

TASDIQLAYMAN

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Imtihon shakli: yozma**

A

TO KILL A MOCKINGBIRD
(Extract)

Harper Lee

Lee Harper was born in 1926 in the state of Alabama. In 1945-49 she studied law at University of Alabama. "To Kill a Mockingbird" is her first novel. It received almost unanimous critical acclaim and several awards, the Pulitzer Prize among them (1931). A screenplay adaptation of the novel was filmed in 1962.

This book is a magnificent, powerful novel in which the author paints a true and lively picture of a quiet Southern town in Alabama rocked by a young girl's accusation of criminal assault.

Tom Robinson, a Negro, who was charged with raping a white girl, old Bod Ewell's daughter, could have a court-appointed defense. When Judge Taylor appointed Atticus Finch, an experienced smart lawyer and a very clever man, he was sure that Atticus would not win the case, he could not win it, but he was also sure that Atticus would do his best. At least Atticus was the only man in those parts who could keep a jury out so long in a case like that. Atticus was eager to take up this case in spite of the threats of the Ku-Klux-Klan.

He, too, was sure he would not win, because as he explained it to his son afterwards: "In our courts, when it is a white man's word against a black man's, the white man always wins. The one place where a man ought to get a square deal is in a court-room, be he any color of the rainbow, but people have a way of carrying their resentments right into the jury box. As you grow older, you'll see white men cheat black men every day of your life, but let me tell you something and don't you forget it—whenever a white man does that to a black man, no matter who he is, how rich he is, or how fine a family he comes from, that white man is trash..."

There is nothing more sickening to me than a low-grade white man who'll take advantage of a Negro's ignorance. Don't fool yourselves—it's all adding up and one of these days we're going to pay the bill for it."

Atticus's son Jem (13) and his daughter Jean Louise, nicknamed Scout (7),* were present at the trial and it is Jean Louise, who describes it...*

Atticus was halfway through his speech to the jury.¹ He had evidently pulled some papers from his briefcase that rested beside his chair, because they were on his table. Tom Robinson was toying with them.

"...absence of any corroborative evidence, this man was indicted on a capital charge and is now on trial for his life..."

I punched Jem. "How long's he been at it?"

"He's just gone over the evidence," Jem whispered. ...

We looked down again. Atticus was speaking easily, with the kind of detachment he used when he dictated a letter. He walked slowly up and down in front of the jury, and the jury seemed to be attentive: their heads were up, and they followed Atticus's route with what seemed to be appreciation. I guess it was because Atticus wasn't a thunderer.

Atticus paused, then he did something he didn't ordinarily do. He unhitched his watch and chain and placed them on the table, saying, "With the court's permission—"

Judge Taylor nodded, and then Atticus did something I never saw him do before or since, in public or in private: he unbuttoned his vest, unbuttoned his collar, loosened his tie, and took off his coat. He never loosened a scrap of his clothing until he undressed at bedtime, and to Jem and me, this was the equivalent of him standing before us stark naked. We exchanged horrified glances.

MARTIN EDEN

(Extract)

Jack London

Jack London (1876-1916), American novelist and short-story writer, drew upon his extensive travels in such works as The Call of the Wild (1903) and his South Sea tales and developed social themes in such works as The Iron Heel (1907). Although London experienced the loss of many illusions about man's goodness and integrity, he retained his belief in human nobility and excellence.

Martin was steadily losing his battle. Economize as he would, the earnings from hack-work did not balance expenses. Thanksgiving found him with his black suit in pawn and unable to accept the Morses' invitation to dinner. Ruth was not made happy by his reason for not coming, and the corresponding effect on him was one of desperation. He told her that he would come, after all; that he would go over to San Francisco, to the *Transcontinental* office, collect the five dollars due him, and with it redeem his suit of clothes.

In the morning he borrowed ten cents from Maria. He would have borrowed it, by reference, from Brissenden, but that erratic individual disappeared. Two weeks had passed since Martin had seen him, and he vainly cudged his brains for some cause of offense. The ten cents carried Martin across the ferry to San Francisco, and as he walked up Market Street he speculated upon his predicament in case he failed to collect the money. There would then be no way for him to return to Oakland, and he knew no one in San Francisco from whom to borrow another ten cents.

The door to the *Transcontinental* office was ajar, and Martin, in the act of opening it, was brought to a sudden pause by a loud voice from within, which exclaimed: "But that is not the question, Mr. Ford." (Ford, Martin knew, from his correspondence, to be the editor's name). "The question is are you prepared to pay? — Cash, and cash down, I mean? I am not interested in the prospects of the *Transcontinental* and what you expect to make it next year. What I want is to be paid for what I do. And I tell you, right now, the Christmas *Transcontinental* don't go to press till I have the money in my hand. Good day. When you get the money, come and see me".

The door jerked open, and the man flung past Martin with an angry countenance and went down the corridor, muttering curses and clenching his fists. Martin decided not to enter immediately, and lingered in the hallways for a quarter of an hour. Then he shoved the door open and walked in. It was a new experience, the first time he had been inside an editorial office. Cards evidently were not necessary in that office, for the boy carried word to an inner room that there was a man who wanted to see Mr. Ford.

Returning, the boy beckoned him from halfway across the room and led him to the private office, the editorial sanctum. Martin's first impression was of the disorder and cluttered confusion of the room. Next he noticed a bewhiskered, youthful-looking man, sitting at a roll-top desk, who regarded him curiously. Martin marveled at the calm repose of his face. It was evident that the squabble with the printer had not affected his equanimity.

"I ... I am Martin Eden," Martin began the conversation. ("And I want my five dollars," was what he would have liked to say.)

But this was his first editor, and under the circumstances he did not desire to scare him too abruptly. To his surprise, Mr. Ford leaped into the air with a "You don't say so!" and the next moment, with both hands, was shaking Martin's hand effusively.

"Can't say how glad I am to see you, Mr. Eden. Often wondered what you were like."

Here he held Martin off at arm's length and ran his beaming eyes over Martin's second-best suit, which was also his worst suit, and which was ragged and past repair, though the trousers showed the careful crease he had put in with Maria's flat-irons.

"I confess, though, I conceived you to be a much older man than you are. Your story, you know, showed such breadth, and vigor, such maturity and depth of thought. A masterpiece, that story — I knew it when I had read the first half-dozen lines. Let me tell you how I first read it. But no; first let me introduce you to the staff."

Still talking, Mr. Ford led him into the general office, where he introduced him to the associate editor, ² Mr. White, a slender, frail little man whose hand seemed strangely cold, as if he were suffering from a chill, and whose whiskers were sparse and silky.

"And Mr. Ends, Mr. Eden. Mr. Ends is our business manager, you know."

Martin found himself shaking hands with a cranky-eyed, bald-headed man, whose face looked youthful enough from what little could be seen of it, for most of it was covered by a snow-white beard, carefully trimmed — by his wife, who did it on Sundays, at which times she also shaved the back of his neck.

The three men surrounded Martin, all talking admiringly and at once, until it seemed to him that they were talking against time for a wager.

"We often wondered why you didn't call," Mr. White was saying.

"I didn't have the carfare,³ and I live across the Bay,"⁴ Martin answered bluntly, with the idea of showing them his imperative need for the money.

"Surely," he thought to himself, "my glad rags⁵ in themselves are eloquent advertisement of my need." Time and again, whenever admirers' ears were deaf. They sang his praises, told him what they had thought of his story at first sight, what they subsequently thought, what their wives and families thought; but not one hint did they breathe of intention to pay him for it.

Did I tell you how I first read your story?" Mr. Ford said. "Of course I didn't. I was coming west from New York, and when the train stopped at Ogden, the train-boy on the new run brought aboard the current number of the *Transcontinental*.

"My God," Martin thought; "you can travel in a Pullman,⁶ while I starve for the paltry five dollars you owe me." A wave of anger rushed over him. The wrong done him by the *Transcontinental* loomed colossal, for strong upon him were all the dreary months of vain yearning, of hunger and privation, and his present hunger awoke and gnawed at him, reminding him that he had eaten nothing since the day before, and little enough then.

For the moment he saw red. These creatures were not even robbers. They were sneak-thieves. By lies and broken promises they had tricked him out of his story. Well, he would show them. And a great resolve surged into his will to the effect that he would not leave the office until he got his money. He remembered, if he did not get it, that there was no way for him to go back to Oakland. He controlled himself with an effort, but not before the wolfish expression of his face had awed and perturbed them.

They became more voluble than ever. Mr. Ford started anew to tell how he had first read "The Ring of Bells," and Mr. Ends at the same time was striving to repeat his niece's appreciation of "The Ring of Bells," said niece being a school-teacher in Alameda.

"I'll tell you what I came for," Martin said finally. "To be paid for that story all of you like so well. Five dollars, I believe, is what you promised me would be paid on publication.

Mr. Ford, with an expression on his mobile features of immediate and happy acquiescence, started to reach for his pocket, then turned suddenly to Mr. Ends, and said that he had left his money home. That Mr. Ends resented this, was patent; and Martin saw the twitch of his arm as if to protect his trousers pocket. Martin knew that the money was there.

"I am sorry," said Mr. Ends, "but I paid the printer not an hour ago, and he took my ready change. It was careless of me to be so short; but the bill was not yet due, and the printer's request, as a favor, to make an immediate advance was quite unexpected."

Both men looked expectantly at Mr. White, but that gentleman laughed and shrugged his shoulders. His conscience was clean at any rate. He had come into the *Transcontinental* to learn

magazine literature, instead of which he had principally learned finance. The *Transcontinental* owed him four months' salary, and he knew that the printer must be appeased before the associate editor.

"It's rather absurd, Mr. Eden, to have caught us in this shape," Mr. Ford preambled airily. "All carelessness, I assure you. But I'll tell you what we'll do. We'll mail you a check the first thing in the morning. You have Mr. Eden's address, haven't you, Mr. Ends?"

Yes, Mr. Ends had the address, and the check would be mailed the first thing in the morning. Martin's knowledge of banks and checks was hazy, but he could see no reason why they should not give him the check on this day just as well as on the next.

"Then it is understood, Mr. Eden, that we'll mail you the check to-morrow?" Mr. Ford said.

"I need the money to-day," Martin answered stolidly.

"The unfortunate circumstances — if you had chanced here any other day," Mr. Ford began suavely, only to be interrupted by Mr. Ends, whose cranky eyes justified themselves in his shortness of temper.

"Mr. Ford has already explained the situation," he said with asperity. "And so have I. The check will be mailed —".

"I also have explained," Martin broke in, "and I have explained that I want the money to-day."

He had felt his pulse quicken a trifle at the business manager's brusqueness, and upon him he kept an alert eye, for it was in that gentleman's trousers pocket that he divined the *Transcontinental's* ready cash was reposing.

"It is too bad —" Mr. Ford began.

But at that moment, with an impatient movement, Mr. Ends turned as if about to leave the room. At the same instant Martin sprang for him, clutching him by the throat with one hand in such fashion that Mr. Ends' snow-white beard, still maintaining its immaculate trimness, pointed ceilingward at an angle of forty-five degrees.

"Dig up,⁷ you venerable discourager of rising young talent!" Martin exhorted. "Dig up, or I'll shake it out of you, even if it's all in nickels." Then, to the two affrighted onlookers: "Keep away! If you interfere, somebody's liable to get hurt."

Mr. Ends was choking, and it was not until the grip on his throat was eased that he was able to signify his acquiescence in the digging-up programme. Altogether, after repeated digs, his trousers pocket yielded four dollars and fifteen cents.

"Inside out with it," Martin commanded.

An additional ten cents fell out. Martin counted the result of his raid a second time to make sure.

"You next!" he shouted at Mr. Ford. "I want seventy-five cents more."

Mr. Ford did not wait, but ransacked his pockets, with the result of sixty cents.

"Sure that is all?" Martin demanded menacingly, possessing himself of it. "What have you got in your vest pockets?"

In token of his good faith, Mr. Ford turned two of his pockets inside out. A strip of cardboard fell to the floor from one of them. He recovered it and was in the act of returning it, when Martin cried:

"What's that? - A ferry-ticket? Here, give it to me. It's worth ten cents. I'll credit you with it. I've now got four dollars and ninety-five cents, including the ticket. Five cents is still due me."

He looked fiercely at Mr. White, and found that fragile creature in the act of handing him a nickel.⁸

"Thank you," Martin said, addressing them collectively, "I wish you a good day."

"Robber!" Mr. Ends snarled after him.

"Sneak-thief!" Martin retorted, slamming the door as he passed out.

Martin was elated - so elated that when he recollected the *Hornet* owed him fifteen dollars for "The Peri and the Pearl", he decided forthwith to go and collect it. But the *Hornet* was run by a set of cleanshaven, strapping young men, frank buccaneers who robbed everything and everybody, not excepting one another. After some breakage of the office furniture, the editor (an ex-college athlete), ably assisted by the business manager, an advertising agent, and the porter, succeeded in

removing Martin from the office and in accelerating, by initial impulse, his descent of the first flight of stairs.

"Come again, Mr. Eden; glad to see you any time," they laughed down at him from the landing above.

Martin grinned as he picked himself up.

"Phew!" he murmured back. "The *Transcontinental* crowd were nanny-goats, but you fellows are a lot of prize-fighters."

More laughter greeted this.

"I must say, Mr. Eden," the editor of the *Hornet* called down, "that for a poet you can go some yourself.⁹ Where did you learn that right cross¹⁰ if I may ask?"

"Where you learned that half Nelson,"¹⁰ Martin answered, "you're going to have a black eye."

"I hope your neck doesn't stiffen up," the editor wished solicitously. "What do you say we all go out and have a drink on it — not the neck, of course, but the little rough-house?"

"I'll go you if I lose,"¹¹ Martin accepted.

And robbers and robbed drank together, amicably agreeing that the battle was to the strong, and that the fifteen dollars for "The Peri and the Pearl" belonged by right to the *Hornet's* editorial staff.

THE GREEN DOOR (Abridged)

O. Henry

O. Henry is the pen name of William Sydney Porter (1867-1910). O. Henry is one of America's best masters of the short story. The son of a doctor, young Porter spent his 'teens as a drug-store clerk, then he moved to Texas, where he was by turns a ranch hand, a clerk, a newspaper man, and a bank clerk. When a loss of a thousand dollars was discovered he was accused of embezzlement and fled to Central America returning only when he heard that his wife was desperately ill. He was tried, convicted and sentenced to a term of imprisonment. The extent of his guilt has never been definitely established. He began to write short stories in prison. His wanderings provided the material for many of his stories. O. Henry's stories possess a distinctiveness of style and structure which is easily recognizable no matter what he writes about. His stories always have unexpected turns and surprise endings based on sheer coincidence and are full of humour. He died of tuberculosis at forty-eight.

Suppose you should be walking down Broadway after dinner, with ten minutes allotted to the consummation of your cigar while you are choosing between a diverting tragedy and something serious in the way of vaudeville. Suddenly a hand is laid upon your arm. You turn to look into the thrilling eyes of a beautiful woman, wonderful in diamonds and Russian sables.

She thrusts hurriedly into your hand an extremely hot buttered roll, flashes out a tiny pair of scissors, snips off the second button of your overcoat, meaningly ejaculates the one word, "parallelogram!" and swiftly flies down a cross street, looking back fearfully over her shoulder.

That would be pure adventure. Would you accept it? Not you. You would flush with embarrassment; you would sheepishly drop the roll and continue down Broadway, fumbling feebly for the missing button. This you would do unless you are one of the blessed few in whom the pure spirit of adventure is not dead. ...

Rudolf Steiner was a true adventurer. Few were the evenings on which he did not go forth from his hall bedchamber in search of the unexpected. The most interesting thing in life seemed to him to be what might lie just around the next corner. Sometimes his willingness to tempt fate led him into

strange paths.

Twice he had spent the night in a station-house; again and again he had found himself the dupe of ingenious and mercenary tricksters; his watch and money had been the price of one flattering allurements. ...

One evening Rudolf was strolling along a cross-town street in the older central part of the city. Two streams of people filled the sidewalks— the home-hurrying, and that restless contingent that abandons home for the specious welcome of the thousand-candle-power *table d'hote*.¹

The young adventurer was of pleasing presence, and moved serenely and watchfully. By daylight he was a salesman in a piano store.

During his walk a violent chattering of teeth in a glass case on the sidewalk seemed at first to draw his attention to a restaurant before which it was set; but a second glance revealed the electric letters of a dentist's sign high above the next door. A giant Negro, fantastically dressed in a red embroidered coat, yellow trousers and a military cap, discreetly distributed cards to those of the passing crowd who consented to take them.

This mode of dentistic advertising was a common sight to Rudolf. Usually he passed the dispenser of the dentist's cards without reducing his store; but to-night the African slipped one into his hand so deftly that he retained it there smiling a little at the successful feat.

When he had traveled a few yards further he glanced at the card indifferently. Surprised, he turned it over and looked again with interest.

One side of the card was blank; on the other was written in ink three words, "The Green

Door". And then Rudolf saw, three steps in front of him, a man throw down the card the Negro had given him as he passed. Rudolf picked it up. It was printed with the dentist's name and address and the usual schedule of "plate-work" and "bridgework" and "crowns", and specious promises of "painless" operations.

The adventurous piano salesman halted at the corner and considered. Then he crossed the street, walked down a block, recrossed and joined the upward current of people again. Without seeming to notice the Negro as he passed the second time, he carelessly took the card that was handed him. Ten steps away he inspected it.

In the same handwriting that appeared on the first card "The Green Door" was inscribed upon it. Three or four cards were tossed to the pavement by pedestrians both following and leading him. These fell blank side up. Rudolf turned them over. Every one bore the printed legend of the dental "parlors". ...

Rudolf walked slowly back to where the giant Negro stood by the case of rattling teeth. This time as he passed he received no card. ...

Standing aside from the rush, the young man made a rapid estimate of the building in which he conceived that his adventure must lie. Five stories high it rose. A small restaurant occupied the basement.

The first floor, now closed, seemed to house millinery or furs. The second floor, by the winking electric letters, was the dentist's. Above this a polyglot babel of signs struggled to indicate the abodes of palmists, dressmakers, musicians and doctors. Still higher up draped curtains and milk bottles white on the window sills proclaimed the regions of domesticity.

After concluding his survey Rudolf walked briskly up the high flight of stone steps into the house. Up two flights of the carpeted stairway he continued; and at its top paused. The hallway there was dimly lighted by two pale jets of gas—one far to his right, the other nearer, to his left. He looked toward the nearer light and saw a green door. For one moment he hesitated; then he walked straight to the green door and knocked against it.

Moments like those that passed before his knock was answered measure the quick breath of true adventure. What might not be behind those panels! Gamesters at play; cunning rogues baiting their traps with subtle skill; danger, death, love, disappointment, ridicule—any of these might respond to his rap.

A faint rustle was heard inside, and the door slowly opened. A girl not yet twenty stood there, white-faced and tottering. She loosed the knob and swayed weakly. Rudolf caught her and laid her on a faded couch that stood against the wall. He closed the door and took a swift glance around the room by the light of a flickering gas jet. Neat, but extreme poverty was the story that he read.

The girl lay still, as if in a faint. Rudolf began to fan her with his hat. That was successful, for he struck her nose with the brim of his derby and she opened her eyes. And then the young man saw that hers, indeed, was the one missing face from his heart's gallery of intimate portraits.

The frank, gray eyes, the little nose, turning pertly outward; the chestnut hair, curling like the tendrils of a pea vine, seemed the right end and reward of all his wonderful adventures. But the face was woefully thin and pale.

The girl looked at him calmly, and then smiled.

"Fainted, didn't I?" she asked, weakly. "Well, who wouldn't? You try going without anything to eat for three days and see!"

"Himmel!"² exclaimed Rudolf, jumping up. "Wait till I come back."

He dashed out the green door and down the stairs. In twenty minutes he was back again, kicking at the door with his toe for her to open it. With both arms he hugged an array of wares from the grocery and the restaurant. On the table he laid them—bread and butter, cold meat, cakes, pies, pickles, oysters, a roasted chicken, a bottle of milk and one of red-hot tea.

"This is ridiculous," said Rudolf, "to go without eating. Supper is ready." He helped her to a chair at the table and asked: "Is there a cup for the tea?" "On the shelf by the window," she answered.

When he turned again with the cup he saw her, with eyes shining rapturously, beginning upon

a huge pickle that she had rooted out from the paper bags with a woman's unerring instinct. He took it from her, laughingly, and poured the cup full of milk. "Drink that first," he ordered, "and then you shall have some tea, and then a chicken wing. If you are very good you shall have a pickle to-morrow. And now, if you'll allow me to be your guest we'll have supper."

He drew up the other chair. The tea brightened the girl's eyes and brought back some of her color. She began to eat with a sort of dainty ferocity like some starved wild animal. She seemed to regard the young man's presence and the aid he had rendered her as a natural thing — not as though she undervalued the conventions; but as one whose great stress gave her the right to put aside the artificial for the human.

But gradually, with the return of strength and comfort, came also a sense of the little conventions that belong; and she began to tell him her little story. It was one of a thousand such as the city yawns at every day—the shop girl's story of insufficient wages, further reduced by "fines" that go to swell the store's profits; of time lost through illness; and then of lost positions, lost hope, and — the knock of the adventurer upon the green door.

But to Rudolf the history sounded as big as the Iliad.³

"To think of you going through all that," he exclaimed.

"It was something fierce," said the girl, solemnly.

"And you have no relatives or friends in the city?"

"None whatever."

"I'm all alone in the world too," said Rudolf, after a pause.

"I'm glad of that," said the girl, promptly; and somehow it pleased the young man to hear that she approved of his condition.

Very suddenly her eyelids dropped and she signed deeply.

"I'm awfully sleepy," she said, "and I feel so good."

Rudolf rose and took his hat.

"Then I'll say good-night. A long night's sleep will be fine for you."

He held out his hand, and she took it and said "good night". But her eyes asked a question so eloquently, so frankly and pathetically that he answered it with words.

"Oh. I'm coming back to-morrow to see how you are getting along. You can't, get rid of me so easily."

Then, at the door, as though the way of his coming had been so much less important than the fact that he had come, she asked: "How did you come to knock at my door?"

He looked at her for a moment, remembering the cards, and felt a sudden jealous pain. What if they had fallen into other hands as adventurous as his? Quickly he decided that she must never know the truth. He would never let her know that he was aware of the strange expedient to which she had been driven by her great distress.

"One of our piano tuners lives in this house," he said. "I knocked at your door by mistake."

The last thing he saw in the room before the green door closed was her smile.

At the head of the stairway he paused and looked curiously about him. And then he went along the hallway to its other end; and, coming back, ascended to the floor above and continued his puzzled explorations. Every door that he found in the house was painted green.

Wondering, he descended to the sidewalk. The fantastic African was still there. Rudolf confronted him with his two cards in his hand.

"Will you tell me why you gave me these cards and what they mean?" he asked.

In a broad, good-natured grin the Negro exhibited a splendid advertisement of his master's profession.

"Dar it is, boss,"⁴ he said, pointing down the street. "But I'spect you is a little late for the fust act."

Looking the way he pointed Rudolf saw above the entrance to a theatre the blazing electric sign of its new play, "The Green Door."

"I'm informed dat it's a fust-rate show, sah," said the Negro. "De agent what represents it pussented me with a dollar, sah, to distribute a few of his cards along with de doctah's. May I offer

you one of de doc-tah's cards, sah?"

At the corner of the block in which he lived Rudolf stopped for a glass of beer and a cigar. When he had come out with his lighted weed he buttoned his coat, pushed back his hat and said, stoutly, to the lamp post on the corner:

"All the same, I believe it was the hand of Fate that doped out⁵ the way for me to find her."

Which conclusion, under the circumstances, certainly admits Rudolf Steiner to the ranks of the true followers of Romance and Adventure.

THE ESCAPE

W.Somerset Maugham

W.Somerset Maugham, a famous English writer, was born in 1874 in Paris. He received his medical degree, but he never practised medicine; the ambition to write dominated his entire life. In 1897 "Liza of Lambeth", Maugham's first novel, appeared. It had no success. For the next ten years Maugham wrote and starved. He turned out a steady stream of plays and novels none of which excited much attention. His luck changed in 1907. In that year "Lady Frederic", a comedy of manners, was produced in London. It had a bright, fashionable success. By and by, Maugham became internationally celebrated; his plays were performed all over the world. Now independent and well able to enjoy life Maugham began to travel. He came to know Europe thoroughly and spent long periods in the United States, the South Seas and China. His favourite country was Spain ("The Land of the Blessed Virgin" and "Don Fernando"). In 1915 Maugham published a novel that had been in preparation for many years. Called "Of Human Bondage" it was received by critics with great respect. Over the years, it has become a modern classic. Many popular successes followed its publication: "Ashenden", "Moon and Sixpence", "Cakes and Ale", etc. He died in 1965.

I have always been convinced that if a woman once made up her mind to marry a man nothing but instant flight could save him. Not always that; for once a friend of mine, seeing the inevitable loom menacingly before him, took ship from a certain port (with a toothbrush for all his luggage, so conscious was he of his danger and the necessity for immediate action) and spent a year travelling round the world; but when, thinking himself safe (women are fickle, he said, and in twelve months she will have forgotten all about me), he landed at the selfsame port the first person he saw gaily waving to him from the quay was the little lady from whom he had fled. I have only once known a man who in such circumstances managed to extricate himself. His name was Roger Charing. He was no longer young when he fell in love with Ruth Barlow and he had had sufficient experience to make him careful; but Ruth Barlow had a gift (or should I call it a quality?) that renders most men defenceless, and it was this that dispossessed Roger of his common sense, his prudence and his worldly wisdom. He went down like a row of ninepins¹. This was the gift of pathos. Mrs. Barlow, for she was twice a widow, had splendid dark eyes and they were the most moving I ever saw; they seemed to be ever on the point of filling with tears; they suggested that the world was too much for her, and you felt that, poor dear, her sufferings

had been more than anyone should be asked to bear. If, like Roger Charing, you were a strong, hefty fellow with plenty of money, it was almost inevitable that you should say to yourself: I must stand between the hazards of life and this helpless little thing, or, how wonderful it would be to take the sadness out of those big and lovely eyes! I gathered from Roger that everyone had treated Mrs. Barlow very badly. She was apparently one of those unfortunate persons with whom nothing by any chance goes right. If she married a husband he beat her; if she employed a broker he cheated her; if she engaged a cook she drank. She never had a little lamb but it was sure to die.²

When Roger told me that he had at last persuaded her to marry him, I wished him joy.

"I hope you'll be good friends," he said. "She's a little afraid of you, you know; she thinks you're callous."

"Upon my word I don't know why she should think that."

"You do like her, don't you? "

"Very much."

"She's had a rotten time, poor dear. I feel so dreadfully sorry for her".

"Yes, "I said.

I couldn't say less. I knew she was stupid and I thought she was scheming. My own belief was that she was as hard as nails.

The first time I met her we had played bridge together and when she was my partner she twice trumped my best card. I behaved like an angel, but I confess that I thought if the tears were going to well up into anybody's eyes they should have been mine rather than hers. And when, having by the end of the evening lost a good deal of money to me, she said she would send me a cheque and never did, I could not but think that I and not she should have worn a pathetic expression when next we met.

Roger introduced her to his friends. He gave her lovely jewels. He took her here, there, and everywhere. Their marriage was announced for the immediate future. Roger was very happy. He was committing a good action and at the same time doing something he had very much a mind to. It is an uncommon situation and it is not surprising if he was a trifle more pleased with himself than was altogether becoming.

Then, on a sudden, he fell out of love. I do not know why. It could hardly have been that he grew tired of her conversation, for she had never had any conversation. Perhaps it was merely that this pathetic look of hers ceased to wring his heart-strings. His eyes were opened and he was once more the shrewd man of the world he had been. He became acutely conscious that Ruth Barlow had made up her mind to marry him and he swore a solemn oath that nothing would induce him to marry Ruth Barlow. But he was in a quandary. Now that he was in possession of his senses he saw with clearness the sort of woman he had to deal with and he was aware that, if he asked her to release him, she would (in her appealing way) assess her wounded feelings at an immoderately high figure³. Besides, it is always awkward for a man to jilt a woman. People are apt to think he has behaved badly.

Roger kept his own counsel. He gave neither by word nor gesture an indication that his feelings towards Ruth Barlow had changed. He remained attentive to all her wishes; he took her to dine at restaurants, they went to the play together, he sent her flowers; he was sympathetic and charming. They had made up their minds that they would be married as soon as they found a house that suited them, for he lived in chambers and she in furnished rooms; and they set about looking at desirable residences. The agents sent Roger orders to view and he took Ruth to see a number of houses. It was very hard to find anything that was quite satisfactory. Roger applied to more agents. They visited house after house. They went over them thoroughly, examining them from the cellars in the basement to the attics under the roof. Sometimes they were too large and sometimes they were too small, sometimes they were too far from the centre of things and sometimes they were too close; sometimes they were too expensive and sometimes they wanted too many repairs; sometimes they were too stuffy and sometimes they were too airy; sometimes they were too dark and sometimes they were too bleak. Roger always found a fault that made the house unsuitable. Of course he was hard to please; he could not bear to ask his dear Ruth to live in any but the perfect house, and the perfect house wanted finding. House-hunting is a tiring and a tiresome business and presently Ruth began to grow peevish. Roger begged her to have patience; somewhere, surely, existed the very house they were looking for, and it only needed a little perseverance and they would find it. They looked at hundreds of houses; they climbed thousands of stairs; they inspected innumerable kitchens. Ruth was exhausted and more than once lost her temper.

"If you don't find a house soon," she said, "I shall have to reconsider my position. Why, if you go on like this we shan't be married for years."

"Don't say that," he answered. "I beseech you to have patience. I've just received some entirely new lists from agents I've only just heard of. There must be at least sixty houses on them."

They set out on the chase again. They looked at more houses and more houses. For two years they looked at houses. Ruth grew silent and scornful: her pathetic, beautiful eyes acquired

an expression that was almost sullen. There are limits to human endurance. Mrs. Barlow had the patience of an angel, but at last she revolted.

"Do you want to marry me or do you not?" she asked him.

There was an unaccustomed hardness in her voice, but it did not affect the gentleness of his reply.

"Of course I do. We'll be married the very moment we find a house. By the way I've just heard of something that might suit us."

"I don't feel well enough to look at any more houses just yet."

"Poor dear, I was afraid you were looking rather tired."

Ruth Barlow took to her bed. She would not see Roger and he had to content himself with calling at her lodgings to enquire and sending her flowers. He was as ever assiduous and gallant. Every day he wrote and told her that he had heard of another house for them to look at. A week passed and then he received the following letter:

Roger,

I do not think you really love me. I have found someone who is anxious to take care of me and I am going to be married to him today.

Ruth.

He sent back his reply by special messenger:

Ruth,

Your news shatters me. I shall never get over the blow, but of course your happiness must be my first consideration. I send you herewith seven orders to view; they arrived by this morning's post and I am quite sure you will find among them a house that will exactly suit you.

Roger.

DANGEROUS CORNER

(Three fragments from the play)

John Boynton Priestley

John Boynton Priestley (1894 - 1984) is one of the outstanding English authors of today. His early books (1922 — 26) were of a critical nature. It was the success of his novel "The Good Companions" (1929) which brought him world fame. In early thirties Priestley began his work as a dramatist. "Dangerous Corner" (1932) — one of the series of Seven Time Plays — was his first effort in dramatic art.

Priestley's other most famous novels are "They Walk in the City", "Angel Pavement", "Wonder Hero", "Far Away", "Let the People Sing", "Bright Day" and many others.

I

The scene is laid in a cosy drawing-room. Several men and women — some of them members of the same family, others their intimate friends — are idly discussing a wireless play they have just heard. The host and hostess of the party are Robert Caplan and his wife Freda.

Gordon: What did you hear?

Freda: The last half of a play.

Olwen: It was called "The Sleeping Dog".

Stanton: Why?

Miss M.: We're not sure - something to do with lies, and a gentleman shooting himself.

Stanton: What fun they have at the B.B.C.!

Olwen (who has been thinking): You know I believe I understand that play now. The sleeping dog was the truth, do you see, and that man — the husband — insisted upon disturbing it.

Robert: He was quite right to disturb it.

Stanton: Was he? I wonder. I think it a very sound idea — the truth as a sleeping dog.

Miss M. (who doesn't care): Of course, we do spend too much of our time telling lies and acting them.

Betty (in her best childish manner): Oh, but one has to. I'm always fibbing. I do it all day long.

Cordon (still fiddling with the wireless): You do, darling, you do.

Betty: It's the secret of my charm.

Miss M. (rather grimly): Very likely. But we meant something much more serious.

Robert: Serious or not, I'm all for it coming out. It's healthy.

Stanton: I think telling the truth is about as healthy as skidding round a corner at sixty.

Freda (who is being either malicious or enigmatic): And life's got a lot of dangerous corners — hasn't it, Charles?

Stanton (a match for her or anybody else present): It can have — if you don't choose your route well. To lie or not to lie — what do you think, Olwen? You're looking terribly wise...

Olwen (thoughtfully): Well — the real truth — that is, every single little thing, with nothing missing at all, wouldn't be dangerous. I suppose that's God's truth. But what most people mean by truth, what that man meant in the wireless play, is only half the real truth. It doesn't tell you all that went on inside everybody. It simply gives you a lot of facts that happened to have been hidden away and were perhaps a lot better hidden away. It's rather treacherous stuff. ...

II

The conversation drifts to Martin Caplan, Robert's brother, who committed suicide six months ago. Robert insists on knowing certain trifling facts relating to the day of the suicide. Yet, what looks trifling and innocent enough at first, leads to graver and still graver discoveries. Finally Robert is confronted with facts whose ugliness he finds himself unable to bear.

In the beginning of the fragment that follows Olwen, a friend of the Caplans, argues with Robert pointing out to him once more that half truth is dangerous.

Olwen: The *real* truth is something so deep you can't get at it this way, and all this half truth does is to blow everything up. It isn't *civilised*.

Stanton: I agree.

Robert (after another drink, cynically): You agree!

Stanton: You'll get no sympathy from me, Caplan.

Robert: Sympathy from you! I never want to set eyes on you again, Stanton. You're a thief, a cheat, a liar, and a dirty cheap seducer.

Stanton: And you're a fool, Caplan. You look solid, but you're not. You've a good deal in common with that cracked brother of yours. You won't face up to real things. You've been living in a fool's paradise, and now, having got yourself out of it by to-night's efforts — all your doing — you're busy building yourself a fool's hell to live in. ...

III

Freda: I'm sure it's not at all the proper thing to say at such a moment, but the fact remains that I feel rather hungry. What about you, Olwen? You, Robert? Or have you been drinking too much?

Robert: Yes, I've been drinking too much.

Freda: Well, it's very silly of you.

Robert (wearily): Yes. (*Buries his face in his hands.*)

Freda: And you did ask for all this.

Robert (half looking up): I asked for it. And I got it.

Freda: Though I doubt if you minded very much until it came to Betty.

Robert: That's not true. But I can understand you're thinking so. You see, as more and more of this rotten stuff came out, so more and more I came to depend on my secret thoughts of Betty — as someone who seemed to me to represent some lovely quality of life.

Freda: I've known some time, of course, that you were getting very sentimental and noble about her. And I've known some time, too, all about Betty, and I've often thought of telling you.

Robert: I'm not sorry you didn't.

Freda: You ought to be.

Robert: Why?

Freda: That kind of self-deception's rather stupid.

Robert: What about you and Martin?

Freda: I didn't deceive myself. I knew everything — or nearly everything — about him. I wasn't in love with somebody who really wasn't there, somebody I'd made up.

Robert: I think you were. Probably we always are.

Olwen: Then it's not so bad then. You can always build up another image for yourself to fall in love with.

Robert: No, you can't. That's the trouble. You lose the capacity for building. You run short of the stuff that creates beautiful illusions, just as if a gland had stopped working.

Olwen: Then you have to learn to live without illusions.

Robert: Can't be done. Not for us. We started life too early for that. Possibly they're breeding people now who can live without illusions. I hope so. But I can't do it. I've lived among illusions —

Freda (grimly): You have.

Robert (with growing excitement): Well, what if I have? They've given me hope and courage. They've helped me to live. I suppose we ought to get all that from faith in life. But I haven't got any. No, religion or anything. Just this damned farmyard to live in. That's all. And just a few bloody glands and secretions and nerves to do it with. But it didn't look too bad. I'd my little illusions, you see.

Freda (bitterly): Then why didn't you leave them alone, instead of clamouring for the truth all night like a fool?

Robert (terribly excited now): Because I *am* a fool. Stanton was right. That's the only answer. I had to meddle, like a child with a fire. I began this evening with something to keep me going.

I'd good memories of Martin. I'd a wife who didn't love me, but at least seemed too good for me. I'd two partners I liked and respected. There was a girl I could idealise. And now —

Olwen (distressed): No, Robert — please. We know.

Robert (in a frenzy): But you don't know, you *can't* know — not as I know — or you wouldn't stand there like that, as if we'd only just had some damned silly little squabble about a hand at bridge.

Olwen: Freda, can't you — ?

Robert: Don't you see, we're not living in the same *world* now. Everything's gone. My brother was an obscene lunatic —

Freda (very sharply): Stop that.

Robert: And my wife doted on him and pestered him. One of my partners is a liar and a cheat and a thief. The other — God knows what he is — some sort of hysterical young pervert — (*Both women try to check and calm him.*) And the girl's a greedy little cat on the tiles —

Olwen (half screaming): No, Robert, no. This is horrible, mad. Please, please don't go on. (*Quieter.*) It won't seem like this tomorrow.

Robert (crazy now): Tomorrow! *Tomorrow!* I tell you, I'm through. I'm through. There can't be a tomorrow. (*He goes swaying to the door.*)

Freda (screaming moves to Olwen and grips her arm): He's got a revolver in his bedroom.

Olwen (screaming and running to the door): Stop, Robert! Stop! Stop!

For the last few seconds the light has been fading, now it is completely dark. There is a revolver shot, a woman's scream, a moment's silence, then the sound of a woman sobbing.

ANGEL PAVEMENT
(two extracts from the novel)

John Boynton Priestley

"Cut some off for George," said Mrs. Smeeth, "and I'll keep it hot for him. He's going to be late again. You're a bit late yourself tonight, Dad."

"I know. We've had a funny day today," replied Mr. Smeeth, but for the time being he did not pursue the subject. He was busy carving, and though it was only cold mutton he was carving, he liked to give it all of his attention.

"Now, then, Edna," cried Mrs. Smeeth to her daughter, "don't sit there dreaming. Pass the potatoes and the greens — careful, they're hot. And the mint sauce. Oh, I forgot it. Run and get it, that's a good girl. All right, don't bother yourself. I can be there and back before you've got your wits together."

Mr. Smeeth looked up from his carving and eyed Edna severely. "Why didn't you go and get it when your mother told you. Letting her do everything."

His daughter pulled down her mouth and wriggled a little. "I'd have gone," she said in a whining tone. "Didn't give me time, that's all."

Mr. Smeeth grunted impatiently. Edna annoyed him these days. He had been very fond of her when she was a child — and, for that matter, he was still fond of her — but now she had arrived at what seemed to him a very silly, awkward age. She had a way of acting, of looking, of talking, all acquired fairly recently, that irritated him. An outsider might have come to the conclusion that Edna looked like a slightly soiled and cheapened elf. She was between seventeen and eighteen, a smallish girl, thin about the neck and shoulders but with sturdy legs. She had a broad snub nose, a little round mouth that was nearly always open, and greyish-greenish-bluish eyes set rather wide apart; and scores of faces exactly like hers, pert, prettyish and under-nourished, may be seen within a stone's throw of any picture theatre any evening in any large town. She had left school as soon as she could, and had wandered in and out of various jobs, the latest and steadiest of them being one as assistant in a big draper's Finsbury Park way. At home now, being neither child nor an adult, neither dependent nor independent, she was at her worst: languid and complaining, shrill and resentful, or sullen and tearful; she would not eat properly; she did not want to help her mother, to do a bit of washing-up, to tidy her room; and it was only when one of her silly little friends called, when she was going out, that she suddenly sprang into a vivid personal life of her own, became eager and vivacious. This contrast, as sharp as a sword, sometimes angered, sometimes saddened her father, who could not imagine how his home, for which he saw himself for ever planning and working, appeared in the eyes of fretful, secretive and ambitious adolescence. These changes in Edna annoyed and worried him far more than they did Mrs. Smeeth, who only took offence when she had a solid grievance, and turned a tolerant, sagely feminine eye on what she called Edna's "airs and graces".

* * *

Left to himself, Mr. Smeeth slowly knocked out his pipe in the coal-scuttle and then stared into the fire, brooding. He was always catching himself grumbling about the children now, and he did not want to be a grumbling father. He had enjoyed them when they were young, but now, although there were times when he felt a touch of pride, he no longer understood them. George especially, the elder of the two, and once a very bright promising boy, was both a disappointment and a mystery. George had had opportunities he himself had never had. But George had shown an inclination from the first, to go his own way, which seemed to Mr. Smeeth a very poor way. He had no desire to stick to anything, to serve somebody faithfully, to work himself steadily up to a good safe position. He simply tried one thing after another, selling wireless sets, helping some pal in a garage (he was in a garage now, and it was his fourth or fifth); and

though he always contrived to earn something and appeared to work hard enough, he was not, in his father's opinion, getting anywhere. He was only twenty, of course, and there was time, but Mr. Smeeth, who knew very well that George would continue to go his own way without any reference to him, did not see any possibility of improvement. The point was, that to George, there was nothing wrong, and his father was well aware of the fact that he could not make him see there was anything wrong. That was the trouble with both his children. There was obviously nothing bad about either of them, they compared very favourably with other people's boys and girls; and he would have been quick to defend them; but nevertheless, they were growing up to be men and women he could not understand, just as if they were foreigners. And it was all very perplexing and vaguely saddening.

The truth was, of course, that Mr. Smeeth's children *were* foreigners, not simply because they belonged to a younger generation but because they belonged to a younger generation that existed in a different world. Mr. Smeeth was perplexed because he applied to them standards they did not recognize. They were the product of a changing civilization. They were the children of the Woolworth stores and the moving pictures. Their world was at once larger and shallower than that of their parents. They were less English, more cosmopolitan. Mr. Smeeth could not understand George and Edna, but a host of youths and girls in New York, Paris and Berlin would have understood them at a glance. Edna's appearance, her grimaces and gestures, were temporarily based on those of an Americanized Polish Jewess, who, from her mint in Hollywood, had stamped them on these young girls all over the world. George's knowing eye for a machine, his cigarette and drooping eyelid, his sleek hair, his ties and shoes and suits, the smallest details of his motor-cycling and dancing, his staccato impersonal talk, his huge indifferences, could be matched almost exactly round every corner in any American city or European capital.

B

THE MAN OF PROPERTY IRENE'S RETURN

John Galsworthy

John Galsworthy (1861- 1933) made his reputation in Britain before World War I, not only through his novels, which were sharply critical studies of the property-owning class to which he himself belonged, but also through his realistic and well-constructed plays. It was, however, with the publication of The Forsyte Saga (1906-1921) that he achieved during the 1920's a worldwide body of admiring readers who felt that his wide social range, his honest criticism of his own class, his deep compassion, his essential Englishness, made him the representative English novelist of his time. He was awarded the Nobel Prize in 1932, the first English writer of fiction after Kipling to be so honored.

The passage deals with Irene's return home after Bosinney's death.

On reaching home, and entering the little lighted hall with his latchkey, the first thing that caught his eye was his wife's gold-mounted umbrella lying on the rug chest. Flinging off his fur coat, he hurried to the drawing-room.

The curtains were drawn for the night, a bright fire of cedar logs burned in the grate, and by its light he saw Irene sitting in her usual corner on the sofa. He shut the door softly, and went towards her. She did not move, and did not seem to see him.

"So you've come back?" he said. "Why are you sitting here in the dark?"

Then he caught sight of her face, so white and motionless that it seemed as though the blood must have stopped flowing in her veins; and her eyes, that looked enormous, like the great, wide, startled brown eyes of an owl.

Huddled in her grey fur against the sofa cushions, she had a strange resemblance to a captive owl, bunched in its soft feathers against the wires of a cage. The supple erectness of her figure was gone, as though she had been broken by cruel exercise; as though there were no longer any reason for being beautiful, and supple, and erect."

"So you've come back?" he repeated.

She never looked up, and never spoke, the firelight playing over her motionless figure.

Suddenly she tried to rise, but he prevented her; it was then that he understood.

She had come back like an animal wounded to death, not knowing where to turn, not knowing what she was doing. The sight of her figure, huddled in the fur, was enough.

He knew then for certain that Bosinney had been her lover; knew that she had seen the report of his death – perhaps, like himself, had bought a paper at the draughty corner of the street, and read it.

She had come back then of her own accord, to the cage she had pined to be free of—and taking in all the tremendous significance of this, he longed to cry: "Take your hated body, that I love, out of my house! Take away that pitiful white face, so cruel and soft—before I crush it. Get out of my sight; never let me see you again!"

And, at those unspoken words, he seemed to see her rise and move away, like a woman in a terrible dream, from which she was fighting to awake—rise and go out into the dark and cold, without a thought of him, without so much as the knowledge of his presence.

Then he cried, contradicting what he had not yet spoken, "No; stay there!" And turning away from her, he sat down in his accustomed chair on the other side of the hearth.

They sat in silence.

And Soames thought: "Why is all this? Why should I suffer so? What have I done? It is not my fault!"

Again he looked at her, huddled like a bird that is shot and dying, whose poor breast you see. panting as the air is taken from it, whose poor eyes look at you who have shot it, with a slow, soft, unseeing look, taking farewell of all that is good—of the sun, and the air, and its mate.

So they sat, by the firelight, in the silence, one on each side of the hearth.

And the fume of the burning cedar logs, that he loved so well, seemed to grip Soames by the throat till he could bear it no longer. And going out into the hall he flung the door wide, to gulp down the cold air that came in; then—without hat or overcoat went out into the Square.

Along the garden rails a half-starved cat came rubbing her way towards him, and Soames thought: "Suffering! when will it cease, my suffering?"

At a front door across the way was a man of his acquaintance named Rutter, scraping his boots, with an air of "I am master here". And Soames walked on.

From far in the clear air the bells of the church where he and Irene had been married were pealing in "practice" for the advent of Christ, the chimes ringing out above the sound of traffic. He felt a craving for strong drink, to lull him to indifference, or rouse him to fury. If only he could burst out of himself, out of this web that for the first time in his life he felt around him. If only he could surrender to the thought: "Divorce her—turn her out! She has forgotten you. Forget her!"

If only he could surrender to the thought: "Let her go—she has suffered enough!"

If only he could surrender to the desire: "Make a slave of her—she is in your power!"

If only even he could surrender to the sudden vision:

"What does it all matter?" Forget himself for a minute, forget that it mattered what he did, forget that whatever he did he must sacrifice something.

If only he could act on an impulse!

He could forget nothing; surrender to no thought, vision, or desire; it was all too serious; too close around him, an unbreakable cage.

On the far side of the Square newspaper boys were calling their evening wares, and the ghoulis cries mingled and jangled with the sound of those church bells.

Soames covered his ears. The thought flashed across him that but for a chance, he himself, and not Bosinney, might be lying dead, and she, instead of crouching there like, a shot bird with those dying eyes—

TWO VIEWS OF THE MISSISSIPPI

Mark Twain

Mark Twain (1835-1910) was, of course, the pen name of Samuel Langhorne Clemens, the Missourian who learned to pilot Mississippi river boats and who grew to become one of America's leading humorists, social critics, and men of letters. Twain recorded his experiences in numerous newspaper features and columns and in several books, including Life on the Mississippi (1883), The Adventures of Tom Sawyer (1876), and his masterpiece, The Adventures of Huckleberry Finn (1885). Indeed, for some literary historians, the true American novel has its beginnings in the work of Twain. In the selection that follows, Twain contrasts his views of the Mississippi first as a novice and then as an experienced river pilot.

Now when I had mastered the language of this water, and had come to know every trifling feature that bordered the great river as familiarly as I knew the letters of the alphabet, I had made a valuable acquisition. But I had lost something, too. I had lost something which could never be restored to me while I lived. All the grace, the beauty, the poetry, had gone out of the majestic river! I still keep in mind a certain wonderful sunset which I witnessed when steam-boating was new to me. A broad expanse of the river was turned to blood; in the middle distance the red hue brightened into gold, through which a solitary log came floating black and conspicuous; in one place a long, slanting mark lay sparkling upon the water; in another the surface was broken by boiling, tumbling rings, that were as many-tinted as an opal; where the ruddy flush was faintest, was a smooth spot that was covered with graceful circles and radiating lines, ever so delicately traced; the shore on our left was densely wooded, and the somber shadow that fell from this forest was broken in one place by a long, ruffled trail that shone like silver; and high above the forest wall a clean-stemmed dead tree waved a single leafy bough that glowed like a flame in the unobstructed splendor that was flowing from the sun. There were graceful curves, reflected images, woody heights, soft distances; and over the whole scene, far and near, the dissolving lights drifted steadily, enriching it every passing moment with new marvels of coloring.

I stood like one bewitched. I drank it in, in a speechless rapture. The world was new to me, and I had never seen anything like this at home. But as I have said, a day came when I began to cease from noting the glories and the charms which the moon and the sun and the twilight wrought upon the river's face; another day came when I ceased altogether to note them. Then, if that sunset scene had been repeated, I should have looked upon it without rapture, and should have commented upon it, inwardly, after this fashion: "This sun means that we are going to have wind to-morrow; that floating log means that the river is rising, small thanks to it; that slanting mark on the water refers to a bluff reef which is going to kill somebody's steamboat one of these nights, if it keeps on stretching out like that; those tumbling 'boils' show a dissolving bar and a changing channel there; the lines and circles in the slick water over yonder are a warning that that troublesome place is shoaling up dangerously; that silver streak in the shadow of the forest is the 'break' from a new snag, and he has located himself in the very best place he could have found to fish for steamboats; that tall dead tree, with a single living branch, is not going to last long, and then how is a body ever going to get through this blind place at night without the friendly old landmark?"

No, the romance and beauty were all gone from the river. All the value any feature of it had for me now was the amount of usefulness it could furnish toward compassing the safe piloting of a steamboat. Since those days, I have pitied doctors from my heart. What does the lovely flush in a beauty's cheek mean to a doctor but a "break" that ripples above some deadly disease? Are not all her visible charms sown thick with what are to him the signs and symbols of hidden decay? Does he ever see her beauty at all, or doesn't he simply view her professionally, and comment upon her unwholesome condition all to himself? And doesn't he sometimes wonder whether he has gained most or lost most by learning his trade?

SOMEWHERE, SOME TIME, SOME PLACE

Olive Schreiner

Born in Basutoland, South Africa, to missionary parents, Olive Schreiner (1855-1920) was self-educated and self-supporting. She began her first work, a semiautobiographical novel, The Story of an African Farm (1883), when she was in her teens. It was published under the pseudonym of Ralph Iron when Schreiner was in England. The novel's exotic setting and the unconventional stance of the author made it an immediate success—until it was revealed that the author was a woman: the book's refreshing unconventionality was then seen as dangerous nonconformity. Unable to publish anything else in England. Schreiner returned to South Africa. There she became well known as a critic and essayist, writing primarily on women's and racial issues. Her most important piece of nonfiction is the long essay Women and Labour (1911). Schreiner also wrote short stories, which were quite different in style than her realistic, straightforward essays and novel. Dreams (1890) and Stories, Dreams, and Allegories (1923) are, as their titles suggest, collections of stories which are mystical and poetic in style and tone.

When a child, not yet nine years old, I walked out one morning along the mountain tops on which my home stood. The sun had not yet risen, and the mountain grass was heavy with dew; as I looked back I could see the marks my feet had made on the long grassy slope behind me. I walked till I came to a place where a little stream ran which farther on passed over the precipices into the deep valley below. Here it passed between soft, earthy banks; at one place a large slice of earth had fallen away from the bank on the other side, and it had made a little island a few feet wide with water flowing all round it. It was covered with wild mint and a weed with yellow flowers and long waving grasses. I sat down on the bank at the foot of a dwarfed olive tree, the only tree near. All the plants on the island were dark with the heavy night's dew and the sun had not yet risen.

I had got up so early because I had been awake much in the night and could not sleep longer. My heart was heavy; my physical heart seemed to have a pain in it, as if small, sharp crystals were cutting into it. All the world seemed wrong to me. It was not only that sense of the small misunderstandings and tiny injustices of daily life, which perhaps all sensitive children feel at some time pressing down on them; but the whole Universe seemed to be weighing on me.

I had grown up in a land where wars were common. From my earliest years I had heard of bloodshed and battles and hairbreadth escapes; I had heard them told of by those who had seen and taken part in them. In my native country dark men were killed and their lands taken from them by white men armed with superior weapons; even near to me such things had happened. I knew also how white men fought white men; the stronger even hanging the weaker on gallows when they did not submit; and I had seen how white men used the dark as beasts of labour, often without any thought for their good or happiness. Three times I had seen an ox striving to pull a heavily loaded wagon up a hill, the blood and foam streaming from its mouth and nostrils as it struggled, and I had seen it fall dead, under the lash. In the bush in the kloof below I had seen bush-bucks and little long-tailed monkeys that I loved so shot dead, not from any necessity but for the pleasure of killing, and the cock-o-veets and the honey-suckers and the wood-doves that made the bush so beautiful to me. And sometimes I had seen bands of convicts going past to work on the roads, and had heard the chains clanking which went round their waists and passed between their legs to the irons on their feet; I had seen the terrible look in their eyes of a wild creature, when every man's hand is against it, and no one loves it, and it only hates and fears. I had got up early in the morning to drop small bits of tobacco at the roadside, hoping they would find them and pick them up. I had wanted to say to them, 'Someone loves you'; but the man with the gun was always there. Once I had seen a pack of dogs set on by men to attack a strange dog, which had come among them and had done no harm to anyone. I had watched it torn to pieces, though I had done all I could to save it. Why did everyone press on everyone and try to make them do what they wanted? Why did the strong always crush the

weak? Why did we hate and kill and torture? Why was it all as it was? Why had the world ever been made? Why, oh why, had I ever been born?

The little sharp crystals seemed to cut deeper into my heart.

And then, as I sat looking at that little, damp, dark island, the sun began to rise. It shot its lights across the long, grassy slopes of the mountains and struck the little mound of earth in the water. All the leaves and flowers and grasses on it turned bright gold, and the dewdrops hanging from them were like diamonds; and the water in the stream glinted as it ran. And, as I looked at that almost intolerable beauty, a curious feeling came over me. It was not what I *thought* put into exact words, but I seemed to see a world in which creatures no more hated and crushed, in which the strong helped the weak, and men understood each other, and forgave each other, and did not try to crush others, but to help. I did not think of it, as something to be in a distant picture; it was there, about me, and I was in it, and a part of it. And there came to me, as I sat there, a joy such as never besides have I experienced, except perhaps once, a joy without limit.

And then, as I sat on there, the sun rose higher and higher, and shone hot on my back, and the morning light was everywhere. And slowly and slowly the vision vanished, and I began to think and question myself.

How could that glory ever really be? In a world where creature preys on creature, and man, the strongest of all, preys more than all, how could this be? And my mind went back to the dark thoughts I had in the night. In a world where the little ant-lion digs his hole in the sand and lies hidden at the bottom for the small ant to fall in and be eaten, and the leopard's eyes gleam yellow through bushes as it watches the little bush-buck coming down to the fountain to drink, and millions and millions of human beings use all they know, and their wonderful hands, to kill and press down others, what hope could there ever be? The world was as it was! And what was I? A tiny, miserable worm, a speck within a speck, an imperceptible atom, a less than a nothing! What did it matter what I did, how I lifted my hands, and how I cried out? The great world would roll on, and on, just as it had! What if nowhere at no time, in no place, was there anything else?

The band about my heart seemed to grow tighter and tighter. A helpless, tiny, miserable worm. Could I prevent one man from torturing an animal that was in his power; stop one armed man from going out to kill? In my own heart, was there not bitterness, the anger against those who injured me or others, till my heart was like a burning coal? If the world had been made so, so it was! But, why, oh why, had I ever been born? Why did the Universe exist?

And then, as I sat on there, another thought came to me; and in some form or other it has remained with me ever since, all my life. It was like this: You cannot by willing it alter the vast world outside of you: you cannot, perhaps, cut the lash from one whip; you cannot stop the march of even one armed man going out to kill; you cannot, perhaps, strike the handcuff from one chained hand; you cannot even remake your own soul so that there shall be no tendency to evil in it; the great world rolls on, and you cannot reshape it; but this one thing only you can do—in that one, small, minute, almost infinitesimal spot in the Universe, where your will rules, there where alone you are as God, strive to make that you hunger for real! No man can prevent you there. In your own heart strive to kill out all hate, all desire to see evil come even to those who have injured you or another; what is weaker than yourself try to help; whatever is in pain or unjustly treated and cries out, say, "I am here! I, little, weak, feeble, but I will do what I can for you." This is all you can do; but do it; it is not nothing! And then this feeling came to me, a feeling it is not easy to put into words, but it was like this: You also are a part of the great Universe, what you strive for something strives for; *and nothing in the Universe is quite alone*; you are moving on towards something.

And as I walked back that morning over the grass slopes, I was not sorry I was going back to the old life. I did not wish I was dead and that the Universe had never existed. I, also, had something to live for—and even if I failed to reach it utterly—somewhere, some time, some place, it was! I was not alone.

More than a generation has passed since that day, but it remains to me the most important and unforgettable of my life. In the darkest hour its light has never quite died out.

In the long years which have passed, the adult has seen much of which the young child knew nothing.

In my native land I have seen the horror of a great war. Smoke has risen from burning homesteads; women and children by thousands have been thrown into great camps to perish there; men whom I have known have been tied in chairs and executed for fighting against strangers in the land of their own birth. In the world's great cities I have seen how everywhere the upper stone grinds hard on the nether, and men and women feed upon the toil of their fellow men without any increase of spiritual beauty or joy for themselves, only a heavy congestion; while those who are fed upon grow bitter and narrow from the loss of the life that is sucked from them. Within my own soul I have perceived elements militating against all I hungered for, of which the young child knew nothing; I have watched closely the great, terrible world of public life, of politics, diplomacy, and international relations, where, as under a terrible magnifying glass, the greed, the ambition, the cruelty and falsehood of the individual soul are seen, in so hideously enlarged and wholly unrestrained a form that it might be forgiven to one who cried out to the powers that lie behind life: 'Is it not possible to put out a sponge and wipe up humanity from the earth? It is stain!' I have realised that the struggle against the primitive, self-seeking instincts in human nature, whether in the individual or in the larger social organism, is a life-and-death struggle, to be renewed by the individual till death, by the race through the ages. I have tried to wear no blinkers. I have not held a veil before my eyes, that I might profess that cruelty, injustice, and mental and physical anguish were not. I have tried to look nakedly in the face those facts which make most against all hope— and yet, in the darkest hour, the consciousness which I carried back with me that morning has never wholly deserted me; even as a man who clings with one hand to a rock, though the waves pass over his head, yet knows what his hand touches.

But, in the course of the long years which have passed, something else has happened. That which was for the young child only a vision, a flash of almost blinding light, which it could hardly even to itself translate, has, in the course of a long life's experience, become a hope, which I think the cool reason can find grounds to justify, and which a growing knowledge of human nature and human life does endorse.

Somewhere, some time, some place—even on earth!

Atticus put his hands in his pockets, and as he returned to the jury, I saw his gold collar button and the tips of his pen and pencil winking in the light.

"Gentlemen," he said. Jem and I again looked at each other: Atticus might have said "Scout". His voice had lost its aridity, its detachment, and he was talking to the jury as if they were folks on the post office corner.

"Gentlemen," he was saying, "I shall be brief, but I would like to use my remaining time with you to remind you that this case is not a difficult one, it requires no minute sifting of complicated facts, but it does require you to be sure beyond all reasonable doubt as to the guilt of the defendant. To begin with, this case should never have come to trial. This case is as simple as black and white."

"The state has not produced one iota of medical evidence to the effect that the crime Tom Robinson is charged with ever took place. It has relied instead upon the testimony of two witnesses whose evidence has not only been called into serious question on cross-examination, but has been flatly contradicted by the defendant. The defendant is not guilty, but somebody in this court-room is.

"I have nothing but pity in my heart for the chief witness for the state, but my pity does not extend so far as to her putting a man's life at stake, which she has done in an effort to get rid of her own guilt.

"I say guilt, gentlemen, because it was guilt that motivated her. She has committed no crime, she has merely broken a rigid and time-honored code of our society, a code so severe that whoever breaks it is hounded from our midst as unfit to live with. She is the victim of cruel poverty and ignorance, but I cannot pity her: she is white. She knew full well the enormity of her offense, but because her desires were stronger than the code she was breaking, she persisted in breaking it. She persisted, and her subsequent reaction is something that all of us have known at one time or another. She did something every child has done - she tried to put the evidence of her offense away from her. But in this case she was no child hiding stolen contraband: she struck out at her victim—of necessity she must put him away from her—he must be removed from her presence, from this world. She must destroy the evidence of her offense.

"What was the evidence of her offense? Tom Robinson, a human being. She must put Tom Robinson away from her. Tom Robinson was her daily reminder of what she did. What did she do? She tempted a Negro.

"She was white, and she tempted a Negro. She did something that in our society is unspeakable: she kissed a black man. Not an old Uncle, but a strong young Negro man. No code mattered to her before she broke it, but it came crashing down on her afterwards.

"Her father saw it, and the defendant has testified as to his remarks. What did her father do? We don't know, but there is circumstantial evidence to indicate that Mayella Ewell was beaten savagely by someone who led almost exclusively with his left. We do know in part what Mr. Ewell did: he did what any God-fearing, persevering, respectable white man would do under the circumstances—he swore out a warrant,² no doubt signing it with his left hand, and Tom Robinson now sits before you, having taken the oath with the only good hand he possesses—his right hand.

"And so a quiet, respectable, humble Negro who had the unmitigated temerity to 'feel sorry' for a white woman has had to put his word against two white people's. I need not remind you of their appearance and conduct on the stand—you saw them for yourselves. The witness for the state, with the exception of the sheriff of Maycomb County, have presented themselves to you gentlemen, to this court, in the cynical confidence that their testimony would not be doubted, confident that you gentlemen would go along with them on the assumption—the evil assumption—that *all* Negroes lie, that *all* Negroes are basically immoral beings, that *all* Negro men are not to be trusted around our women, an assumption one associates with minds of their caliber.

"Which, gentlemen, we know is in itself a lie as black as Tom Robinson's skin, a lie I do not have to point out to you. You know the truth, and the truth is this: some Negroes lie, some Negroes

are immoral, some Negro men are not to be trusted around women—black or white. But this is a truth that applies to the human race and to no particular race of men. There is not a person in this court-room who has never told a lie, who has never done an immoral thing, and there is no man living who has never looked upon a woman without desire."

Atticus paused and took out his handkerchief. Then he took off his glasses and wiped them, and we saw another "first": we had never seen him sweat—he was one of those men whose faces never perspired, but now it was shining tan.

"One more thing, gentlemen, before I quit. Thomas Jefferson once said that all men are created equal, a phrase that the Yankees³ and the distaff side⁴ of the Executive branch in Washington are fond of hurling at us. There is a tendency in this year of grace, 1935, for certain people to use this, phrase out of context, to satisfy all conditions. The most ridiculous example I can think of is that the people who run public education promote the stupid and idle along with the industrious—because all men are created equal, educators will gravely tell you, the children left behind suffer terrible feelings of inferiority. We know all men are not created equal in the sense some people would have us believe—some people are smarter than others, some people have more opportunity because they're born with it, some men make more money than others, some ladies make better cakes than others—some people are born gifted beyond the normal scope of most men.

"But there is one way in this country in which all men are created equal—there is one human institution that makes a pauper the equal of a Rockefeller, the stupid man the equal of an Einstein, and the ignorant man the equal of any college president. That institution, gentlemen, is a court. It can be the Supreme Court⁶ of the United States or the humblest J. P. court⁶ in the land, or this honorable court which you serve. Our courts have their faults, as does any human institution, but in this country our courts are the great levellers, and in our courts all men are created equal.

"I'm no idealist to believe firmly in the integrity of our courts and in the jury system. Gentlemen, a court is no better than each man of you sitting before me on this jury. A court is only as sound as its jury, and a jury is only as sound as the men who make it up. I am confident that you gentlemen will review without passion the evidence you have heard, come to a decision, and restore this defendant to his family. In the name of God, do your duty."

Atticus's voice had dropped, and as he turned away from the jury he said something I did not catch. He said it more to himself than to the court. I punched Jem.

"What'd he say?"

"In the name of God, believe him," I think that's what he said." ...

What happened after that had a dreamlike quality: in a dream I saw the jury return, moving like underwater swimmers, and Judge Taylor's voice came from far away and was tiny. I saw something only a lawyer's child could be expected to see, could be expected to watch for, and it was like watching Atticus walk into the street, raise a rifle to his shoulder and pull the trigger, but watching all the time knowing that the gun was empty.

A jury never looks at a defendant it has convicted, and when this jury came in, not one of them looked at Tom Robinson. The foreman handed a piece of paper to Mr. Tate who handed it to the clerk who handed it to the judge. . . .

I shut my eyes. Judge Taylor was polling the jury: "Guilty . . . guilty . . . guilty . . . guilty . . ." I peeked at Jem: his hands were white from gripping the balcony rail, and his shoulders jerked as if each "guilty" was a separate stab between them.

Judge Taylor was saying something. His gavel was in his fist, but he wasn't using it. Dimly, I saw Atticus pushing papers from the table into his briefcase. He snapped it shut, went to the court reporter and said something, nodded to Mr Gilmer, and then went to Tom Robinson and whispered something to him. Atticus put his hand on Tom's shoulder as he whispered. Atticus took his coat off the back of his chair and pulled it over his shoulder. Then, he left the court-room, but not by his usual exit. He must have wanted to go home the short way, because he walked quickly down the middle aisle toward the south exit. I followed the top of his head as he made his way to the door. He did not look up.

Someone was punching me, but I was reluctant to take my eyes from the people below us, and

from the image of Atticus's lonely walk down the aisle.

"Miss Jean Louise?"

I looked around. They were standing. All around us and in the balcony on the opposite wall, the Negroes were getting to their feet. Reverend Sykes's voice was as distant as Judge Taylor's:

"Miss Jean Louise, stand up. Your father's passin'."

Shakespeare's sonnets were published in 1609, but most of them were written much earlier, probably in the 1590's, when Sidney's Astrophel and Stella established the vogue of the Elizabethan sonnet cycle. There are 154 sonnets in all, and together they suggest a "story", although the exact details of that "story" are elusive and mysterious. The first 126 sonnets are addressed mainly to a young man of great beauty and promise. The speaker expresses his affection and admiration for the young man, urges him to marry and perpetuate his virtues through children, and warns him about the destructive power of time, age, and moral weakness. Sonnets 78-86 of this group are concerned with a rival poet who has also addressed poems to the young man. Sonnets 127-152 are addressed to a lady with dark hair, eyes, and complexion. Both the speaker and the young man seem to be involved with her romantically.

There has always been much speculation about the biographical meaning of the "story" of Shakespeare's sonnets, but no one ever produced a convincing theory, connecting it with the facts of Shakespeare's life. The situations and relationships suggested in the sonnets are best understood as the fictional means through which Shakespeare explores universal questions about time and death, about beauty and moral integrity, about love and about poetry itself.

LITTLE DORRIT

Chapter II

MRS. GENERAL

Charles Dickens

... Mrs. General was the daughter of a clerical dignitary in a cathedral town, where she had led the fashion until she was as near forty-five as a single lady can be. A stiff commissariat officer of sixty, famous as a martinet, had then become enamoured of the gravity with which she drove the proprieties four-in-hand through the cathedral town society, and had solicited to be taken beside her on the box of the cool coach of ceremony to which that team was harnessed. His proposal of marriage being accepted by the lady, the commissary took his seat behind the proprieties with great decorum, and Mrs. General drove until the commissary died. In the course of their united journey they ran over several people who came in the way of the proprieties; but always in a high style, and with composure.

The commissary having been buried with all the decorations suitable to the service (the whole team of proprieties were harnessed to his hearse, and they all had feathers and black velvet housings, with his coat of arms in the corner), Mrs. General began to inquire what quantity of dust and ashes was deposited at the bankers. It then transpired that the commissary had so far stolen a march on Mrs. General as to have bought himself an annuity some years before his marriage, and to have reserved that circumstance, in mentioning, at the period of his proposal, that his income was derived from the interest of his money. Mrs. General consequently found her means so much diminished that, but for the perfect regulation of her mind, she might have felt disposed to question the accuracy of that portion of the late service which had declared that the commissary could take nothing away with him.

In this state of affairs it occurred to Mrs. General that she might "form the mind", and eke the manners of some young lady of distinction. Or, that she might harness the proprieties to the carriage of some rich young heiress or widow, and become at once the driver and guard of such vehicle through the social mazes...

... In person, Mrs. General, including her skirts, which had much to do with it, was of a dignified and imposing appearance; ample, rustling, gravely voluminous; always upright behind the proprieties. She might have been taken—had been taken—to the top of the Alps and the bottom of Herculanum, without disarranging a fold in her dress, or displacing a pin. If her countenance and hair had rather a floury appearance, as though from living in some transcendently genteel mill, it was rather because she was a chalky creation altogether, than because she mended her complexion with violet powder, or had turned grey. If her eyes had no expression, it was probably because they had nothing to express. If she had few wrinkles, it was because her mind had never traced its name or any other inscription on her face. A cool, waxy, blown-out woman, who had never lighted well.

Mrs. General had no opinions. Her way of forming a mind was to prevent it from forming opinions. She had a little circular set of mental grooves or rails on which she started little trains of other people's opinions, which never overtook one another, and never got anywhere. Even her propriety could not dispute that there was impropriety in the world; but Mrs. General's way of getting rid of it was to put it out of sight, and make believe that there was no such thing. This was another of her ways of forming a mind—to cram all articles of difficulty into cupboards, lock them up, and say they had no existence. It was the easiest way, and beyond all comparison, the properest.

Mrs. General was not to be told of anything shocking. Accidents, miseries, and offences, were never to be mentioned before her. Passion was to go to sleep in the presence of Mrs. General, and blood was to change to milk and water. The little that was left in the world, when all these deductions were made, it was Mrs. General's province to varnish. In that formation process of hers she

dipped the smallest of brushes into the largest of pots, and varnished the surface of every object that came under consideration. The more cracked it was, the more Mrs. General varnished it.

There was varnish in Mrs. General's voice, varnish in Mrs. General's touch, an atmosphere of varnish round Mrs. General's figure. Mrs. General's dreams ought to have been varnished—if she had any—lying asleep in the arms of the good St. Bernard, with the feathery snow falling on his housetop.

Stylistic Analysis

The passage is an extract from Dickens' novel "Little Dorrit". Dickens describes a certain Mrs. General, a snobbish and pretentious lady "whose task was to form the minds of the young ladies of distinction". The character of Mrs. General is a brilliant example of Dickens' biting irony.

The ironical treatment of the subject is seen from the very first lines. Mrs. General is presented as a driver "of the carriages of proprieties". The metaphor is sustained through the whole passage, so the reader inevitably associates Mrs. General with "the cool coach of ceremony" with a pompous and pretentious behaviour that was calculated to impress the people, and thus win Mrs. General a high reputation in bourgeois society. Mrs. General and her husband acted as paragons of virtue and condemned any breach of conduct with pitiless cruelty. Their behaviour is revealed through the metaphor which is prolonged involving relevant details "of their united journey". "In the course of their united journey "Mrs. General and her husband "ran over several people who came in the way of the proprieties", in other words they treated people ruthlessly and ruined many a reputation. It was done, however, "in a high style, and with composure".

The first paragraph introduces Mrs. General as a lady who had "led the fashion" or metaphorically speaking "drove the carriage of proprieties". The central image of the metaphor, that of a driver of "the coach of ceremony" is sustained through a series of contributory images as to "four – in – hand" (she drove the proprieties four in hand), "the box of the cool coach of ceremony to which that team was harnessed", "in the course of their united journey", "they ran over several people", etc.

In the second paragraph one should note a peculiar use of the word "hearse", in its direct meaning it is a part of reality (Mrs. General's funeral), on the other hand, in the macrocontext it is a part of the sustained metaphor of the first paragraph ("the coach of ceremony").

In the third paragraph the same image is further developed and enhanced through the use of the synonyms ("coach", "carriage", "vehicle"); note the unity of the imagery used by Dickens. All the contextual synonyms develop the same idea, that of Mrs. General's drive "through the social mazes".

The choice of epithets employing by Dickens to describe this "accomplished lady" reveals his ironic attitude to her. The main idea expressed through the epithets is to show Mrs. General as an absolutely cold and indifferent woman devoid of any human feeling or emotion "a cool, waxy, blown – out woman". The metaphoric epithet "blown – out" is humorously commented on: "who had never lighted well".

"She was a chalky creation altogether", "dignified", "imposing", "gravely voluminous", but "upright", utterly devoid of any expression. "If her eyes had no expression, it was probably because they had nothing to express". The cold and lifeless qualities of Mrs. General are enhanced through the use of a hyperbole "She might have been taken – had been taken – to the top of the Alps and the bottom of Herculaneum, without disarranging a fold in her dress, or displacing a pin".

Mrs. General's inner qualities are in full harmony with her appearance: "Mrs. General had no opinions. She had a little circular set of mental grooves or rails on which she started little trains of other people's opinions". The description of Mrs. General's method of "forming a mind" is done through a prolonged metaphor whose central image is a "circular set" of "grooves" or "rails". It is but natural that no knowledge could be acquired under such a teacher as the "rails" led nowhere.

The other no less relevant feature of Mrs. General's method was to conceal "the impropriety" of the world. Mrs. General's task was to get rid of it, "to put it out of sight", "and make believe that there was no such thing". A series of synonymical repetitions is arranged climatically ending in a

prolonged metaphor which is the top of the climax: “to cram all articles of difficulty into cupboards, lock them up, and say they had no existence”.

One should note the syntactical arrangement of this paragraph: the use of epiphoric repetition in the first part of the paragraph (the word “opinion” is repeated three times which attracts the reader’s attention and brings home to him the utter stupidity and mental mediocrity of Mrs. General and the fashionable set of society in which she rules).

The next paragraph begins with the topical sentence: “Mrs. General was not to be told of anything shocking”. The author dwells on Mrs. General’s indifferent, cold and snobbish approach to life, - all human feelings and sufferings were alien to her – this attitude towards life is revealed through the syntactical SD of parallelism which includes two periphrastic constructions: the first based on metaphor and the second on metonymy. “Passion was to go to sleep in the presence of Mrs. General and blood was to change to milk and water”. Concluding the ironical description of Mrs. General Dickens dwells on her ability “to varnish” “the little that was left in the world, when all these deductions were made”. The metaphor “varnish” exposes Mrs. General as a false and hypocritical creature who deliberately tried to distort reality through the use of sugary lies, so that the dark and squalid aspects of life seemed quite respectable and even pleasant in her interpretation. “...she varnished the surface of every object that came under consideration. The more cracked it was, the more Mrs. General varnished it”.

The ironical effect is achieved by the use of the prolongation of the metaphor “varnish” and by the use of the repetition of the word “varnish” throughout the whole paragraph.

Summing up the analysis of the character of Mrs. General which is the subject – matter of the chapter one should say that Dickens brilliantly uses imagery, mostly metaphors prolonged and developed throughout the passage, which help to reveal Mrs. General’s nature. All EMs and SDs employing by Dickens are keyed to the purpose of exposing Mrs. General; her snobbery coldness, cruelty and hypocrisy are the objects of the author’s ridicule and biting irony.

