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The origin and significance of the short story

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The Origin and Development of the
Chat-Story
INTRODUCTION.

The Modern Short Story is the latest art form in the history of English Literature. It is at once the most beloved and the most representative Literature among the American people.

Its earliest record must be studied in those half-forgotten ages when men, returned from battle or grimly-bought forage, grouped themselves about roaring campfires. There each sturdy warrior, pressed by the eternal human desire to make his fellows feel what he had felt, told of sharp roads, and fierce fights and strange monsters. By the eternal Law of the Story, he who told the most wonderful tale, or told it in the most wonderful way, was honored by hearing his tale told and retold to children and grand children.

Later, when Man had hewn down the trees that encircled the primitive campfire, and shaped them at will into roof and wall, Shelter and Time gave further grace to the Story. Assembled in the welkin-ringing meadhall, each again had his turn at making his boast of adventure. Yet one was ever among them whose chief business it was to sing the song, or tell a tale. Specialization had already commenced for the development of the artist in Literature. So came the reign of the gleeman. Then some mighty poet caught the spirit of these stories that the people loved, and hammered them together into one tremendous epic. We may believe the Beowulf to have thus been created. To the martial measure of this mighty Story a nation was conquered, and our ancient fathers
established a Homeland. As society became more stable artistry became more and more cultivated in the royal halls of England; but the people, joyous, in their country lives, sang spontaneously of home life and its simple joys and tragedies. They "lisped in numbers, for the numbers came"- emotion and rhythm were linked in the hearts of the people. The ballads were produced by one controlling, unifying emotion - an emotion that caught at the simplest and most direct words for the expression of the narrative. They embodied the primal human experiences so deeply that they were told to children and grandchildren. It is a far cry from those rugged, unstudied folk songs to the finished Story that holds their place today, but in the essential characteristics and content they are the same. And their variation is only to the degree of, and characteristic of, the differences of the peoples whom Ballad and Story represent. The Folk Song, Ballad, or Story, whatever form it may take in the social and mental development of the race, is always expressive of and beloved by the people. The development of Prose Fiction, and of a democratic reading public has made possible the development of this species of Literature until it is now dignified by the finish and distinction of a special Art Form, with laws of its own.

The Modern Short-Story is just as significant in its relation to Prose as the Lyric Poem is in poetry, and as a Literature is more significant than either prose or poetry in any other form. Thus from a primeval Folk Ballad there appears a new Literary vehicle of Aristotelian proportions and finish.

From the standpoint of Literature critics have until lately, regarded the Folk Song in its new development as being
either a stepping stone to higher things, or a by-product of those capable of higher things. It was Matthew Arnold's dictum that a critic's duty is to seek out that which is good in Literature, establish standards, and in so far as in him lies, seek to influence writers to maintain these standards.

Masters of the Short-Story have themselves by precept and example, established standards of technique and Literary aims, perhaps for all time to come. If the Short-Story has often failed of artistic success in recent years, the critic is largely to blame in that he has ignored the Story far too often, where he might have judged, and accepted the good, and pointed toward the mark of the high calling of the Short-Story writer.

It is for a further realization of the true significance of the Short-Story, for a closer observance of its laws and technique, and for a greater acknowledgment of its artistic possibilities and accomplishments that we offer this study of the Short-Story.
BALLADS.

In the beginning of the argument it is stated that Ballads were the earliest form of expression among the English—or for that matter among any peoples. The same instinct which compels the highly cultured poet of our own day to express himself impelled our primitive ancestors to expression. This expression means an interpretation of the Human Heart for itself, or an interpretation of the great mysterious Universe, to the wondering or blindly groping Humanity.

We have none of these early Anglo-Saxon Ballads preserved. Their theme is suggested by the Beowulf—the great epic that grew out of them. We know they rang clear with love of home, and fatherland, and high courage. The earliest ballads we have preserved to us probably belong to the Twelfth or Thirteenth Century. The Robin Hood cycle belongs to this date. The ballad which sprang from the hearts of the people was simple in form, but representative of life as they knew it and felt it. There are some points of technique which characterize our Modern Story that are absent in the Ballad, but the essential elements are present.

The Ballad was the result of the truest and most perfect Art—a simple direct utterance of an overmastering thought and emotion. Unconscious of art and its purposes, words did not get between the author and his expression. The Ballad was "diametrically opposed to such mentalism" however. In dealing with emotion it is reticent and suggestive and concrete. Its method is to interpret emotion through action, not to analyze emotion. In the best of our ballads every word and line
...
is so packed with emotion that we are affected by it as in the presence of a strong man in sorrow. Short-Story writers of today might well study the old ballads for the art of emotional suggestion. A Ballad that perhaps best illustrates this suggestive power is that of the Demon Lover. The narrative tells briefly of a Demon, in the guise of a former lover, comes to woo a woman who is the wife of another man and the mother of two children. He persuades her to go with him and to sail away on his ships to his country. After kissing the children farewell she boards the ship and sets out for the new home. They do not sail far until she discovers they are on a phantom ship and the "lover" is a friend of Hell. The poet does not tell any thing of the woman's feelings - nor of the pain of leaving her children. He simply says,

"She has taken up her twa little babes
Kissed them baith cheek and chin:
O fare ye weel, my ain twa babes,
For I'll never see you again"

"She set her foot upon the ship
No mariners could she behold
But the sails were o' the taffetie
And the masts of beaten gold.

and further,

"They hadna sailed a league- a league
A league but barely three
Until she espied his cloven hoof
And she wept right bitterlie.

(Notice that the revelation and its result are expressed in two short lines.)
O what are yon yon pleasant hills
That the sun shines sweetly on
"O yon are the hills o' heaven", he said
"Where you will never win".

"O What'n a mountains yon - she said
Sae dreary wi' frost an snow?"
"O yon is the mountain o' hell", he cried,
"Where you and I maun go".

The clouds grew dark and the wind grew loud
And the leven filled her e'e,
And waeosome wailed the snow white sprites
Upon the gurlie sea.

He strack the topmost wi' his hand
The foremost wi' his knee;
And he brak that gallant ship in twain
And sank her in the sea.
Alexander Pushkin in his tragical story, The Shot, and Prosper Merimee in Mateo Falcone illustrate perhaps best of the modern writers this concentrated power of emotional suggestion. The ballad always plunges in "medias res" after a brief exposition - which often furnishes the keynote to the Story - a leit motif, as it were.

For example the opening lines:

"God let never see old a man
Harry see young a wiffe
As did old Robin of Portugale
He may rue all the dayes of his life"

Then follows the dramatically told tragedy of an old man married to a young wife.

The balladist selects an incident of human life, a situation full of emotional significance, and on this he lays his stress. The tale is told simply and straightforwardly, "he presses constantly toward the goal". Then that repetition which is so characteristic of the ballad style is as Prof. Gummere phrases it "an incremental repetition".

In the better type of ballad the movement is unbroken - a swift making for the dramatic close. It is, as has been suggested, the Fifth Act in the Drama of which it speaks, and has the swiftness and heightened feeling of the Fifth Act in its very fibre.

The incidents of the ballad, just as in the Short-Story today centers about the domestic life. Love and Valor furnish the leading motives and passions, but it is only in
the later developments that Valor came to have the high significance of Patriotism, and Love became glorified by romantic and spiritual endowments. In the more primitive ballads Love was but a recognized condition of the situation affecting and involving the dramatis personae in immediate conflict and catastrophe.

The balladist did not take time to describe or analyze character. The hero was a "man - even as you and I, and what happened to him might be, or could have been our own Fate. If a royal personage was introduced his rank was overlooked in the story; he was simply a man - living life as others of his kind lived it. The old writer never seemed to feel the need of analysis of his hero's character to make understandable the story. Whatever value in interpretation it may have for us in our present day fiction, they were getting directly at the meaning of life by taking up single incidents - single threads out of the tangled web.

This attitude is indicative of a changing philosophy of the people. To the first interpreters Life was a straight-away game in which Fate took the initiative, touched Man a certain way, and Man acted; or, Man acted and Fate answered back. To us today no such simple form will answer. All the modifications of character, thought, feeling and environment that hedge man about, or furnish him with weapons must be explained. The same old game is being played, but we recognize more rules, and must be informed of more details. Yet today it is the action, the event that is outstanding. Hamlet is the most complex character in all literature but it is the action, the tragic event that makes the everlasting wonder of it all.
These ballads that represented life as it is, had country scenery for their setting, because they represented the lives of country people. Still, though they rejoiced in the merrie greenwood, they did not represent Nature in its relation to Man, nor did they attempt to describe it. When Nature was mentioned it was briefly and without special significance in the story. Characteristic descriptions are:

"Gloomy, gloomy was the night
And eerie was the way
As fair Jenny in her green mantle
To miles cross she did gae"

"My meadow lies green
And my corn is unshorn
My barn is to build
And my babe is unborn"

Incident and situation are charged with potential pathos. Emotion and manly grief finds direct and vigorous expression, but expression mainly in action.

The ballad was not didactic: it had certain moral principles; but its impulse was not didactic; it proceeded from the need of expressing deep emotions.

Mental states and moral significance are largely neglected by the ballad writer. Loyalty, generosity, and daring are the chief attributes of a hero. There is a vigor and cleverness in the telling of the ballad that is unsurpassed.

The ballads have survived because they picture life as it is. The ballads, rough and coarse as they often are, are securely based on Nature. To use Carlyle's expression,
"They have got the grip of it."

The following Ballad "Edward" is considered by Prof. Hart to furnish the best example in Ballad technique.

Why dois your brand sae drap wi bluid,
Edward, Edward,
Why dois your brand sae drap wi bluid,
And Why sae sad gang yee O?
0 I hae killed my hawke sae guid,
Mither, Mither,
0 I hae killed my hawke sae guid,
And I had nae mair bot hee O.

Your hawkis bluid was nevir sae reid,
Edward, Edward,
Your hawkis bluid was nevir sae reid,
My deir son I tell thee O,
0 I hae killed my reid-roan steid,
"Mither, Mither,
0 I hae killed my reid-roan steid,
That erst was sae fair and fre 0!

Your steid was auld, and ye hae got mair,
Edward, Edward,
Your steid was auld, and ye hae got mair,
Sum other dule ye drie O'
0 I hae killed my fadir deir,
Mither, Mither,
0 I hae killed my fadir deir,
Alas, and wae is mee O'.
And whatten penance wul ye drie for that?

Edward, Edward,

And Whatten penance wul ye drie for that?

My deir son, now tell me O'

Ile set my feet in yonder boat,

Mither, Mither,

Ile set my feet in yonder boat,

And Ile fare over the sea O'.

And what wul ye doe wi your towirs and your ha'

Edward, Edward,

And what wul ye doe wi your towirs and your ha',

That were sae fair to see O?

Ile let thame stand tul they down fa'

Mither, Mither,

Ile let thame stand tul they down fa,

For here nevir mair maun I bee O'

And what wul ye leive to your bairns and your wife,

Edward, Edward,

And what wul ye leive to your bairns and your five,

When ye gang over the sea0'

The worldis room, late them beg thrae life,

Mither, Mither,

The worlis room, late them beg thrae life,

For thame nevir mair wul I see O'

And what wul ye leive to your ain mither deir,

Edward, Edward,

And what wul ye leive to your ain mither deir?

My deir son, now tell me O'.
The curse of hell frae me sail ye beir,
\[\text{Mither, Mither,}\]
The curse of hell frae me sail ye beir,
\[\text{Sic counseils ye gave to me 0.}\]
EARLY ENGLISH INFLUENCES.

Before proceeding further with the particular discussion of the Ballad it is well to discover some of the formative influences that affected all of English Literature.

The alliterative, rhythmical measures of Beowulf are suggestive of the energy, activity and earnestness that characterized the Anglo Saxon. Religious feeling, a tendency to meditation and a wholesome acceptance of Fate are the inherent qualities of Anglo Saxon Literature.

But the Celtic literature, which came to transform and glorify English Literature, was artistic, rather than philosophical. Their ballad was cynical, overwhelmed by emotion even before the tale was told. The Celts lacked the resignation to Fate. Their great heroes were Fingal and Arthur. Fairies and various manifestations of the supernatural that played leading part in the romance of the Middle Ages was an essential feature of the Celtish Literature. Fairies, sometimes malicious and gloomy, but more often dancing and merry, played in and out of Celtic Life enriching it, lending it hope and mystery. From out this Literature rose the isle of Avalon, where dreams come true - a place more real in Mediaeval Literature than any geographical center on our sordid globe. It is in the Kabinogue - a collection of these early Celtic tales that we find the story of the immortal King Lear. It is in this world of magic - and longing for the never-to-be that the most famous lovers in all Literature belong - Tristan and Iseult.

What the Celts contributed to the story world through their richness of imagination, fineness of feeling
and artistic selection of material, it is impossible to estimate.

We do know that wherever there was an outstanding phenomena there grew up a rich fund of legends, as for example, about Jintagil Castle, Arthur's home. Man was related to Nature and though unseen more closely than the Saxon seemed. Perhaps it is also true that States of things, Nature, - the Universe, relationships, held deeper significance for them than incidents of Life.

The Anglo Saxons had little conscious literature to their credit when the Normans came to England. There was a wonderful Chronicle History of Britain by Geoffry of Monmouth, and Layamon's Brut, a book of short tales, bound into one great story. Cædmon, in poetical form had made familiar many of the Bible stories and all this contributed to the imaginative life of the early English. The Celtic stories, partly brought into English through Layamon's Brut, were characterized by such wealth of color and picturesque beauty and delicacy of treatment that they became henceforth a characteristic quality of the best English Literature.

The Normans came, led by a trouvère, singing at the head of a conquering army, and before they left all England was singing as it never had before - gayer that ever before. Love became endowed with beauty and romance, and chivalry and adventure became the theme of graceful ballads, light, and full of the never ending charm.
THE SHORT STORY IN FRANCE IN THE TWELFTH AND THIRTEENTH CENTURIES.

The period in England and France in the twelfth and thirteenth centuries, I like to think of as the first great Short Story period.

Ballads were being sung in England, among the people, as an expression of their lives and an embodiment of the events of their limited experience. But this flow of ballad literature was a hidden current: on the surface of the Literary Wave, with dash and sparkle, and whirling eddy were the artistic French productions. All France - and that meant England too, at this time, was filled with romance.

There was a renaissance of learning and literature, and of new ideas, and the whole land was filled with those who had a story to tell. The condition was much as it is today. The Epic was found rather tiresome: the more finished romances had not yet appeared, and we have the spectacle of the writers of talent turning themselves into artists of the Short Story. There were stories of all sorts, but we can classify them into the lays, fabliaux and contes devotes. The most of the lays embodied old Celtic legends, transmitted as Schofield thinks, through the Armorican Brittainis. Marie de France, who wrote in England in the last of the twelfth century, is probably the first recorded conscious artist of the Short Story. She herself confessed to waking many a night to rhyme her verses, but the charm and finish of her stories have well repaid the careful lady. Her tales were repeatedly
retold and recopied, and have a charm that the glare of the twentieth century can not fade. Her themes are nearly all of Celtic origin, told in octo-syllabic rhyming couplets, sometimes with prose preludes, or interludes and intended to be recited to that dainty old time harp, called the "rote".

The most of the lays that survive have unfortunately lost the name of their composer. So impersonal however are the stories that their being anonymous matters little. We look to them not for the flavor of any one man's mind, but for an impression of the age in which they were produced, its shows and fashions, its manners, its sentiments and ideals, its inheretance of early legends of old word of mouth story telling stories which the trouveres dressed anew and presented to us.

The lays, like the romances to which they are close akin, belong to the courtly literature of the time and formed their audience in hall and castle. Denis Pyrannis, a contemporary, writing of Marie de France, tells us her lays were "beloved and held dear by counts and barons and knights", and that "ladies likewise took great joy and delight in them." Like the romances which they helped to foster and which superseded them, the lays tell of love and adventure, of enchantment and strange happenings. In them, side by side with knights and squires and ladies, move fays and giants and werewolves. Their material is that of folk lore and fairy tale."

"Often in such lays the old fairy tale simplicity, its matter of fact narration of the marvellous survives: and yct in their somewhat spare brevity they have a grace and charm that
lets one feel the beauty and wonder, or the tragedy of the story". Sometimes the human interest, the emotional content, predominates in the gently told lay, and we find the story coming closer to our twentieth century ideals.

While the graceful minstrel was reciting his romantic tale in the lordly halls, while ladies of high degree gave pleased attention, round the tavern board a jongleur, or merry peasant was diverting a loud-laughing company by tales of quite another sort. These tales we roughly class as Fabliaux. It is putting realism in a class by itself. All sorts of material entered into the making of these stories; but often they had a satirical motive, a cynical humor, and hit hard with an ugly truth. Idealism, the dreams of life, were left to the idlers in the gardens of the distant castle, while the fabliaux-teller pictured human nature as it is discovered, with its mistakes and foibles of everyday life.

The show us plainly figures of the time: knights that put their land in pawn that they might follow tourneys, the rich bourgeois riding armed to one of the great fairs, the minstrel ready to recite a Chanson de Geste or carry a love message. Light and gay, always brief and to the point; they tell good humoredly of the odd chances of life; they satirize manners and morals."

Among these Fabliaux we have the Story of the Churl who won Paradise. This has for its slender plot the story of a churl who, neglected at death, followed the Archangel in his journey to ward Heaven with a fortunate soul. Unnoticed he attains Paradise, and then by his clever defense before Saint Peter, and other Heavenly Dignitaries including Our Lord himself, he wins
and deserves, permission to remain. The story is directly told, is human and humorous, the dialogue contributive, and the moral point is definitely made. Miss Bertha Lowden of the University of California in her Thesis on the "Progress of Dialogue in the Short Story" notices particularly the story of "Sankt Peter and the Spielman," which she maintains is the best story from the standpoint of technical excellence up to the time of Merimee. The dialogue effectively aids in the progress of the story, and motives, character, action and the moral are given objectively. The story is of a minstrel who, too insignificant to win heaven, is brought to Hades by the ministering angels of his Satanic Majesty. He is left to watch the tormented prisoners while the usual guardians are away. Then Saint Peter comes and with all the tricks of the gambler, and the cleverness of a high official, manages to keep the minstrel at a losing game until Saint Peter has won all that is at stake - the souls in the minstrel's charge. Upon the return of the Ruler of the Underworld, the minstrel is rudely thrust forth and musicians forever banished from his dominions. The story never digresses from the centre of interest, wastes no words, and moves rapidly toward the climax.

It was the serious purpose of the Church to furnish stories that should take the place of the worldly stuff of the jongleur, and therefore legends and miracles were embodied in gravely sweet stories, or a less idealistic and imaginative author retold an interesting tale and added the moral like an after thought. It is to the credit of the church, that we have through its inspiration finely, sweetly wrought legends for the uplift
of the mind and heart of the age - a romance in religion as well as in chivalry and love.

We can well imagine however, one of these cowled servants of the church, writing in his cloistered cell with much the same joy as the more gaily appareled minstrel, carefully weaving a newly learned tale in the gay web of romance, finishing it with a conscientious bit of didacticism and reading the completed story in a rose embowered garden to as interested an audience as that of the lay singer in the "high ball garden".

There was another form of Short Tale, that can not be classed with the Fabliaux, - the lai or the conte de devotes. It is not the work of the conscious artist - or in fact of any individual: - its authorship is anonymous where the preceding forms have been of definite authorship, and its matter distinguishes it most of all. It is the Bestiary or Beast Fable. The Beast Fable is a story of animals told in a human way. Bre'r Fox stories by Chandler Harris are modern inventions of the same form of literature.

The most distinctive Beast Fables were those of Reinecke Fuchs, which multiplied and grew into connected interest, till they really became an Epic, which Caxton in his first printing has done into English. Carlyle has most splendidly pointed out the significance of Reinecke Fuchs:

"The Fable of Reinecke Fuchs is most cunningly constructed, and not without true poetic life. It shows great power of conception and invention, great pictorial fidelity and a warm
sunny tone of coloring. It is "full of broad rustic mirth, and is inexhaustible in comic devices. We see wolves tonsured into monks, and well nigh starved by short commons. Foxes pilgrimaging to Rome for absolution: cocks pleading at the judgment bar". "Nor is this wild parody of Human Life without its meaning and moral. It is an air pageant from Fancy's Dream Grotto: yet Wisdom lurks in it. A true Irony must have dwelt in the poet's heart and head. Here under grotesque shadows he gives us the saddest picture of reality".

The Fable is full of action, and in its telling there are frequent examples of terseness and strength. After all, however, Romance was the ruling spirit of the times from William the Conqueror till the death of Chaucer.

From the standpoint of the historian of the Short Story we are not concerned with those Romances of this Period; except in so far as the very Spirit of Romance, of Love, of Adventure, and of idealized Love, is an essential factor in our modern Short-Story.

Early in the period the French got possession of those colorful romances that centre about the Court of King Arthur, and the Magical Island of Avalon. Merlin's magic became an enchantment for all time.

Greek and Oriental Tales,- the romances of Statius and others were introduced: and it is little wonder that Celtic taste and French artistry produced both in "lai" and Romance proper, charmingly told tales, with well selected incident, and cleverly managed theme. The very name Romance was
born among the people who first became conscious of its spirit among them. Romance was and is the outflowing of the instinct for Idealism that is inherent in the race.

Tristan de Leonnois and Launcelot du Lac are among the most finished of these early metrical romances, and Jean de Meung's "Romaunt de Rose", afterward translated by Chaucer, is perhaps best known. It makes a step in advance in the art of narration. The romance that concerns us most of all— for it is really a Short Story, not brief to the extent of Fabliaux, but brief enough to compare with the modern Story, is the tale of "Aucassin and Nicolette". It is distinctive because here for the first time we discover the hero and heroine, not a knight and lady, but a boy and girl of simple rank. There are realistic touches in the telling, and the author shows a "smiling compassion and sympathy with a touch of mirth". This "medley of sentiment and humor" according to Lang, is the author’s chief claim to originality. The central interest—the love of the two youthful characters for each other, is made the motif and is presented throughout in a thoroughly artistic manner. Furthermore this story has claim to nearer relation to our modern Story because of its being partly in prose form. This charming tale belongs to the twelfth century.

A. Lang.
"Aucassin and Nicolette"

A. Lang.
"Where smooth the southern waters run,
Through rustling leagues of poplars gray,
Beneath a veiled soft southern sun
We wandered out of yesterday.
Went maying in that ancient May,
Whose fallen flowers are fragrant yet,
And lingered by the fountain spray,
With Aucassin and Nicolette.

The grass grown paths are trod of none
Where through the woods they went astray,
The spider's traceries are spun
Across the darkling forest way.
There come no knights that ride to stay,
No pilgrims through the grasses wet,
No shepherd lads that sang their say
With Aucassin and Nicolette."
Interest in story telling in the fourteenth century centers about one immortal name - Chaucer. It is a name for story tellers to conjure by. His influence has not yet waned, and his distinctive abilities for good story telling are still the chief desideratum of young writers.

Chaucer was city bred, and served as a page in court. At an early age he was a soldier of fortune in the French Wars. He was imprisoned and ransomed by the King. The French, not having the gift of second sight, put the ransom at sixteen pounds.

Chaucer - shrewd and observing as he was, had been in the enemy's country long enough to make the acquaintance of Fabliaux and Romances, and to get the humanizing benefits of experience.

Chaucer later went to France, and what was of greater importance, to Italy - this time on more peaceable business. Here he likely met Petrarch and Boccacio, and perhaps listened to their discussions of methods of work and technique. Dante's tremendous production was undoubtedly a theme for discussion in the literary circles grouped about Boccacio and Petrarch.

The southern journey was stimulating to Chaucer's imagination, besides he added a fund of new tales and new sources of plots to his former resources: best of all he had learned the Italians way of telling a story: learned the way of con-
construction, the finish, and because of these Italian standards put his work through more careful criticisms than he had known before.

He earlier in life made a notable translation of "Roman de Rose" by Jean de Meung. After the visit to Italy he wrote the Troilus and Cressida story.

It was in later years, after his fortunes had changed that he busied himself with the "Canterbury Tales". It is probable Chaucer wrote these stories like many Short-Story writers of today - after office hours.

Undoubtedly Chaucer had taken the Canterbury Pilgrimage some years before: we can imagine with what interest he watched his fellow pilgrims - varied types of humanity drawn thither by a single religious purpose: and knowing the device of Boccacio in presenting his story group, it is probable that Chaucer naturally felt the fitness of telling his stories by proxy through the characters of Pilgrims.

The "Prologue" was evidently written after the stories were planned for each character. We can imagine Chaucer himself in that motley gathering in the court yard. A portly figure, he confessed, with sandy bearded face, and eyes that twinkled when they looked up to the Landlord's raillery, while the literary ink horn dangled carelessly from his belt. We can imagine him half admiring, half smiling at the dainty and affected Prioresse: tolerant of the Monk, indulgently amused at the Wife of Bath, and pleased with the bright young Squire.
The character sketches he has given us of these people can hardly be excelled. What if the strokes are not so bold and brief as the Fabliaux? It was a leisurely company, and no haste is needed: besides, the intimate details are needed to put the reader into that close acquaintance that is consequent on long and intimate journeys such as he is about to take in this never-to-be-forgotten Pilgrimage.

All types of human nature, representatives of every walk of fourteenth century life, are gathered into a congenial company. The Nun, the Monk, the Friar, the book-loving Clerk, the Knight and Squire, the Franklin, Miller, Reeve and Cook are all for once in their lives possessed of a single purpose. The rare host Harry Bailly arranges that each shall tell a tale to amuse the others, going and returning. Such is the framework Chaucer chooses for his tales. In his tales Chaucer therefore does something more than tell his tale - he uses it to develop the personality of the speaker. This is I believe a great distinction between the "Canterbury Tales" and the "Decameron Tales". The "Decameron Tales" have a likeness of character that fails to suggest the different personalities who relate the stories.

The Nun's tale, a pretty adventure in the domestic life of the simple creatures Chauntecleer and Pertelote, contains the declaration as its theme - "Woman is Man's joy and all his bliss". The Wife of Bath tells a tale still more romantic in character, but draws very practical conclusions about the Rights of Woman. Chaucer was something more than a
teller of tales for the sake of amusement. He was an interpreter of Life. That is why his stories possess perpetual charm and interest: that is what distinguished them above all things, from many a Fabliaux of the thirteenth century.

It is of interest to note that the Parson's Tale is in prose, thus having the language form of the modern Story. The Tale is serious, and little more than a homily, and is uninteresting.

The Prioress's tale, in its plot and idea, are brought over from the Beast Fable collection. The handling and the atmosphere are entirely Chaucer's own.

"The humor that dazzles and delights is Chaucer's own", says Schofield. The poet's developments are happy in the extreme. He manages to invest his characters with strange dignity; to make the situation bewilderingly real and dramatic. No feeling of incongruity disturbs our enjoyment of the situation. Chauntecleer is as gay and fresh as a squire, as gallant and flattering as a troubadour, and withal of "insinuating wit".

The realistic description of the poor widow's cottage makes a picture that deserves to be hung in the gallery of Literary Landscapes. The Knight's tale, is evidently directly or indirectly from Statius's "Thebaid". Its romanticism, its oriental colouring and beauty and fineness of texture make it a contrast to the roughly woven tales of the Reeve and Miller, who succeed him.
The plot for the Wife's Tale is of Celtic origin. Some of us would like if the Knight had told that faerie fiction: The story is perhaps reminiscent of younger and more sentimental days, but she brings it upstanding at the end by her epigrammatic conclusion and makes the point she determined to express. The Wife of Bath's viewpoint was the cynical one characteristic of the Fabliaux, and standing directly opposed to the didactic conte. The Fabliaux would express a shrewd bit of worldly wisdom - the practical expeditious instruction, rather than the moral principle.

The Franklin's Tale is considered a masterpiece of the Fabliaux.

It is straightforward in its narration, and lays emphasis on the theme of the story. There are excellent scenes and dramatic situations - though not always dramatically presented. There is dramatic irony in presenting the scenes in which the lonely wife walks along the coast and resents the presence of the rocks, and then later in a careless moment, these same rocks occurring to her mind, she commissions the undesired suitor to rid the coast of them if he wishes to secure her hand. Again he stands on the shore and wishes them removed: and the removal of the rocks well nigh becomes a catastrophe for both of them. There is reserve, and a fine sense of the fit in the suggested scene between the husband and wife when he bids her keep her promise to the troublesome suitor.

The Pardoner's Tale conforms most to the Modern Short-Story. Its plot is good, the story is told directly:
human traits - especially those that constitute the "hamartia" in the story, are strongly sketched, and the catastrophe is brought on dramatically in a scene full of tragic irony. Chaucer tells this story in a way to give emphasis to emphatic incidents. The story stops shortly as soon as the significant close has been reached.

Throughout Chaucer's Stories we find him ever alive to the feelings of human nature, susceptible to the pathetic without sentimentality. He strikes into meaningful phrases and is at no loss for a word to portray a pilgrim or the sweetness of the year. Dryden says: "Chaucer followed nature everywhere, but was never so bold as to go beyond her". "He is a perpetual fountain of good sense".

"With all his simplicity," says Prof. Root, "there is a quiet energy, a sureness of touch, a delicacy of perception which betrays the master hand. Above all there is in his style the man himself, a sanity and poise, a calm equanimity which renders it peculiarly grateful to ears of the Modern World". Strange is it not, that we "walk so stumblingly after him?"
I have tried to show in the preceding section, the character of the ballad itself; I have also tried to make clear the relation to Literature, and the elements it possessed that prove its ancestry of the Short - Story.

In England these ballads were the dominating form of Literature up to the time of Elizabeth. But as I have shown in the foregoing article, they were the products of the people and not of the aristocracy - the products of emotion and not of conscious art, the product of a folk and not the expression of a single individual.

Human nature from the beginning was bound to find expression for its feelings: and while Literary Art was trying its various forms, coming up period after period in some new guise, directing Thought and Feeling, the mass of people had gone on expressing their joy and pain in short simple outbursts, poignant, unmistakable, and brief. So during this great Interim, when Conscious art waited for that great time when it should have ready a Shakespeare to interpret Life, the common people, re-awakened, full of life and action, poured their souls out in numberless songs of home.

The balladist occasionally rose to the plane of the conscious artist, and the conscious artist turned balladist before the epoch of ballad making was over.
For the sake of emphasizing the distinction between Fabliaux and Ballads, and their contributions to the Short Story, I wish to pause here to consider the two as they existed in the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries. The Fabliaux was essentially French, as the Ballad was first of all English.

The greatest distinction was in the appeal. The Fabliaux appealed to the head - the Ballad to the heart. The Fabliaux had the attitude of a shrewd observer, who is delineating life as it is for the sake of his reader's amusement and edification: The Balladist, moved by the incidents of life, sings of it: we are always aware that the maker of the Fabliaux has his own opinion about the story he tells - and a cynical one at that. The balladist has no opinion. He is moved by the incident and tells it as a relief for his emotions - pours out the story for his hearer to judge. Fabliaux were generally longer than ballads, and often in prose. Moreover, the Fabliaux were a first step in the literary business of story-telling. Ballads were primitive from the beginning. Though they were directly, simply told on the whole, yet the ballad's narrative was often broken, as though forgetful of the necessity for complete threads of plot; the balladist had gone on to the scene that next held his emotions. There is less personal description in the ballads: a man - a girl - humanity - that was the theme. The Fabliaux maker was a self-conscious artist. Not that he knew much of technique, or finish - as the Italians did, but he knew what he was about; knew that it was his purpose to amuse, and to be quick about it; he knew his character drawing
must be bold, that he must tell his story in the manner most popular: must be unexpected and unusual if possible. (all points generally understood by the modern writer). The Fabliaux were bits of realism, and often gross and coarse. They were told to the accompaniment of laughter. If a grim and serious tragic story was told, it was intended to give thrills, not to awaken human interest. No "Katharsis" was intended—more 's the pity!

The use of the tragic in the Fabliaux was in its purpose. Tragedy in the Ballad was there in dramatic intensity, for the purpose of giving the sensations of life. The Ballads are more sad than glad, and are too sincere, to deeply in earnest to use any satire.

The Ballad was romantic, though never sentimental. Love in the Ballad was never analyzed, nor are its effects on the hero and heroine described in the Ballad: the fact is stated solemnly enough, and the disaster which usually followed was directly told. In the Fabliaux the happy ending often followed, and the "Love motif" was excuse for cheap jesting.

The Ballad was always a Criticism of Life: the Fabliaux generally a Criticism of Manners and Morals. It may not seem fair to compare these two forms of Literature, so widely separated in content and character: but they were both rhymed narratives, and they both bear the closest relation to the Modern Short-Story: and both persisted in their essential character side by side almost down to the present day.

Voltaire in the eighteenth century got hold of the essence of these Fabliaux and made them pieces of Literature, -
Daudet, in the nineteenth century, tells of the custom in Avignon where each year a collection of stories was published. The tales of the collection resembled the Fabliaux.

In the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, Ballads had degenerated to a Literary merchandise. Instead of Ballads being carried from country to city, they were brought from city to country. Their anonymity ceased: they were no longer a Folk Song: their narrative was unbroken; there was less suspense, and in fact the whole character of the Ballad was greatly changed. It was the custom to utilize interesting news and put it in ballad form. Printed in pamphlets or chap-books, in the old block letter type, they were vended by chapmen or pedlars who had voice enough to sing them. They were sold too, from "news stands", or stalls in the city. "Stale ballad news, like stale fish, when it begins to smell of the panyer are not for queasie stomachs. You must therefore imagine that by this time, they are cashiered in the city and must now ride fast for the country, where they are no less admired than a giant in a pageant, till at last they grow so common there too as every poor milkmaid can chant and chirp it under her cow, which she useth as a harmless charm to make her let down her mil " (Character of a Ballad Monger in "Whimzed").

Shakespeare in "A Winter's Tale" refers to the balladists as an Orpheum artist might refer to a reporter's
characteristics. The Second Gentleman (Act Five. Scene Four) says, "Such a deal of wonder is broken out within this hour that ballad makers cannot be able to express it".

We can thus see that the "Ballad" of this later time combined the business of the reporter, the Short Story, and the popular song in our own day. The pamphlets were an unperiodical magazine, and were of immense significance in socializing thought and creating a reading public. The pamphlets, too, brought out later in a lucky hour by Steele and Addison as regularly published papers, have themselves made opportunity for the Short-Story of today.

The Ballads of the chap-book, have no particular literary significance: lack the artistic effect of the genuine folk tale, and contributed little in the development of the Short-Story: and yet they themselves were Short-Stories in rhyme, and are of great interest as a phenomena in the history of the art of Narration.
Printing was the transforming power that made way for the modern Short-Story by leading the Ballad off the High Road into the path that finally became the way of the present day Popular Song, and at the same time made the prose tale accessible to those who had formerly been dependent on the unwritten Ballad.

Where ever a community exists today, in a primitive or isolated state, where printed stories are rare or unknown, ballads are still to be found. John Lomax has made a most interesting collection of American Songs and Ballads. One above all is noticeable - the "Young Charlotte".

Young Charlotte lived by a mountain side, and there were no dwellings for miles around, except her father's cot. She was an only child, and on a cruelly cold night, started with her lover for a ball in a distant town. On the way, in the grimness of the night, Charlotte is heard to say, "I am exceeding cold", and just before reaching the ball she says in pathetically suggestive manner, "I am getting warmer now". She is found dead by her lover when he tries to assist her from the sleigh. There is plot and directness of narration, reserve, and dramatic suggestion in the ballad. It was written by Arthur Carter of Vermont, but became a popular folk song throughout the Middle West.
PROSE DEVELOPMENT IN ELIZABETH'S TIME.

It is impossible that the age of Elizabeth, with its chivalry, its foreign travel, its revival of learning, its supremacy of the drama and brilliant coterie of writers should not have contributed in a generous manner to the development of the Short Story. All this it did, and yet entirely indirectly. It was accomplished by enrichment of fiction, by enlarging its field and broadening its usefulness: and by the development of Prose, as a vehicle for fiction.

During the fifteenth century Painter's "Palace of Pleasure" made its appearance. This was a collection of tales that proved to be the most popular. One of these was particularly significant - "Romeo and Juliet". In this tale no advance in narrative art is shown: its distinction lies in the fact that a Master, seeing its significance and knowing another sort of technique than that of the Modern Story, made it into an Immortal Drama.

In Scotland during the fifteenth century a notable story appeared, entitled "John the Reeves Tale". It is lengthy, consisting of about fifty-five hundred words, and has a simple plot. Miss Lowden says of this, "It is of interest as an early example of what afterward comes to be called"local color". It is full of human sympathy, and admirably portrays the spirit of the poor classes, at the same time attempting a realistic (rather than idealistic) representation of the nobles". Professor Ganby disagrees here.
After making the most of Italian Novella England received a new idea for fiction from Spain, where Don Quixote was produced as the first great prose fiction. In 1553, lendoza published his "Lazarillo de Tormes". Little Lazarus, the hero, is a boy of the lowest class, who begins life as a beggar's companion, and makes his way successfully through a popular type of cleverness, an unfailing good humor and unlimited presumption.

Little Lazarus was the original pecaro, the ancestor of our literary vagabonds, and henceforth in the literature of this period beggars bid higher for popularity than princes and honest gentlemen.

Thomas Nash, half vagabond himself, wrote his best known novel "The Unfortunate Traveler", or the "Life of Jack Wilton" under the Spanish spell, and thus produced the first rogue novel in the English language. The Rogue reappears in De Poe's fiction as Moll Flanders and Becky Sharp of Thackeray is of the race of rogues.

The Rogue became tamed as Society grew older, to merely an Unconventional Vagabond: but even in the nineteenth century when George Borrow brought out his Lavengro, society was somewhat shocked. Stevenson, and Maurice Hewlett, Bret Harte and Jack London, and many writers of today are making use of idealized types of the Vagabond.

Just as realism and romance flourished at the same time in France, through the Fabliaux and Romance of Court, so beside the realism of the Picaresque flourished the Romance of the Arcadian novel.
In the early part of the Elizabethan Period John Lyly had written his "Euphues", a book inspired by the Greek Literature, and a book that became the "rage" in Court and Literary circles.

It was the rather formal narrative of the travels and dissertations and adventures of "Euphues". It was the first important work in Prose Fiction. But the prose was a style that played on the edges of poetry, for it was alliterative, balanced and more or less rhythmical. Lyly had many imitators, but Thomas Nash, in his "Jack Wilton", too busy about telling his tale pointedly rose above Euphuism, and wrote very good prose. Some time after there appeared the second great novel which used a prose unaffected by Lyly. This was Sydney's "Arcadia".

Samuel L. Wolff, who has made a careful study of Greek romance in its relation to Elizabethan Literature, says that Sydney was "steeped in the matter and style of Greek fiction" and that Sydney actually remodelled his Arcadia after the Heliodocrous Pastoral. "Its style speaks with the voice of Greek romances: Sydney has domesticated the genre".

Greek romances were the work of men writing after the disintegration of national spirit and were a substitute for the long epics—in reality a movement in the literature of the period toward Shorter Stories.

"The author emphasized the picturesque, the rhetorical, the fanciful elements in life and letters. He was more interested in diversity than unity, and cared more for a series of idylls or word pictures than for extensive single sustained accounts of the creative imagination".
The "Arcadia" consisted in a series of charming idylls, or pictures, with mediseeval adventures experienced by kings and queens, princes and princesses, moving in royal pageant across sweet country landscapes, meeting with pleasant easiness "shepherds young and maidens fair", but the characters are only actors upon a tree-shaded, flower-carpeted stage disappearing as their tale is done. Sydney attempted to represent individual character, and portray human feelings: but a certain artificiality and unreality pervades the whole sweet creation.

The same year that the "Arcadia" was published, Thomas Lodge wrote the tale of "Rosalynde" who dwelt in the "Forest of Arden". Shakespeare converted this story into a drama and called it "As You Like It". "Ardadia" and the "Forest of Arden" henceforth are lands under the enchantment of springtime, and we still hear the music of the shepherd boy "who piped as though he should never grow old".

Greene was one of the writers of the day who could "yark up a pamphlet in a day" and who drew on all sources for his characters. His masterpiece was "Pandosto", a romantic history of Sicilian and Bohemian kings and shepherds, their jealousies and loves, which happily was to catch the fancy of the master who told again the story in a certain romantic Winter's Tale".

Because of these pastoral romances we find a keener appreciation of Nature: an increase of descriptive power, and greater attention in regard to setting and local color.

But realism, in its own way, contributed invaluably through its effort to portray life as it was, to delineate the
characters and endow them with interest; and there is greater
vigour and directness of style in the composition of the realistic
novels.

It is impossible to estimate just what was the im-
mediate effect of the drama upon fiction. We can easily discover
traces of what fiction did for the drama, but the period follow-
ing Shakespeare was full of political turmoil and unrest, and the
next form to show itself was the Essay. It might be possible to
think that because of the concentration, the use of dialogue in
the drama, the methods of dramatic presentation and character rep-
resentation, literature might have taken its final step and pro-
duced the modern Short-Story. The tendency of reawakened prose,
however, was to teach rather than to amuse or entertain: there
was too much serious business on hand, and so the Short-Story
waited another century before it came into its own.

Another form of Literature belongs to the Elizabethan
Period. This was the Character or Character Sketch. It became
very popular, and was probably first an imitation of the
"Characters" of Theophrastus, a Latin translation of which was
then extant. Ben Johnson was the first to popularize the
Character. Overbury's characters are the most serious attempts.
"These do not disclose a very deep observation of individual
traits nor are they typical in any such way as the humors of
Johnson: but they are clever, epigrammatic and both sprightly
and quaintly written". "The Happy Milkmaid" is one of the best
examples.

These Characters, lacking as they may be in vivid
characterization or keen insight, were a step toward Addison's
delineations of Character, and the rightful ancestor of modern
"Portraits" so often closely allied to the Short-Story proper.
They furnished an excuse for the "human interest in literature".
ADDISON AND THE ORIENTAL TALE.

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French Romanticism predominated in England during that period between Elizabeth and the Restoration. Little creative work was accomplished by Englishmen. In the seventeenth century that new form of Literature, the Essay came into the fulness of maturity, and found its place at the head of all literary inheritances and productions.

The Essay in the hands of Addison and Steele reflected the manners and life of the people as the drama at its height had reflected the manners and life of its time. The Essay, particularly as Addison developed it, had elements that placed it near the form of the Short-Story. W. M. Hart, in his "Evolution of the Short-Story," traces what he considers the evidences that the Short-Story developed from the Essay. We, of course, do not accept his conclusions; but it is notable that the two are latter day developments, the one of the seventeenth century, and the other the nineteenth: the one a British production, and the other an American attainment. Both are short prose forms, and both seek to interest and entertain, no matter how serious or earnest their author may be in his purpose.

Addison's attitude toward his public - to amuse by teaching, to teach by amusing, is the same idea which is proclaimed from the top of certain stories in the popular magazines of the day. Addison and Steele together were responsible for the establishment of the periodical, having the pamphlet brought out regularly, thus establishing that literary vehicle which in
time was to be the carry-all for the Modern Story, Essay and that not.

Not only did Addison and Steele establish regular connections with the public, but they taught the public to read. "Addison taught the English to look upon reading as a daily enjoyment". Thus they created conditions which not only made possible the Short-Story, but which created a demand for the Short-Story.

Addison found the Essay form, which Bacon had hit upon in Elizabeth's time, to be the convenient style for his purposes. Then, too, the character sketches of the earlier period had influenced him in his character studies, but how vastly different his method! Instead of direct description, he tells us how his people act in their own environments: what they say, shows them in their native setting, and shows them in strange cities.

The quiet personality of the man, his gentle humor and lively human sympathy, his shrewd observations of life and manners, and his easy power over language, contrived to furnish forth a literature unique and immortal.

Directness of method we have had superior to Addison's, though seldom more pleasing in selection of details: humor we had had in Chaucer: but that rich human sympathy, and deep human interest we find nowhere up to this time as we find it in Addison's work.

In Sir Roger and the people of his world we find something more than types. They are human beings, living out
their life for us in the incidents that Addison sketched - whom we come to know more intimately then is possible in earlier character sketches. Thus Addison developed to a high degree that great element of the Short Story, the Character Presentation.

The incidents which he uses are of such interest that had they been dramatically presented, or woven together by a progressive plot, the result would have been a Short Story. "Local Color", as it used to give back ground to the narrative of days at the Country Squires, shows the work of an artist conscious of what he was about, giving the back ground not for itself, but bringing it into the fabric of the story, as colored threads are woven into the patterns of cloths.

How near Addison approached the Modern Short-Story is shown best by the tale of Constantia and Theodosia. This has an excellent plot, which includes the dramatic Discoveries and Reconciliations. The characters are nobly conceived and do not betray their author and the story is told directly, however leisurely.

The great difficulty lies in the fact the story is not told dramatically: things are explained, rather than suggested: we are let into the secret before the dramatic moment, thus annihilating suspense and weakening dramatic climes. Compression and Restraint are both most needful.

The methods of Maupassant by contrast make evident the absent qualities in Addison's story. Perhaps "The Confession" is a very good story to compare with Addison's story for it illustrates particularly the restraint, the holding
of suspense, with complete discovery at the last.

The Oriental Tales got into England in Queen Anne's time. They employed the framework device, arranging the stories, and telling them by means of a scheme arranged for their excuse: as for example the Arabian Nights Stories.

These Oriental Tales were rich in imagination and imagery, and though lacking in the character description, which Addison had emphasized, they were strong at the point where Addison failed; that is in dramatic presentation.

One could wish that in some sublime moment Addison might have combined the movement and dramatic form of the Orient with the character drawing at his command and once and for all have written a story that might have surpassed those of him who is called Master of the Short Story.

It might well have been, for he possessed the spirit of the modern Short-Story writer - he wrote for the people, wrote things to instruct the people in a way to amuse them: but though he wrote didactic stories in an oriental setting, he neither got the charm of the Oriental adventure tale, nor the dramatic effect of the modern tale. Probably Addison's didacticism was the root of the evil: when he employed the Oriental style it was to render fascinating a homiletic discovered like a veil withdrawn at the close. Had the motive been a transcription of life or human emotion, and the method that of the Oriental Tale, the magic of the East would have worked charm through Addison of the seventeenth century.

Everyone has been thrilled with Addison's
Oriental masterpiece, "The Vision of Mirza". This Opus No 159 achieves the result desired by the Short Story, a single unified impression: the form is "simplicity and clearness itself", the language is lucid and direct. The literary value lies less in the splendid detail of colourings than in the general impression of beauty and awe. Thus the Sine-qua-non of the Modern Short-Story are found here, yet it does not attain to the final achievement, because the emphasis is on the philosophical rather than narration - it belongs to the allegory rather than the kingdom of the Modern Story.

Addison translated in epitome the Story of the Physician and King from the "Arabian Nights" in his essay on Temperance, and he later translated and published in the "Spectator" the story of "Alnocher, the Fifth Brother of the Barber".

Dr. Johnson, writing afterward, produced "Rasselas" in imitation of the Oriental Story. "The Oriental Tales directly contributed romantic elements to the imaginative inheritance of later writers: Its influence is clearly traceable through the nineteenth century".

James probably derived his tale of horror, "The Monk", from a Turkish tale. Probably Swift also was influenced. Byron acknowledges the tremendous effect of "Vathek" on himself and his writing: Poe undoubtedly got the atmosphere of the Turkish Tale with its sinister catastrophe into his tales, and even Stevenson responds in the late nineteenth century to the fascination of the Oriental Nights. Meredith is another
illustrious instance: his first collection of tales are "The Shaving of Shagpat". Like his great predecessors he used the Oriental for sermonizing: the theme of the stories is the overcoming of any established evil. Shagpat stands for any prevalent evil or superstition, Shibli Bagaraz, the hero, is the reformer.
THE NEW DEVELOPMENT IN FICTION.

There are two alternatives that a fiction writer has in creating a hero: either he must create a distinct and clear-cut personality, so that the reader will come to know him as truly as any of his flesh and blood acquaintances, and walk the streets with the expectation of meeting him, or he must represent a character, alive, and possessed of the human traits, but of such universal characteristics that the reader feels that it is none other than himself who passes before him in the actions of the story.

Sir Roger De Coverly is of the first type of character; but before the advent of Sir Roger the hero of the second type had made his entrance into the world of men and books. This was Christian, the adventurous Traveler of "Pilgrims Progress". Christian was a hero who reflected not only the heavenward toiling souls of the seventeenth century, but of every succeeding generation. He was comrade with men of all time. We of the present day still admire Sir Roger: the quaintness of the seventeenth century associations adds flavor to our delight; but we never forget he is of a bygone day. But Christian: as long as the Saxon race shall hold to the faith of the Cross, will he be of our time!

The Allegory, which has formed such a close relation to the Short Story, in its development from contes devot legends and other forms of religious story, reached its highest development in the "Pilgrim's Progress". Addison and Dr. Johnson made
notable use of the allegorical tale, as I have already shown, but the Pilgrim's Progress, because of the Characterization, and its orderly development of narrative, approaches closely the novel that was to be.

The next notable development was made by a newspaper man - the first reporter to become a good novelist. This man was Daniel De Foe. His love of a good story, and his imagination, - characteristics of our best reporters, led him to not infrequently concoct most plausible and interesting tales with little or no foundation. Finally the scanty news of the shipwreck of the Mariner of York provided a clue for his imagination to discover the admirable history of Robinson Crusoe.

It is significant of the fact of our limiting the term novel to those stories most like the greatest novels in technique that we do not accept De Foe's work as a novel. It is rather that Richardson's novel conforms to the latter development than that it surpasses De Foe's work, that it is held of so much significance in the Development of Fiction.

Popularity the Short Story has not yet had the line so closely drawn in its inclusive definition.

But to return: our first attempts at novel writing were made by a sermonizer, who produced a great piece of literature but fell short of creating a novel - as often happens today: and a newspaper reporter who also approached the Classic but fell short through lack of philosophic observation and dramatic feeling, and keen human analysis, but, who
produced a mighty good story, as also happens today. Besides all of this striving after an unknown goal, we find unconscious attempts of the Literary Divinities to induce the essayist Addison to write a novel. So came the connected sketches of the good Sir Roger, and the admirable character drawing and local setting hardly to be surpassed in later novels.

The essayist who turns novelist is likely to make the best novelist of the three, e.g. Thackeray and George Eliot. I think Addison got the closest in spirit to the novel, but it fell to the lot of a man who was neither preacher, reporter or essayist to write what is popularly called the First Novel.

Fielding was a good letter writer, which means that he was gifted with the pleasing grace of self expression: he was also from personal experience acquainted with the foolish sentiment of a woman's heart: he was also of a romantic turn of mind. When he once decided to publish ideas in letter form, it was but a step to think of embodying the story of the real Pamela in letters and thus reveal her feelings and preach a sermon all in one volume. Thus in 1740, there was conveyed to the public by the fashionable literary vehicle - that of letters, the first English novel, and Pamela became the first heroine of novelistic fiction. Fielding, some after, with broader humor and less refinement, laughing at the sentimentalisms of Richardson, betook to writing realistic fiction and created the immortal Tom Jones. Smollet and Sterne followed Fielding as writers of the novel. Tristian Shandy is the most signifi-
cant of these books. It consists of eight volumes wherein is told the story, as an autobiography of a certain adventurer, who enjoys a continental trip full of incidents both humorous and pathetic. Sterne had a hearty humor and a robust attitude toward Life: but the fact that the book abounds in obscene language and situation and deliberately heroizes vice and villainy, makes it regrettable that the book need be preserved. No doubt from the popularity of the book at the time Sterne's contemporaries took the same attitude that is now taken toward Robert H. Chambers and possibly declared "It's true to life" and "we like things to the point and outspoken".

Despite these taints, the work has splendid character drawing and furnishes two or three Literary Immortals. Not only is this true, but its surviving influence seems to be rather good than bad, and that this influence was most vital is shown from the fact that Borrow was most influenced by Sterne. Maurice Hewlett is probably influenced by both Borrow and Sterne and Jeffrey Farnol confesses to having written "The Broad Highway" with a memory of Sterne.

Fortunately another manuscript was brought to light during this Period which really made an upward step for the novel and brought the straying writers to a recognition of finer standards. This was the "Vicar of Wakefield" - "the first genuine novel of domestic life".

Tristam Shandy undoubtedly was a lineal descendant of such rogues as Moll Flanders: but the Goldsmith novel harbored no such vagabond. Its story centers about the home,
with its sweet wholesome atmosphere.

Sterne's influence was most immediately manifest in the "Man of Feeling" by MacKenzie. The title is descriptive of the hero, who is drawn in the Dicken's style - that is, as a type rather than an individual, and entirely sentimental and romantic. Horace Walpole's "Castles of Otranto" was a type of romance that in a degree is still evident in the novels of Scott. This work undoubtedly influenced Hawthorne and Poe and their predecessors. The "History of Vathek" is the result of the Oriental influence. The "Mysteries of Udolpho" by Mrs. Radcliffe is thought to have inspired "The Monk" of Matthew G. Lewis - though it is well known that he wrote under German influence as well. "The Monk" in turn played its part in giving precedent to the "Tales of Horror" that grew from Poe's gloomy mind.

Lewis's "Bravo" is full of the romantic effect and has the atmosphere and local color of its setting, Venice. It is more plausible in its story than any romance up to the time of Scott. We can best realize how wonderful was his (Lewis's) originality and imagination by thinking of him as a writer lacking the models that Scott later produced, and without the inspiration of other romantic novelists that we, instinctively and unfairly, tend to compare his work with, informing latter day judgments of his value.

A woman was destined to produce the greatest novels in Literature - novels so freighted with moral purpose that it becomes both their glory and their weakness.
It is not strange then that in the development of the novel we should find two women, Maria Edgeworth and Jane Austin, writing fiction that marks a long step forward; neither is it strange that these novels should be found strong in moral purpose.

Maria Edgeworth's stories were realistic and free from both the sentimentalism and the extravagant romance of the period. Jane Austin's novels may be characterized the same way. However, another distinction places her novels in the group with those of George Eliot's rather than with the early novels: this distinction is in the fact that instead of being sensational, they dealt with quiet scenes of home life, and made eventful and significant people and incidents of everyday life.

The novel, for some interesting reason, seems to be a literary form in which women are particularly successful. Fanny Burney wrote novels of fashionable life, and Jane Porter wrote the ever popular "Scottish Chiefs", and later Charlotte Bronte challenged the respectful attention of critics with her "Jane Eyre". This novel brings us up to the period that perhaps represents the novel at its highest.

Sir Walter Scott, under the influence of German Romanticism, wrote metrical romances, and then historical romances in prose. For the very joy of seeing heroes of the past "live again in minds made happier by their presence", Scott recreated scenes from out the "mouldering past" in the
glowing colors of an earlier day. His novels are highly moral and sweet in their atmosphere, but the events of his stories are never used to point a moral. They are almost like a pageant beside a serious drama, as compared with the dead-in-earnest stories of George Eliot: but if they do not solve problems, nor preach, they do inspire ideals and fresh virtues, and they do touch with their magic the very lives of those who read them. Symons says that Stevenson, who was a follower of Scott, never left a man unaffected by the spirit of Romance just as Borrow infected the people of conventional drawing rooms with the spirit of the out of doors.

Probably no one will ever surpass the romantic novels of Scott. Thackeray, the penetrating observer of men's manners and morals contributed to the standardizing of the novel. Because of Thackeray's pen, we can view the world of society folk of King George's day with the added pleasure of humorous commentaries, and gentle satire of a man of the world. More than this, the inside history of these folk is so thoroughly revealed that we realize human history is the same for all time.

Dickens with a little more pity, a little more spontaneous affection and sympathy produced at the same time the story of lives from the more miserable side of life - the London slums and the underworld.

It was after all these had made their reputation that George Eliot risked a publishers refusal and submitted "Scenes from Clerical Life". What gratitude do we owe the
Publisher who by his acceptance encouraged the "Adam Bede" and the other creations of her eager brain.

With a heart that loved humanity, a brain that searched into the motives and conditions of life, that philosophized on its vicissitudes and grasped some of its meanings and its larger laws she was able to bring forth those immortal books that bear her chosen name.

The events of her novels move toward the destiny of its heroes in Aristotelian order. Life itself is lived again, not in the so-called "realism" of a Fielding or a Sterne, but as truly as a reflection that darkened the pages whereon she had written. We think her stories too somber, perhaps; for the shadow shapes upon her pages, though true themselves to their originals, had not the light that illumined the beings of real life - the Light from the Cross - with its hopes of Immortality.

Yet never since Shakespeare have we had such presentation of dramatic life histories, according to Greek standards: always the hamartia unites with circumstance to effect the far reaching catastrophe. Never have we had such philosophy in the midst of deep laid Tragedy since the time of Hamlet.

It is characteristic of the new fiction, that its heroes no longer need be kings, and is significant that while Shakespeare's dramas revolved about thrones and involved principalities and powers, Eliot's heroes were men of lowly
life - a carpenter is one of her greatest heroes. But by means of the greater scope for the drama of psychology, she shows the awfulness of each tragedy with much the same impressiveness of a Shakesperian drama.

Eliot has set a splendid model in the way of character analysis, for the Short Story writer: but perhaps the greatest significance of her work in relation to the Short-Story of today is that she has made it largely possible. The Short-Story is a literature of the people - of the common people, and by showing the significance and heroism latent in every day heroes and heroines, and the value of every day events in making destinies, she has opened the gates that lead toward the field of the Short Story.
Interest in the development of the Short Story centers in the new country from this time forth.

Washington Irving was the first to attract attention to American Literature. His "Sketch Book" was modelled perhaps after the "Spectator"; and German Romanticism influenced him as it had influenced Scott. However he absorbed the brightness of German romance without its shadows - His ghosts were always day light ghosts. His wholesome outlook, his broad humor, his agreeable style, resulted in tales rather humorous than weird, notwithstanding their often fantastic character. Perhaps the masterpiece was "Rip Van Winkle", which I think, bears much the same relation to the ideal Short Story that "Robinson Crusoe" bears to the ideal novel. Lathrop in his study of Hawthorne, says that he thinks it very significant that Irving should have made so little of the story of Rip Van Winkle. There are those of us who will always rejoice that Irving did make so little of Rip Van Winkle's story, if to make so little of it meant having the psychological analysis, and emotion-stirring words that would have marred its quaint picturesqueness and gentle humor.

If we do not have that analysis that brings interpretation of a life to us, we do have a philosophy that teaches the humor to be found in situations - and besides, a romantic situation should never be treated too seriously.
Imagine a Thomas Hardy or Zola or Henry James getting the most out of Robinson Crusoe! Imagine the classic that would be produced, the analysis of Robinson Crusoe's feelings as he perceives the utter horror of his situation, the tragedy of terrible disappointment, and all the other ranges of feelings that might have been gotten out of Robinson Crusoe. However, the case of Rip Van Winkle as Mr. Lathrop sees it, illustrates a point that should have been emphasized from the start.

He says: "There is not a suspicion of the immense pathos which the skill of an industrious playwright and the genius of that rare actor Mr. Jeffersop, have since developed from the tale. The Dame Van Winkle that we know is the creation of Mr. Boncicault, to him we owe that original character: a scold, a tyrant, but nevertheless full of relentful womanliness and by justice of the cause exciting our sympathy almost as much as Rip himself does". "In the story she wears an aspect of singular carelessness and Rip's devotion to the drinking can is barely hinted. The marvellous tenderness and joyful sorrow of his return after twenty years sleep are apparently not even suspected by the writer. It is the simple wonder and picturesqueness of the situation that charm him: and while in the drama we are moved to the depths of our hearts by the humorous tragicalness it casts over the spectacle of conflicting passions, the only outcome of the written tale is a passing reflection on the woe of being hen-pecked". "Imagine what divine vibrations of emotions Hawthorne
would have smitten out of this theme had he been the originator of it. The advantage of Irving's treatment is that he secured for the story quicker and more general acceptance than might have been granted to something more profound. Lathrop's distinction is also largely a distinction between the tale for amusement, and the Short Story proper in its later development. A great Modern Short-Story writer would have done just what the dramatist did do: he would have emphasized the emotions, have developed the characters to their full significance and made the most of dramatic situations.

Nevertheless, if Irving was not the real Short Story writer, he did write tales so successfully that those who followed, wrote short tales also, and in writing, partly through their own personalities, fell into the way of writing out their stories that has since been recognized as being of a peculiar and distinct technique, establishing a new literary form - the Short-Story.

Irving's writings set an example in another significant point. He used the story and scenery of his native land as the setting of his stories. It is also believed that it was largely through Irving's influence that Scott wrote the Wandering Willies tale - a story complete in itself but in 1824 incorporated in the Red Gauntlet.

Hawthorne, who succeeded Irving, came very much nearer the goal. He, too, used the American setting for his stories. So flawless was his style, so fine his sense of proportion, so sure his philosophy, that his stories are
masterpieces independent of their relation to any type or form of Literature.

His stories however, are half-mystical, twilight stories. Poe in reviewing "Twice Told Tales", has given highest expression to the character of Hawthorne's work. "Hawthorne has the purest syle, the finest taste, the most delicate humor, the most touching pathos, the most radiant imagination, and has done well as a mystic, but is there any one of these qualities which should prevent his doing doubly well in a career of honest, sensible and prehensible and comprehensible things?

In this criticism Poe notices particularly the story entitled "The Minister's Black Veil" - "a story in which there is not a word which does not tell". The "Wedding Knell" he characterizes as "full of the boldest imagination and controlled by good taste-".

"The Ambitious Guest" is one of the most highly representative stories. Every word is significant and often a prophecy: there is not a false note in its chilly atmosphere: the story glides surely and noiselessly to its catastrophe as the memorable avalanche came upon the doomed inhabitants of the mountain cottage. The moral that strikes ones heart at the close, is icy too, in its startling consciousness of the Vanity of all Ambition.

"The Birthmark" is a story suggestive of the mysterious and romantic type. It is strong in its power to hold interest, is flawless in its movement, and sure and swift
in its ultimate tragedy. Again beyond every sense of the incident is the sense of the moral itself: "Be content with present conditions".

Symons talks of the "grim identity between gay things and sorrowful, as Hawthorne saw them." He seemed always to feel that "in the midst of Life we are in Death." "All Hawthorne's work," says Symons, "is one form or another of handling sin".

Hutton says of Hawthorne that his tales embody a single ideal situation, as e.g. the mockery of the attempt to renew in wasted age the blasted hopes of youth, as is shown in the "Wedding Knell". Isolation of every human soul is represented by the "Minister's Black Veil". "Hawthorne", concludes Hutton, "needed deeper sympathy with action and its responsibilities". Hawthorne's humor always lacked the heartiness of Irving's, and this accounts for the sense of inevitableness and gloom with which he has painted many of his characters. I think Hawthorne's characters were types in the same way that Dickens's were, though of an entirely different cast of nature. I hardly feel he attains to real personalities to the extent Dickens does, even in his novels. If we see the heart of his characters, it is under the surgeon's knife, with the patient prepared for the operation. George Eliot's revelations were by means of the x-ray process of her illuminating vision.

Hawthorne almost invariably had his double meaning. The symbolic character was an essential part of his stories. Double meanings, we know, may be produced by artistic
methods and employed in an artistic structure, but we doubt if symbolism or double meanings will ever characterize our greatest Literature - or the highest art in any form. Unity is an absolute mandate of the highest art, and it includes in its result, not merely unity of effect, or unity of impression, but unity of thought or meaning.

We have a splendid example of the use and abuse of double meaning in Maeterlinck's "Blue Bird", where the beauty and sweetness of a children's fairy story is overshadowed and overbalanced by the philosophy and double significance with which every scene and almost every word is fraught. There are no "double meanings" in Shakespeare or Eliot or Browning. Poe, who recognized the values in Hawthorne, succeeded him as a writer of Short Stories, and perhaps, perfected the technique of the Short-Story.
Hawthorne unconsciously achieved the new literary form, and was more or less unconscious of the laws under which he instinctively worked. Poe, deducing laws from the observation of Hawthorne's stories, and with the deliberate judgement of a conscious artist, set about fashioning his tales so as to exploit the newly discovered laws. He estimated the "Short prose tale" at something near its true value, and then endeavored to write stories that were up to par value. He believed that the tale proper afforded the fairest field for the exploiting of the loftiest talent which can be afforded by the mere domain of mere prose. From this estimate of the Short Story he proceeded to give the Classic formula for its composition.

"A skillful literary artist has constructed a tale. If wise, he has not fashioned his thoughts to accommodate his incidents: but having conceived with deliberate care, a certain unique or single effect to be brought out, he then invents such incidents, combines such events, as may best aid him in establishing this preconceived effect. If his very initial sentence tends not to the out bringing of this effect, then he has failed in his first step. In the whole composition there should be no word written of which the tendency, direct or indirect, is not one of preestablished design, as by such means, with such care and skill, a picture is at length painted which leaves in the mind of him who contemplates
it with a kindred art, a sense of the fullest satisfaction. The idea of the tale has been presented unblemished because undisturbed: and this is an end unattainable by the novel. Undue brevity is just as exceptionable here as in the poem: but undue length is yet more to be avoided".

We know well how he lived up to his exacting technique. The music of his language, the telling phrase, the significant word, the flawless line, leading in fine succession to its climax, the rich coloring, or lurid glow of the atmosphere - all these are elements found invariably in his stories.

"The Masque of the Red Death" is one of the most perfect results of his imagination. It is almost like a Tschaikowsky Sonata. It sets its key in the minor at the outset: "The Red Death had long devastated the country" .... and then the theme is changed to a gayer - then a wildly hilarious note, suggestive of the clash of cymbals amid the shrill tones of the violin. This high tournament of sound suddenly settles back into the original note played in the slow measures of a funeral march. "And Darkness and Decay and the Red Death held illimitable dominion over all".

Poe was influenced by Monk Lewis, by Byron, (by the Vathek) by Voltaire, and possibly Merimee: but if he was influenced it was rather as one who drew all similar influences to himself, and who became a greater than his masters in his chosen field.

Poe knew what he was about in the use of the
horrible, and knew and approved of the strange and gruesome creations of his own brain. Though Hawthorne was severely moral in his purpose, Poe was unmoral - a fact which to some minds is evidence of the perfection of his art. I can only answer that the great contributions to Literature have been moral in their philosophy and effect.

Flawless in workmanship as were his compositions, Poe's tales were less American than Hawthorne's and Irving's - they savored more of the Continent. This itself is a backward step in the development of the Short Story as an expression of the people.

To me a serious criticism of Poe's tales lies in the fact that his tales were based on that primitive and universal emotion - horror.

Now - horror is an essentially egotistic feeling - a feeling in which all sensations of the mind are thrown back into a concentrated regard for the safety of one's self. It is not, in this limited selfish sense, an elevating emotion. It leaves no place for either the overflowing of human sympathies or for that Katharsis that enables and purifies. This is the horror that Poe creates - the horror that results in an individual sense of terror. The man in the horrors of an inquisition is not a man distinguished from all others - he is any man - he is you, the reader.

There is a certain kind of horror, the classic horror of the Greek Tragedies in which the sense of a universal catastrophe brings with it the kinship of human beings-
and a moral sense of elevation to a state in which the accidents of life seem far removed, e.g. "Edipus" and "King Lear."

Poe's use of the horrible does not have this effect: it is of the deadly paralyzing kind that I call the **egoistic horror.** Winchester in his "Principles of Literary Criticism" says: "the emotion excited by the true artist is grounded upon the deep truths of human life". Continuing he declares, "Poe does not ground his emotions upon truths so much as sensations."

It is not upon the facts of a marriage between races, a plague and consequent tragedy, as Kipling based his tremendous emotional effects - it is by an appeal to the primitive sensations - by pictures of blood - red blood, by the visions of feverish eyes and gloomy chambers, by the suggested sounds of ghostly trickery and horrible cries and death knells: and all this he brings to the mind of the reader by language that is not only musical, but set in a minor key, or if more like a picture in its character, painted with the very colors that suggest the atmosphere intended.

Andrew Lang, in his "Letters to Dead Authors", has given the classic criticism of Poe's Tales. He says, "An English critic has described them as Hawthorne and Delirium Tremens. I am not aware that extreme orderliness, masterly elaboration, and unchecked progress toward a predetermined effect are characteristics of the visions of delirium. If they be, then there is a deal of truth in the criticism and a good deal of Delirium Tremens in your style."
But your ingenuity, your completeness, your occasional luxuriance of fancy and wealth of jewel-like words are not perhaps gifts which Mr. Hawthorne had at his command. But you and he have not much in common except a certain mortuary turn of mind and a taste for gloomy allegories about the workings of Conscience. But, destitute of humor as you undeniably were, you would miss I fear, the charm of "Daisy Miller". You would admit the unity of effect secured in Washington Square, though that effect is as remote as possible from the terror of the House of Usher, and the vindictive triumph of the cask of Amontillado". In his criticism of Poe's poetry he strikes what I feel to be the keynote of the criticism that I would apply most truly to the stories: "Humanity must always be to the majority of men the true stuff of poetry, and only a minority will thank you for that rare music which (like the strains of the fiddler in the story) is touched on a single string, and on an instrument fashioned from the spoils of the grave". Burroughs commenting on Poe says,"Poe had no message but that of art: he made no contribution to our stock of moral ideas: he made no appeal to the Conscience or manhood of the race: he did not touch the great common workaday mind of our people". "In all our New England poets the voice of humanity - of patriotism-of religious ideas, of strenuous moral purpose, speaks. Art is subordinated to various human passions and emotions". "In Poe alone are these emotions subordinated to Art. In Poe alone is the effort mainly a verbal and a technical one".
We must unhesitatingly conclude that Poe was the perfector of the Short Story Technique: but to ascribe to a writer dealing with the sensations of life rather than its philosophies the title of Master of the Short Story we cannot. The Boundaries of the Kingdom of the Short Story are not yet discovered, and the King is yet to be.
BRET HARTE - STEVENSON - KIPLING.

Bret Harte further proved the possibilities of the Short Story by his contributions to Literature. His stories are so distinctly different from Poe's as to almost be their antithesis. Where Poe portrayed morbid moods of mind Bret Harte portrayed a practical stoic facing of difficulties, redeeming his men of evil conscience by deeds of wonderful kindness. Where Poe's people were made to pass through strange, mysterious and peculiar experiences, Harte's folk lived where life was played in by hammers and red hot fires - where relations of man and man were primitive, fierce and strong, and founded on the bed rock essentials of living.

What I have said about basing emotions upon truths rather than sensations is illustrated by all of Bret Harte's stories - though perhaps best of all by "Tennessee's Partner". He did not parade the pathos in the story but it was strongly suggested, with a splendid restraint. Pathos is not a characteristic of Poe's stories, but he did parade the emotions that were characteristic - or perhaps I should say - he emphasized the dominating emotion. It was repeated in octaves and overtones and screaming harmonics.

It is difficult to judge whether Harte's selection was as artistic as Poe's or not. In the question of the selection of material - considering the varied mass out of which Harte drew his materials, it seems to me his power of selection was tremendous. But Harte's ability lay in the selection of incident, - Poe's largely in the selection of word
and phrase and imagery. Poe allowed an incident to develop an atmosphere, and then he painted up to that. His stories were based more on a single incident - a single character or two or three. - Harte utilized several characters. But always there was the controlling unity of theme and tone.

The humanity of Bret Harte's stories, with their ethical values, make them a great contribution to the Literature of the people. They are more Anglo Saxon in character than Poe's stories, and more American. They are the first great stories of "Local Color". They are the first great step in utilizing the new form of Story as an expression of the people, in interpretation of the lives that else has passed into oblivion with only black marks to make record of those wild days of their living.

After Bret Harte came Stevenson and Kipling: and though the one was Scotch and the other English, each lived in America long enough to become somewhat acquainted with the American spirit.

Stevenson was filled with Romance: and the magical effect of his writings linger still. His best writings dealt in a marvelous manner of the adventures of the human soul. The "Will o' the Mill" and"Markheim" are two stories, that of their kind, are as yet unsurpassed in Literature. "Markheim" is a drama of a man's soul. The actual events of the story are sufficient to form a good working plot, but the real drama is enacted in the man's soul and the actual events are given the place of a subplot. Poe could have said
of "Markheim" as of Hawthorne's story, "not a word is irrelevant, every word counts". It is not in sonata form. It does not start the movement as did the "Mask of the Red Death" in a minor key which sweeps with wild clashing of cymbals only to die away in the slower pulsing of the minor theme. "Markheim" is built like an opera: with Wagnerian accompaniment of motifs. That is, while Wagner uses certain melodies - like the "sword motif" in Parsifal to suggest and intensify the thought of the sword, Stevenson uses words that connote things as well as serving the humbler purposes of helping the story forward. The boldest of these motifs is the ticking of the clocks - suggestive of time -(and of disturbing sound). Again the idea of man's being driven by circumstances and by force of the nature of his conditions, being bound to silence is suggested by the very words, "bravos seizing and muffling their victim in a cloak". There are too, in this miniature drama refrains that never let the mind forget the main emotions of the whole, emotions that finally burst into one single powerful feeling and then quiet down into the calmness of a Debussy ending. One can hardly conceive of a finer thing than this: it is so complete, so perfect, so satisfying in its fulfillment of all the laws. "In Markheim, Stevenson has combined the inventive ingenuity of Poe with the ethical insight of Hawthorne". Stevenson stood for the conception that our ideas are the real events of life, and our fancies our adventures.

Kipling's work demonstrates, as no other writer's has done, the possibilities of the Short-Story.
Varied theme, rendered with all the tenderness of a nocturne on the violin, or with all the sonority of a big brass band, Kipling's stories make the widest human appeal. Vigorous, telling in language, he commands attention, and then never is guilty of wasting his reader's time.

He himself said of Stevenson, "He makes the most delicate inlay work in black and white, and files down to the fraction of a hair". That is perhaps, a distinction between Stevenson and Kipling. Stevenson files down his words to a single meaning. The word used is required to answer its definite meaning as a traveler to his passport. Kipling's words are rather, meaningful, pregnant with thought and feeling and thus powerful and effective. Kipling's stories are likely to have a swing to them and he is not afraid of slang, though it is never used for its own sake, but to complete a picture of which it becomes an integral part.

Of his stories, "They", "The Brushwood Boy", "Without Benefit of Clergy", "False Dawn", and the "Man Who Would Be King" are representative masterpieces. The romance of the "Brushwood Boy" would do credit to Stevenson or Hawthorne. "The Man Who Would Be King" is a story of such tremendous power that its grip never leaves one who has read it. The plot forms a tale that is interesting of itself - one that Irving might have made immortal, telling it in his easy genial manner, and thus have saved us the stiffening tension that gets us when we read Kipling's version. But Kipling gave us more than a tale: he gave us the Short Story, and with all
the strength of his picturesque language, he has presented to us the Man, his deeds and the powerful human motives that drove him to his dreadful destiny. In this story we find the Greek requirement of hamartia combining with circumstances in the inevitable way that accomplishes the necessary disaster. Perfect unity is here - classical laws are almost supreme: and these factors, combined with the human element - ambition, the fascinating setting of wild and unknown lands, make this story an achievement beyond estimation.

With all its cameo-like finish, how much smaller seems that other tale of ambition - Hawthorne's "Ambitious Guest". It is a garden shaft beside a pillar of Hercules.

"Without Benefit of Clergy" has all the dramatic force of "The Man Who Would Be King" and a greater range of emotions. Here we find fineness of feeling, a tenderness of pathos, bound together with the deeply human sentiments, that make it one of the noteworthy stories. It seems that we might say that the author of these stories "sees life truly and sees it whole". He interprets the lives and feelings of the people; he draws the legitimate moral from the incidents; he has a sanity and a healthy humor and his realism is generally of the better sort.

It is likely that sometime will intervene before a Short Story writer will surpass Kipling.
THE SHORT-STORY TODAY.

We may conclude from the study of the successful writers of the story during past periods of its development, that its style and effect is greatly varied. Its future may develop a still larger variety of story even as its authors shall be different in style and purpose. Yet it is probable that all these forms shall prove to be but experiments out of which shall be finally created something that in its greatness shall be to present stories what Shakespeare is to the early Elizabethan group of dramatists.

Furthermore, it follows that we can not now lay down fixed canons of limitation of Short-Story forms. Nevertheless it is possible to deduce some laws that seem to govern the best stories.

The strongest story must have a strong plot. The plot to be ideal must proceed largely from a characteristic element in the nature of the personages. This means that in the Short Story as in the drama the hamartia of the hero determines his fate. The best Short-Story plot has its climax and denouement. It strongly resembles the drama in its action, compression, suggestion. Bliss Perry says that"in the most significant Short-Story may be seen the play of laws as old as art itself: that Aristotle and Lessing, in short, wrote with one eye on Mr. Kipling and Mr. Hardy".

The Short-Story and drama both absolutely exclude everything but the essential, and emphasis can be laid
in "individual moments of action with a vividness and force quite beyond the reach of the novelist". There is no philosophizing by the wayside, no gathering of explanations or irrelevant details: in both cases the action begins at once and with direct sequence of events leads to the climax. In both the close is swift and absolute. Famous plays, e.g. Rip Van Winkle and Madame Butterfly have been made from the Short-Story. Ballad stories have often been dramatized. It is true as Scott wrote, that the Short-Story is often a Fifth Act of the dramatic Story - the earlier scenes being suggested at the beginning by a few significant lines.

In the Ideal Story, the beginning strikes the keynote, though its full significance may not be realized till the last word. Each paragraph should make for progress of action, and heightening of atmosphere and interest. The characters must, as in any case, reveal themselves naturally by the action of the story to such an extent as to make the climax necessary and understandable, and the characters must disclose at least one distinctively human trait that will win human sympathy. The climax should come not as a "bigger incident", but as an Aristotelian denouement. The close should be swift and short. It may not be an entire conclusion but it is a finishing of the theme. Instead of a series of details the Short Story offers a single detail that not only makes us see but remember. Every word must tell. "There must be no synonyms, no episodes and no periphrasis." Diction must be finely wrought, or if the characters of the story demand it, sinewy
and bold in design. Language must be connotative, concise and compressed. Words should be held down as though they were Jacks-in-the-box, ready to spring out and do mischief to good order. In its command of the "inevitable word" its proportion, its finish, its condensed style and careful selection of material, the whole composition must be indeed a prose poem.

In the lighter stories the composition is of such fine etching that only an impression is left. In the great story the lines are so sharply and swiftly drawn that the effect is a cry heard in the night - what might be called the Lyric Cry.

There is a deplorable tendency of the story writers of the day to break any or all of these laws.

Instead of strong rhythmic utterances, and bold primitive language, where the bold and primitive are to be suggested, we have too often a cheap imitation effected by swinging measures of slang. Slang is relied on for strength, and for striking effect and for picturesque atmosphere. Though Kipling made use of slang in the midst of his forceful diction it was generally when so fit as to be inconspicuous of itself - now we find it used for itself alone. Its use is cheap as paste jewels are cheap when diamonds are available, and makes damaging evidence against Literary workmanship, for slang is a lazy man's word partially conveying any number of definite ideas, and Art is absolute, for it there can be but one word.

Not merely do the words of the Story fail, but phrase and line are opposed to the laws of technique as we
conceive it. The New York Nation, chief reviewer of the Short-
Story throughout its development, speaks of the present ten-
dency to put a kick in every line and agitate in every parar-
graph whether it be toward the point or not. The primal laws
demand consistent movement toward the goal.

Every line, however significant and interesting considered by itself, must make for progress in the Story.

The artistic method of striking into the Story by way of a significant and suggestive line has degenerated often into what the Nation calls, "The trick of the leader in the manner of a newspaper ad or 'story' headline". It is always in harmony with the reportorial character of the story for which it bids attention.

Unity of effect, and cleanliness of style are constant-
lly sacrificed to the clever paragraph. Novelty is played up before originality, and the imaginative is at a discount before the True to Life Idea.

The True to Life Idea: while not without its blessings is fraught with danger to the Art of the Short-Story. It fosters the worst sort of realism - the realism that pre-
sents the worst sights and deeds of life without any mitigating element. Too often the Story offers the sort of realism that De Foe and Sterne sank to - the offering up the worst phases of life as the True to Life. An indelicacy in fiction that has been covered up in sixteenth and seventeenth century volumes by the dust of ages, is being revived and accepted as a novelty in fiction!
Imagination dare hardly show herself to many of our modern authors. Mamouna in Prince Camaralzaman of the Arabian Nights, thus addressed the genie—come from foreign lands. "Be sure that thou telllest me nothing but the truth, or I shall clip thy wings". The popular writer of today has not only thus spoken to his Imaginative Genius, but has clipped his wings as well for fear he should soar beyond prescribed limits.

Because the Short-Story is democratic and there is a popular call for an expression from all sorts and conditions of men, writers trained and untrained offer stuff for the market and have work accepted, no for any intrinsic Literary value, but because of a popular appeal inherent in the Story. This naturally tends to lower standards of the Short-Story. Not only do writers even of talented nature write things to attract popular interest rather than to seek the highest expression for their subjects, but they write too much to write anything well. They will too often write for a name and then sell that name to the highest bidder.

A case recently occurred when a well-known writer, shortly after having published an excellent Story in a Classic Magazine, was announced as a monthly writer for a certain popular magazine. As if a fine thing like his better Story could be produced monthly with the ease with which the money that pays for it is turned from the mint. The stamp of the authorship can be bought but the gold of finished workmanship is mined only by hard labor.
What has been said of the modern Story applies largely to the Magazine Story. There are still a number of writers who take joy in achieving a fine story, for art's sake and some who find delight in the presence of Imagination. H. G. Wells' stories of the "Door in the Wall", stories by Edith Wharton and Sarah Orne Jewett, Arnold Bennett and others, are witnesses of the serious effort to elevate the Story. Bret Harte in the Cornhill Magazine in 1891, writing on the Rise of the Short-Story said: "The secret of the American Short-Story is the treatment of the character of American Life, with absolute knowledge of its peculiarities and sympathy with its methods: with no fastidious ignoring of its habitual expression, in the inchoate poetry that may be hidden in its slang: with no moral determination, except that which may be the legitimate outcome of the Story itself: with no more elimination than may be necessary for the artistic concept, and never for the fear and fetich of conventionalism".

If this was true in Harte's time it is true even to exaggeration today. And when we consider this modern Literature from the standpoint of material; we find a Literature that is as distinctly new and unique, as the startling world in which we live. There is not one wonder of our modern life that the Short-Story has not taken advantage of - not one miracle of science but that it has applied and explained and prophesied over-not one phase of our gloriously varied life that it has not considered and exulted in: not one striving or longing of
mankind that it has not sought expression for, and so become representative and interpretive of the American spirit. And just as the many miracle plays, and interludes - plays of the people - finally produced a group of playwrights from among whom comes the Master, so these varied types of the Short-Story, faulty, incomplete, unfinished though they be, will finally inspire higher prophets, and then shall come the Master.
THE FUTURE OF THE SHORT-STORY.

The Short-Story we may now conclude is a Promethean form of the race-old ballad. Its significance to the race is greater, only proportionately, as race-consciousness is greater. Consequently we may conclude that it forms a very vital Literary relation to the People. Not only is its present significance of the highest importance but from these very facts we must conclude that it will remain developed as long as Literature remains, and its significance increase with coming years.

The Ballad told the story of men's lives. It did not select merely simple action, but dramatically seized the crisis of the action, - the turning point in the life of the hero and presented it in a simple powerful manner. Unconsciously the folk-author employed the "suggested method" - never described or analyzed an emotion, but by a few striking expressions suggested the emotion while emphasizing it by the very restraint in its telling. Unity of effect was inevitable for the author wrote with his mind on the main episode and its concomitant emotions, and every phrase was directed toward expressing that single effect. These essentials of ballad technique persist in the modern prose ballad - the Short-Story. Condensation of material, directness of method, progression toward a definite climax, suggestiveness of style - all these make for the Masterpiece.
The Short-Story demands as much fidelity to the fact and as excellent a spirit in the treatment as a ballad or a lyric. "A falsetto note is fatal". The Short-Story is capable of unity and proportion that can not be equalled by any other prose literature. Poe in 1842 claimed for the Short-Story the right to be regarded as a distinct species. His keen criticism incited many to follow Irving, Hawthorne and himself. He said,"The tale proper affords unquestionably the fairest field for the expression of the loftiest sentiments which can be afforded by the domain of mere prose".

"Were I called upon to designate that class of composition which next to the short poem should best fulfill the demands of his genius, should offer it the most advantageous field of exertion, I should unhesitatingly speak of the prose tale". Poe felt the Short-Story by being free from "artificial rhythm" had an advantage over poetical forms.

Hamilton Wright Mabie says of the Short-Story; "The work of the Short-Story differs from the novels neither in quality or completeness; it differs only in magnitude: it involves, if possible, a firmer grasp of situations, a surer touch and a more sensitive feeling for dramatic values".

H. S. Couley, perhaps the most thorough student of the Short-Story, says: "Except in one instance, which is the vivid expression of single incidents or detached movements of life, the Short-Story is not to be chosen before the novel: but in its capacity for perfection of structure, for
nice discrimination in means, and for a satisfying exposition of the full power of words, it is much superior to the novel and can rank only below the poem".

Allowing that Poe defined the technique of the Short Story, it seems a law of all arts, that fulfillment is left to a successor. Writers who followed Poe have, by the infinite variety of their style and theme, demonstrated the possibilities of the Short Story: and thus given promise of a Master yet to come.

Bliss Perry believes that future developments in fiction must be along psychological lines. Reviewing the tendency of our greatest literature of the last half century and considering the finest things that Kipling and Stevenson have done, we may believe that this may be so. Wm. Sharp says,"Shakespeare's method is to depict a human soul in action with all the pertinent play of circumstance, while Browning's is to portray the processes of its mental and spiritual development". Browning said "little else is worth study". Consider Stevenson's "Will of the Mill"- and in a certain sense we might include Fiona McCleod's "Divine Adventure", as an illustration of the tendency.

There is little evidence that the average Short-Story writer of today reads Browning; and yet it is likely that he marks a great step forward, and perhaps opens the way for future literature. If his dramatic and suggestive method - his keen insight into human motives, and his superb presentation of the human soul and its passion, has not already
directly affected the Short-Story writer, it must do so ultimately.

Browning sought to represent the actual hearts of every sort of people - their aspirations and consciences and temptations. The Short-Story writer has at least been seized with this purpose. "The peculiar note of the Short-Story at its best, is the importance of the individual soul, be the surroundings of the humblest or the most sordid". Here in America, where the individual is allowed the greatest freedom to assert his own personality, the Short-Story has become most significant. It has become as the ballad of old, the Voice of the people. The Short-Story, through the medium of the far reaching magazine has given voice to the hunter in the woods, the cowboy on the plains, the farmer's wife on the prairie, the factory child in the South, and to the "poor rich man"of New York.

These writers are revealing the identity of human nature and are responsible for a sense of the Brotherhood of man that not even the early apostles could have realized as the sympathetic heart of today can do.

Despite the sordid interpretations of the true to life idea, and the consequent realism that is forced upon us, there never has been before at the heart of all things so much of Idealism - the mother of all Romance - as exists at the present day. It is evidenced here and there in art and literature, by such dramas as the Chanticleer and the Blue Bird, and is politically expressed by a great social
feeling that seeks to establish a better order - an ideal government. Social reforms, with practical ideas of good and impractical ideas of government, dream of romance in the very administration of our economic affairs. So must it be, that this newly appeared romance in Literature though "seen in puny blossoms now" is "in the world's great morrow to expand with broadest petals and with deepest glow".

When the fires of Romance are kindled once again on the summits of our Literature, when the Cross shall have appeared beyond the hill tops as the sign triumphant, then the Voice of the people shall be the Voice of God.

Then shall One, filled with Vision, stirred by the longings and the achings of the Human Heart, write that which he hath seen. And this great sonata of the human soul, however freighted with human woe, will have in its overtones something of the gladness of hope. Thus shall come the Immortal Ballad - the Short Story that is to be.
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