisely with something Amory had said, "now is the time of opportunity and business openings." He glanced again toward the big man, as a lawyer grilling a witness glances involuntarily at the jury.

Amory decided that he must say something and for the life of him could think of only one thing to say.

"Of course I want a great lot of money—"

The little man laughed mirthlessly but conscientiously.

"That's what every one wants nowadays, but they don't want to work for it."

"A very natural, healthy desire. Almost all normal people want to be rich without great effort—except the financiers in problem plays, who want to 'crash their way through.' Don't you want easy money?"

"Of course not," said the secretary indignantly.

"But," continued Amory disregarding him, "being very poor at present I am contemplating socialism as possibly my forte."

Both men glanced at him curiously.

"These bomb throwers—" The little man ceased as words lurched ponderously from the big man's chest.

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"If I thought you were a bomb thrower I'd run you over to the Newark jail. That's what I think of Socialists."

Amory laughed.

"What are you," asked the big man, "one of these parlor Bolsheviks, one of these idealists? I must say I fail to see the difference. The idealists loaf around and write the stuff that stirs up the poor immigrants."

"Well," said Amory, "if being an idealist is both safe and lucrative, I might try it."

"What's your difficulty? Lost your job?"

"Not exactly, but—well, call it that."

"What was it?"

"Writing copy for an advertising agency."

"Lots of money in advertising."

Amory smiled discreetly.

"Oh, I'll admit there's money in it eventually. Talent doesn't starve any more. Even art gets enough to eat these days. Artists draw your magazine covers, write your advertisements, hash out rag-time for your theatres. By the great commercializing of printing you've found a harmless, polite occupation for every genius who might have carved his own niche. But beware the artist who's an intellectual also. The artist who doesn't fit—the Rousseau, the Tolstoi, the Samuel Butler, the Amory Blaine—"

"Who's he?" demanded the little man suspiciously.

"Well," said Amory, "he's a—he's an intellectual personage not very well known at present."

The little man laughed his conscientious laugh, and stopped rather suddenly as Amory's burning eyes turned on him.

"What are you laughing at?"

"These *intellectual* people—"

"Do you know what it means?"

The little man's eyes twitched nervously.

"Why, it *usually* means—"

"It *always* means brainy and well-educated," interrupted Amory. "It means having an active knowledge of the race's experience." Amory decided to be very rude. He turned to the big man. "The young man," he indicated the secretary with his thumb, and said young man as one says bell-boy, with no implication of youth, "has the usual muddled connotation of all popular words."

"You object to the fact that capital controls printing?" said the big man, fixing him with his goggles.

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"Yes—and I object to doing their mental work for them. It seemed to me that the root of all the business I saw around me consisted in overworking and underpaying a bunch of dubs who submitted to it."

"Here now," said the big man, "you'll have to admit that the laboring man is certainly highly paid—five and six hour days—it's ridiculous. You can't buy an honest day's work from a man in the trades-unions."

"You've brought it on yourselves," insisted Amory. "You people never make concessions until they're wrung out of you."

"What people?"

"Your class; the class I belonged to until recently; those who by inheritance or industry or brains or dishonesty have become the moneyed class."

"Do you imagine that if that road-mender over there had the money he'd be any more willing to give it up?"

"No, but what's that got to do with it?"

The older man considered.

"No, I'll admit it hasn't. It rather sounds as if it had though."

"In fact," continued Amory, "he'd be worse. The lower classes are narrower, less pleasant and personally more selfish—certainly more stupid. But all that has nothing to do with the question."

Just exactly what is the question?"

Here Amory had to pause to consider exactly what the question was.

AMORY COINS A PHRASE

"When life gets hold of a brainy man of fair education," began Amory slowly, "that is, when he marries he becomes, nine times out of ten, a conservative as far as existing social conditions are concerned. He may be unselfish, kind-hearted, even just in his own way, but his first job is to provide and to hold fast. His wife shoos him on, from ten thousand a year to twenty thousand a year, on and on, in an enclosed treadmill that hasn't any windows. He's done! Life's got him! He's no help! He's a spiritually married man."

Amory paused and decided that it wasn't such a bad phrase.

"Some men," he continued, "escape the grip. Maybe their wives have no social ambitions; maybe they've hit a sentence or two in a 'dangerous book' that pleased them; maybe they started on the treadmill as I did and were knocked off. Anyway, they're the congressmen you can't bribe, the Presidents who aren't politicians, the writers, speakers, scientists, statesmen who aren't just popular grab-bags for a half-dozen women and children."

"He's the natural radical?"

"Yes," said Amory. "He may vary from the disillusioned critic like old Thornton Hancock, all the way to Trotsky. Now this spiritually unmarried man hasn't direct power, for unfortunately the spiritually married man, as a by-product of his money chase, has garnered in the great newspaper, the popular magazine, the influential weekly—so that Mrs. Newspaper, Mrs. Magazine, Mrs. Weekly can have a better limousine than those oil people across the street or those cement people 'round the corner."

"Why not?"

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"It makes wealthy men the keepers of the world's intellectual conscience and, of course, a man who has money under one set of social institutions quite naturally can't risk his family's happiness by letting the clamor for another appear in his newspaper."

"But it appears," said the big man.

"Where?—in the discredited mediums. Rotten cheap-papered weeklies."

"All right—go on."

"Well, my first point is that through a mixture of conditions of which the family is the first, there are these two sorts of brains. One sort takes human nature as it finds it, uses its timidity, its weakness, and its strength for its own ends. Opposed is the man who, being spiritually unmarried, continually seeks for new systems that will control or counteract human nature. His problem is harder. It is not life that's complicated, it's the struggle to guide and control life. That is his struggle. He is a part of progress—the spiritually married man is not."

The big man produced three big cigars, and proffered them on his huge palm. The little man took one, Amory shook his head and reached for a cigarette.

"Go on talking," said the big man. "I've been wanting to hear one of you fellows."

GOING FASTER

"Modern life," began Amory again, "changes no longer century by century, but year by year, ten times faster than it ever has before—populations doubling, civilizations unified more closely with other civilizations, economic interdependence, racial questions, and—we're *dawdling* along. My idea is that we've got to go very much faster." He slightly emphasized the last words and the chauffeur unconsciously increased the speed of the car. Amory and the big man laughed; the little man laughed, too, after a pause.

"Every child," said Amory, "should have an equal start. If his father can endow him with a good physique and his mother with some common sense in his early education, that should be his heritage. If the father can't give him a good physique, if the mother has spent in chasing men the years in which she should have been preparing herself to educate her children, so much the worse for the child. He shouldn't be artificially bolstered up with money, sent to these horrible tutoring schools, dragged through college ... Every boy ought to have an equal start."

"All right," said the big man, his goggles indicating neither approval nor objection.

"Next I'd have a fair trial of government ownership of all industries."

"That's been proven a failure."

"No—it merely failed. If we had government ownership we'd have the best analytical business minds in the government working for something besides themselves. We'd have Mackays instead of Burlesons; we'd have Morgans in the Treasury Department; we'd have Hills running interstate commerce. We'd have the best lawyers in the Senate."

"They wouldn't give their best efforts for nothing. McAdoo—"

"No," said Amory, shaking his head. "Money isn't the only stimulus that brings out the best that's in a man, even in America."

"You said a while ago that it was."

F. Scott Fitzgerald, *This Side of Paradise*

"It is, right now. But if it were made illegal to have more than a certain amount the best men would all flock for the one other reward which attracts humanity—honor."

The big man made a sound that was very like *boo*.

"That's the silliest thing you've said yet."

"No, it isn't silly. It's quite plausible. If you'd gone to college you'd have been struck by the fact that the men there would work twice as hard for any one of a hundred petty honors as those other men did who were earning their way through."

"Kids—child's play!" scoffed his antagonist.

"Not by a darned sight—unless we're all children. Did you ever see a grown man when he's trying for a secret society—or a rising family whose name is up at some club? They'll jump when they hear the sound of the word. The idea that to make a man work you've got to hold gold in front of his eyes is a growth, not an axiom. We've done that for so long that we've forgotten there's any other way. We've made a world where that's necessary. Let me tell you"—Amory became emphatic—"if there were ten men insured against either wealth or starvation, and offered a green ribbon for five hours' work a day and a blue ribbon for ten hours' work a day, nine out of ten of them would be trying for the blue ribbon. That competitive instinct only wants a badge. If the size of their house is the badge they'll sweat their heads off for that. If it's only a blue ribbon, I damn near believe they'll work just as hard. They have in other ages."

"I don't agree with you."

"I know it," said Amory nodding sadly. "It doesn't matter any more though. I think these people are going to come and take what they want pretty soon."

A fierce hiss came from the little man.

"Machine-guns!"

"Ah, but you've taught them their use."

The big man shook his head.

"In this country there are enough property owners not to permit that sort of thing."

Amory wished he knew the statistics of property owners and non-property owners; he decided to change the subject.

But the big man was aroused.

"When you talk of 'taking things away,' you're on dangerous ground."

"How can they get it without taking it? For years people have been stalled off with promises. Socialism may not be progress, but the threat of the red flag is certainly the inspiring force of all reform. You've got to be sensational to get attention."

"Russia is your example of a beneficent violence, I suppose?"

F. Scott Fitzgerald, *This Side of Paradise*

"Quite possibly," admitted Amory. "Of course, it's overflowing just as the French Revolution did, but I've no doubt that it's really a great experiment and well worth while."

"Don't you believe in moderation?"

"You won't listen to the moderates, and it's almost too late. The truth is that the public has done one of those startling and amazing things that they do about once in a hundred years. They've seized an idea."

"What is it?"

"That however the brains and abilities of men may differ, their stomachs are essentially the same."

THE LITTLE MAN GETS HIS

"If you took all the money in the world," said the little man with much profundity, "and divided it up in equ——"

"Oh, shut up!" said Amory briskly and, paying no attention to the little man's enraged stare, he went on with his argument.

"The human stomach—" he began; but the big man interrupted rather impatiently.

"I'm letting you talk, you know," he said, "but please avoid stomachs. I've been feeling mine all day. Anyway, I don't agree with one-half you've said. Government ownership is the basis of your whole argument, and it's invariably a beehive of corruption. Men won't work for blue ribbons, that's all rot."

When he ceased the little man spoke up with a determined nod, as if resolved this time to have his say out.

"There are certain things which are human nature," he asserted with an owl-like look, "which always have been and always will be, which can't be changed."

Amory looked from the small man to the big man helplessly.

"Listen to that! *That's* what makes me discouraged with progress. *Listen* to that! I can name offhand over one hundred natural phenomena that have been changed by the will of man—a hundred instincts in man that have been wiped out or are now held in check by civilization. What this man here just said has been for thousands of years the last refuge of the associated mutton-heads of the world. It negates the efforts of every scientist, statesman, moralist, reformer, doctor, and philosopher that ever gave his life to humanity's service. It's a flat impeachment of all that's worth while in human nature. Every person over twenty-five years old who makes that statement in cold blood ought to be deprived of the franchise."

The little man leaned back against the seat, his face purple with rage. Amory continued, addressing his remarks to the big man.

"These quarter-educated, stale-minded men such as your friend here, who *think* they think, every question that comes up, you'll find his type in the usual ghastly muddle. One minute it's 'the brutality and inhumanity of these Prussians'—the next it's 'we ought to exterminate the whole German people.' They always believe that 'things are in a bad way now,' but they 'haven't any faith in these idealists.' One minute they call Wilson 'just a dreamer, not practical'—a year later they rail at him for making his dreams realities. They haven't clear logical ideas on one single subject except a sturdy, stolid opposition to all change. They don't think uneducated people should be highly paid, but they won't see that if they don't pay the uneducated people their children are going to be uneducated too, and we're going round and round in a circle. That—is the great middle class!"

F. Scott Fitzgerald, *This Side of Paradise*

The big man with a broad grin on his face leaned over and smiled at the little man.

"You're catching it pretty heavy, Garvin; how do you feel?"

The little man made an attempt to smile and act as if the whole matter were so ridiculous as to be beneath notice. But Amory was not through.

"The theory that people are fit to govern themselves rests on this man. If he can be educated to think clearly, concisely, and logically, freed of his habit of taking refuge in platitudes and prejudices and sentimentalisms, then I'm a militant Socialist. If he can't, then I don't think it matters much what happens to man or his systems, now or hereafter."

"I am both interested and amused," said the big man. "You are very young."

"Which may only mean that I have neither been corrupted nor made timid by contemporary experience. I possess the most valuable experience, the experience of the race, for in spite of going to college I've managed to pick up a good education."

"You talk glibly."

"It's not all rubbish," cried Amory passionately. "This is the first time in my life I've argued Socialism. It's the only panacea I know. I'm restless. My whole generation is restless. I'm sick of a system where the richest man gets the most beautiful girl if he wants her, where the artist without an income has to sell his talents to a button manufacturer. Even if I had no talents I'd not be content to work ten years, condemned either to celibacy or a furtive indulgence, to give some man's son an automobile."

"But, if you're not sure——"

"That doesn't matter," exclaimed Amory. "My position couldn't be worse. A social revolution might land me on top. Of course I'm selfish. It seems to me I've been a fish out of water in too many outworn systems. I was probably one of the two dozen men in my class at college who got a decent education; still they'd let any well-tutored flathead play football and I was ineligible, because some silly old men thought we should *all* profit by conic sections. I loathed the army. I loathed business. I'm in love with change and I've killed my conscience——"

"So you'll go along crying that we must go faster."

"That, at least, is true," Amory insisted. "Reform won't catch up to the needs of civilization unless it's made to. A laissez-faire policy is like spoiling a child by saying he'll turn out all right in the end. He will—if he's made to."

"But you don't believe all this Socialist patter you talk."

"I don't know. Until I talked to you I hadn't thought seriously about it. I wasn't sure of half of what I said."

"You puzzle me," said the big man, "but you're all alike. They say Bernard Shaw, in spite of his doctrines, is the most exacting of all dramatists about his royalties. To the last farthing."

"Well," said Amory, "I simply state that I'm a product of a versatile mind in a restless generation—with every reason to throw my mind and pen in with the radicals. Even if, deep in my heart, I thought we were all blind atoms in a world as limited as a stroke of a pendulum, I and my sort would struggle against tradition; try, at least, to displace old cants with new ones. I've thought I was right about life at various times, but faith is difficult. One thing I know. If living isn't a seeking for the grail it may be a damned amusing game."

F. Scott Fitzgerald, *This Side of Paradise*

For a minute neither spoke and then the big man asked:

"What was your university?"

"Princeton."

The big man became suddenly interested; the expression of his goggles altered slightly.

"I sent my son to Princeton."

"Did you?"

"Perhaps you knew him. His name was Jesse Ferrenby. He was killed last year in France."

"I knew him very well. In fact, he was one of my particular friends."

"He was—a—quite a fine boy. We were very close."

Amory began to perceive a resemblance between the father and the dead son and he told himself that there had been all along a sense of familiarity. Jesse Ferrenby, the man who in college had borne off the crown that he had aspired to. It was all so far away. What little boys they had been, working for blue ribbons—

The car slowed up at the entrance to a great estate, ringed around by a huge hedge and a tall iron fence.

"Won't you come in for lunch?"

Amory shook his head.

"Thank you, Mr. Ferrenby, but I've got to get on."

The big man held out his hand. Amory saw that the fact that he had known Jesse more than outweighed any disfavor he had created by his opinions. What ghosts were people with which to work! Even the little man insisted on shaking hands.

"Good-by!" shouted Mr. Ferrenby, as the car turned the corner and started up the drive. "Good luck to you and bad luck to your theories."

"Same to you, sir," cried Amory, smiling and waving his hand.

"OUT OF THE FIRE, OUT OF THE LITTLE ROOM"

Eight hours from Princeton Amory sat down by the Jersey roadside and looked at the frost-bitten country. Nature as a rather coarse phenomenon composed largely of flowers that, when closely inspected, appeared moth-eaten, and of ants that endlessly traversed blades of grass, was always disillusioning; nature represented by skies and waters and far horizons was more likable. Frost and the promise of winter thrilled him now, made him think of a wild battle between St. Regis and Groton, ages ago, seven years ago—and of an autumn day in France twelve months before when he had lain in tall grass, his platoon flattened down close around him, waiting to tap the shoulders of a Lewis gunner. He saw the two pictures together with somewhat the same primitive exaltation—two games he had played, differing in quality of acerbity, linked in a way that differed them from Rosalind or the subject of labyrinths which were, after all, the business of life.

F. Scott Fitzgerald, *This Side of Paradise*

"I am selfish," he thought.

"This is not a quality that will change when I 'see human suffering' or 'lose my parents' or 'help others.'

"This selfishness is not only part of me. It is the most living part.

"It is by somehow transcending rather than by avoiding that selfishness that I can bring poise and balance into my life.

"There is no virtue of unselfishness that I cannot use. I can make sacrifices, be charitable, give to a friend, endure for a friend, lay down my life for a friend—all because these things may be the best possible expression of myself; yet I have not one drop of the milk of human kindness."

The problem of evil had solidified for Amory into the problem of sex. He was beginning to identify evil with the strong phallic worship in Brooke and the early Wells. Inseparably linked with evil was beauty—beauty, still a constant rising tumult; soft in Eleanor's voice, in an old song at night, rioting deliriously through life like superimposed waterfalls, half rhythm, half darkness. Amory knew that every time he had reached toward it longingly it had leered out at him with the grotesque face of evil. Beauty of great art, beauty of all joy, most of all the beauty of women.

After all, it had too many associations with license and indulgence. Weak things were often beautiful, weak things were never good. And in this new loneliness of his that had been selected for what greatness he might achieve, beauty must be relative or, itself a harmony, it would make only a discord.

In a sense this gradual renunciation of beauty was the second step after his disillusion had been made complete. He felt that he was leaving behind him his chance of being a certain type of artist. It seemed so much more important to be a certain sort of man.

His mind turned a corner suddenly and he found himself thinking of the Catholic Church. The idea was strong in him that there was a certain intrinsic lack in those to whom orthodox religion was necessary, and religion to Amory meant the Church of Rome. Quite conceivably it was an empty ritual but it was seemingly the only assimilative, traditionary bulwark against the decay of morals. Until the great mobs could be educated into a moral sense some one must cry: "Thou shalt not!" Yet any acceptance was, for the present, impossible. He wanted time and the absence of ulterior pressure. He wanted to keep the tree without ornaments, realize fully the direction and momentum of this new start.

The afternoon waned from the purging good of three o'clock to the golden beauty of four. Afterward he walked through the dull ache of a setting sun when even the clouds seemed bleeding and at twilight he came to a graveyard. There was a dusky, dreamy smell of flowers and the ghost of a new moon in the sky and shadows everywhere. On an impulse he considered trying to open the door of a rusty iron vault built into the side of a hill; a vault washed clean and covered with late-blooming, weepy watery-blue flowers that might have grown from dead eyes, sticky to the touch with a sickening odor.

Amory wanted to *feel* "William Dayfield, 1864."

He wondered that graves ever made people consider life in vain. Somehow he could find nothing hopeless in having lived. All the broken columns and clasped hands and doves and angels meant romances. He fancied that in a hundred years he would like having young people speculate as to whether his eyes were brown or blue, and he hoped quite passionately that his grave would have about it an air of many, many years ago. It seemed strange that out of a row of Union soldiers two or three made him think of dead loves and dead lovers, when they were exactly like the rest, even to the yellowish moss.

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Long after midnight the towers and spires of Princeton were visible, with here and there a late-burning light—and suddenly out of the clear darkness the sound of bells. As an endless dream it went on; the spirit of the past brooding over a new generation, the chosen youth from the muddled, unchastened world, still fed romantically on the mistakes and half-forgotten dreams of dead statesmen and poets. Here was a new generation, shouting the old cries, learning the old creeds, through a reverie of long days and nights; destined finally to go out into that dirty gray turmoil to follow love and pride; a new generation dedicated more than the last to the fear of poverty and the worship of success; grown up to find all Gods dead, all wars fought, all faiths in man shaken....

Amory, sorry for them, was still not sorry for himself—art, politics, religion, whatever his medium should be, he knew he was safe now, free from all hysteria—he could accept what was acceptable, roam, grow, rebel, sleep deep through many nights....

There was no God in his heart, he knew; his ideas were still in riot; there was ever the pain of memory; the regret for his lost youth—yet the waters of disillusion had left a deposit on his soul, responsibility and a love of life, the faint stirring of old ambitions and unrealized dreams. But—oh, Rosalind! Rosalind!...

"It's all a poor substitute at best," he said sadly.

And he could not tell why the struggle was worth while, why he had determined to use to the utmost himself and his heritage from the personalities he had passed....

He stretched out his arms to the crystalline, radiant sky.

"I know myself," he cried, "but that is all."

THE END

Humanities · Literature Selection

The Curious Case of Benjamin Button, F. Scott Fitzgerald

Chapter I

As long ago as 1860 it was the proper thing to be born at home. At present, so I am told, the high gods of medicine have decreed that the first cries of the young shall be uttered upon the anaesthetic air of a hospital, preferably a fashionable one. So young Mr. and Mrs. Roger Button were fifty years ahead of style when they decided, one day in the summer of 1860, that their first baby should be born in a hospital. Whether this anachronism had any bearing upon the astonishing history I am about to set down will never be known.

I shall tell you what occurred, and let you judge for yourself. The Roger Buttons held an enviable position, both social and financial, in ante-bellum Baltimore. They were related to the This Family and the That Family, which, as every Southerner knew, entitled them to membership in that enormous peerage which largely populated the Confederacy. This was their first experience with the charming old custom of having babies--Mr. Button was naturally nervous. He hoped it would be a boy so that he could be sent to Yale College in Connecticut, at which institution Mr. Button himself had been known for four years by the somewhat obvious nickname of "Cuff."

On the September morning consecrated to the enormous event he arose nervously at six o'clock dressed himself, adjusted an impeccable stock, and hurried forth through the streets of Baltimore to the hospital, to determine whether the darkness of the night had borne in new life upon its bosom.

When he was approximately a hundred yards from the Maryland Private Hospital for Ladies and Gentlemen he saw Doctor Keene, the family physician, descending the front steps, rubbing his hands together with a washing movement--as all doctors are required to do by the unwritten ethics of their profession.

Mr. Roger Button, the president of Roger Button & Co., Wholesale Hardware, began to run toward Doctor Keene with much less dignity than was expected from a Southern gentleman of that picturesque period. "Doctor Keene!" he called. "Oh, Doctor Keene!"

The doctor heard him, faced around, and stood waiting, a curious expression settling on his harsh, medicinal face as Mr. Button drew near.

"What happened?" demanded Mr. Button, as he came up in a gasping rush. "What was it? How is she? A boy? Who is it? What--?"

"Talk sense!" said Doctor Keene sharply. He appeared somewhat irritated.

"Is the child born?" begged Mr. Button.

Doctor Keene frowned. "Why, yes, I suppose so--after a fashion." Again he threw a curious glance at Mr. Button.

"Is my wife all right?"

"Yes."

"Is it a boy or a girl?"

"Here now!" cried Doctor Keene in a perfect passion of irritation, "I'll ask you to go and see for yourself. Outrageous!" He snapped the last word out in almost one syllable, then he turned away muttering: "Do you imagine a case like this will help my professional reputation? One more would ruin me--ruin anybody."

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"What's the matter?" demanded Mr. Button appalled. "Triplets?"

"No, not triplets!" answered the doctor cuttingly. "What's more, you can go and see for yourself. And get another doctor. I brought you into the world, young man, and I've been physician to your family for forty years, but I'm through with you! I don't want to see you or any of your relatives ever again! Good-bye!"

Then he turned sharply, and without another word climbed into his phaeton, which was waiting at the curbstone, and drove severely away.

Mr. Button stood there upon the sidewalk, stupefied and trembling from head to foot. What horrible mishap had occurred? He had suddenly lost all desire to go into the Maryland Private Hospital for Ladies and Gentlemen--it was with the greatest difficulty that, a moment later, he forced himself to mount the steps and enter the front door.

A nurse was sitting behind a desk in the opaque gloom of the hall. Swallowing his shame, Mr. Button approached her.

"Good-morning," she remarked, looking up at him pleasantly.

"Good-morning. I--I am Mr. Button."

At this a look of utter terror spread itself over girl's face. She rose to her feet and seemed about to fly from the hall, restraining herself only with the most apparent difficulty.

"I want to see my child," said Mr. Button.

The nurse gave a little scream. "Oh--of course!" she cried hysterically. "Upstairs. Right upstairs. Go--up!"

She pointed the direction, and Mr. Button, bathed in cool perspiration, turned falteringly, and began to mount to the second floor. In the upper hall he addressed another nurse who approached him, basin in hand. "I'm Mr. Button," he managed to articulate. "I want to see my----"

Clank! The basin clattered to the floor and rolled in the direction of the stairs. Clank! Clank! I began a methodical decent as if sharing in the general terror which this gentleman provoked.

"I want to see my child!" Mr. Button almost shrieked. He was on the verge of collapse.

Clank! The basin reached the first floor. The nurse regained control of herself, and threw Mr. Button a look of hearty contempt.

"All *right*, Mr. Button," she agreed in a hushed voice. "Very *well*! But if you *knew* what a state it's put us all in this morning! It's perfectly outrageous! The hospital will never have a ghost of a reputation after----"

"Hurry!" he cried hoarsely. "I can't stand this!"

"Come this way, then, Mr. Button."

He dragged himself after her. At the end of a long hall they reached a room from which proceeded a variety of howls--indeed, a room which, in later parlance, would have been known as the "crying-room." They entered.

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"Well," gasped Mr. Button, "which is mine?"

"There!" said the nurse.

Mr. Button's eyes followed her pointing finger, and this is what he saw. Wrapped in a voluminous white blanket, and partly crammed into one of the cribs, there sat an old man apparently about seventy years of age. His sparse hair was almost white, and from his chin dripped a long smoke-coloured beard, which waved absurdly back and forth, fanned by the breeze coming in at the window. He looked up at Mr. Button with dim, faded eyes in which lurked a puzzled question.

"Am I mad?" thundered Mr. Button, his terror resolving into rage. "Is this some ghastly hospital joke?"

"It doesn't seem like a joke to us," replied the nurse severely. "And I don't know whether you're mad or not--but that is most certainly your child."

The cool perspiration redoubled on Mr. Button's forehead. He closed his eyes, and then, opening them, looked again. There was no mistake--he was gazing at a man of threescore and ten--a *baby* of threescore and ten, a baby whose feet hung over the sides of the crib in which it was reposing.

The old man looked placidly from one to the other for a moment, and then suddenly spoke in a cracked and ancient voice. "Are you my father?" he demanded.

Mr. Button and the nurse started violently.

"Because if you are," went on the old man querulously, "I wish you'd get me out of this place--or, at least, get them to put a comfortable rocker in here,"

"Where in God's name did you come from? Who are you?" burst out Mr. Button frantically.

"I can't tell you *exactly* who I am," replied the querulous whine, "because I've only been born a few hours--but my last name is certainly Button."

"You lie! You're an impostor!"

The old man turned wearily to the nurse. "Nice way to welcome a new-born child," he complained in a weak voice. "Tell him he's wrong, why don't you?"

"You're wrong. Mr. Button," said the nurse severely. "This is your child, and you'll have to make the best of it. We're going to ask you to take him home with you as soon as possible--some time to-day."

"Home?" repeated Mr. Button incredulously.

"Yes, we can't have him here. We really can't, you know?"

"I'm right glad of it," whined the old man. "This is a fine place to keep a youngster of quiet tastes. With all this yelling and howling, I haven't been able to get a wink of sleep. I asked for something to eat"--here his voice rose to a shrill note of protest--"and they brought me a bottle of milk!"

F. Scott Fitzgerald, *The Curious Case of Benjamin Button*

Mr. Button, sank down upon a chair near his son and concealed his face in his hands. "My heavens!" he murmured, in an ecstasy of horror. "What will people say? What must I do?"

"You'll have to take him home," insisted the nurse--"immediately!"

A grotesque picture formed itself with dreadful clarity before the eyes of the tortured man--a picture of himself walking through the crowded streets of the city with this appalling apparition stalking by his side.

"I can't. I can't," he moaned.

People would stop to speak to him, and what was he going to say? He would have to introduce this--this septuagenarian: "This is my son, born early this morning." And then the old man would gather his blanket around him and they would plod on, past the bustling stores, the slave market--for a dark instant Mr. Button wished passionately that his son was black--past the luxurious houses of the residential district, past the home for the aged....

"Come! Pull yourself together," commanded the nurse.

"See here," the old man announced suddenly, "if you think I'm going to walk home in this blanket, you're entirely mistaken."

"Babies always have blankets."

With a malicious crackle the old man held up a small white swaddling garment. "Look!" he quavered. "*This* is what they had ready for me."

"Babies always wear those," said the nurse primly.

"Well," said the old man, "this baby's not going to wear anything in about two minutes. This blanket itches. They might at least have given me a sheet."

"Keep it on! Keep it on!" said Mr. Button hurriedly. He turned to the nurse. "What'll I do?"

"Go down town and buy your son some clothes."

Mr. Button's son's voice followed him down into the hall: "And a cane, father. I want to have a cane."

Mr. Button banged the outer door savagely....

Chapter II

"Good-morning," Mr. Button said nervously, to the clerk in the Chesapeake Dry Goods Company. "I want to buy some clothes for my child."

"How old is your child, sir?"

"About six hours," answered Mr. Button, without due consideration.

"Babies' supply department in the rear."

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"Why, I don't think--I'm not sure that's what I want. It's--he's an unusually large-size child. Exceptionally--ah large."

"They have the largest child's sizes."

"Where is the boys' department?" inquired Mr. Button, shifting his ground desperately. He felt that the clerk must surely scent his shameful secret.

"Right here."

"Well----" He hesitated. The notion of dressing his son in men's clothes was repugnant to him. If, say, he could only find a very large boy's suit, he might cut off that long and awful beard, dye the white hair brown, and thus manage to conceal the worst, and to retain something of his own self-respect--not to mention his position in Baltimore society.

But a frantic inspection of the boys' department revealed no suits to fit the new-born Button. He blamed the store, of course--in such cases it is the thing to blame the store.

"How old did you say that boy of yours was?" demanded the clerk curiously.

"He's--sixteen."

"Oh, I beg your pardon. I thought you said six *hours*. You'll find the youths' department in the next aisle."

Mr. Button turned miserably away. Then he stopped, brightened, and pointed his finger toward a dressed dummy in the window display. "There!" he exclaimed. "I'll take that suit, out there on the dummy."

The clerk stared. "Why," he protested, "that's not a child's suit. At least it *is*, but it's for fancy dress. You could wear it yourself!"

"Wrap it up," insisted his customer nervously. "That's what I want."

The astonished clerk obeyed.

Back at the hospital Mr. Button entered the nursery and almost threw the package at his son. "Here's your clothes," he snapped out.

The old man untied the package and viewed the contents with a quizzical eye.

"They look sort of funny to me," he complained, "I don't want to be made a monkey of--"

"You've made a monkey of me!" retorted Mr. Button fiercely. "Never you mind how funny you look. Put them on--or I'll--or I'll *spank* you." He swallowed uneasily at the penultimate word, feeling nevertheless that it was the proper thing to say.

"All right, father"--this with a grotesque simulation of filial respect--"you've lived longer; you know best. Just as you say."

As before, the sound of the word "father" caused Mr. Button to start violently.

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"And hurry."

"I'm hurrying, father."

When his son was dressed Mr. Button regarded him with depression. The costume consisted of dotted socks, pink pants, and a belted blouse with a wide white collar. Over the latter waved the long whitish beard, drooping almost to the waist. The effect was not good.

"Wait!"

Mr. Button seized a hospital shears and with three quick snaps amputated a large section of the beard. But even with this improvement the ensemble fell far short of perfection. The remaining brush of scraggly hair, the watery eyes, the ancient teeth, seemed oddly out of tone with the gaiety of the costume. Mr. Button, however, was obdurate--he held out his hand. "Come along!" he said sternly.

His son took the hand trustingly. "What are you going to call me, dad?" he quavered as they walked from the nursery--"just 'baby' for a while? till you think of a better name?"

Mr. Button grunted. "I don't know," he answered harshly. "I think we'll call you Methuselah."

Chapter III

Even after the new addition to the Button family had had his hair cut short and then dyed to a sparse unnatural black, had had his face shaved so close that it glistened, and had been attired in small-boy clothes made to order by a flabbergasted tailor, it was impossible for Button to ignore the fact that his son was a excuse for a first family baby. Despite his aged stoop, Benjamin Button--for it was by this name they called him instead of by the appropriate but invidious Methuselah--was five feet eight inches tall. His clothes did not conceal this, nor did the clipping and dyeing of his eyebrows disguise the fact that the eyes under--were faded and watery and tired. In fact, the baby-nurse who had been engaged in advance left the house after one look, in a state of considerable indignation.

But Mr. Button persisted in his unwavering purpose. Benjamin was a baby, and a baby he should remain. At first he declared that if Benjamin didn't like warm milk he could go without food altogether, but he was finally prevailed upon to allow his son bread and butter, and even oatmeal by way of a compromise. One day he brought home a rattle and, giving it to Benjamin, insisted in no uncertain terms that he should "play with it," whereupon the old man took it with--a weary expression and could be heard jingling it obediently at intervals throughout the day.

There can be no doubt, though, that the rattle bored him, and that he found other and more soothing amusements when he was left alone. For instance, Mr. Button discovered one day that during the preceding week he had smoked more cigars than ever before--a phenomenon, which was explained a few days later when, entering the nursery unexpectedly, he found the room full of faint blue haze and Benjamin, with a guilty expression on his face, trying to conceal the butt of a dark Havana. This, of course, called for a severe spanking, but Mr. Button found that he could not bring himself to administer it. He merely warned his son that he would "stunt his growth."

Nevertheless he persisted in his attitude. He brought home lead soldiers, he brought toy trains, he brought large pleasant animals made of cotton, and, to perfect the illusion which he was creating--for himself at least--he passionately demanded of the clerk in the toy-store whether "the paint would come off the pink duck if the baby put it in his mouth." But, despite all his father's efforts, Benjamin refused to be interested. He would steal down the back stairs and return to the nursery with a volume of the Encyclopedia Britannica, over which he would pore

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through an afternoon, while his cotton cows and his Noah's ark were left neglected on the floor. Against such a stubbornness Mr. Button's efforts were of little avail.

The sensation created in Baltimore was, at first, prodigious. What the mishap would have cost the Buttons and their kinsfolk socially cannot be determined, for the outbreak of the Civil War drew the city's attention to other things. A few people who were unfailingly polite racked their brains for compliments to give to the parents--and finally hit upon the ingenious device of declaring that the baby resembled his grandfather, a fact which, due to the standard state of decay common to all men of seventy, could not be denied. Mr. and Mrs. Roger Button were not pleased, and Benjamin's grandfather was furiously insulted.

Benjamin, once he left the hospital, took life as he found it. Several small boys were brought to see him, and he spent a stiff-jointed afternoon trying to work up an interest in tops and marbles--he even managed, quite accidentally, to break a kitchen window with a stone from a sling shot, a feat which secretly delighted his father.

Thereafter Benjamin contrived to break something every day, but he did these things only because they were expected of him, and because he was by nature obliging.

When his grandfather's initial antagonism wore off, Benjamin and that gentleman took enormous pleasure in one another's company. They would sit for hours, these two, so far apart in age and experience, and, like old cronies, discuss with tireless monotony the slow events of the day. Benjamin felt more at ease in his grandfather's presence than in his parents'--they seemed always somewhat in awe of him and, despite the dictatorial authority they exercised over him, frequently addressed him as "Mr."

He was as puzzled as any one else at the apparently advanced age of his mind and body at birth. He read up on it in the medical journal, but found that no such case had been previously recorded. At his father's urging he made an honest attempt to play with other boys, and frequently he joined in the milder games--football shook him up too much, and he feared that in case of a fracture his ancient bones would refuse to knit.

When he was five he was sent to kindergarten, where he initiated into the art of pasting green paper on orange paper, of weaving coloured maps and manufacturing eternal cardboard necklaces. He was inclined to drowse off to sleep in the middle of these tasks, a habit which both irritated and frightened his young teacher. To his relief she complained to his parents, and he was removed from the school. The Roger Buttons told their friends that they felt he was too young.

By the time he was twelve years old his parents had grown used to him. Indeed, so strong is the force of custom that they no longer felt that he was different from any other child--except when some curious anomaly reminded them of the fact. But one day a few weeks after his twelfth birthday, while looking in the mirror, Benjamin made, or thought he made, an astonishing discovery. Did his eyes deceive him, or had his hair turned in the dozen years of his life from white to iron-gray under its concealing dye? Was the network of wrinkles on his face becoming less pronounced? Was his skin healthier and firmer, with even a touch of ruddy winter colour? He could not tell. He knew that he no longer stooped, and that his physical condition had improved since the early days of his life.

"Can it be----?" he thought to himself, or, rather, scarcely dared to think.

He went to his father. "I am grown," he announced determinedly. "I want to put on long trousers."

His father hesitated. "Well," he said finally, "I don't know. Fourteen is the age for putting on long trousers--and you are only twelve."

"But you'll have to admit," protested Benjamin, "that I'm big for my age."

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His father looked at him with illusory speculation. "Oh, I'm not so sure of that," he said. "I was as big as you when I was twelve."

This was not true—it was all part of Roger Button's silent agreement with himself to believe in his son's normality.

Finally a compromise was reached. Benjamin was to continue to dye his hair. He was to make a better attempt to play with boys of his own age. He was not to wear his spectacles or carry a cane in the street. In return for these concessions he was allowed his first suit of long trousers....

Chapter IV

Of the life of Benjamin Button between his twelfth and twenty-first year I intend to say little. Suffice to record that they were years of normal ungrowth. When Benjamin was eighteen he was erect as a man of fifty; he had more hair and it was of a dark gray; his step was firm, his voice had lost its cracked quaver and descended to a healthy baritone. So his father sent him up to Connecticut to take examinations for entrance to Yale College. Benjamin passed his examination and became a member of the freshman class.

On the third day following his matriculation he received a notification from Mr. Hart, the college registrar, to call at his office and arrange his schedule. Benjamin, glancing in the mirror, decided that his hair needed a new application of its brown dye, but an anxious inspection of his bureau drawer disclosed that the dye bottle was not there. Then he remembered—he had emptied it the day before and thrown it away.

He was in a dilemma. He was due at the registrar's in five minutes. There seemed to be no help for it—he must go as he was. He did.

"Good-morning," said the registrar politely. "You've come to inquire about your son."

"Why, as a matter of fact, my name's Button----" began Benjamin, but Mr. Hart cut him off.

"I'm very glad to meet you, Mr. Button. I'm expecting your son here any minute."

"That's me!" burst out Benjamin. "I'm a freshman."

"What!"

"I'm a freshman."

"Surely you're joking."

"Not at all."

The registrar frowned and glanced at a card before him. "Why, I have Mr. Benjamin Button's age down here as eighteen."

"That's my age," asserted Benjamin, flushing slightly.

The registrar eyed him wearily. "Now surely, Mr. Button, you don't expect me to believe that."

Benjamin smiled wearily. "I am eighteen," he repeated.

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The registrar pointed sternly to the door. "Get out," he said. "Get out of college and get out of town. You are a dangerous lunatic."

"I am eighteen."

Mr. Hart opened the door. "The idea!" he shouted. "A man of your age trying to enter here as a freshman. Eighteen years old, are you? Well, I'll give you eighteen minutes to get out of town."

Benjamin Button walked with dignity from the room, and half a dozen undergraduates, who were waiting in the hall, followed him curiously with their eyes. When he had gone a little way he turned around, faced the infuriated registrar, who was still standing in the door-way, and repeated in a firm voice: "I am eighteen years old."

To a chorus of titters which went up from the group of undergraduates, Benjamin walked away.

But he was not fated to escape so easily. On his melancholy walk to the railroad station he found that he was being followed by a group, then by a swarm, and finally by a dense mass of undergraduates. The word had gone around that a lunatic had passed the entrance examinations for Yale and attempted to palm himself off as a youth of eighteen. A fever of excitement permeated the college. Men ran hatless out of classes, the football team abandoned its practice and joined the mob, professors' wives with bonnets awry and bustles out of position, ran shouting after the procession, from which proceeded a continual succession of remarks aimed at the tender sensibilities of Benjamin Button.

"He must be the wandering Jew!"

"He ought to go to prep school at his age!"

"Look at the infant prodigy!" "He thought this was the old men's home."

"Go up to Harvard!"

Benjamin increased his gait, and soon he was running. He would show them! He *would* go to Harvard, and then they would regret these ill-considered taunts!

Safely on board the train for Baltimore, he put his head from the window. "You'll regret this!" he shouted.

"Ha-ha!" the undergraduates laughed. "Ha-ha-ha!" It was the biggest mistake that Yale College had ever made....

Chapter V

In 1880 Benjamin Button was twenty years old, and he signalled his birthday by going to work for his father in Roger Button & Co., Wholesale Hardware. It was in that same year that he began "going out socially"--that is, his father insisted on taking him to several fashionable dances. Roger Button was now fifty, and he and his son were more and more companionable--in fact, since Benjamin had ceased to dye his hair (which was still grayish) they appeared about the same age, and could have passed for brothers.

One night in August they got into the phaeton attired in their full-dress suits and drove out to a dance at the Shevlins' country house, situated just outside of Baltimore. It was a gorgeous evening. A full moon drenched the road to the lustreless colour of platinum, and late-blooming harvest flowers breathed into the motionless air

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aromas that were like low, half-heard laughter. The open country, carpeted for rods around with bright wheat, was translucent as in the day. It was almost impossible not to be affected by the sheer beauty of the sky--almost.

"There's a great future in the dry-goods business," Roger Button was saying. He was not a spiritual man--his aesthetic sense was rudimentary.

"Old fellows like me can't learn new tricks," he observed profoundly. "It's you youngsters with energy and vitality that have the great future before you."

Far up the road the lights of the Shevlins' country house drifted into view, and presently there was a sighing sound that crept persistently toward them--it might have been the fine plaint of violins or the rustle of the silver wheat under the moon.

They pulled up behind a handsome brougham whose passengers were disembarking at the door. A lady got out, then an elderly gentleman, then another young lady, beautiful as sin. Benjamin started; an almost chemical change seemed to dissolve and recompose the very elements of his body. A rigour passed over him, blood rose into his cheeks, his forehead, and there was a steady thumping in his ears. It was first love.

The girl was slender and frail, with hair that was ashen under the moon and honey-coloured under the sputtering gas-lamps of the porch. Over her shoulders was thrown a Spanish mantilla of softest yellow, butterflyed in black; her feet were glittering buttons at the hem of her bustled dress.

Roger Button leaned over to his son. "That," he said, "is young Hildegarde Moncrief, the daughter of General Moncrief."

Benjamin nodded coldly. "Pretty little thing," he said indifferently. But when the negro boy had led the buggy away, he added: "Dad, you might introduce me to her."

They approached a group, of which Miss Moncrief was the centre. Reared in the old tradition, she curtsied low before Benjamin. Yes, he might have a dance. He thanked her and walked away--staggered away.

The interval until the time for his turn should arrive dragged itself out interminably. He stood close to the wall, silent, inscrutable, watching with murderous eyes the young bloods of Baltimore as they eddied around Hildegarde Moncrief, passionate admiration in their faces. How obnoxious they seemed to Benjamin; how intolerably rosy! Their curling brown whiskers aroused in him a feeling equivalent to indigestion.

But when his own time came, and he drifted with her out upon the changing floor to the music of the latest waltz from Paris, his jealousies and anxieties melted from him like a mantle of snow. Blind with enchantment, he felt that life was just beginning.

"You and your brother got here just as we did, didn't you?" asked Hildegarde, looking up at him with eyes that were like bright blue enamel.

Benjamin hesitated. If she took him for his father's brother, would it be best to enlighten her? He remembered his experience at Yale, so he decided against it. It would be rude to contradict a lady; it would be criminal to mar this exquisite occasion with the grotesque story of his origin. Later, perhaps. So he nodded, smiled, listened, was happy.

"I like men of your age," Hildegarde told him. "Young boys are so idiotic. They tell me how much champagne they drink at college, and how much money they lose playing cards. Men of your age know how to appreciate women."

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Benjamin felt himself on the verge of a proposal--with an effort he choked back the impulse. "You're just the romantic age," she continued--"fifty. Twenty-five is too wordly-wise; thirty is apt to be pale from overwork; forty is the age of long stories that take a whole cigar to tell; sixty is--oh, sixty is too near seventy; but fifty is the mellow age. I love fifty."

Fifty seemed to Benjamin a glorious age. He longed passionately to be fifty.

"I've always said," went on Hildegard, "that I'd rather marry a man of fifty and be taken care of than many a man of thirty and take care of *him*."

For Benjamin the rest of the evening was bathed in a honey-coloured mist. Hildegard gave him two more dances, and they discovered that they were marvellously in accord on all the questions of the day. She was to go driving with him on the following Sunday, and then they would discuss all these questions further.

Going home in the phaeton just before the crack of dawn, when the first bees were humming and the fading moon glimmered in the cool dew, Benjamin knew vaguely that his father was discussing wholesale hardware.

"... And what do you think should merit our biggest attention after hammers and nails?" the elder Button was saying.

"Love," replied Benjamin absent-mindedly.

"Lugs?" exclaimed Roger Button, "Why, I've just covered the question of lugs."

Benjamin regarded him with dazed eyes just as the eastern sky was suddenly cracked with light, and an oriole yawned piercingly in the quickening trees...

Chapter VI

When, six months later, the engagement of Miss Hildegard Moncrief to Mr. Benjamin Button was made known (I say "made known," for General Moncrief declared he would rather fall upon his sword than announce it), the excitement in Baltimore society reached a feverish pitch. The almost forgotten story of Benjamin's birth was remembered and sent out upon the winds of scandal in picaresque and incredible forms. It was said that Benjamin was really the father of Roger Button, that he was his brother who had been in prison for forty years, that he was John Wilkes Booth in disguise--and, finally, that he had two small conical horns sprouting from his head.

The Sunday supplements of the New York papers played up the case with fascinating sketches which showed the head of Benjamin Button attached to a fish, to a snake, and, finally, to a body of solid brass. He became known, journalistically, as the Mystery Man of Maryland. But the true story, as is usually the case, had a very small circulation.

However, every one agreed with General Moncrief that it was "criminal" for a lovely girl who could have married any beau in Baltimore to throw herself into the arms of a man who was assuredly fifty. In vain Mr. Roger Button published his son's birth certificate in large type in the Baltimore *Blaze*. No one believed it. You had only to look at Benjamin and see.

On the part of the two people most concerned there was no wavering. So many of the stories about her fiancé were false that Hildegard refused stubbornly to believe even the true one. In vain General Moncrief pointed out to her the high mortality among men of fifty--or, at least, among men who looked fifty; in vain he told her of the

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instability of the wholesale hardware business. Hildegarde had chosen to marry for mellowness, and marry she did....

Chapter VII

In one particular, at least, the friends of Hildegarde Moncrief were mistaken. The wholesale hardware business prospered amazingly. In the fifteen years between Benjamin Button's marriage in 1880 and his father's retirement in 1895, the family fortune was doubled--and this was due largely to the younger member of the firm.

Needless to say, Baltimore eventually received the couple to its bosom. Even old General Moncrief became reconciled to his son-in-law when Benjamin gave him the money to bring out his *History of the Civil War* in twenty volumes, which had been refused by nine prominent publishers.

In Benjamin himself fifteen years had wrought many changes. It seemed to him that the blood flowed with new vigour through his veins. It began to be a pleasure to rise in the morning, to walk with an active step along the busy, sunny street, to work untiringly with his shipments of hammers and his cargoes of nails. It was in 1890 that he executed his famous business coup: he brought up the suggestion that *all nails used in nailing up the boxes in which nails are shipped are the property of the shippee*, a proposal which became a statute, was approved by Chief Justice Fossile, and saved Roger Button and Company, Wholesale Hardware, more than *six hundred nails every year*.

In addition, Benjamin discovered that he was becoming more and more attracted by the gay side of life. It was typical of his growing enthusiasm for pleasure that he was the first man in the city of Baltimore to own and run an automobile. Meeting him on the street, his contemporaries would stare enviously at the picture he made of health and vitality.

"He seems to grow younger every year," they would remark. And if old Roger Button, now sixty-five years old, had failed at first to give a proper welcome to his son he atoned at last by bestowing on him what amounted to adulation.

And here we come to an unpleasant subject which it will be well to pass over as quickly as possible. There was only one thing that worried Benjamin Button; his wife had ceased to attract him.

At that time Hildegarde was a woman of thirty-five, with a son, Roscoe, fourteen years old. In the early days of their marriage Benjamin had worshipped her. But, as the years passed, her honey-coloured hair became an unexciting brown, the blue enamel of her eyes assumed the aspect of cheap crockery--moreover, and, most of all, she had become too settled in her ways, too placid, too content, too anaemic in her excitements, and too sober in her taste. As a bride it had been she who had "dragged" Benjamin to dances and dinners--now conditions were reversed. She went out socially with him, but without enthusiasm, devoured already by that eternal inertia which comes to live with each of us one day and stays with us to the end.

Benjamin's discontent waxed stronger. At the outbreak of the Spanish-American War in 1898 his home had for him so little charm that he decided to join the army. With his business influence he obtained a commission as captain, and proved so adaptable to the work that he was made a major, and finally a lieutenant-colonel just in time to participate in the celebrated charge up San Juan Hill. He was slightly wounded, and received a medal.

Benjamin had become so attached to the activity and excitement of array life that he regretted to give it up, but his business required attention, so he resigned his commission and came home. He was met at the station by a brass band and escorted to his house.

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Chapter VIII

Hildegarde, waving a large silk flag, greeted him on the porch, and even as he kissed her he felt with a sinking of the heart that these three years had taken their toll. She was a woman of forty now, with a faint skirmish line of gray hairs in her head. The sight depressed him.

Up in his room he saw his reflection in the familiar mirror--he went closer and examined his own face with anxiety, comparing it after a moment with a photograph of himself in uniform taken just before the war.

"Good Lord!" he said aloud. The process was continuing. There was no doubt of it--he looked now like a man of thirty. Instead of being delighted, he was uneasy--he was growing younger. He had hitherto hoped that once he reached a bodily age equivalent to his age in years, the grotesque phenomenon which had marked his birth would cease to function. He shuddered. His destiny seemed to him awful, incredible.

When he came downstairs Hildegarde was waiting for him. She appeared annoyed, and he wondered if she had at last discovered that there was something amiss. It was with an effort to relieve the tension between them that he broached the matter at dinner in what he considered a delicate way.

"Well," he remarked lightly, "everybody says I look younger than ever."

Hildegarde regarded him with scorn. She sniffed. "Do you think it's anything to boast about?"

"I'm not boasting," he asserted uncomfortably. She sniffed again. "The idea," she said, and after a moment: "I should think you'd have enough pride to stop it."

"How can I?" he demanded.

"I'm not going to argue with you," she retorted. "But there's a right way of doing things and a wrong way. If you've made up your mind to be different from everybody else, I don't suppose I can stop you, but I really don't think it's very considerate."

"But, Hildegarde, I can't help it."

"You can too. You're simply stubborn. You think you don't want to be like any one else. You always have been that way, and you always will be. But just think how it would be if every one else looked at things as you do--what would the world be like?"

As this was an inane and unanswerable argument Benjamin made no reply, and from that time on a chasm began to widen between them. He wondered what possible fascination she had ever exercised over him.

To add to the breach, he found, as the new century gathered headway, that his thirst for gaiety grew stronger. Never a party of any kind in the city of Baltimore but he was there, dancing with the prettiest of the young married women, chatting with the most popular of the debutantes, and finding their company charming, while his wife, a dowager of evil omen, sat among the chaperons, now in haughty disapproval, and now following him with solemn, puzzled, and reproachful eyes.

"Look!" people would remark. "What a pity! A young fellow that age tied to a woman of forty-five. He must be twenty years younger than his wife." They had forgotten--as people inevitably forget--that back in 1880 their mammas and papas had also remarked about this same ill-matched pair.

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Benjamin's growing unhappiness at home was compensated for by his many new interests. He took up golf and made a great success of it. He went in for dancing: in 1906 he was an expert at "The Boston," and in 1908 he was considered proficient at the "Maxine," while in 1909 his "Castle Walk" was the envy of every young man in town.

His social activities, of course, interfered to some extent with his business, but then he had worked hard at wholesale hardware for twenty-five years and felt that he could soon hand it on to his son, Roscoe, who had recently graduated from Harvard.

He and his son were, in fact, often mistaken for each other. This pleased Benjamin--he soon forgot the insidious fear which had come over him on his return from the Spanish-American War, and grew to take a naive pleasure in his appearance. There was only one fly in the delicious ointment--he hated to appear in public with his wife. Hildegard was almost fifty, and the sight of her made him feel absurd....

Chapter IX

One September day in 1910--a few years after Roger Button & Co., Wholesale Hardware, had been handed over to young Roscoe Button--a man, apparently about twenty years old, entered himself as a freshman at Harvard University in Cambridge. He did not make the mistake of announcing that he would never see fifty again, nor did he mention the fact that his son had been graduated from the same institution ten years before.

He was admitted, and almost immediately attained a prominent position in the class, partly because he seemed a little older than the other freshmen, whose average age was about eighteen.

But his success was largely due to the fact that in the football game with Yale he played so brilliantly, with so much dash and with such a cold, remorseless anger that he scored seven touchdowns and fourteen field goals for Harvard, and caused one entire eleven of Yale men to be carried singly from the field, unconscious. He was the most celebrated man in college.

Strange to say, in his third or junior year he was scarcely able to "make" the team. The coaches said that he had lost weight, and it seemed to the more observant among them that he was not quite as tall as before. He made no touchdowns--indeed, he was retained on the team chiefly in hope that his enormous reputation would bring terror and disorganisation to the Yale team.

In his senior year he did not make the team at all. He had grown so slight and frail that one day he was taken by some sophomores for a freshman, an incident which humiliated him terribly. He became known as something of a prodigy--a senior who was surely no more than sixteen--and he was often shocked at the worldliness of some of his classmates. His studies seemed harder to him--he felt that they were too advanced. He had heard his classmates speak of St. Midas's, the famous preparatory school, at which so many of them had prepared for college, and he determined after his graduation to enter himself at St. Midas's, where the sheltered life among boys his own size would be more congenial to him.

Upon his graduation in 1914 he went home to Baltimore with his Harvard diploma in his pocket. Hildegard was now residing in Italy, so Benjamin went to live with his son, Roscoe. But though he was welcomed in a general way there was obviously no heartiness in Roscoe's feeling toward him--there was even perceptible a tendency on his son's part to think that Benjamin, as he moped about the house in adolescent mooniness, was somewhat in the way. Roscoe was married now and prominent in Baltimore life, and he wanted no scandal to creep out in connection with his family.

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Benjamin, no longer *persona grata* with the debutantes and younger college set, found himself left much done, except for the companionship of three or four fifteen-year-old boys in the neighbourhood. His idea of going to St. Midas's school recurred to him.

"Say," he said to Roscoe one day, "I've told you over and over that I want to go to prep, school."

"Well, go, then," replied Roscoe shortly. The matter was distasteful to him, and he wished to avoid a discussion.

"I can't go alone," said Benjamin helplessly. "You'll have to enter me and take me up there."

"I haven't got time," declared Roscoe abruptly. His eyes narrowed and he looked uneasily at his father. "As a matter of fact," he added, "you'd better not go on with this business much longer. You better pull up short. You better--you better"--he paused and his face crimsoned as he sought for words--"you better turn right around and start back the other way. This has gone too far to be a joke. It isn't funny any longer. You--you behave yourself!"

Benjamin looked at him, on the verge of tears.

"And another thing," continued Roscoe, "when visitors are in the house I want you to call me 'Uncle'--not 'Roscoe,' but 'Uncle,' do you understand? It looks absurd for a boy of fifteen to call me by my first name. Perhaps you'd better call me 'Uncle' *all* the time, so you'll get used to it."

With a harsh look at his father, Roscoe turned away....

Chapter X

At the termination of this interview, Benjamin wandered dismally upstairs and stared at himself in the mirror. He had not shaved for three months, but he could find nothing on his face but a faint white down with which it seemed unnecessary to meddle. When he had first come home from Harvard, Roscoe had approached him with the proposition that he should wear eye-glasses and imitation whiskers glued to his cheeks, and it had seemed for a moment that the farce of his early years was to be repeated. But whiskers had itched and made him ashamed. He wept and Roscoe had reluctantly relented.

Benjamin opened a book of boys' stories, *The Boy Scouts in Bimini Bay*, and began to read. But he found himself thinking persistently about the war. America had joined the Allied cause during the preceding month, and Benjamin wanted to enlist, but, alas, sixteen was the minimum age, and he did not look that old. His true age, which was fifty-seven, would have disqualified him, anyway.

There was a knock at his door, and the butler appeared with a letter bearing a large official legend in the corner and addressed to Mr. Benjamin Button. Benjamin tore it open eagerly, and read the enclosure with delight. It informed him that many reserve officers who had served in the Spanish-American War were being called back into service with a higher rank, and it enclosed his commission as brigadier-general in the United States army with orders to report immediately.

Benjamin jumped to his feet fairly quivering with enthusiasm. This was what he had wanted. He seized his cap, and ten minutes later he had entered a large tailoring establishment on Charles Street, and asked in his uncertain treble to be measured for a uniform.

"Want to play soldier, sonny?" demanded a clerk casually.

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Benjamin flushed. "Say! Never mind what I want!" he retorted angrily. "My name's Button and I live on Mt. Vernon Place, so you know I'm good for it."

"Well," admitted the clerk hesitantly, "if you're not, I guess your daddy is, all right."

Benjamin was measured, and a week later his uniform was completed. He had difficulty in obtaining the proper general's insignia because the dealer kept insisting to Benjamin that a nice V.W.C.A. badge would look just as well and be much more fun to play with.

Saying nothing to Roscoe, he left the house one night and proceeded by train to Camp Mosby, in South Carolina, where he was to command an infantry brigade. On a sultry April day he approached the entrance to the camp, paid off the taxicab which had brought him from the station, and turned to the sentry on guard.

"Get some one to handle my luggage!" he said briskly.

The sentry eyed him reproachfully. "Say," he remarked, "where you goin' with the general's duds, sonny?"

Benjamin, veteran of the Spanish-American War, whirled upon him with fire in his eye, but with, alas, a changing treble voice.

"Come to attention!" he tried to thunder; he paused for breath--then suddenly he saw the sentry snap his heels together and bring his rifle to the present. Benjamin concealed a smile of gratification, but when he glanced around his smile faded. It was not he who had inspired obedience, but an imposing artillery colonel who was approaching on horseback.

"Colonel!" called Benjamin shrilly.

The colonel came up, drew rein, and looked coolly down at him with a twinkle in his eyes. "Whose little boy are you?" he demanded kindly.

"I'll soon darn well show you whose little boy I am!" retorted Benjamin in a ferocious voice. "Get down off that horse!"

The colonel roared with laughter.

"You want him, eh, general?"

"Here!" cried Benjamin desperately. "Read this." And he thrust his commission toward the colonel. The colonel read it, his eyes popping from their sockets. "Where'd you get this?" he demanded, slipping the document into his own pocket. "I got it from the Government, as you'll soon find out!" "You come along with me," said the colonel with a peculiar look. "We'll go up to headquarters and talk this over. Come along." The colonel turned and began walking his horse in the direction of headquarters. There was nothing for Benjamin to do but follow with as much dignity as possible--meanwhile promising himself a stern revenge. But this revenge did not materialise. Two days later, however, his son Roscoe materialised from Baltimore, hot and cross from a hasty trip, and escorted the weeping general, *sans* uniform, back to his home.

Chapter XI

F. Scott Fitzgerald, *The Curious Case of Benjamin Button*

In 1920 Roscoe Button's first child was born. During the attendant festivities, however, no one thought it "the thing" to mention, that the little grubby boy, apparently about ten years of age who played around the house with lead soldiers and a miniature circus, was the new baby's own grandfather.

No one disliked the little boy whose fresh, cheerful face was crossed with just a hint of sadness, but to Roscoe Button his presence was a source of torment. In the idiom of his generation Roscoe did not consider the matter "efficient." It seemed to him that his father, in refusing to look sixty, had not behaved like a "red-blooded he-man"--this was Roscoe's favourite expression--but in a curious and perverse manner. Indeed, to think about the matter for as much as a half an hour drove him to the edge of insanity. Roscoe believed that "live wires" should keep young, but carrying it out on such a scale was--was--was inefficient. And there Roscoe rested.

Five years later Roscoe's little boy had grown old enough to play childish games with little Benjamin under the supervision of the same nurse. Roscoe took them both to kindergarten on the same day, and Benjamin found that playing with little strips of coloured paper, making mats and chains and curious and beautiful designs, was the most fascinating game in the world. Once he was bad and had to stand in the corner--then he cried--but for the most part there were gay hours in the cheerful room, with the sunlight coming in the windows and Miss Bailey's kind hand resting for a moment now and then in his tousled hair.

Roscoe's son moved up into the first grade after a year, but Benjamin stayed on in the kindergarten. He was very happy. Sometimes when other tots talked about what they would do when they grew up a shadow would cross his little face as if in a dim, childish way he realised that those were things in which he was never to share.

The days flowed on in monotonous content. He went back a third year to the kindergarten, but he was too little now to understand what the bright shining strips of paper were for. He cried because the other boys were bigger than he, and he was afraid of them. The teacher talked to him, but though he tried to understand he could not understand at all.

He was taken from the kindergarten. His nurse, Nana, in her starched gingham dress, became the centre of his tiny world. On bright days they walked in the park; Nana would point at a great gray monster and say "elephant," and Benjamin would say it after her, and when he was being undressed for bed that night he would say it over and over aloud to her: "Elyphant, elyphant, elyphant." Sometimes Nana let him jump on the bed, which was fun, because if you sat down exactly right it would bounce you up on your feet again, and if you said "Ah" for a long time while you jumped you got a very pleasing broken vocal effect.

He loved to take a big cane from the hat-rack and go around hitting chairs and tables with it and saying: "Fight, fight, fight." When there were people there the old ladies would cluck at him, which interested him, and the young ladies would try to kiss him, which he submitted to with mild boredom. And when the long day was done at five o'clock he would go upstairs with Nana and be fed on oatmeal and nice soft mushy foods with a spoon.

There were no troublesome memories in his childish sleep; no token came to him of his brave days at college, of the glittering years when he flustered the hearts of many girls. There were only the white, safe walls of his crib and Nana and a man who came to see him sometimes, and a great big orange ball that Nana pointed at just before his twilight bed hour and called "sun." When the sun went his eyes were sleepy--there were no dreams, no dreams to haunt him.

The past--the wild charge at the head of his men up San Juan Hill; the first years of his marriage when he worked late into the summer dusk down in the busy city for young Hildegarde whom he loved; the days before that when he sat smoking far into the night in the gloomy old Button house on Monroe Street with his grandfather--all these had faded like unsubstantial dreams from his mind as though they had never been. He did not remember.

F. Scott Fitzgerald, *The Curious Case of Benjamin Button*

He did not remember clearly whether the milk was warm or cool at his last feeding or how the days passed--there was only his crib and Nana's familiar presence. And then he remembered nothing. When he was hungry he cried--that was all. Through the noons and nights he breathed and over him there were soft mumblings and murmurings that he scarcely heard, and faintly differentiated smells, and light and darkness.

Then it was all dark, and his white crib and the dim faces that moved above him, and the warm sweet aroma of the milk, faded out altogether from his mind.

Humanities · Literature Study Guide
“The Curious Case of Benjamin Button” by F. Scott Fitzgerald

Key Vocabulary

anachronism—

penultimate—

permeated—

eddied—

phaeton—

filial—

aesthetic—

atoned—

parlance—

obdurate—

rudimentary—

inertia—

voluminous—

invidious—

pliant—

dowager—

reposing—

prodigious—

brougham—

insidious—

septuagenarian—

anomaly—

mantilla—

prodigy—

Humanities · Literature Selection
Beyond the Horizon, Eugene O’Neil

CHARACTERS

JAMES MAYO, *a farmer*
 KATE MAYO, *his wife*
 CAPTAIN DICK SCOTT, *of the bark "Sunda," her brother*
 ANDREW MAYO and
 ROBERT MAYO, *sons of James Mayo*
 RUTH ATKINS,
 MRS. ATKINS, *her widowed mother*
 MARY,
 BEN, *a farm hand*
 DOCTOR FAWCETT.

(The "right" and "left" of the stage directions are the audience’s.)

ACT ONE

SCENE ONE

SCENE—A section of country highway. The road runs diagonally from the left, forward, to the right, rear, and can be seen in the distance winding toward the horizon like a pale ribbon between the low, rolling hills with their freshly plowed fields clearly divided from each other, checkerboard fashion, by the lines of stone walls and rough snake fences. 1

The forward triangle cut off by the road is a section of a field from the dark earth of which myriad bright-green blades of fall-sown rye are sprouting. A straggling line of piled rocks, too low to be called a wall, separates this field from the road. 2

To the rear of the road is a ditch with a sloping, grassy bank on the far side. From the center of this an old, gnarled apple tree, just budding into leaf, strains its twisted branches heavenwards, black against the pallor of distance. A snake-fence sidles from left to right along the top of the bank, passing beneath the apple tree. 3

The hushed twilight of a day in May is just beginning. The horizon hills are still rimmed by a faint line of flame, and the sky above them glows with the crimson flush of the sunset. This fades gradually as the action of the scene progresses. 4

At the rise of the curtain, ROBERT MAYO is discovered sitting on the fence. He is a tall, slender young man of twenty-three. There is a touch of the poet about him expressed in his high forehead and wide, dark eyes. His features are delicate and refined, leaning to weakness in the mouth and chin. He is dressed in grey corduroy trousers pushed into high laced boots, and a blue flannel shirt with a bright colored tie. He is reading a book by the fading sunset light. He shuts this, keeping a finger in to mark the place, and turns his head toward the horizon, gazing out over the fields and hills. His lips move as if he were reciting something to himself. 5

His brother ANDREW comes along the road from the right, returning from his work in the fields. He is twenty-seven years old, an opposite type to ROBERT—husky, sun-bronzed, handsome in a large-featured, manly fashion—a son of the soil, intelligent in a shrewd way, but with nothing of the intellectual about him. He wears overalls, leather boots, a grey flannel shirt open at the neck, and a soft, mud-stained hat pushed back on his head. He stops to talk to ROBERT, leaning on the hoe he carries. 6

ANDREW—[Seeing ROBERT has not noticed his presence—in a loud shout.] Hey there! [ROBERT turns with a start. Seeing who it is, he smiles.] Gosh, you do take the prize for day-dreaming! And I see you've toted 7

one of the old books along with you. Want to bust your eyesight reading in this light?

ROBERT—[*Glancing at the book in his hand with a rather shamefaced air.*] I wasn't reading—just then, Andy. 8

ANDREW—No, but you have been. Shucks, you never will get any sense, Rob. [*He crosses the ditch and sits on the fence near his brother.*] What is it this time—poetry, I'll bet. [*He reaches for the book.*] Let me see. 9

ROBERT—[*Handing it to him rather reluctantly.*] Yes, it's poetry. Look out you don't get it full of dirt. 10

ANDREW—[*Glancing at his hands.*] That isn't dirt—it's good clean earth; but I'll be careful of the old thing. I just wanted to take a peep at it. [*He turns over the pages.*] 11

ROBERT—[*Slyly.*] Better look out for your eyesight, Andy. 12

ANDREW—Huh! If reading this stuff was the only way to get blind, I'd see forever. [*His eyes read something and he gives an exclamation of disgust.*] Hump! [*With a provoking grin at his brother he reads aloud in a doleful, sing-song voice.*] "I have loved wind and light and the bright sea. But holy and most sacred night, not as I love and have loved thee." [*He hands the book back.*] Here! Take it and bury it. Give me a good magazine any time. 13

ROBERT—[*With a trace of irritation.*] The Farm Journal? 14

ANDREW—Sure; anything sensible. I suppose it's that year in college gave you a liking for that kind of stuff. I'm darn glad I stopped with High School, or maybe I'd been crazy too. [*He grins and slaps ROBERT on the back affectionately.*] Imagine me reading poetry and plowing at the same time. The team'd run away, I'll bet. 15

ROBERT—[*Laughing.*] Or picture me plowing. That'd be worse. 16

ANDREW—[*Seriously.*] Pa was right never to sick you onto the farm. You surely were never cut out for a farmer, that's a fact,—even if you'd never been took sick. [*With concern.*] Say, how'd you feel now, anyway? I've lost track of you. Seems as if I never did get a chance to have a talk alone with you these days, 'count of the work. But you're looking fine as silk. 17

ROBERT—Why, I feel great—never better. 18

ANDREW—That's bully. You've surely earned it. You certainly had enough sickness in the old days to last you the rest of your life. 19

ROBERT—A healthy animal like you, you brute, can hardly understand what I went through—although you saw it. You remember—sick one day, and well the next—always weak—never able to last through a whole term at school 'til I was years behind everyone my age—not able to get in any games—it was hell! These last few years of comparative health have been heaven to me. 20

ANDREW—I know; they must have been. [*After a pause.*] You should have gone back to college last fall, like I know you wanted to. You're fitted for that sort of thing—just as I ain't. 21

ROBERT—You know why I didn't go back, Andy. Pa didn't like the idea, even if he didn't say so; and I know he wanted the money to use improving the farm. And besides, I had pretty much all I cared for in that one year. I'm not keen on being a student, just because you see me reading books all the time. What I want to do now is keep on moving so that I won't take root in any one place. 22

ANDREW—Well, the trip you're leaving on tomorrow will keep you moving all right. *[At this mention of the trip they both fall silent. There is a pause. Finally ANDREW goes on, awkwardly attempting to speak casually.]* Uncle says you'll be gone three years. 23

ROBERT—About that, he figures. 24

ANDREW—*[Moodily.]* That's a long time. 25

ROBERT—Not so long when you come to consider it. You know the *Sunda* sails around the Horn for Yokohama first, and that's a long voyage on a sailing ship; and if we go to any of the other places Uncle Dick mentions—India, or Australia, or South Africa, or South America—they'll be long voyages, too. 26

ANDREW—You can have all those foreign parts for all of me. A trip to the port once in a while, or maybe down to New York a couple of times a year—that's all the travel I'm hankering after. *[He looks down the road to the right.]* Here comes Pa. *[The noise of a team of horses coming slowly down the road is heard, and a man's voice urging them on. A moment later JAMES MAYO enters, driving the two weary horses which have been unhitched from the plow. He is his son ANDREW over again in body and face—an ANDREW sixty-five years old, with a short, square, white beard. He is dressed much the same as ANDREW.]* 27

MAYO—*[Checking his horses when he sees his sons.]* Whoa there! Hello boys! What are you two doin' there roostin' on the fence like a pair of hens? 28

ROBERT—*[Laughing.]* Oh, just talking things over, Pa. 29

ANDREW—*[With a sly wink.]* Rob's trying to get me into reading poetry. He thinks my education's been neglected. 30

MAYO—*[Chuckling.]* That's good! You kin go out and sing it to the stock at nights to put 'em to sleep. What's that he's got there—'nother book? Good Lord, I thought you'd read every book there was in the world, Robert; and here you go and finds 'nother one! 31

ROBERT—*[With a smile.]* There's still a few left, Pa. 32

ANDREW—He's learning a new poem about the "bright sea" so he'll be all prepared to recite when he gets on the boat tomorrow. 33

MAYO—*[A bit rebukingly.]* He'll have plenty of time to be thinkin' 'bout the water in the next years. No need to bother 'bout it yet. 34

ROBERT—*[Gently.]* I wasn't. That's just Andy's fooling. 35

MAYO—*[Changing the subject abruptly; turns to ANDREW.]* How are things lookin' up to the hill lot, Andy? 36

37

- ANDREW—[*Enthusiastically.*] Fine as silk for this early in the year. Those oats seem to be coming along great. 38
- MAYO—I'm most done plowin' up the old medder—figger I ought to have it all up by tomorrow noon; then you kin start in with the harrowin'. 39
- ANDREW—Sure. I expect I'll be through up above by then. There ain't but a little left to do. 40
- MAYO—[*To the restive team.*] Whoa there! You'll get your supper soon enough, you hungry critters. [Turning again to ANDREW.] It looks like a good year for us, son, with fair luck on the weather—even if it's hard tucker gettin' things started. 41
- ANDREW—[*With a grin of satisfaction.*] I can stand my share of the hard work, I guess—and then some. 42
- MAYO—That's the way to talk, son. Work never done a man harm yet—leastways, not work done out in the open. [ROBERT has been trying to pretend an interest in their conversation, but he can't help showing that it bores him. ANDREW notices this.] 43
- ANDREW—But farming ain't poetry, is it, Rob? [ROBERT smiles but remains silent.] 44
- MAYO—[*Seriously.*] There's more satisfaction in the earth than ever was in any book; and Robert'll find it out sooner or later. [A twinkle comes into his eyes.] When he's grown up and got some sense. 45
- ROBERT—[*Whimsically.*] I'm never going to grow up—if I can help it. 46
- MAYO—Time'll tell. Well, I'll be movin' along home. Don't you two stay gossipin' too long. [He winks at ROBERT.] 'Specially you, Andy. Ruth and her Maw is comin' to supper, and you'd best be hurryin' to wash up and put on your best Sunday-go-to-meetin' clothes. [He laughs. ROBERT'S face contracts as if he were wincing at some pain, but he forces a smile. ANDREW grows confused and casts a quick side glance at his brother.] 47
- ANDREW—I'll be along in a minute, Pa. 48
- MAYO—And you, Robert, don't you stay moonin' at the sky longer'n is needful. You'll get lots o' time for that the next three years you're out on the sea. Remember this is your last night to home, and you've got to make an early start tomorrow, [He hesitates, then finishes earnestly] 'n' your Ma'll be wantin' to see all she kin o' you the little time left. 49
- ROBERT—I'm not forgetting, Pa. I'll be home right away. 50
- MAYO—That's right. I'll tell your Maw you're acomin'. [He chucks to the horses.] Giddap, old bones! Don't you want no supper tonight? [The horses walk off, and he follows them. There is a pause. ANDREW and ROBERT sit silently, without looking at each other.] 51
- ANDREW—[*After a while.*] Ma's going to miss you a lot, Rob. 52
- ROBERT—Yes—and I'll miss her. 53
- ANDREW—And Pa ain't feeling none too happy to have you go—though he's been trying not to show it.

ROBERT—I can see how he feels. 54

ANDREW—And you can bet that I'm not giving any cheers about it. [*He puts one hand on the fence near ROBERT.*] 55

ROBERT—[*Putting one hand on top of ANDREW'S with a gesture almost of shyness.*] I know that too, Andy. 56

ANDREW—I'll miss you as much as anybody, I guess. I know how lonesome the old place was winter before last when you was away to college—and even then you used to come home once in a while; but this time— [He stops suddenly.] 57

ROBERT—Let's not think about it—'til afterward. We'll only spoil this last night if we do. 58

ANDREW—That's good advice. [*But after a pause, he returns to the subject again.*] You see, you and I ain't like most brothers—always fighting and separated a lot of the time, while we've always been together—just the two of us. It's different with us. That's why it hits so hard, I guess. 59

ROBERT—[*With feeling.*] It's just as hard for me, Andy—believe that! I hate to leave you and the old folks—but—I feel I've got to. There's something calling me— [He points to the horizon] calling to me from over there, beyond— and I feel as if— no matter what happens— Oh, I can't just explain it to you, Andy. 60

ANDREW—No need to, Rob. [*Angry at himself.*] You needn't try to explain. It's all just as it ought to be. Hell! You want to go. You feel you ought to, and you got to!— that's all there is to it; and I wouldn't have you miss this chance for the world. 61

ROBERT—It's fine of you to feel that way, Andy. 62

ANDREW—Huh! I'd be a nice son-of-a-gun if I didn't, wouldn't I? When I know how you need this sea trip to make a new man of you—in the body, I mean—and give you your full health back. 63

ROBERT—[*A trifle impatiently.*] All of you seem to keep harping on my health. You were so used to seeing me lying around the house in the old days that you never will get over the notion that I'm a chronic invalid, and have to be looked after like a baby all the time, or wheeled round in a chair like Mrs. Atkins. You don't realize how I've bucked up in the past few years. Why, I bet right now I'm just as healthy as you are—I mean just as sound in wind and limb; and if I was staying on at the farm, I'd prove it to you. You're suffering from a fixed idea about my delicateness—and so are Pa and Ma. Every time I've offered to help, Pa has stared at me as if he thought I was contemplating suicide. 64

ANDREW—[*Conciliatingly.*] Nobody claimed the undertaker was taking your measurements. All I was saying was the sea trip would be bound to do anybody good. 65

ROBERT—If I had no other excuse for going on Uncle Dick's ship but just my health, I'd stay right here and start in plowing. 66

ANDREW—Can't be done. No use in your talking that way, Rob. Farming ain't your nature. There's all the difference shown in just the way us two feel about the farm. I like it, all of it, and you—well, you like the home part of it, I expect; but as a place to work and grow things, you hate it. Ain't that right? 67

ROBERT—Yes, I suppose it is. I've tried to take an interest but—well, you're the Mayo branch of the family, and I take after Ma and Uncle Dick. It's natural enough when you come to think of it. The Mayos have been farmers from way back, while the Scotts have been mostly sea-faring folks, with a school teacher thrown in now and then on the woman's side—just as Ma was before her marriage. 68

ANDREW—You do favor Ma. I remember she used always to have her nose in a book when I was a kid; but she seems to have given it up of late years. 69

ROBERT—*[With a trace of bitterness.]* The farm has claimed her in spite of herself. That's what I'm afraid it might do to me in time; and that's why I feel I ought to get away. *[Fearing he has hurt ANDREW'S feelings.]* You musn't misunderstand me, Andy. For you it's a different thing. You're a Mayo through and through. You're wedded to the soil. You're as much a product of it as an ear of corn is, or a tree. Father is the same. This farm is his life-work, and he's happy in knowing that another Mayo, inspired by the same love, will take up the work where he leaves off. I can understand your attitude, and Pa's; and I think it's wonderful and sincere. But I—well, I'm not made that way. 70

ANDREW—No, you ain't; but when it comes to understanding, I guess I realize that you've got your own angle of looking at things. 71

ROBERT—*[Musingly.]* I wonder if you do, really. 72

ANDREW—*[Confidently.]* Sure I do. You've seen a bit of the world, enough to make the farm seem small, and you've got the itch to see it all. 73

ROBERT—It's more than that, Andy. 74

ANDREW—Oh, of course. I know you're going to learn navigation, and all about a ship, so's you can be an officer. That's natural, too. There's fair pay in it, I expect, when you consider that you've always got a home and grub thrown in; and if you're set on travelling, you can go anywhere you're a mind to, without paying fare. 75

ROBERT—*[With a smile that is half-sad.]* It's more than that, Andy. 76

ANDREW—Sure it is. There's always a chance of a good thing coming your way in some of those foreign ports or other. I've heard there are great opportunities for a young fellow with his eyes open in some of those new countries that are just being opened up. And with your education you ought to pick up the language quick. *[Jovially.]* I'll bet that's what you've been turning over in your mind under all your quietness! *[He slaps his brother on the back with a laugh.]* Well, if you get to be a millionaire all of a sudden, call 'round once in a while and I'll pass the plate to you. We could use a lot of money right here on the farm without hurting it any. 77

ROBERT—*[Forced to laugh.]* I've never considered that practical side of it for a minute, Andy. *[As ANDREW looks incredulous.]* That's the truth. 78

ANDREW—Well, you ought to. 79

ROBERT—No, I oughtn't. You're trying to wish an eye-for-business on me I don't possess. *[Pointing to the horizon—dreamily.]* Supposing I was to tell you that it's just Beauty that's calling me, the beauty of the far off and unknown, the mystery and spell of the East, which lures me in the books I've read, the need of the freedom of great wide spaces, the joy of wandering on and on—in quest of the secret which is hidden just 80

over there, beyond the horizon? Suppose I told you that was the one and only reason for my going?

ANDREW—I should say you were nutty. 81

ROBERT—Then I must be—because it's so. 82

ANDREW—I don't believe it. You've got that idea out of your poetry books. A good dose of sea-sickness will get that out of your system. 83

ROBERT—*[Frowning.]* Don't, Andy. I'm serious. 84

ANDREW—Then you might as well stay right here, because we've got all you're looking for right on this farm. There's wide space enough, Lord knows; and you can have all the sea you want by walking a mile down to the beach; and there's plenty of horizon to look at, and beauty enough for anyone, except in the winter. *[He grins.]* As for the mystery and spell, and other things you mentioned, I haven't met 'em yet, but they're probably lying around somewheres. I'll have you understand this is a first class farm with all the fixings. *[He laughs.]* 85

ROBERT—*[Joining in the laughter in spite of himself.]* It's no use talking to you, you chump! 86

ANDREW—Maybe; but you'll see I'm right before you've gone far. You're not as big a nut as you'd like to make out. You'd better not say anything to Uncle Dick about spells and things when you're on the ship. He'll likely chuck you overboard for a Jonah. *[He jumps down from fence.]* I'd better run along. I've got to wash up some as long as Ruth's Ma is coming over for supper. 87

ROBERT—*[Pointedly—almost bitterly.]* And Ruth. 88

ANDREW—*[Confused—looking everywhere except at ROBERT—trying to appear unconcerned.]* Yes, Pa did say she was staying too. Well, I better hustle, I guess, and— *[He steps over the ditch to the road while he is talking.]* 89

ROBERT—*[Who appears to be fighting some strong inward emotion—impulsively.]* Wait a minute, Andy! *[He jumps down from the fence.]* There is something I want to— *[He stops abruptly, biting his lips, his face coloring.]* 90

ANDREW—*[Facing him; half-defiantly.]* Yes? 91

ROBERT—*[Confusedly.]* No— never mind— it doesn't matter, it was nothing. 92

ANDREW—*[After a pause, during which he stares fixedly at ROBERT'S averted face.]* Maybe I can guess— what you were going to say— but I guess you're right not to talk about it. *[He pulls ROBERT'S hand from his side and grips it tensely; the two brothers stand looking into each other's eyes for a minute.]* We can't help those things, Rob. *[He turns away, suddenly releasing ROBERT'S hand.]* You'll be coming along shortly, won't you? 93

ROBERT—*[Dully.]* Yes. 94

ANDREW—See you later, then. *[He walks off down the road to the left. ROBERT stares after him for a moment; then climbs to the fence rail again, and looks out over the hills, an expression of deep grief on his* 95

face. After a moment or so, RUTH enters hurriedly from the left. She is a healthy, blonde, out-of-door girl of twenty, with a graceful, slender figure. Her face, though inclined to roundness, is undeniably pretty, its large eyes of a deep blue set off strikingly by the sun-bronzed complexion. Her small, regular features are marked by a certain strength—an underlying, stubborn fixity of purpose hidden in the frankly-appealing charm of her fresh youthfulness. She wears a simple white dress but no hat.]

RUTH—[*Seeing him.*] Hello, Rob! 96

ROBERT—[*Startled.*] Hello, Ruth! 97

RUTH—[*Jumps the ditch and perches on the fence beside him.*] I was looking for you. 98

ROBERT—[*Pointedly.*] Andy just left here. 99

RUTH—I know. I met him on the road a second ago. He told me you were here. [*Tenderly playful.*] I wasn't looking for Andy, Smarty, if that's what you mean. I was looking for you. 100

ROBERT—Because I'm going away tomorrow? 101

RUTH—Because your mother was anxious to have you come home and asked me to look for you. I just wheeled Ma over to your house. 102

ROBERT—[*Perfunctorily.*] How is your mother? 103

RUTH—[*A shadow coming over her face.*] She's about the same. She never seems to get any better or any worse. Oh, Rob, I do wish she'd pick up a little or— or try to make the best of things that can't be helped. 104

ROBERT—Has she been nagging at you again? 105

RUTH—[*Nods her head, and then breaks forth rebelliously.*] She never stops nagging. No matter what I do for her she finds fault. She's growing more irritable every day. Oh, Rob, you've no idea how hard it is living there alone with her in that big lonely house. It's enough to drive anyone mad. If only Pa was still living— [*She stops as if ashamed of her outburst.*] I suppose I shouldn't complain this way. I wouldn't to any one but you. [*She sighs.*] Poor Ma, Lord knows it's hard enough for her—having to be wheeled around in a chair ever since I was born. I suppose it's natural to be cross when you're not able ever to walk a step. But why should she be in a temper with me all the time? Oh, I'd like to be going away some place—like you! 106

ROBERT—It's hard to stay—and equally hard to go, sometimes. 107

RUTH—There! If I'm not the stupid body! I swore I wasn't going to speak about your trip—until after you'd gone; and there I go, first thing! 108

ROBERT—Why didn't you want to speak of it? 109

RUTH—Because I didn't want to spoil this last night you're here. Oh, Rob, I'm going to—we're all going to miss you so awfully. Your mother is going around looking as if she'd burst out crying any minute. You ought to know how I feel. Andy and you and I—why it seems as if we'd always been together. 110

ROBERT—[*With a wry attempt at a smile.*] You and Andy will still have each other. It'll be harder for me 111

without anyone.

RUTH—But you'll have new sights and new people to take your mind off; while we'll be here with the old, familiar place to remind us every minute of the day. It's a shame you're going—just at this time, in spring, when everything is getting so nice. [*With a sigh.*] I oughtn't to talk that way when I know going's the best thing for you—on account of your health. The sea trip's bound to do you so much good, everyone says. 112

ROBERT—[*With a half-resentful grimace.*] Don't tell me *you* think I'm a hopeless invalid, too! I've heard enough of that talk from the folks. Honestly, Ruth, I feel better than I ever did in my life. I'm disgustingly healthy. I wouldn't even consider my health an excuse for this trip. 113

RUTH—[*Vaguely.*] Of course you're bound to find all sorts of opportunities to get on, your father says. 114

ROBERT—[*Heatedly.*] I don't give a damn about that! I wouldn't take a voyage across the road for the best opportunity in the world of the kind Pa thinks of. I'd run away from it instead. [*He smiles at his own irritation.*] Excuse me, Ruth, for getting worked up over it; but Andy gave me an overdose of the practical considerations. 115

RUTH—[*Slowly puzzled.*] Well, then, if it isn't any of those reasons— [*With sudden intensity.*] Oh, Rob, why *do* you want to go? 116

ROBERT—[*Turning to her quickly, in surprise—slowly.*] Why do you ask that, Ruth? 117

RUTH—[*Dropping her eyes before his searching glance.*] Because— [*Lamely.*] It seems such a shame. 118

ROBERT—[*Insistently.*] Why? 119

RUTH—Oh, because—everything. 120

ROBERT—I could hardly back out now, even if I wanted to. And I'll be forgotten before you know it. 121

RUTH—[*Indignantly.*] You won't! I'll never forget— [*She stops and turns away to hide her confusion.*] 122

ROBERT—[*Softly.*] Will you promise me that? 123

RUTH—[*Evasively.*] Of course. It's mean of you to think that any of us would forget so easily. 124

ROBERT—[*Disappointedly.*] Oh! 125

RUTH—[*With an attempt at lightness.*] But you haven't told me your reason for leaving yet? Aren't you going to? 126

ROBERT—[*Moodily.*] I doubt if you'll understand. It's difficult to explain, even to myself. It's more an instinctive longing that won't stand dissection. Either you feel it, or you don't. The cause of it all is in the blood and the bone, I guess, not in the brain, although imagination plays a large part in it. I can remember being conscious of it first when I was only a kid—you haven't forgotten what a sickly specimen I was then, in those days, have you? 127

RUTH—[*With a shudder.*] They're past. Let's not think about them. 128

ROBERT—You'll have to, to understand. Well, in those days, when Ma was fixing meals, she used to get me out of the way by pushing my chair to the west window and telling me to look out and be quiet. That wasn't hard. I guess I was always quiet. 129

RUTH—[*Compassionately.*] Yes, you always were—and you suffering so much, too! 130

ROBERT—[*Musingly.*] So I used to stare out over the fields to the hills, out there—[*He points to the horizon*] and somehow after a time I'd forget any pain I was in, and start dreaming. I knew the sea was over beyond those hills,—the folks had told me—and I used to wonder what the sea was like, and try to form a picture of it in my mind. [*With a smile.*] There was all the mystery in the world to me then about that—far-off sea—and there still is! It called to me then just as it does now. [*After a slight pause.*] And other times my eyes would follow this road, winding off into the distance, toward the hills, as if it, too, was searching for the sea. And I'd promise myself that when I grew up and was strong, I'd follow that road, and it and I would find the sea together. [*With a smile.*] You see, my making this trip is only keeping that promise of long ago. 131

RUTH—[*Charmed by his low, musical voice telling the dreams of his childhood.*] Yes, I see. 132

ROBERT—Those were the only happy moments of my life then, dreaming there at the window. I liked to be all alone—those times. I got to know all the different kinds of sunsets by heart—the clear ones and the cloudy ones, and all the color schemes of their countless variations—although I could hardly name more than three or four colors correctly. And all those sunsets took place over there—[*He points*] beyond the horizon. So gradually I came to believe that all the wonders of the world happened on the other side of those hills. There was the home of the good fairies who performed beautiful miracles. [*He smiles.*] I believed in fairies then, although I suppose I ought to have been ashamed of it from a boy's standpoint. But you know how contemptuous of all religion Pa's always been—even the mention of it in the house makes him angry. 133

RUTH—Yes. [*Wearily.*] It's just the opposite to our house. 134

ROBERT—He'd bullied Ma into being ashamed of believing in anything and he'd forbidden her to teach Andy or me. There wasn't much about our home but the life on the farm. I didn't like that, so I *had* to believe in fairies. [*With a smile.*] Perhaps I still do believe in them. Anyway, in those days they were real enough, and sometimes—I suppose the mental science folks would explain it by self-hypnosis—I could actually hear them calling to me in soft whispers to come out and play with them, dance with them down the road in the dusk in a game of hide-and-seek to find out where the sun was hiding himself. They sang their little songs to me, songs that told of all the wonderful things they had in their home on the other side of the hills; and they promised to show me all of them, if I'd only come, come! But I couldn't come then, and I used to cry sometimes and Ma would think I was in pain. [*He breaks off suddenly with a laugh.*] That's why I'm going now, I suppose. For I can still hear them calling, although I'm a man and have seen the other side of many hills. But the horizon is as far away and as luring as ever. [*He turns to her—softly.*] Do you understand now, Ruth? 135

RUTH—[*Spellbound, in a whisper.*] Yes. 136

ROBERT—You feel it then? 137

RUTH—Yes, yes, I do! [*Unconsciously she snuggles close against his side. His arm steals about her as if he were not aware of the action.*] Oh, Rob, how could I help feeling it? You tell things so beautifully! 138

ROBERT—*[Suddenly realizing that his arm is around her, and that her head is resting on his shoulder, gently takes his arm away. RUTH, brought back to herself, is overcome with confusion.]* So now you know why I'm going. It's for that reason—that and one other. 139

RUTH—You've another? Then you must tell me that, too. 140

ROBERT—*[Looking at her searchingly. She drops her eyes before his gaze.]* I wonder if I ought to. I wonder if you'd really care to hear it—if you knew. You'll promise not to be angry—whatever it is? 141

RUTH—*[Softly, her face still averted.]* Yes, I promise. 142

ROBERT—*[Simply.]* I love you. That's the other reason. 143

RUTH—*[Hiding her face in her hands.]* Oh, Rob! 144

ROBERT—You must let me finish now I've begun. I wasn't going to tell you, but I feel I have to. It can't matter to you now that I'm going so far away, and for so long—perhaps forever. I've loved you all these years, but the realization of it never came to me 'til I agreed to go away with Uncle Dick. Then I thought of leaving you, and the pain of that thought revealed the truth to me in a flash—that I loved you, *had* loved you as long as I could remember. *[He gently pulls one of RUTH'S hands away from her face.]* You mustn't mind my telling you this, Ruth. I realize how impossible it all is—and I understand; for the revelation of my own love seemed to open my eyes to the love of others. I saw Andy's love for you—and I knew that you must love him. 145

RUTH—*[Breaking out stormily.]* I don't! I don't love Andy! I don't! *[ROBERT stares at her in stupid astonishment. RUTH weeps hysterically.]* Whatever—put such a fool notion into—into your head? *[She suddenly throws her arms about his neck and hides her head on his shoulder.]* Oh, Rob! Don't go away! Please! You mustn't, now! You can't! I won't let you! It'd break my—my heart! 146

ROBERT—*[The expression of stupid bewilderment giving way to one of overwhelming joy. He presses her close to him—slowly and tenderly.]* Do you mean that—that you love me? 147

RUTH—*[Sobbing.]* Yes, yes—of course I do—what d'you s'pose? *[She lifts up her head and looks into his eyes with a tremulous smile.]* You stupid thing! *[He kisses her.]* I've loved you right along. 148

ROBERT—*[Mystified.]* But you and Andy were always together! 149

RUTH—Because you never seemed to want to go any place with me. You were always reading an old book, and not paying any attention to me. I was too proud to let you see I cared because I thought the year you had away to college had made you stuck-up, and you thought yourself too educated to waste any time on me. 150

ROBERT—*[Kissing her.]* And I was thinking— *[With a laugh.]* What fools we've both been! 151

RUTH—*[Overcome by a sudden fear.]* You won't go away on the trip, will you, Rob? You'll tell them you can't go on account of me, won't you? You can't go now! You can't! 152

ROBERT—*[Bewildered.]* Perhaps—you can come too. 153

154

RUTH—Oh, Rob, don't be so foolish. You know I can't. Who'd take care of Ma? She has no one in the world but me. I can't leave her—the way she is. It'd be different if she was well and healthy like other people. Don't you see I couldn't go—on her account?

ROBERT—*[Vaguely.]* I could go—and then send for you both—when I'd settled some place out there. 155

RUTH—Ma never could. She'd never leave the farm for anything; and she couldn't make a trip anywhere 'til she got better—if she ever does. And oh, Rob, I wouldn't want to live in any of those outlandish places you were going to. I couldn't stand it there, I know I couldn't—not knowing anyone. It makes me afraid just to think of it. I've never been away from here, hardly and—I'm just a home body, I'm afraid. *[She clings to him imploringly.]* Please don't go—not now. Tell them you've decided not to. They won't mind. I know your mother and father'll be glad. They'll all be. They don't want you to go so far away from them. Please, Rob! We'll be so happy here together where it's natural and we know things. Please tell me you won't go! 156

ROBERT—*[Face to face with a definite, final decision, betrays the conflict going on within him.]* But— Ruth—I—Uncle Dick— 157

RUTH—He won't mind when he knows it's for your happiness to stay. How could he? *[As ROBERT remains silent she bursts into sobs again.]* Oh, Rob! And you said—you loved me! 158

ROBERT—*[Conquered by this appeal—an irrevocable decision in his voice.]* I won't go, Ruth. I promise you. There! Don't cry! *[He presses her to him, stroking her hair tenderly. After a pause he speaks with happy hopefulness.]* Perhaps after all Andy was right—righter than he knew—when he said I could find all the things I was seeking for here, at home on the farm. The mystery and the wonder—our love should bring them home to us. I think love must have been the secret—the secret that called to me from over the world's rim—the secret beyond every horizon; and when I did not come, it came to me. *[He clasps RUTH to him fiercely.]* Oh, Ruth, you are right! Our love is sweeter than any distant dream. It is the meaning of all life, the whole world. The kingdom of heaven is within—us! *[He kisses her passionately and steps to the ground, lifting RUTH in his arms and carrying her to the road where he puts her down.]* 159

RUTH—*[With a happy laugh.]* My, but you're strong! 160

ROBERT—Come! We'll go and tell them at once. 161

RUTH—*[Dismayed.]* Oh, no, don't, Rob, not 'til after I've gone. Then you can tell your folks and I'll tell Ma when I get her home. There'd be bound to be such a scene with them all together. 162

ROBERT—*[Kissing her—gaily.]* As you like—little Miss Common Sense! 163

RUTH—Let's go, then. *[She takes his hand, and they start to go off left. ROBERT suddenly stops and turns as though for a last look at the hills and the dying sunset flush.]* 164

ROBERT—*[Looking upward and pointing.]* See! The first star. *[He bends down and kisses her tenderly.]* Our star! 165

RUTH—*[In a soft murmur.]* Yes. Our very own star. *[They stand for a moment looking up at it, their arms around each other. Then RUTH takes his hand again and starts to lead him away.]* Come, Rob, let's go. *[His eyes are fixed again on the horizon as he half turns to follow her. RUTH urges.]* We'll be late for supper, Rob. 166

ROBERT—*[Shakes his head impatiently, as though he were throwing off some disturbing thought—with a laugh.]* All right. We'll run then. Come on! *[They run off laughing as The Curtain Falls]* 167

ACT ONE

SCENE TWO

SCENE—*The sitting room of the Mayo farm house about nine o'clock the same night. On the left, two windows looking out on the fields. Against the wall between the windows, an old-fashioned walnut desk. In the left corner, rear, a sideboard with a mirror. In the rear wall to the right of the sideboard, a window looking out on the road. Next to the window a door leading out into the yard. Farther right, a black horse-hair sofa, and another door opening on a bedroom. In the corner, a straight-backed chair. In the right wall, near the middle, an open doorway leading to the kitchen. Farther forward a double-heater stove with coal scuttle, etc. In the center of the newly carpeted floor, an oak dining-room table with a red cover. In the center of the table, a large oil reading lamp. Four chairs, three rockers with crocheted tidies on their backs, and one straight-backed, are placed about the table. The walls are papered a dark red with a scrolly-figured pattern.* 1

Everything in the room is clean, well-kept, and in its exact place, yet there is no suggestion of primness about the whole. Rather the atmosphere is one of the orderly comfort of a simple, hard-earned prosperity, enjoyed and maintained by the family as a unit. 2

JAMES MAYO, his wife, her brother, CAPTAIN DICK SCOTT, and ANDREW are discovered. MRS. MAYO is a slight, round-faced, rather prim-looking woman of fifty-five who had once been a school teacher. The labors of a farmer's wife have bent but not broken her, and she retains a certain refinement of movement and expression foreign to the Mayo part of the family. Whatever of resemblance ROBERT has to his parents may be traced to her. Her brother, the CAPTAIN, is short and stocky, with a weather-beaten, jovial face and a white moustache—a typical old salt, loud of voice and given to gesture. He is fifty-eight years old. 3

JAMES MAYO sits in front of the table. He wears spectacles, and a farm journal which he has been reading lies in his lap. THE CAPTAIN leans forward from a chair in the rear, his hands on the table in front of him. ANDREW is tilted back on the straight-backed chair to the left, his chin sunk forward on his chest, staring at the carpet, preoccupied and frowning. 4

As the Curtain rises the CAPTAIN is just finishing the relation of some sea episode. The others are pretending an interest which is belied by the absent-minded expressions on their faces. 5

THE CAPTAIN—*[Chuckling.]* And that mission woman, she hails me on the dock as I was acomin' ashore, and she says—with her silly face all screwed up serious as judgment—"Captain," she says, "would you be so kind as to tell me where the sea-gulls sleeps at nights?" Blow me if them warn't her exact words! *[He slaps the table with the palm of his hands and laughs loudly. The others force smiles.]* Ain't that just like a fool woman's question? And I looks at her serious as I could, "Ma'm," says I, "I couldn't rightly answer that question. I ain't never seen a sea-gull in his bunk yet. The next time I hears one snorin'," I says, "I'll make a note of where he's turned in, and write you a letter 'bout it." And then she calls me a fool real spiteful and tacks away from me quick. *[He laughs again uproariously.]* So I got rid of her that way. *[The others smile but immediately relapse into expressions of gloom again.]* 6

MRS. MAYO—[*Absent-mindedly—feeling that she has to say something.*] But when it comes to that, where do sea-gulls sleep, Dick? 7

SCOTT—[*Slapping the table.*] Ho! Ho! Listen to her, James. 'Nother one! Well, if that don't beat all hell—'scuse me for cussin', Kate. 8

MAYO—[*With a twinkle in his eyes.*] They unhitch their wings, Katey, and spreads 'em out on a wave for a bed. 9

SCOTT—And then they tells the fish to whistle to 'em when it's time to turn out. Ho! Ho! 10

MRS. MAYO—[*With a forced smile.*] You men folks are too smart to live, aren't you? [*She resumes her knitting. MAYO pretends to read his paper; ANDREW stares at the floor.*] 11

SCOTT—[*Looks from one to the other of them with a puzzled air. Finally he is unable to bear the thick silence a minute longer, and blurts out:*] You folks look as if you was settin' up with a corpse. [*With exaggerated concern.*] God A'mighty, there ain't anyone dead, be there? 12

MAYO—[*Sharply.*] Don't play the dunce, Dick! You know as well as we do there ain't no great cause to be feelin' chipper. 13

SCOTT—[*Argumentatively.*] And there ain't no cause to be wearin' mourning, either, I can make out. 14

MRS. MAYO—[*Indignantly.*] How can you talk that way, Dick Scott, when you're taking our Robbie away from us, in the middle of the night, you might say, just to get on that old boat of yours on time! I think you might wait until morning when he's had his breakfast. 15

SCOTT—[*Appealing to the others hopelessly.*] Ain't that a woman's way o' seein' things for you? God A'mighty, Kate, I can't give orders to the tide that it's got to be high just when it suits me to have it. I ain't gettin' no fun out o' missin' sleep and leavin' here at six bells myself. [*Protestingly.*] And the *Sunda* ain't an old ship—leastways, not very old—and she's good's she ever was. Your boy Robert'll be as safe on board o' her as he'd be home in bed here. 16

MRS. MAYO—How can you say that, Dick, when we read in almost every paper about wrecks and storms, and ships being sunk. 17

SCOTT—You've got to take your chances with such things. They don't happen often—not nigh as often as accidents do ashore. 18

MRS. MAYO—[*Her lips trembling.*] I wish Robbie weren't going—not so far away and for so long. 19

MAYO—[*Looking at her over his glasses—consolingly.*] There, Katey! 20

MRS. MAYO—[*Rebelliously.*] Well, I *do* wish he wasn't! It'd be different if he'd ever been away from home before for any length of time. If he was healthy and strong too, it'd be different. I'm so afraid he'll be taken down ill when you're miles from land, and there's no one to take care of him. 21

MAYO—That's the very reason you was willin' for him to go, Katey—'count o' your bein' 'fraid for his health. 22

- MRS. MAYO—[*Illogically.*] But he seems to be all right now without Dick taking him away. 23
- SCOTT—[*Protestingly.*] You'd think to hear you, Kate, that I was kidnappin' Robert agin your will. Now I ain't asayin' I ain't tickled to death to have him along, because I be. It's a mighty lonesome for a captain on a sailin' vessel at times, and Robert'll be company for me. But what I'm sayin' is, I didn't propose it. I never even suspicioned that he was hankerin' to ship out, or that you'd let him go 'til you and James speaks to me 'bout it. And now you blames me for it. 24
- MAYO—That's so. Dick's speaking the truth, Katey. 25
- SCOTT—You shouldn't be taking it so hard, 's far as I kin see. This vige'll make a man of him. I'll see to it he learns how to navigate, 'n' study for a mate's c'tificate right off—and it'll give him a trade for the rest of his life, if he wants to travel. 26
- MRS. MAYO.—But I don't want him to travel all his life. You've got to see he comes home when this trip is over. Then he'll be all well, and he'll want to—to marry—[ANDREW *sits forward in his chair with an abrupt movement.*]—and settle down right here. 27
- SCOTT—Well, in any case it won't hurt him to learn things when he's travellin'. And then he'll get to see a lot of the world in the ports we put in at, 'n' that'll help him afterwards, no matter what he takes up. 28
- MRS. MAYO—[*Staring down at the knitting in her lap—as if she hadn't heard him.*] I never realized how hard it was going to be for me to have Robbie go—or I wouldn't have considered it a minute. [On the verge of tears.] Oh, if only he wouldn't go! 29
- SCOTT—It ain't no good goin' on that way, Kate, now it's all settled. 30
- MRS. MAYO—[*Half-sobbing.*] It's all right for you to talk. You've never had any children of your own, and you don't know what it means to be parted from them—and Robbie my youngest, too. [ANDREW *frowns and fidgets in his chair.*] 31
- MAYO—[*A trace of command in his voice.*] No use takin' on so, Katey! It's best for the boy. We've got to take that into consideration—no matter how much we hate to lose him. [Firmly.] And like Dick says, it's all settled now. 32
- ANDREW—[*Suddenly turning to them.*] There's one thing none of you seem to take into consideration—that Rob wants to go. He's dead set on it. He's been dreaming over this trip ever since it was first talked about. It wouldn't be fair to him not to have him go. [A sudden thought seems to strike him and he continues doubtfully.] At least, not if he still feels the same way about it he did when he was talking to me this evening. 33
- MAYO—[*With an air of decision.*] Andy's right, Katey. Robert wants to go. That ends all argyment, you can see that. 34
- MRS. MAYO—[*Faintly, but resignedly.*] Yes. I suppose it must be, then. 35
- MAYO—[*Looking at his big silver watch.*] It's past nine. Wonder what's happened to Robert. He's been gone long enough to wheel the widder to home, certain. He can't be out dreamin' at the stars his last night. 36
- MRS. MAYO—[*A bit reproachfully.*] Why didn't you wheel Mrs. Atkins back tonight, Andy? You usually do when she and Ruth come over. 37

ANDREW—[*Avoiding her eyes.*] I thought maybe Robert wanted to go tonight. He offered to go right away when they were leaving. 38

MRS. MAYO—He only wanted to be polite. 39

ANDREW—[*Gets to his feet.*] Well, he'll be right back, I guess. [*He turns to his father.*] Guess I'll go take a look at the black cow, Pa—see if she's ailing any. 40

MAYO—Yes—better had, son. [ANDREW *goes into the kitchen on the right.*] 41

SCOTT—[*As he goes out—in a low tone.*] There's the boy that would make a good, strong sea-farin' man—if he'd a mind to. 42

MAYO—[*Sharply.*] Don't you put no such fool notions in Andy's head, Dick—or you 'n' me's goin' to fall out. [*Then he smiles.*] You couldn't tempt him, no ways. Andy's a Mayo bred in the bone, and he's a born farmer, and a damn good one, too. He'll live and die right here on this farm, like I expect to. [*With proud confidence.*] And he'll make this one of the slickest, best-payin' farms in the state, too, afore he gits through! 43

SCOTT—Seems to me it's a pretty slick place right now. 44

MAYO—[*Shaking his head.*] It's too small. We need more land to make it amount to much, and we ain't got the capital to buy it. [ANDREW *enters from the kitchen. His hat is on, and he carries a lighted lantern in his hand. He goes to the door in the rear leading out.*] 45

ANDREW—[*Opens the door and pauses.*] Anything else you can think of to be done, Pa? 46

MAYO—No, nothin' I know of. [ANDREW *goes out, shutting the door.*] 47

MRS. MAYO—[*After a pause.*] What's come over Andy tonight, I wonder? He acts so strange. 48

MAYO—He does seem sort o' glum and out of sorts. It's 'count o' Robert leavin', I s'pose. [*To SCOTT.*] Dick, you wouldn't believe how them boys o' mine sticks together. They ain't like most brothers. They've been thick as thieves all their lives, with nary a quarrel I kin remember. 49

SCOTT—No need to tell me that. I can see how they take to each other. 50

MRS. MAYO—[*Pursuing her train of thought.*] Did you notice, James, how queer everyone was at supper? Robert seemed stirred up about something; and Ruth was so flustered and giggly; and Andy sat there dumb, looking as if he'd lost his best friend; and all of them only nibbled at their food. 51

MAYO—Guess they was all thinkin' about tomorrow, same as us. 52

MRS. MAYO—[*Shaking her head.*] No. I'm afraid somethin's happened—somethin' else. 53

MAYO—You mean—'bout Ruth? 54

MRS. MAYO—Yes. 55

56

MAYO—*[After a pause—frowning.]* I hope her and Andy ain't had a serious fallin'-out. I always sorter hoped they'd hitch up together sooner or later. What d'you say, Dick? Don't you think them two'd pair up well?

SCOTT—*[Nodding his head approvingly.]* A sweet, wholesome couple they'd make. 57

MAYO—It'd be a good thing for Andy in more ways than one. I ain't what you'd call calculatin' generally, and I b'lieve in lettin' young folks run their affairs to suit themselves; but there's advantages for both o' them in this match you can't overlook in reason. The Atkins farm is right next to ourn. Jined together they'd make a jim-dandy of a place, with plenty o' room to work in. And bein' a widder with only a daughter, and laid up all the time to boot, Mrs. Atkins can't do nothin' with the place as it ought to be done. Her hired help just goes along as they pleases, in spite o' her everlastin' complainin' at 'em. She needs a man, a first-class farmer, to take hold o' things; and Andy's just the one. 58

MRS. MAYO—*[Abruptly.]* I don't think Ruth loves Andy. 59

MAYO—You don't? Well, maybe a woman's eyes is sharper in such things, but—they're always together. And if she don't love him now, she'll likely come around to it in time. 60

MAYO—*[As MRS. MAYO shakes her head.]* You seem mighty fixed in your opinion, Katey. How d'you know? 61

MRS. MAYO—It's just—what I feel. 62

MAYO—*[A light breaking over him.]* You don't mean to say—*[MRS. MAYO nods. MAYO chuckles scornfully.]* Shucks! I'm losin' my respect for your eyesight, Katey. Why, Robert ain't got no time for Ruth, 'cept as a friend! 63

MRS. MAYO—*[Warningly.]* Sss-h-h! *[The door from the yard opens, and ROBERT enters. He is smiling happily, and humming a song to himself, but as he comes into the room an undercurrent of nervous uneasiness manifests itself in his bearing.]* 64

MAYO—So here you be at last! *[ROBERT comes forward and sits on ANDY'S chair. MAYO smiles slyly at his wife.]* What have you been doin' all this time—countin' the stars to see if they all come out right and proper? 65

ROBERT—There's only one I'll ever look for any more, Pa. 66

MAYO—*[Reproachfully.]* You might've even not wasted time lookin' for that one—your last night. 67

MRS. MAYO—*[As if she were speaking to a child.]* You ought to have worn your coat a sharp night like this, Robbie. 68

ROBERT—I wasn't cold, Ma. It's beautiful and warm on the road. 69

SCOTT—*[Disgustedly.]* God A'mighty, Kate, you treat Robert as if he was one year old! 70

ROBERT—*[With a smile.]* I'm used to that, Uncle. 71

SCOTT—*[With joking severity.]* You'll learn to forget all that baby coddlin' nights down off the Horn when you're haulin' hell-bent on the braces with a green sea up to your neck, and the old hooker doin' summersaults under you. That's the stuff 'll put iron in your blood, eh Kate? 72

73

MRS. MAYO—[*Indignantly.*] What are you trying to do, Dick Scott—frighten me out of my senses? If you can't say anything cheerful, you'd better keep still.

SCOTT—Don't take on, Kate. I was only joshin' him and you. 74

MRS. MAYO—You have strange notions of what's a joke, I must say! [*She notices ROBERT'S nervous uneasiness.*] You look all worked up over something, Robbie. What is it? 75

ROBERT—[*Swallowing hard, looks quickly from one to the other of them—then begins determinedly.*] Yes, there is something—something I must tell you—all of you. [*As he begins to talk ANDREW enters quietly from the rear, closing the door behind him, and setting the lighted lantern on the floor. He remains standing by the door, his arms folded, listening to ROBERT with a repressed expression of pain on his face. ROBERT is so much taken up with what he is going to say that he does not notice ANDREW'S presence.*] Something I discovered only this evening—very beautiful and wonderful—something I did not take into consideration previously because I hadn't dared to hope that such happiness could ever come to me. [*Appealingly.*] You must all remember that fact, won't you? 76

MAYO—[*Frowning.*] Let's get to the point, son. 77

ROBERT—You were offended because you thought I'd been wasting my time star-gazing on my last night at home. [*With a trace of defiance.*] Well, the point is this, Pa; it *isn't* my last night at home. I'm not going—I mean—I can't go tomorrow with Uncle Dick—or at any future time, either. 78

MRS. MAYO—[*With a sharp sigh of joyful relief.*] Oh, Robbie, I'm so glad! 79

MAYO—[*Astounded.*] You ain't serious, be you, Robert? 80

ROBERT—Yes, I mean what I say. 81

MAYO—[*Severely.*] Seems to me it's a pretty late hour in the day for you to be upsettin' all your plans so sudden! 82

ROBERT—I asked you to remember that until this evening I didn't know myself—the wonder which makes everything else in the world seem sordid and pitifully selfish by comparison. I had never dared to dream— 83

MAYO—[*Irritably.*] Come to the point. What is this foolishness you're talkin' of? 84

ROBERT—[*Flushing.*] Ruth told me this evening that—she loved me. It was after I'd confessed I loved her. I told her I hadn't been conscious of my love until after the trip had been arranged, and I realized it would mean—leaving her. That was the truth. I *didn't* know until then. [*As if justifying himself to the others.*] I hadn't intended telling her anything but—suddenly—I felt I must. I didn't think it would matter, because I was going away, and before I came back I was sure she'd have forgotten. And I thought she loved—someone else. [*Slowly—his eyes shining.*] And then she cried and said it was I she'd loved all the time, but I hadn't seen it. [*Simply.*] So we're going to be married—very soon—and I'm happy—and that's all there is to say. [*Appealingly.*] But you see, I couldn't go away now—even if I wanted to. 85

MRS. MAYO—[*Getting up from her chair.*] Of course not! [*Rushes over and throws her arms about him.*] I knew it! I was just telling your father when you came in—and, Oh, Robbie, I'm so happy you're not going! 86

ROBERT—[*Kissing her.*] I knew you'd be glad, Ma. 87

MAYO—[*Bewilderedly.*] Well, I'll be damned! You do beat all for gettin' folks' minds all tangled up, Robert. 88
And Ruth too! Whatever got into her of a sudden? Why, I was thinkin'—

MRS. MAYO—[*Hurriedly—in a tone of warning.*] Never mind what you were thinking, James. It wouldn't be 89
any use telling us that now. [*Meaningly.*] And what you were hoping for turns out just the same almost,
doesn't it?

MAYO—[*Thoughtfully—beginning to see this side of the argument.*] Yes; I suppose you're right, Katey. 90
[*Scratching his head in puzzlement.*] But how it ever come about! It do beat anything ever I heard. [*Finally he
gets up with a sheepish grin and walks over to ROBERT.*] We're glad you ain't goin', your Ma and I, for we'd
have missed you terrible, that's certain and sure; and we're glad you've found happiness. Ruth's a fine girl
and'll make a good wife to you.

ROBERT—[*Much moved.*] Thank you, Pa. [*He grips his father's hand in his.*] 91

ANDREW—[*His face tense and drawn comes forward and holds out his hand, forcing a smile.*] I guess it's my 92
turn to offer congratulations, isn't it?

ROBERT—[*With a startled cry when his brother appears before him so suddenly.*] Andy! [*Confused.*] Why— 93
I—I didn't see you. Were you here when—

ANDREW—I heard everything you said; and here's wishing you every happiness, you and Ruth. You both 94
deserve the best there is.

ROBERT—[*Taking his hand.*] Thanks, Andy, it's fine of you to— [His voice dies away as he sees the pain in 95
ANDREW'S eyes.]

ANDREW—[*Giving his brother's hand a final grip.*] Good luck to you both! [*He turns away and goes back to 96
the rear when he bends over the lantern, fumbling with it to hide his emotion from the others.*]

MRS. MAYO—[*To the CAPTAIN, who has been too flabbergasted by ROBERT'S decision to say a word.*] 97
What's the matter, Dick? Aren't you going to congratulate Robbie?

SCOTT—[*Embarrassed.*] Of course I be! [*He gets to his feet and shakes ROBERT'S hand, muttering a vague* 98
Luck to you, boy. [*He stands beside ROBERT as if he wanted to say something more but doesn't know how to
go about it.*]

ROBERT—Thanks, Uncle Dick. 99

SCOTT—So you're not acomin' on the *Sunda* with me? [*His voice indicates disbelief.*] 100

ROBERT—I can't, Uncle—not now. I'm very grateful to you for having wanted to take me. I wouldn't miss it 101
for anything else in the world under any other circumstances. [*He sighs unconsciously.*] But you see I've
found—a bigger dream.

SCOTT—[*Gruffly.*] Bring the girl along with you. I'll fix it so there's room. 102

MRS. MAYO—[*Sharply.*] How can you propose such a crazy idea, Dick—to take a young girl on a sail-boat all 103
over the world and not a woman on the boat but herself. Have you lost your senses?

ROBERT—*[Regretfully.]* It would be wonderful if we could both go with you, Uncle—but it's impossible. Ruth couldn't go on account of her mother, and besides, I'm afraid she doesn't like the idea of the sea. 104

SCOTT—*[Putting all his disapproval into an exclamation.]* Humph! *[He goes back and sits down at the table.]* 105

ROBERT—*[In joyous high spirits.]* I want you all to understand one thing—I'm not going to be a loafer on your hands any longer. This means the beginning of a new life for me in every way. I'm sick and disgusted at myself for sitting around and seeing everyone else hard at work, while all I've been doing is keep the accounts—a couple of hours work a week! I'm going to settle right down and take a real interest in the farm, and do my share. I'll prove to you, Pa, that I'm as good a Mayo as you are—or Andy, when I want to be. 106

MAYO—*[Kindly but skeptically.]* That's the right spirit, Robert, but it ain't needful for you to— 107

MRS. MAYO—*[Interrupting him.]* No one said you weren't doing your part, Robbie. You've got to look out for— 108

ROBERT—I know what you're going to say, and that's another false idea you've got to get out of your heads. It's ridiculous for you to persist in looking on me as an invalid. I'm as well as anyone, and I'll prove it to you if you'll give me half a chance. Once I get the hang of it, I'll be able to do as hard a day's work as any one. You wait and see. 109

MAYO—Ain't none of us doubts your willin'ness, but you ain't never learned— 110

ROBERT—Then I'm going to start learning right away, and you'll teach me, won't you? 111

MAYO—*[Mollifyingly.]* Of course I will, boy, and be glad to, only you'd best go easy at first. 112

ROBERT—With the two farms to look after, you'll need me; and when I marry Ruth I'll have to know how to take care of things for her and her mother. 113

MAYO—That's so, son. 114

SCOTT—*[Who has listened to this conversation in mingled consternation and amazement.]* You don't mean to tell me you're goin' to let him stay, do you, James? 115

MAYO—Why, things bein' as they be, Robert's free to do as he's a mind to. 116

MRS. MAYO—*Let him!* The very idea! 117

SCOTT—*[More and more ruffled.]* Then all I got to say is, you're a soft, weak-willed critter to be permittin' a boy—and women, too—to be layin' your course for you wherever they damn pleases. 118

MAYO—*[Slyly amused.]* It's just the same with me as 'twas with you, Dick. You can't order the tides on the seas to suit you, and I ain't pretendin' I can reg'late love for young folks. 119

SCOTT—*[Scornfully.]* Love! They ain't old enough to know love when they sight it! Love! I'm ashamed of you, Robert, to go lettin' a little huggin' and kissin' in the dark spile your chances to make a man out o' yourself. It ain't common sense—no siree, it ain't—not by a hell of a sight! *[He pounds the table with his fists in exasperation.]* 120

ROBERT—[*Smiling.*] I'm afraid I can't help it, Uncle. 121

SCOTT—Humph! You ain't got any sand, that's what! And you, James Mayo, lettin' boys and women run things to the devil and back—you've got less sense than he has! 122

MAYO—[*With a grin.*] If Robert can't help it, I'm sure I ain't able, Dick. 123

MRS. MAYO—[*Laughing provokingly at her brother.*] A fine one you are to be talking about love, Dick—an old cranky bachelor like you. Goodness sakes! 124

SCOTT—[*Exasperated by their joking.*] I've never been a damn fool like most, if that's what you're steerin' at. 125

MRS. MAYO—[*Tauntingly.*] Sour grapes, aren't they, Dick? [*She laughs. ROBERT and his father chuckle. SCOTT sputters with annoyance.*] Good gracious, Dick, you do act silly, flying into a temper over nothing. 126

SCOTT—[*Indignantly.*] Nothin'! Is that what you call it—nothin'? You talk as if I wasn't concerned nohow in this here business. Seems to me I've got a right to have my say. Ain't I gone to all sorts o' trouble gettin' the sta'b'd cabin all cleaned out and painted and fixed up so's that Robert o' yours 'd be comfortable? Ain't I made all arrangements with the owners and stocked up with some special grub all on Robert's account? 127

ROBERT—You've been fine, Uncle Dick; and I appreciate it. Truly. 128

MAYO—'Course; we all does, Dick. 129

MRS. MAYO—And don't spoil it now by getting angry at us. 130

SCOTT—[*Unplacated.*] It's all right for you to say don't this and don't that; but you ain't seen things from my side of it. I've been countin' sure on havin' Robert for company on this vige—to sorta talk to and show things to, and teach, kinda, and I got my mind so set on havin' him I'm goin' to be double lonesome this vige. [*He pounds on the table, attempting to cover up this confession of weakness.*] Darn all this silly lovin' business, anyway. 131

MRS. MAYO—[*Touched.*] It's too bad you have to be so lonesome, Dick. Why don't you give up the old boat? You've been on the sea long enough, heaven's knows. Why don't you make up your mind and settle down here with us? 132

SCOTT—[*Emphatically.*] And go diggin' up the dirt and plantin' things? Not by a hell of a sight! You can have all the darned dirt in the earth for all o' me. I ain't sayin' it ain't all right—if you're made that way—but *I ain't*. No settlin' down for me. No sirree! [*Irritably.*] But all this talk ain't tellin' me what I'm to do with that sta'b'd cabin I fixed up. It's all painted white, an a bran new mattress on the bunk, 'n' new sheets 'n' blankets 'n' things. And Chips built in a book-case so's Robert could take his books along—with a slidin' bar fixed across't it, mind, so's they couldn't fall out no matter how she rolled. [*With excited consternation.*] What d'you suppose my officers is goin' to think when there's no one comes aboard to occupy that sta'b'd cabin? And the men what did the work on it—what'll *they* think? [*He shakes his finger indignantly.*] They're liable as not to suspicion it was a *woman* I'd planned to ship along, and that she gave me the go-by at the last moment! [*He wipes his perspiring brow in anguish at this thought.*] Gawd A'mighty! They're only lookin' to have the laugh on me for something like that. They're liable to b'lieve anything, those fellers is! 133

Eugene O'Neil, *Beyond the Horizon*

MAYO—[*With a wink.*] Then there's nothing to it but for you to get right out and hunt up a wife somewheres for that spic 'n' span cabin. She'll have to be a pretty one, too, to match it. [*He looks at his watch with exaggerated concern.*] You ain't got much time to find her, Dick. 134

SCOTT—[*As the others smile—sulkily.*] You kin go to thunder, Jim Mayo! 135

ANDREW—[*Comes forward from where he has been standing by the door, rear, brooding. His face is set in a look of grim determination.*] You needn't worry about that spare cabin, Uncle Dick, if you've a mind to take me in Robert's place. 136

ROBERT—[*Turning to him quickly.*] Andy! [*He sees at once the fixed resolve in his brother's eyes, and realizes immediately the reason for it—in consternation.*] Andy, you mustn't! 137

ANDREW—You've made your decision, Rob, and now I've made mine. You're out of this, remember. 138

ROBERT—[*Hurt by his brother's tone.*] But Andy— 139

ANDREW—Don't interfere, Rob—that's all I ask. [*Turning to his uncle.*] You haven't answered my question, Uncle Dick. 140

SCOTT—[*Clearing his throat, with an uneasy side glance at JAMES MAYO who is staring at his elder son as if he thought he had suddenly gone mad.*] O' course, I'd be glad to have you, Andy. 141

ANDREW—It's settled then. I can pack the little I want to take in a few minutes. 142

MRS. MAYO—Don't be a fool, Dick. Andy's only joking you. He wouldn't go for anything. 143

SCOTT—[*Disgruntledly.*] It's hard to tell who's jokin' and who's not in this house. 144

ANDREW—[*Firmly.*] I'm not joking, Uncle Dick—and since I've got your permission, I'm going with you. [*As* 145

SCOTT *looks at him uncertainly.*] You needn't be afraid I'll go back on my word. When I say I'll go, I'll go.

ROBERT—[*Hurt by the insinuation he feels in ANDREW'S one.*] Andy! That isn't fair! 146

MRS. MAYO—[*Beginning to be disturbed.*] But I know he must be fooling us. Aren't you, Andy? 147

ANDREW—No, Ma, I'm not. 148

MAYO—[*Frowning.*] Seems to me this ain't no subject to joke over—not for Andy. 149

ANDREW—[*Facing his father.*] I agree with you, Pa, and I tell you again, once and for all, that I've made up my mind to go. 150

MAYO—[*Dumbfounded—unable to doubt the determination in ANDREW'S voice—helplessly.*] But why, son? Why? 151

ANDREW—[*Evasively.*] I've always wanted to go, even if I ain't said anything about it. 152

ROBERT—Andy!

Eugene O’Neil, *Beyond the Horizon*

- 153
- ANDREW—[*Half-angrily.*] You shut up, Rob! I told you to keep out of this. [*Turning to his father again.*] I didn't ever mention it because as long as Rob was going I knew it was no use; but now Rob's staying on here, and Uncle Dick wants someone along with him, there isn't any reason for me not to go. 154
- MAYO—[*Breathing hard.*] No reason? Can you stand there and say that to me, Andrew? 155
- MRS. MAYO—[*Hastily—seeing the gathering storm.*] He doesn't mean a word of it, James. 156
- MAYO—[*Making a gesture to her to keep silence.*] Let me talk, Katey. [*In a more kindly tone.*] What's come over you so sudden, Andy? You know's well as I do that it wouldn't be fair o' you to run off at a moment's notice right now when we're up to our necks in hard work. 157
- ANDREW—[*Avoiding his eyes.*] Rob'll hold his end up as soon as he learns. 158
- MAYO—You know that ain't so. Robert was never cut out for a farmer, and you was. 159
- ANDREW—You can easily get a man to do my work. 160
- MAYO—[*Restraining his anger with an effort.*] It sounds strange to hear you, Andy, that I always thought had good sense, talkin' crazy like that. And you don't believe yourself one bit of what you've been sayin'—not 'less you've suddenly gone out of your mind. [*Scornfully.*] Get a man to take your place! Where'd I get him, tell me, with the shortage of farm labor hereabouts? And if I could get one, what int'rest d'you suppose he'd take beyond doin' as little work as he could for the money I paid him? You ain't been workin' here for no hire, Andy, that you kin give me your notice to quit like you've done. The farm is your'n as well as mine. You've always worked on it with that understanding; and what you're sayin' you intend doin' is just skulkin' out o' your rightful responsibility. 161
- ANDREW—[*Looking at the floor—simply.*] I'm sorry, Pa. [*After a slight pause.*] It's no use talking any more about it. 162
- MRS. MAYO—[*In relief.*] There! I knew Andy'd come to his senses! 163
- ANDREW—Don't get the wrong idea, Ma. I'm not backing out. 164
- MAYO—You mean you're goin' in spite of—everythin'? 165
- ANDREW—Yes. I'm going. I want to—and—I've got to. [*He looks at his father defiantly.*] I feel I oughtn't to miss this chance to go out into the world and see things, and—I want to go. 166
- MAYO—[*With bitter scorn.*] So—you want to go out into the world and see thin's! [*His voice raised and quivering with anger.*] I never thought I'd live to see the day when a son o' mine 'd look me in the face and tell a bare-faced lie! [*Bursting out.*] You're a liar, Andy Mayo, and a mean one to boot! 167
- MRS. MAYO—James! 168
- ROBERT—Pa! 169
- SCOTT—Steady there, Jim! 170

MAYO—[*Waving their protests aside.*] He is and he knows it. 171

ANDREW—[*His face flushed.*] I won't argue with you, Pa. You can think as badly of me as you like. I can't help that. Let's not talk about it any more. I've made up my mind, and nothing you can say will change it. 172

MAYO—[*Shaking his finger at ANDY, in a cold rage.*] You know I'm speakin' truth—that's why you're afraid to argy! You lie when you say you want to go 'way—and see things! You ain't got no likin' in the world to go. Your place is right here on this farm—the place you was born to by nature—and you can't tell me no different. I've watched you grow up, and I know your ways, and they're my ways. You're runnin' against your own nature, and you're goin' to be a'mighty sorry for it if you do. You're tryin' to pretend to me something that don't fit in with your make-up, and it's damn fool pretendin' if you think you're foolin' me. 'S if I didn't know your real reason for runnin' away! And runnin' away's the only words to fit it. You're runnin' away 'cause you're put out and riled 'cause your own brother's got Ruth 'stead o' you, and— 173

ANDREW—[*His face crimson—tensely.*] Stop, Pa! I won't stand hearing that—not even from you! 174

MRS. MAYO—[*Rushing to ANDY and putting her arms about him protectingly.*] Don't mind him, Andy dear. He don't mean a word he's saying! [ROBERT stands rigidly, his hands clenched, his face contracted by pain. 175

SCOTT sits dumbfounded and open-mouthed. ANDREW soothes his mother who is on the verge of tears.]

MAYO—[*In angry triumph.*] It's the truth, Andy Mayo! And you ought to be bowed in shame to think of it! 176

ROBERT—[*Protestingly.*] Pa! You've gone far enough. It's a shame for you to talk that way! 177

MRS. MAYO—[*Coming from ANDREW to his father; puts her hands on his shoulders as though to try and push him back in the chair from which he has risen.*] Won't you be still, James? Please won't you? 178

MAYO—[*Looking at ANDREW over his wife's shoulder—stubbornly.*] The truth—God's truth! 179

MRS. MAYO—Sh-h-h! [*She tries to put a finger across his lips, but he twists his head away.*] 180

ANDREW—[*Who has regained control over himself.*] You're wrong, Pa, it isn't truth. [*With defiant assertiveness.*] I don't love Ruth. I never loved her, and the thought of such a thing never entered my head. 181

MAYO—[*With an angry snort of disbelief.*] Hump! You're pilin' lie on lie! 182

ANDREW—[*Losing his temper—bitterly.*] I suppose it'd be hard for you to explain anyone's wanting to leave this blessed farm except for some outside reason like that. You think these few measly acres are heaven, and that none'd want to ever do nothing in all their lives but stay right here and work like a dog all the time. But I'm sick and tired of it—whether you want to believe me or not—and that's why I'm glad to get a chance to move on. I've been sick and tired of farm life for a long time, and if I hadn't said anything about it, it was only to save your feelings. Just because you love it here, you've got your mind set that I like it, too. You want me to stay on so's you can know that I'll be taking care of the rotten farm after you're gone. Well, Rob'll be here, and he's a Mayo, too. You can leave it in his hands. 183

ROBERT—Andy! Don't! You're only making it worse. 184

ANDREW—[*Sulkily.*] I don't care. I've done my share of work here. I've earned my right to quit when I want 185

to. *[Suddenly overcome with anger and grief; with rising intensity.]* I'm sick and tired of the whole damn business. I hate the farm and every inch of ground in it. I'm sick of digging in the dirt and sweating in the sun like a slave without getting a word of thanks for it. *[Tears of rage starting to his eyes—hoarsely.]* I'm through, through for good and all; and if Uncle Dick won't take me on his ship, I'll find another. I'll get away somewhere, somehow.

MRS. MAYO—*[In a frightened voice.]* Don't you answer him, James. He doesn't know what he's saying to you. Don't say a word to him 'til he's in his right senses again. Please James, don't— 186

MAYO—*[Pushes her away from him; his face is drawn and pale with the violence of his passion. He glares at ANDREW as if he hated him.]* You dare to—you dare to speak like that to me? You talk like that 'bout this farm—the Mayo farm—where you was born—you—you— *[He clenches his fist above his head and advances threateningly on ANDREW.]* You damned whelp! 187

MRS. MAYO—*[With a shriek.]* James! *[She covers her face with her hands and sinks weakly into MAYO'S chair. ANDREW remains standing motionless, his face pale and set.]* 188

SCOTT—*[Starting to his feet and stretching his arms across the table toward MAYO.]* Easy there, Jim! 189

ROBERT—*[Throwing himself between father and brother.]* Stop! Are you mad? 190

MAYO—*[Grabs ROBERT'S arm and pushes him aside—then stands for a moment gasping for breath before ANDREW. He points to the door with a shaking finger.]* Yes—go!—go!—You're no son o' mine—no son o' mine! You can go to hell if you want to! Don't let me find you here—in the mornin'—or—or—I'll throw you out! 191

ROBERT—Pa! For God's sake! 192

[MRS. MAYO bursts into noisy sobbing.] 193

SCOTT—*[Placatingly.]* Ain't you goin' too far, Jim? 194

MAYO—*[Turning on him furiously.]* Shut up, you—you Dick! It's your fault—a lot o' this—you and your cussed ship! Don't you take him—if you do—don't you dare darken this door again. Let him go by himself and learn to starve—starve! *[He gulps convulsively and turns again to ANDREW.]* And you go—tomorrow mornin'—and by God—don't come back—don't dare come back—by God, not while I'm livin'—or I'll—I'll— *[He shakes over his muttered threat and strides toward the door rear, right.]* 195

MRS. MAYO—*[Rising and throwing her arms around him—hysterically.]* James! James! Where are you going? 196

MAYO—*[Incoherently.]* I'm goin'—to bed, Katey. It's late, Katey—it's late. *[He goes out.]* 197

MRS. MAYO—*[Following him, pleading hysterically.]* James! Take back what you've said to Andy. James! *[She follows him out. ROBERT and the CAPTAIN stare after them with horrified eyes. ANDREW stands rigidly looking straight in front of him, his fists clenched at his sides.]* 198

SCOTT—*[The first to find his voice—with an explosive sigh.]* Well, if he ain't the devil himself when he's roused! You oughtn't to have talked to him that way, Andy 'bout the damn farm, knowin' how touchy he is 199

about it. [*With another sigh.*] Well, you won't mind what he's said in anger. He'll be sorry for it when he's calmed down a bit.

ANDREW—[*In a dead voice.*] No, he won't. You don't know him. [*Defiantly.*] What's said is said and can't be 200
unsaid; and I've chosen.

SCOTT—[*Uncertainly.*] You don't mean—you're still a mind to go—go with me, do you? 201

ANDREW—[*Stubbornly.*] I haven't said I've changed my mind, have I? There's all the reason in the world for 202
me to go—now. And I'm going if you're not afraid to take me after what he said.

ROBERT—[*With violent protest.*] Andy! You can't! Don't be a fool! This is all so stupid—and terrible. 203

ANDREW—[*Coldly.*] I'll talk to you in a minute, Rob, when we're alone. This is between Uncle and me. 204
[*Crushed by his brother's cold indifference, ROBERT sinks down into a chair, holding his head in his hands.*]

ANDREW *turns again to SCOTT.*] If you don't want to take me, it's all right—there's no hard feelings. I can understand you don't like to fall out with Pa.

SCOTT—[*Indignantly.*] Gawd A'mighty, Andy, I ain't scared o' your Pa, nor no man livin', I want t'have you 205
come along! Only I was thinkin' o' Kate. We don't want her to have to suffer from his contrariness. Let's see. [*He screws up his brows in thought.*] S'posing we both lie a little, eh? I'll tell 'em you're not comin' with me, and you tell 'em you're goin' to the port to get another ship. We can leave here in the team together. That's natural enough. They can't suspect nothin' from that. And then you can write home the first port we touch and explain things. [*He winks at ANDREW cunningly.*] Are you on to the course?

ANDREW—[*Frowning.*] Yes—if you think it's best. 206

SCOTT—For your Ma's sake. I wouldn't ask it, else. 207

ANDREW—[*Shrugging his shoulders.*] All right then. 208

SCOTT—[*With a great sigh of relief—comes and slaps ANDREW on the back—beaming.*] I'm damned glad 209
you're shippin' on, Andy. I like your spirit, and the way you spoke up to him. [*Lowering his voice to a cautious whisper.*] You was right not to want to waste your life plowin' dirt and pattin' it down again. The sea's the place for a young feller like you that isn't half dead 'n' alive. [*He gives ANDY a final approving slap.*] You'n' me 'll get along like twins, see if we don't. I'm durned glad you're comin', boy.

ANDREW—[*Wearily.*] Let's not talk about it any more, Uncle. I'm tired of talking. 210

SCOTT—Right! I'm goin' aloft to turn in, and leave you two alone. Don't forget to pack your dunnage. And 211
git some sleep, if you kin. We'll want to sneak out extra early b'fore they're up. It'll do away with more argyments. Robert can drive us down to the town, and bring back the team. [*He goes to the door in the rear, left.*] Well, good night.

ANDREW—Good night. [SCOTT goes out. The two brothers remain silent for a moment. Then ANDREW 212
comes over to his brother and puts a hand on his back. He speaks in a low voice, full of feeling.] Buck up, Rob. It ain't any use crying over spilt milk; and it'll all turn out for the best—let's hope. It couldn't be helped—what's happened.

ROBERT—[*Wildly.*] But it's a lie, Andy, a lie! 213

ANDREW—Of course it's a lie. You know it and I know it,—but that's all ought to know it. 214

ROBERT—Pa'll never forgive you. Oh, why did you want to anger him like that? You know how he feels about the farm. Oh, the whole affair is so senseless—and tragic. Why did you think you must go away? 215

ANDREW—You know better than to ask that. You know why. [*Fiercely.*] I can wish you and Ruth all the good luck in the world, and I do, and I mean it; but you can't expect me to stay around here and watch you two together, day after day—and me alone. You couldn't expect that! I couldn't stand it—not after all the plans I'd made to happen on this place thinking— [His voice breaks.] Thinking she cared for me. 216

ROBERT—[*Putting a hand on his brother's arm.*] God! It's horrible! I feel so guilty—to think that I should be the cause of your suffering, after we've been such pals all our lives. If I could have foreseen what'd happen, I swear to you I'd have never said a word to Ruth. I swear I wouldn't have, Andy. 217

ANDREW—I know you wouldn't; and that would've been worse, for Ruth would've suffered then. [*He pats his brother's shoulder.*] It's best as it is. It had to be, and I've got to stand the gaff, that's all. Pa'll see how I felt—after a time. [*As ROBERT shakes his head*]—and if he don't—well, it can't be helped. 218

ROBERT—But think of Ma! God, Andy, you can't go! You can't! 219

ANDREW—[*Fiercely.*] I've got to go—to get away! I've got to, I tell you. I'd die here. I'd kill myself! Can't you understand what it'd mean to me, how I'd suffer? You don't know how I'd planned—for Ruth and me—the hopes I'd had about what the future'd be like. You can't blame me to go. You'd do the same yourself. I'd go crazy here, bein' reminded every second of the day how my life's been smashed, and what a fool I'd made of myself. I'd have nothing to hope or live for. I've got to get away and try and forget, if I can. I never could stay here—seeing her. And I'd hate the farm if I stayed, hate it for bringin' things back. I couldn't take interest in the work any more, work with no purpose in sight. Can't you see what a hell it'd be? You love her too, Rob. Put yourself in my place, and remember I haven't stopped loving her, and couldn't if I was to stay. Would that be fair to you or to her? Put yourself in my place. [*He shakes his brother fiercely by the shoulder.*] What'd you do then? Tell me the truth! You love her. What'd you do? In spite of all hell, what'd you do? 220

ROBERT—[*Chokingly.*] I'd—I'd go, Andy! [*He buries his face in his hands with a shuddering sob.*] God! 221

ANDREW—[*Seeming to relax suddenly all over his body—in a low, steady voice.*] Then you know why I got to go; and there's nothing more to be said. 222

ROBERT—[*In a frenzy of rebellion.*] Why did this have to happen to us? It's damnable! [*He looks about him wildly, as if his vengeance were seeking the responsible fate.*] 223

ANDREW—[*Soothingly—again putting his hands on his brother's shoulder.*] It's no use fussing any more, Rob. It's done. [*Affectionately.*] You'll forget anything I said to hurt when I was mad, won't you? I wanted to keep you out of it. 224

ROBERT—Oh, Andy, it's me who ought to be asking your forgiveness for the suffering I've brought on you. 225

ANDREW—[*Forcing a smile.*] I guess Ruth's got a right to have who she likes; you ain't to blame for that. She made a good choice—and God bless her for it! 226

ROBERT—Andy! Oh, I wish I could tell you half I feel of how fine you are! 227

ANDREW—*[Interrupting him quickly.]* Shut up! Let's go to bed. We've talked long enough, and I've got to be up long before sun-up. You, too, if you're going to drive us down. 228

ROBERT—Yes. Yes. 229

ANDREW—*[Turning down the lamp.]* And I've got to pack yet. *[He yawns with utter weariness.]* I'm as tired as if I'd been plowing twenty-four hours at a stretch. *[Dully.]* I feel—dead. *[ROBERT covers his face again with his hands. ANDREW shakes his head as if to get rid of his thoughts, and continues with a poor attempt at cheery briskness.]* I'm going to douse the light. Come on. *[He slaps his brother on the back. ROBERT does not move. ANDREW bends over and blows out the lamp. His voice comes from the darkness.]* Don't sit there mourning, Rob. It'll all come out in the wash. Come on and get some sleep. Everything 'll turn out all right in the end. *[ROBERT can be heard stumbling to his feet, and the dark figures of the two brothers can be seen groping their way toward the doorway in the rear as*

[The Curtain Falls]

ACT TWO

SCENE ONE

SCENE—*Same as Act One, Scene Two. Sitting room of the farm house about half past twelve in the afternoon of a hot, sun-baked day in mid-summer, three years later. All the windows are open, but no breeze stirs the soiled white curtains. A patched screen door is in the rear. Through it the yard can be seen, its small stretch of lawn divided by the dirt path leading to the door from the gate in the white picket fence which borders the road.* 1

The room has changed, not so much in its outward appearance as in its general atmosphere. Little significant details give evidence of carelessness, of inefficiency, of an industry gone to seed. The chairs appear shabby from lack of paint; the table cover is spotted and askew; holes show in the curtains; a child's doll, with one arm gone, lies under the table; a hoe stands in a corner; a man's coat is flung on the couch in the rear; the desk is cluttered up with odds and ends; a number of books are piled carelessly on the side-board. The noon enervation of the sultry, scorching day seems to have penetrated indoors, causing even inanimate objects to wear an aspect of despondent exhaustion. 2

A place is set at the end of the table, left, for someone's dinner. Through the open door to the kitchen comes the clatter of dishes being washed, interrupted at intervals by a woman's irritated voice and the peevish whining of a child. 3

At the rise of the curtain MRS. MAYO and MRS. ATKINS are discovered sitting facing each other, MRS. MAYO to the rear, MRS. ATKINS to the right of the table. MRS. MAYO'S face has lost all character, disintegrated, become a weak mask wearing a helpless, doleful expression of being constantly on the verge of comfortless tears. She speaks in an uncertain voice, without assertiveness, as if all power of willing had deserted her. MRS. ATKINS is in her wheel chair. She is a thin, pale-faced, unintelligent looking woman of about forty-eight, with hard, bright eyes. A victim of partial paralysis for many years, condemned to be pushed from day to day of her life in a wheel chair, she has developed the selfish, irritable nature of the chronic invalid. 4

Both women are dressed in black. MRS. ATKINS knits nervously as she talks. A ball of unused yarn, with needles stuck through it, lies on the table before MRS. MAYO.

MRS. ATKINS—*[With a disapproving glance at the place set on the table.]* Robert's late for his dinner again, as usual. I don't see why Ruth puts up with it, and I've told her so. Many's the time I've said to her "It's about time you put a stop to his nonsense. Does he suppose you're runnin' a hotel—with no one to help with things?" But she don't pay no attention. She's as bad as he is, a'most—thinks she knows better than an old, sick body like me. 5

MRS. MAYO—*[Dully.]* Robbie's always late for things. He can't help it, Sarah. 6

MRS. ATKINS—*[With a snort.]* Can't help it! How you do go on, Kate, findin' excuses for him! Anybody can help anything they've a mind to—as long as they've got health, and ain't rendered helpless like me, *[She adds as a pious afterthought]*—through the will of God. 7

MRS. MAYO—Robbie can't. 8

MRS. ATKINS—Can't! It do make me mad, Kate Mayo, to see folks that God gave all the use of their limbs to potterin' round and wastin' time doin' every thing the wrong way—and me powerless to help and at their mercy, you might say. And it ain't that I haven't pointed the right way to 'em. I've talked to Robert thousands of times and told him how things ought to be done. You know that, Kate Mayo. But d'you s'pose he takes any notice of what I say? Or Ruth, either—my own daughter? No, they think I'm a crazy, cranky old woman, half dead a'ready, and the sooner I'm in the grave and out o' their way the better it'd suit them. 9

MRS. MAYO—You mustn't talk that way, Sarah. They're not as wicked as that. Add you've got years and years before you. 10

MRS. ATKINS—You're like the rest, Kate. You don't know how near the end I am. Well, at least I can go to my eternal rest with a clear conscience. I've done all a body could do to avert ruin from this house. On their heads be it! 11

MRS. MAYO—*[With hopeless indifference.]* Things might be worse. Robert never had any experience in farming. You can't expect him to learn in a day. 12

MRS. ATKINS—*[Snappily.]* He's had three years to learn, and he's gettin' worse 'stead of better. He hasn't got it in him, that's what; and I do say it to you, Kate Mayo, even if he is your son. He doesn't want to learn. Everything I've told him he's that pig-headed he's gone and done the exact opposite. And now look where things are! They couldn't be worse, spite o' what you say. Not on'y your place but mine too is driftin' to rack and ruin, and I can't do nothin' to prevent, 'cause Ruth backs him up in his folly and shiftlessness. 13

MRS. MAYO—*[With a spark of assertiveness.]* You can't say but Robbie works hard, Sarah. 14

MRS. ATKINS—What good's workin' hard if it don't accomplish anythin', I'd like to 15

know?

MRS. MAYO—Robbie's had bad luck against him. 16

MRS. ATKINS—Say what you've a mind to, Kate, the proof of the puddin's in the eatin'; and you can't deny that things have been goin' from bad to worse ever since your husband died two years back. 17

MRS. MAYO—[*Wiping tears from her eyes with her handkerchief.*] It was God's will that he should be taken. 18

MRS. ATKINS—[*Triumphantly.*] It was God's punishment on James Mayo for the blaspheming and denyin' of God he done all his sinful life! [MRS. MAYO *begins to weep softly.*] There, Kate, I shouldn't be remindin' you, I know. He's at peace, poor man, and forgiven, let's pray. 19

MR. MAYO—[*Wiping her eyes—simply.*] James was a good man. 20

MRS. ATKINS—[*Ignoring this remark.*] What I was sayin' was that since Robert's been in charge things've been goin' down hill steady. You don't know *how* bad they are. Robert don't let on to you what's happenin'; and you'd never see it yourself if 'twas under your nose. But, thank God, Ruth still comes to me once in a while for advice when she's worried near out of her senses by his goin's-on. Do you know what she told me last night? But I forgot, she said not to tell you—still I think you've got a right to know, and it's my duty not to let such things go on behind your back. 21

MRS. MAYO—[*Wearily.*] You can tell me if you want to. 22

MRS. ATKINS—[*Bending over toward her—in a low voice.*] Ruth was almost crazy about it. Robert told her he'd have to mortgage the farm—said he didn't know how he'd pull through 'til harvest without it, and he can't get money any other way. [*She straightens up—indignantly.*] Now what do you think of your Robert? 23

MRS. MAYO—[*Resignedly.*] If it has to be— 24

MRS. ATKINS—You don't mean to say you're goin' to sign away your farm, Kate Mayo—after me warnin' you? 25

MRS. MAYO—I'll do what Robbie says is needful. 26

MRS. ATKINS—[*Holding up her hands.*] Well, of all the foolishness!—well, it's your farm, not mine, and I've nothin' more to say. 27

MRS. MAYO—Maybe Robbie'll manage till Andy gets back and sees to things. It can't be long now. 28

MRS. ATKINS—[*With keen interest.*] Ruth says Andy ought to turn up any day. When does Robert figger he'll get here? 29

30

MRS. MAYO—He says he can't calculate exactly on account o' the *Sunda* being a sail boat. Last letter he got was from England, the day they were sailing for home. That was over a month ago, and Robbie thinks they're overdue now.

MRS. ATKINS—We can give praise to God then that he'll be back in the nick o' time. I've got confidence in Andy and always did have, when it comes to farmin'; and he ought to be tired of travellin' and anxious to get home and settle down to work again. 31

MRS. MAYO—Andy *has* been working. He's head officer on Dick's boat, he wrote Robbie. You know that. 32

MRS. ATKINS—That foolin' on ships is all right for a spell, but he must be right sick of it by this. Andy's got to the age where it's time he took hold of things serious and got this farm workin' as it ought to be again. 33

MRS. MAYO—[*Musingly.*] I wonder if he's changed much. He used to be so fine-looking and strong. [With a sigh.] Three years! It seems more like three hundred. [Her eyes filling—piteously.] Oh, if James could only have lived 'til he came back—and forgiven him! 34

MRS. ATKINS—He never would have—not James Mayo! Didn't he keep his heart hardened against him till the last in spite of all you and Robert did to soften him? 35

MRS. MAYO—[With a feeble flash of anger.] Don't you dare say that! [Brokenly.] Oh, I know deep down in his heart he forgave Andy, though he was too stubborn ever to own up to it. It was that brought on his death—breaking his heart just on account of his stubborn pride. [She wipes her eyes with her handkerchief and sobs.] 36

MRS. ATKINS—[Piously.] It was the will of God. [The whining crying of the child sounds from the kitchen. MRS. ATKINS frowns irritably.] Drat that young one! Seems as if she cries all the time on purpose to set a body's nerves on edge. 37

MRS. MAYO—[Wiping her eyes.] It's the heat upsets her. Mary doesn't feel any too well these days, poor little child! 38

MRS. ATKINS—She gets it right from her Pa—bein' sickly all the time. You can't deny Robert was always ailin' as a child. [She sighs heavily.] It was a crazy mistake for them two to get married. I argyed against it at the time, but Ruth was so spelled with Robert's wild poetry notions she wouldn't listen to sense. Andy was the one would have been the match for her. I always thought so in those days, same as your James did; and I know she liked Andy. Then 'long comes Robert with his book-learnin' and high-fangled talk—and off she goes and marries him. 39

MRS. MAYO—I've often thought since it might have been better the other way. But Ruth and Robbie seem happy enough together. 40

MRS. ATKINS—At any rate it was God's work—and His will be done. [The two women sit in silence for a moment. RUTH enters from the kitchen, carrying in her arms her two year old daughter, MARY, a pretty but sickly and aenemic looking child 41

with a tear-stained face. RUTH has aged appreciably. Her face has lost its youth and freshness. There is a trace in her expression of something hard and spiteful. She sits in the rocker in front of the table and sighs wearily. She wears a gingham dress with a soiled apron tied around her waist.]

RUTH—Land sakes, if this isn't a scorcher! That kitchen's like a furnace. Phew! *[She pushes the damp hair back from her forehead.]* 42

MRS. MAYO—Why didn't you call me to help with the dishes? 43

RUTH—*[Shortly.]* No. The heat in there'd kill you. 44

MARY—*[Sees the doll under the table and struggles on her mother's lap.]* Mary wants Dolly, Mama! Give Mary Dolly! 45

RUTH—*[Pulling her back.]* It's time for your nap. You can't play with Dolly now. 46

MARY—*[Commencing to cry whiningly.]* Mary wants Dolly! 47

MRS. ATKINS—*[Irritably.]* Can't you keep that child still? Her racket's enough to split a body's ears. Put her down and let her play with the doll if it'll quiet her. 48

RUTH—*[Lifting MARY to the floor.]* There! I hope you'll be satisfied and keep still. You're only to play for a minute, remember. Then you've got to take your nap. *[MARY sits down on the floor before the table and plays with the doll in silence.]* 49

RUTH *glances at the place set on the table.]* It's a wonder Rob wouldn't try to get to meals on time once in a while. Does he think I've nothing to do on a hot day like this but stand in that kitchen washing dishes?

MRS. MAYO—*[Dully.]* Something must have gone wrong again. 50

RUTH—*[Wearily.]* I s'pose so. Something's always going wrong these days, it looks like. 51

MRS. ATKINS—*[Snappily.]* It wouldn't if you possessed a bit of spunk. The idea of you permittin' him to come in to meals at all hours—and you doin' the work! You ought to force him to have more consideration. I never heard of such a thin'. You mind my words and let him go to the kitchen and get his own once in a while, and see if he don't toe the mark. You're too easy goin', that's the trouble. 52

RUTH—Do stop your nagging at me, Ma! I'm sick of hearing you. I'll do as I please about it; and thank you for not interfering. *[She wipes her moist forehead—wearily.]* Phew! It's too hot to argue. Let's talk of something pleasant. *[Curiously.]* Didn't I hear you speaking about Andy a while ago? 53

MRS. MAYO—We were wondering when he'd get home. 54

RUTH—*[Brightening.]* Rob says any day now he's liable to drop in and surprise us—him and the Captain. I wonder if he's changed much—what he'll be like. It'll certainly 55

look natural to see him around the farm again.

MRS. ATKINS—Let's hope the farm'll look more natural, too, when he's had a hand at it. The way thin's are now! 56

RUTH—[*Irritably.*] Will you stop harping on that, Ma? We all know things aren't as they might be. What's the good of your complaining all the time? 57

MRS. ATKINS—There, Kate Mayo! Ain't that just what I told you? I can't say a word of advice to my own daughter even, she's that stubborn and self-willed. 58

RUTH—[*Putting her hands over her ears—in exasperation.*] For goodness sakes, Ma! 59

MRS. MAYO—[*Dully.*] Never mind. Andy'll fix everything when he comes. 60

RUTH—[*Hopefully.*] Oh, yes, I know he will. He always did know just the right thing ought to be done. [*With weary vexation.*] It's a shame for him to come home and have to start in with things in such a topsy-turvy. 61

MRS. MAYO—Andy'll manage. 62

RUTH—[*Sighing.*] I s'pose it isn't Rob's fault things go wrong with him. 63

MRS. ATKINS—[*Scornfully.*] Hump! [*She fans herself nervously.*] Land o' Goshen, but it's bakin' in here! Let's go out in under the trees in back where there's a breath of fresh air. Come, Kate. [*MRS. MAYO gets up obediently and starts to wheel the invalid's chair toward the screen door.*] You better come too, Ruth. It'll do you good. Learn him a lesson and let him get his own dinner. Don't be such a fool. 64

RUTH—[*Going and holding the screen door open for them—listlessly.*] He wouldn't mind. He tells me never to wait—but he wouldn't know where to find anything. 65

MRS. ATKINS—Let him go hungry then—and serve him right. 66

RUTH—He wouldn't mind that, either. He doesn't eat much. But I can't go anyway. I've got to put baby to bed. 67

MRS. ATKINS—Let's go, Kate. I'm boilin' in here. [*MRS. MAYO wheels her out and off left. RUTH comes back and sits down in her chair.*] 68

RUTH—[*Mechanically.*] Come and let me take off your shoes and stockings, Mary, that's a good girl. You've got to take your nap now. [*The child continues to play as if she hadn't heard, absorbed in her doll. An eager expression comes over RUTH'S tired face. She glances toward the door furtively—then gets up and goes to the desk. Her movements indicate a guilty fear of discovery. She takes a letter from a pigeon hole and retreats swiftly to her chair with it. She opens the envelope and reads the letter with great interest, a flush of excitement coming to her cheeks. ROBERT walks up the path and opens the screen door quietly and comes into the room. He, too, has aged. His shoulders are stooped as if under too great a burden. His eyes are dull and*] 69

lifeless, his face burned by the sun and unshaven for days. Streaks of sweat have smudged the layer of dust on his cheeks. His lips drawn down at the corners, give him a hopeless, resigned expression. The three years have accentuated the weakness of his mouth and chin. He is dressed in overalls, laced boots, and a flannel shirt open at the neck.]

ROBERT—*[Throwing his hat over on the sofa—with a great sigh of exhaustion.]* 70
Phew! The sun's hot today! *[RUTH is startled. At first she makes an instinctive motion as if to hide the letter in her bosom. She immediately thinks better of this and sits with the letter in her hands looking at him with defiant eyes. He bends down and kisses her.]*

RUTH—*[Feeling of her cheek—irritably.]* Why don't you shave? You look awful. 71

ROBERT—*[Indifferently.]* I forgot—and it's too much trouble this weather. 72

MARY—*[Throwing aside her doll, runs to him with a happy cry.]* Dada! Dada! 73

ROBERT—*[Swinging her up above his head—lovingly.]* And how's this little girl of mine this hot day, eh? 74

MARY—*[Screeching happily.]* Dada! Dada! 75

RUTH—*[In annoyance.]* Don't do that to her! You know it's time for her nap and you'll get her all waked up; then I'll be the one that'll have to sit beside her till she falls asleep. 76

ROBERT—*[Sitting down in the chair on the left of table and cuddling MARY on his lap.]* You needn't bother. I'll put her to bed. 77

RUTH—*[Shortly.]* You've got to get back to your work, I s'pose. 78

ROBERT—*[With a sigh.]* Yes, I was forgetting. *[He glances at the open letter on RUTH'S lap.]* Reading Andy's letter again? I should think you'd know it by heart by this time. 79

RUTH—*[Coloring as if she'd been accused of something—defiantly.]* I've got a right to read it, haven't I? He says it's meant for all of us. 80

ROBERT—*[With a trace of irritation.]* Right? Don't be so silly. There's no question of right. I was only saying that you must know all that's in it after so many readings. 81

RUTH—Well, I don't. *[She puts the letter on the table and gets wearily to her feet.]* I s'pose you'll be wanting your dinner now. 82

ROBERT—*[Listlessly.]* I don't care. I'm not hungry. It's almost too hot to eat. 83

RUTH—And here I been keeping it hot for you! 84

85

ROBERT—[*Irritably.*] Oh, all right then. Bring it in and I'll try to eat.

RUTH—I've got to get her to bed first. [*She goes to lift MARY off his lap.*] Come, dear. It's after time and you can hardly keep your eyes open now. 86

MARY—[*Crying.*] No, no, I don't want sleep! [*Appealing to her father.*] Dada! No! 87

RUTH—[*Accusingly to ROBERT.*] There! Now see what you've done! I told you not to— 88

ROBERT—[*Shortly.*] Let her alone, then. She's all right where she is. She'll fall asleep on my lap in a minute if you'll stop bothering her. 89

RUTH—[*Hotly.*] She'll not do any such thing! She's got to learn to mind me, that she has! [*Shaking her finger at MARY.*] You naughty child! Will you come with Mama when she tells you for your own good? 90

MARY—[*Clinging to her father.*] No, Dada! 91

RUTH—[*Losing her temper.*] A good spanking's what you need, my young lady—and you'll get one from me if you don't mind better, d'you hear? [*MARY starts to whimper frightenedly.*] 92

ROBERT—[*With sudden anger.*] Leave her alone! How often have I told you not to threaten her with whipping? It's barbarous, and I won't have it. That's got to be understood. [*Soothing the wailing MARY.*] There! There, little girl! Baby mustn't cry. Dada won't like you if you do. Dada'll hold you and you must promise to go to sleep like a good little girl. Will you when Dada asks you? 93

MARY—[*Cuddling up to him.*] Yes, Dada. 94

RUTH—[*Looking at them, her pale face set and drawn.*] I won't be ordered by you! She's my child as much as yours. A fine one you are to be telling folks how to do things, you— [*She bites her lips. Husband and wife look into each other's eyes with something akin to hatred in their expressions; then RUTH turns away with a shrug of affected indifference.*] All right, take care of her then, if you think it's so easy. You'll be whipping her yourself inside of a week. [*She walks away into the kitchen.*] 95

ROBERT—[*Smoothing MARY'S hair—tenderly.*] We'll show Mama you're a good little girl, won't we? 96

MARY—[*Crooning drowsily.*] Dada, Dada. 97

ROBERT—Let's see: Does your mother take off your shoes and stockings before your nap? 98

MARY—[*Nodding with half-shut eyes.*] Yes, Dada. 99

ROBERT—[*Taking off her shoes and stockings.*] We'll show Mama we know how to 100

do those things, won't we? There's one old shoe off—and there's the other old shoe—and here's one old stocking—and there's the other old stocking. There we are, all nice and cool and comfy. [*He bends down and kisses her.*] And now will you promise to go right to sleep if Dada takes you to bed? [*MARY nods sleepily.*] That's the good little girl. [*He gathers her up in his arms carefully and carries her into the bedroom. His voice can be heard faintly as he lulls the child to sleep.*] RUTH comes out of the kitchen and gets the plate from the table. She hears the voice from the room and tiptoes to the door to look in. Then she starts for the kitchen but stands for a moment thinking, a look of ill-concealed jealousy on her face. At a noise from inside she hurriedly disappears into the kitchen. A moment later ROBERT reenters. He comes forward and picks up the shoes and stockings which he shoves carelessly under the table. Then, seeing no one about, he goes to the sideboard and selects a book. Coming back to his chair, he sits down and immediately becomes absorbed in reading. RUTH returns from the kitchen bringing his plate heaped with food, and a cup of tea. She sets those before him and sits down in her former place. ROBERT continues to read, oblivious to the food on the table.]

RUTH—[*After watching him irritably for a moment.*] For heaven's sakes, put down that old book! Don't you see your dinner's getting cold? 101

ROBERT—[*Closing his book.*] Excuse me, Ruth. I didn't notice. [*He picks up his knife and fork and begins to eat gingerly, without appetite.*] 102

RUTH—I should think you might have some feeling for me, Rob, and not always be late for meals. If you think it's fun sweltering in that oven of a kitchen to keep things warm for you, you're mistaken. 103

ROBERT—I'm sorry, Ruth, really I am. 104

RUTH—That's what you always say; but you keep coming late just the same. 105

ROBERT—I know; and I can't seem to help it. Something crops up every day to delay me. I mean to be here on time. 106

RUTH—[*With a sigh.*] Mean-tos don't count. 107

ROBERT—[*With a conciliating smile.*] Then punish me, Ruth. Let the food get cold and don't bother about me. Just set it to one side. I won't mind. 108

RUTH—I'd have to wait just the same to wash up after you. 109

ROBERT—But I can wash up. 110

RUTH—A nice mess there'd be then! 111

ROBERT—[*With an attempt at lightness.*] The food is lucky to be able to get cold this weather. [*As RUTH doesn't answer or smile he opens his book and resumes his reading, forcing himself to take a mouthful of food every now and then. RUTH stares at him in annoyance.*] 112

RUTH—And besides, you've got your own work that's got to be done. 113

ROBERT—[*Absent-mindedly, without taking his eyes from the book.*] Yes, of course. 114

RUTH—[*Spitefully.*] Work you'll never get done by reading books all the time. 115

ROBERT—[*Shutting the book with a snap.*] Why do you persist in nagging at me for getting pleasure out of reading? Is it because— [He checks himself abruptly.] 116

RUTH—[*Coloring.*] Because I'm too stupid to understand them, I s'pose you were going to say. 117

ROBERT—[*Shame-facedly.*] No—no. [*In exasperation.*] Oh, Ruth, why do you want to pick quarrels like this? Why do you goad me into saying things I don't mean? Haven't I got my share of troubles trying to work this cursed farm without your adding to them? You know how hard I've tried to keep things going in spite of bad luck— 118

RUTH—[*Scornfully.*] Bad luck! 119

ROBERT—And my own very apparent unfitness for the job, I was going to add; but you can't deny there's been bad luck to it, too. You know how unsuited I am to the work and how I hate it; and I've managed to fight along somehow. Why don't you take things into consideration? Why can't we pull together? We used to. I know it's hard on you also. Then why can't we help each other instead of hindering? That's the only way we can make life bearable for each other. 120

RUTH—[*Sullenly.*] I do the best I know how. 121

ROBERT—[*Gets up and puts his hand on her shoulder.*] I know you do. But let's both of us try to do better. We can both improve. Say a word of encouragement once in a while when things go wrong, even if it is my fault. You know the odds I've been up against since Pa died. I'm not a farmer. I've never claimed to be one. But there's nothing else I can do under the circumstances, and I've got to pull things through somehow. With your help, I can do it. With you against me— [He shrugs his shoulders. There is a pause. Then he bends down and kisses her hair—with an attempt at cheerfulness.] So you promise that; and I'll promise to be here when the clock strikes—and anything else you tell me to. Is it a bargain? 122

RUTH—[*Dully.*] I s'pose so. 123

ROBERT—The reason I was late today—it's more bad news, so be prepared. 124

RUTH—[*As if this was only what she expected.*] Oh! [*They are interrupted by the sound of a loud knock at the kitchen door.*] There's someone at the kitchen door. [*She hurries out. A moment later she reappears.*] It's Ben. He says he wants to see you. 125

ROBERT—[*Frowning.*] What's the trouble now, I wonder? [*In a loud voice.*] Come on 126

in here, Ben. [*Ben slouches in from the kitchen. He is a hulking, awkward young fellow with a heavy, stupid face and shifty, cunning eyes. He is dressed in overalls, boots, etc., and wears a broad-brimmed hat of coarse straw pushed back on his head.*] Well, Ben, what's the matter?

BEN—[*Drawlingly.*] The mowin' machine's bust. 127

ROBERT—Why, that can't be. The man fixed it only last week. 128

BEN—It's bust just the same. 129

ROBERT—And can't you fix it? 130

BEN—No. Don't know what's the matter with the goll-darned thing. 'Twon't work, anyhow. 131

ROBERT—[*Getting up and going for his hat.*] Wait a minute and I'll go look it over. There can't be much the matter with it. 132

BEN—[*Impudently.*] Don't make no diff'rence t'me whether there be or not. I'm quittin'. 133

ROBERT—[*Anxiously.*] You're quitting? You don't mean you're throwing up your job here? 134

BEN—That's what! My month's up today and I want what's owin' t'me. 135

ROBERT—But why are you quitting now, Ben, when you know I've so much work on hand? I'll have a hard time getting another man at such short notice. 136

BEN—That's for you to figger. I'm quittin'. 137

ROBERT—But what's your reason? You haven't any complaint to make about the way you've been treated, have you? 138

BEN—No. 'Tain't that. [*Shaking his finger.*] Look-a-here. I'm sick o' bein' made fun at, that's what; an' I got a job up to Timms' place; an' I'm quittin' here. 139

ROBERT—Being made fun of? I don't understand you. Who's making fun of you? 140

BEN—They all do. When I drive down with the milk in the mornin' they all laughs and jokes at me—that boy up to Harris' and the new feller up to Slocum's, and Bill Evans down to Meade's, and all the rest on 'em. 141

ROBERT—That's a queer reason for leaving me flat. Won't they laugh at you just the same when you're working for Timms? 142

BEN—They wouldn't dare to. Timms is the best farm hereabouts. They was laughin' at me for workin' for *you*, that's what! "How're things up to the Mayo place?" they 143

hollers every mornin'. "What's Robert doin' now—pasturin' the cattle in the cornlot? Is he seasonin' his hay with rain this year, same as last?" they shouts. "Or is he inventin' some 'lectrical milkin' engine to fool them dry cows o' his into givin' hard cider?" [*Very much ruffled.*] That's like they talks; and I ain't goin' to put up with it no longer. Everyone's always knowd me as a first-class hand hereabouts, and I ain't wantin' 'em to get no different notion. So I'm quittin' you. And I wants what's comin' to me.

ROBERT—[*Coldly.*] Oh, if that's the case, you can go to the devil. 144

BEN—This farm'd take me there quick 'nuff if I was fool 'nuff to stay. 145

ROBERT—[*Angrily.*] None of your damned cheek! You'll get your money tomorrow when I get back from town—not before! 146

BEN—[*Turning to doorway to kitchen.*] That suits me. [*As he goes out he speaks back over his shoulder.*] And see that I do get it, or there'll be trouble. [*He disappears and the slamming of the kitchen door is heard.*] 147

ROBERT—[*As RUTH comes from where she has been standing by the doorway and sits down dejectedly in her old place.*] The stupid damn fool! And now what about the haying? That's an example of what I'm up against. No one can say I'm responsible for that. 148

RUTH—Yes you are! He wouldn't dare act that way with anyone else. They do like they please with you, because you don't know how to treat 'em. They think you're easy—and you are! 149

ROBERT—[*Indignantly.*] I suppose I ought to be a slave driver like the rest of the farmers—stand right beside them all day watching every move they make, and work them to their last ounce of strength? Well, I can't do it, and I won't do it! 150

RUTH—It's better to do that than have to ask your Ma to sign a mortgage on the place. 151

ROBERT—[*Distractedly.*] Oh, damn the place! [*He walks to the window on left and stands looking out.*] 152

RUTH—[*After a pause, with a glance at ANDREW'S letter on the table.*] It's lucky Andy's coming back. 153

ROBERT—[*Coming back and sitting down.*] Yes, Andy'll see the right thing to do in a jiffy. He has the knack of it; and he ought to be home any time now. The *Sunda's* overdue. Must have met with head winds all the way across. 154

RUTH—[*Anxiously.*] You don't think—anything's happened to the boat? 155

ROBERT—Trust Uncle Dick to bring her through all right! He's too good a sailor to be caught napping. Besies we'll never know the ship's here till Andy steps in the door. He'll want to surprise us. [*With an affectionate smile.*] I wonder if the old chump's 156

changed much? He doesn't seem to from his letters, does he? Still the same practical hard-head. [*Shaking his head.*] But just the same I doubt if he'll want to settle down to a hum-drum farm life, after all he's been through.

RUTH—[*Resentfully.*] Andy's not like you. He likes the farm. 157

ROBERT—[*Immersed in his own thoughts—enthusiastically.*] Gad, the things he's seen and experienced! Think of the places he's been! Hong-Kong, Yokohama, Batavia, Singapore, Bangkok, Rangoon, Bombay—all the marvelous East! And Honolulu, Sydney, Buenos Aires! All the wonderful far places I used to dream about! God, how I envy him! What a trip! [*He springs to his feet and instinctively goes to the window and stares out at the horizon.*] 158

RUTH—[*Bitterly.*] I s'pose you're sorry now you didn't go? 159

ROBERT—[*Too occupied with his own thoughts to hear her—vindictively.*] Oh, those cursed hills out there that I used to think promised me so much! How I've grown to hate the sight of them! They're like the walls of a narrow prison yard shutting me in from all the freedom and wonder of life! [*He turns back to the room with a gesture of loathing.*] Sometimes I think if it wasn't for you, Ruth, and—[*his voice softening*]—little Mary, I'd chuck everything up and walk down the road with just one desire in my heart—to put the whole rim of the world between me and those hills, and be able to breathe freely once more! [*He sinks down into his chair and smiles with bitter self-scorn.*] There I go dreaming again—my old fool dreams. 160

RUTH—[*In a low, repressed voice—her eyes smoldering.*] You're not the only one! 161

ROBERT—[*Buried in his own thoughts—bitterly.*] And Andy, who's had the chance—what has he got out of it? His letters read like the diary of a—of a farmer! "We're in Singapore now. It's a dirty hole of a place and hotter than hell. Two of the crew are down with fever and we're short-handed on the work. I'll be damn glad when we sail again, although tacking back and forth in these blistering seas is a rotten job too!" [*Scornfully.*] That's about the way he summed up his impressions of the East. Every port they touched at he found the same silly fault with. God! The only place he appeared to like was Buenos Aires—and that only because he saw the business opportunities in a booming country like Argentine. 162

RUTH—[*Her repressed voice trembling.*] You needn't make fun of Andy. 163

ROBERT—Perhaps I am too hard on him; but when I think—but what's the use? You know I wasn't making fun of Andy personally. No one loves him better than I do, the old chump! But his attitude toward things is—is rank, in my estimation. 164

RUTH—[*Her eyes flashing—bursting into uncontrollable rage.*] You was too making fun of him! And I ain't going to stand for it! You ought to be ashamed of yourself! A fine one you be! [ROBERT *stares at her in amazement. She continues furiously.*] A fine one to talk about anyone else—after the way you've ruined everything with your lazy loafing!—and the stupid way you do things! 165

ROBERT—[*Angrily.*] Stop that kind of talk, do you hear? 166

RUTH—You findin' fault—with your own brother who's ten times the man you ever was or ever will be—a thing like you to be talking. You're jealous, that's what! Jealous because he's made a man of himself, while you're nothing but a—but a—
[*She stutters incoherently, overcome by rage.*] 167

ROBERT—Ruth! Ruth! Don't you dare—! You'll be sorry for talking like that. 168

RUTH—I won't! I won't never be sorry! I'm only saying what I've been thinking for years. 169

ROBERT—[*Aghast.*] Ruth! You can't mean that! 170

RUTH—What do you think—living with a man like you—having to suffer all the time because you've never been man enough to work and do things like other people. But no! You never own up to that. You think you're so much better than other folks, with your college education, where you never learned a thing, and always reading your stupid books instead of working. I s'pose you think I ought to be *proud* to be your wife—a poor, ignorant thing like me! [*Fiercely.*] But I'm not. I hate it! I hate the sight of you! Oh, if I'd only known! If I hadn't been such a fool to listen to your cheap, silly, poetry talk that you learned out of books! If I could have seen how you were in your true self—like you are now—I'd have killed myself before I'd have married you! I was sorry for it before we'd been together a month. I knew what you were really like—when it was too late. 171

ROBERT—[*His voice raised loudly.*] And now—I'm finding out what you're really like—what a—a creature I've been living with. [*With a harsh laugh.*] God! It wasn't that I haven't guessed how mean and small you are—but I've kept on telling myself that I must be wrong—like a fool!—like a damned fool! 172

RUTH—You were saying you'd go out on the road if it wasn't for me. Well, you can go, and the sooner the better! I don't care! I'll be glad to get rid of you! The farm'll be better off too. There's been a curse on it ever since you took hold. So go! Go and be a tramp like you've always wanted. It's all you're good for. I can get along without you, don't you worry. I'll get some peace. [*Exulting fiercely.*] And Andy's coming back, don't forget that! He'll attend to things like they should be. He'll show what a man can do! I don't need you. Andy's coming! 173

ROBERT—[*They are both standing. ROBERT grabs her by the shoulders and glares into her eyes.*] What do you mean? [*He shakes her violently.*] What are you thinking of? What's in your evil mind, you—you— [*His voice is a harsh shout.*] 174

RUTH—[*In a defiant scream.*] Yes I do mean it! I'd say it if you was to kill me! I do love Andy. I do! I do! I always loved him. [*Exultantly.*] And he loves me! He loves me! I know he does. He always did! And you know he did, too! So go! Go if you want to! 175

ROBERT—[*Throwing her away from him. She staggers back against the table—thickly.*] You—you slut! [*He stands glaring at her as she leans back, supporting herself by the table, gasping for breath. A loud frightened whimper sounds from the*] 176

awakened child in the bedroom. It continues. The man and woman stand looking at one another in horror, the extent of their terrible quarrel suddenly brought home to them. A pause. The noise of a horse and carriage comes from the road before the house. The two, suddenly struck by the same premonition, listen to it breathlessly, as to a sound heard in a dream. It stops. They hear ANDY'S voice from the road shouting a long hail—"Ahoy there!"

RUTH—*[With a strangled cry of joy.]* Andy! Andy! *[She rushes and grabs the knob of the screen door, about to fling it open.]* ¹⁷⁷

ROBERT—*[In a voice of command that forces obedience.]* Stop! *[He goes to the door and gently pushes the trembling RUTH away from it. The child's crying rises to a louder pitch.]* I'll meet Andy. You better go in to Mary, Ruth. *[She looks at him defiantly for a moment, but there is something in his eyes that makes her turn and walk slowly into the bedroom.]* ¹⁷⁸

ANDY'S VOICE—*[In a louder shout.]* Ahoy there, Rob! ¹⁷⁹

ROBERT—*[In an answering shout of forced cheeriness.]* Hello, Andy! *[He opens the door and walks out as]* ¹⁸⁰

[The Curtain Falls]

ACT TWO

SCENE TWO

SCENE—*The top of a hill on the farm. It is about eleven o'clock the next morning. The day is hot and cloudless. In the distance the sea can be seen.* ¹

The top of the hill slopes downward slightly toward the left. A big boulder stands in the center toward the rear. Further right, a large oak tree. The faint trace of a path leading upward to it from the left foreground can be detected through the bleached, sun-scorched grass. ²

ROBERT *is discovered sitting on the boulder, his chin resting on his hands, staring out toward the horizon seaward. His face is pale and haggard, his expression one of utter despondency.* MARY *is sitting on the grass near him in the shade, playing with her doll, singing happily to herself. Presently she casts a curious glance at her father, and, propping her doll up against the tree, comes over and clambers to his side.* ³

MARY—*[Pulling at his hand—solicitously.]* Is Dada sick? ⁴

ROBERT—*[Looking at her with a forced smile.]* No, dear. Why? ⁵

MARY—Then why don't he play with Mary? ⁶

ROBERT—*[Gently.]* No, dear, not today. Dada doesn't feel like playing today. ⁷

MARY— <i>[Protestingly.]</i> Yes, please, Dada!	8
ROBERT—No, dear. Dada does feel sick—a little. He's got a bad headache.	9
MARY—Let Mary see. <i>[He bends his head. She pats his hair.]</i> Bad head.	10
ROBERT— <i>[Kissing her—with a smile.]</i> There! It's better now, dear, thank you. <i>[She cuddles up close against him. There is a pause during which each of them looks out seaward.]</i>	11
MARY— <i>[Pointing toward the sea.]</i> Is that all wa-wa, Dada?	12
ROBERT—Yes, dear.	13
MARY— <i>[Amazed by the magnitude of this conception.]</i> Oh-oh! <i>[She points to the horizon.]</i> And it all stops there, over farver?	14
ROBERT—No, it doesn't stop. That line you see is called the horizon. It's where the sea and sky meet. Just beyond that is where the good fairies live. <i>[Checking himself—with a harsh laugh.]</i> But you mustn't ever believe in fairies. It's bad luck. And besides, there aren't any good fairies. <i>[MARY looks up into his face with a puzzled expression.]</i>	15
MARY—Then if fairies don't live there, what lives there?	16
ROBERT— <i>[Bitterly.]</i> God knows! Mocking devils, I've found them. <i>[MARY frowns in puzzlement, turning this over in her mind. There is a pause. Finally ROBERT turns to her tenderly.]</i> Would you miss Dada very much if he went away?	17
MARY—Far—far away?	18
ROBERT—Yes. Far, far away.	19
MARY—And Mary wouldn't see him, never?	20
ROBERT—No; but Mary'd forget him very soon, I'm sure.	21
MARY— <i>[Tearfully.]</i> No! No! Dada mustn't go 'way. No, Dada, no!	22
ROBERT—Don't you like Uncle Andy—the man that came yesterday—not the old man with the white moustache—the other?	23
MARY—But Dada mustn't go 'way. Mary loves Dada.	24
ROBERT— <i>[With fierce determination.]</i> He won't go away, baby. He was only joking. He couldn't leave his little Mary. <i>[He presses the child in his arms.]</i>	25
MARY— <i>[With an exclamation of pain.]</i> Oh! Dada hurts!	26

ROBERT—I'm sorry, little girl. [*He lifts her down to the grass.*] Go play with Dolly, that's a good girl; and be careful to keep in the shade. [*She reluctantly leaves him and takes up her doll again. A moment later she points down the hill to the left.*] 27

MARY—Here comes mans, Dada. 28

ROBERT—[*Looking that way.*] It's your Uncle Andy. 29

MARY—Will he play wiv me, Dada? 30

ROBERT—Not now, dear. You mustn't bother him. After a while he will, maybe. [*A moment later ANDREW comes up from the left, whistling cheerfully. He has changed but little in appearance, except for the fact that his face has been deeply bronzed by his years in the tropics; but there is a decided change in his manner. The old easy-going good-nature seems to have been partly lost in a breezy, business-like briskness of voice and gesture. There is an authoritative note in his speech as though he were accustomed to give orders and have them obeyed as a matter of course. He is dressed in the simple blue uniform and cap of a merchant ship's officer.*] 31

ANDREW—Here you are, eh? 32

ROBERT—Hello, Andy. 33

ANDREW—[*Going over to MARY.*] And who's this young lady I find you all alone with, eh? Who's this pretty young lady? [*He tickles the laughing, squirming MARY, then lifts her up at arm's length over his head.*] Upsy—daisy! [*He sets her down on the ground again.*] And there you are! [*He walks over and sits down on the boulder beside ROBERT who moves to one side to make room for him.*] RUTH told me I'd probably find you up top-side here; but I'd have guessed it, anyway. [*He digs his brother in the ribs affectionately.*] Still up to your old tricks, you old beggar! I can remember how you used to come up here to mope and dream in the old days. 34

ROBERT—[*With a smile.*] I come up here now because it's the coolest place on the farm. I've given up dreaming. 35

ANDREW—[*Grinning.*] I don't believe it. You can't have changed that much. 36

ROBERT—[*Wearily.*] One gets tired of dreaming—when they never come true. 37

ANDREW—[*Scrutinizing his brother's face.*] You've changed in looks all right. You look all done up, as if you'd been working too hard. Better let up on yourself for a while. 38

ROBERT—Oh, I'm all right! 39

ANDREW—Take a fool's advice and go it easy. You remember—your old trouble. You wouldn't want that coming back on you, eh? It pays to keep top-notch in your case. 40

ROBERT—*[Betraying annoyance.]* Oh, that's all a thing of the past, Andy. Forget it! 41

ANDREW—Well—a word to the wise does no harm? Don't be touchy about it. 42
[Slapping his brother on the back.] You know I mean well, old man, even if I do put my foot in it.

ROBERT—Of course, Andy. I'm not touchy about it. I don't want you to worry about 43
dead things, that's all. I've a headache today, and I expect I do look done up.

ANDREW—Mum's the word, then! *[After a pause—with boyish enthusiasm.]* Say, it 44
sure brings back old times to be up here with you having a chin all by our lonesomes again. I feel great being back home.

ROBERT—It's great for us to have you back. 45

ANDREW—*[After a pause—meaningly.]* I've been looking over the old place with 46
Ruth. Things don't seem to be—

ROBERT—*[His face flushing—interrupts his brother shortly.]* Never mind the damn 47
farm! There's nothing about it we don't both know by heart. Let's talk about something interesting. This is the first chance I've had to have a word with you alone. To the devil with the farm for the present. They think of nothing else at home. Tell me about your trip. That's what I've been anxious to hear about.

ANDREW—*[With a quick glance of concern at ROBERT.]* I suppose you do get an 48
overdose of the farm at home. *[Indignantly.]* Say, I never realized that Ruth's mother was such an old rip 'till she talked to me this morning. *[With a grin.]* Phew! I pity you, Rob, when she gets on her ear!

ROBERT—She is—difficult sometimes; but one must make allowances. *[Again 49
changing the subject abruptly.]* But this isn't telling me about the trip.

ANDREW—Why, I thought I told you everything in my letters. 50

ROBERT—*[Smiling.]* Your letters were—sketchy, to say the least. 51

ANDREW—Oh, I know I'm no author. You needn't be afraid of hurting my feelings. 52
I'd rather go through a typhoon again than write a letter.

ROBERT—*[With eager interest.]* Then you were through a typhoon? 53

ANDREW—Yes—in the China sea. Had to run before it under bare poles for two 54
days. I thought we were bound down for Davy Jones, sure. Never dreamed waves could get so big or the wind blow so hard. If it hadn't been for Uncle Dick being such a good skipper we'd have gone to the sharks, all of us. As it was we came out minus a main top-mast and had to beat back to Hong-Kong for repairs. But I must have written you all this.

ROBERT—You never mentioned it. 55

ANDREW—Well, there was so much dirty work getting things ship-shape again I must have forgotten about it. 56

ROBERT—[*Looking at ANDREW—marvelling.*] Forget a typhoon? [*With a trace of scorn.*] You're a strange combination, Andy. And is what you've told me all you remember about it? 57

ANDREW—Oh, I could give you your bellyful of details if I wanted to turn loose on you; but they're not the kind of things to fit in with your pretty notions of life on the ocean wave, I'll give you that straight. 58

ROBERT—[*Earnestly.*] Tell me. I'd like to hear them—honestly! 59

ANDREW—What's the use? They'd make a man want to live in the middle of America without even a river in a hundred miles of him so he'd feel safe. It was rotten, that's what it was! Talk about work! I was wishin' the ship'd sink and give me a rest, I was so dog tired toward the finish. We didn't get a warm thing to eat for nearly two weeks. There was enough China Sea in the galley to float the stove, and the fo' c's'tle was flooded, too. And you couldn't sleep a wink. No place on the darned old tub stayed still long enough for you to lie on it. And every one was soaked to the skin all the time, with green seas boiling over the deck keeping you busy jumping for the rat-lines to keep from being washed over. Oh, it was all-wool-and-a-yard-wide-Hell, I'll tell you. You ought to have been there. I remember thinking about you at the worst of it when you couldn't force a breath out against the wind, and saying to myself: 'This'd cure Rob of them ideas of his about the beautiful sea, if he could see it.' And it would have too, you bet! [*He nods emphatically.*] 60

ROBERT—And you don't see any romance in that? 61

ANDREW—Romance be blowed! It was hell! [*As an afterthought.*] Oh, I was forgetting! One of the men was washed overboard—a Norwegian—Ollie we called him. [*With a grin of sarcasm.*] I suppose that's romance, eh? Well, it might be for a fish, but not for me, old man! 62

ROBERT [*Dryly.*] The sea doesn't seem to have impressed you very favorably. 63

ANDREW—I should say it didn't! It's a dog's life. You work like the devil and put up with all kinds of hardships—for what? For a rotten wage you'd be ashamed to take on shore. 64

ROBERT—Then you're not going to—follow it up? 65

ANDREW—Not me! I'm through! I'll never set foot on a ship again if I can help it—except to carry me some place I can't get to by train. No. I've had enough. Dry land is the only place for me. 66

ROBERT—But you studied to become an officer! 67

ANDREW—Had to do something or I'd gone mad. The days were like years. Nothing to look at but sea and sky. No place to go. A regular prison. [*He laughs.*] And as for the East you used to rave about—well, you ought to see it, and *smell* it! And the Chinks and Japs and Hindus and the rest of them—you can have them! One walk down one of their filthy narrow streets with the tropic sun beating on it would sicken you for life with the "wonder and mystery" you used to dream of. I can say one thing for it though—it certainly has the stink market cornered. 68

ROBERT—[*Shrinking from his brother with a glance of aversion.*] So all you found in the East was a stench? 69

ANDREW—A stench! Ten thousand of them! That and the damned fever! You can have the tropics, old man. I never want to see them again. At that, there's lots of money to be made down there—for a white man. The natives are too lazy to work, that's the only trouble. 70

ROBERT—But you did like some of the places, judging from your letters—Sydney, Buenos Aires— 71

ANDREW—Yes, Sydney's a good town. [*Enthusiastically.*] But Buenos Aires—there's the place for you. Argentine's a country where a fellow has a chance to make good. You're right I liked it. And I'll tell you, Rob, that's right where I'm going just as soon as I've seen you folks a while and can get a ship. I don't intend to pay for my passage now I can get a berth as second officer, and I'll jump the ship when I get there. I'll need every cent of the wages Uncle's paid me to get a start at something in B. A. 72

ROBERT—[*Staring at his brother—slowly.*] So you're not going to stay on the farm? 73
ANDREW—Why sure not! Did you think I was? There wouldn't be any sense. One of us is enough to run this little place. 74

ROBERT—I suppose it does seem small to you now. 75

ANDREW—[*Not noticing the sarcasm in ROBERT'S tone.*] You've no idea, Rob, what a splendid place Argentine is. I went around Buenos Aires quite a lot and got to know people—English speaking people, of course. The town is full of them. It's foreign capital that's developed the country, you know. I had a letter from a marine insurance chap that I'd made friends with in Hong-Kong to his brother, who's in the grain business in Buenos Aires. He took quite a fancy to me, and what's more important, he offered me a job if I'd come back there. I'd have taken it on the spot, only I couldn't leave Uncle Dick in the lurch, and I'd promised you folks to come home. But I'm going back there very soon, you bet, and then you watch me get on! [*He slaps ROBERT on the back.*] But don't you think it's a big chance, Rob? 76

ROBERT—It's fine—for you, Andy. 77

ANDREW—We call this a farm—but you ought to hear about the farms down there—ten square miles where we've got an acre. It's a new country where big things are opening up—and I want to get in on something big before I die. That job I'm offered'll furnish the wedge. I'm no fool when it comes to farming, and I know 78

something about grain. I've been reading up a lot on it, too, lately. [*He notices ROBERT'S absent-minded expression and laughs.*] Wake up, you old poetry book worm, you! I know my talking about business makes you want to choke me, doesn't it?

ROBERT—[*With an embarrassed smile.*] No, Andy, I—I just happened to think of something else. [*Frowning.*] There've been lots of times lately that I've wished I had some of your faculty for business. 79

ANDREW—[*Soberly.*] There's something I want to talk about, Rob,—the farm. You don't mind, do you? 80

ROBERT—No. 81

ANDREW—I walked over it this morning with Ruth—and she told me about things— [Evasively.]—the hard luck you'd had and how things stood at present—and about your thinking of raising a mortgage. 82

ROBERT—[*Bitterly.*] It's all true I guess, and probably worse than she told you. 83

ANDREW—I could see the place had run down; but you mustn't blame yourself. When luck's against anyone— 84

ROBERT—Don't, Andy! It *is* my fault—my inability. You know it as well as I do. The best I've ever done was to make ends meet, and this year I can't do that without the mortgage. 85

ANDREW—[*After a pause.*] You mustn't raise the mortgage, Rob. I've got over a thousand saved, and you can have that. 86

ROBERT—[*Firmly.*] No. You need that for your start in Buenos Aires. 87

ANDREW—I don't. I can— 88

ROBERT—[*Determinedly.*] No, Andy! Once and for all, no! I won't hear of it! 89

ANDREW—[*Protestingly.*] You obstinate old son of a gun! [*There is a pause.*] Well, I'll do the best I can while I'm here. I'll get a real man to superintend things for you—if he can be got. That'll relieve you some. If he gets results, you can afford to pay him. 90

ROBERT—Oh, everything'll be on a sound footing after harvest. Don't worry about it. 91

ANDREW—[*Doubtfully.*] Maybe. The prospects don't look so bad. 92

ROBERT—And then I can pay the mortgage off again. It's just to tide over. 93

ANDREW—[*After a pause.*] I wish you'd let me help, Rob. 94

ROBERT—[*With a tone of finality.*] No. Please don't suggest it any more. My mind's made up on that point. 95

ANDREW—[*Slapping his brother on the back—with forced joviality.*] Well, anyway, you've got to promise to let me step in when I've made my pile; and I'll make it down there, I'm certain; and it won't take me long, either. 96

ROBERT—I've no doubt you will with your determination. 97

ANDREW—I'll be able to pay off all the mortgages you can raise! Still, a mortgage isn't such a bad thing at that—it makes a place heaps easier to sell—and you may want to cut loose from this farm some day—come down and join me in Buenos Aires, that's the ticket. 98

ROBERT—If I had only myself to consider— 99

ANDREW—Yes, I suppose they wouldn't want to come. [*After a pause.*] It's too bad Pa couldn't have lived to see things through. [*With feeling.*] It cut me up a lot—hearing he was dead. Tell me about it. You didn't say much in your letter. 100

ROBERT—[*Evasively.*] He's at peace, Andy. It'll only make you feel bad to talk of it. 101

ANDREW—He never—softened up, did he—about me, I mean? 102

ROBERT—He never understood, that's a kinder way of putting it. He does now. 103

ANDREW—[*After a pause.*] You've forgotten all about what—caused me to go, haven't you Rob? [ROBERT *nods but keeps his face averted.*] I was a slushier damn fool in those days than you were. But it was an act of Providence I did go. It opened my eyes to how I'd been fooling myself. Why, I'd forgotten all about—that—before I'd been at sea six months. 104

ROBERT—[*Turns and looks into ANDREW'S eyes searchingly.*] You're speaking of—Ruth? 105

ANDREW—[*Confused.*] Yes. I didn't want you to get false notions in your head, or I wouldn't say anything. [*Looking ROBERT squarely in the eyes.*] I'm telling you the truth when I say I'd forgotten long ago. It don't sound well for me, getting over things so easy, but I guess it never really amounted to more than a kid idea I was letting rule me. I'm certain now I never was in love—I was getting fun out of thinking I was—and being a hero to myself. [*He heaves a great sigh of relief.*] There! Gosh, I'm glad that's off my chest. I've been feeling sort of awkward ever since I've been home, thinking of what you two might think. [*A trace of appeal in his voice.*] You've got it all straight now, haven't you, Rob? 106

ROBERT—[*In a low voice.*] Yes, Andy. 107

ANDREW—And I'll tell Ruth, too, if I can get up the nerve. She must feel kind of funny having me round—after what used to be—and not knowing how I feel about 108

it.

ROBERT—[*Slowly.*] Perhaps—for her sake—you'd better not tell her. 109

ANDREW—For her sake? Oh, you mean she wouldn't want to be reminded of my foolishness? Still, I think it'd be worse if— 110

ROBERT—[*Breaking out—in an agonized voice.*] Do as you please, Andy; but for God's sake, let's not talk about it! [*There is a pause. ANDREW stares at ROBERT in hurt stupefaction. ROBERT continues after a moment in a voice which he vainly attempts to keep calm.*] Excuse me, Andy. This rotten headache has my nerves shot to pieces. 111

ANDREW—[*Mumbling.*] It's all right, Rob—long as you're not sore at me. 112

ROBERT—Where did Uncle Dick disappear to this morning? 113

ANDREW—He went down to the port to see to things on the *Sunda*. He said he didn't know exactly when he'd be back. I'll have to go down and tend to the ship when he comes. That's why I dressed up in these togs. 114

MARY—[*Pointing down the hill to the left.*] See Dada! Mama! Mama! [*She jumps to her feet and starts to run down the path.*] 115

ANDREW—[*Standing and looking down.*] Yes, here comes Ruth. Must be looking for you, I guess. [*Jumping forward and stopping MARY.*] Hey up! You mustn't run down hill like that, little girl. You'll take a bad fall, don't you know it? 116

ROBERT—Stay here and wait for your mother, Mary. 117

MARY—[*Struggling to her feet.*] No! No! Mama! Dada! 118

ANDREW—Here she is! [*RUTH appears at left. She is dressed in white, shows she has been fixing up. She looks pretty, flushed and full of life.*] 119

MARY—[*Running to her mother.*] Mama! 120

RUTH—[*Kissing her.*] Hello, dear! [*She walks toward the rock and addresses ROBERT coldly.*] Jake wants to see you about something. He finished working where he was. He's waiting for you at the road. 121

ROBERT—[*Getting up—wearily.*] I'll go down right away. [*As he looks at RUTH, noting her changed appearance, his face darkens with pain.*] 122

RUTH—And take Mary with you, please. [*To MARY.*] Go with Dada, that's a good girl. Grandma has your dinner most ready for you. 123

ROBERT—[*Shortly.*] Come, Mary! 124

MARY—[*Taking his hand and dancing happily beside him.*] Dada! Dada! [*They go*] 125

down the hill to the left. RUTH looks after them for a moment, frowning—then turns to ANDY with a smile.] I'm going to sit down. Come on, Andy. It'll be like old times. [She jumps lightly to the top of the rock and sits down.] It's so fine and cool up here after the house.

ANDREW—[Half-sitting on the side of the boulder.] Yes. It's great. 126

RUTH—I've taken a holiday in honor of your arrival—from work in the kitchen. [Laughing excitedly.] I feel so free I'd like to have wings and fly over the sea. You're a man. You can't know how awful and stupid it is—cooking and washing dishes all the time. 127

ANDREW—[Making a wry face.] I can guess. 128

RUTH—Besides, your mother just insisted on getting your first dinner to home, she's that happy at having you back. You'd think I was planning to poison you the flurried way she shooed me out of the kitchen. 129

ANDREW—That's just like Ma, bless her! 130

RUTH—She's missed you terrible. We all have. And you can't deny the farm has, after what I showed you and told you when we was looking over the place this morning. 131

ANDREW—[With a frown.] Things are run down, that's a fact! It's too darn hard on poor old Rob. 132

RUTH—[Scornfully.] It's his own fault. He never takes any interest in things. 133

ANDREW—[Reprovingly.] You can't blame him. He wasn't born for it; but I know he's done his best for your sake and the old folks and the little girl. 134

RUTH—[Indifferently.] Yes, I suppose he has. [Gaily.] But thank the Lord, all those days are over now. The "hard luck" Rob's always blaming won't last long when you take hold, Andy. All the farm's ever needed was someone with the knack of looking ahead and preparing for what's going to happen. 135

ANDREW—Yes, Rob hasn't got that. He's frank to own up to that himself. I'm going to try and hire a good man for him—an experienced farmer—to work the place on a salary and percentage. That'll take it off of Rob's hands, and he needn't be worrying himself to death any more. He looks all worn out, Ruth. He ought to be careful. 136

RUTH—[Absent-mindedly.] Yes, I s'pose. [Her mind is filled with premonitions by the first part of his statement.] 137

ANDREW—It would be a good idea if Rob could pull out of here—get a job in town on a newspaper, or something connected with writing—and this plan of mine'd give him a chance. 138

RUTH—[Vaguely.] He's always wanted to get away. [Suspiciously.] Why do you want 139

to hire a man to oversee things? Seems as if now that you're back it wouldn't be
needful.

ANDREW—Oh, of course I'll attend to everything while I'm here. I mean after I'm
gone. 140

RUTH—*[As if she couldn't believe her ears.]* Gone! 141

ANDREW—Yes. When I leave for the Argentine again. 142

RUTH—*[Aghast.]* You're going away to sea again! 143

ANDREW—Not to sea, no; I'm through with the sea for good as a job. I'm going
down to Buenos Aires to get in the grain business. 144

RUTH—But—that's way far off—isn't it? 145

ANDREW—*[Easily.]* Six thousand miles more or less. It's quite a trip. *[With
enthusiasm.]* I've got a peach of a chance down there, Ruth. Ask Rob if I haven't. I've
just been telling him all about it. I won't bother you by repeating. Rob can tell you. 146

RUTH—*[A flush of anger coming over her face.]* And didn't he try to stop you from
going? 147

ANDREW—*[In surprise.]* No, of course not. Why? 148

RUTH—*[Slowly and vindictively.]* That's just like him—not to. 149

ANDREW—*[Resentfully.]* Rob's too good a chum to try and stop me when he knows
I'm set on a thing. And he could see just as soon's I told him what a good chance it
was. You ask him about it. 150

RUTH—*[Dazedly.]* And you're bound on going? 151

ANDREW—Sure thing. Oh, I don't mean right off. I'll have to wait for a ship sailing
there for quite a while, likely. Anyway, I want to stay to home and visit with you
folks a spell before I go. 152

RUTH—*[Dumbly.]* I s'pose. *[With sudden anguish.]* Oh, Andy, you can't go! You can't. 153
Why we've all thought—we've all been hoping and praying you was coming home to
stay, to settle down on the farm and see to things. You mustn't go! Think of how
your Ma'll take on if you go—and how the farm'll be ruined if you leave it to Rob to
look after. You can see that.

ANDREW—*[Frowning.]* Rob hasn't done so bad. When I get a man to direct things
the farm'll be safe enough. 154

RUTH—*[Insistently.]* But your Ma—think of her. 155

156

ANDREW—She's used to me being away. She won't object when she knows it's best for her and all of us for me to go. You ask Rob. In a couple of years down there I'll make my pile, see if I don't; and then I'll come back and settle down and turn this farm to the crackiest place in the whole state. In the meantime, I can help you both from down there. [*Earnestly.*] I tell you, Ruth, I'm going to make good right from the minute I land, if working hard and a determination to get on can do it; and I *know* they can! I'll have money and lots of it before long, and none of you'll have to worry about this pesky little farm any more. [*Excitedly—in a rather boastful tone.*] I tell you, I feel ripe for bigger things than settling down here. The trip did that for me, anyway. It showed me the world in a larger proposition than ever I thought it was in the old days. I couldn't be content any more stuck here like a fly in molasses. There ain't enough to do. It all seems trifling, somehow. You ought to be able to understand what I feel.

RUTH—[*Dully.*] Yes—I s'pose I ought. 157

ANDREW—I felt sure you'd see; and wait till Rob tells you about— 158

RUTH—[*A dim suspicion forming in her mind—interrupting him.*] What did he tell you—about me? 159

ANDREW—Tell? About you? Why, nothing. 160

RUTH—[*Staring at him intensely.*] Are you telling me the truth, Andy Mayo? Didn't he say—I— [She stops confusedly.] 161

ANDREW—[*Surprised.*] No, he didn't mention you, I can remember. Why? What made you think he did? 162

RUTH—[*Wringing her hands.*] Oh, I wish I could tell if you're lying or not! 163

ANDREW—[*Indignantly.*] What're you talking about? I didn't used to lie to you, did I? 164
And what in the name of God is there to lie for?

RUTH—[*Still unconvinced.*] Are you sure—will you swear—it isn't the reason— 165
[*She lowers her eyes and half turns away from him.*] The same reason that made you go last time that's driving you away again? 'Cause if it is—I was going to say—you mustn't go—on that account. [*Her voice sinks to a tremulous, tender whisper as she finishes.*]

ANDREW—[*Confused—forces a laugh.*] Oh, is *that* what you're driving at? Well, you needn't worry about that no more— [Soberly.] I don't blame you, Ruth, feeling embarrassed having me around again, after the way I played the dumb fool about going away last time. You'll have to put it down to me just being young and foolish and not responsible for my actions—and forgive me and forget it. Will you? 166

RUTH—[*In anguish buries her face in her hands.*] Oh, Andy! 167

ANDREW—[*Misunderstanding.*] I know I oughtn't to talk about such foolishness to you. Still I figure it's better to get it out of my system so's we three can be together 168

same's years ago, and not be worried thinking one of us might have the wrong notion. No, don't you fret about me having any such reason for going this time. I'm not a calf any more. Why honest, Ruth, before the ship got to Hong Kong I'd near forgot all that part of it. All I remembered was the awful scrap I'd had with Pa—and I was darned cut up about that.

RUTH—Andy! Please! Don't! 169

ANDREW—Let me finish now that I've started. It'll help clear things up. I don't want you to think once a fool always a fool, and be upset all the time I'm here on my fool account. I want you to believe I put all that silly nonsense back of me a long time ago—and now—it seems—well—as if you'd always been my sister, that's what, Ruth. 170

RUTH—*[At the end of her endurance—laughing hysterically.]* For God's sake, Andy—won't you please stop talking! *[She again hides her face in her hands, her bowed shoulders trembling.]* 171

ANDREW—*[Ruefully.]* Seem's if I put my foot in it whenever I open my mouth today. Rob shut me up with almost them same words when I tried speaking to him about it. 172

RUTH—*[Fiercely.]* You told him—what you've told me? 173

ANDREW—*[Astounded.]* Why sure! Why not? 174

RUTH—*[Shuddering.]* Oh, my God! 175

ANDREW—*[Alarmed.]* Why? Shouldn't I have? 176

RUTH—*[Hysterically.]* Oh, I don't care what you do! I don't care! Leave me alone! *[ANDREW gets up and walks down the hill to the left, embarrassed, hurt, and greatly puzzled by her behavior.]* 177

ANDREW—*[After a pause—pointing down the hill.]* Hello! Here they come back—and the Captain's with them. How'd he come to get back so soon, I wonder? That means I've got to hustle down to the port and get on board. Rob's got the baby with him. *[He comes back to the boulder. RUTH keeps her face averted from him.]* Gosh, I never saw a father so tied up in a kid as Rob is! He just watches every move she makes. And I don't blame him. You both got a right to feel proud of her. She's surely a little winner. *[He glances at RUTH to see if this very obvious attempt to get back in her good graces is having any effect.]* I can see the likeness to Rob standing out all over her, can't you? But there's no denying she's your young one, either. There's something about her eyes— 178

RUTH—*[Piteously.]* Oh, Andy, I've a headache! I don't want to talk! Leave me alone, won't you please? 179

ANDREW—*[Stands staring at her for a moment—then walks away saying in a hurt tone.]* Everybody hereabouts seems to be on edge today. I begin to feel as if I'm not wanted around. *[He stands near the path, left, kicking at the grass with the toe of his* 180

shoe. A moment later CAPTAIN DICK SCOTT enters, followed by ROBERT carrying MARY. The CAPTAIN seems scarcely to have changed at all from the jovial, booming person he was three years before. He wears a uniform similar to ANDREW'S. He is puffing and breathless from his climb and mops wildly at his perspiring countenance. ROBERT casts a quick glance at ANDREW, noticing the latter's discomfited look, and then turns his eyes on RUTH who, at their approach, has moved so her back is toward them, her chin resting on her hands as she stares out seaward.]

MARY—Mama! Mama! [ROBERT puts her down and she runs to her mother. RUTH turns and grabs her up in her arms with a sudden fierce tenderness, quickly turning away again from the others. During the following scene she keeps MARY in her arms.] 181

SCOTT—[*Wheezily.*] Phew! I got great news for you, Andy. Let me get my wind first. Phew! God A'mighty, mountin' this damned hill is worser'n goin' aloft to the skys'l yard in a blow. I got to lay to a while. [*He sits down on the grass, mopping his face.*] 182

ANDREW—I didn't look for you this soon, Uncle. 183

SCOTT—I didn't figger it, neither; but I run across a bit o' news down to the Seamen's Home made me 'bout ship and set all sail back here to find you. 184

ANDREW—[*Eagerly.*] What is it, Uncle? 185

SCOTT—Passin' by the Home I thought I'd drop in an' let 'em know I'd be lackin' a mate next trip count o' your leavin'. Their man in charge o' the shippin' asked after you 'special curious. 'Do you think he'd consider a berth as Second on a steamer, Captain?' he asks. I was goin' to say no when I thinks o' you wantin' to get back down south to the Plate agen; so I asks him: 'What is she and where's she bound?' 'She's the *El Paso*, a brand new tramp,' he says, 'and she's bound for Buenos Aires.' 186

ANDREW—[*His eyes lighting up—excitedly.*] Gosh, that is luck! When does she sail? 187

SCOTT—Tomorrow mornin'. I didn't know if you'd want to ship away agen so quick an' I told him so. 'Tell him I'll hold the berth open for him until late this afternoon,' he says. So I said I'd tell you an' I catches the first car back to town. So there you be, an' you can make your own choice. 188

ANDREW—I'd like to take it. There may not be another ship for Buenos Aires with a vacancy in months. [*His eyes roving from ROBERT to RUTH and back again—uncertainly.*] Still—damn it all—tomorrow morning is soon. I wish she wasn't leaving for a week or so. That'd give me a chance—it seems hard to go right away again when I've just got home. And yet it's a chance in a thousand— [Appealing to ROBERT.] What do you think, Rob? What would you do? 189

ROBERT—[*Forcing a smile.*] He who hesitates, you know. [*Frowning.*] It's a piece of good luck thrown in your way—and—from what you've told me of your plans—I think you owe it to yourself to jump at it. But don't ask me to decide for you. 190

RUTH—[*Turning to look at ANDREW—in a tone of fierce resentment.*] Yes go, Andy! 191

[*She turns quickly away again. There is a moment of embarrassed silence.*]

ANDREW—[*Thoughtfully.*] Yes, I guess I will. It'll be the best thing for all of us in the end, don't you think so, Rob? [ROBERT *nods but remains silent.*] 192

SCOTT—[*Getting to his feet.*] Then, that's settled. 193

ANDREW—[*Now that he has definitely made a decision his voice rings with hopeful strength and energy.*] Yes, I'll take the berth. The sooner I go the sooner I'll be back, that's a certainty; and I won't come back with empty hands next time. You bet I won't! 194

SCOTT—You ain't got so much time, Andy. To make sure you'd best leave here soon's you kin. You can't put too much trust in them fellers. I got to get right back aboard. You'd best come with me. 195

ANDREW—I'll go to the house and repack my bag right away. 196

ROBERT—[*Quietly.*] You'll both be here for dinner, won't you? 197

ANDREW—[*Worriedly.*] I don't know. Will there be time? What time is it now, I wonder? 198

ROBERT—[*Reproachfully.*] Ma's been getting dinner especially for you, Andy. 199

ANDREW—[*Flushing—shamefacedly.*] Hell! And I was forgetting! I'm a damn fool. Of course I'll stay for dinner if I missed every damned ship in the world. [*He turns to the CAPTAIN—briskly.*] Come on, Uncle. Walk down with me to the house and you can tell me more about this berth on the way. I've got to pack before dinner. [*He and the CAPTAIN start down to the left. ANDREW calls back over his shoulder.*] You're coming soon, aren't you, Rob? 200

ROBERT—Yes. I'll be right down. [ANDREW and the CAPTAIN leave. RUTH puts MARY on the ground and hides her face in her hands. Her shoulders shake as if she were sobbing. ROBERT stares at her with a grim, somber expression. MARY walks backward toward ROBERT, her wondering eyes fixed on her mother.] 201

MARY—[*Her voice vaguely frightened, taking her father's hand.*] Dada, Mama's cryin', Dada. 202

ROBERT—[*Bending down and stroking her hair—in a voice he endeavors to keep from being harsh.*] No, she isn't, little girl. The sun hurts her eyes, that's all. Aren't you beginning to feel hungry, Mary? 203

MARY—[*Decidedly.*] Yes, Dada. 204

ROBERT—[*Meaningly.*] It must be your dinner time now. 205

RUTH—[*In a muffled voice.*] I'm coming, Mary. [*She wipes her eyes quickly and, without looking at ROBERT, comes and takes MARY'S hand—in a dead voice.*] Come 206

on and I'll get your dinner for you. *[She walks out left, her eyes fixed on the ground, the skipping MARY tugging at her hand. ROBERT waits a moment for them to get ahead and then slowly follows as*

[The Curtain Falls]

ACT THREE

SCENE ONE

SCENE—*Same as Act Two, Scene One—The sitting room of the farm house about six o'clock in the morning of a day toward the end of October five years later. It is not yet dawn, but as the action progresses the darkness outside the windows gradually fades to grey.* 1

The room, seen by the light of the shadeless oil lamp with a smoky chimney which stands on the table, presents an appearance of decay, of dissolution. The curtains at the windows are torn and dirty and one of them is missing. The closed desk is grey with accumulated dust as if it had not been used in years. Blotches of dampness disfigure the wall paper. Threadbare trails, leading to the kitchen and outer doors, show in the faded carpet. The top of the coverless table is stained with the imprints of hot dishes and spilt food. The rung of one rocker has been clumsily mended with a piece of plain board. A brown coating of rust covers the unblacked stove. A pile of wood is stacked up carelessly against the wall by the stove. 2

The whole atmosphere of the room, contrasted with that of former years, is one of an habitual poverty too hopelessly resigned to be any longer ashamed or even conscious of itself. 3

At the rise of the curtain RUTH is discovered sitting by the stove, with hands outstretched to the warmth as if the air in the room were damp and cold. A heavy shawl is wrapped about her shoulders, half-concealing her dress of deep mourning. She has aged horribly. Her pale, deeply lined face has the stony lack of expression of one to whom nothing more can ever happen, whose capacity for emotion has been exhausted. When she speaks her voice is without timbre, low and monotonous. The negligent disorder of her dress, the slovenly arrangement of her hair, now streaked with grey, her muddied shoes run down at the heel, give full evidence of the apathy in which she lives. 4

Her mother is asleep in her wheel chair beside the stove toward the rear, wrapped up in a blanket. 5

There is a sound from the open bedroom door in the rear as if someone were getting out of bed. RUTH turns in that direction with a look of dull annoyance. A moment later ROBERT appears in the doorway, leaning weakly against it for support. His hair is long and unkempt, his face and body emaciated. There are bright patches of crimson over his cheek bones and his eyes are burning with fever. He is dressed in corduroy pants, a flannel shirt, and wears worn carpet slippers on his bare feet. 6

RUTH—*[Dully.]* S-s-s-h-h! Ma's asleep. 7

ROBERT—*[Speaking with an effort.]* I won't wake her. *[He walks weakly to a rocker* 8

by the side of the table and sinks down in it exhausted.]

RUTH—*[Staring at the stove.]* You better come near the fire where it's warm. 9

ROBERT—No. I'm burning up now. 10

RUTH—That's the fever. You know the doctor told you not to get up and move round. 11

ROBERT—*[Irritably.]* That old fossil! He doesn't know anything. Go to bed and stay there—that's his only prescription. 12

RUTH—*[Indifferently.]* How are you feeling now? 13

ROBERT—*[Buoyantly.]* Better! Much better than I've felt in ages. Really I'm quite healthy now—only very weak. It's the turning point, I guess. From now on I'll pick up so quick I'll surprise you—and no thanks to that old fool of a country quack, either. 14

RUTH—He's always tended to us. 15

ROBERT—Always helped us to die, you mean! He "tended" to Pa and Ma and—(his voice breaks)—and to—Mary. 16

RUTH—*[Dully.]* He did the best he knew, I s'pose. *[After a pause.]* Well, Andy's bringing a specialist with him when he comes. That ought to suit you. 17

ROBERT—*[Bitterly.]* Is that why you're waiting up all night? 18

RUTH—Yes. 19

ROBERT—For Andy? 20

RUTH—*[Without a trace of feeling.]* Somebody had got to, when he's bringing that doctor with him. You can't tell when he might get here if he's coming from the port in an auto like he telegraphed us. And besides it's only right for someone to meet him after he's been gone five years. 21

ROBERT—*[With bitter mockery.]* Five years! It's a long time. 22

RUTH—Yes. 23

ROBERT—*[Meaningly.]* To wait! 24

RUTH—*[Indifferently.]* It's past now. 25

ROBERT—Yes, it's past. *[After a pause.]* Have you got his two telegrams with you? *[RUTH nods.]* Let me see them, will you? My head was so full of fever when they came I couldn't make head or tail to them. *[Hastily.]* But I'm feeling fine now. Let me read them again. *[RUTH takes them from the bosom of her dress and hands them to him.]* 26

- RUTH—Here. The first one's on top. 27
- ROBERT—*[Opening it.]* New York. "Just landed from steamer. Have important business to wind up here. Will be home as soon as deal is completed." *[He smiles bitterly.]* Business first was always Andy's motto. *[He reads.]* "Hope you are all well. Andy." *[He repeats ironically.]* "Hope you are all well!" 28
- RUTH—*[Dully.]* He couldn't know you'd been took sick till I answered that and told him. 29
- ROBERT—*[Contritely.]* Of course he couldn't. You're right. I'm a fool. I'm touchy about nothing lately. Just what did you say in your reply? I forget. 30
- RUTH—*[Inconsequentially.]* I had to send it collect. *[ROBERT frowns.]* I wrote you were pretty low and for him to hurry up here. 31
- ROBERT—*[Irritably.]* He'll think I'm dying or some such foolishness. What an idiotic exaggeration! What did you say was the matter with me? Did you mention that? 32
- RUTH—I wrote you had lung trouble—just those two words. *[Dully.]* The boy said it wouldn't cost any more for two words. 33
- ROBERT—*[Flying into a petty temper.]* You *are* a fool! How often have I explained to you that it's *pleurisy* is the matter with me. You can't seem to get it in your head that the pleura is outside the lungs, not in them! 34
- RUTH—*[Callously.]* I only wrote what Doctor Smith told me. 35
- ROBERT—*[Angrily.]* He's a damned ignoramus! 36
- RUTH—*[Dully.]* Makes no difference. I had to tell Andy something, didn't I? 37
- ROBERT—*[After a pause, opening the other telegram.]* He sent this last evening. Let's see. *[He reads.]* "Leave for home on midnight train. Just received your wire. Am bringing specialist to see Rob. Will motor to farm from Port." *[He calculates.]* The midnight gets in the Port about four-thirty, I think, or five. It should take a car an hour or more to get here. What time is it now? 38
- RUTH—Round six, must be. 39
- ROBERT—He ought to be here soon. I'm glad he's bringing a doctor who knows something. I'm tired of being at the mercy of that cheap old quack. A specialist will tell you in a second that there's nothing the matter with my lungs. 40
- RUTH—*[Stolidly.]* You've been coughing an awful lot lately. 41

ROBERT—*[Irritably.]* What nonsense! For God's sake, haven't you ever had a bad cold yourself? *[RUTH stares at the stove in silence. ROBERT fidgets in his chair. There is a pause. Finally ROBERT'S eyes are fixed on the sleeping MRS. ATKINS.]* Your mother is lucky to be able to sleep so soundly.

RUTH—Ma's tired. She's been sitting up with me most of the night. 43

ROBERT—*[Mockingly.]* Is she waiting for Andy, too? *[There is a pause. ROBERT sighs.]* I couldn't get to sleep to save my soul. I counted ten million sheep if I counted one. No use! My brain kept pounding out thoughts as if its life depended on it. I gave up trying finally and just laid there in the dark thinking. *[He pauses, then continues in a tone of tender sympathy.]* I was thinking about you, Ruth—of how hard these last years must have been for you. *[Appealingly.]* I'm sorry, Ruth. 44

RUTH—*[In a dead voice.]* I don't know. They're past now. They were hard on all of us. 45

ROBERT—Yes; on all of us but Andy. *[With a flash of sick jealousy.]* Andy's made a big success of himself—the kind he wanted. He's got lots of money and, I suppose, a reputation for being a sharp business man. *[Mockingly.]* What else is there in life to wish for, eh, Ruth? And now he's coming home to let us admire his greatness. *[Frowning—irritably.]* What does it matter? What am I talking about? My brain must be sick, too. *[After a pause.]* Yes, these years have been terrible for both of us. *[His voice is lowered to a trembling whisper.]* Especially the last eight months since Mary—died. *[He forces back a sob with a convulsive shudder—then breaks out in a passionate agony.]* Our last hope of happiness! I could curse God from the bottom of my soul—if there was a God! *[He is racked by a violent fit of coughing and hurriedly puts his handkerchief to his lips.]* 46

RUTH—*[Without looking at him.]* Mary's better off—being dead. 47

ROBERT—*[Gloomily.]* We'd all be better off for that matter. *[With sudden exasperation.]* You tell that mother of yours she's got to stop saying that Mary's death was due to a weak constitution inherited from me. *[On the verge of tears of weakness.]* It's got to stop, I tell you! 48

RUTH—*[Sullenly.]* She's only saying what Doctor Smith said. 49

ROBERT—*[Fiercely.]* He's an old ass, and I'll tell him if— 50

RUTH—*[Sharply.]* S-h-h! You'll wake her; and then she'll nag at me—not you. 51

ROBERT—*[Coughs and lies back in his chair weakly—a pause.]* It's all because your mother's down on me for not begging Andy for help when things got worse here. 52

RUTH—*[Resentfully.]* You might have. He's got plenty, if what he says is true. 53

ROBERT—How can you of all people think of taking money from *him*? 54

RUTH—*[Dully.]* I don't see the harm. He's your own brother. 55

ROBERT—*[Shrugging his shoulders.]* What's the use of talking to you? Well, I couldn't. *[Proudly.]* And I've managed to keep things going, thank God. You can't deny that without help I've succeeded in— *[He breaks off with a bitter laugh.]* My God, what am I boasting of? Debts to this one and that, taxes, interest unpaid! I'm a fool! *[He lies back in his chair closing his eyes for a moment, then speaks in a low voice.]* I'll be frank, Ruth. I've been an utter failure, and I've dragged you with me. I couldn't blame you in all justice—for hating me. 56

RUTH—*[Without feeling.]* I don't hate you. It's been my fault too, I s'pose. 57

ROBERT—No. You couldn't help loving—Andy. 58

RUTH—*[Dully.]* I don't love anyone. 59

ROBERT—*[Waving her remark aside.]* You needn't deny it. It doesn't matter. *[After a pause—with a tender smile.]* Do you know Ruth, what I've been dreaming back there in the dark? *[With a short laugh.]* It may sound silly of me but—I was planning our future when I get well. *[He looks at her with appealing eyes as if afraid she will sneer at him. Her expression does not change. She stares at the stove. His voice takes on a note of eagerness.]* After all, why shouldn't we have a future? We're young yet. If we can only shake off the curse of this farm! It's the farm that's ruined our lives, damn it! And now that Andy's coming back—I'm going to sink my foolish pride, Ruth! I'll borrow the money from him to give us a good start in the city. We'll go where people live instead of stagnating, and start all over again. *[Confidently.]* I won't be the failure there that I've been here, Ruth. You won't need to be ashamed of me there. I'll prove to you the reading I've done can be put to some use. *[Vaguely.]* I'll write, or something of that sort. I've always wanted to write. *[Pleadingly.]* You'll want to do that, won't you, Ruth? 60

RUTH—*[Dully.]* There's Ma. 61

ROBERT—She can come with us. 62

RUTH—She wouldn't. 63

ROBERT—*[Angrily.]* So that's your answer! *[He trembles with violent passion. His voice is so strange that RUTH turns to look at him in alarm.]* You're lying, Ruth! Your mother's just an excuse. You want to stay here. You think that because Andy's coming back that— *[He chokes and has an attack of coughing.]* 64

RUTH—*[Getting up—in a frightened voice.]* What's the matter? *[She goes to him.]* I'll go with you, Rob. I don't care for Andy like you think. Stop that coughing for goodness sake! It's awful bad for you. *[She soothes him in dull tones.]* I'll go with you to the city—soon's you're well again. Honest I will, Rob, I promise! *[ROB lies back and closes his eyes. She stands looking down at him anxiously.]* Do you feel better now? 65

ROBERT—Yes. *[RUTH goes back to her chair. After a pause he opens his eyes and sits up in his chair. His face is flushed and happy.]* Then you will go, Ruth? 66

RUTH—Yes. 67

ROBERT—*[Excitedly.]* We'll make a new start, Ruth—just you and I. Life owes us some happiness after what we've been through. *[Vehemently.]* It must! Otherwise our suffering would be meaningless—and that is unthinkable. 68

RUTH—*[Worried by his excitement.]* Yes, yes, of course, Rob, but you mustn't— 69

ROBERT—Oh, don't be afraid. I feel completely well, really I do—now that I can hope again. Oh if you knew how glorious it feels to have something to look forward to—not just a dream, but something tangible, something already within our grasp! Can't you feel the thrill of it, too—the vision of a new life opening up after all the horrible years? 70

RUTH—Yes, yes, but do be— 71

ROBERT—Nonsense! I won't be careful. I'm getting back all my strength. *[He gets lightly to his feet.]* See! I feel light as a feather. *[He walks to her chair and bends down to kiss her smilingly.]* One kiss—the first in years, isn't it?—to greet the dawn of a new life together. 72

RUTH—*[Submitting to his kiss—worriedly.]* Sit down, Rob, for goodness' sake! 73

ROBERT—*[With tender obstinacy—stroking her hair]* I won't sit down. You're silly to worry. *[He rests one hand on the back of her chair.]* Listen. All our suffering has been a test through which we had to pass to prove ourselves worthy of a finer realization. *[Exultingly.]* And we did pass through it! It hasn't broken us! And now the dream is to come true! Don't you see? 74

RUTH—*[Looking at him with frightened eyes as if she thought he had gone mad.]* Yes, Rob, I see; but won't you go back to bed now and rest? 75

ROBERT—No. I'm going to see the sun rise. It's an augury of good fortune. *[He goes quickly to the window in the rear, left, and pushing the curtains aside, stands looking out. RUTH springs to her feet and comes quickly to the table, left, where she remains watching ROBERT in a tense, expectant attitude. As he peers out his body seems gradually to sag, to grow limp and tired. His voice is mournful as he speaks.]* No sun yet. It isn't time. All I can see is the black rim of the damned hills outlined against a creeping greyness. *[He turns around; letting the curtains fall back, stretching a hand out to the wall to support himself. His false strength of a moment has evaporated leaving his face drawn and hollow eyed. He makes a pitiful attempt to smile.]* That's not a very happy augury, is it? But the sun'll come—soon. *[He sways weakly.]* 76

RUTH—*[Hurrying to his side and supporting him.]* Please go to bed, won't you, Rob? You don't want to be all wore out when the specialist comes, do you? 77

ROBERT—*[Quickly.]* No. That's right. He mustn't think I'm sicker than I am. And I feel as if I could sleep now—*[Cheerfully.]*—a good, sound, restful sleep. 78

RUTH—[*Helping him to the bedroom door.*] That's what you need most. [*They go inside. A moment later she reappears calling back.*] I'll shut this door so's you'll be quiet. [*She closes the door and goes quickly to her mother and shakes her by the shoulder.*] Ma! Ma! Wake up! 79

MRS. ATKINS—[*Coming out of her sleep with a start.*] Glory be! What's the matter with you? 80

RUTH—It was Rob. He's just been talking to me out here. I put him back to bed. [*Now that she is sure her mother is awake her fear passes and she relapses into dull indifference. She sits down in her chair and stares at the stove—dully.*] He acted—funny; and his eyes looked so—so wild like. 81

MRS. ATKINS—[*With asperity.*] And is that all you woke me out of a sound sleep for, and scared me near out of my wits? 82

RUTH—I was afraid. He talked so crazy—staring out of the window as if he saw—something—and speaking about the hills, and wanting to see the sun rise—and all such notions. I couldn't quiet him. It was like he used to talk—only mad, kind of. I didn't want to be alone with him that way. Lord knows what he might do. 83

MRS. ATKINS—[*Scornfully.*] Humph! A poor help I'd be to you and me not able to move a step! Why didn't you run and get Jake? 84

RUTH—[*Dully.*] Jake isn't here. I thought I'd told you. He quit last night. He hasn't been paid in three months. You can't blame him. 85

MRS. ATKINS—[*Indignantly.*] No, I can't blame him when I come to think of it. What decent person'd want to work on a place like this? [*With sudden exasperation.*] Oh, I wish you'd never married that man! 86

RUTH—[*Wearily.*] You oughtn't to talk about him now when he's sick in his bed. 87

MRS. ATKINS—[*Working herself into a fit of rage.*] It's lucky for me and you, too, I took my part of the place out of his hands years ago. You know very well, Ruth Mayo, if it wasn't for me helpin' you on the sly out of my savin's, you'd both been in the poor house—and all 'count of his pig-headed pride in not lettin' Andy know the state thin's were in. A nice thing for me to have to support him out of what I'd saved for my last days—and me an invalid with no one to look to! 88

RUTH—Andy'll pay you back, Ma. I can tell him so's Rob'll never know. 89

MRS. ATKINS—[*With a snort.*] What'd Rob think you and him was livin' on, I'd like to know? 90

RUTH—[*Dully.*] He didn't think about it, I s'pose [*After a slight pause.*] He said he'd made up his mind to ask Andy for help when he comes. [*As a clock in the kitchen strikes six.*] Six o'clock. Andy ought to get here directly. 91

MRS. ATKINS—D'you think this special doctor'll do Rob any good? 92

RUTH—*[Hopelessly.]* I don't know. *[The two women remain silent for a time staring dejectedly at the stove.]* 93

MRS. ATKINS—*[Shivering irritably.]* For goodness' sake put some wood on that fire. I'm most freezin'! 94

RUTH—*[Pointing to the door in the rear.]* Don't talk so loud. Let him sleep if he can. *[She gets wearily from the chair and puts a few pieces of wood in the stove. Then she tiptoes to the bedroom door and listens.]* 95

MRS. ATKINS—*[In a sharp whisper.]* Is he sleepin'? 96

RUTH—*[Coming back.]* I couldn't hear him move. I s'pose he is. *[She puts another stick in the stove.]* This is the last of the wood in the pile. I don't know who'll cut more now that Jake's left. *[She sighs and walks to the window in the rear, left, pulls the curtains aside, and looks out.]* It's getting grey out. It'll be light soon and we can put out that lamp. *[She comes back to the stove.]* Looks like it'd be a nice day. *[She stretches out her hands to warm them.]* Must've been a heavy frost last night. We're paying for the spell of warm weather we've been having. *[The throbbing whine of a motor sounds from the distance outside.]* 97

MRS. ATKINS—*[Sharply.]* S-h-h! Listen! Ain't that an auto I hear? 98

RUTH—*[Without interest.]* Yes. It's Andy, I s'pose. 99

MRS. ATKINS—*[With nervous irritation.]* Don't sit there like a silly goose. Look at the state of this room! What'll this strange doctor think of us? Look at that lamp chimney all smoke! Gracious sakes, Ruth— 100

RUTH—*[Indifferently.]* I've got a lamp all cleaned up in the kitchen. 101

MRS. ATKINS—*[Peremptorily.]* Wheel me in there this minute. I don't want him to see me looking a sight. I'll lay down in the room the other side. You don't need me now and I'm dead for sleep. I'll have plenty of time to see Andy. *[RUTH wheels her mother off right. The noise of the motor grows louder and finally ceases as the car stops on the road before the farmhouse. RUTH returns from the kitchen with a lighted lamp in her hand which she sets on the table beside the other. The sound of footsteps on the path is heard—then a sharp rap on the door. RUTH goes and opens it. ANDREW enters, followed by DOCTOR FAWCETT carrying a small black bag. ANDREW has changed greatly. His face seems to have grown high-strung, hardened by the look of decisiveness which comes from being constantly under a strain where judgments on the spur of the moment are compelled to be accurate. His eyes are keener and more alert. There is even a suggestion of ruthless cunning about them. At present, however, his expression is one of tense anxiety. DOCTOR FAWCETT is a short, dark, middle-aged man with a Vandyke beard. He wears glasses.]* 102

RUTH—Hello, Andy! I've been waiting— 103

ANDREW—*[Kissing her hastily.]* I know. I got here as soon as I could. *[He throws off* 104

his cap and heavy overcoat on the table, introducing RUTH and the DOCTOR as he does so. He is dressed in an expensive business suit and appears stouter.] My sister-in-law, Mrs. Mayo—Doctor Fawcett. [They bow to each other silently. ANDREW casts a quick glance about the room.] Where's Rob?

RUTH—*[Pointing.]* In there. 105

ANDREW—I'll take your coat and hat, Doctor. *[As he helps the DOCTOR with his things.]* Is he very bad, Ruth? 106

RUTH—*[Dully.]* He's been getting weaker. 107

ANDREW—Damn! This way, Doctor. Bring the lamp, Ruth. *[He goes into the bedroom, followed by the DOCTOR and RUTH carrying the clean lamp. RUTH reappears almost immediately closing the door behind her, and goes slowly to the outside door, which she opens, and stands in the doorway looking out. The sound of ANDREW'S and ROBERT'S voices comes from the bedroom. A moment later ANDREW re-enters, closing the door softly. He comes forward and sinks down on the rocker on the right of table, leaning his head on his hand. His face is drawn in a shocked expression of great grief. He sighs heavily, staring mournfully in front of him. RUTH turns and stands watching him. Then she shuts the door and returns to her chair by the stove, turning it so she can face him.]* 108

ANDREW—*[Glancing up quickly—in a harsh voice.]* How long has this been going on? 109

RUTH—You mean—how long has he been sick? 110

ANDREW—*[Shortly.]* Of course! What else? 111

RUTH—It was last summer he had a bad spell first, but he's been ailin' ever since Mary died—eight months ago. 112

ANDREW—*[Harshly.]* Why didn't you let me know—cable me? Do you want him to die, all of you? I'm damned if it doesn't look that way! *[His voice breaking.]* Poor old chap! To be sick in this out-of-the-way hole without anyone to attend to him but a country quack! It's a damned shame! 113

RUTH—*[Dully.]* I wanted to send you word once, but he only got mad when I told him. He was too proud to ask anything, he said. 114

ANDREW—Proud? To ask *me*? *[He jumps to his feet and paces nervously back and forth.]* I can't understand the way you've acted. Didn't you see how sick he was getting? Couldn't you realize—why, I nearly dropped in my tracks when I saw him! He looks—*[He shudders.]*—terrible! *[With fierce scorn.]* I suppose you're so used to the idea of his being delicate that you took his sickness as a matter of course. God, if I'd only known! 115

RUTH—*[Without emotion.]* A letter takes so long to get where you were—and we couldn't afford to telegraph. We owed everyone already, and I couldn't ask Ma. 116

She'd been giving me money out of her savings for the last two years till she hadn't much left. Don't say anything to Rob about it. I never told him. He'd only be mad at me if he knew. But I had to, because—God knows how we'd have got on if I hadn't.

ANDREW—You mean to say— [His eyes seem to take in the poverty-stricken appearance of the room for the first time.] You sent that telegram to me collect. Was it because— [RUTH nods silently. ANDREW pounds on the table with his fist.] Good God! And all this time I've been—why I've had everything! [He sits down in his chair and pulls it close to RUTH'S—impulsively.] But—I can't get it through my head. Why? Why? What has happened? How did it ever come about? Tell me! 117

RUTH—[Dully.] There's nothing much to tell. Things kept getting worse, that's all—and Rob didn't seem to care. 118

ANDREW—But hasn't he been working the farm? 119

RUTH—He never took any interest since way back when your Ma died. After that he got men to take charge, and they nearly all cheated him—he couldn't tell—and left one after another. And then there'd be times when there was no one to see to it, when he'd be looking to hire someone new. And the hands wouldn't stay. It was hard to get them. They didn't want to work here, and as soon as they'd get a chance to work some other place they'd leave. Then after Mary died he didn't pay no heed to anything any more—just stayed indoors and took to reading books again. So I had to ask Ma if she wouldn't help us some. 120

ANDREW—[Surprised and horrified.] Why, damn it, this is frightful! Rob must be mad not to have let me know. Too proud to ask help of *me*! It's an insane idea! It's crazy! And for Rob, of all people, to feel that way! What's the matter with him in God's name? He didn't appear to have changed when I was talking to him a second ago. He seemed same old Rob—only very sick physically. [A sudden, horrible suspicion, entering his mind.] Ruth! Tell me the truth. His mind hasn't gone back on him, has it? 121

RUTH—[Dully.] I don't know. Mary's dying broke him up terrible—but he's used to her being gone by this, I s'pose. 122

ANDREW—[Looking at her queerly.] Do you mean to say *you're* used to it? 123

RUTH—[In a dead tone.] There's a time comes—when you don't mind any more—anything. 124

ANDREW—[Looks at her fixedly for a moment—with great pity.] I'm sorry I talked the way I did just now, Ruth—if I seemed to blame you. I didn't realize— The sight of Rob lying in bed there, so gone to pieces—it made me furious at everyone. Forgive me, Ruth. 125

RUTH—There's nothing to forgive. It doesn't matter. 126

ANDREW—[Springing to his feet again and pacing up and down.] Thank God I came back before it was too late. This doctor will know exactly what to do to bring him 127

back to health. That's the first thing to think of. When Rob's on his feet again we can get the farm working on a sound basis once more. I'll see to it so that you'll never have any more trouble—before I leave.

RUTH—You're going away again? 128

ANDREW—Yes. Back to Argentine. I've got to. 129

RUTH—You wrote Rob you was coming back to stay this time. 130

ANDREW—I expected to—until I got to New York. Then I learned certain facts that make it necessary. [*With a short laugh.*] To be candid, Ruth, I'm not the rich man you've probably been led to believe by my letters—not now. I was when I wrote them. I made money hand over fist as long as I stuck to legitimate trading; but I wasn't content with that. I wanted it to come easier, so like all the rest of the idiots, I tried speculation. It was funny, too. I'd always been dead set against that form of gambling before. I guess there's still enough of the farmer in me to make me feel squeemish about Wheat Pits. But I got into it just the same, and it seemed as if I never had a chance to get out. Oh, I won all right! Several times I've been almost a millionaire—on paper—and then come down to earth again with a bump. Finally the strain was too much. I got disgusted with myself and made up my mind to get out and come home and forget it and really live again. I got out—with just a quarter of a million dollars more than I'd had when I landed there five years before. [*He gives a harsh laugh.*] And now comes the funny part. The day before the steamer sailed I saw what I thought was a chance to become a millionaire again. [*He snaps his fingers.*] That easy! I plunged. Then, before things broke, I left—I was so confident I couldn't be wrong—and I left explicit orders to *friends*. [*Bitterly.*] Friends! Well, maybe it wasn't their fault. A fool deserves what he gets. Anyway, when I landed in New York—I wired you I had business to wind up, didn't I? Well, it was the business that wound me up! [*He smiles grimly, pacing up and down, his hands in his pockets.*] 131

RUTH—[*Dully.*] You found—you'd lost everything? 132

ANDREW—[*Sitting down again.*] Practically. [*He takes a cigar from his pocket, bites the end off, and lights it.*] Oh, I don't mean I'm dead broke. I've saved ten thousand from the wreckage, maybe twenty. But that's a poor showing for five years' hard work. That's why I'll have to go back. [*Confidently.*] I can make it up in a year or so down there—and I don't need but a shoestring to start with. [*A weary expression comes over his face and he sighs heavily.*] I wish I didn't have to. I'm sick of it all. And I'd made so many plans about converting this place into a real home for all of us, and a working proposition that'd pay big at the same time. [*With another sigh.*] It'll have to wait. 133

RUTH—It's too bad—things seem to go wrong so. 134

ANDREW—[*Shaking of his depression—briskly.*] They might be much worse. There's enough left to fix the farm O. K. before I go. I won't leave 'til Rob's on his feet again. 135
In the meantime I'll make things fly around here. [*With satisfaction.*] I need a rest, and the kind of rest I need is hard work in the open—just like I used to do in the old days. I'll organize things on a working basis and get a real man to carry out my plans while I'm away—what I intended to do the last time. [*Stopping abruptly and*

lowering his voice cautiously.] Not a word to Rob about my losing money! Remember that, Ruth! You can see why. If he's grown so touchy he'd never accept a cent if he thought I was hard up; see?

RUTH—Yes, Andy. [*After a pause, during which ANDREW puffs at his cigar abstractedly, his mind evidently busy with plans for the future, the bedroom door is opened and DOCTOR FAWCETT enters, carrying a bag. He closes the door quietly behind him and comes forward, a grave expression on his face. ANDREW springs out of his chair.*] 136

ANDREW—Ah, Doctor! [*He pushes a chair between his own and RUTH'S.*] Won't you have a chair? 137

FAWCETT—[*Glancing at his watch.*] I must catch the nine o'clock back to the city. It's imperative. I have only a moment. [*Sitting down and clearing his throat—in a perfunctory, impersonal voice.*] The case of your brother, Mr. Mayo, is— [*He stops and glances at RUTH and says meaningly to ANDREW.*] Perhaps it would be better if you and I— 138

RUTH—[*With dogged resentment.*] I know what you mean, Doctor; but I'm not going. I'm his wife, and I've got a right to hear what you're going to say. [*Dully.*] Don't be afraid I can't stand it. I'm used to bearing trouble by this; and I can guess what you've found out. Don't you s'pose I could see it staring out of his eyes at me these last days? [*She hesitates for a moment—then continues in a monotonous voice.*] Rob's going to die. 139

ANDREW—[*Angrily.*] Ruth! 140

FAWCETT—[*Raising his hand as if to command silence.*] In view of what you have said, Mrs. Mayo, I see no reason to withhold the facts from you. [*He turns to ANDREW.*] I am afraid my diagnosis of your brother's condition forces me to the same conclusion as Mrs. Mayo's. 141

ANDREW—[*Groaning.*] But Doctor, surely— 142

FAWCETT—[*Calmly.*] I am concerned only with facts, my dear sir, and this is one of them. Your brother has not long to live—perhaps a few days, perhaps only a few hours. I would not dare to venture a prediction on that score. It is a marvel that he is alive at this moment. My examination revealed that both of his lungs are terribly affected. A hemorrhage, resulting from any exertion or merely through the unaided progress of the disease itself, will undoubtedly prove fatal. 143

ANDREW—[*Brokenly.*] Good God! [*RUTH keeps her eyes fixed on her lap in a trance-like stare.*] 144

FAWCETT—I am sorry I have to tell you this, sorry my trip should prove to be of such little avail. If there was anything that could be done— 145

ANDREW—There isn't anything? 146

FAWCETT—[*Shaking his head.*] I am afraid not. It is too late. Six months ago there might have— 147

ANDREW—[*In anguish.*] But if we were to take him to the mountains—or to Arizona—or— 148

FAWCETT—That might have prolonged his life six months ago. [ANDREW *groans.*] But now— [He *shrugs his shoulders significantly.*] I would only be raising a hope in you foredoomed to disappointment if I encouraged any belief that a change of air could accomplish the impossible. He could not make a journey. The excitement, the effort required, would inevitably bring on the end. 149

ANDREW—[*Appalled by a sudden thought.*] Good heavens, you haven't told him this, have you, Doctor? 150

FAWCETT—No. I lied to him. I said a change of climate to the mountains, the desert would bring about a cure. [Perplexedly.] He laughed at that. He seemed to find it amusing for some reason or other. I am sure he knew I was lying. A clear foresight seems to come to people as near death as he is. [He *sighs.*] One feels foolish lying to them; and yet one feels one ought to do it, I don't know why. [He *looks at his watch again nervously.*] I must take my leave of you. It is really imperative that I take no risk of missing— [He *gets up.*] 151

ANDREW—[*Getting to his feet—insistently.*] But there must still be a chance for him, isn't there, Doctor? 152

FAWCETT—[*As if he were reassuring a child.*] There is always that last chance—the miracle. We doctors see it happen too often to disbelieve in it. [He *puts on his hat and coat—bowing to RUTH.*] Goodby, Mrs. Mayo. 153

RUTH—[*Without raising her eyes—dully.*] Goodby. 154

ANDREW—[*Mechanically.*] I'll walk to the car with you, Doctor. [They *go out the door.* RUTH *sits motionlessly. The motor is heard starting and the noise gradually recedes into the distance.* ANDREW *re-enters and sits down in his chair, holding his head in his hands.*] Ruth! [She *lifts her eyes to his.*] Hadn't we better go in and see him? God! I'm afraid to! I know he'll read it in my face. [The *bedroom door is noiselessly opened and ROBERT appears in the doorway. His cheeks are flushed with fever, and his eyes appear unusually large and brilliant.* ANDREW *continues with a groan.*] It can't be, Ruth. It can't be as hopeless as he said. There's always a fighting chance. We'll take Rob to Arizona. He's got to get well. There *must* be a chance! 155

ROBERT—[*In a gentle tone.*] Why must there, Andy? [RUTH *turns and stares at him with terrified eyes.*] 156

ANDREW—[*Whirling around.*] Rob! [Scoldingly.] What are you doing out of bed? [He *gets up and goes to him.*] Get right back now and obey the Doc, or you're going to get a licking from me! 157

ROBERT—*[Ignoring these remarks.]* Help me over to the chair, please, Andy. 158

ANDREW—Like hell I will! You're going right back to bed, that's where you're going, and stay there! *[He takes hold of ROBERT'S arm.]* 159

ROBERT—*[Mockingly.]* Stay there 'til I die, eh, Andy? *[Coldly.]* Don't behave like a child. I'm sick of lying down. I'll be more rested sitting up. *[As ANDREW hesitates—violently.]* I swear I'll get out of bed every time you put me there. You'll have to sit on my chest, and that wouldn't help my health any. Come on, Andy. Don't play the fool. I want to talk to you, and I'm going to. *[With a grim smile.]* A dying man has some rights, hasn't he? 160

ANDREW—*[With a shudder.]* Don't talk that way, for God's sake! Remember. *[He helps ROB to the chair between his own and RUTH'S.]* Easy now! There you are! Wait, and I'll get a pillow for you. *[He goes into the bedroom. ROBERT looks at RUTH who shrinks away from him in terror. ROBERT smiles bitterly. ANDREW comes back with the pillow which he places behind ROBERT'S back.]* How's that? 161

ROBERT—*[With an affectionate smile.]* Fine! Thank you! *[As ANDREW sits down.]* Listen, Andy. You've asked me not to talk—and I won't after I've made my position clear. *[Slowly.]* In the first place I know I'm dying. *[RUTH bows her head and covers her face with her hands. She remains like this all during the scene between the two brothers.]* 162

ANDREW—Rob! That isn't so! 163

ROBERT—*[Wearily.]* It is so! Don't lie to me. It's useless and it irritates me. After Ruth put me to bed before you came, I saw it clearly for the first time. *[Bitterly.]* I'd been making plans for our future—Ruth's and mine—so it came hard at first—the realization. Then when the doctor examined me, I knew—although he tried to lie about it. And then to make sure I listened at the door to what he told you. So, for my sake, don't mock me with fairy tales about Arizona, or any such rot as that. Because I'm dying is no reason you should treat me as an imbecile or a coward. Now that I'm sure what's happening I can say Kismet to it with all my heart. It was only the silly uncertainty that hurt. *[There is a pause. ANDREW looks around in impotent anguish, not knowing what to say. ROBERT regards him with an affectionate smile.]* 164

ANDREW—*[Finally blurts out.]* It isn't foolish. You *have* got a chance. If you heard all the Doctor said that ought to prove it to you. 165

ROBERT—Oh, you mean when he spoke of the possibility of a miracle? *[Dryly.]* The Doctor and I disagree on that point. I don't believe in miracles—in my case. Beside I know more than any doctor in earth *could* know—because I *feel* what's coming. *[Dismissing the subject.]* But we've agreed not to talk of it. Tell me about yourself, Andy, and what you've done all these years. That's what I'm interested in. Your letters were too brief and far apart to be illuminating. 166

ANDREW—I meant to write oftener. 167

ROBERT—*[With a faint trace of irony.]* I judge from them you've accomplished all 168

you set out to do five years ago?

ANDREW—That isn't much to boast of. 169

ROBERT—*[Surprised.]* Have you really, honestly reached that conclusion? 170

ANDREW—Well, it doesn't seem to amount to much now. 171

ROBERT—But you're rich, aren't you? 172

ANDREW—*[With a quick glance at RUTH.]* Yes I s'pose so. 173

ROBERT—I'm glad. You can do to the farm all I've undone. *[With a smile.]* Do you know I was too proud to ask you for money when things went bad here? You'll have to forgive me for that, Andy. 174

ANDREW—I knew it wasn't like you to feel that way. 175

ROBERT—But what did you do down there? Tell me. You went in the grain business with that friend of yours? 176

ANDREW—Yes. After two years I had a share in it. I sold out last year. *[He is answering ROB'S questions with great reluctance.]* 177

ROBERT—And then? 178

ANDREW—I went in on my own. 179

ROBERT—Your own business? 180

ANDREW—I s'pose you'd call it that. 181

ROBERT—Still in grain? 182

ANDREW—Yes. 183

ROBERT—What's the matter? What's there to be ashamed of? You look as if I was accusing you of crimes. 184

ANDREW—I'm proud enough of the first four years. It's after that I'm not boasting of. You see, I couldn't make money easy enough that way, so I took to speculating. 185

ROBERT—In wheat? 186

ANDREW—Yes. 187

ROBERT—And you made money—gambling? 188

ANDREW—Yes. 189

ROBERT—I can't imagine you as the easy-come, easy-go kind. 190

ANDREW—I'm not. I'm sick of it. 191

ROBERT—*[Thoughtfully.]* I've been wondering what the great change was in you. I can see now. It's your eyes. There's an expression about them as if you were constantly waiting to hear a cannon go off, and wincing at the bang beforehand. 192

ANDREW—*[Grimly.]* I've felt just that way all the past year. 193

ROBERT—*[After a pause during which his eyes search ANDREW'S face.]* Why haven't you ever married? 194

ANDREW—Never wanted to. Didn't have time to think of it, I guess. 195

ROBERT—*[After a pause.]* You—a farmer—to gamble in a wheat pit with scraps of paper. There's a spiritual significance in that picture, Andy. *[He smiles bitterly.]* I'm a failure, and Ruth's another—but we can both justly lay some of the blame for our stumbling on God. But you're the deepest-dyed failure of the three, Andy. You've spent eight years running away from yourself. Do you see what I mean? You used to be a creator when you loved the farm. You and life were in harmonious partnership. And now— *[He stops as if seeking vainly for words.]* My brain is muddled. But part of what I mean is that your gambling with the thing you used to love to create proves how far astray you've gotten from the truth. So you'll be punished. You'll have to suffer to win back— *[His voice grows weaker and he sighs wearily.]* It's no use. I can't say it. *[He lies back and closes his eyes, breathing pantingly.]* 196

ANDREW—*[Slowly.]* I think I know what you're driving at, Rob—and it's true, I guess. *[ROBERT smiles gratefully and stretches out his hand, which ANDREW takes in his.]* 197

ROBERT—I want you to promise me to do one thing, Andy, after— 198

ANDREW—I'll promise anything, as God is my Judge! 199

ROBERT—Remember, Andy, Ruth has suffered double her share, and you haven't suffered at all. *[His voice faltering with weakness.]* Only through contact with suffering, Andy, will you—awaken. Listen. You must marry Ruth—afterwards. 200

RUTH—*[With a cry.]* Rob! *[ROBERT lies back, his eyes closed, gasping heavily for breath.]* 201

ANDREW—*[Making signs to her to humor him—gently.]* You're tired out, Rob. You shouldn't have talked so much. You better lie down and rest a while, don't you think? We can talk later on. 202

ROBERT—*[With a mocking smile.]* Later on! You always were an optimist, Andy! *[He sighs with exhaustion.]* Yes, I'll go and rest a while. *[As ANDREW comes to help him.]* It must be near sunrise, isn't it? It's getting grey out. 203

ANDREW—Yes—pretty near. It's after six. 204

ROBERT—[As ANDREW helps him to the bedroom.] Pull the bed around so it'll face the window, will you, Andy? I can't sleep, but I'll rest and forget if I can watch the rim of the hills and dream of what is waiting beyond. [They go into the bedroom.] And shut the door, Andy. I want to be alone. [ANDREW reappears and shuts the door softly. He comes and sits down on his chair again, supporting his head on his hands. His face is drawn with the intensity of his dry-eyed anguish.] 205

RUTH—[Glancing at him—fearfully.] He's out of his mind now, isn't he? 206

ANDREW—He may be a little delirious. The fever would do that. [With impotent rage.] God, what a shame! And there's nothing we can do but sit and—wait! [He springs from his chair and walks to the stove.] 207

RUTH—[Dully.] He was talking—wild—like he used to—only this time it sounded—unnatural, don't you think? 208

ANDREW—I don't know. The things he said to me had truth in them—even if he did talk them way up in the air, like he always sees things. Still— [He glances down at RUTH keenly.] Why do you suppose he wanted us to promise we'd— [Confusedly.] You know what he said. 209

RUTH—[Dully.] His mind was wandering, I s'pose. 210

ANDREW—[With conviction.] No— there was something back of it. 211

RUTH—He wanted to make sure I'd be all right—after he'd gone, I expect. 212

ANDREW—No, it wasn't that. He knows very well I'd naturally look after you without—anything like that. 213

RUTH—He might be thinking of—something happened five years back, the time you came home from the trip. 214

ANDREW—What happened? What do you mean? 215

RUTH—[Dully.] It was the day you came. We had a fight. 216

ANDREW—A fight? What has that to do with me? 217

RUTH—It was about you—in a way. 218

ANDREW—[Amazed.] About me? 219

RUTH—Yes, mostly. You see I'd found out I'd made a mistake about Rob soon after we were married—when it was too late. 220

ANDREW—Mistake? [Slowly.] You mean—you found out you didn't love Rob? 221

RUTH—Yes.	222
ANDREW—Good God!	223
RUTH—And then I thought that when Mary came it'd be different, and I'd love him; but it didn't happen that way. And I couldn't bear with his blundering and book-reading—and I grew to hate him, almost.	224
ANDREW—Ruth!	225
RUTH—I couldn't help it. No woman could. It had to be because I loved someone else, I'd found out. [<i>She sighs wearily.</i>] It can't do no harm to tell you now—when it's all past and gone—and dead. <i>You</i> were the one I really loved—only I didn't come to the knowledge of it 'til too late.	226
ANDREW—[<i>Stunned.</i>] Ruth! Do you know what you're saying?	227
RUTH—It was true—then. [<i>With sudden fierceness.</i>] How could I help it? No woman could.	228
ANDREW—Then—you loved me—that time I came home?	229
RUTH—Yes.	230
ANDREW—But—couldn't you see—I didn't love you—that way?	231
RUTH—[<i>Doggedly.</i>] Yes—I saw then; but I'd known your real reason for leaving home the first time—everybody knew it—and for three years I'd been thinking—	232
ANDREW—That I loved you?	233
RUTH—Yes. Then that day on the hill you laughed about what a fool you'd been for loving me once—and I knew it was all over.	234
ANDREW—Good God, but I never thought— [<i>He stops, shuddering at his remembrance.</i>] And did Rob—	235
RUTH—That was what I'd started to tell. We'd had a fight just before you came and I got crazy mad—and I told him all I've told you.	236
ANDREW—[<i>Gaping at her speechlessly for a moment.</i>] You told Rob—you loved me?	237
RUTH—Yes.	238
ANDREW—[<i>Shrinking away from her in horror.</i>] You—you—you mad fool, you! How could you do such a thing?	239
RUTH—I couldn't help it. I'd got to the end of bearing things—without talking.	240

ANDREW—And the thought of the child—his child and yours—couldn't keep your mouth shut? 241

RUTH—I was crazy mad at him—when I told. 242

ANDREW—Then Rob must have known every moment I stayed here! And yet he never said or showed—God, how he must have suffered! Didn't you know how much he loved you? 243

RUTH—*[Dully.]* Yes. I knew he liked me. 244

ANDREW—Liked you! How can you talk in that cold tone—now—when he's dying! What kind of a woman are you? I'd never believe it was in you to be so— Couldn't you have kept silent—no matter what you felt or thought? Did you have to torture him? No wonder he's dying. I don't see how he's lived through it as long as he has. I couldn't. No. I'd have killed myself—or killed you. 245

RUTH—*[Dully.]* I wish he had—killed me. 246

ANDREW—And you've lived together for five years with this horrible secret between you? 247

RUTH—We've lived in the same house—not as man and wife. 248

ANDREW—But what does he feel about it now? Tell me! Does he still think— 249

RUTH—I don't know. We've never spoke a word about it since that day. Maybe, from the way he went on, he s'poses I care for you yet. Maybe that's one reason he said what he did. 250

ANDREW—But you don't. You can't. It's outrageous. It's stupid! You don't love me! 251

RUTH—*[Slowly.]* I wouldn't know how to feel love, even if I tried, any more. 252

ANDREW—*[Brutally.]* And I don't love you, that's sure! *[He sinks into his chair, his head between his hands.]* It's damnable such a thing should be between Rob and me—we that have been pals ever since we were born, almost. Why, I love Rob better'n anybody in the world and always did. There isn't a thing on God's green earth I wouldn't have done to keep trouble away from him. And now I have to be the very one—it's damnable! How am I going to face him again? What can I say to him now? *[He groans with anguished rage. After a pause.]* He asked me to promise—what am I going to do? 253

RUTH—You can promise—so's it'll ease his mind—and not mean anything. 254

ANDREW—What? Lie to him now—when he's dying? Can you believe I'd descend as low as that? And there's no sense in my lying. He knows I don't love you. *[Determinedly.]* No! It's *you* who'll have to do the lying, since it must be done. You're the cause of all this. You've got to! You've got a chance now to undo some of all the 255

suffering you've brought on Rob. Go in to him! Tell him you never loved me—it was all a mistake. Tell him you only said so because you were mad and didn't know what you were saying, and you've been ashamed to own up to the truth before this. Tell him something, anything, that'll bring him peace and make him believe you've loved him all the time.

RUTH—*[Dully.]* It's no good. He wouldn't believe me. 256

ANDREW—*[Furiously.]* You've got to make him believe you, do you hear? You've got to—now—hurry—you never know when it may be too late. *[As she hesitates— imploringly.]* For God's sake, Ruth! Don't you see you owe it to him? You'll never forgive yourself if you don't. 257

RUTH—*[Dully.]* I'll go. *[She gets wearily to her feet and walks slowly toward the bedroom.]* But it won't do any good. *[ANDREW'S eyes are fixed on her anxiously. She opens the door and steps inside the room. She remains standing there for a minute. Then she calls in a frightened voice.]* Rob! Where are you? *[Then she hurries back, trembling with fright.]* Andy! Andy! He's gone! 258

ANDREW—*[Misunderstanding her—his face pale with dread.]* He's not— 259

RUTH—*[Interrupting him—hysterically.]* He's gone! He isn't in there. The bed's empty. The window's wide open. He must have crawled out into the yard! 260

ANDREW—*[Springing to his feet. He rushes into the bedroom and returns immediately with an expression of alarmed amazement on his face.]* Come! He can't have gone far! We've got to find him! *[Grabbing his hat he takes RUTH'S arm and shoves her toward the door.]* Come on! *[Opening the door.]* Let's hope to God— *[The door closes behind them, cutting off his words as*
[The Curtain Falls] 261

ACT THREE

SCENE TWO

SCENE—*Same as Act One, Scene One—A section of country highway. The sky to the east is already alight with bright color and a thin, quivering line of flame is spreading slowly along the horizon rim of the dark hills. The roadside, however, is still steeped in the greyness of the dawn, shadowy and vague. The field in the foreground has a wild uncultivated appearance as if it had been allowed to remain fallow the preceding summer. Parts of the snake-fence in the rear have been broken down. The apple tree is leafless and seems dead.* 1

ROBERT *staggers weakly in from the left. He stumbles into the ditch and lies there for a moment; then crawls with a great effort to the top of the bank where he can see the sun rise, and collapses weakly.* RUTH and ANDREW *come hurriedly along the road* 2

from the left.

ANDREW—*[Stopping and looking about him.]* There he is! I knew it! I knew we'd find him here. 3

ROBERT—*[Trying to raise himself to a sitting position as they hasten to his side—with a wan smile.]* I thought I'd given you the slip. 4

ANDREW—*[With kindly bullying.]* Well you didn't, you old scoundrel, and we're going to take you right back where you belong—in bed. *[He makes a motion to lift ROBERT.]* What d'you mean by running away like this, eh? 5

ROBERT—Don't, Andy. Don't, I tell you! I can't bear it! 6

ANDREW—You're in pain? 7

ROBERT—*[Simply.]* No. I'm dying. *[He falls back weakly. RUTH sinks down beside him with a sob and pillows his head on her lap.]* Don't try to move me, Andy. It would mean—. I had a bad hemorrhage—trying to get here. I knew then— it was only—a few minutes more. *[ANDREW stands looking down at him helplessly. ROBERT moves his head restlessly on RUTH'S lap.]* There! Just so I can see—the sun. I couldn't stand it back there in the room. It seemed as if all my life—I'd been cooped in a room. So I thought I'd try to end as I might have—if I'd had the courage to live my dream. Alone—in a ditch by the open road—watching the sun rise. 8

ANDREW—Rob! Don't talk. You're wasting your strength. Rest a while and then we'll carry you— 9

ROBERT—Still hoping, Andy? Don't. I know. *[There is a pause during which he breathes heavily, straining his eyes toward the horizon.]* The sun comes so slowly. I haven't long—to wait. *[With an ironical smile.]* The doctor told me to go to the far-off places—and I'd be cured. He was right. That was always the cure for me. It's too late—for this world—but in the next I'll not miss—the secret. *[He has a fit of coughing which racks his body.]* 10

ANDREW—*[With a hoarse sob.]* Rob! *[He clenches his fists in an impotent rage against fate.]* God! God! *[RUTH sobs brokenly and wipes ROBERT'S lips with her handkerchief.]* 11

ROBERT—*[In a voice which is suddenly ringing with the happiness of hope.]* You mustn't feel sorry for me. It's ridiculous! Don't you see I'm happy at last—because I'm making a start to the far-off places—free—free!—freed from the farm—free to wander on and on—eternally! Even the hills are powerless to shut me in now. *[He raises himself on his elbow, his face radiant, and points to the horizon.]* Look! Isn't it beautiful beyond the hills? I can hear the old voices calling me to come— *[Exultantly.]* And this time I'm going—I'm free! It isn't the end. It's a free beginning—the start of my voyage! Don't you see? I've won to my trip—the right of release—beyond the horizon! Oh, you ought to be glad—glad—for my sake! *[He collapses weakly.]* Andy! *[ANDREW bends down to him.]* Remember RUTH— 12

ANDREW—I'll take care of her, I swear to you, Rob! 13

ROBERT—Ruth has suffered—and for your own sake and hers—remember, Andy— 14
only through sacrifice—the secret beyond there— [He suddenly raises himself with
his last remaining strength and points to the horizon where the edge of the sun's disc
is rising from the rim of the hills.] The sun! [He remains with his eyes fixed on it for a
moment. A rattling noise throbs from his throat. He mumbles:] Remember! [And falls
back and is still. RUTH gives a cry of horror and springs to her feet, shuddering, her
hands over her eyes. ANDREW bends on one knee beside the body, placing a hand
over ROBERT'S heart, then he kisses his brother reverentially on the forehead and
stands up.]

ANDREW—[Facing RUTH, the body between them—in a dead voice.] He's dead. 15
[With a sudden burst of fury.] God damn you, you never told him!

RUTH—[Piteously.] He was so happy without my lying to him. 16

ANDREW—[Pointing to the body—trembling with the violence of his rage.] This is 17
your doing, you damn woman, you coward, you murderess! He's dead because
you've killed him, do you hear?

RUTH—[Sobbing.] Don't, Andy! Stop! I couldn't help it—and he knew how I'd 18
suffered, too. He told you—to remember.

ANDREW—[Stares at her for a moment, his rage ebbing away, an expression of deep 19
pity gradually coming over his face. Then he glances down at his brother and speaks
brokenly in a compassionate voice.] Forgive me, Ruth—for his sake. I know he was
right—and I'll remember what he said. [RUTH lets her hands fall from her face and
looks at him uncomprehendingly. He lifts his eyes to hers and forces out falteringly:]
I—you—we've both made such a mess of things! We must try to help each other—
and—in time—we'll come to know what's right to do— [Desperately.] And perhaps
we— [But RUTH, if she is aware of his words, gives no sign. She remains silent,
gazing at him dully with the sad humility of exhaustion, her mind already sinking back
into that spent calm beyond the further troubling of any hope.]

[The Curtain Falls]

Humanities · Literature Study Guide
***Beyond the Horizon* by Eugene O’Neil**

2. Describe the relationship between Robert and Ruth. Explain the conflict between them.
3. Give at least two reasons that Ruth is excited and hopeful about Andrew’s return.
4. Why does Ben decide to quit working at the Mayo farm?
5. Other than the desire to take advantage of a business opportunity, what seems to motivate Andrew to leave the farm again? Consider his understanding of how Ruth and Robert react to his visit.

Act III

1. Why does Robert never ask Andrew for money to help sustain the farm?
2. Why do you think Ruth believes that Mary is better off dead? Do you agree or disagree?
3. Explain why Andrew is so angry with Ruth in Act III?

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***Beyond the Horizon* by Eugene O'Neil**

4. Why does Ruth refuse to tell Robert that she'd always loved him?
5. Why does Robert request that Ruth and Andrew marry after he dies? Do you think they should honor his request? Why or why not?

The Play as a Whole

1. Explain the significance of the play's title.
2. What is a plausible theme of the play? Use specific details from the text to support your answer.
3. Who is to blame for the misery suffered by the characters by the end of the play, and why?
4. Is Ruth a sympathetic character or not? Are her actions understandable? Use specific details from the play to support your answer.
5. How might the family's situation in the play had been different if it had been set in the late 20th or early 21st Century?

Humanities · Supplemental Activities

Intolerance of the 1920s

- **Research Assignment:** The post-World War I period was one of rising intolerance against various groups of Americans. Have students research the oppression and discrimination aimed at one of the following groups in American society: African Americans, Communists, Conscientious Objectors, and Women. Research should focus on the ways in which civil liberties and civil rights were denied to these groups, and how the experiences of the 1920s compare to the experiences of the same groups in today's society.

Have students present their research to the class. Creativity in presenting their research should be highly encouraged!!!

Examples may include:

- (a) essay;
 - (b) video documentary;
 - (c) Power Point presentation;
 - (d) music; and/or
 - (e) drama
-
- Have students work individually or in groups to write a Declaration of Civil Liberties in America. The Declaration should respond to the suppression of civil liberties targeted at various groups in the 1920s. Their Declarations should include an explanations and rationales of the principles being demanded.
 - Have students create a series of Venn Diagrams comparing and contrasting the readings in this unit, focusing on the intolerance of the time period.
 - Have students write a series of newspaper articles documenting the intolerance of the time period. The articles can spotlight different groups and their quest for equal rights.

Humanities · Activity
Image Analysis – World War I

Look closely at the image below. Use elements of the image to support the following theses:

Thesis #1: Trench warfare resulted in a slow and grueling form of combat in which both sides built elaborate and heavily armed dugout systems opposing each other along a frontline.

Thesis #2: The popular image of a trench assault features a wave of soldiers, bayonets fixed, going "over the top" and marching in a line across no man's land into a hail of enemy fire.



WWI British Soldiers Go Over the Top
Photographer: Unknown (1916 Verdun, France)

Use the space below to explain how the elements of the image support the above theses:

Humanities · Activity
Image Analysis – World War I

Look closely at the image below. Use elements of the image to support the following theses:

Thesis #1: The battle of Passchendaele was fought for control of the small village near the town of Ypres in West Flanders, Belgium.

Thesis #2: More than any other battle, Passchendaele has come to symbolize the horrific nature of the great battles of the First World War.



Passchendaele village before the battle and bombardment, May 1917



Passchendaele village after the battle and bombardment, November 1917

Use the space below to explain how the elements of the images support the above theses:

Humanities · Activity
World War I Propaganda Posters



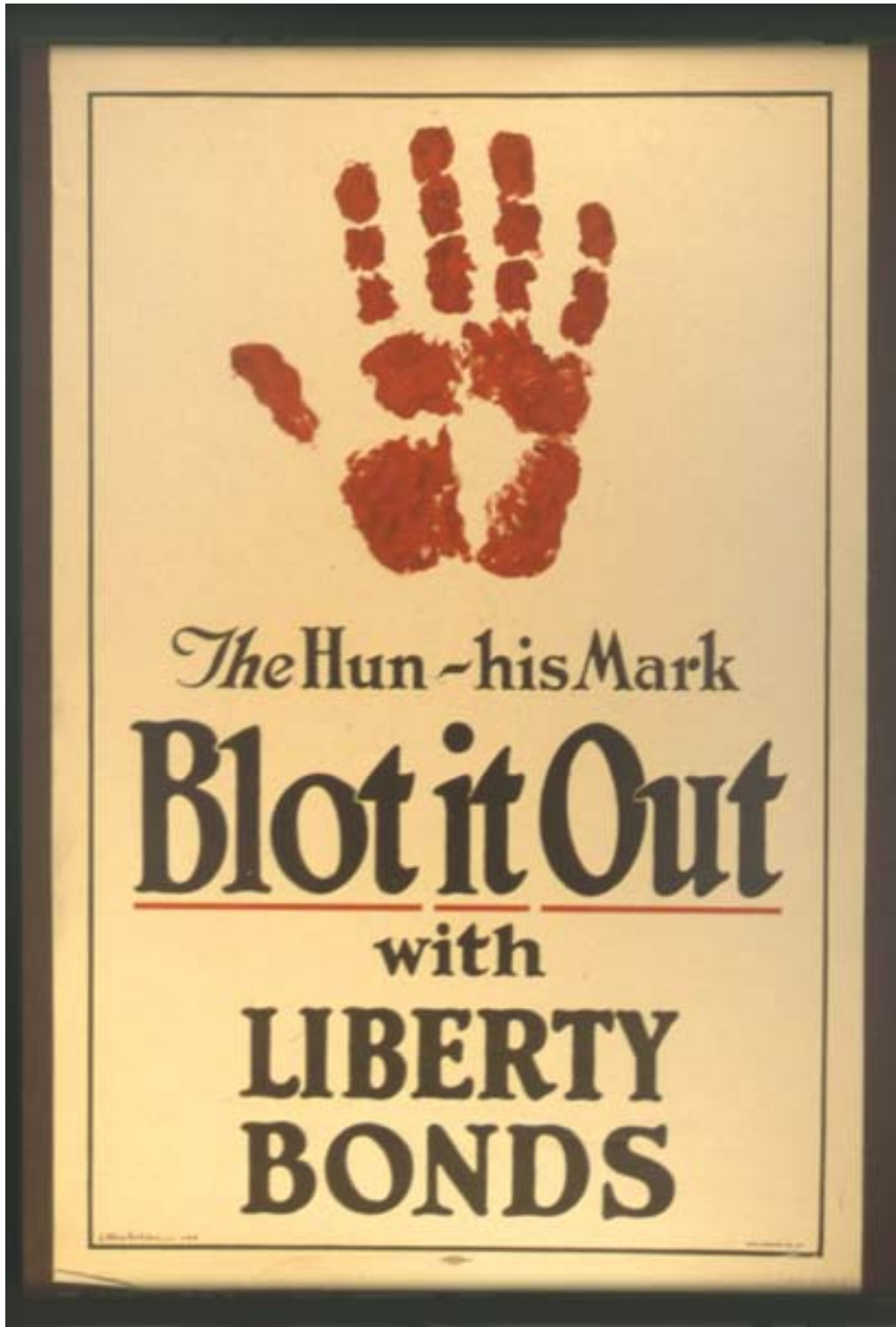
Humanities · Activity
World War I Propaganda Posters



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World War I Propaganda Posters



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World War I Propaganda Posters



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World War I Propaganda Posters



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World War I Propaganda Posters



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World War I Propaganda Posters



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World War I Propaganda Posters



Humanities · Activity
World War I Propaganda Posters



Humanities · Activity
Image Analysis – 1920s

Look closely at the image below. Use elements of the image to support the following theses:

Thesis #1: The racial composition of the nation's big cities underwent a decisive change after World War I when 1.5 million Southern blacks migrated north hoping to escape poverty and powerlessness.

Thesis #2: By transforming their rural southern backgrounds to fit their new urban homes and relative affluence, African Americans created a new black culture.



Couple in Raccoon Coat, Harlem
Photographer: James Van Der Zee (1932)

Use the space below to explain how the elements of the image support the above theses:

Humanities · Activity

Image Analysis – 1920s

Making Inferences from Images

Look closely at the image below and read each of the subsequent statements. Circle the one statement that best fits what the image is portraying. Then, on the next page, explain your choice by discussing how the artist's use of specific details supports your inference.



Artist: Hugo Gellert (1924)

1. A political poster from the 1920s asks American voters to support Foster and Gitlow for the Presidency and Vice-Presidency of the Soviet Union.
2. A political poster from the 1920s advocates the election of only farmers and workers to higher office since the communists were against capitalists and supportive of The Soviet Union.
3. A political poster from the 1920s asks the voters to endorse the American Communist party for election since the communists support the working classes and racial equality.
4. A political poster from the 1920s suggests that the American voter approach communism with fear and anxiety since the Soviets are communist and want to take over the world as evidenced by the poster's image.

Humanities · Activity
Image Analysis – 1920s

Answer each of the questions to demonstrate support for your inferential statement from the previous page.

1. In no more than thirty words, summarize what you think is happening in the photograph. Hint...Think of this as the plot in a work of fiction...what is happening, what is the occasion? How does this support your original inference?
2. Now, look at the character in this image; what can it tell us? Look at the red coloring, social class, clothing styles, stance, etc. While we don't know who he is, by studying his body language, how he is dressed and standing etc. we can start to build an understanding of what he symbolizes. Describe the character in this work but also look at the image as a whole and choose details that support your inference.
3. Setting/background is often one of the most important aspects of an image and this photograph is no different. Examine the setting/background and provide details that support your inference. What does the landscape suggest to the viewer? What about the building styles, the color red?
4. When we analyze fiction, we often look to the author's words to allow us access to his/her intentions or motivations; likewise, the same ideas can be used to understand the artist's or photographer's work. Therefore, analyze the artist's composition (arrangement of people, where they are looking, formal vs. informal pose, etc.) in order to support the choice of your inference statement.

Humanities · Activity
Harlem Renaissance Paintings, Various Artists



Aaron Douglas
Aspiration (1936)

Humanities · Activity
Harlem Renaissance Paintings, Various Artists



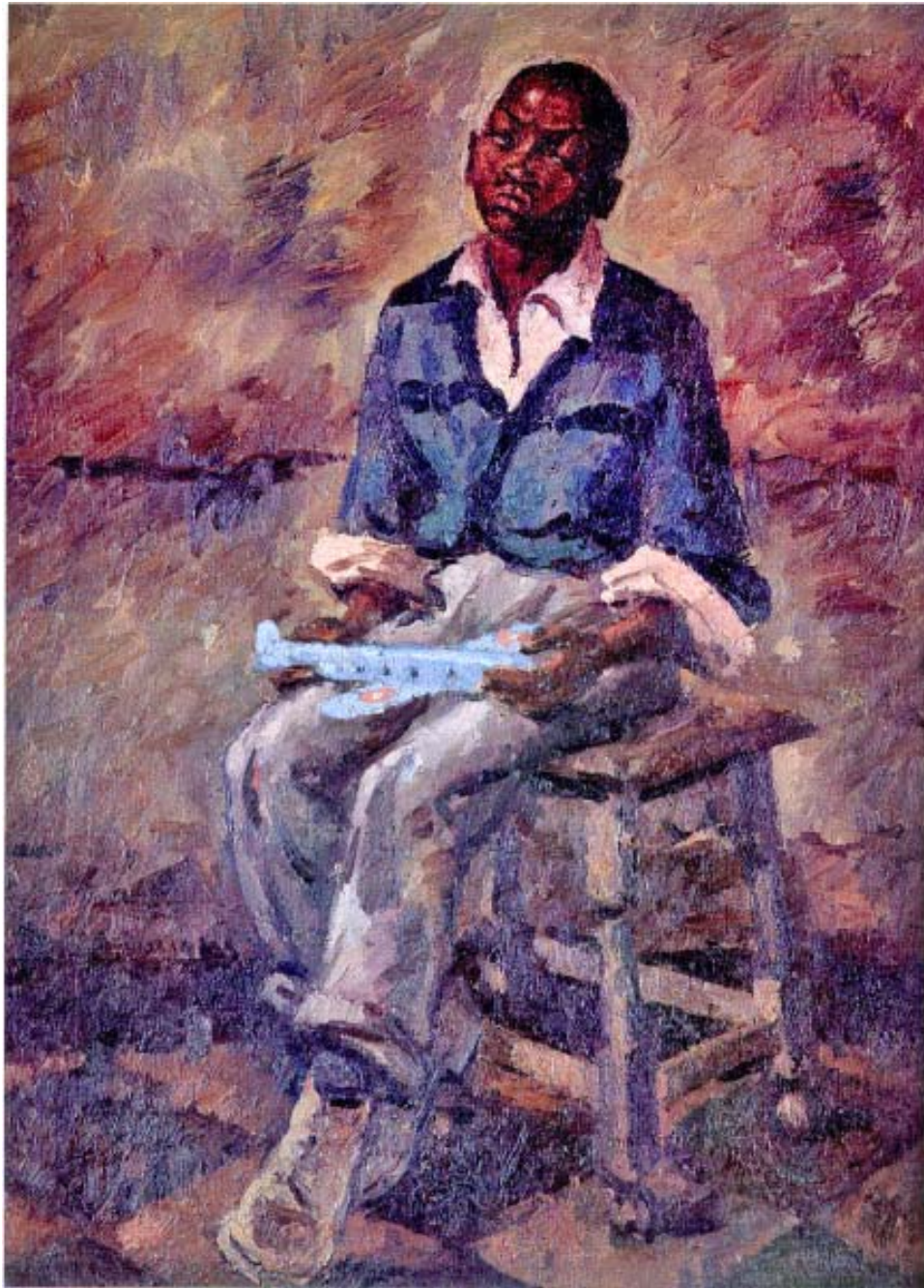
Charles Henry Alston
Lindy Hope at the Savoy (late 1930's)

Humanities · Activity
Harlem Renaissance Paintings, Various Artists



Charles Henry Alston
Modern Medicine (1937)

Humanities · Activity
Harlem Renaissance Paintings, Various Artists



Aaron Douglas
Boy with a Toy Plane (1938)

Humanities · Activity
Harlem Renaissance Paintings, Various Artists



James A. Porter
Woman Holding Jug (1932)

Humanities · Activity
Harlem Renaissance Paintings, Various Artists



William H. Johnston
Going to Church (1940)

Humanities · Activity

Image Analysis – Great Depression

Look closely at the image below. Use elements of the image to support the following theses:

Thesis #1: The Dust Bowl was a disaster caused by misuse of land and years of sustained drought. Millions of acres of farmland became useless, and hundreds of thousands of people were forced to leave their homes.

Thesis #2: Some residents of the Plains, especially in Kansas and Oklahoma fell ill and died of either dust pneumonia or malnutrition.



Fleeing a Dust Storm in Oklahoma
Photographer: Arthur Rothstein (1936)

Use the space below to explain how the elements of the image support the above theses:

Humanities · Activity
Image Analysis – Great Depression

Look closely at the image below. Use elements of the image to support the following theses:

Thesis #1: More than 32,000 businesses went bankrupt and at least 5,000 banks failed eventually leaving almost 25 % of the workforce unemployed during the height of the Great Depression.

Thesis #2: It was a desperate time for families, starvation stalked the land and wretched men, including veterans, looked for work, even hawking apples on sidewalks to support their families.



The daily lineup outside the State Employment Service Office in Memphis, Tennessee
Photographer: Dorothea Lange (June 1938)

Use the space below to explain how the elements of the image support the above theses:

Humanities · Activity
Image Analysis – Great Depression

Making Inferences from Images

Look closely at the image below and read each of the subsequent statements. Circle the one statement that best fits what the image is portraying. Then, on the next page, explain your choice by discussing how the artist's use of specific details supports your inference.



Mother and Children
By: Dorothea Lange (1936)

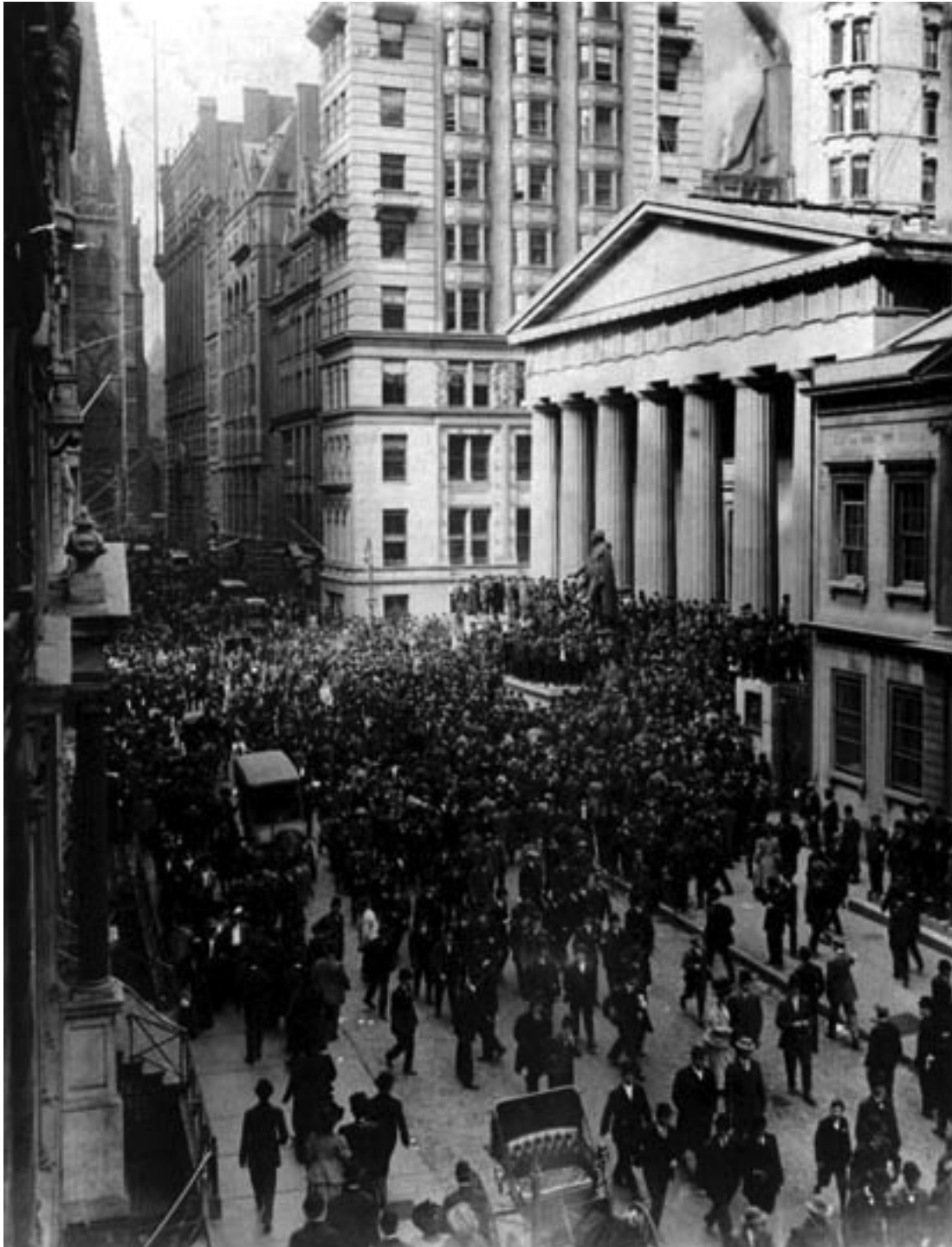
1. A young mother and her children recline in an outdoor shelter for an afternoon picnic in their local park.
2. A young mother and her children rest in a shelter to get out of the rain during an era known for its flooding in the American Southwest.
3. An impoverished young mother and her children stranded in an impromptu shelter with all of their worldly belongings as they attempt to flee to the relative prosperity of Depression era California.
4. A lazy young mother and her children run away from the hard work of farm life in Oklahoma to the soft living of Southern California.

Humanities · Activity
Image Analysis – Great Depression

Answer each of the questions below to demonstrate support for your inferential statement from the previous page.

1. In no more than thirty words, summarize what you think is happening in the photograph. Hint...Think of this as the plot in a work of fiction...what is happening, what is the occasion? How does this support your original inference?
2. Now, look at the characters in this image; what can they tell us? Look at the ages, genders, social classes, clothing styles, etc. While we don't know their names, by studying their body language, how they are dressed, etc. we can start to build an understanding of who they are. Describe the characters in this work. Don't necessarily describe them one at a time (there are too many); rather, look at the picture as a whole and choose details that support your inference.
3. Setting is often one of the most important aspects of an image and this photograph is no different. Examine the setting and provide details that support your inference. What does the landscape suggest to the viewer? What about the shelter?
4. When we analyze fiction, we often look to the author's words to allow us access to his/her intentions or motivations; likewise, the same ideas can be used to understand the artist's or photographer's work. Therefore, analyze the photographer's composition (viewpoint...where he/she is looking, arrangement of people, where people are looking, formal vs. informal pose, etc.) in order to support the choice of your inference statement.

Humanities · Activity
Depression Era Photographs



Humanities · Activity
Depression Era Photographs



Humanities · Activity
Depression Era Photographs



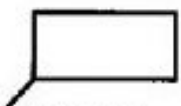



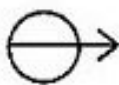
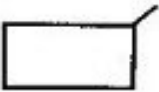
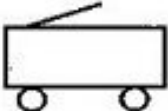




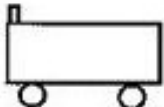




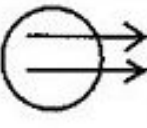

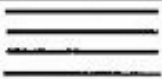


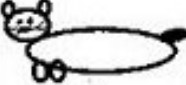





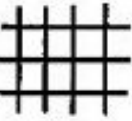

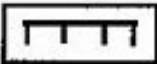
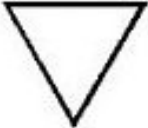

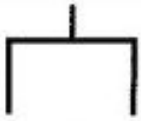


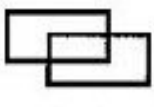





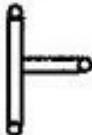
Humanities · Activity
Depression Era Photographs



Humanities · Activity
Depression Era Photographs



Humanities · Activity
Depression Era Photographs

 No Alcohol Town	 Chain Gang	 Danger	 Don't Give Up	 Go	 Town Allows Alcohol
 Trolley	 Officer	 Man with a gun	 Doctor	 Don't go this way	 Railroad
 Judge	 Dog	 Nothing doing here	 At Crossroad Go This Way	 Get Out Fast	 Good For a Handout
 Housewife feeds for chores	 Poor Man	 Dishonest Man	 Kindhearted Lady	 Be Quiet	 Tell Risky Story
 Unsafe Place	 Cops Inactive	 Cops Active	 Jail (yeggs)	 Safe Camp	 Bad Dog
 Tramps Here	 Wealthy	 Here is the place	 Keep away	 Talk religion get food	 Afraid
 Be ready to defend yourself	 Alright (Ok)	 Gentleman	 Food for working	 Doubtful	 Easy mark

Humanities · Activity
Depression Era Photographs



Humanities · Activity
Depression Era Photographs

Creating Stories from Images

Create your own fictional narrative from the image(s) that you have just studied. Be sure to include the following elements as well as the details supplied in the image(s): conflict (human vs. human, human vs. nature, human vs. him/herself), characterization, setting/background, and overall composition. Remember: use only the details within the image(s) to develop your narrative.

Humanities · Activity
Image Analysis – 1936 Olympics

Making Inferences from Primary Documents

Look closely at the image below and read each of the subsequent statements. Circle the one statement that best fits what the image is portraying. Then, on the next page, explain your choice by discussing how the author's use of specific details supports your inference.

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**NATIONAL ASSOCIATION FOR THE
ADVANCEMENT OF COLORED PEOPLE**

69 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK

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Official Organ: *The Crisis*



December
4th
1935

Olympics

Did not send

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My dear Mr. Owens:

Will you permit me to say that it was with deep regret that I read in the New York press today a statement attributed to you saying that you would participate in the 1936 Olympics games even if they are held in Germany under the Hitler regime. I trust you will not think me unduly officious in expressing the hope that this report is erroneous.

I fully realize how great a sacrifice it will be for you to give up the trip to Europe and to forego the acclaim which your athletic prowess will unquestionably bring you. I realize equally well how hypocritical it is for certain Americans to point the finger of scorn at any other country for racial or any other kind of bigotry.

On the other hand, it is my firm conviction that the issue of participation in the 1936 Olympics, if held in Germany under the present regime, transcends all other issues. Participation by American athletes, and especially by those of our own race which has suffered more than any other from American race hatred, would, I firmly believe, do irreparable harm. I take the liberty of sending you a copy of the remarks, last evening. This sorry world of ours is apparently becoming in a fumbling way to realize what prejudice against any minority group does not only to other minorities but to the group which is in power. The very preeminence of American Negro athletes gives them an unparalleled opportunity to strike a blow at racial bigotry and to make other minority groups conscious of the sameness of their problems with ours and puts them under the moral obligation to think more clearly and to fight more vigorously against the wrongs from which we Negroes suffer.

But the moral issue involved is, in my opinion, far greater than immediate or future benefit to the Negro as a race. If the Hitlers and Mussolinis of the world are successful it is inevitable that dictatorships based upon prejudice will spread throughout the world, as indeed they are now spreading. Defeat of dictators before they become too firmly

How do your Senators and Congressmen stand on the Costigan-Wagner Anti-Lynching Bill?

ENDORSED BY THE NATIONAL INFORMATION BUREAU, 215 FOURTH AVENUE, NEW YORK

Humanities · Activity
Image Analysis – 1936 Olympics

#2 - Mr. Owens

December 4, 1935.

entrenched would, on the other hand, deter nations which through fear or other unworthy emotions are tending towards dictatorships. Let me make this quite concrete. Anti-Semitic, anti-Catholic and anti-Negro prejudices are growing alarmingly throughout the United States. Should efforts towards recovery fail, there is no telling where America will go. There are some people who believe that a proletarian dictatorship will come. I do not believe this will happen and the course of history clearly indicates that it is not likely to happen. Instead, it is more probable that we would have a fascist dictatorship.

It is also historically true that such reactionary dictatorships pick out the most vulnerable group as its first victims. In the United States it would be the Negro who would be the chief and first sufferer, just as the Jews have been made the scapegoats of Hitlerism in Nazi Germany. Sinclair Lewis, in his last novel, *IT CAN'T HAPPEN HERE*, has written what seems to me to be a very sound picture of what may happen.

I have written at greater length than I had intended at the outset. I hope, however, that you will not take offense at my writing you thus frankly with the hope that you will take the high stand that we should rise above personal benefit and help strike a blow at intolerance. I am sure that your stand will be applauded by many people in all parts of the world, as your participation under the present situation in Germany would alienate many high-minded people who are awakening to the dangers of intolerance wherever it raises its head.

Ever sincerely,

Secretary.

Mr. Jesse Owens
Ohio State University
Columbus,
Ohio.

WW:CTF

Humanities · Activity

Image Analysis – 1936 Olympics

Circle the Statement below that best fits what the document is saying.

1. A letter to Jesse Owens urging him to boycott the 1936 Olympics in Berlin because racial inequality in the United States needs to be addressed first.
2. A letter to Jesse Owens that suggests his boycotting of the 1936 Berlin Olympics would set back race relations in the United States and play into the political hands of Hitler who believed that only Aryans were truly capable of greatness in sport.
3. A letter to Jesse Owens urging him to participate in the 1936 Berlin Olympics and strike a blow against the racism and oppression of Hitler's Nazi Regime .
4. A letter to Jesse Owens that suggests his participation in the 1936 Berlin Olympics could worsen African-American oppression and scapegoating should The United States become a sort of reactionary regime similar to the ones in Italy and/or Germany.

Answer each of the questions to demonstrate support for your inferential statement from above.

1. In no more than thirty words, summarize what you think is happening in the letter. Hint...Think of this as the plot in a work of fiction...what is happening, what is the situation that calls for the letter to be written? What is the conflict? How does this support your original inference?
2. Now, look at the characters in this letter; what can they tell us? Who is trying to persuade whom? Is the letter persuasive? Explain your reasons using supporting details from the letter.
3. Context is often one of the most important aspects of writing and this letter is no different. Examine the context (who is writing the letter, what organization is being represented, the era, and who is the letter addressed to) and provide details that suggest your inference is the correct interpretation.

Name _____ Date _____ Period _____

Humanities · Activity
Image Analysis – 1936 Olympics

Persuasive Essay: Analysis of NAACP's Letter to Jesse Owens

As you have previously read, the NAACP wrote a letter to Ohio State track star Jesse Owens urging him not to participate in the 1936 Berlin Olympics. However, the letter was never mailed to Owens. Using only the letter and your own prior knowledge of the time for evidence, construct a persuasive response that suggests why the letter was never sent.



COLUMBUS CITY SCHOOLS

Humanities · Table of Contents

Unit 4: Economics

Recommended Readings and Resources

1

Humanities Reader Study Guides

The Legacy of the New Deal Study Guide

2

The U.S. Government Campaign on Manpower Study Guide

3

An African American Woman War Worker Study Guide

4

Novel Study Guides

The Grapes of Wrath

Humanities · Recommended Readings and Resources

Unit 4: Economics

Novels

John Steinbeck, *The Grapes of Wrath*

Retrieving the American Past Humanities Reader Selections

The Legacy of the New Deal, Henry Wallace, 1944

The U.S. Government Campaign on Manpower, 1943

An African American Woman War Worker, Fanny Christina Hill, 1943

Websites

<http://ecedweb.unomaha.edu/lessons/lessons6-12.cfm>

<http://www.federalreserveeducation.org/>

<http://newdeal.feri.org/>

Humanities · Reading Study Guide

The U.S. Government Campaign on Manpower, 1943

Retrieving the American Past, pp. 169-171

Vocabulary

Mobilization –

Emotional Appeal—

Patriotic Appeal—

Questions for Review and Discussion

1. Why did the United States suffer from labor shortages during the war? How did the nation deal with this shortage?
2. What ideas existed that made it necessary to employ tactics to mobilize women during the war?
3. The recommendation was that the campaign to mobilize women to work should be highly emotional. Cite two examples of how the government could appeal to the women's emotions.
4. It was also recommended that the campaign use a patriotic appeal to mobilize women. Cite two examples of how the government could appeal to the women's sense of patriotism.
5. Why was one of the cautions to not talk up increased income in the efforts to mobilize women?
6. Women were also concerned with standards of equality in the workplace during mobilization. Does this campaign address this concern? Why or why not? Explain.

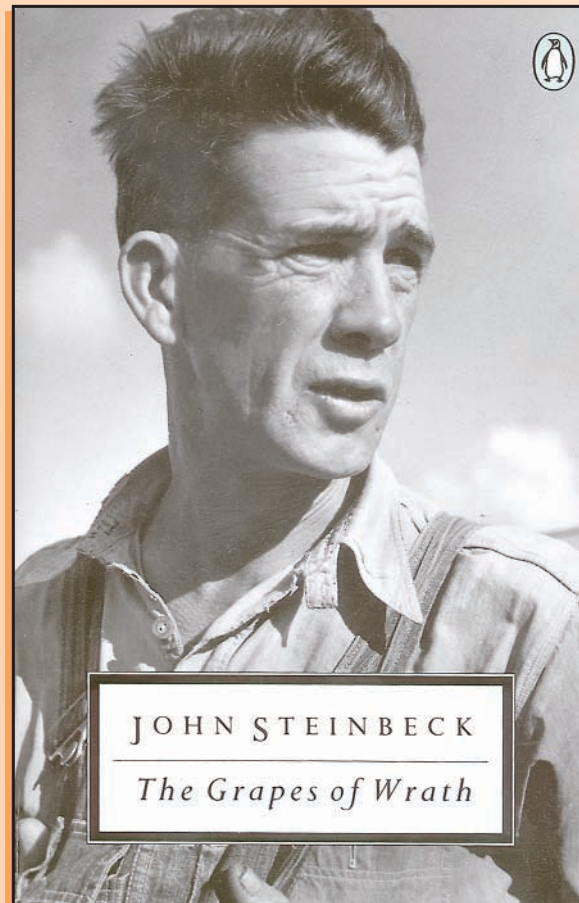


A TEACHER'S GUIDE TO THE PENGUIN EDITION OF

JOHN STEINBECK'S

THE GRAPES OF WRATH

By DR. DONALD R. GALLO, Central Connecticut State University



NOTE TO THE TEACHER

The questions, exercises, and assignments on these pages are designed to guide students' reading of the literary work and to provide suggestions for exploring the implications of the story through discussions, research, and writing. Most of the items can be handled individually, but small group and whole class discussions will enhance comprehension. The Response Journal should provide students with a means, first, for recording their ideas, feelings, and concerns, and then for reflecting these thoughts in their writing assignments and class discussions. These sheets may be duplicated, but teachers should select and modify items according to the needs and abilities of their students.

INTRODUCTION

Life during the Great Depression of the 1930s was extremely difficult for almost everyone. But for those who had little to begin with, it created often unbearable circumstances. By 1935, drought and poor farming practices, especially in Oklahoma, Arkansas, Colorado, Kansas, and Texas, led to the wind erosion of topsoil. So severe was this problem that the affected areas of the Great Plains were labeled the Dust Bowl. At nearly the same time, the development of the all-purpose tractor enabled large landowners to dispense with the labor of farmers who were tenants on their land. By the late '30s, a majority of the approximately 1.8 million tenant farmers in the South had been evicted from their homes.

Many of the displaced farmers sought work in the "promised land" of California. Eventually, there were as many as 30,000 migrants in California, several workers for every available job in the fertile farming valleys of that state.

In 1936, John Steinbeck conducted research on the people who had moved to California from Arkansas and Oklahoma; in 1937, he toured the Dust Bowl and travelled with migrants on their relentless drive to California. From those experiences he wrote *The Grapes of Wrath*, which upon publication in 1939 earned Steinbeck both high praise (including the Pulitzer Prize) and harsh criticism for its strong language and socio-political implications. The novel continues to be one of the most highly praised and vehemently criticized pieces of American literature.

PREPARING TO READ

1. In American history texts and other library sources, read about the Dust Bowl and other events of the Great Depression. If possible, obtain some of the famous 1930s photographs of poor farmers, migrant laborers, and people on city food lines. With other students, share what you see in the faces of those people.
2. Discuss what happens when machines replace people. What alternatives do unskilled workers have when they are replaced?
3. What is your definition of family? Is a family made up only of relatives? What keeps a family together? Of what importance is family unity in today's society?
4. Obtain a road map of the United States and, as you read the first half of the novel, trace the route taken by the Joads, noting the location of major events along the way.
5. As you read through the novel, stop occasionally to record your thoughts, reactions, and concerns in a Response Journal. Your journal may be a separate notebook or individual sheets which you clip together and keep in a folder. Include statements about the characters—what you learn about them, how they affect you—and your thoughts about the key issues and events which the book explores. Also, jot down questions you have about events and statements in the book which you do not understand. Your Response Journal will come in handy when you discuss the novel in class, write a paper, or explore a related topic that interests you. In addition, because this novel contains several sophisticated words (e.g., petulant) and unusual expressions (e.g., frawny), you may want to keep a list of some of those words and their meanings in your journal.

UNDERSTANDING THE SURFACE STORY**CHAPTERS 1-11 THE LAND**

1. What does the setting of the opening scene suggest about the rest of the novel? What does it suggest about family structure?
2. Animals play an important symbolic role throughout this novel. What important qualities does the land turtle have as described in Chapter 3?

3. What opinions does Casy, the former preacher, have about sin and using “bad words”?
4. How do the tractors operate? What role does the bank play? What power do the small farmers have against the banks and the tractors?
5. Of what importance is Muley in this story? What's the difference between being the hunter and being the hunted?
6. Chapters 2, 4, 6, 8, and 10 tell the narrative about Tom Joad and his family the way novels usually do. What is the function of the other short chapters (1, 3, 5, etc.)? What does Chapter 7 imply about used-car salesmen?
7. What do the faces of the Joad family reveal about them? What are the most important characteristics of Ma and Pa and of the grandparents?
8. How does each member of the family feel about going to California? How does each feel about leaving home? What is young Tom's philosophy for dealing with the future? What does Ma's burning of the old stationary box illustrate?

CHAPTERS 12-18 THE MIGRATION

1. What is the first unpleasant event that occurs on the Joads' journey? What does that event portend about what lies ahead?
2. What happens to solidify the family as they drive along? Of what significance is Grampa Joad's death? How does Granma take it? What is Ma's philosophy of “holdin' on”? What is the value of Casy's prayer?
3. What is the function of Chapter 15? What does it imply about businessmen, waitresses, and truck drivers?
4. When the car breaks down, what is significant about Ma's reaction? How does the mechanical difficulty affect the relationship between Tom and Al?
5. How does the one-eyed man in the junkyard feel about the owner of the yard? What advice does Tom give him?
6. In the camping area, what information does the ragged man give to Pa about California? What effect does that information have on the Joads?
7. What effect does the nightly camping have on the people heading for California? How does it give them strength and power?
8. What is the Joads' first view of California? What impressions of California do the two men from the Panhandle provide? Why does Noah leave? What is Ma's response?
9. Why are the migrants called “Okies”? What do the two boys in the service station in Needles say about Okies?
10. Of what symbolic value is the desert? Does California look the way the characters thought it would? What do we learn about Granma? What do Ma's reactions again show about her?

CHAPTERS 19-30 THE PROMISED LAND

1. How has farming changed according to Chapter 19? Why do the local people fear the migrants? What is a Hooverville? How do you suppose a Hooverville got its name? What are the “three great facts of history”, and what do they imply about the outcome of the events in this novel?
 2. Why is it so difficult to obtain work in California? Why do wages fall? What keeps the men from uniting? What advice does Floyd Knowles give? How is Rose of Sharon affected by all of this?
 3. How do the police treat the migrants? Why? What does Casy's attack on the deputy reveal about him? Why is Uncle John so upset? What causes Connie to leave?
 4. What does Ma Joad mean when she says “Why, we're the people—we go on”?
 5. In what ways does the hostility of the local people change the migrants? How are the government camps different from the Hoovervilles? What is effective about the way they are run?
 6. How does Mr. Thomas (Chapter 22) treat the workers? How does Tom feel about working? In what ways does Mr. Thomas represent the dilemma of the small farmer?
 7. How do the Joads, especially the children, show their ignorance of “modern” conveniences?
-

8. What do the events in Chapter 22 say about charity, religion, and hard work? What and who are “reds”?
9. How is it that people are starving when fruit is overabundant? Why do the owners destroy the surplus?
10. Why do the Joads leave the government camp at Weedpatch? How is life at the Hooper ranch different? How is it typical of the lives of migrants? What does Ma's encounter in the store show about the plight of migrant workers?
11. What does Tom discover about Casy? How is Casy different from what he once was? How does Tom react to the attack on Casy?
12. What do the boxcars provide besides shelter? In hiding, what decision does Tom make? How does Ma feel about that? What conclusion does Ma reach about the family? What keeps them all from giving up?
13. How does the rain affect the lives of the migrants? Of what importance is building the dike, even if it breaks? How does Ma know they will survive?
14. What impact does the stillbirth of Rose of Sharon's baby have? What does Uncle John do with the dead baby, and what does this act signal about him and the other migrants?
15. Why is Rose of Sharon's feeding the starving man an appropriate ending for this novel? Why is she smiling “mysteriously”?

DIGGING DEEPER

1. In the beginning, each character has personal reasons for wanting to go to California. In what ways does each individual's goal change? Which people grow to see a larger purpose in life? What factors contribute to their changes?
2. The heroes of *The Grapes of Wrath* are on the bottom end of the social ladder, their language is often vile, their behavior is sometimes as coarse as their language, and they freely discuss bodily functions (which in the 1930s were seldom mentioned in literature). What was Steinbeck's purpose in portraying such unrefined and coarse people? What would be the effect on readers if the Joads spoke “proper” English and did not curse?
3. According to statements made in this novel, of what importance is anger in overcoming fear? What must be done with anger in order to make it productive? Do you agree or disagree with that philosophy as expressed in this novel?
4. What is the effect of the chapters which come between the narrative about the Joads? How would the elimination of those chapters affect the meaning and impact of the novel?
5. Identify as many Biblical references or parallels as you can find in the novel and discuss their effectiveness as well as their meaning.
6. The political implications of this novel have been strongly attacked. In what ways is the novel a criticism of capitalism? Does the novel advocate communism? Defend your opinions with evidence from the novel.
7. In what ways is your definition of the term family similar to the meaning Ma Joad gives to the term? In what ways is Ma Joad's meaning different? What do the implications of her meaning contribute to the author's message in the novel?
8. If you had been an owner of a large California farm in 1939, how would you have felt about people like the Joads? As the owner of that farm, how might this novel have changed your feelings?
9. Steinbeck wrote to his editor about this novel: “I've done my damndest to rip a reader's nerves to rags, I don't want him satisfied.” Did he succeed in doing that to you? If so, how did he accomplish it? If not, why weren't you affected in that way?
10. Some critics maintain that this novel promotes hatred between classes of people. In what ways does it do that? In what ways does the novel's effect go beyond that?
11. What has become of Noah? What does Connie do with the rest of his life? What will Tom become, and will he be successful at it? What will Al do next? How will these events change Rose of Sharon?
12. You might have utilized notes from your Response Journal to answer some of the questions above. Now select one specific, unanswered question that you raised in your journal and see if your classmates can shed some light on that issue.

WRITING RESPONSES

1. Explain the importance of the contrast between the dryness of the first part of the novel and the floods of the final part. Note also the frequent references to the sun as a “large red drop” that made a cloud look like a bloody rag and the earth look bloody. How do these images contribute to the meaning of the novel?

2. Describe the role women play throughout this novel. Be sure to comment on the significance of Rose of Sharon's final act in the novel.
3. Explain how Tom's imprisonment affected the way he behaved during the journey and throughout his search for work in California.
4. Steinbeck describes the migrants as "homeless, hardened, intent, and dangerous". Write a newspaper editorial about those migrants as if you were the editor of a small-town newspaper in California.
5. Steinbeck admired the poor migrants and believed that from their enduring qualities "will grow a new system and a new life which will be better than anything we have had before." Was he right? What kinds of changes have come about because of the suffering of those migrants of the '30s? In our society today, what similar problems exist? What problems in recent times have been exposed by writers the way Steinbeck did in *The Grapes of Wrath* ?
6. Each of the characters in the novel had a dream of what he or she wanted in the future. Describe your own dreams and expectations for the future and explain how you intend to go about attaining them.
7. Write a short story to describe what happens to the Wilsons after the Joads leave them behind.
8. Write a factual newspaper account of the citizens' raid on the camp at Hooverville.
9. Some Americans believe this novel is dirty, blasphemous, advocates a communistic society, and therefore should not be taught in high schools. Explain to parents in your town why you feel the novel should be read and studied in your high school, or explain to a group of teachers why you feel the novel should not be required.

EXPLORING FURTHER

1. To learn of the angry reactions of Californians to *The Grapes of Wrath*, read Frank J. Taylor's "California's Grapes of Wrath," published in 1939. Similarly interesting is Martin Shockley's "The Reception of *The Grapes of Wrath* in Oklahoma," which appeared in 1944. Both are reprinted in the Viking Critical Library Edition of *The Grapes of Wrath: Text and Criticism*, edited by Peter Lisca.
2. Read a simpler view of migrant workers in Steinbeck's *Of Mice and Men*, or about a strike of migrant workers in his *In Dubious Battle*.
3. Research the requirements for and the other recipients of the Pulitzer Prize (for fiction) and the Nobel Prize, both of which were awarded John Steinbeck. Read his Nobel Prize speech.
4. Who are the migrant workers today in California? Are they better organized than the "Okies" were? What are the typical wages paid today for picking peaches, lettuce, and other farm produce? Research the housing and living conditions for migrant workers in your state.
5. Who picks cotton today? Find out about the capabilities of today's modern tractors and harvesters.
6. What is the percentage of small farms in the U.S. today? How do today's small farmers compete against the gigantic land-owners, and what are their relationships with today's bankers? What has changed for farmers since the 1930s and what problems still exist?
7. View the 1940 film based on this novel (available on video tape). How closely do Nunnally Johnson's screenplay and John Ford's direction follow the events and the spirit of the book?
8. Write an advertisement for jobs for migrant workers of the '30s. To what would you want to appeal?
9. Locate and play recordings of some of the music mentioned throughout this book, such as "Ol' Dan Tucker" and "Chicken Reel." In what ways is the music like the people in *The Grapes of Wrath*?
10. Locate drawings or photographs of some of the different types of automobiles mentioned in the novel, such as Cord, LaSalle, and Zephyr. Find out why those cars are no longer manufactured.

ABOUT THE AUTHOR OF THIS GUIDE

Prepared by DR. DONALD R. GALLO, Professor of English, Central Connecticut State University.



COLUMBUS CITY SCHOOLS

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Novel Study Guides	
<i>Picture Bride</i> , Yoshiko Uchida	
<i>A Separate Peace</i> , John Knowles	

Humanities • Recommended Readings and Resources

Unit 5: World War II

Novels

Jeanne Wakatsuki Houston and James Houston, *Farewell to Manzanar*

Yoshiko Uchida, *Picture Bride* [Study Guide: http://www.glencoe.com/sec/literature/litlibrary/pdf/picture_bride.pdf]

John Knowles, *A Separate Peace* [Study Guide: http://www.glencoe.com/sec/literature/litlibrary/pdf/separate_peace.pdf]

John Hersey, *Hiroshima*

Literature Textbook Correlations

Elements of Literature – Fourth Course – Holt Rinehart Winston 2000

Bradbury, Ray. “The Pedestrian.” p. 173

Houston, Jeanne Wakatsuki and James Houston. “It Can’t be Helped”, from *Farewell to Manzanar*. p. 354.

Hawkins, Rose Furuya. “Nisei Daughter: The Second Generation”. p. 360.

Rosenthal, A.M. “No News from Auschwitz”. p. 409.

Friedmann, Pavel. “The Butterfly.” p. 414

Cohen, Richard. “Thoughts and Reports.” p. 416

Jackson, Robert H. “The Arrogance and Cruelty of Power” from Speech at the Nuremberg Trials, November 21, 1945. p. 884

Retrieving the American Past Humanities Reader Selections

An Historian Favors American Neutrality in World War II, Charles A. Beard, 1939

America First Committee Charges Roosevelt with Fighting a One-Man War, 1941

“Fireside Chat” after the Nazi Invasion of Poland, Franklin D. Roosevelt, 1939

A. Philip Randolph Calls for a March on Washington, 1941

Japanese Internment: An Evacuation Order, 1942

Japanese Internment: The Uchida Family Is Evacuated, Yoshiko Uchida, 1942

A Description of a Japanese Detention Camp, Minoru Yasui, 1942

Japanese Internment: The Loyalty Questionnaire, Frank Chuman, 1943

The Supreme Court Upholds Japanese Relocation: *Korematsu v. U.S.*, 1944

Casualty Estimates for the Invasion of Japan, Harry Truman, 1953

The Atomic Bomb: Joint Chiefs of Staffs’ Casualty Estimates, 1945

Websites

<http://memory.loc.gov/learn//features/timeline/depwwii/wwarii/wwarii.html>

<http://www.americanhistory.si.edu/perfectunion/experience/index.html>

<http://www.archives.gov/research/japanese-americans/>

<http://teacher.scholastic.com/activities/wwii/ahf/>

Humanities · Literary Connection

Unit 5: World War II

Writers have long drawn on the experiences of war to examine themes such as race, power, democracy, and human behavior under conditions of stress. Partly through addressing these and similar issues with unprecedented candor and realism, U.S. war literature matured during and after World War II. Hundreds of war novels eventually appeared, some of outstanding craftsmanship. Many American poets did impressive work, and wartime journalism and postwar memoirs often exhibited a new subtlety and clarity. Only the most popular or original works and writers can be described here.

American writers on the subject of World War II created a body of work unsurpassed in quality by the literature of any other American war. Novels, autobiographies, and poetry explored the effects of war on individuals. World War II literature helped to make that war, later called the "good war," a defining moment in affirming America's democratic values and the nation's identity as a moral people.

FICTION

Unlike the disillusionment that characterized the literature of World War I, in general World War II literature was neither pessimistic nor antiwar. Instead, it presents war in its complexity as a tragic but perhaps inevitable part of the human condition. Reflecting the views of their own generation, authors writing about World War II generally accepted the justness of that war and the necessity of ridding the world of Nazi totalitarianism and Japanese militarism.

Discussion Questions

- Is war justifiable? What is the "common good"? Who determines the "common good"? What are appropriate citizen actions when a government pursues immoral courses of action? How does the "common good" change in a crisis? What effects can scientific and technological advances have on humans? Can there be humanity in a time of war?

Literature Textbook Correlations

Literature, Language and Literacy: Grade Ten, Prentice Hall 2010

- Angelou, Maya. "Occupation: Conductorette" from *I Know Why the Caged Bird Sings*. p. 78
In this selection, the character decides she wants to become a streetcar conductorette in World War II-era San Francisco. The fact that the streetcar company does not employ African Americans only increases her determination.
- Uchida, Yochiko. "The Uprooting of a Japanese-American Family" from *Desert Exile*. p. 586
In this excerpt the author details daily routines and challenges of the relocation camps that many Japanese Americans were forced into during World War Two.

Novels

- Hersey, John. *A Bell for Adano* (1944) suggests that the integrity of most Americans abroad will ultimately outweigh the arrogance and cruelty of a few. Hersey also wrote *The Wall* (1950), about the Warsaw Ghetto, and *The War Lover* (1959), a Freudian tale of bomber pilots in England.

Humanities · Literary Connection

Unit 5: World War II

- Jones, James. *From Here to Eternity* (1951). The novel describes the life of the rebellious Private Prewitt in Hawaii before Pearl Harbor. Considered shocking in language and detail at the time it was published, its brutal depiction of army life angered some skeptical critics.
- Jones, James. *The Thin Red Line* (1962), an outstanding combat-oriented novel.
- Knowles, John. *A Separate Peace*. A prep school boy discovers his own capacity for cruelty, even evil se in the summer before the outbreak of World War II.
- Mailer, Norman. *The Naked and the Dead*. Mailer mixes realistic details of the Pacific war with profound fears about the future of democracy. In this novel, war has given frightening power to autocrats like General Cummings and sadists like Sergeant Croft. Only chance and heroic endurance, embodied in Private Ridges and Private Goldstein, offer a glimmer of hope in a dark human and natural landscape.
- Okada, John. *No-No Boy*.
- Okubo, Mine. *Citizen 13660*.
- Vonnegut, Kurt. *Slaughterhouse Five* (1969). Kurt Vonnegut shuttles Private Billy Pilgrim between 1945 Dresden, a future America, and a zoo on the planet Tralfamidor. Hardly a straightforward "antiwar" novel, *Slaughterhouse Five* seems to counsel resignation in the face of the world's horrors.
- Wouk, Herman. *The Caine Mutiny* (1951). The tyrannical Captain Queeg's irrationality leads a handful of officers to seize command during a typhoon. Once a court-martial clears the alleged mutineers, their own attorney angrily upholds Queeg, whose service helped protect America even before Pearl Harbor; few then were willing to accept that responsibility. Many readers find this last-minute vindication of Queeg unconvincing.

Plays

- Miller, Arthur. *All My Sons*. A sad Post-World War II story about the Kellers, a seemingly "All American" family. But the father, Joe Keller, has concealed a great sin. During the war, he allowed his factory to ship faulty airplane cylinders to the U.S. Armed Forces. Because of this, over twenty American pilots died.

Poetry

The best war poetry was personal and understated. War poets included Howard Nemerov, Louis Simpson, Karl Shapiro, Phyllis McGinley, John Ciardi, James Dickey, Lincoln Kirstein, and others.

- Eberhart, Richard. "The Fury of Aerial Bombardment"
- Jarrell, Randall. "Eighth Air Force"
- Scott, Winfield Townley. "The American Sailor with the Japanese Skull."

Humanities · Literary Connection

Unit 5: World War II

NONFICTION

World War II is the subject of many distinguished memoirs and other nonfiction accounts. Outstanding American overseas journalists included Ernie Pyle (whose newspaper columns frequently personalized the ordinary GI), Richard Tregaskis, John Hersey, Margaret Bourke-White, Quentin Reynolds, John Steinbeck, and Martha Gellhorn. CBS radio correspondent Edward R. Murrow became famous for the economy and impact of his written as well as his spoken words.

Discussion Questions

- What effect did war have on those who lived through it? How does war change one's perspective on life? Can war, and actions taken in war, ever be justified?

Literature Textbook Correlations

Literature, Language and Literacy: Grade Ten, Prentice Hall 2010

- Wiesel, Elie. "Keep Memory Alive." p. 542
Wiesel reminds us of the urgent importance of remembering the Holocaust and the evil that drove it. In the selection he shares vivid memories, images, and questions from his own experience at a concentration camp as a child.

Autobiography and Memoirs

- Ryan, Cornelius. *The Longest Day* (1959) is an early example of oral history.
- Gray, J. Glenn. *The Warriors* (1958), a former intelligence officer J. Glenn Gray, ponders the psychology of men at war.
- Eisenhower, General Dwight D. *Crusade in Europe* (1948).
- Fahey, James. *Pacific War Diary* (1956).
- Sledge, Eugene. *With the Old Breed on Peleliu and Iwo Jima* (1981).
- Hynes, Samuel. *Flights of Passage* (1988).
- Gantter, Raymond. *Roll Me Over* (1997).
- Foley, William A. Jr. *Visions from a Foxhole* (2002).

Humanities · Art and Music Connection

Unit 5: World War II

World War II and the Arts

During World War II, the government funded photographers, artists and movie directors for purposes of promoting the war.

Photography

Between 1935 and 1943, top-caliber photographers such as Marjory Collins, Gordon Parks, Dorothea Lange, Walker Evans, and Jack Delano, working under the direction of Roy Stryker produced the well-known photographic survey of America during the Depression for the Farm Security Administration (FSA), which became the Office of War Information (OWI). During WWII the OWI recorded homefront activities that supported the war effort.

Web Links:

<http://memory.loc.gov/fsowhome.html>

This site contains thousands of images taken by the Office of War Information photographers that were used by the U.S. government to promote the war.

Propaganda Posters

When it was suggested that World War II was approaching, Americans did not want to go to war. However, the government recognized that American participation was necessary, and quickly stepped up pro-war propaganda. This was not extremely successful until after Pearl Harbor, when the war no longer seemed comfortably distant but very close to home. At this point, it was necessary for the American propagandists to continue to convince the public that war was close at hand. It was also necessary to begin stepping up production and conservation of materials for the war effort. As the war began in earnest, America increased the flood of propaganda, utilizing visual media, most specifically posters.

Web Links:

http://www.archives.gov/exhibits/powers_of_persuasion/powers_of_persuasion_home.html

This site contains several examples of World War II posters that focused on both encouraging citizen participation on the home front and serving to vilify the enemy to the American public.

Additional Art Resources

American Treasures of the Library of Congress: World War II

<http://www.loc.gov/exhibits/treasures/tr11c.html#wwii>

Music of World War II

The Second World War had an enormous effect on the development of jazz music, which, in turn, had a role to play in the American war effort. Jazz and jazz-influenced popular music were a rallying cry for U.S. servicemen, and helped as well to boost the morale of loved ones at home, who by listening to patriotic and romantic songs on the radio and on their phonographs were encouraged to wage war on the home front. The U.S.O. helped lift the spirits of U.S. servicemen at home and abroad as it brought popular Hollywood and musical celebrities together to perform for the troops. Jazz musicians also worked throughout the war on patriotic films. There is an unintended tribute to the broad influence of jazz music (and of the many prominent African American and Jewish American jazz musicians) in Hitler's ban, in 1939, on jazz and swing music in Germany.

Web Links:

http://www.digitalhistory.uh.edu/music/type_linkedmusic.cfm

This site includes links to audio files of 82 World War II songs.

Humanities · Reading Study Guide

A. Philip Randolph Calls for a March on Washington

Retrieving the American Past, pp. 187-188

Vocabulary

mobilization—

Executive Order 8802—

Questions for Review and Discussion

1. How did mobilization for World War II impact civil rights activism?
2. What are some demands that Randolph is urging African Americans to call for?
3. Why does mobilization for war present a crisis for “Negro Americans”?
4. How does Randolph propose that African Americans achieve their demands?
5. What precedent does A. Philip Randolph set for future civil rights actions and leaders?

Humanities · Reading Study Guide
Japanese Internment: An Evacuation Order
Retrieving the American Past, pp. 189-190

Vocabulary

Internment camps—

aliens—

Issei—

Nisei—

Questions for Review and Discussion

1. Summarize what is being ordered in “Civilian Exclusion Order No. 1”.
2. Why are the Japanese being evacuated to inland internment camps?
3. What options do those people affected by the evacuation order have?
4. What will happen to any person who does not comply with the evacuation order?
5. What would be the purpose of the U.S. government to order an evacuation of this type during war?
6. How might this type of action affect public morale and support for the war?

Humanities · Reading Study Guide

Japanese Internment: The Loyalty Questionnaire

Retrieving the American Past, pp. 197-198

Vocabulary

loyalty oath—

Questions for Review and Discussion

1. Why would the U.S. government elect to “register” people in the internment camps?
2. Why does Frank Chuman see the internment camps as a violation of constitutional rights?
3. Why would the United States government want to recruit Japanese into the army when they saw them as being a “disloyal” group in the United States?
4. What did Japanese Americans and African Americans have in common on the home front during World War II?
5. Why was Chuman insulted by the questionnaire that the government had those in the relocation camps fill out?

Humanities · Reading Study Guide

The Supreme Upholds Japanese Relocation: *Korematsu v. U.S.*

Retrieving the American Past, pp. 199-201

Vocabulary

constitutionality—

Executive Order 9066—

martial law—

Civil Liberties Act—

Questions for Review and Discussion

1. Why was the “exclusion of those of Japanese origin” deemed necessary by the U.S. government?
2. How does the court justify the “hardships imposed on the Japanese” by relocation to camps? How is this justification ironic?
3. Why does the Supreme Court believe that acts, such as Executive Order 9066, are constitutional during times of war?
4. In Justice Murphy’s dissenting opinion, why does he suggest that the Court’s and government’s reasoning is flawed?

Humanities · Reading Study Guide
Casualty Estimates for the Invasion of Japan
Retrieving the American Past, pp. 203-204

Vocabulary

Atomic bomb—

casualties—

Questions for Review and Discussion

1. What was the reaction when Truman and the other world leaders received the news of the successful atomic explosion? Why do you think they reacted this way?
2. What factors did Truman take into consideration to make the decision to drop the atomic bomb?
3. What did Truman and the other Allied leaders do before making the final decision to drop the atomic bombs on Japan?
4. How does Truman justify his decision to use atomic bombs on Japan?
5. What comment does Truman make about the Soviet Union at the end of his letter? What might his comment foreshadow?

Humanities · Reading Study Guide

The Atomic Bomb: Joint Chief of Staffs' Casualty Estimates

Retrieving the American Pas, pp. 205-208

Vocabulary

blockade—

Normandy invasion—

Questions for Review and Discussion

1. According to General Marshall what situation does the Japanese operation resemble? What conditions exist that make an operation against Japan probable and successful?
2. Briefly summarize General Marshall's planned operation against the Japanese. Why did Gen. Marshall believe his planned operation would be successful?
3. What are the casualty estimates, according to Gen. Marshall, for a combination air/naval operation against Japan at Kyushu? How do these estimates differ from those projected by President Truman in his letter?
4. How do Truman and Gen. Marshall differ in their perspective of the effectiveness of Russian participation?
5. How does the information given in this document compare with the information given in President Truman's letter "*Casualty Estimates for the Invasion of Japan*"?

Humanities · Primary Source

“The Four Freedoms Speech” delivered by Franklin Delano Roosevelt

Annual Message to Congress

January 6, 1941

The "Four Freedoms" Speech

Mr. President, Mr. Speaker, Members of the Seventy-seventh Congress:

I address you, the Members of the Seventy-seventh Congress, at a moment unprecedented in the history of the Union. I use the word "unprecedented," because at no previous time has American security been as seriously threatened from without as it is today.

Since the permanent formation of our Government under the Constitution, in 1789, most of the periods of crisis in our history have related to our domestic affairs. Fortunately, only one of these--the four-year War Between the States--ever threatened our national unity. Today, thank God, one hundred and thirty million Americans, in forty-eight States, have forgotten points of the compass in our national unity.

It is true that prior to 1914 the United States often had been disturbed by events in other Continents. We had even engaged in two wars with European nations and in a number of undeclared wars in the West Indies, in the Mediterranean and in the Pacific for the maintenance of American rights and for the principles of peaceful commerce. But in no case had a serious threat been raised against our national safety or our continued independence.

What I seek to convey is the historic truth that the United States as a nation has at all times maintained clear, definite opposition, to any attempt to lock us in behind an ancient Chinese wall while the procession of civilization went past. Today, thinking of our children and of their children, we oppose enforced isolation for ourselves or for any other part of the Americas.

That determination of ours, extending over all these years, was proved, for example, during the quarter century of wars following the French Revolution.

While the Napoleonic struggles did threaten interests of the United States because of the French foothold in the West Indies and in Louisiana, and while we engaged in the War of 1812 to vindicate our right to peaceful trade, it is nevertheless clear that neither France nor Great Britain, nor any other nation, was aiming at domination of the whole world.

In like fashion from 1815 to 1914-- ninety-nine years-- no single war in Europe or in Asia constituted a real threat against our future or against the future of any other American nation.

Except in the Maximilian interlude in Mexico, no foreign power sought to establish itself in this Hemisphere; and the strength of the British fleet in the Atlantic has been a friendly strength. It is still a friendly strength.

Even when the World War broke out in 1914, it seemed to contain only small threat of danger to our own American future. But, as time went on, the American people began to visualize what the downfall of democratic nations might mean to our own democracy.

We need not overemphasize imperfections in the Peace of Versailles. We need not harp on failure of the democracies to deal with problems of world reconstruction. We should remember that the Peace of 1919 was far less unjust than the kind of "pacification" which began even before Munich, and which is being carried on under

Franklin Delano Roosevelt, "The Four Freedoms Speech"

the new order of tyranny that seeks to spread over every continent today. The American people have unalterably set their faces against that tyranny.

Every realist knows that the democratic way of life is at this moment being' directly assailed in every part of the world--assailed either by arms, or by secret spreading of poisonous propaganda by those who seek to destroy unity and promote discord in nations that are still at peace.

During sixteen long months this assault has blotted out the whole pattern of democratic life in an appalling number of independent nations, great and small. The assailants are still on the march, threatening other nations, great and small.

Therefore, as your President, performing my constitutional duty to "give to the Congress information of the state of the Union," I find it, unhappily, necessary to report that the future and the safety of our country and of our democracy are overwhelmingly involved in events far beyond our borders.

Armed defense of democratic existence is now being gallantly waged in four continents. If that defense fails, all the population and all the resources of Europe, Asia, Africa and Australasia will be dominated by the conquerors. Let us remember that the total of those populations and their resources in those four continents greatly exceeds the sum total of the population and the resources of the whole of the Western Hemisphere-many times over.

In times like these it is immature--and incidentally, untrue--for anybody to brag that an unprepared America, single-handed, and with one hand tied behind its back, can hold off the whole world.

No realistic American can expect from a dictator's peace international generosity, or return of true independence, or world disarmament, or freedom of expression, or freedom of religion -or even good business.

Such a peace would bring no security for us or for our neighbors. "Those, who would give up essential liberty to purchase a little temporary safety, deserve neither liberty nor safety."

As a nation, we may take pride in the fact that we are softhearted; but we cannot afford to be soft-headed.

We must always be wary of those who with sounding brass and a tinkling cymbal preach the "ism" of appeasement.

We must especially beware of that small group of selfish men who would clip the wings of the American eagle in order to feather their own nests.

I have recently pointed out how quickly the tempo of modern warfare could bring into our very midst the physical attack which we must eventually expect if the dictator nations win this war.

There is much loose talk of our immunity from immediate and direct invasion from across the seas. Obviously, as long as the British Navy retains its power, no such danger exists. Even if there were no British Navy, it is not probable that any enemy would be stupid enough to attack us by landing troops in the United States from across thousands of miles of ocean, until it had acquired strategic bases from which to operate.

But we learn much from the lessons of the past years in Europe-particularly the lesson of Norway, whose essential seaports were captured by treachery and surprise built up over a series of years.

Franklin Delano Roosevelt, "The Four Freedoms Speech"

The first phase of the invasion of this Hemisphere would not be the landing of regular troops. The necessary strategic points would be occupied by secret agents and their dupes- and great numbers of them are already here, and in Latin America.

As long as the aggressor nations maintain the offensive, they-not we--will choose the time and the place and the method of their attack.

That is why the future of all the American Republics is today in serious danger.

That is why this Annual Message to the Congress is unique in our history.

That is why every member of the Executive Branch of the Government and every member of the Congress faces great responsibility and great accountability.

The need of the moment is that our actions and our policy should be devoted primarily-almost exclusively--to meeting this foreign peril. For all our domestic problems are now a part of the great emergency.

Just as our national policy in internal affairs has been based upon a decent respect for the rights and the dignity of all our fellow men within our gates, so our national policy in foreign affairs has been based on a decent respect for the rights and dignity of all nations, large and small. And the justice of morality must and will win in the end. Our national policy is this:

First, by an impressive expression of the public will and without regard to partisanship, we are committed to all-inclusive national defense.

Second, by an impressive expression of the public will and without regard to partisanship, we are committed to full support of all those resolute peoples, everywhere, who are resisting aggression and are thereby keeping war away from our Hemisphere. By this support, we express our determination that the democratic cause shall prevail; and we strengthen the defense and the security of our own nation.

Third, by an impressive expression of the public will and without regard to partisanship, we are committed to the proposition that principles of morality and considerations for our own security will never permit us to acquiesce in a peace dictated by aggressors and sponsored by appeasers. We know that enduring peace cannot be bought at the cost of other people's freedom.

In the recent national election there was no substantial difference between the two great parties in respect to that national policy. No issue was fought out on this line before the American electorate. Today it is abundantly evident that American citizens everywhere are demanding and supporting speedy and complete action in recognition of obvious danger.

Therefore, the immediate need is a swift and driving increase in our armament production.

Leaders of industry and labor have responded to our summons. Goals of speed have been set. In some cases these goals are being reached ahead of time; in some cases we are on schedule; in other cases there are slight but not serious delays; and in some cases--and I am sorry to say very important cases--we are all concerned by the slowness of the accomplishment of our plans.

Franklin Delano Roosevelt, "The Four Freedoms Speech"

The Army and Navy, however, have made substantial progress during the past year. Actual experience is improving and speeding up our methods of production with every passing day. And today's best is not good enough for tomorrow.

I am not satisfied with the progress thus far made. The men in charge of the program represent the best in training, in ability, and in patriotism. They are not satisfied with the progress thus far made. None of us will be satisfied until the job is done.

No matter whether the original goal was set too high or too low, our objective is quicker and better results. To give you two illustrations:

We are behind schedule in turning out finished airplanes; we are working day and night to solve the innumerable problems and to catch up.

We are ahead of schedule in building warships but we are working to get even further ahead of that schedule.

To change a whole nation from a basis of peacetime production of implements of peace to a basis of wartime production of implements of war is no small task. And the greatest difficulty comes at the beginning of the program, when new tools, new plant facilities, new assembly lines, and new ship ways must first be constructed before the actual materiel begins to flow steadily and speedily from them.

The Congress, of course, must rightly keep itself informed at all times of the progress of the program. However, there is certain information, as the Congress itself will readily recognize, which, in the interests of our own security and those of the nations that we are supporting, must of needs be kept in confidence.

New circumstances are constantly begetting new needs for our safety. I shall ask this Congress for greatly increased new appropriations and authorizations to carry on what we have begun.

I also ask this Congress for authority and for funds sufficient to manufacture additional munitions and war supplies of many kinds, to be turned over to those nations which are now in actual war with aggressor nations.

Our most useful and immediate role is to act as an arsenal for them as well as for ourselves. They do not need man power, but they do need billions of dollars worth of the weapons of defense.

The time is near when they will not be able to pay for them all in ready cash. We cannot, and we will not, tell them that they must surrender, merely because of present inability to pay for the weapons which we know they must have.

I do not recommend that we make them a loan of dollars with which to pay for these weapons--a loan to be repaid in dollars.

I recommend that we make it possible for those nations to continue to obtain war materials in the United States, fitting their orders into our own program. Nearly all their materiel would, if the time ever came, be useful for our own defense.

Taking counsel of expert military and naval authorities, considering what is best for our own security, we are free to decide how much should be kept here and how much should be sent abroad to our friends who by their determined and heroic resistance are giving us time in which to make ready our own defense.

Franklin Delano Roosevelt, "The Four Freedoms Speech"

For what we send abroad, we shall be repaid within a reasonable time following the close of hostilities, in similar materials, or, at our option, in other goods of many kinds, which they can produce and which we need.

Let us say to the democracies: "We Americans are vitally concerned in your defense of freedom. We are putting forth our energies, our resources and our organizing powers to give you the strength to regain and maintain a free world. We shall send you, in ever-increasing numbers, ships, planes, tanks, guns. This is our purpose and our pledge."

In fulfillment of this purpose we will not be intimidated by the threats of dictators that they will regard as a breach of international law or as an act of war our aid to the democracies which dare to resist their aggression. Such aid is not an act of war, even if a dictator should unilaterally proclaim it so to be.

When the dictators, if the dictators, are ready to make war upon us, they will not wait for an act of war on our part. They did not wait for Norway or Belgium or the Netherlands to commit an act of war.

Their only interest is in a new one-way international law, which lacks mutuality in its observance, and, therefore, becomes an instrument of oppression.

The happiness of future generations of Americans may well depend upon how effective and how immediate we can make our aid felt. No one can tell the exact character of the emergency situations that we may be called upon to meet. The Nation's hands must not be tied when the Nation's life is in danger.

We must all prepare to make the sacrifices that the emergency--almost as serious as war itself--demands. Whatever stands in the way of speed and efficiency in defense preparations must give way to the national need.

A free nation has the right to expect full cooperation from all groups. A free nation has the right to look to the leaders of business, of labor, and of agriculture to take the lead in stimulating effort, not among other groups but within their own groups.

The best way of dealing with the few slackers or trouble makers in our midst is, first, to shame them by patriotic example, and, if that fails, to use the sovereignty of Government to save Government.

As men do not live by bread alone, they do not fight by armaments alone. Those who man our defenses, and those behind them who build our defenses, must have the stamina and the courage which come from unshakable belief in the manner of life which they are defending. The mighty action that we are calling for cannot be based on a disregard of all things worth fighting for.

The Nation takes great satisfaction and much strength from the things which have been done to make its people conscious of their individual stake in the preservation of democratic life in America. Those things have toughened the fibre of our people, have renewed their faith and strengthened their devotion to the institutions we make ready to protect.

Certainly this is no time for any of us to stop thinking about the social and economic problems which are the root cause of the social revolution which is today a supreme factor in the world.

For there is nothing mysterious about the foundations of a healthy and strong democracy. The basic things expected by our people of their political and economic systems are simple. They are:

Franklin Delano Roosevelt, "The Four Freedoms Speech"

Equality of opportunity for youth and for others.
Jobs for those who can work.
Security for those who need it.
The ending of special privilege for the few.
The preservation of civil liberties for all.

The enjoyment of the fruits of scientific progress in a wider and constantly rising standard of living.

These are the simple, basic things that must never be lost sight of in the turmoil and unbelievable complexity of our modern world. The inner and abiding strength of our economic and political systems is dependent upon the degree to which they fulfill these expectations.

Many subjects connected with our social economy call for immediate improvement.

As examples:

We should bring more citizens under the coverage of old-age pensions and unemployment insurance.

We should widen the opportunities for adequate medical care.

We should plan a better system by which persons deserving or needing gainful employment may obtain it.

I have called for personal sacrifice. I am assured of the willingness of almost all Americans to respond to that call.

A part of the sacrifice means the payment of more money in taxes. In my Budget Message I shall recommend that a greater portion of this great defense program be paid for from taxation than we are paying today. No person should try, or be allowed, to get rich out of this program; and the principle of tax payments in accordance with ability to pay should be constantly before our eyes to guide our legislation.

If the Congress maintains these principles, the voters, putting patriotism ahead of pocketbooks, will give you their applause.

In the future days, which we seek to make secure, we look forward to a world founded upon four essential human freedoms.

The first is freedom of speech and expression--everywhere in the world.

The second is freedom of every person to worship God in his own way--everywhere in the world.

The third is freedom from want--which, translated into world terms, means economic understandings which will secure to every nation a healthy peacetime life for its inhabitants--everywhere in the world.

The fourth is freedom from fear--which, translated into world terms, means a world-wide reduction of armaments to such a point and in such a thorough fashion that no nation will be in a position to commit an act of physical aggression against any neighbor--anywhere in the world.

That is no vision of a distant millennium. It is a definite basis for a kind of world attainable in our own time and generation. That kind of world is the very antithesis of the so-called new order of tyranny which the dictators seek to create with the crash of a bomb.

Franklin Delano Roosevelt, "The Four Freedoms Speech"

To that new order we oppose the greater conception--the moral order. A good society is able to face schemes of world domination and foreign revolutions alike without fear.

Since the beginning of our American history, we have been engaged in change -- in a perpetual peaceful revolution -- a revolution which goes on steadily, quietly adjusting itself to changing conditions--without the concentration camp or the quick-lime in the ditch. The world order which we seek is the cooperation of free countries, working together in a friendly, civilized society.

This nation has placed its destiny in the hands and heads and hearts of its millions of free men and women; and its faith in freedom under the guidance of God. Freedom means the supremacy of human rights everywhere. Our support goes to those who struggle to gain those rights or keep them. Our strength is our unity of purpose. To that high concept there can be no end save victory.

Humanities · Primary Source

“Why Should We March?” by A. Philip Randolph

The papers of A. Philip Randolph document his protests against segregation, particularly in the armed forces and defense industries during the war. Randolph led a successful movement during World War II to end segregation in defense industries by threatening to bring thousands of blacks to protest in Washington, D. C., in 1941.

The threatened March on Washington in 1941 prompted President Franklin D. Roosevelt to issue Executive Order 8802, stating that there should be "no discrimination in the employment of workers in defense industries or Government because of race, creed, color, or national origin." The Committee on Fair Employment Practices was established to handle discrimination complaints.


WHY SHOULD WE MARCH?

What Are Our Immediate Goals?

1. To mobilize five million Negroes into one militant mass for pressure.
2. To assemble in Chicago the last week in May, 1943, for the celebration of

“WE ARE AMERICANS – TOO” WEEK

And to ponder the question of Non-Violent Civil Disobedience and Non-Cooperation, and a Mass March On Washington.



15,000 Negroes Assembled at St. Louis, Missouri
20,000 Negroes Assembled at Chicago, Illinois
23,500 Negroes Assembled at New York City
Millions of Negro Americans all Over This Great Land Claim the Right to be Free!

FREE FROM WANT!
FREE FROM FEAR!
FREE FROM JIM CROW!

“Winning Democracy for the Negro is Winning the War for Democracy!” — A. Philip Randolph

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Humanities · Primary Source

“Why Should We March?” by A. Philip Randolph

What Is The March On Washington Movement?

It is an all Negro Mass Organization to win the full benefits of democracy for the Negro people. It is pro-Negro but not anti-white nor anti-American.

Who Can Belong?

Every Negro who believes in our purpose and who wants freedom so much that he is willing to struggle for his own liberation.

What Has The Movement Done?

1. Won Executive Order No. 8802 from the President of the United States of America barring discrimination in war industries, government agencies and defense training because of race, creed, or national origin, the only such order issued since the Emancipation Proclamation.
2. Won the appointment of the Fair Employment Practices Committee to enforce this order.
3. Won thousands of jobs for Negroes in defense industries.
4. Brought together millions of Negroes in key cities all over the United States of America to protest against injustice and to demand redress of their grievances.

Where Can You Join?

There is a Branch of our Movement in your city. If there is not, you and your friends may start one by writing to the national office.

How Much Does It Cost?

The yearly membership fee is ten cents per person, five cents of which is to remain in your local treasury and five cents to be sent to the National office.

Who Are Its Officers?

A. Philip Randolph, National Director
B. F. McLaurin, National Secretary
E. Pauline Myers, National Executive Secretary

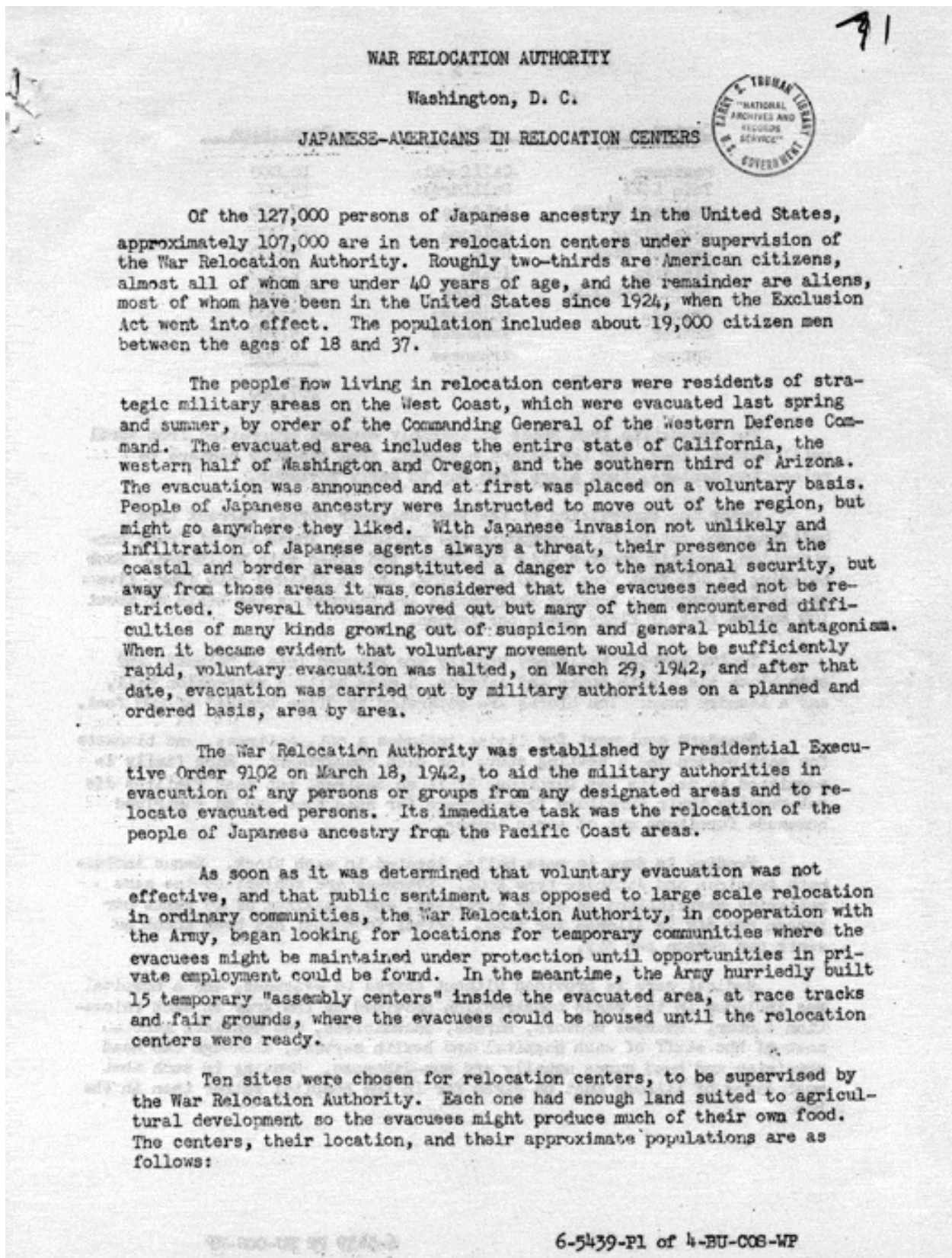
I enclose my membership fee in the Cause For Freedom—ten cents (10c).

Name _____
Address _____
City _____ State _____

Mail to: E. Pauline Myers, March On Washington Movement, Hotel Theresa Building, 2084 Seventh Avenue, New York, N. Y.

Humanities · Primary Source

Report: Japanese Americans in Relocation Centers



Report: Japanese Americans in Relocation Centers

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Center	State	Population
Manzanar	California	10,000
Tule Lake	California	15,000
Colorado River	Arizona	17,000
Gila River	Arizona	14,000
Central Utah	Utah	8,000
Minidoka	Idaho	9,000
Heart Mountain	Wyoming	11,000
Granada	Colorado	7,000
Rohwer	Arkansas	8,000
Jerome	Arkansas	8,000
		107,000

The evacuation from homes to assembly centers progressed from April until August, 1942, and the second movement, from assembly centers to relocation centers, took place from May to early November.

Under the supervision of the Army Engineer Corps, barrack type buildings were put up to accommodate the evacuees. These are of frame construction, usually covered with tar paper, and lined with wallboard. Each building is 100 feet long by 20 feet wide, and is divided into four, five or six compartments; housing assignments are figured on the basis of about 100 square feet of floor space per person.

Twelve barrack buildings usually are grouped into a "block", and each block has a bath house and latrine, a mess hall, a recreation hall, and a laundry room. The blocks are separated by "fire breaks" of 200 feet.

Standard equipment for living includes a cot, mattress, and blankets for each person and a heating stove for each compartment. Each family is permitted to use its own furniture if it so desires, but most families did not receive their furniture from storage for some time and so contrived homemade furniture out of scrap lumber.

Feeding is done in mess halls, located in each block. Menus include both American and Japanese type food. Evacuees are subject to the same rationing restrictions as other civilians, and a maximum of 45 cents per person per day is allowed for food. Actual food cost has been about 40 cents per person per day.

Medical care is provided without charge to evacuees, and a hospital was included in the basic construction provided by the Army in each relocation center. Evacuee doctors, nurses, pharmacists, and dentists make up most of the staff of each hospital and health service, although the head physician and head nurse usually are non-Japanese. Housing is such that most cases of illness must be cared for in the hospital rather than in the home.

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Report: Japanese Americans in Relocation Centers

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Schools of elementary and high school grades are provided for children of school age. Lack of materials for the construction of school buildings has made it necessary to hold classes in barrack buildings and recreation halls, in most instances using homemade seats and generally improvised equipment. The curriculum is planned to meet the requirements of the state in which the center is located. It is expected that schools will operate the year around, with emphasis on work experience in the summer months. Evacuee teachers are employed to the extent that they are available, but since their number is insufficient, about half the teaching staff is composed of non-Japanese teachers.

The foregoing items: Housing, food, medical care and education through the high school level, make up the basic items which the War Relocation Authority provides to the evacuees. In addition, the evacuees are given the opportunity to earn cash compensation by performing the necessary work of the community, and by engaging in production of some of the commodities needed by the evacuees themselves.

The largest single group of workers is engaged in handling food; warehousemen, truck drivers, chefs, cooks, servers, etc. There is a considerable amount of clerical work in connection with the administration of the project, and it is done by evacuees. Each administrative division, responsible for schools, construction, agriculture, etc., headed by a Civil Service employee, has a staff of evacuees, which carries on not only the laboring jobs but also some of the "white collar" work as well. Evacuees who work at regularly assigned jobs are paid wages of \$12, \$16, or \$19 per month, depending on the type of work and the skill of the worker. Clothing, too, is regarded as a part of compensation, and cash allowances for clothing are paid to each worker, based upon the number of dependents he has. The maximum is \$3.75 per month for an adult, with allowances scaled down for children.

Inside the center evacuees are accorded about the same freedoms they would have outside. They speak in English or Japanese, operate their own newspapers, and worship as they choose. They operate their own stores, barber shops, shoe repair shops and other service enterprises on a non-profit cooperative basis. With limited resources and facilities they have developed extensive programs of recreation, including sports of many kinds, arts, crafts and hobbies.

Permits to Leave.

The growing scarcity of manpower resulted in demands early in 1942 that evacuees be available for some of the agricultural work in western states which ordinarily is performed by itinerant workers. During the spring and summer months of 1942, over 1,600 evacuees from assembly centers and relocation centers were recruited to cultivate sugar beets in states outside the evacuated area. In the fall, the demand for labor to harvest sugar beets and other crops was much greater and about 10,000 were granted short term permits for work in the harvest fields. It is estimated that the sugar beets harvested by the evacuee workers in 1942 would make about 297,000,000 pounds of refined sugar. Many of the harvest workers were



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Report: Japanese Americans in Relocation Centers

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hired on a permanent basis by their employers, and have not returned to relocation centers.

In July, 1942, the War Relocation Authority announced a policy of permitting qualified American citizens among the evacuees to leave relocation centers to accept permanent jobs. On October 1, this policy with the approval of the War and Justice Departments was broadened to include aliens as well as citizens. Under present policies of the War Relocation Authority, any evacuee may apply for a permit of indefinite leave. The permit will be granted under the following conditions:

- a. He has a place to go and means of supporting himself;
- b. A check of records of the FBI and other intelligence agencies, plus the applicant's record of behavior in the relocation center indicates that he would not endanger national security;
- c. There is evidence that his presence in the community in which he proposes to go is not likely to cause a public disturbance;
- d. He agrees to keep the war Relocation Authority informed of his address at all times.

In addition to the several hundred evacuees who left relocation centers for harvest work and obtained permanent jobs, many others have been granted permits of indefinite leave; thousands have had their applications for leave approved, and their actual return to private life outside a relocation center awaits only the offer of a suitable job.

Of those who have left the relocation centers, agricultural and domestic workers have been most numerous, but the group also includes students, stenographers, cooks, hotel workers and a wide variety of skilled workers. One of the largest single categories to date has been wives and sweethearts leaving relocation centers to join soldiers of Japanese ancestry serving in the United States Army.

March, 1943 .

6-5439 P4 Final BU-COS-WP

Humanities · Primary Source

Joint Chief of Staffs': Invasion of the European Continent from the United Kingdom

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INVASION OF THE EUROPEAN CONTINENT FROM
THE UNITED KINGDOM IN 1943 - 1944

Report by Joint War Plans Committee

1. A detailed examination of the merits and possibilities of the defeat of the EUROPEAN AXIS by a bomber offensive and air-ground invasion of the Continent from the UNITED KINGDOM is contained in Enclosure "A".
2. It is estimated that GERMANY has 7 offensive divisions available on short notice to oppose an invasion effort. These forces could be increased in time to a grand total of 60 divisions. She also has about 1254 planes in the area (747 fighters) which could be increased to 1766 (1158 fighters) by stripping all areas except the MEDITERRANEAN and Eastern Front. In addition to a coastal defense zone varying from 5 to 15 miles in depth, she has four additional defensive belts which must be reduced or neutralized before the "West Wall" is reached.
3. The projected bomber offensive against GERMANY may be expected to so reduce her ability to wage modern war as to create favorable conditions for a reentry to the Continent unless GERMANY is able to build up timely and effective counter-measures.
4. By maximum utilization of shipping and UNITED KINGDOM port facilities for the movement of UNITED STATES Forces, and by placing increased emphasis on the conversion of British defensive divisions into offensive units, it is estimated that 36 divisions can be made available for cross-channel operations by April 1, 1944.

Franklin D. Roosevelt Library

JCS 4-71

Jan 2, 1944

RHS

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Humanities · Primary Source

Press Release by the White House, August 6, 1945

THE WHITE HOUSE
Washington, D. C.

IMMEDIATE RELEASE

STATEMENT BY THE PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES

Sixteen hours ago an American airplane dropped one bomb on _____ and destroyed its usefulness to the enemy. That bomb had more power than 20,000 tons of T.N.T. It had more than two thousand times the blast power of the British "Grand Slam" which is the largest bomb ever yet used in the history of warfare.

The Japanese began the war from the air at Pearl Harbor. They have been repaid many fold. And the end is not yet. With this bomb we have now added a new and revolutionary increase in destruction to supplement the growing power of our armed forces. In their present form these bombs are now in production and even more powerful forms are in development.

It is an atomic bomb. It is a harnessing of the basic power of the universe. The force from which the sun draws its power has been loosed against those who brought war to the Far East.

Before 1939, it was the accepted belief of scientists that it was theoretically possible to release atomic energy. But no one knew any practical method of doing it. By 1942, however, we knew that the Germans were working feverishly to find a way to add atomic energy to the other engines of war with which they hoped to enslave the world. But they failed. We may be grateful to Providence that the Germans got the V-1's and V-2's late and in limited quantities and even more grateful that they did not get the atomic bomb at all.

The battle of the laboratories held fateful risks for us as well as the battles of the air, land and sea, and we have now won the battle of the laboratories as we have won the other battles.

Beginning in 1940, before Pearl Harbor, scientific knowledge useful in war was pooled between the United States and Great Britain, and many priceless helps to our victories



Press Release by the White House, August 6, 1945

have come from that arrangement. Under that general policy the research on the atomic bomb was begun. With American and British scientists working together we entered the race of discovery against the Germans.

The United States had available the large number of scientists of distinction in the many needed areas of knowledge. It had the tremendous industrial and financial resources necessary for the project and they could be devoted to it without undue impairment of other vital war work. In the United States the laboratory work and the production plants, on which a substantial start had already been made, would be out of reach of enemy bombing, while at that time Britain was exposed to constant air attack and was still threatened with the possibility of invasion. For these reasons Prime Minister Churchill and President Roosevelt agreed that it was wise to carry on the project here. We now have two great plants and many lesser works devoted to the production of atomic power. Employment during peak construction numbered 125,000 and over 65,000 individuals are even now engaged in operating the plants. Many have worked there for two and a half years. Few know what they have been producing. They see great quantities of material going in and they see nothing coming out of these plants, for the physical size of the explosive charge is exceedingly small. We have spent two billion dollars on the greatest scientific gamble in history -- and won.

But the greatest marvel is not the size of the enterprise, its secrecy, nor its cost, but the achievement of scientific brains in putting together infinitely complex pieces of knowledge held by many men in different fields of science into a workable plan. And hardly less marvellous has been the capacity of industry to design, and of labor to operate, the machines and methods to do things never done before so that the brain child of many minds came forth in physical shape and performed as it was supposed to do. Both science and industry worked under the direction of the United States Army, which achieved a unique success in managing so diverse a problem in the advancement of knowledge in an amazingly short time. It is doubtful if such another combination could be got together in the world. What has been done is the greatest achievement of organized science in history. It was done under high pressure and without failure.

We are now prepared to obliterate more rapidly and completely every productive enterprise the Japanese have above ground in any city. We shall destroy their docks, their factories, and their communications. Let there be no mistake; we shall completely destroy Japan's power to make war.

Press Release by the White House, August 6, 1945

It was to spare the Japanese people from utter destruction that the ultimatum of July 26 was issued at Potsdam. Their leaders promptly rejected that ultimatum. If they do not now accept our terms they may expect a rain of ruin from the air, the like of which has never been seen on this earth. Behind this air attack will follow sea and land forces in such numbers and power as they have not yet seen and with the fighting skill of which they are already well aware.

The Secretary of War, who has kept in personal touch with all phases of the project, will immediately make public a statement giving further details.

His statement will give facts concerning the sites at Oak Ridge near Knoxville, Tennessee, and at Richland near Pasco, Washington, and an installation near Santa Fe, New Mexico. Although the workers at the sites have been making materials to be used in producing the greatest destructive force in history they have not themselves been in danger beyond that of many other occupations, for the utmost care has been taken of their safety.

The fact that we can release atomic energy ushers in a new era in man's understanding of nature's forces. Atomic energy may in the future supplement the power that now comes from coal, oil, and falling water, but at present it cannot be produced on a basis to compete with them commercially. Before that comes there must be a long period of intensive research.

It has never been the habit of the scientists of this country or the policy of this Government to withhold from the world scientific knowledge. Normally, therefore, everything about the work with atomic energy would be made public.

But under present circumstances it is not intended to divulge the technical processes of production or all the military applications, pending further examination of possible methods of protecting us and the rest of the world from the danger of sudden destruction.

I shall recommend that the Congress of the United States consider promptly the establishment of an appropriate commission to control the production and use of atomic power within the United States. I shall give further consideration and make further recommendations to the Congress as to how atomic power can become a powerful and forceful influence towards the maintenance of world peace.

Humanities • Primary Source**Atomic Bomb: The Controversy Continues by Steven Mintz**

Fifty years after the United States ended World War II by dropping two atomic bombs on Japan, a major public controversy erupted over plans to exhibit the fuselage of the Enola Gay at the Smithsonian Institution's Air and Space Museum. As originally conceived, the exhibit, titled "The Last Act: The Atomic Bomb and the End of World War II," was designed to provoke debate about the decision to drop atomic bombs. Museum visitors would be encouraged to reflect on the morality of the bombing and to ask whether the bombs were necessary to end the war.

The proposal generated a firestorm of controversy. The part of the script that produced the most opposition stated: "For most Americans, this...was a war of vengeance. For most Japanese, it was a war to defend their unique culture against Western imperialism." Another controversial section addressed the question: "Would the bomb have been dropped on the Germans?" The answer began: "Some have argued that the United States would never have dropped the bomb on the Germans, because Americans were more reluctant to bomb 'white people' than Asians."

Veterans groups considered the proposed exhibit too sympathetic to the Japanese, portraying them as victims of racist Americans hell-bent on revenge for Pearl Harbor. They called the exhibit an insult to the U.S. soldiers who fought and died during the war and complained that it paid excessive attention to Japanese casualties and suffering and paid insufficient attention to Japanese aggression and atrocities. The U.S. Senate unanimously passed a resolution calling a revised version of the exhibit "unbalanced and offensive" and reminding the museum of "its obligation to portray history in the proper context of its time."

In the end, the Smithsonian decided to scale back the exhibit, displaying the Enola Gay's fuselage along with a small plaque. In announcing the decision, a Smithsonian official explained, "In this important anniversary year, veterans and their families were expecting, and rightly so, that the nation would honor and commemorate their valor and sacrifice. They were not looking for analysis and, frankly, we did not give enough thought to the intense feelings such an analysis would evoke."

The decision to use atomic bombs against Japan was the most controversial decision in military history.

Early in 1946, the Federal Council of Churches called the bombings "morally indefensible" because Japan had received no specific advancing warning. In July, the U.S. Strategic Bombing Survey concluded that Japan would have surrendered "certainly prior to December 31, 1945, and in all probability prior to November 1, 1945...even if the atomic bombs had not been dropped, even if Russia had not entered the war, and even if no invasion [of Japan] had been planned or contemplated." An account of six survivors of the Hiroshima bombing by John Hersey published in the *New Yorker* magazine in August 1946, which helped to humanize the bomb's victims, led the influential magazine *Saturday Review* to describe the bombing of Hiroshima and Nagasaki as a crime.

Henry Stimson, the 78-year-old former secretary of war, publicly defended the U.S. decision to drop the bombs. He argued that the Japanese were determined to fight to the death and that, without the bombings, it would have cost at least a million American and many more Japanese casualties to achieve victory. Stimson also explained why the U.S. had refused to warn Japan about the new weapon or to stage a demonstration of the bomb's destructive power. Engineers were unable to assure the government that the bombs would work, and officials feared that a failure would have disastrous effects on American morale. Further, they noted that even if a successful demonstration was carried out, the Japanese government might suppress the news.

In 1949, Stimson's arguments were challenged by a British physicist, P.M.S. Blackett. Blackett claimed that the bombing of Hiroshima and Nagasaki was intended, at least in part, to intimidate the Soviet Union.

Steven Mintz, Atomic Bomb: The Controversy Continues

Why did the United States drop the bomb when it did? On July 29, a U.S. Navy ship, the *Indianapolis*, was sunk and 883 lives were lost. A U.S. invasion of Southeast Asia was scheduled for September 6, in which case, it was likely that 100,000 British, Dutch, and American Prisoners of War would be executed by the Japanese.

Decrypted Japanese military cables indicated that Japan was building-up its defenses in preparation for an American invasion, and many Japanese leaders testified that they were confident that they could have stopped at least the first wave of an American invasion. Decoded diplomatic cables indicated that Japan's leaders were seeking to persuade the Soviet Union to negotiate an armistice on favorable terms that would have allowed Japan to retain conquered territory. A three-time Japanese premier, Prince Konoye Fumimaro, said that had the atomic bombs not been dropped, the war would have continued into 1946: "The army had dug themselves caves in the mountains and their idea of fighting on was fighting from every little hole or rock in the mountains."

Humanities · Literature Selection
William Stafford, “At the Bomb Testing Site”

At the Bomb Testing Site

At noon in the desert a painting lizard
waited for history, its elbows tense,
watching the curve of a particular road
as if something might happen.

It was looking at something farther off
than people could see, an important scene
acted in stone for little selves
at the flute end of consequences.

There was just a continent without much on it
under a sky that never cared less.
Ready for a change, the elbows waited.
The hands gripped hard on the desert.

—William Stafford

Questions for Review and Discussion

1. From what point of view is the poem told?

2. What does the poem say about warfare and nature?

3. What might be the “something farther off / than people could see”?

Humanities · Activity
Image Analysis: Pearl Harbor

Look closely at the image below. Use elements of the image to support the following theses:

Thesis #1: The Japanese surprise attack on the United States at Pearl Harbor resulted in the awakening of the “sleeping giant” (The United States).

Thesis #2: The 1,760-lb. bomb hurtled through the air; reportedly striking near turret No. 2 and penetrating deep into the battleship's innards before exploding near the forward magazine, in an instant, most of the men aboard were killed.



The USS Arizona Sinks into Pearl Harbor
Photographer: Unknown (December 7, 1941)

Use the space below to explain how the elements of the image support the above theses:

Humanities · Activity

Image Analysis: Battle of the Bulge

Look closely at the image below. Use elements of the image to support the following theses:

Thesis #1: Attacking through the Ardennes Forest in eastern Belgium, hundreds of German tanks and several hundred thousand German troops broke through the thinly held American lines.

Thesis #2: In large part, it was the tenacious defense put up by American soldiers, fighting in small groups in sub-zero cold and snow that stopped the German advance; eventually, the Germans suffered more than 100,000 casualties and the Americans approximately 81,000.



American Soldiers in Position during the Battle of the Bulge
Photographer: Unknown (The Ardennes, Belgium 1944)

Use the space below to explain how the elements of the image support the above theses:

Humanities • Activity

Image Analysis: Ardennes Forest

Making Inferences from Images

Look closely at the image below and read each of the subsequent statements. Circle the one statement that best fits what the image is portraying. Then, on the next page, explain your choice by discussing how the artist's use of specific details supports your inference.



In the Ardennes Forest (December 1945)

1. An American soldier defends the front line from the Nazis at the edge of the Ardennes Forest during the battle of the Bulge ultimately defeating the broken Germans.
2. An American soldier rests at the edge of the forest before advancing alone toward the Nazis in a last ditch but futile effort to keep the Germans from moving back toward France.
3. A German soldier hides just inside the Ardennes Forest from the advancing Americans.
4. A German soldier sits in battle position at the edge of the Ardennes Forest as he waits to begin the Nazis' victorious advance against the American troops.

Humanities · Activity

Image Analysis: Ardennes Forest

Answer each of the questions to demonstrate support for your inferential statement from the previous page.

1. In no more than thirty words, summarize what you think is happening in the photograph. Hint...Think of this as the plot in a work of fiction...what is happening, what is the occasion? How does this support your original inference?
2. Now, look at the character in this image; what can he tell us? Look at the age, gender, uniform, etc. While we don't know his name, by studying his body language, how he is dressed, etc. we can start to build an understanding of who he is.
3. Setting is often one of the most important aspects of an image and this photograph is no different. Examine the setting and provide details that support your inference. What does the landscape suggest to the viewer?
4. When we analyze fiction, we often look to the author's words to allow us access to his/her intentions or motivations; likewise, the same ideas can be used to understand the artist's or photographer's work. Therefore, analyze the photographer's composition (viewpoint...where he/she is looking, arrangement of people, where people are looking, formal vs. informal pose, etc.) in order to support the choice of your inference statement.

Humanities · Activity

Image Analysis: Ardennes Forest

Creating Stories from Images

Create your own fictional narrative from the image(s) that you have just studied. Be sure to include the following elements as well as the details supplied in the image(s): conflict (human vs. human, human vs. nature, human vs. him/herself), characterization, setting/background, and overall composition. Remember: use only the details within the image(s) to develop your narrative.

Humanities · Activity
Image Analysis: D-Day

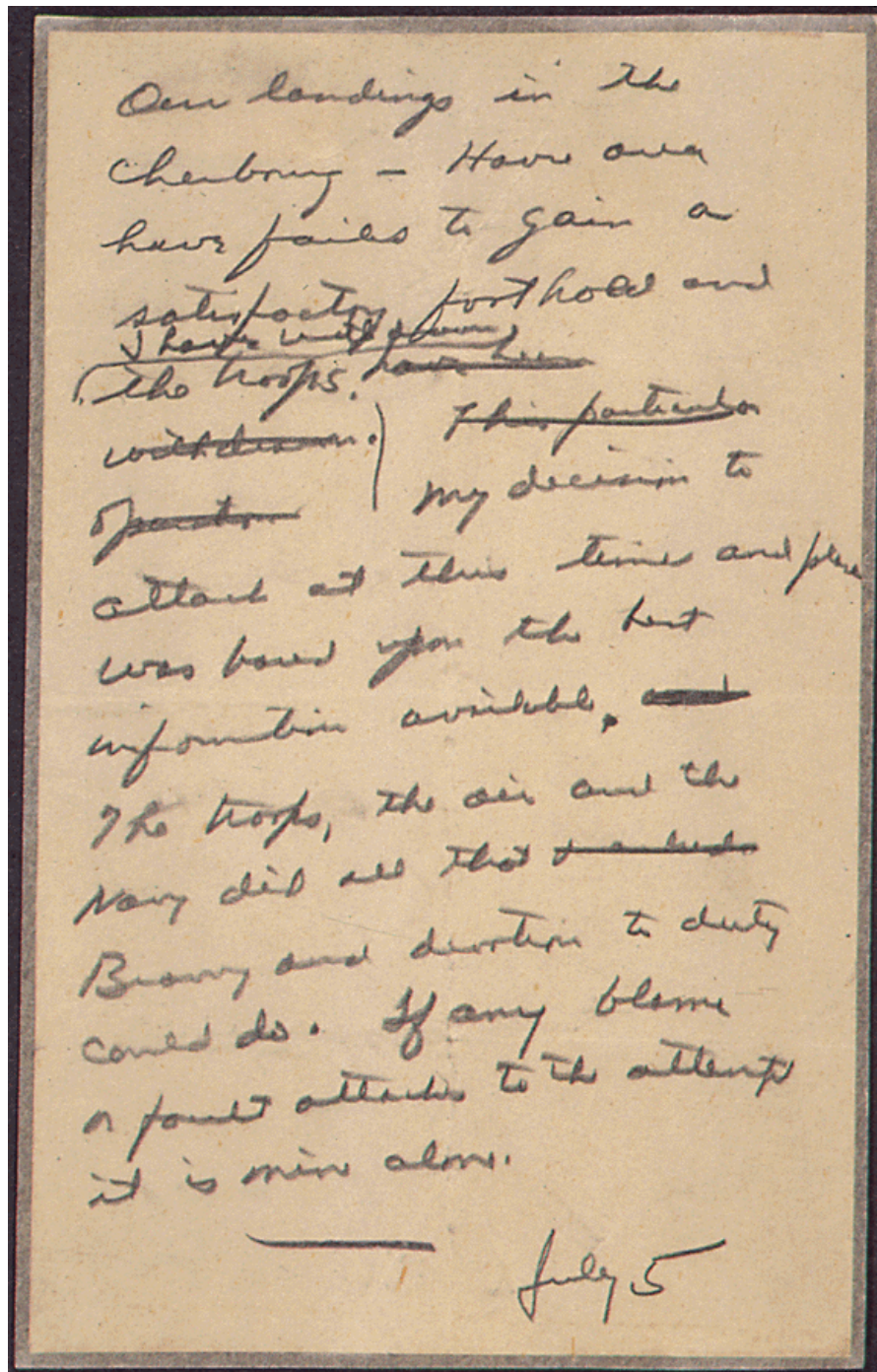


D-Day Invasion

Humanities · Activity
Image Analysis: D-Day



Attack on Pearl Harbor (1941)

Humanities · Activity
Image Analysis: D-DayA handwritten note on aged, yellowed paper, written in cursive. The text is a reflection on the failure of the D-Day landings. The note is written in dark ink and is somewhat faded in places. It begins with 'Our landings in the Cherbourg - Havre area have failed to gain a satisfactory foothold and I have ~~withdrew~~ the troops. ~~have been withdrawn.~~ This particular operation | my decision to attack at this time and place was based upon the best information available, ~~and~~ the troops, the air and the Navy did all that ~~could be~~ done and devotion to duty could do. If any blame or fault attaches to the attempt it is mine alone.' The note is signed 'July 5' at the bottom right.

Our landings in the
Cherbourg - Havre area
have failed to gain a
satisfactory foothold and
I have ~~withdrew~~
the troops. ~~have been~~
~~withdrawn.~~ This particular
operation | my decision to
attack at this time and place
was based upon the best
information available, ~~and~~
the troops, the air and the
Navy did all that ~~could be~~
done and devotion to duty
could do. If any blame
or fault attaches to the attempt
it is mine alone.

July 5

Note from Gen. Eisenhower in case of the failure of D-Day (1944)

Humanities · Activity
Image Analysis: D-Day



Landing on the beaches of Normandy (1944)

Humanities · Activity
Image Analysis: D-Day



Attack on Pearl Harbor (1941)

Humanities · Activity
Image Analysis: D-Day



Japanese prepare for Pearl Harbor attack (1941)

Humanities · Teacher Resource Notebook

Unit 6: Cold War America

Essential Questions: *How did the United States and Soviet Union become Cold War adversaries?*
Were the methods used by the United States to contain communism justified?



COLUMBUS CITY SCHOOLS

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Humanities · Recommended Readings and Resources

Unit 6: Cold War America

Novels

Ray Bradbury, *Fahrenheit 451*

Ray Bradbury, *The Martian Chronicles*

J.D. Salinger, *Catcher in the Rye*

Literature Textbook Correlations

Literature, Language and Literacy. Grade Ten. Prentice Hall 2010

Bradbury, Ray. "There Will Come Soft Rains." p. 284

Newspaper editorial. The New York Times. July 20, November 10, 1999. "On the Anniversary of the Fall of the Berlin Wall." p. 403

Mielcarek, Marco. "Voice from the Wall." p. 405

Solzhenitsyn, Alexander. "from Nobel Lecture." p. 548

Retrieving the American Past Humanities Reader Selections

The New Suburbia, pp. 209-211

1951 Motorola Television Advertisement, p. 213

The Truman Doctrine, pp. 215-217

Fear of the Soviets and the Early Space Race, pp. 219-22

There Will Come Soft Rains, pp. 223-230

Harrison Bergeron, p. 231-237

Websites

<http://www.neabigread.org/books/fahrenheit451/>

Teaching resources for Fahrenheit 451 from the National Endowment for the Arts.

<http://www.civildefensemuseum.com/>

Civil Defense Museum

<http://www.loc.gov/rr/print/swann/herblock/ticktock.html>

Herblock Political Cartoons on the nuclear arms race and Cold War

Humanities · Literary Connection

Unit 6: Cold War America

America had just begun its recovery from World War II, when suddenly the Korean Conflict developed. The USSR became a major enemy in the Cold War. Senator Joseph McCarthy claimed to know that Communists had infiltrated the United States government at the highest levels. Americans were feeling a sense of national anxiety. Was America the greatest country in the world? Was life in America the best it had ever been? As the decade passed, literature reflected the conflict of self-satisfaction with '50s “Happy Days” and cultural self-doubt about conformity and the true worth of American values.

FICTION

Many works of fiction related to Cold War America were masked as events from other time periods. Novelists tackled such issues as conformity in society and the possibilities of living in a world dominated by totalitarian governments, lacking individual freedoms or choice. The secrecy and spying and mistrust in the real world translated itself into the fictional world as well. American writers tried to camouflage their points of view regarding government policy for fear of being arrested by the House Un-American Activities Committee. Some authors were successful; many were not. Science fiction also became more popular as the possibility of actual space travel became a reality.

Discussion Question

- The United States and the Soviet Union were Cold War adversaries. Were the methods used by the United States to contain communism justified?
- How did the fear of communism affect the daily lives of Americans? How do clashes of ideology impact governments and how people live?

Literature Textbook Correlations

Literature, Language and Literacy: Grade Ten. Prentice Hall 2010

- Bradbury, Ray. “There Will Come Soft Rains.” p. 284
There are no human characters in this story, yet serves as an ironic reflection on the strengths and weaknesses of human nature. It is also a warning about the limits and dangers of technology. The same technical advances that allow people of the future to create a fully automated house are also responsible for the creation of nuclear weapons that destroy the human race.

Novels

- Bradbury, Ray. *Fahrenheit 451*. 1953. In Ray Bradbury’s classic dystopia, firemen don’t put out fires: they burn books, which are illegal. And citizens are not encouraged to think nor reflect, but instead “be happy.”
- Bradbury, Ray. *The Martian Chronicles*.

Humanities · Literary Connection

Unit 6: Cold War America

- Golding, William. *Lord of the Flies*. 1954. William Golding's classic tale shows how thin the veneer of civilization must be as it explores what happens in the absence of rules and order. Is man essentially good or not?
- Asimov, Isaac. *I, Robot*. 1950. This science fiction collection of short stories traces the history of robotics from the first primitive robot to robots that are indiscernible from humans.
- Ellison, Ralph. *Invisible Man*. 1952. This novel chronicles the travels of a young nameless black man as he moves through the levels of American intolerance and cultural blindness.
- Baldwin, James. *Go Tell It on the Mountain*. 1953. This semi-autobiographical novel describes two days and a long night in the life of the Grimes family, particularly the 14-year-old John and his stepfather Gabriel.
- Kerouac, Jack. *On the Road*. 1957. *On the Road* gave voice to a rising, dissatisfied fringe of the young generation of the late forties and early fifties. It was after the Great Depression and World War II and more than a decade before the Civil Rights movement and the turmoil of the '60s. The feelings, ideas, and experiences in the novel are still remarkably fresh as expressions of restless, idealistic youth who yearn for something more than the bland conformity of a generally prosperous society.
- Rand, Ayn. *Atlas Shrugged*. 1957. As a student of American capitalism, Rand believed that unfettered economic freedom was the factor most responsible for the major achievements of American inventors and businessmen during the nineteenth and early twentieth centuries. *Atlas Shrugged* attempts to demonstrate what might happen to the world if such economic freedom were lost, if emerging collectivist trends were to continue to their logical conclusions. The novel shows in detail the resulting collapse of efficient production and the rise of corruption among businessmen and politicians who look to live off the production of others without producing anything themselves.
- Salinger, J.D. *Catcher in the Rye*. 1951. *The Catcher in the Rye* is frequently read as a tale of an individual's alienation within a heartless world. Holden seemed to stand for young people everywhere, who felt themselves beset on all sides by pressures to grow up and live their lives according to the rules, to disengage from meaningful human connection, and to restrict their own personalities and conform to a bland cultural norm.

Plays

- Miller, Arthur. *The Crucible*. 1953. This play, set in Puritan times, is the playwright's way of commenting on the present. Written in response to the Cold War, Miller demonstrates what happens when fear guides a community towards mass hysteria...all because of tales told by little girls.
- Miller, Arthur. *Death of a Salesman*. *Death of a Salesman*, Miller's most famous work, addresses the painful conflicts within one family, but it also tackles larger issues regarding American national values. The play examines the cost of blind faith in the American Dream. In this respect, it offers a postwar American reading of personal tragedy in the tradition of Sophocles' *Oedipus Cycle*. Miller charges America with selling a false myth constructed around a capitalist materialism nurtured by the postwar economy, a materialism that obscured the personal truth and moral vision of the original American Dream described by the country's founders.

Humanities · Literary Connection

Unit 6: Cold War America

NONFICTION

Many works of nonfiction related to the Cold War era deal with the United State’s conflict with the Soviet Union and the struggle of democracy against communism in the format of political pamphlets, essays, and speeches. Many writers also broached the topics of control over one’s life as a reaction to a seemingly uncontrollable world around them.

Discussion Questions

- How did people react against the seemingly unpredictable world of Cold War America? How does the picture of America in the 1950s compare to that painted in the non-fiction works of the period?
- Much nonfiction focused on America’s fear that communism would take hold on American soil. Senator Joseph McCarthy led the “witch-hunt” in the U.S. How did this “Big Red Scare” affect American citizens nation-wide?

Literature Textbook Correlations

Literature, Language and Literacy. Grade Ten. Prentice Hall 2010

- Newspaper editorial. *The New York Times*. November 10, 1999. “10 year anniversary of the fall of Berlin Wall.” p. 403
This editorial looks back at the fall of the Berlin Wall ten years later and discusses the influence of Soviet leader Mikhail Gorbachev in making the event happen.
- Primary source narrative. Marco Mielcare. “Voice from the Wall.” p. 405
A West Berliner retells his story of the fall of the Berlin Wall.
- Solzhenitsyn, Alexander. “from Nobel Lecture.” p. 548
This is an excerpt from Solzhenitsyn’s Nobel acceptance in which he speaks of the importance of literature that bears witness. Solzhenitsyn was imprisoned by the Soviet government for many years for speaking out against its practices.

Biography

- McCullough, David. *Truman*. 1992.
This Pulitzer Prize-winning biography of Harry S. Truman not only captures the man but also the turbulent times in which he was President of the United States.

Humanities · Art and Music Connection

Unit 6: Cold War America

Cold War America and the Arts

In the years following World War II, the United States enjoyed an unprecedented period of economic and political growth. Many artists and intellectuals had emigrated in the years during and after the war from Europe to the United States, bringing with them their own traditions and ideas.

Abstract Expressionism

It is in this climate that a group of artists that came to be known as the Abstract Expressionists came of age. These artists, including Jackson Pollock, Willem de Kooning, Barnett Newman, and Mark Rothko, created diverse bodies of work. They explored new ways of painting, reinvigorating and reinventing the medium. They sought to express emotions, individual feelings, and personal experiences in their work. They were considered to signify or embody a distinctly "American" element of space, confidence, and creativity.

Web Links:

<http://www.nga.gov/feature/pollock/>

This National Gallery of Art site contains several images of Jackson Pollock's work, as well as biographical information on the artist and on each painting.

Pop Art

Pop Art was one of the United States' major artistic movements of the 20th century. It actually was first coined in Britain in 1955 but Americans became the pioneers of the movement. Pop art and pop culture refers to the products of the mass media evolving in the late 1950s and 60s and also to the works of art that draw upon popular culture.

In America, Pop Art is often considered as a counter-attack against Abstract Expressionism because it used more figurative aspects in its works. It was also related closely to Dada, an earlier movement that poked fun at the highbrow and serious nature of the art world and also used everyday objects and mundane subjects. The Pop Artists favored commercial methods of production, not dissimilar to the subjects they were using, as it meant that unlimited reproductions could be made. Pop Art was inseparable from the prosperous and affluent post-World War II era. It was a time of enormous economic growth and the beginning of a voracious consumer-orientated society in the United States. It also coincided with the beginning of the age of homogenisation - of uniformity in commercial franchises, restaurants and languages or dialects.

Web Links:

<http://www.arthistoryarchive.com/arthistory/popart/>

This website contains links to several Pop Art websites as well as background information on the movement itself.

Additional Art Resources

<http://www.moma.org/collection>

Museum of Modern Art collection online can be customized to view particular artists, decades, and movements.

<http://www.nga.gov/education/classroom/pdf/artsince1950.pdf>

National Gallery of Art online document that profiles artists of the 1950s and provides helpful information for teaching art of this period.

Music of the Cold War era

The beginning of the Cold War era is dominated by the rise of rock 'n roll. Developed from a blend of Southern blues and gospel music with an added strong back beat, this type of music was popular with teenagers who were trying to break out of the mainstream, conservative, American middle class mold. Popular artists such as Bill Haley, Elvis Presley, and Jerry Lee Lewis were promoted on radio by just as popular disc-jockeys (DJ's) like Alan

Humanities · Art and Music Connection

Unit 6: Cold War America

Freed and the Big Bopper. At the same time music in the 1950s was more than just rock 'n roll. Crooners such as Nat King Cole, Frank Sinatra, Perry Como and Dinah Shore were all popular.

As the Cold War began its second decade the music reflected the growing discontent with the status quo in the United States. During the early 1950s, the folk movement that made Woody Guthrie and Pete Seeger famous was suppressed by the anti-communist "witch hunts" of the McCarthy era. The folk scene was reborn in the late 1950s and reached its peak in the early 1960s as protest songs commented on poverty, war, racism and man's inhumanity to man. The 1960s also witnessed Beatle's Mania, as well as the rise of Motown recording artists and psychedelic rock. Many of the songs of the era, regardless of the genre, comment on the continued involvement of the United States in Cold War conflicts.

Web Links:

<http://heavens-gates.com/50s/fabulous50songs/>

This site contains audio files of songs from the 1950s as well as background information on the popular songs and singers of the decade.

<http://www.ichiban1.org/html/music.htm>

This site lists the top ten songs from each year of the Vietnam War.

<http://www.jwsrockgarden.com/jw02vvaw.htm>

This site contains several anti-war protest songs, including the lyrics and audio files.

Humanities · Reading Study Guide

The New Suburbia

Retrieving the American Past, pp. 209-211

Vocabulary

suburbanization—

Levittown—

Questions for Review and Discussion

1. Identify and explain 4 factors that promoted the development of the suburbs in the 1950s.
2. According to the article describe several characteristics of suburban life.
3. Based on the accounts in the article, how do the suburbs compare with life in the city?
4. Even though the article projects the suburbs in a positive light, can you think of any drawbacks to living in a suburb like the one described? Explain your answer.

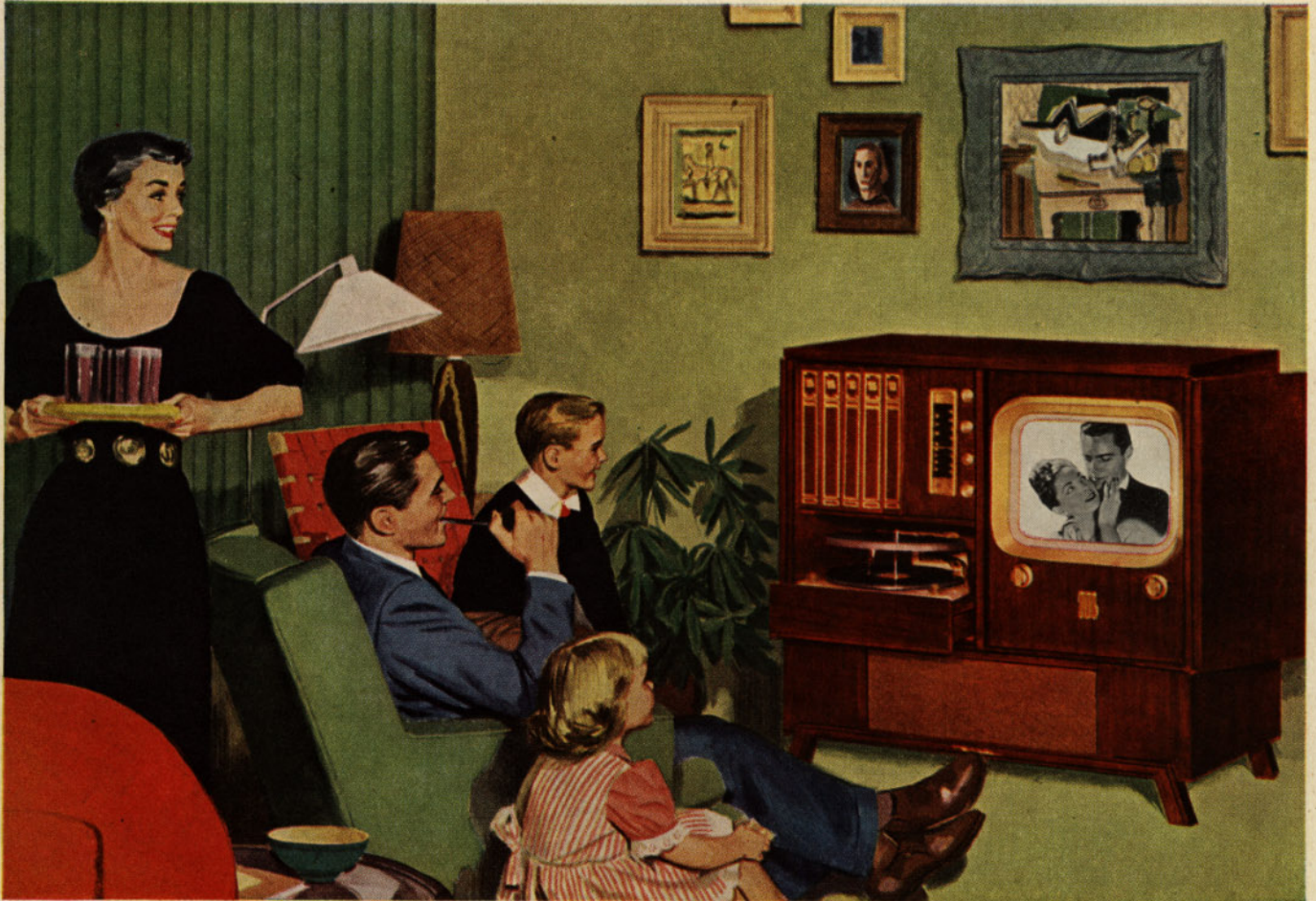
Humanities · Reading Study Guide
1951 Motorola Television Advertisement
Retrieving the American Past, p. 213

Questions for Review and Discussion

1. Describe the image at the top of the advertisement.
2. Who is the primary target of the advertisement? How do you know this?
3. Read the text of the advertisement. How is the television being marketed?
4. Based on the description of American life in the suburbs from "*The New Suburbia*" how does the television fit into 1950s society?
5. What can you surmise about the role of the television in 1950s America from this advertisement? How does that compare to the role of TV in today's society? How is this ironic?

TV

Time
happiness shared by all the family!



Model 17F6—in mahogany and lined oak. 17 inch TV... FM and AM radio ... 3 speed phonograph.

Whether it's a party for friends or just a quiet evening at home . . . your Motorola TV will add plenty of pleasure with its variety of entertainment. Drama, music, sports and educational programs . . . all these are yours on Motorola's big-screen, photo-perfect television! Hear your favorite recorded music faithfully reproduced with Motorola's dependable and easy-to-operate "Multi-Play" record changer. And for the best in both FM and AM radio, there is nothing finer than Motorola's famous "Golden Voice" tone that's as rich and true as the original sound itself.

Motorola TV

LEADER TODAY BECAUSE OF 25 YEARS OF PIONEERING IN THE ELECTRONICS INDUSTRY

ONLY MOTOROLA GIVES YOU THESE EXCLUSIVE FEATURES . . . IN FASHION AWARD



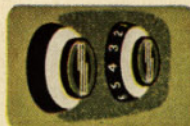
CABINETS!



GLARE GUARD
TRADE MARK
THE CURVED ANTI-REFLECTION SCREEN



NEWEST TV IMPROVEMENT. The curved surface of the Motorola Glare-Guard screen directs reflections *down*—out of the viewer's eyes . . . cuts annoying room-light reflection glare as much as 98%.



TWO SIMPLE CONTROLS. Sharp, steady pictures with just two simple controls. Turn it on . . . select your station . . . that's all! Built-in Antenna. Rectangular black picture tubes.



THREE-SPEED RECORD CHANGER. Automatically plays all size 78, 45 and 33 1/3 rpm speed records without complicated adjustments. Single, feather-light tone arm, permanent needle.



"GOLDEN VOICE" AM AND FM RADIO. New "Music Lover" sound system faithfully brings you true pitch and tone in both musical and voice reproduction, from lowest bass to highest treble.



LONG LIFE "DEPENDA-BILT" CHASSIS. Factory tested . . . we play it before we ship it . . . to make sure that it brings you long, reliable TV reception. It's built to perform better . . . longer!

SEE YOUR CLASSIFIED DIRECTORY FOR THE NAME OF YOUR NEAREST MOTOROLA DEALER • Specifications subject to change without notice.

Humanities · Reading Study Guide

The Truman Doctrine

Retrieving the American Past, pp. 215-217

Vocabulary

communism—

Cold War—

“Truman Doctrine”—

Questions for Review and Discussion

1. In what four ways did the U.S. conflict with the USSR after World War II ended?
2. What event(s) prompted Truman to address Congress?
3. According to Truman’s address what is the primary objective of U.S. foreign policy? How does he justify this objective?
4. Based on the reading, define the “Truman Doctrine”.
5. Describe the implications, according to Truman, of Greece (and Turkey) falling under a communist regime?
6. Do you think that the Truman Doctrine is still alive in the foreign policy of the United States today? Explain your response.

Humanities · Reading Study Guide
“There Will Come Soft Rains” by Ray Bradbury
***Retrieving the American Past*, pp. 223-229**

Key Vocabulary

Literary Terms:

Imagery –

Irony –

Metaphor –

Personification –

Point of View –

Rhyme –

Setting –

Simile –

Theme –

Content

Ejected –

Silhouette –

Paranoia –

Quiver –

Incinerator –

Hysterically –

Manipulated –

Oblivious –

Sublime –

Psychopathic –

Humanities · Reading Study Guide
“There Will Come Soft Rains” by Ray Bradbury
Retrieving the American Past, pp. 223-229

Questions for Review and Discussion

1. What is the setting of the story? Include all information about where and when the story is set.
2. What is funny, in a mocking or critical way, about this opening paragraph?
3. From what point of view is the story told?
4. What is the target of the author’s satire at the beginning of the story?
5. What is the author saying about the role of government in this society?
6. Explain what all five family members were doing when they died. What can you infer about the family from this?
7. Why is the dog covered in sores?
8. What normally happens in the house at 9:15?
9. What are at least three things the house does for its residents?

Humanities · Reading Study Guide

“There Will Come Soft Rains” by Ray Bradbury

Retrieving the American Past, pp. 223-229

10. Explain the chain of events that leads to the destruction of the house.

11. All stories must have at least one character. Explain the main character of the story and what is so unusual about the characterization in this story.

12. This story ends with Hazel mindlessly repeating her words in response to George’s rhetorical statement. Some people might see Vonnegut’s ending as a comment on the lack of communication in today’s society. Do you agree or disagree with this interpretation? Why or why not?

13. What is the difference between believing that people are equal under the law and believing that everyone is the same?

14. What would you say is Vonnegut’s belief about the human spirit? Consider in your answer George and Hazel, the Handicapper General, and the bold ballerina, as well as Harrison.

15. Is the story relevant today? Why or why not?

Humanities · Reading Study Guide
“There Will Come Soft Rains” by Ray Bradbury
***Retrieving the American Past*, pp. 223-229**

Literary Terms Worksheet

Define each of the following terms and find two examples from the story.

1. Metaphor-

Example 1-

Example 2-

2. Personification-

Example 1-

Example 2-

3. Rhyme-

Example 1-

Example 2-

4. Simile-

Example 1-

Example 2-

5. Imagery-

Example 1-

Example 2-

Choose one of the above literary terms and explain how it affects the story.

Humanities · Reading Study Guide
Kurt Vonnegut, *Harrison Bergeron*

Literary Terms

satire –

idiom –

Key Vocabulary

consternation –

Questions for Review and Discussion

1. What is funny, in a mocking or critical way, about this opening paragraph?
2. What is the target of the Author's satire in the beginning of the story?
3. What is the author saying about the role of government in this society?
4. How does Harrison Bergeron challenge the government's handicap program?
5. When Harrison takes charge, he scarcely does so with any thoughts of equality. What kind of leader does Harrison wish to be, and why do you think the author presents him in this way?
6. Why can the sentence "The music began again and was much improved" be considered satirical?

Humanities • Reading Study Guide

Kurt Vonnegut, *Harrison Bergeron*

7. This story ends with Hazel mindlessly repeating her words in response to George's rhetorical statement. Some people might see Vonnegut's ending as a comment on the lack of communication in today's society. Do you agree or disagree with this interpretation? Why or why not?

8. What kinds of societies could be the targets of Vonnegut's satire in this story? What attitudes is he mocking?

9. What is the difference between believing that people are equals under the law and believing that everyone is the same?

10. What would you say is Vonnegut's belief about the human spirit? Consider in your answer George and Hazel, the Handicapper General, and the bold ballerina, as well as Harrison.

Humanities · Literature Activities

There Will Come Soft Rains by Ray Bradbury

Retrieving the American Past pp. 223-229

Allusion:

Baal- from the Encyclopaedia Britannica online:

God worshiped in many ancient Middle Eastern communities, especially among the Canaanites, who apparently considered him a fertility deity and one of the most important gods in the pantheon. As a Semitic common noun *baal* (Hebrew *ba al*) meant “owner” or “lord,” although it could be used more generally; for example, a *baal* of wings was a winged creature, and, in the plural, *baalim* of arrows indicated archers. Yet such fluidity in the use of the term *baal* did not prevent it from being attached to a god of distinct character. As such, Baal designated the universal god of fertility, and in that capacity his title was Prince, Lord of the Earth. He was also called the Lord of Rain and Dew, the two forms of moisture that were indispensable for fertile soil in Canaan. In Ugaritic and Old Testament Hebrew, Baal’s epithet as the storm god was He Who Rides on the Clouds. In Phoenician he was called Baal Shamen, Lord of the Heavens.

Before the Lesson:

1. Students should be familiar with the early years of the Cold War, and the fear of nuclear detonations in the U.S. Explain to them that bomb shelters were very common in the 1950s, and that schools often had “Duck and Cover” drills to teach children how to protect themselves from a nuclear blast and the subsequent radiation. They can read the following article from *The Detroit News* for more information:
<http://apps.detnews.com/apps/history/index.php?id=48>
2. Read the background information on Ray Bradbury preceding the text of the story. Consider omitting the final two or three sentences, which give away the story.

During the Lesson:

1. Have students read at least one article on home automation technology.
2. Have students use a dictionary to look up the definitions of the vocabulary words. As they read, have them review the word definitions. Note: Looking up the words in a dictionary will not result in student mastery of the words. If mastery is your goal, then make certain to utilize additional vocabulary activities that involve both linguistic and nonlinguistic strategies.
3. Have students read the story silently or aloud in class.
4. As they read, have them answer the guided questions.
5. After reading the story, have students complete the literary terms worksheet.
6. Have students list the pros and cons of having a house like the one in the story. The pros may be obvious, as people would have so many household tasks done for them. They could spend time doing more important or more pleasurable things. The cons may be less obvious, but students may consider that such technology could make people lazy, and even incapable of taking care of themselves. Sometimes the more people rely on technology, the less equipped they are to function when it fails. Technology can be very expensive and difficult to maintain.

Humanities · Literature Activities

There Will Come Soft Rains by Ray Bradbury

Retrieving the American Past pp. 223-229

7. As a class, read the Teasdale poem “There Will Come Soft Rains” again and analyze its theme. Have students discuss how it relates to the story. Have students create a Venn diagram or perhaps a two-column chart comparing and contrasting the themes of the story and the poem. Point out to students that the poem was first published in 1918 or 1920 (sources vary) before nuclear weapons had been developed. Challenge them to consider in what way the poem might not be relevant. For example, one plausible theme of the poem is that nature would be indifferent to the demise of mankind:

“Not one would mind, neither bird nor tree, if mankind perished utterly.”

Yet in a nuclear war, the fate of the natural world is essentially the same as the fate of humanity; therefore, the poem creates a certain irony in the story. Yet in some ways, nature has survived in the story. The sun does rise again, and the house, now irrelevant anyway, is destroyed by the natural elements of wind and fire. Both the story and the poem comment on war and human self-destruction and imagine a world without people.

After the Lesson:

1. Have students write an essay in response to one of the suggested prompts.
2. Remind students that the story was first published in 1950. Students could discuss how much of the technology in the story has become reality, especially in the average American home.
3. If it seems the class would be able to discuss the more graphic details about nuclear war without getting too upset, consider explaining that after the nuclear bombs exploded in Japan, silhouettes of people were imprinted on concrete surfaces such as steps, sidewalks, and exterior walls.
4. If time permits, have students go to the library and quickly research advances in nuclear weapons since 1950. They could create a two-column chart, one column labeled 1950, the other the current year. They could list the characteristics, especially the destructive power, of a single atomic bomb in 1950 and a single thermonuclear bomb today.
5. An alternative to the previous research project might be to have students research more information on home automation technology. Students could create a two-column chart, one column labeled 1950 and the other column labeled with the current year. Students could then compare and contrast technology in the home today and in 1950.
6. Have students read the 2001 interview with Bradbury from Salon.com.
<http://archive.salon.com/people/feature/2001/08/29/bradbury/print.html>

Humanities · Literature Activities

There Will Come Soft Rains by Ray Bradbury

Retrieving the American Past pp. 223-229

Guided Questions-“There Will Come Soft Rains”

1. What is the setting of the story? Include all information about where and when the story is set.
2. From what point of view is the story told?
3. Explain what all five family members were doing when they died. What can you infer about the family from this?
4. Why is the dog covered in sores?
5. What normally happens in the house at 9:15?
6. What are at least three things the house does for its residents?
7. Explain the chain of events that leads to the destruction of the house.
8. All stories must have at least one character. Explain the main character of the story and what is so unusual about the characterization in this story.
9. One plausible theme of the story is technology versus nature. What do you think the story says about technology versus nature?
10. Is the story relevant today? Why or why not?

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There Will Come Soft Rains by Ray Bradbury
***Retrieving the American Past* pp. 223-229**

Literary Terms Worksheet for “There Will Come Soft Rains”

Define each of the following terms and find two examples from the story.

Answers may vary, and could include but are not limited to:

1. **Metaphor**- Figure of speech that makes a comparison between two unlike things without using a connective word such as *like, as, than, or resembles*.

Example 1- The house was an altar with ten thousand attendants, big, small, servicing , attending, in choirs.

Example 2- The dog frothed at the mouth, lying at the door, sniffing, its eyes turned to fire.

2. **Personification**-Type of metaphor in which a nonhuman thing or quality is talked about as if it were human.

Example 1- In the living room the voice-clock sang...

Example 2- The house began to die...

3. **Rhyme**- Repetition of accented vowel sounds and all sounds following them in words that are close together.

Example 1- *Tick-tock, seven o'clock, time to get up, time to get up, seven o'clock!*

Example 2- *Seven-nine, breakfast time, seven-nine!*

4. **Simile**- Figure of speech that makes a comparison between two seemingly unlike things by using a connective word such as *like, as, than, or resembles*.

Example 1- ...the toast was like stone.

Example 2- And the voices wailed...like children dying in a forest, alone, alone.

5. **Imagery**- Language that appeals to the senses.

Example 1- The first three paragraphs of the *Ten-fifteen* section, which has a vivid description of the water from the sprinklers, but, of course, also the disturbing description of the silhouettes of the family members, is full of visual imagery. Students could choose any part of this.

Example 2- The description of the nursery during “the children’s hour” is also full of visual imagery. Students could choose any part of this.

Choose one literary term or example of a literary term and explain what effect it has on the story.

Answers could include but are not limited to:

Metaphor – It probably depends on which metaphor. Metaphors often reinforce the theme of a story. For example, the metaphor comparing the house to an altar suggests the arrogance of humanity, which created technology to serve, even worship it. The dogs eyes “turned to fire” is one of many references to fire in the story, and reinforces the theme of nuclear destruction. Fire, of course, often symbolizes anger and hatred.

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Personification- Personification is pervasive throughout the story, most notably in the personification of the house and its features, and students, therefore, can analyze its overall effect as opposed to the effect created by specific examples. The personification reinforces themes of technology taking over human tasks. The personification can even suggest a warped reality, where the line between humanity and technology becomes blurred. If children are entertained by an artificial nature, nature could become superfluous. If a robot or a computer can complete so many tasks, then people don't need to do anything. Eventually, people could become superfluous.

Rhyme- The rhyme in the story occurs in the utterances of the "voice-clock;" the rhymes are short, simple, and cheerful-sounding, like a nursery rhyme. But there is no one there to listen to or be guided by the voice. Nothing in the story is simple or cheerful, which gives the rhyme an ironic effect; the chipper voice in the midst of such destruction makes the horror of what's happened even more disturbing.

Simile- As with the metaphors, the effect of the similes depends on which simile is analyzed. Many of the similes add to the disturbing imagery of the poem. Comparing the toast to stone reinforces the absence of the family, as it's like stone because no one is there to eat it, and the word itself conjures images of something cold and hard. Obviously, voices sounding like children dying alone is a simile that reflects the fate of the inhabitants, including the children, and adds to the morbid atmosphere.

Imagery- Students can choose from a variety of images. A great deal of the imagery in the story is visual. For example, the silhouettes on the side of the house reveal not only who lived there, but what they were doing when they died. The father mowing, the mother picking flowers, and the children playing ball create an image of the ideal American family with the ideal American life. They're living the American Dream at the moment of their incineration. This image makes the reader more empathetic, since many readers will see similarities between the McClellan family and their own, and more terrified, since in the story the American Dream offers no protection. The imagery of the nursery during the children's hour, with its description of butterflies, roaches, and crickets made out of manufactured materials, is incongruous. Technology has created an unnatural nature, not only the artificial animals and bugs, but an artificial sun (the bomb) that has resulted in a degree of destruction difficult to comprehend. The image of the house in ruins as the computerized voice, oblivious, announces a new day, portrays technology as ridiculous, as well as destructive. Technology may have created houses that will cook breakfast and set up for a game of bridge, but it also created a bomb capable of destroying the people who eat the food and play the card game.

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Suggested Essay Prompts:

1. What does the author seem to be saying about technology? Use details from the text to support your answer.
2. How does the setting affect the story? For example, consider how the story would be different if it were set on a farm or in a big city, or if it were set in another country. Why might Bradbury have set the story in August?
3. Do people rely too much on technology today? Why or why not? Other than nuclear war, what are some of the other problems created by technology?
4. Explain the historical context of the story. How does the story reflect fears about the Cold War?

Additional Resources:

From *U.S. News and World Report*, an interactive page on the home of Bill Gates:

<http://www.usnews.com/usnews/tech/billgate/gates.htm>

A 2007 article from CNN's website about home automation technology:

http://money.cnn.com/magazines/business2/business2_archive/2006/12/01/8394983/index.htm

A 2007 article from *Popular Mechanics* about home automation technology:

http://www.popularmechanics.com/blogs/technology_news/4216434.html

An article from *The Detroit News* about bomb shelters:

<http://apps.detnews.com/apps/history/index.php?id=48>

A 2001 interview with Ray Bradbury from Salon.com:

<http://archive.salon.com/people/feature/2001/08/29/bradbury/print.html>

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The Bradbury interview from Salon.com:

Ray Bradbury is on fire!

At 81, the veteran author of sci-fi classics *Fahrenheit 451* and *The Martian Chronicles* is suddenly very hot in Hollywood.

By James Hibberd

Aug. 29, 2001 | Author Ray Bradbury, now 81 and recovering from a stroke, has recently become the most sought-after writer in Hollywood.

Renny Harlin ("Die Hard 2," "Cliffhanger") has signed to direct Bradbury's time-travel adventure "A Sound of Thunder." Frank Darabont ("The Shawshank Redemption," "The Green Mile") will direct new productions of *The Martian Chronicles* and *Fahrenheit 451*. Bradbury is also adapting his short story collection *The Illustrated Man* for the Sci-Fi Channel and says he's writing a script based on his novella "Frost and Fire" that will be filmed next year. And the literary establishment has also recognized him recently. Last November the National Book Foundation gave its Medal for Distinguished Contribution to American Letters to Bradbury.

The unprecedented interest by Hollywood in Bradbury's work is coincidentally timed to one of the author's major publishing anniversaries. Fifty years ago, the first printed version of *Fahrenheit 451* debuted in *Galaxy Science Fiction* magazine.

A future shock masterpiece, *Fahrenheit 451* was largely overlooked during recent millennial sci-fi retrospectives in favor of other dystopian works such as *1984*, *2001: A Space Odyssey* and *Brave New World*. The novel's famed central premise (a society where firefighters burn censored books) has long suggested a metaphorical fantasy rather than serious prognostication.

Kerosene-spraying firemen aside, a closer look at the 1953 novel shows Bradbury nailed the new millennium perfectly. There's interactive television, stereo earphones (which reportedly inspired a Sony engineer to invent the Walkman), immersive wall-size TVs, earpiece communicators, rampant political correctness, omnipresent advertising and a violent youth culture ignored by self-absorbed, prescription-dependent parents.

Far from an abstract nightmare, *Fahrenheit 451* is now disturbing because its culture no longer seems disturbing. And its dated terminology, such as calling headset radios "seashell ear thimbles," constantly remind modern readers the novel was written 50 years ago and that its culture -- our culture -- was intended only as a horrifying possibility.

One *Fahrenheit 451* prediction was the technological evolution, and moral devolution, of television news. In the novel, a fireman protagonist accused of hiding illegal books is pursued by a carnivorous news media seeking to satiate the blood lust of home viewers. As the fireman flees down the street, chased by helicopters, he sees himself through his neighbors' windows, running on their television screens.

The day after news helicopters pursued O.J. Simpson fleeing in a Ford Bronco, a *New York Times* columnist noted that the chase was the "real-life fulfillment" of *Fahrenheit 451*.

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Bradbury points to a more current example. "Look at the Chandra Levy case," he says. "It's become a Star Chamber. The major networks, the cable networks, they're being prosecutors. They're judges and jurors and executioners. Well, c'mon, that's ridiculous. But they're doing it."

The fictional roots of *Fahrenheit 451*'s vision of mass censorship even resemble the complaints of modern media critics.

In the novel, Fire Captain Beatty explains to Montag, the conflicted fireman, that their government didn't ban reading. Books were simply marginalized as an increasingly inoffensive media and a growing population embraced infotainment at the expense of "slippery stuff like philosophy or sociology."

Says Beatty: "Bigger the population, the more minorities. Don't step on the toes of the dog lovers, the cat lovers, doctors, lawyers, merchants, chiefs, Mormons, Baptists ... The bigger your market, Montag, the less you handle controversy, remember that! ... Magazines became a nice blend of vanilla tapioca. Books, so the damned snobbish critics said, were dishwater. No wonder books stopped selling."

Bradbury scored yet another prognostication bull's-eye in his 1953 short story "The Murderer," wherein a man is imprisoned for wrecking "machines that yak-yak-yak." The most offensive devices were the "radio wristwatch" communicators.

Said the electronics murderer: "... my friends and wife phoned every five minutes. What is there about such 'conveniences' that makes them so temptingly convenient? ... Convenient for my office, so when I'm in the field with my radio car there's no moment when I'm not in touch. In touch! There's a slimy phrase. Touch, hell. Gripped! Pawed, rather."

As retribution, the murderer jams radio wristwatch signals on a commuter bus and delights in the "terrible, unexpected silence" he creates: "The bus inhabitants faced with having to converse with each other."

Substitute a few product terms and "The Murderer" could be passed off as modern nonfiction. True, Dick Tracy also wore a primitive cellphone on his wrist, but Bradbury intuitively grasped how annoyingly demanding and oddly isolating such technology could become.

Today Bradbury continues to criticize modern innovations, putting him in the seemingly contradictory position of being a sci-fi writer who's also a technophobe. He famously claims to have never driven a car (Bradbury finds accident statistics appallingly unacceptable; he witnessed a deadly car accident as a teen). He is scornful of the Internet (telling one reporter it's "a big scam" by computer companies) and ATMs (asking, "Why go to a machine when you can go to a human being?") and computers ("A computer is a typewriter," he says, "I have two typewriters, I don't need another one").

By mocking the electronic shortcuts and distracting entertainment that replace human contact and active thinking, Bradbury shows his science fiction label is misplaced. He cares little for science or its fictions. The author of more than 30 books, 600 short stories and numerous poems, essays and plays, Bradbury is a consistent champion of things human and real. There is simply no ready label for a writer who mixes poetry and mythology with fantasy and technology to create literate tales of suspense and social criticism; no ideal bookstore section for the author whose stories of rockets and carnivals and Halloween capture the fascination of 12-year-olds, while also stunning adult readers with his powerful prose and knowing grasp of the human condition.

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One secret to Bradbury's lifelong productivity is that his play and his work are the same. When asked, "How often do you write?" Bradbury replies, "Every day of my life -- you got to be in love or you shouldn't do it."

His new novel, *From the Dust Returned*, will be published by William Morrow in October. When I phoned his Los Angeles home for a 9 a.m. interview, Bradbury was thoughtful and cranky, and told me he'd already written a short story.

What makes a great story?

If you're a storyteller, that's what makes a great story. I think the reason my stories have been so successful is that I have a strong sense of metaphor. And that with my stories, you can remember it because I grew up on Greek myths, Roman myths, Egyptian myths and the Norse Eddas. So when you have influences like that, your metaphors are so strong that people can't forget them.

You've been critical of computers in the past. But what about programs that aid creativity? Do you think using a word processor handicaps a writer?

There is no one way of writing. Pad and pencil, wonderful. Typewriter, wonderful. It doesn't matter what you use. In the last month I've written a new screenplay with a pad and pen. There's no one way to be creative. Any old way will work.

What about video games? If young Ray Bradbury from 1940 were here today, would he play video games where a person can experience a simulation of space travel?

That's male ego crap. I never cared for pinball games when I was 18 or 19. Video games are a waste of time for men with nothing else to do. Real brains don't do that. On occasion? Sure. As relaxation? Great. But not full time and a lot of people are doing that. And while they're doing that, I'll go ahead and write another novel.

What's an average work day like for you?

Well, I've already got my work done. At 7 a.m. I wrote a short story.

How long does that usually take?

Usually about a morning. If an idea isn't exciting you shouldn't do it. I usually get an idea around 8 o'clock in the morning, when I'm getting up, and by noon it's finished. And if it isn't done quickly you're going to begin to lie. So as quickly as you can, you emotionally react to an idea. That's how I write short stories. They've all been done in a single morning when I felt passionately about them.

You suddenly have five films based on your work going into production. A coincidence?

I've been waiting around a lot of years -- that's the answer. I'm going to be 81 in a few weeks. So if you wait around long enough, things happen. At least in my case.

Which adaptation are you most looking forward to watching?

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Oh, all of them. I love all of the arts. I love motion pictures. I love stage. I love theater. I'm putting on an Irish play here in L.A. in about three weeks based on my experiences in Ireland about 45 years ago when I was working for John Huston on *Moby Dick* ["Green Shadows, White Whale"]. And then *Fahrenheit 451* will be on the stage in a small theater in New York early next year. And my *Dandelion Wine* musical will be opening in Florida in January. So I got a lot of theater projects going too.

You've been a longtime fan of movies. What is the last Hollywood picture you enjoyed?

I haven't seen many recent films. I usually wait until the end of the year. I'm a member of the Academy and they send me 80 or 90 films on tape so I can watch them at my leisure. One of my favorite films in the last three years was "As Good As It Gets" with Jack Nicholson. Brilliant film. I've seen it eight or nine times. It's absolutely perfect. Great screenplay. Helen Hunt is wonderful. Nicholson is incredible. The dog is beautiful. The whole thing is a wonderful, wonderful exercise. Beyond that, films like "Analyze This" with Robert DeNiro. Charming, wonderful and amusing film. And I love to look at things like that after seeing some of the violent films we've made. The sick films. The negative films we've made. Beyond that, I rent a lot of old films again and again.

What about modern science fiction films, such as "The Matrix"?

I haven't seen that one yet, but I gather it's one of the better ones. Most films these days are too long. The screenplay is everything. Otherwise I think we're all just going to go look at the monsters, aren't we?

In your short story "A Sound of Thunder," the outcome of a close presidential election was altered when a time traveler squishes an insect in a prehistoric age. Do you think we were a squashed butterfly away from getting Al Gore?

That's right.

What do you think of President Bush?

He's wonderful. We needed him. Clinton is a _____ and we're glad to be rid of him. And I'm not talking about his sexual exploits. I think we have a chance to do something about education, very important. We should have done it years ago. It doesn't matter who does it -- Democrats or Republicans -- but it's long overdue. Our education system is a monstrosity. We need to go back and rebuild kindergarten and first grade and teach reading and writing to everybody, all colors, and then the whole structure of our education will change because people will know how to read and write.

There's so much competition for a young person's attention nowadays. For the record, why is reading still important?

Are you kidding? You can't have a civilization without that, can you? If you can't read and write you can't think. Your thoughts are dispersed if you don't know how to read and write. You've got to be able to look at your thoughts on paper and discover what a fool you were.

Many years ago, I heard you speak and during the question period you chastised an audience member who asked about the decline of reading. You countered that books were more popular than ever. Do you still feel that way?

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Well, there is no reading in some areas. Look at our students. What is our future going to be if you have all the people in school right now who don't learn to read and write? It's easy to teach reading and writing in kindergarten, so for chrissake do it. There are a lot of books selling today, but the number of people actually reading and digesting and thinking I gather would be quite small when compared to the population.

I was surprised you said in your Playboy interview that corporations were the only way to revitalize impoverished communities.

Well that's true. They've got the money; nobody else has it. People like myself know the secret of cities and how to build them. I give these ideas to corporations and they build them and they revitalize sections of cities -- like Century City [in Los Angeles]. But I've had to tell them numerous times over the past few years to build it in human terms. Hollywood Boulevard needs to be torn down and rebuilt completely in terms of human beings. Right now, it's completely dead.

What do you mean "in human terms"?

Places to eat. The secret of cities is eating. In Paris there are 20,000 restaurants. You go down Main Street, people are sitting out and people-watching -- that's what I'm talking about.

The House recently passed the Human Cloning Ban of 2001.

Why would you clone people when you can go to bed with them and make a baby? C'mon, it's stupid. Stalin and Mao had a great idea about cloning -- they killed 80 million people and what's left is your clones. If you don't like the way the world is put together you just kill everybody. What you got left is the master race. We have more important things to do than these silly ideas. Let's clone people in kindergarten and teach them how to teach reading and writing.

Is it better to have the future authenticate your predictions or would you have preferred society to have proven you wrong?

I would have loved to have been proven wrong, yes. I do not like what is going on in our society. Our education system, as I've said, is a total disaster.

Were you deliberately trying to prognosticate or simply tell a good story?

It's a combination. If you're living in your time, you cannot help but to write about the things that are important. As long as [social criticism is] part of the structure and muscle and blood of the book, it's OK. As long as you don't become too self-important, politically. The best advice I ever got was from Somerset Maugham's book *Summing Up*, which I read in high school. His advice was: Don't look left or right, look straight ahead, get your work done, enjoy your work, do what you want to do, not what someone else wants you to do.

And that's been the story of my life. Not pleasing my friends, not pleasing any editor, just myself.

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Harrison Bergeron by Kurt Vonnegut
***Retrieving the American Past* pp. 231-237**

Before the Lesson:

1. Define the vocabulary words utilizing linguistic and nonlinguistic strategies.
2. Have each student create a sentence using at least two of the vocabulary words, and have them share their results with the class.
3. Read the autobiographical information about Kurt Vonnegut preceding the text of the story or his obituary from *The New York Times*, which not only gives a thorough overview of his life and work, but discusses his literary significance.
4. Discuss the meaning of true equality. Are all people inherently equal? Should they be?
5. Read the first paragraph of the story and write a brief response to the following question:
 - What are the implications of universal equality as depicted by Vonnegut in the opening paragraph? What would it mean for the society and individual if no one was physically, intellectually, or artistically superior to anyone else?

During the Lesson:

1. Read the story silently or aloud in class.
2. As students read, have them answer the guided questions.
3. As they read, review the definitions of the vocabulary words.
4. After reading the story, discuss their responses to the question about universal equality and ask them if they've changed their minds after reading the story.
5. Discuss or write about the following questions:
 - What trends in society, culture, or government might suggest that there is a danger of creating a culture where exceptional attributes are criticized or even punished and mediocrity is celebrated and even rewarded.
 - Is the story critical of equality?
 - Is true equality the same thing as uniformity or "sameness"?
 - Is there an inherent conflict between freedom and equality?
 - Are grade inflation, participation awards, not keeping score for athletic events, etc., types of enforced handicapping?
6. Review the definition of satire. Brainstorm a list of satirical television shows, movies, or pieces of literature that are satirical. Most students will come up with shows such as *South Park*, *The Daily Show*, *The Simpsons*, etc. Pinpoint the elements of satire in these programs. Remind students that satire has to be funny, and it has to have a target. Also remind them that satire uses elements such as hyperbole and irony for humorous effect.
7. Analyze the satire in "Harrison Bergeron" by having students create a three-column chart with the following headings:
Element (Such as hyperbole or irony)
Example
Target

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After the Lesson:

1. Give students complete one of the following projects:
 - a. Rewrite the story from Harrison’s point of view. It should be consistent with the story.
 - b. Create a short graphic novel based on the story. This should also be consistent with the story, a sort of illustrated summary.
 - c. Write a song satirizing a social or political institution.
2. Have students read and discuss parts of Douglas Brinkley’s 2007 *Rolling Stone* interview with Vonnegut. **Be warned that parts of this interview, given Vonnegut’s political views and the language he uses to express them, might not be appropriate for all high school students.** Afterwards, have students discuss the highlights, such as Vonnegut’s pessimism about the planet’s future.
3. A possible extension activity:

Explain to students that some see “Harrison Bergeron” as, among other things, a critique of media. The story is set around a television, and many of the events in the story unfold on television. Intelligent people are handicapped by transmitter of noises, which can be interpreted as similar to the way the modern media is so pervasive in our lives. Have students read excerpts of the famous 1961 speech by then-FCC Chairman Newton Minow, “Television and the Public Interest” and discuss it. Students might consider if television is “a vast wasteland” and why that matters. They can debate whether there is a danger in media being consumed mostly as a form of entertainment and escapism.

Additional Resources:

Vonnegut’s obituary from *The New York Times*:

http://www.nytimes.com/2007/04/12/books/12vonnegut.html?_r=1

A 2007 interview of Vonnegut by historian Douglas Brinkley and published in *Rolling Stone*:

Warning-This interview, though quintessential Vonnegut, contains very partisan political views expressed in language that may not be appropriate for all high school students.

http://www.rollingstone.com/politics/story/11123162/kurt_vonnegut_says_this_is_the_end_of_the_world/2

Newton Minow’s 1961 speech “Television and the Public Interest”, given about the same time that “Harrison Bergeron” was written:

<http://www.americanrhetoric.com/speeches/PDFFiles/Newton%20Minow%20-%20Television%20and%20the%20Public%20Interest.pdf>

Humanities • Primary Source

The Communist Threat, Speech by Sen. Joseph McCarthy

Speech Explaining the Communist Threat

Sen. Joseph McCarthy (R-WI)

June 2, 1950

Fellow Americans, thank you very much for the opportunity to be with you tonight to discuss a subject which, in my opinion, towers in importance above all others. It is the subject of international atheistic communism. It deals with the problem of destroying the conspiracy against the people of America and free men everywhere.

[M]any of you have been engaged in this all-out fight against communism long before I came on the scene. You have been engaged in what may well be the final Armageddon foretold in the Bible, that struggle between good and evil, between life and death, if you please.

At the start, let me make clear that in my opinion no special credit is due those of us who are making an all-out fight against this Godless force, a force which seeks to destroy all the honesty and decency that every Protestant, Jew and Catholic has been taught at his mother's knee. It is a task for which we can claim no special credit for doing. It is one which we are obligated to perform. It is one of the tasks for which we were brought into this world for which we were born. If we fail to use all the powers of mind and body which God gave us, then I am sure our mothers, wherever they are tonight, may well sorrow for the day of our birth?

We know that the major aim of communism, as stated by its atheistic leaders more than 30 years ago, is to create a Red China, thence a Red Asia, wash it with a Red Pacific and then enslave America.

In this connection let us take a look at the magnitude of Russian success and the enormity of our disaster in China. This is the disaster to which Mr. Acheson refers as the dawning of a new day; the disaster to which Mr. [Owen] Lattimore [an East Asia scholar at Johns Hopkins University] refers as a "limitless horizon of hope."

For whom is Mr. Acheson's new day dawning? Who faces Lattimore's limitless horizon of hope? Not China. Not the forces of democracy in America, but the military masters of the Soviet Union.

The question in the mind of a man elected to represent the people of this Nation and indirectly the people of the world is, Why is this so?

Is it because we are less intelligent than the Communists? Is it because we can't match them in courage? Is it because their devotion to atheism is greater than our devotion to God? Is it because we are less willing to stand up and fight for what we think is right? Ladies and gentlemen, the answer to all those questions is "No." Then what is the answer? Is it in our leadership? To that my answer is "Yes," and I challenge anyone to find another answer.

I have been naming and presenting evidence against those leaders who have been responsible for selling into Communist slavery 400,000,000 people, those leaders responsible for the creation of Communist steppingstones to the American shores.

Those in power in Washington say that this is not so; that those are not the men. Now if I have named the wrong men, then the American people are entitled to know who is responsible for the tremendous Communist victory in Asia and the dismal American defeat, the greatest defeat any nation has suffered in war or peace.

Humanities · Primary Source

The Communist Threat, Speech by Sen. Joseph McCarthy

It is essential, therefore, that we put the spotlight of exposure on those who are responsible for this disaster. This is important, not for the purpose of exposing past failures, but because those same men are now doing America's planning for the future. Unfortunately they have become so deeply entrenched that almost every power of the Government is used to sabotage any attempt to expose and root them out?

I have tried to give you the highlights of a difficult and dangerous situation that exists. You have as a flaming backdrop to my remarks the facts of the world as you find them today. Communism is no longer a creeping threat to America. It is a racing doom that comes closer to our shore each day. To resist it we must be intelligently strong.

Such strength will come only from men and women dedicated to the wholehearted defense of democracy. The average American who constitutes the heart and soul of this Nation is so dedicated. We must be sure that those who seek to lead up today are equally dedicated. We cannot survive on half loyalties any more than we can find the facts of Communist conspiracy with half-truths.

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Executive Order 9835—Federal Employees Loyalty Program

Executive Order 9835

Harry S. Truman

March 21, 1947

PRESCRIBING PROCEDURES FOR THE ADMINISTRATION OF AN EMPLOYEES LOYALTY PROGRAM IN THE EXECUTIVE BRANCH OF THE GOVERNMENT

Whereas each employee of the Government of the United States is endowed with a measure of trusteeship over the democratic processes which are the heart and sinew of the United States; and

Whereas it is of vital importance that persons employed in the Federal service be of complete and unswerving loyalty to the United States; and

Whereas, although the loyalty of by far the overwhelming majority of all Government employees is beyond question, the presence within the Government service of any disloyal or subversive person constitutes a threat to our democratic processes; and

Whereas maximum protection must be afforded the United States against infiltration of disloyal persons into the ranks of its employees, and equal protection from unfounded accusations of disloyalty must be afforded the loyal employees of the Government:

Now, Therefore, by virtue of the authority vested in me by the Constitution and statutes of the United States, including the Civil Service Act of 1883 (22 Stat. 403), as amended, and section 9A of the act approved August 2, 1939 (18 U.S.C. 61i), and as President and Chief Executive of the United States, it is hereby, in the interest of the internal management of the Government, ordered as follows:

PART I—INVESTIGATION OF APPLICANTS

1. There shall be a loyalty investigation of every person entering the civilian employment of any department or agency of the executive branch of the Federal Government.
 - a. Investigations of persons entering the competitive service shall be conducted by the Civil Service Commission, except in such cases as are covered by a special agreement between the Commission and any given department or agency.
 - b. Investigations of persons other than those entering the competitive service shall be conducted by the employing department or agency. Departments and agencies without investigative organizations shall utilize the investigative facilities of the Civil Service Commission.
2. The investigations of persons entering the employ of the executive branch may be conducted after any such person enters upon actual employment therein, but in any such case the appointment of such person shall be conditioned upon a favorable determination with respect to his loyalty.
 - a. Investigations of persons entering the competitive service shall be conducted as expeditiously as possible; provided, however, that if any such investigation is not completed within 18 months from the date on which a person enters actual employment, the condition that his employment is subject to investigation shall expire, except in a case in which the Civil Service Commission has made an initial adjudication of disloyalty and the case continues to be active by reason of an appeal, and it shall then be the responsibility of the employing department or agency to conclude such investigation and make a final determination concerning the loyalty of such person.

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3. An investigation shall be made of all applicants at all available pertinent sources of information and shall include reference to:
 - a. Federal Bureau of Investigation files.
 - b. Civil Service Commission files.
 - c. Military and naval intelligence files.
 - d. The files of any other appropriate government investigative or intelligence agency.
 - e. House Committee on un-American Activities files.
 - f. Local law-enforcement files at the place of residence and employment of the applicant, including municipal, county, and State law-enforcement files.
 - g. Schools and colleges attended by applicant.
 - h. Former employers of applicant.
 - i. References given by applicant.
 - j. Any other appropriate source.
4. Whenever derogatory information with respect to loyalty of an applicant is revealed a full investigation shall be conducted. A full field investigation shall also be conducted of those applicants, or of applicants for particular positions, as may be designated by the head of the employing department or agency, such designations to be based on the determination by any such head of the best interests of national security.

PART II—INVESTIGATION OF EMPLOYEES

1. The head of each department and agency in the executive branch of the Government shall be personally responsible for an effective program to assure that disloyal civilian officers or employees are not retained in employment in his department or agency.
 - a. He shall be responsible for prescribing and supervising the loyalty determination procedures of his department or agency, in accordance with the provisions of this order, which shall be considered as providing minimum requirements.
 - b. The head of a department or agency which does not have an investigative organization shall utilize the investigative facilities of the Civil Service Commission.
2. The head of each department and agency shall appoint one or more loyalty boards, each composed of not less than three representatives of the department or agency concerned, for the purpose of hearing loyalty cases arising within such department or agency and making recommendations with respect to the removal of any officer or employee of such department or agency on grounds relating to loyalty, and he shall prescribe regulations for the conduct of the proceedings before such boards.
 - a. An officer or employee who is charged with being disloyal shall have a right to an administrative hearing before a loyalty board in the employing department or agency. He may appear before such board personally, accompanied by counsel or representative of his own choosing, and present evidence on his own behalf, through witnesses or by affidavit.
 - b. The officer or employee shall be served with a written notice of such hearing in sufficient time, and shall be informed therein of the nature of the charges against him in sufficient detail, so that he will be enabled to prepare his defense. The charges shall be stated as specifically and completely as, in the discretion of the employing department or agency, security considerations permit, and the officer or employee shall be informed in the notice (1) of his right to reply to such charges in writing within a specified reasonable period of time, (2) of his right to an administrative hearing on such charges before a loyalty board, and (3) of his right to appear before such board personally, to be accompanied by counsel or representative of his own choosing, and to present evidence on his behalf, through witness or by affidavit.

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3. A recommendation of removal by a loyalty board shall be subject to appeal by the officer or employee affected, prior to his removal, to the head of the employing department or agency or to such person or persons as may be designated by such head, under such regulations as may be prescribed by him, and the decision of the department or agency concerned shall be subject to appeal to the Civil Service Commission's Loyalty Review Board, hereinafter provided for, for an advisory recommendation.
4. The rights of hearing, notice thereof, and appeal therefrom shall be accorded to every officer or employee prior to his removal on grounds of disloyalty, irrespective of tenure, or of manner, method, or nature of appointment, but the head of the employing department or agency may suspend any officer or employee at any time pending a determination with respect to loyalty.
5. The loyalty boards of the various departments and agencies shall furnish to the Loyalty Review Board, hereinafter provided for, such reports as may be requested concerning the operation of the loyalty program in any such department or agency.

PART III—RESPONSIBILITIES OF CIVIL SERVICE COMMISSION

1. There shall be established in the Civil Service Commission a Loyalty Review Board of not less than three impartial persons, the members of which shall be officers or employees of the Commission.
 - a. The Board shall have authority to review cases involving persons recommended for dismissal on grounds relating to loyalty by the loyalty board of any department or agency and to make advisory recommendations thereon to the head of the employing department or agency. Such cases may be referred to the Board either by the employing department or agency, or by the officer or employee concerned.
 - b. The Board shall make rules and regulations, not inconsistent with the provisions of this order, deemed necessary to implement statutes and Executive orders relating to employee loyalty.
 - c. The Loyalty Review Board shall also:
 1. Advise all departments and agencies on all problems relating to employee loyalty.
 2. Disseminate information pertinent to employee loyalty programs.
 3. Coordinate the employee loyalty policies and procedures of the several departments and agencies.
 4. Make reports and submit recommendations to the Civil Service Commission for transmission to the President from time to time as may be necessary to the maintenance of the employee loyalty program.
2. There shall also be established and maintained in the Civil Service Commission a central master index covering all persons on whom loyalty investigations have been made by any department or agency since September 1, 1939. Such master index shall contain the name of each person investigated, adequate identifying information concerning each such person, and a reference to each department and agency which has conducted a loyalty investigation concerning the person involved.
 - a. All executive departments and agencies are directed to furnish to the Civil Service Commission all information appropriate for the establishment and maintenance of the central master index.
 - b. The reports and other investigative material and information developed by the investigating department or agency shall be retained by such department or agency in each case.
3. The loyalty Review Board shall currently be furnished by the Department of Justice the name of each foreign or domestic organization, association, movement, group or combination of persons which the Attorney General, after appropriate investigation and determination, designates as totalitarian, fascist, communist or subversive, or as having adopted a policy of advocating or approving the commission of acts of force or violence to deny others their rights under the Constitution of the United States, or as seeking to alter the form of government of the United States by unconstitutional means.
 - a. The Loyalty Review Board shall disseminate such information to all departments and agencies.

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PART IV—SECURITY MEASURES IN INVESTIGATIONS

1. At the request of the head of any department or agency of the executive branch an investigative agency shall make available to such head, personally, all investigative material and information collected by the investigative agency concerning any employee or prospective employee of the requesting department or agency, or shall make such material and information available to any officer or officers designated by such head and approved by the investigative agency.
2. Notwithstanding the foregoing requirement, however, the investigative agency may refuse to disclose the names of confidential informants, provided it furnishes sufficient information about such informants on the basis of which the requesting department or agency can make an adequate evaluation of the information furnished by them, and provided it advises the requesting department or agency in writing that it is essential to the protection of the informants or to the investigation of other cases that the identity of the informants not be revealed. Investigative agencies shall not use this discretion to decline to reveal sources of information where such action is not essential.
3. Each department and agency of the executive branch should develop and maintain, for the collection and analysis of information relating to the loyalty of its employees and prospective employees, a staff specially trained in security techniques, and an effective security control system for protecting such information generally and for protecting confidential sources of such information particularly.

PART V—STANDARDS

1. The standard for the refusal of employment or the removal from employment in an executive department or agency on grounds relating to loyalty shall be that, on all the evidence, reasonable grounds exist for belief that the person involved is disloyal to the Government of the United States.
2. Activities and associations of an applicant or employee which may be considered in connection with the determination of disloyalty may include one or more of the following:
 - a. Sabotage, espionage, or attempts or preparations therefor, or knowingly associating with spies or saboteurs;
 - b. Treason or sedition or advocacy thereof;
 - c. Advocacy of revolution or force or violence to alter the constitutional form of government of the United States;
 - d. Intentional, unauthorized disclosure to any person, under circumstances which may indicate disloyalty to the United States, of documents or information of a confidential or non-public character obtained by the person making the disclosure as a result of his employment by the Government of the United States;
 - e. Performing or attempting to perform his duties, or otherwise acting, so as to serve the interests of another government in preference to the interests of the United States.
 - f. Membership in, affiliation with or sympathetic association with any foreign or domestic organization, association, movement, group or combination of persons, designated by the Attorney General as totalitarian, fascist, communist, or subversive, or as having adopted a policy of advocating or approving the commission of acts of force or violence to deny other persons their rights under the Constitution of the United States, or as seeking to alter the form of government of the United States by unconstitutional means.

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PART VI—MISCELLANEOUS

1. Each department and agency of the executive branch, to the extent that it has not already done so, shall submit, to the Federal Bureau of Investigation of the Department of Justice, either directly or through the Civil Service Commission, the names (and such other necessary identifying material as the Federal Bureau of Investigation may require) of all of its incumbent employees.
 - a. The Federal Bureau of Investigation shall check such names against its records of persons concerning whom there is substantial evidence of being within the purview of paragraph 2 of Part V hereof, and shall notify each department and agency of such information.
 - b. Upon receipt of the above-mentioned information from the Federal Bureau of Investigation, each department and agency shall make, or cause to be made by the Civil Service Commission, such investigation of those employees as the head of the department or agency shall deem advisable.
2. The Security Advisory Board of the State-War-Navy Coordinating Committee shall draft rules applicable to the handling and transmission of confidential documents and other documents and information which should not be publicly disclosed, and upon approval by the President such rules shall constitute the minimum standards for the handling and transmission of such documents and information, and shall be applicable to all departments and agencies of the executive branch.
3. The provisions of this order shall not be applicable to persons summarily removed under the provisions of section 3 of the act of December 17, 1942, 56 Stat. 1053, of the act of July 5, 1946, 60 Stat. 453, or of any other statute conferring the power of summary removal.
4. The Secretary of War and the Secretary of the Navy, and the Secretary of the Treasury with respect to the Coast Guard, are hereby directed to continue to enforce and maintain the highest standards of loyalty within the armed services, pursuant to the applicable statutes, the Articles of War, and the Articles for the Government of the Navy.
5. This order shall be effective immediately, but compliance with such of its provisions as require the expenditure of funds shall be deferred pending the appropriation of such funds.
6. Executive Order No. 9300 of February 5, 1943, is hereby revoked.

Harry S. Truman

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Civil Defense Posters

IF THE BOMBS COME

(Post this card in your kitchen or other conspicuous place—
it may save your life and your property.)

PREPARE FOR A RAID--NOW!

1. **Clear the attic of all inflammable articles** — excelsior, waste paper, cardboard boxes, etc. Reduce to a minimum all attic storage of furniture or other objects which would hinder quick access to the whole attic in case of fire.
2. **Have ready and at hand** a rake, a shovel and at least a pailful of sand. Garden hose may be useful IF the nozzle is equipped to throw a fine spray, and if you have a nearby connection in the house.
3. **Have you the right kind of fire extinguisher?** Take it to a fire station and ask whether it is suitable for use on incendiary bombs. If approved, use it on the bomb as directed. Otherwise, use it on the fire around the bomb.
4. **Prepare a refuge room** where you may be as quiet and comfortable as possible during a raid. This should be in the basement, provided there are at least two exits (stairs, coal chute, large windows, etc.). It should contain a couch or cot, chairs, drinking water, candles, matches, blankets and perhaps a portable radio (preferably battery-operated) —in fact, anything to make you comfortable for a stay of an hour or so. Toilet facilities are also desirable.
5. **Co-operate with your neighborhood air-raid warden.** Accept his advice. Ask his suggestions.

DURING A RAID

1. **Stay home.** Your family and children are safer at work and in school.
2. **Keep calm and cool.**
3. **Put out or screen all lights,** when instructed.
4. **Turn off lighted stove burners,** but not the pilot light.
5. **Keep away from windows.** Don't look out. You may be hurt by shattered glass or an explosion on the street.
6. **Go to the refuge room,** or at least a floor above or below the street. Bombs explode at the street level. The basement is safest.
7. **Don't telephone.** The telephone lines will be needed. Your call might hinder the saving of a life.

Form C of D—150-NO City of Detroit—Printing Division

FIGHTING THE INCENDIARY

The most common type of incendiary bomb is made of magnesium and thermite, which may burn for 15 minutes at intense heat. It will ordinarily crash through the roof onto the attic or upper floor. Do not approach the bomb for at least one and one-half minutes.

1. **Shovel sand on the bomb.** This cuts off its supply of oxygen, and reduces the flame.
2. **SPRAY water (not a stream) on the bomb.** This will cause it to burn out in one-third the normal time.
3. **Put out flames on walls and floor** with water or extinguisher.
4. **Carry the bomb outdoors** if possible. When the sand has subdued its burning, slide a shovel under the bomb, or rake it onto the shovel, and lift it into a pail which has 2 or 3 inches of sand in the bottom. Stick the shovel through the bucket handle and walk with the bucket in front of you.
5. **Keep doors and windows closed.** Prevent the spread of fire.
6. **Search the building for incendiary bombs.** An incendiary might be a "dud" or it might not burn the moment it strikes.

AFTER THE RAID

1. Stay indoors.
2. Don't telephone.
3. Turn on your radio. It will soon carry instructions.
4. Obey instructions of policemen, firemen or air-raid wardens.
5. Do not congregate around fire or explosion scenes. You may hamper the saving of life.

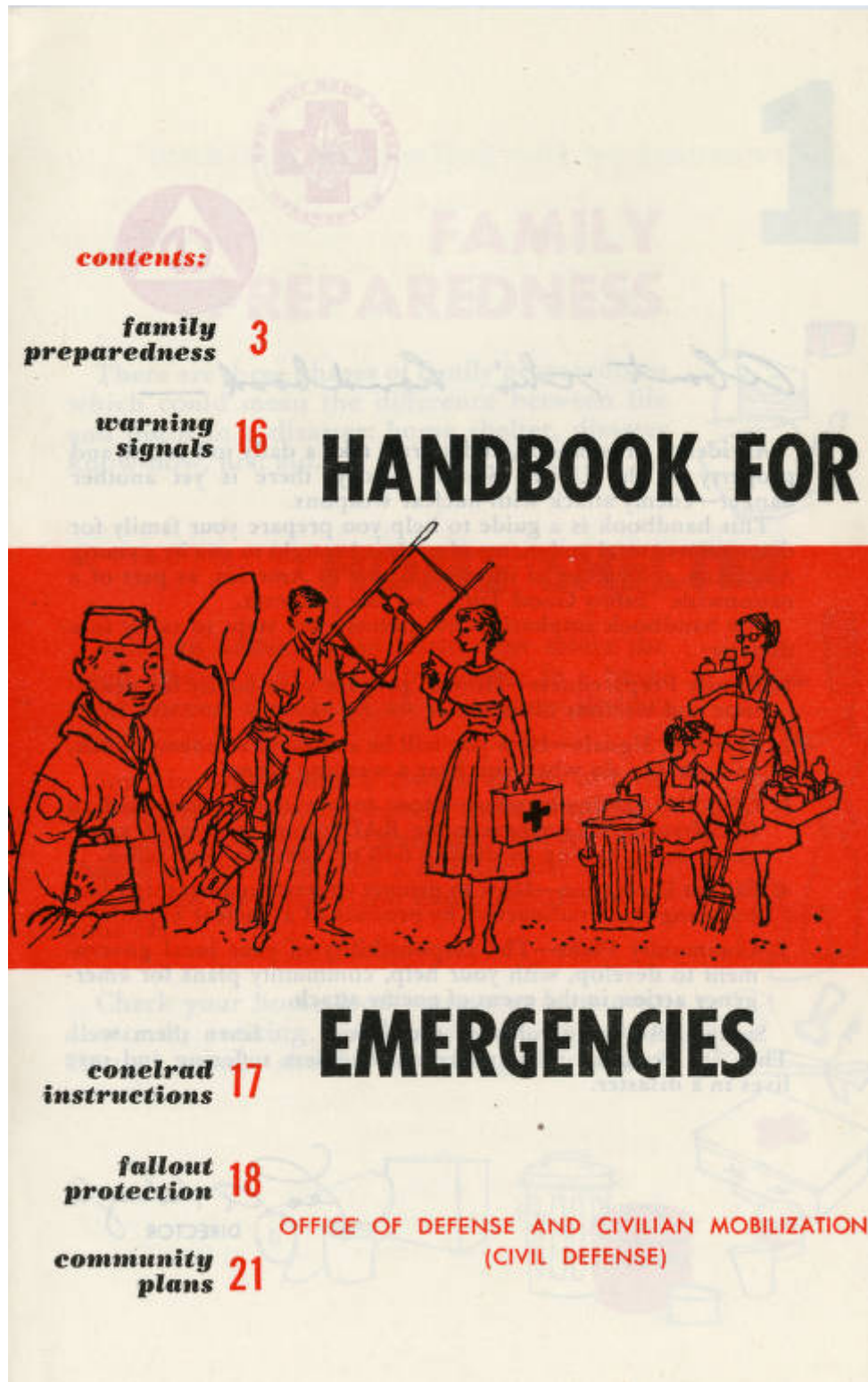
Mayor Edward J. Jeffries, Jr.,

Co-ordinator
DETROIT METROPOLITAN AREA
OFFICE OF CIVILIAN DEFENSE
111 CADILLAC SQUARE

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2

WARNING SIGNALS

There are two distinct public action signals.

- 1. a long steady blast—means—Attack Alert**
take action as directed by your local government

Tune your radio to a CONELRAD station (640 or 1240 on the dial) for direction. Do not use the telephone.

- 2. warbling tone or short blasts—means—Attack**

take cover immediately in best available shelter

in a building—if there is no prepared shelter, go to basement or to an interior room on first floor. Stay until you are told to leave.



outdoors or in a car— go to the nearest shelter. If you cannot reach prepared shelter, lie face down on the ground or crouch on the floor of the car.

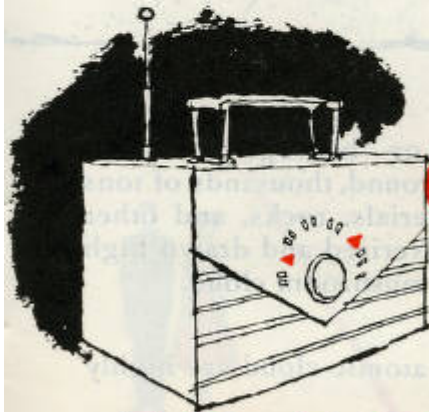
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CONELRAD INSTRUCTIONS

3

Following an "attack alert," all radio and television stations will be silenced to deny navigational assistance to enemy aircraft in reaching targets.

Certain radio stations will return to the air on low power, broadcasting official information and instructions on two wavelengths only—640 and 1240.

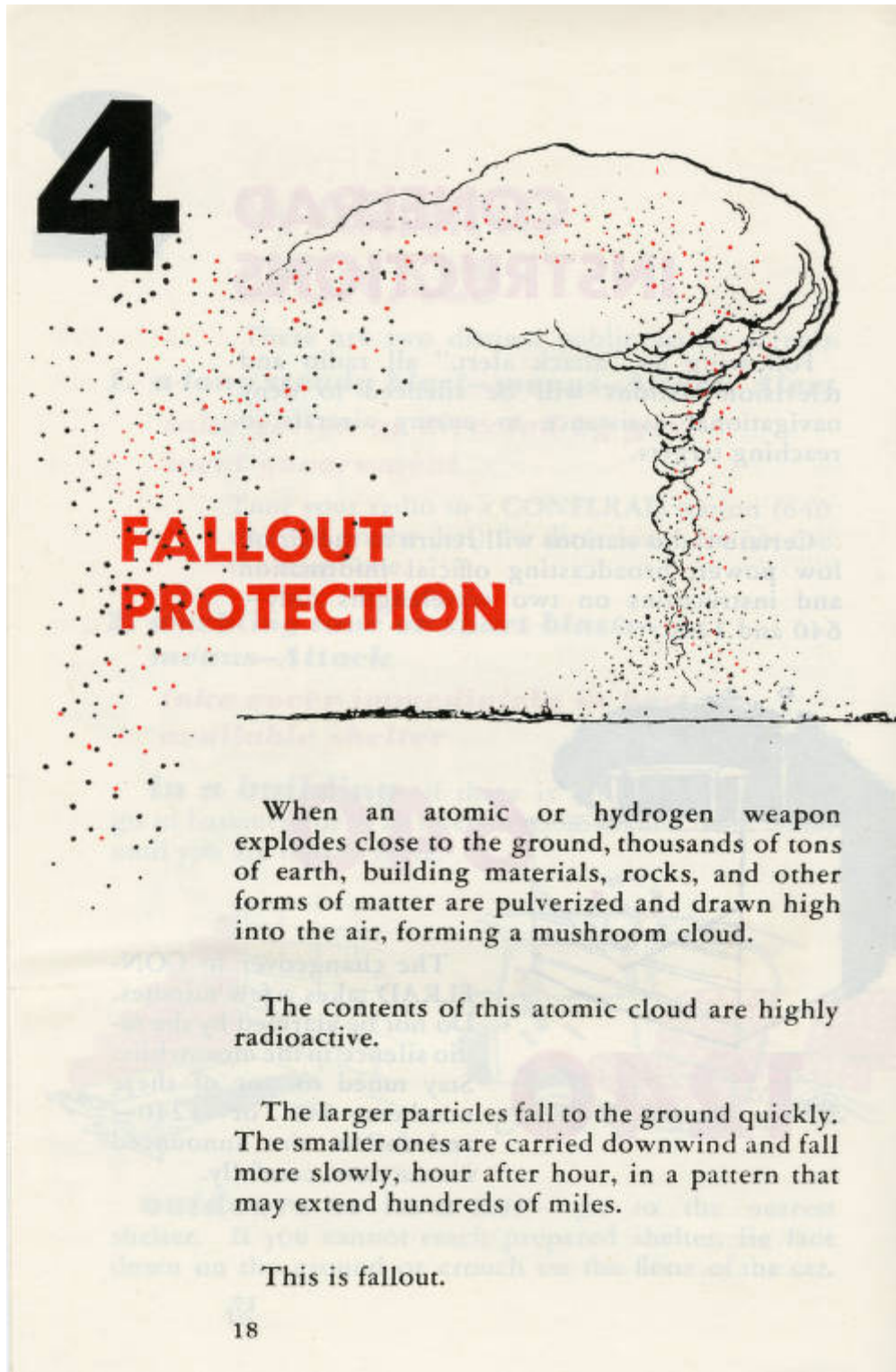


640

1240

The changeover to CONELRAD takes a few minutes. Do not be alarmed by the radio silence in the meanwhile. Stay tuned to one of these numbers—640 or 1240—and follow the announced instructions carefully.

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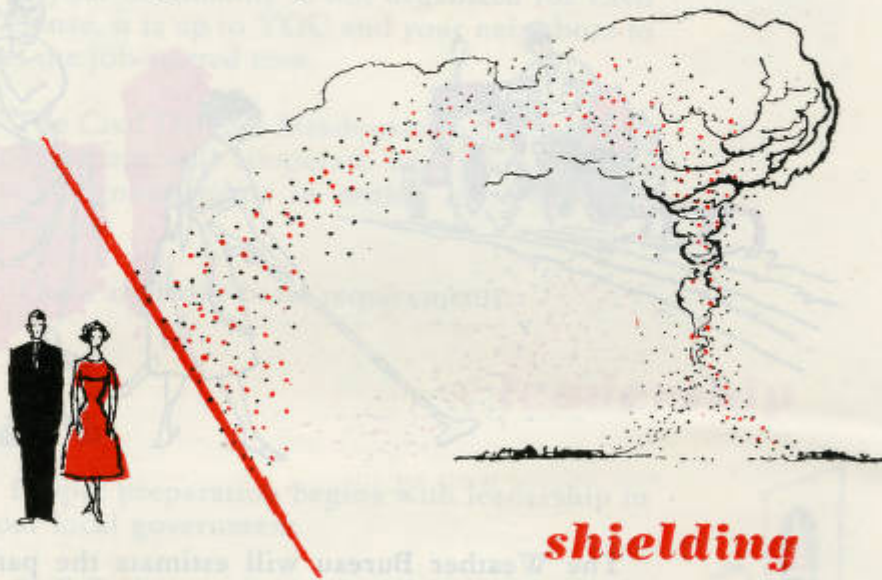
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Fallout gives out a highly penetrating ray, like an X-ray, that can make you sick, or even kill you.

There are three protective measures:

distance

Since fallout arrives sooner and is more intense close to the bomb burst, your distance from the explosion is an important safety factor. If local authorities determine that evacuation of your area is practical, you will be so instructed.



shielding

Fallout radiation can pass through any material, but some of it is "absorbed" on the way through. Thus, if sufficient shielding is put between you and the fallout, the radiation which comes through will not harm you.

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decontamination

Radioactivity decays as time passes. Moreover, fallout, like dust, can be removed from most surfaces by washing, by vacuum cleaning, by plowing under.

The danger in decontamination lies in exposure. Therefore, except for personal decontamination (such as removal of contaminated outer garments), *decontamination should be carried out only under official instructions.*



The Weather Bureau will estimate the path and speed of fallout. Radiological monitoring will determine the intensity of radiation in your area.

Your local authorities will tell you what you should do, and how much time you have to do it.

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COMMUNITY PLANS

5

Know your community's plan for emergency action in the event of a natural disaster or an enemy attack. Then be sure that you and your family are well rehearsed in the details.

If your community is not organized for Civil Defense, it is up to YOU and your neighbors to get the job started now.

The Civil Defense Headquarters of your State government will cooperate with your city and county governments in setting up a practical program.

There are three basic requirements:

leadership

Proper preparation begins with leadership in your local government.

Civil Defense responsibilities should be assigned to city and county officials and employees as part of their day-to-day work.



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The appropriate agencies of your local government should be equipped and trained—and backed up with volunteer reserves—to perform emergency firefighting, police, medical, welfare, rescue, sanitation, decontamination, and radiological monitoring duties.



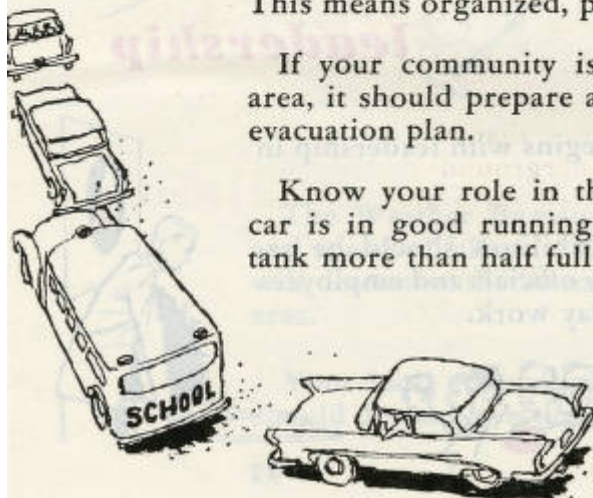
evacuation

When and how is a local decision.

If warning time permits, one of the best measures of self-defense against a nuclear weapon is to leave areas that are likely targets for attack. This means organized, preattack evacuation.

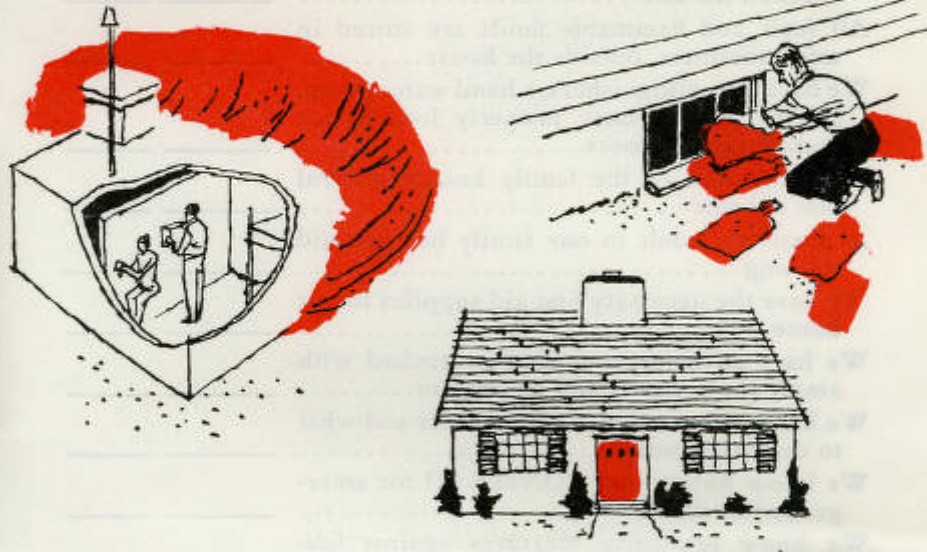
If your community is in a potential target area, it should prepare and rehearse an overall evacuation plan.

Know your role in the plan. Be sure your car is in good running order. Keep the gas tank more than half full at all times.



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Handbook for Emergencies**shelter**

Your local government should designate suitable basement areas in buildings strategically located throughout your community as public fallout shelters; improve them as necessary to provide adequate protection; make arrangements for equipping them with food, water, and medical supplies on short notice; and assign trained police, medical, and fire department personnel to emergency duty stations in each one.



Any protection is better than no protection against fallout. An underground shelter covered with at least 3 feet of earth and properly ventilated is the safest. An ordinary basement, with the windows and entryways sandbagged, will provide some protection. If nothing better is available, a frame house will reduce the danger, especially if you stay on the lowest floor near the center.

1

Lesson One

FOCUS: Biography

Fahrenheit 451

The author's life can inform and expand the reader's understanding of a novel. For example, authors often integrate their personal experience into a story. *Fahrenheit 451* is, in some ways, the author's tribute to the role that books and libraries have played in his life. After all, Bradbury wrote hundreds of works (novels, stories, screenplays, essays, and poems) with only a high school education and a worn out library card. However, while we more fully understand the book as we learn about the author, the artistry of the novel does not succeed or fail based on the author's life. The novel—a work of art—has an internal structure independent of the author's personality.

Discussion Activities

Listen to The Big Read CD, Track One (17 minutes). Students will take notes as they listen and will present the three most important points they learned from the CD.

Copy Reader's Guide essays, "Ray Bradbury" (pp.4-5), "*Fahrenheit 451* and Censorship" (pp.6-7), and "Bradbury and His Other Works" (pp.12-13). Divide the class into groups. Assign one essay to each group. After reading and discussing the essays, each group will present what they have learned from the essay. Ask students to add a creative twist to make their presentation memorable.

The novel begins: "[I]t was a pleasure to burn." Why does Bradbury start the novel in this way? Why might it be more pleasurable to burn books rather than read them?

Writing Exercise

Bradbury begins the novel with a quote from Juan Ramón Jiménez: "If they give you ruled paper, write the other way." Why did Bradbury select this statement, and what does it mean? Write two paragraphs on how this statement relates to what students have learned about Bradbury's life.

Write one page about a book that opened new doors for you. If a book had a profound impact on you, explain why. If the book was pleasurable, explain in detail what kind of pleasure you experienced. Share your writing with one classmate. Have students present their books, ideas, and conclusions to the class.

Homework

Read Handout One: "The Fifties." Read to page 31* of the novel. Consider the differences between Montag's life and Clarisse's life.

* Page numbers refer to the Random House Publishing Group 1996 edition of *Fahrenheit 451*.

The Fifties

As much as *Fahrenheit 451* is about a time in the not-too-distant future, Ray Bradbury's novel is anchored in the 1950s. Mildred Montag sits like a zombie in front of a telescreen. The sound of jet fighters crosses the sky in preparation for war. A neighborhood sits full of cookie-cutter houses and the complacent souls who live in them. All of these would have been familiar scenes to a writer at work in 1953.

The era following World War II in the United States was known for its productivity, its affluence, and its social conformity. The economy was strong. The technology of television, air travel, and the transistor brought the future to the front stoop. The neighborhood Montag lives in probably looks a lot like Levittown, the famous low-cost housing development of the age that ushered in the rise of suburbia. But always, in the background, were rumors of war.

Although the 1950s are remembered as a decade of peace and prosperity, they were anything but. The Korean War, which ended in the year that *Fahrenheit 451* was published, saw tens of thousands of American deaths. The larger Cold War that lingered was a source of constant anxiety. In the new atomic age, everyone was learning that the world could be destroyed with the push of a button, a fate Bradbury more than hints at in his novel.

Not only were governments endowed with nuclear weapons, they exercised the power to persecute suspected enemies closer to home. The Congressional House Committee on Un-American Activities began investigating suspected espionage in 1946, and within a few years Senator Joseph McCarthy of Wisconsin was charging, without evidence, that dozens of government officials were Communist party members. Meanwhile, memories of Nazi book burnings and soviet censorship was still fresh in people's minds.

As a result, censorship was alive and well in the media. Communists were assailed in the press. Comic books were condemned as subversive by parents and educators. Images of the “organization man” and the “lonely crowd” reflected changes in the American spirit.

For all their prosperity and rising expectations, the 1950s were a decade of atomic tests and regional wars; racial segregation; government censorship and persecution; subtly enforced social orthodoxy; and building angst. The social and psychological problems of the era moved to the forefront in *Fahrenheit 451*, a book in which a society that seems oddly un-American in its intolerance of books also seems to reflect a double-edged prosperity that had overtaken the West.

2

Lesson Two

FOCUS: Arts and Culture

Fahrenheit 451 was published in 1953, the year the Korean War ended. The memory of Hitler's atrocities and World War II was less than a decade old. The Cold War, meanwhile, had hardened into a standoff. In 1952 the U.S. tested a hydrogen bomb, and the U.S.S.R. followed suit a year later. Only three years later, Frenchman Jean-Paul Sartre's philosophy of existentialism, *Being and Nothingness*, is published in an English translation.

In jazz, the swing era gave way to bebop, bringing new musical expression to the post-war era. In New York, saxophonist Charlie Parker and trumpeter Dizzy Gillespie inspired audiences with their dynamic virtuosity. A year after the publication of *Fahrenheit 451*, the Voice of America began broadcasting jazz worldwide. In 1956, the U.S. State Department sent Duke Ellington, Dizzy Gillespie, and Louis Armstrong on tour in the hope that their performances would spread American democracy and alleviate the tensions of the Cold War.

Discussion Activities

Listen to the Big Read CD, Track Two (12 minutes). After listening to the first two tracks of the CD, your students should be able to identify several aspects of the novel that link to trends in politics, music, literature, and technology. Discuss NEA Jazz Master Paquito D'Rivera's comments that relate his youth in Cuba to the themes of the novel.

Go to NEA's Jazz in the Schools Web site at www.neajazzintheschools.org. Go to Lesson Three and play clips of Charlie Parker, Dizzy Gillespie, Miles Davis, and Dave Brubeck. Ask students to take notes as they listen. See if they can identify patterns in the music. Team with your music specialist to further explore the music of the 1950s.

Writing Exercise

Montag's television includes headphones called "seashells." The "wall to wall circuit" allows Mildred to enter the "play" and, therefore, the television programming. How does the technology within the novel compare to our current technology? In the first pages of the novel, does technology improve the quality of life for Montag and his wife, Mildred? Why or why not?

Homework

Finish Part One (pp. 32-68). Ask students to consider why the narrator introduces us to Montag at this time of his life, when he encounters Clarisse and confronts Mildred's overdose.

3

Lesson Three

FOCUS: Narrative and Point of View

First-person narration wraps the reader into the perspective of the main character, as this person tells us, first-hand, about her or his experiences. This voice uses the first-person “I” to recount her or his adventures and is almost always personally invested in how the drama unfolds.

Bradbury employs a third-person narrator in *Fahrenheit 451*. Third-person narration uses “he” or “she” to tell the story and establishes a greater distance between narrator and audience, as an outside observer relates events. Third-person narration may or may not be omniscient. An omniscient third-person narrator knows the thoughts and movements of every character.

Fahrenheit 451 is not strictly omniscient; we know only Montag’s movements and thoughts. The narration follows Montag like a camera, and the reader is never allowed into the lives of other characters, except for what they say to him. This inevitably increases our sympathy for Montag.



Discussion Activities

Reread Captain Beatty’s monologue (pp.57-59). Discuss his view that school cultivates anti-intellectual sentiment (p.58). Do students think it accurately depicts their school? Do books violate the idea that “everyone is made equal” (p.58)?

How might this story be narrated in the first-person from the point of view of a government official that believes burning books protects society? Have the class brainstorm the outline of a new version of *451* told from this perspective.



Writing Exercise

Clarisse says that “People don’t talk about anything...nobody says anything different from anyone else...My uncle says it was different once” (p.31). Begin writing the novel in the third-person using Clarisse as the central character.

Write a letter to Captain Beatty responding to his ideas about education and his charge that “a book is a loaded gun” (p.58). Do you agree or disagree with his ideas? In your letter, explain your own ideas about education and the value of books.



Homework

Read Part Two (pp. 69-91). Five significant characters have been introduced: Montag, Clarisse, Mildred, Beattie, and Faber. Have students make lists of what motivates each of these characters.

4

Lesson Four

FOCUS: Characters

The main character in a piece of literature is called the “protagonist.” The protagonist often overcomes a weakness to achieve a new understanding by the work’s end. A protagonist who acts with courage and strength may be called a “hero.” The protagonist’s journey is made more dramatic by challenges from characters with different beliefs or perspectives. A “foil” provokes or challenges the protagonist. The most important foil, the “antagonist,” opposes the protagonist, barring or complicating his or her success.

Captain Beatty, the fire chief, is a key foil and a historian of sorts. While Montag once followed Beatty’s values, he now resists Beatty’s commitment to burning books. Meanwhile, Faber represents a musty, academic link to the past. Clarisse McClellan, a teenager, longs for the romantic days of front porches and rocking chairs, complaining, “we never ask questions.” Mildred, the model citizen, attempts suicide while living in a world enchanted by television.

Discussion Activities

Divide the class into groups to examine the role of “foils” in the novel. Assign each group a character: Mildred, Clarisse, Faber, or Beatty. Ask students to review the first 91 pages of the novel. Look for occasions when this character brings out dramatic responses from Montag. How does the character lead Montag toward self-realization? How does Montag’s relationship to the character change? Have students present their conclusions to the class, using specific textual support for their conclusion.

Writing Exercise

Students have examined many dimensions of the protagonist by exploring secondary characters. Write two pages on the character you believe to be the antagonist. Why is this character opposed to Montag? How does this character force him to reevaluate himself? Use passages from the text to support your conclusions.

Homework

Finish Part Two (pp. 91-110). Students will write one page explaining why Bradbury chose his section titles. Choose one title either, “The Hearth and the Salamander” or “The Sieve and the Sand,” explaining what this title means.

5

Lesson Five

FOCUS: Figurative Language

Writers commonly use stylistic devices. Such tools allow readers to visualize events, whether through an unexpected image, an idea, or an observation. Some common examples of figurative language include image, simile, and metaphor. Use these terms to identify the novel's figurative language and expand the meaning of the novel.

Image: a vivid representation or description.

Simile: a comparison between two things using “like” or “as.”

Metaphor: a comparison in which one thing is figuratively transformed into another so as to reveal its essence.

Discussion Activities

Begin discussion by exploring student responses to the homework. Why did Bradbury use “The Hearth and the Salamander” and “The Sieve and the Sand” as section titles? How does this deepen your interpretation of these sections?

What does figurative language ask of the reader? Does exploring a novel's figurative language train us in precisely the thinking that Beatty hates? Why or why not?

Writing Exercise

Write a paragraph about your favorite place using the techniques reviewed in class: image, simile, and metaphor. Vary this exercise by writing three paragraphs, with each paragraph using a different technique.

Homework

Read pp. 111-130. Read Handout Two. Note the descriptions of the Mechanical Hound. How is the Mechanical Hound a symbol of something else? Are there other images in the reading that could be symbols?

Science Fiction

Extremely prevalent in film and literature today, science fiction has only established itself as a genre in the last 150 years. Despite its recent rise to fame, it has very old roots in mythical and philosophical literature. Epic poems like *The Odyssey* (Homer), or books like *The Republic* (Plato) and *Utopia* (Thomas More) have elements of the fantastic anticipating the popularity of science fiction writing in the 20th century.

Nineteenth-century writers such as Edgar Allan Poe (*The Raven*) and Mary Shelley (*Frankenstein*) pioneered the genre of fantasy literature in the emerging industrial world. But it was not until late in the 19th century that H.G. Wells, Jules Verne, and Edgar Rice Burroughs began penning scientific romances that envisioned interplanetary travel and alien invasions. These writers had an extraordinary influence on the coming golden age of science fiction.

Inspired by Hugo Gernsback's pulp magazine *Amazing Stories*, founded in 1926, science fiction spread throughout the United States and England. It moved from cheap magazines devoted to futuristic stories to a legitimate branch of literature with the plot, characters, and themes of major novels. In so doing, a whole generation of visionaries—among them Robert Heinlein, Isaac Asimov, and Ray Bradbury—were introduced to a world increasingly fascinated by the technology of the new atomic age.

Future visions of technology and science are essential to these stories. Common subjects have come to include robotics, aliens, time travel, biological experiments, and apocalyptic disaster. Although a branch of fantasy, science fiction often makes philosophical statements about our current existence.

Over time, science fiction has presented not only some of the greatest stories in modern literature, but has foreseen many developments that define the contemporary world. Writers such as George Orwell, Aldous Huxley, Kurt Vonnegut, Jr., and Michael Crichton have, like Bradbury, practiced social criticism and sometimes prophecy that has made them favorites around the world.

Science fiction has come to embrace a wide diversity of writers and approaches. C.S. Lewis has used the genre as a medium for religious allegory. In *The Handmaid's Tale*, Margaret Atwood imagines a dangerous future world from a feminist point of view. And writers like Samuel R. Delany and Octavia Butler have created African American characters within a genre that has come a long way since *Frankenstein*.

6

Lesson Six

FOCUS: Symbols

Complex images do more than simply map the inner landscape; they become symbols. As a form of figurative language, symbols can maintain our fascination by hinting beyond the literal, drawing us into the story, or asking us to explore the author's intentions. The futuristic worlds of science-fiction genre utilize symbols to explore our current circumstances.

Bradbury repeats and expands certain images that become keys to unlocking the story. Front porches and rocking chairs symbolize the past, a time when people intermingled without the distraction of electronic screens. The Mechanical Hound, an especially important symbol, represents Montag's modern world and the deadly possibilities around every corner.

Discussion Activities

Bradbury writes, "The books leapt and danced like roasted birds, their wings ablaze with red and yellow feathers" (p.117). Divide the class into groups that will examine 20 page segments of the book, starting at the beginning. Each group will present the symbols that appear in its section. Students should be especially attentive to the way Bradbury uses fire and books both literally and symbolically.

Writing Exercise

Reread the detailed description of the Hound (p.24) and the battle (p.120). Why might Montag's expression of affection to the Hound, mark a turning point in his development? What role does affection play in this world? What might be the significance of Montag's final battle with the Hound? Finally, how might the Mechanical Hound be a symbol for Montag's world?

Have students free-write on a conflict in our world. They should explain the details of this conflict. Have students then develop a symbol to capture its complexity.

Homework

Read pp. 131-145. Ask students to think about what kind of transformation Montag has experienced and consider whether anyone else in the novel has undergone a similar journey.

7

Lesson Seven

FOCUS: Character Development

The protagonist gradually undergoes a change of heart. The protagonist's shortcomings fundamentally affect the manner in which he or she is able to respond to the challenge brought by outside forces. While some changes begin from outside forces, changes also brew within thoughts and emotions as our hero searches to overcome fears, realize dreams, or discover identity.

Montag questions whether his profession is justified and whether the values he has held so dear—burning books and all it implies—are wrong. Mrs. Hudson forces Montag to question whether his life might be fundamentally improved by reading. Is he missing something invaluable? He then repudiates his profession. He does so partly through the intercession of Clarisse and Faber, messengers from a world he barely understands. The narrator explains, “Even now he could feel the start of the long journey, the leave-taking, the going-away from the self he had been” (p. 103). By the end of the novel, Montag has been profoundly changed. As a three-dimensional character, Montag has an inner and an outer life unlike the two-dimensional portraits of other characters.



Discussion Activities

In Part Three, Beatty explains “Old Montag wanted to fly near the sun and now that he’s burnt his damn wings, he wonders why. Didn’t I hint enough when I sent the Hound around your place?” (p. 113) Beatty refers to the myth of Icarus, told in Ovid’s first-century poem *The Metamorphoses*. A version can be found at www.loggia.com/myth/daedalus.html. Ask students why Bradbury compares Montag to Icarus. How does this shed light on Montag’s development?



Writing Exercise

As Montag escapes the city and enters the silences of the natural world, he looks forward to the time “needed to think all the things that must be thought” (p. 143). He discovers “He was not empty. There was more than enough here to fill him” (p. 144). How has the silence and emptiness of nature proved fulfilling compared to his former life? How have books led to these realizations?



Homework

Finish Part Three (pp. 146-165). Ask students to begin to think about how Bradbury has constructed the plot to reach this dramatic conclusion. Students should come to class ready to discuss the two most important turning points in the novel.

8

Lesson Eight

FOCUS: The Plot Unfolds

A novel's plot unfolds a series of events leading to a dramatic climax. The timing of such events can make a novel either predictable or riveting. As the author, Bradbury has made choices about how to structure and pace events to explore how book-burning can erode the human imagination. In this lesson, map the events of the story to assess the artistry of story-telling.

Some of the turning points in the novel include Mrs. Hudson's willingness to die for books; Montag's confrontation with his wife's friends; Montag's murder of Captain Beatty; and Montag's creative escape from the Mechanical Hound. Punctuated by an audible refrain of flying jets as well as constant surveillance, Bradbury amplifies Montag's unease and foreshadows war. Montag, like a rat in a maze, turns corner after corner until he finds an exit.



Discussion Activities

In small groups, students will map a time line that depicts the development of the story and the building of drama. This map includes the most significant turning points, but also examines the lesser events that build tension. As students develop their maps, they should define the beginning, middle, and end of the novel. Groups should present their time lines to the class.

Have students imagine they are making a movie of *Fahrenheit 451*. Tell them they have to cut certain scenes because of limited running time. Divide the class into groups and have each suggest two scenes that could be dropped. How does cutting certain scenes change the story?



Writing Exercise

Ask students to imagine a sequel to *Fahrenheit 451*. Have them outline the sequel. What would the beginning, middle, and end of the sequel look like? Then write the opening paragraphs to the sequel, imagining a beginning that immediately plunges the reader into the story.



Homework

Read the "Afterword" and the "Coda" (pp. 167-179). Read Handout Three. Although we have focused on Montag as the central character, could books be the heroes of the novel?

The Book of Ecclesiastes

When Guy Montag meets Granger, he is introduced to a community in which each member is committed to learning a book by heart. Their purpose is to commit whole texts to memory and pass them down to future generations, surviving the “Dark Age” of atomic war and government censorship.

Montag chooses the book of Ecclesiastes, a text from the Biblical Old Testament probably written about the 3rd century B.C. Narrated by the “Teacher” who is traditionally considered to be King Solomon, Ecclesiastes is a wonderfully diverse collection of advice on matters including good and evil, temptation and vice, love and hate, vanity, and wisdom. Along with the Old Testament books of Job and Proverbs, Ecclesiastes is an essential part of the wisdom literature of early Jewish philosophy.

A philosophical essay rather than a narrative or history, Ecclesiastes offers ambiguous guidance about the nature of the world. Its tone changes throughout, it is merciful, skeptical, loving, cynical, sorrowful, and ecstatic. As one of its most famous passages says, there is “a time to rend and a time to sew; a time to keep silence, and a time to speak; a time to love and a time to hate” (3:7-8). Ecclesiastes does not provide any easy answers.

Ultimately, this very short book is an endorsement of concrete human experience rather than dogmatic abstraction. The Teacher asserts that one should experience life as fully as possible, even if death and God’s judgment are final. The use of simple and concrete imagery is a call to experience all one can while learning that the difference between good and evil is not to be fully divined by mere mortals.

The prominent themes of wisdom and mercy in Ecclesiastes make the book a fitting choice for Montag to learn. This is not a text that lends itself to systematic answers. It is, in a sense, a book to stand for all books, which in their entirety give a loud chorus of voices, the voices that the firemen in *Fahrenheit 451* wanted to extinguish in the first place.

9

Lesson Nine

FOCUS: Themes of the Novel

Lesson One through Lesson Eight should assist the class in developing an interpretation of the novel. The development of characters, the implications of Bradbury's figurative language, and the unfolding plot contribute to the themes. The themes of a novel explore the meaning of human life. Themes are issues—love, war, freedom, and responsibility—that grab a reader's attention and do not let up.

As one reads *Fahrenheit 451*, certain themes stand out: the repression of free thought through censorship, a proper education that values books, the loss of culture and history, the threat of how new technology may deaden human experience, the constant demand to satisfy immediate visual and sensory appetites, the value of authentic human interaction, and the value of the natural world. For Bradbury, our choice to use, misuse, or discard books relates to all these themes.



Discussion Activities and Writing Exercise



Use the following questions to stimulate discussion or provide writing exercises. Have students link Faber's comments on books (pp. 80-89) to other passages that reflect on the same theme. Explore the statements *Fahrenheit 451* makes about the following:

Happiness

"We have everything we need to be happy, but we aren't happy. Something's missing" (p.82). How might Bradbury be defining happiness in *Fahrenheit 451*? Does he present a new idea of happiness, or preserve an older idea?

Knowledge

"[Books] stitched the patches of the universe together into one garment for us." (p. 83) How do books draw together ideas and information so as to capture details that might otherwise be missed?

Freedom of Thought

"The television...tells you what to think and blasts it in" (p.84). Members of this world have "plenty off-hours" but do they have "time to think"? What kind of thinking do Faber and Bradbury prefer? Will it initially make life more difficult?

Education

"Remember, the firemen are rarely necessary. The public itself stopped reading of its own accord" (p. 87). What kind of education is necessary to create citizens who recognize "quality of information," take "leisure to digest it," and "carry out actions based on what we learn from the first two?" (p. 84) How might this relate to our current educational system?



Homework

Students should begin working on their essays. See "Essay Topics" at the end of this guide. For additional questions, see the Reader's Guide "Discussion Questions." (pp. 14-15) Turn in outlines and/or rough drafts at the next class.

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Lesson Ten

FOCUS: A Great Novel

The topics in this guide reflect the fundamental elements of the novel. Novels illustrate the connections between individuals and the general conflicts and questions of humanity at large. Great novels often seduce the reader to forge a bond with the story as the writer's voice, style, and sense of poetry enchant us. We find ourselves carried along on the tide of the story's plot, and we are guided through our own adventures by the successes and failures of the central character as he or she navigates conflicts and challenges. Great stories articulate and explore the tensions and mysteries of our daily lives, while painting those struggles as a larger picture of human struggle everywhere.



Discussion Activities

Ask students to make a list of the characteristics of a great book. Put these on the board. What elevates a novel to greatness? Then ask them to discuss, within groups, other books they know that include some of the same characteristics. Which characteristics can be found in *Fahrenheit 451*?

A great writer can be the voice of a generation. What kind of voice does Bradbury provide through Montag? What does this voice tell us about the concerns and dreams of his generation?



Writing Exercise

If you were the voice of your generation, what would be your most important message? Why might you choose to convey this in a novel rather than a speech or an essay? What story would you tell to get your point across?

Have students work on their essays in class. Be available to assist with outlines, drafts and arguments. Have them partner with another student to edit outlines and/or rough drafts. For this editing, provide students with a list of things they should look for in a well-written essay.



Homework

For the next class, finish essays and present essay topics and arguments to the class. Celebrate by participating in a Big Read community event.

Humanities · Teacher Resource Notebook

Unit 7: The Civil Rights Movement

Essential Question: *How did the civil rights movement advance the ideals of liberty, equality, and opportunity?*



COLUMBUS CITY SCHOOLS

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Humanities · Recommended Readings and Resources

Unit 7: The Civil Rights Movement

Novels

The Glory Field, Walter Dean Myers [Study Guide: http://www.glencoe.com/sec/literature/litlibrary/pdf/glory_field.pdf]

Where Do We Go from Here: Chaos or Community? Martin Luther King, Jr.

The Autobiography of Miss Jane Pittman, Ernest J. Gaines

To Kill a Mockingbird, Harper Lee

[Study Guide: http://www.glencoe.com/sec/literature/litlibrary/pdf/to_kill_mockingbird.pdf]

Literature Textbook Correlations

Elements of Literature – Fourth Course – Holt Rinehart Winston 2000

Hughes, Langston. “Theme for English B.” p. 376

Hughes, Langston. “Mother to Son.” p. 508

Sophocles. *Antigone*. p. 690

King, Jr., Martin Luther. From “Letter from Birmingham Jail.” p. 744

Retrieving the American Past Humanities Reader Selections

Rosa Parks is Arrested in Montgomery, Alabama, pp. 239-242

Student Nonviolent Coordinating Committee Statement of Purpose, pp. 243-244

1968 Photograph of Police armed dogs attacking Protesters, p. 245

“I Have a Dream,” pp. 247-250

“Black Power!” pp. 251-252

The Founding of NOW, p. 257-262

A Bill of Rights for Women, p. 263

Black Feminism, p. 265

Websites

<http://nationalhumanitiescenter.org/pds/maai3/index.htm>

<http://memory.loc.gov/ammem/aahtml/exhibit/aointro.html>

<http://www.voicesofcivilrights.org/>

Humanities · Literary Connection

Unit 7: The Civil Rights Movement

FICTION

Many works of fiction related to the civil rights movement involve characters faced with important decisions. Such decisions affect not only the parties involved, but also the greater community. Therefore, internal conflict often gives way to external conflict.

Discussion Question

- How did the civil rights movement advance the ideals of liberty, equality, and opportunity?

Literature Textbook Correlations

Literature, Language and Literacy: Grade Ten. Prentice Hall 2010

- Brooks, Gwendolyn. "The Bean Eaters." p. 703
This is a poem about an elderly African American couple.
- Sophocles. *Antigone*. p. 814
Antigone risks her own life and that of her sister by disobeying a law that she feels is unjust.
- Hansberry, Lorraine. from *A Raisin in the Sun*. p. 1016
This scene centers on a conflict between Mama and her son Walter, over what to do with Mama's insurance check. Mama muses on the changes for African Americans that have occurred in her lifetime, while Walter insists that she will never understand the modern world.

Novels

- Gaines, Ernest J. *The Autobiography of Miss Jane Pittman*. 1971. Set in rural southern Louisiana, the novel spans 100 years of American history—from the early 1860s to the onset of the civil rights movement in the 1960s—in following the life of the elderly Jane Pittman, who witnessed those years.
- Lee, Harper. *To Kill a Mockingbird*. 1960. A coming-of-age tale set in a South poisoned by prejudice, this Pulitzer Prize-winning novel views a world of great beauty and savage inequities through the eyes of a young girl, as her father—a crusading local lawyer—risks everything to defend a black man unjustly accused of a terrible crime.

Plays

- Hansberry, Lorraine. *A Raisin in the Sun*. 1959. This play marked the beginning of a vigorous black theatre movement, which became one of the most vital forces in modern American theatre. In the playwright's own words, "...it is a play that tells the truth about people, Negroes, and life and I think it will help a lot of people to understand how we are just as complicated as they are—and just as mixed up—but above all, that we have among our miserable and downtrodden ranks—people who are the very essence of human dignity."

Humanities · Literary Connection

Unit 7: The Civil Rights Movement

NONFICTION

Many works of nonfiction during this era deal with civil disobedience and how citizens can influence government policy.

Discussion Questions

- How do citizens influence government policy? How successful was the civil rights movement? Why and how did the civil rights movement expand? Is it ever okay to break the law?

Literature Textbook Correlations

Literature, Language and Literacy: Grade Ten. Prentice Hall 2010

- Hughes, Langston. “Marian Anderson, Famous Concert Singer.” p. 98
Hughes’ biography of African American singer Marian Anderson, focuses on the advances she made in gaining civil rights for African Americans in the United States.

Novels

- King, Jr., Martin Luther. *Where Do We Go from Here: Chaos or Community?* 1967. King lays out his thoughts, plans, and dreams for America’s future, including the need for better jobs, higher wages, decent housing, and quality education. Today, as African-American communities stand to lose more wealth than any other demographic during this economic crisis, King’s call for economic equality and sustainability is especially pertinent. With a universal message of hope that continues to resonate, King demanded an end to global suffering, asserting that humankind—for the first time—has the resources and technology to eradicate poverty.

Internet Sources

The following includes website lesson plans and content taken from the websites’ homepages.

www.edsitement.neh.gov/view_lesson_plan.asp?id=449

A Raisin in the Sun: The Quest for the American Dream

www.edsitement.neh.gov/view_lesson_plan.asp?id=525

Harper Lee’s *To Kill a Mockingbird*: Profiles in Courage

www.edsitement.neh.gov/view_lesson_plan.asp?id=730

Competing Voices of the Civil Rights Movement

Humanities · Reading Study Guide

Rosa L. Parks is Arrested in Montgomery, Alabama, 1955

Retrieving the American Past, pp. 239-241

Vocabulary

Boycott—

Militant—

Questions for Review and Discussion

1. What had to happen in order for NAACP litigation strategies to work?
2. What began the initial phase of post-Brown black protest activity?
3. What was odd about the man who she was supposed to give up her seat?
4. Why did Mrs. Parks believe she should not have to give up her seat?
5. Rosa Parks was an active member of the NAACP. What does this tell you about her actions on the bus that day?
6. A year earlier a 15-year old pregnant unmarried girl refused to give up her seat and was arrested. Why did you think she was not used to initiate a boycott?

Humanities · Reading Study Guide

**Student Nonviolent Coordinating Committee Statement of Purpose, Reverend James Lawson
Retrieving the American Past, pp. 243-244**

Vocabulary

Nonviolent protest—

Sit-ins—

Questions for Review and Discussion

1. What action was sparked when black college student refuse to leave their seats at a Woolworth's counter?
2. What did Ella Baker encourage the students to do?
3. How is love the central idea of nonviolence?
4. List examples of nonviolent protest used during the civil rights movement.
5. Students participating in lunch counter sit-ins often faced physical and verbal taunts but did not retaliate. What kind of characteristics does a person need to do this? Would you be able to do this? Why or why not?

Humanities · Reading Study Guide
“To Mississippi Youth,” Malcolm X
***Retrieving the American Past*, pp. 251-252**

Vocabulary

Nonviolence—

United Nations—

Questions for Review and Discussion

1. Why did Malcolm X take the surname X?
2. As the spokesperson for the Nation of Islam, what did Malcolm X emphasize and promote?
3. How did Malcolm X’s views change after his break with the Nation of Islam?
4. What is the irony of Blacks being nonviolent with White people?
5. According to Malcolm X, when is the only time he would consider nonviolence?

Humanities · Reading Study Guide

“Black Power!”

Retrieving the American Past, pp. 253-256

Vocabulary

Segregation –

Integration –

Questions for Review and Discussion

1. Why did the young marchers refuse to sing “we shall overcome”? What new slogan did they introduce?
2. Why does Carmichael blame the civil rights leaders for the growing frustration of Blacks?
3. Why does Carmichael believe that despite marching the movement is at the same point?
4. What are the two basic problems for Black Americans? What other problems does this lead to?
5. What does “power” allow the masses to do?

Humanities · Reading Study Guide
The Founding of NOW
Retrieving the American Past, pp. 257-261

Vocabulary

Equality—

“token”—

Questions for Review and Discussion

1. What is the purpose of NOW?
2. NOW believes that it is time to go beyond discussing the status of women to doing what?
3. What is the only way women can develop their fullest human potential?
4. What kind of jobs were women limited to? What about Black women?
5. What is the consequence of women concentrated at the bottom of the job ladder?
6. What were the stats involving women earning college degrees?

Humanities · Reading Study Guide
A Bill of Rights for Women
Retrieving the American Past, pp. 263-264

Vocabulary

Discrimination –

Maternity leave –

Contraceptive –

Equality –

Questions for Review and Discussion

1. What does the Bill of Rights outline?
2. A majority of the Bill of Rights address equality in the workplace. Explain the demands that relate to work.
3. Right VI discusses “eliminating all discrimination and segregation by sex, written and unwritten, at all levels of education.” Explain an example of written and unwritten discrimination women may face.
4. What might be controversial about Right VIII?
5. What similarities exist between the African-American Civil Right movement and the Women’s movement?

Humanities · Reading Study Guide

Black Feminism, The National Black Feminist Organization

Retrieving the American Past, pp. 265-266

Vocabulary

Feminism—

Matriarch—

Sexism—

Questions for Review and Discussion

1. Why was the NFBO founded in 1973?

2. According to NFBO how is “women” defined? How is “black” defined?

3. What are the abuses put upon Black women that are rarely dealt with?

4. What are some of the false definitions of beauty that exist of Black women?

5. Why is it important that Black women have an equal part in the Black Liberation Movement?

Humanities • Primary Source

On the Verge of a Dangerous Racial Conflagration

Lawyer E. Frederic Morrow, the first African American White House staff member, wrote the following file memo after the acquittal of Emmett Till's killers. Morrow was uneasy in his position as the only African American on the chief executive's staff, when Eisenhower was clearly reluctant to address racial inequality or establish a forward-looking civil rights policy.

The White House
Washington

November 22, 1955

MEMORANDUM FOR THE RECORD

Having served more than eight years as Field Secretary of the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People, and during this period having faced every manner of problem that comes within the realm of race relations, I am especially alert to racial conditions and situations that will eventually affect the welfare of the country, and which will particularly bring headaches and possible severe criticism to the Administration. It is for these reasons alone that I presume to present my considered judgment on a dangerous situation that is now afflicting the country.

The killing of the young Negro, Emmett Till, in Mississippi this fall, has received official attention from this Administration through the Office of the Attorney General. Under normal circumstances, this would be enough to satisfy most people; that the police arm of the Federal Government was alert to all situations where possible Federal laws have been violated. However, this particular situation is so fraught with emotion because of the circumstances under which the crime was committed, and the fact that the victim was a youngster, that normal methods of dealing with the usual case of crime are not completely acceptable to all of the interested parties.

Because of many years of investigating lynchings, mob violence, and various forms of terrorism in the country, I am able to spot signs that indicate that we are on the verge of a dangerous racial conflagration in the Southern section of the country. My official duties in the past few months have taken me to the deep South, to the Middle West, and throughout the Eastern seaboard, and the one theme that is on the lips and minds of all Negroes is the injustice of the Till case, and the fact that nothing can be done to effect justice in this case. The warning signs in the South are all too clear: the harassed Negro is sullen, bitter, and talking strongly of retaliation whenever future situations dictate.

Mass meetings are being held by the scores across the country, and being attended by thousands of people who want to hear the story from the mother of the boy or other witnesses. The Till case is a subject of unceasing publicity in the press, and the subject of numerous Sunday sermons in the pulpits of the land. An example of the passion that this case has generated was indicated to me in Youngstown a few weeks ago, when I attended services at a prominent church, and heard the well-educated minister of the congregation state that: "we Negroes lynch too easily and we must learn to resist with everything in our power if we would put a stop to this barbarous custom."

It is a well-known fact that the Negroes in Mississippi have formed an underground, and are determined to protest themselves by methods that, if used, can only lead to further terror and bloodshed.

On the other hand, a frightening power has been built in Mississippi by the anti-desegregation White Citizens Councils, and their principal method is one of economic terrorism. These Councils are fanning out throughout the South, and they have created a climate of fear and terrorism that holds the entire area in a vise.

Humanities · Primary Source
On the Verge of a Dangerous Racial Conflagration

As a member of the White House staff, I am sitting in the middle of this, and I have been accused of being cowardly for not bringing this situation to the attention of the Administration, and requesting the President to make some kind of observation on this unwholesome problem. My mail has been heavy and angry, and wherever I go, people have expressed disappointment that no word has come from the White House deploring this situation. I always point out, of course, that our Attorney General has followed this situation with interest and skill, and that he will act when and if Federal laws are violated. But this does not still the protestations. There is a clamor for some kind of statement from the White House that will indicate the Administration is aware of, and condemns with vigor, any kind of racist activity in the United States...

E. Frederic Morrow
Administrative Officer
Special Projects Group

Source: "Civil Rights - Emmett Till Case." Dwight D. Eisenhower Presidential Library, Digital Documents Project.
http://www.eisenhower.archives.gov/dl/Civil_Rights_Emmett_Till_Case/EmmettTillCase.html

Humanities • Primary Source

Rules for Riding Desegregated Buses

Following their months-long bus boycott, the black citizens of Montgomery, Alabama got word that the Supreme Court had decided in their favor, and that the buses would have to desegregate. The boycotters' organization, the Montgomery Improvement Association, circulated the following flyer to advise people on how to behave in order to maintain the movement's non-violent character and enjoy a dignified victory.

Integrated Bus Suggestions

December 19, 1956

This is a historic week because segregation on buses has now been declared unconstitutional. Within a few days the Supreme Court Mandate will reach Montgomery and you will be reboarding *integrated* buses. This places upon us all a tremendous responsibility of maintaining, in face of what could be some unpleasantness, a calm and loving dignity befitting good citizens and members of our Race. If there is violence in word or deed it must not be our people who commit it.

For your help and convenience the following suggestions are made. Will you read, study and memorize them so that our non-violent determination may not be endangered. First, some general suggestions:

1. Not all white people are opposed to integrated buses. Accept goodwill on the part of many.
2. The *whole* bus is now for the use of *all* people. Take a vacant seat.
3. Pray for guidance and commit yourself to *complete* non-violence in word and action as you enter the bus.
4. Demonstrate the calm dignity of our Montgomery people in your actions.
5. In all things observe ordinary rules of courtesy and good behavior.
6. Remember that this is not a victory for Negroes alone, but for all Montgomery and the South. Do not boast! Do not brag!
7. Be quiet but friendly; proud, but not arrogant; joyous, but not boisterous.
8. Be loving enough to absorb evil and understanding enough to turn an enemy into a friend.

Now for some specific suggestions:

1. The bus driver is in charge of the bus and has been instructed to obey the law. Assume that he will cooperate in helping you occupy any vacant seat.
2. Do not deliberately sit by a white person, unless there is no other seat.
3. In sitting down by a person, white or colored, say "May I" or "Pardon me" as you sit. This is a common courtesy.
4. If cursed, do not curse back. If pushed, do not push back. If struck, do not strike back, but evidence love and goodwill at all times.

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Rules for Riding Desegregated Buses

5. In case of an incident, talk as little as possible, and always in a quiet tone. Do not get up from your seat! Report all serious incidents to the bus driver.

6. For the first few days try to get on the bus with a friend in whose non-violence you have confidence. You can uphold one another by glance or prayer.

7. If another person is being molested, do not arise to go to his defense, but pray for the oppressor and use moral and spiritual forces to carry on the struggle for justice.

8. According to your own ability and personality, do not be afraid to experiment with new and creative techniques for achieving reconciliation and social change.

9. If you feel you cannot take it, walk for another week or two. We have confidence in our people.

GOD BLESS YOU ALL.

THE MONTGOMERY IMPROVEMENT ASSOCIATION

The Rev. M. L. King, Jr., President

The Rev. W. J. Powell, Secretary

Source: Inez Jessie Baskin Papers, Alabama Department of Archives and History, Montgomery, Alabama,
<http://www.alabamamoments.state.al.us/sec55ps.html>.

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"No school in our state will be integrated..."

In this televised address, delivered on September 13, 1962, Mississippi governor Ross Barnett defied the Supreme Court's order to admit James Meredith to the University of Mississippi. Barnett claimed the federal government was interfering in what was a state matter.

Two weeks later the situation would escalate to crisis level as segregationist crowds erupted in riots and violence at the Ole Miss campus. President John F. Kennedy sent federal troops to enforce the court order and guarantee Meredith's enrollment.

"The powers not delegated to the United States by the Constitution nor prohibited by it to the States are reserved to the States respectively or to the people." These are not my words. This is the Tenth Amendment to the Constitution of the United States.

Ladies and gentlemen, my friends and fellow Mississippians: I speak to you as your Governor in a solemn hour in the history of our great state and in our nation's history. I speak to you now in the moment of our greatest crisis since the War Between the States.

In the absence of constitutional authority and without legislative action, an ambitious federal government, employing naked and arbitrary power, has decided to deny us the right of self-determination in the conduct of the affairs of our sovereign state. Having long since failed in their efforts to conquer the indomitable spirit of the people of Mississippi and their unshakable will to preserve the sovereignty and majesty of our commonwealth, they now seek to break us physically with the power of force.

Even now as I speak to you tonight, professional agitators and the unfriendly liberal press and other trouble makers are pouring across our borders intent upon instigating strife among our people. Paid propagandists are continually hammering away at us in the hope that they can succeed in bringing about a division among us. Every effort is being made to intimidate us into submission to the tyranny of judicial oppression. The Kennedy Administration is lending the power of the federal government to the ruthless demands of these agitators. Thus we see our own federal government teamed up with a motley array of un-American pressure groups against us. This is the crisis we face today.

Principle is a little word. It is easy to speak and to spell and in print is easily overlooked, but it is a word that is tremendous in its import and meaning denoting respect and obedience to those fundamental and eternal truths that should be respected and form the way of life of all honest and right-thinking people. Expediency is for the hour; principles are for the ages. Principles are a passion for truth and right and justice, and as long as the rains descend and the winds blow, it is but folly to build upon the shifting sands of political expediency. It is better for one's blood to be poisoned than for him to be poisoned in his principles. So deep and compelling were the convictions and principles of our forefathers that they risked even death to establish this now desecrated Constitution as the American way of life and handed it to us in trust as our sacred heritage and for our preservation.

The day of expediency is past. We must either submit to the unlawful dictates of the federal government or stand up like men and tell them no. The day of reckoning has been delayed as long as possible. It is now upon us. This is the day, and this is the hour. Knowing you as I do, there is no doubt in my mind what the overwhelming majority of loyal Mississippians will do. They will never submit to the moral degradation, to the shame and the ruin which have faced all others who have lacked the courage to defend their beliefs.

I have made my position in this matter crystal clear. I have said in every county in Mississippi that no school in our state will be integrated while I am your Governor. I shall do everything in my power to prevent integration in our schools. I assure you that the schools will not be closed if this can possibly be avoided, but they will not be integrated if I can prevent it. As your Governor and Chief Executive of the sovereign State of Mississippi, I now call on every public official and every private citizen of our great state to join me...

Source: "Integrating Ole Miss: The Controversy." John F. Kennedy Presidential Library and Museum, <http://www.jfklibrary.org/meredith/controfr.html>.

Humanities • Primary Source

The Panthers' Ten-Point Platform

The Black Panther Party issued this statement in October 1966, listing its political aims and citing parts of the Bill of Rights and the Declaration of Independence in support of its points.

October 1966 Black Panther Party Platform and Program

What We Want
What We Believe

1. *We want freedom. We want power to determine the destiny of our Black Community.*

We believe that black people will not be free until we are able to determine our destiny.

2. *We want full employment for our people.*

We believe that the federal government is responsible and obligated to give every man employment or a guaranteed income. We believe that if the white American businessmen will not give full employment, then the means of production should be taken from the businessmen and placed in the community so that the people of the community can organize and employ all of its people and give a high standard of living.

3. *We want an end to the robbery by the white man of our Black Community.*

We believe that this racist government has robbed us and now we are demanding the overdue debt of forty acres and two mules. Forty acres and two mules was promised 100 years ago as restitution for slave labor and mass murder of black people. We will accept the payment as currency which will be distributed to our many communities. The Germans are now aiding the Jews in Israel for the genocide of the Jewish people. The Germans murdered six million Jews. The American racist has taken part in the slaughter of over twenty million black people; therefore, we feel that this is a modest demand that we make.

4. *We want decent housing, fit for shelter of human beings.*

We believe that if the white landlords will not give decent housing to our black community, then the housing and the land should be made into cooperatives so that our community, with government aid, can build and make decent housing for its people.

5. *We want education for our people that exposes the true nature of this decadent American society. We want education that teaches us our true history and our role in the present-day society.*

We believe in an educational system that will give to our people a knowledge of self. If a man does not have knowledge of himself and his position in society and the world, then he has little chance to relate to anything else.

6. *We want all black men to be exempt from military service.*

We believe that Black people should not be forced to fight in the military service to defend a racist government that does not protect us. We will not fight and kill other people of color in the world who, like black people, are being victimized by the white racist government of America. We will protect ourselves from the force and violence of the racist police and the racist military, by whatever means necessary.

Humanities • Primary Source

The Panthers' Ten-Point Platform

7. *We want an immediate end to police brutality and murder of black people.*

We believe we can end police brutality in our black community by organizing black self-defense groups that are dedicated to defending our black community from racist police oppression and brutality. The Second Amendment to the Constitution of the United States gives a right to bear arms. We therefore believe that all black people should arm themselves for self defense.

8. *We want freedom for all black men held in federal, state, county and city prisons and jails.*

We believe that all black people should be released from the many jails and prisons because they have not received a fair and impartial trial.

9. *We want all black people when brought to trial to be tried in court by a jury of their peer group or people from their black communities, as defined by the Constitution of the United States.*

We believe that the courts should follow the United States Constitution so that black people will receive fair trials. The 14th Amendment of the U.S. Constitution gives a man a right to be tried by his peer group. A peer is a person from a similar economic, social, religious, geographical, environmental, historical and racial background. To do this the court will be forced to select a jury from the black community from which the black defendant came. We have been, and are being tried by all-white juries that have no understanding of the "average reasoning man" of the black community.

10. *We want land, bread, housing, education, clothing, justice and peace. And as our major political objective, a United Nations-supervised plebiscite to be held throughout the black colony in which only black colonial subjects will be allowed to participate for the purpose of determining the will of black people as to their national destiny.*

When in the course of human events, it becomes necessary for one people to dissolve the political bands which have connected them with another, and to assume, among the powers of the earth, the separate and equal station to which the laws of nature and nature's God entitle them, a decent respect to the opinions of mankind requires that they should declare the causes which impel them to the separation.

We hold these truths to be self evident, that all men are created equal; that they are endowed by their Creator with certain unalienable rights; that among these are life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness.

That, to secure these rights, governments are instituted among men, deriving their just powers from the consent of the governed; that, whenever any form of government becomes destructive of these ends, it is the right of the people to alter or to abolish it, and to institute a new government, laying its foundation on such principles, and organizing its powers in such form, as to them shall seem most likely to effect their safety and happiness.

Prudence, indeed, will dictate that governments long established should not be changed for light and transient causes; and accordingly, all experience hath shown, that mankind are more disposed to suffer, while evils are sufferable, than to right themselves by abolishing the forms to which they are accustomed.

But, when a long train of abuses and usurpations, pursuing invariable the same object, evinces a design to reduce them under absolute despotism, it is their right, it is their duty, to throw off such government, and to provide new guards for their future security.

Source: "Black Panther Party Ten Point Program." The Sixties Project.

http://lists.village.virginia.edu/sixties/HTML_docs/Resources/Primary/Manifestos/Panther_platform.html.

Humanities · Literature Activities

Voices in Our Blood

Text Resource – *Voices in Our Blood – America’s Best on the Civil Rights Movement* – edited by Jon Meacham

Before the Lesson

Students need to have background knowledge about the Supreme Court case *Brown vs. Board of Education* and the decision rendered on May 17, 1954, where “separate but equal” was unconstitutional. A year later, the Court ruled that the decision be enforced “with all deliberate speed.” Students will be reading speeches by William Faulkner and Benjamin E. Mays that support the end of segregation but from two different perspectives. Faulkner, a descendant of a Confederate colonel, and Mays, the son of a sharecropper, delivered the speeches at an integrated dinner during a meeting of the Southern Historical Association at the Peabody Hotel in Memphis, on November 10, 1955.

Before reading the speech selections, give students biographical information on the authors – William Faulkner and Benjamin E. Mays. (Refer to websites: Faulkner – <http://nobelprize.org> and Search – William Faulkner – biography; Mays – www.morehouse.edu/about/bio-mays.htm).

During the Lesson

“American Segregation and the World Crisis” – by William Faulkner

Discussion Points may include:

- What comparison or analogy is made in the opening paragraph? What effect do you think Faulkner intended by its use?
- What view of the political climate and America’s place or role in this world situation did he express?
- What is the meaning and significance of his use of the word “confederate” in this context? (historical/target audience)
- Explain his view of what America has done “for” (and not “to”) Blacks in 300 years in America.
- What does Faulkner see as the result or effect upon the world’s view of the U.S. if we truly practice freedom?
- Discuss the use of the allusions (references) to Fuchs, Rosenberg, Gold, Greenglass, Burgess, McLean (MacLean) and Hiss. For background on these names as they relate to espionage and the USSR, refer to <http://www.cfo.doe.gov> – Search – “Manhattan Project – An Interactive History.” Why would Faulkner use them in juxtaposition to Ralph Bunche, George Washington Carver, and Booker T. Washington?

“The Moral Aspects of Segregation” – by Benjamin Mays

Discussion Points may include:

- How does Mays connect segregation and its effects to morality and religion?
- Explain the three main reasons given for legal segregation.
- Summarize his views about the effects of segregation upon Negroes as a race and/or individuals, and upon society as a whole.
- What views does Mays describe as myths about desegregation?
- What point was Mays trying to support by mentioning previous cases related to desegregation?
- Describe the anecdotes of other people in the world who had visited and/or observed the United States and its treatment of blacks. Why was it important for Mays to include this in his speech?
- Examine the similarities and differences in the views of Faulkner and Mays about desegregation.

Humanities · Literature Activities

Voices in Our Blood

After the Lesson

- Students can research incidents and people related to school desegregation, such as the *Little Rock Nine*, James Meredith at the University of Mississippi, and Charlayne Hunter at the University of Georgia.
- As an extension, students may read and discuss the articles “Resegregation is Emerging in Schools, Study Finds” and “Report: Segregation in U.S. Schools is Increasing.” The first article is found on the website <http://www.nytimes.com/learning/teachers> - Lesson Plan Archive – Keyword - “Resegregation”. The lesson plan is entitled “Revisiting Separate but Equal.” The second article is a link found on www.facinghistory.org as a result of a *Google* search about the “Little Rock Nine.”
- Additionally, students may investigate how and when Columbus City Schools was desegregated and discuss whether or not the concept of “resegregation” is applicable.

Humanities · Literature Activities

Voices in Our Blood

Answers may include but are not limited to:

“American Segregation and the World Crisis” – William Faulkner

- What comparison or analogy is made in the opening paragraph? What effect do you think Faulkner intended by its use?
Being against equality based on race or color is compared to living in Alaska and being against snow. Anyone who is in opposition cannot comfortably exist in our society. He wants to emphasize that the time for such beliefs has come to an end.
- What view of the political climate and America’s place or role in this world situation did he express?
He expressed the impending spread of Communism throughout the world. America can be the force to combat Communism taking hold by demonstrating its strength using “that simple belief of man that he can be free...”
- What is the meaning and significance of his use of the word “confederate” in this context? (historical/target audience)
Confederate is used to mean “unity” – to come together to protect freedom if we expect it to endure. The South is his target audience in this speech. The South has been historically known as the Confederates; however, their unity has been in protecting the status quo of slavery and white superiority. Faulkner wants them to abandon their principles and to adopt the principles of equality in order to preserve the country as a whole.
- Explain his view of what America has done “for” (and not “to”) blacks in 300 years in America.
In spite of the inequalities suffered as a race, blacks in America still believed in this country’s concepts of freedom and democracy. He felt that as a country, America had not developed blacks as American citizens which has been a detriment to all.
- What does Faulkner see as the result or effect upon the world’s view of the U.S. if we truly practice freedom?
The actions of the U.S. will not only cause other nations to respect us, but it will also cause them to fear us because of the power we will demonstrate through actions, not just words or war.
- Discuss the use of the allusions (references) to Fuchs, Rosenberg, Gold, Greenglass, Burgess, McLean (MacLean) and Hiss. For background on these names as they relate to espionage and the USSR, refer to <http://www.cfo.doe.gov> – Search – “Manhattan Project – An Interactive History.”
Why would Faulkner use them in juxtaposition to Ralph Bunche, George Washington Carver, and Booker T. Washington?
He uses specific people of that time period who had been connected to the USSR as spies, which supported Communism. He considers them as a greater threat to the country than any black. He highlights blacks who had made great achievements in spite of the adversity and obstacles they faced in their lives. By using these examples together, he wants to emphasize that integration should not be feared by whites.

“The Moral Aspects of Segregation” – Benjamin Mays

- How does Mays connect segregation and its effects to morality and religion?
Segregation is an act against God and humanity, which makes it immoral. The judgment of one group as being superior and another inferior is not to be made by man; only God should judge.
- Explain the three main reasons given for legal segregation.
A) to place a legal badge of inferiority – makes blacks mentally, morally and socially unfit to fully move about society; B) to enable blacks to be treated as an inferior in various arenas of his life without his consent; C) to make him willingly accept inferior status in society.

Humanities · Literature Activities

Voices in Our Blood

- Summarize his views about the effects of segregation upon Negroes as a race and/or individuals, and upon society as a whole.
Segregation has wounded souls and minds of blacks by making them feel it is useless to strive to excel. It distorts the human personality of both the oppressor and oppressed. The restrictions imposed through segregation have retarded society's growth and development because a segment of society has been denied the chance to grow.
- What views does Mays describe as myths about desegregation?
He believes that black people simply want the same treatment. It is a myth that they want to do the same things just to be with whites. Another myth was that black leaders wanted to cause problems. He states that black leaders are willing to see integration accomplished through calm negotiations and planning.
- What point was Mays trying to support by mentioning previous cases related to desegregation?
The previous rulings alone did not result in any changes. Plessy was in 1896, and Murray was in 1935. There had been other suits won but none of them had been obeyed. His point was that action was needed to make the rulings a reality.
- Describe the anecdotes of other people in the world who had visited and/or observed the United States and its treatment of blacks. Why was it important for Mays to include this in his speech?
Students from Asia, Africa, the Middle East, and South America had witnessed the separation in lodgings for fellow students from Africa and Haiti and would re-tell the events once they returned home. He mentions a Jew from South Africa and a man from India who were being hosted by a black professor. They had experienced first-hand having privileges that their host didn't have. He included these examples in his speech to support the importance of the views of people from around the world and how it would impact our country's efforts to democratize the world.
- Examine the similarities and differences in the views of Faulkner and Mays about desegregation.
Student answers will vary. Both men address the importance of the image the U.S. portrays to the world. There were some differences in the reasons (to specifically stop the spread of Communism and maintain our freedoms; the images of this country upholding its religious and moral foundations.) Mays uses a more personalized approach in speaking about the spiritual and moral aspects; whereas, Faulkner uses a more political appeal.