THE UNIFYING ELEMENT OF THE SHORT-STORY.

Before beginning the discussion of any certain element in the short-story, it may be well to define the term itself in order that it may be easily and definitely distinguished from the general class of literature of a similar character.

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Harriet Matthews in her "University of the Short-story" names the essential element that characterizes this form of fiction: 'the unity of incoherence which it contains'. Only in so far as the story deals with the same or situations in such a way that there is given a simple effect does the short-story differ from the novel, the tale of the long-story.

A PARTIAL REQUIREMENT FOR THE DEGREE

The length of the production is in no sense the standard of telling stories. A writer who has produced a novel or a short-story, a book as "Doctor Jekyll and Mr. Hyde" ranked in only thousands of words and listed in libraries as a novel, is in the classic structure a short-story. The book consists of an idea. Every action in the story is a step toward the development of that idea. The whole mass of incidents, colorless and unrelated, close in themselves, whose sole purpose is to contribute toward attaining the one intention of the book. The conception is clearly that of the short-story. The short-story then may be said to be a distinct art-form or structure by which a single incident, character, or emotion is portrayed. This form, according to Harriet Matthews, must observe in the presentation of narrative incidents, the key-notes of compression, originality, ingenuity and, occasionally, fantasy.

J. Brande Matthews "The Philosophy of the Short-Story" (Longman, Green and Co., 1914).
THE UNIFYING ELEMENT OF THE SHORT STORY.

Before beginning the discussion of any certain element in the short-story, it may be well to define the term itself in order that it may be easily and definitely distinguished from various other kinds of literature of a similar character.

Brander Matthews in his "Philosophy of the Short-story" makes the essential element that characterizes this form of fiction the unity of impression which it conveys. Only in so far as the story deals with incidents or situations in such a way that there is given a single effect does the short-story differ from the novel, the tale or the sketch.

The length of the production is in no sense the standard that decides whether or not a writer has produced a novel or a short-story. A book like Stevenson's "Doctor Jekyll and Mr. Hyde" couched in many thousands of words and listed in libraries as a novel, is in its organic structure a short-story. The book contains one idea. Every situation in the story is a step toward the development of that idea. The plot is made of incidents, colorless and structureless in themselves, whose one purpose is to contribute toward attaining the one impression of the book. The conception is clearly that of the short-story. (The short-story then may be said to be a distinct art-form or structure by which a single incident, character or emotion is portrayed.) This form, according to Brander Matthews, must observe in the presentation of narrative incidents, the key-notes of compression, originality, ingenuity and, occasionally, fantasy.

36384 As nearly as can be ascertained, from a careful perusal 1. Brander Matthews "The Philosophy of the Short-Story" (Longman, Green and Co.) p.15.
of materials dealing with the short-story in all its phases, there
is no definite method of procedure in the production of a perfect
short-story. All writers and critics are agreed that the signifi-
cance attached to this genre of story-telling is a significance in
the main, of structure rather than of context, yet the mechanism by
which the structure is effected is most sparingly treated.

The usual manner of arriving at the desired unity of effect
seems to be the natural story-telling method, where incident follows
incident in a definite contiguous relationship. Charity Dye in
"The Story-tellers' Art" presents the matter clearly when she says,
"In a well-appointed story not only must everything that happens
grow naturally out of the situation but it must seem to be the only
thing that could happen under the circumstances."¹

In "The Outcasts of Poker Flat" by Bret Harte, the removal of
the improper persons from Poker Flat depends logically upon the in-
vestigation of the secret committee whose duty it was to rid the
model town of its undesirable inhabitants. The exodus naturally
takes them on the only trail to the nearest village where they meet
the eloping Innocent and Piney Woods. The common camp of the two
parties on the mountain side is a natural consequence.² Throughout
the plot, the development, the reader is aware of the human kindness in
the hearts of these social pariahs, but not until Mr. Oakhurst
leaves his rations and a liberal supply of fuel for the two women
that are left in the snow-covered shack and ends his own life, is
that thought completed.

The story just given illustrates the cause-and-effect
procedure that is found in a great majority of short-stories. The
circumstances are united as closely as link joins link in an iron
chain. Only as the interlocking of the links is effectual is the
1 Charity Dye. "The Story-teller's Art". P. 34
2 Bret Harte. "Outcasts of Poker Flat" from "The Luck of Roaring Camp"
The chain made strong, and only as the situations evolve logically, is the story well conceived. The effect is within the story and is not completed until the last incident is related.

Thus the normal Short-story is made.

So keenly has this thought been recognized by critics and various literateurs that in writing his book entitled "Short-story Writing", Walter Pitkins makes a definite statement to this effect, "We have seen that the single effect may be produced either by developing a theme after the fashion of a narrative sermon, or else stressing one or more of the three factors of the dramatic narrative, namely the character, the complication, or the setting. Now this means that the effect is not contributed by something apart from the story proper; not by fine descriptions joined to the dramatic narrative, nor by a running fire of aphorisms on the side, nor by any other devise save the plot itself. If the plot is produced by the theme, it is produced only in and through the events which demonstrate the theme, as in Hawthorne's "The Great Stone Face". If it is produced by emphasis of a dramatic factor, it is again the narrative containing this factor that turns the trick. In short, the two ideals are realized, not by two distinct parts of a story, but in each and every part of it identically."¹

In other words, Pitkins is saying that there is in all short-stories an essential unity of effect, but that the effect must be produced by the plot itself, or by the play of description or theme upon the plot, and not "by something apart from the story proper". (Insert) 3a.

This seems to be true of the great majority of short-

¹ Walter E. Pitkins "Short Story Writing", (The Macmillan Co.) p.87.
The investigation into the forms and mechanisms that produce the technique of short stories was conducted in an irregular method during the first few minutes of the study. The articles in the various periodicals, and in the very recent years the short story has been a most common theme, failed to give any information upon the unusual technique that seemed to exist in the two stories just mentioned. 1 Definite statements to the effect that "the most common fallacy existing in the world of fiction today is to suppose that there is something new under the sun, and to try and spring the new thing upon unsuspecting readers of good magazines and papers in the form of unique letters and cards, family records and histories, etc. And to call the mass so obtained a short story is unpardonable." "The unity of the short story is the one fundamental quality that this most prolific form of fiction depends upon," 2 E. W. Pugh makes a similar statement when he says, "There are some sixteen combinations of plot structures that contain the story essence of all short stories written. The manner in which an author is capable of creating a unit from the group he selects for his story, denotes the success of his story," 3 but this manner is left to the discretion of the writer and is not treated in the discussion of Pugh.

After the study of the magazine articles and the clippings collected from the past year's copies of "The Bookman", "The Saturday Evening Book Review" and "The Dial" and finding that the whole thought of the critics of short stories seemed centered upon the effect of unity rather than the methods of producing it, re-

1 See bibliography for list of magazine articles that made mention of technique.
2 C. Hamilton "Whacking Some Fallacies", Bookman, Dec. '08.
3 E. W. Pugh "Decay of the Short Story" Liv. Age 259; 387-94.
course was made to a group of books that are recognized authorities upon short story writing, with but little success. Kipling's

From Henry Seidel Canby, we have this statement, "The term 'short story', as it is used in current writing and speech, does not mean a story which merely happens to be short; it is applied to the narrative which covers such a lesser unity. A lesser unity, of the kind I have described, makes the substance of a short story; the form is what such a subject demands; a brief narrative, all of whose constituent parts unite to make a single impression upon the mind of the reader." Yet throughout his complete study of the short story there is no attempt to analyze the form of the story outside of the normal unity which is created in the plot. Brander Matthews and Pitkins stress the unity of the short story also, an investigation into five-hundred stories of miscellaneous

After the perusal of eight or nine books and over seventy articles in various periodicals, the conclusion that the outside element as a means of creating a unity in the short story was reached, effective in the presentation of the story. By some authors the plot of the story was an element about the extent to which this technique was used numbered, as nearly as the lists recorded show, about 575. About thirty in this number are typical of the technique that is to be discussed here.

Since it was "The Hands of Destiny" that brought the writer to the peroration of the writer, it may well to analyze the story somewhat minutely. It ran thus:

1 Henry Seidel Canby "A Study of the Short Story" (Henry Holt & Co.) p. 1

2 Walter F. Pitkins "Art and Business of Story Writing" Brander Matthews "Philosophy of Short Story" published with Yancey, 1911.

3 See list at end of thesis, p. 37.

In "Hands of Destiny", by O. Henry.

2 In Century Magazine, August 1911, Vol. 82, p. 607-10.
Though the form vary from a series of letters, as in "Marjorie Daw" to the elaborate plot formation of Kipling's "The Strange Ride of Morrowbie's Jukes", there seems to be a general rule that somewhere in the working out of the plot entanglement there is a high point known as the climax, then a quick completion and within the story proper the theme is completed.

After reading "The Roads of Destiny" by O. Henry and feeling so keenly that the unifying element was an artificial and a created incident foreign to the plot of the story, the author read a story by Ellis Parker Butler entitled, "The Blind Ass of the 'dobe House" and was thoroughly convinced that this phase of the short-story had been overlooked.

An investigation into five-hundred stories of miscellaneous character confirmed the notion that this method of writing short stories had been used to a noticeable degree and that authors of standing had found the employment of an element without the story effective in the presentation of the story. By some authors the procedure is evidently a conscious one. The outside element constitutes a part of the plan, the mechanism of the story, and that the author desired to produce some effect. In other stories the element seems to have been used unconsciously.

Since it was "The Roads of Destiny" that brought the matter to the perception of the writer, it may be well to analyze the story somewhat minutely. It runs thus.

Young David, a poet shepherd, had quarreled with Yvonne, his betrothed. Feeling that he was an unhappy, misunderstood genius, he resolved to leave. "Vernoy was no place for him. Not

In "Roads of Destiny", by O. Henry.

one soul there could share his thoughts. Out along that road lay his fate and his future."

"Three leagues across the dim, moonlit champaign, ran the road, straight as a plowman's furrow. It was believed in the village that the road ran to Paris, at least; and this name the poet whispered often to himself as he walked. Never so far from Vernoy had David traveled before.

The Left Branch

"Three leagues, then, the road ran, and turned into a puzzle. It joined with another and a larger road at right angles. David stood, uncertain, for a while, and then took the road to the left."

Following his way on this left branch, David found a carriage carrying a beautiful young woman and a big, masterful man, mired in a brook. After he had given assistance he was asked, or rather commanded, to join the little group. After an hour's journey they arrived at an inn and David heard the gentleman order the sleeping servants to rise for the Marquis de Beaupertuya had come. Consternation followed this announcement for the Marquis was a man to be much feared.

During the sumptuous dinner which followed, David learned that the young lady was the niece and ward of the man, and that she had during the day, disobeyed him for the first time, by refusing to marry the man of his choice. Angered, he had vowed that he would marry her to the first man he should meet, "be he prince, charcoal-burner or thief."

Since he was the first man encountered, and since the Marquis was in no mood to be disputed, David found himself propos-

ing to the beautiful Lucie who accepted him graciously.
As the Marquis was awaiting the priest whom he summoned to perform the ceremony, he proposed so vile a toast to David and his bride-to-be that a duel resulted, in which the poor shepherd died—a bullet through his heart.

Three leagues, then, the road ran, and turned into a puzzle. It joined with another and a larger road at right angles. David stood, uncertain, for a while, and then took the road to the right.

Three leagues further and David was weary. Thus for five days he traveled. Disheartened, he thought little of Yvonne, but went off on his way on the right branch of the road that led 'perchance to Paris'.

He found Paris at last, a smiling, beautiful city of houses, people and poets' dreams. One night on his return to his room, he met a beautiful woman, a countess who was secretly leagued with Monseigneur, the Marquis de Beaupertuys, in a conspiracy to destroy the king and a part of his royal guard. The favor asked of David was that he penetrate the heart of the king's grounds with a poem, but the poem he composed was longer and his clock with a message to a conspirator who was in the royal castle.

The password of the countess admitted David to the outer court and the palace gate, but there the king himself questioned him closely. After learning that he was a poet and having listened to determine his status as a poet, hoping by so doing to discern to some of his pastoral rhymes, the king was about to allow the poor messenger his freedom when the note sent to the guard by the countess was apprehended. David was forced to prove his innocence...
by allowing himself to be disguised as the king who was to be murdered. He crossed the stage length and rolled to an incorrigible curve.

So trustful was the young poet and so certain of his love for the woman who had duped him, that he consented. The plan succeeded. He had carried the message for his own death. "Upon the cushions lay the dead body of the poor mock king and poet, slain by a ball from the pistol of Monseigneur, the Marquis de Beaufortuy's."

So quiet was the village that a score of people heard the sound of "Whither those roads led he knew not. Either way there seemed to lie a great world full of chance and peril. And then, sitting there, his eye fell upon a bright star, one that he and Yvonne had named for theirs. That set him to thinking of Yvonne, and he wondered if he had not been too hasty." So he returned to Vernoy and three years later he was married to Yvonne, and their wedding was heard of three leagues away.

David continued to herd his sheep and his father's, and to write poems, but his stock of poems grew larger and his flock smaller. "Yvonne's nose and temper waxed sharp and her talk blunt. A friend of David's seeing his growing love for the poet life and foretelling the coming disaster as a shepherd, sent him to a learned man to determine his status as a poet, hoping by so doing to discourage his further attempts at poet-lore."

Monsieur Brill was truly a learned man, and a conscien-
tious man and he "Tlinched not even at a mass of manuscript, the thickness of a finger length and rolled to an incorrigible curve. He broke the back of the roll against his knee and began to read. He slighted nothing; he bored into the lump as a worm into the nut, seeking for a kernel". is in the story that serves this purpose? It is an After this arduous duty was completed, he gave the advice to David that he must live his poetry and let others write it. He with satisfied as to his true realm in life, David determined to drop the poet's life and to enlarge his flock, so he purchased a large pistol to keep the wolves away and returned to his home—a shepherd. Relation of incidents it is unnecessary to incident movement. Arrived there, "he went up to his attic room and closed the door. So quiet was the village that a score of people heard the roar of the great pistol. M. Papineau, whose nose had brought him there among the first, picked up the weapon and ran his eye over its silver mountings with a mingled air of connoisseurship and grief". Three years he had been walking the well-beaten path around the place."The arms", he explained, aside, to the cure, 'and crest of Monseigneur, the Marquis de Beaupertiys' "read the bill."

Each of the three stories here is complete in itself. An interest is maintained in the separate part to the rounding out of the subordinate plot. Although there is no thought developed, it is a whole. It is through the three that the author's conception is pictured, by the playing of part upon part. True it is, if would David took the left branch of the road he did not take the right, nor did he return to Yvonne. Yet no more effective method could have been employed to show that the big pistol of Marquis de Beaupertiys was to end the life of David, the poet shepard, could have been employed to show that the big pistol of Marquis de Beaupertiys...
Beaupertuyss was to end the life of David, the poet-shepherd, at all odds; that the little events in our lives may alter our paths—may subtract from the tragedies, may add to the total of happiness, yet all lead to the same destiny. Married flowers and wines with her.

But what is it in the story that serves this purpose? It is an element outside of the tragedy of Lucie, the fate of the poor mock king and the unscrupulous countess, or even the loveless life with Yvonne. The unifying element is the artificial and wholly unrelated fact that there was a road 'leading perhaps to Paris' that branched to the right and to the left. As a part in the real relating of incidents it is unnecessary to incident movement and development; as a part of O. Henry's story, it is vital.

Again, in "The Blind Ass of the Adobe House" does an outside element furnish the true tinge and color to the story. Here a little blind ass is used day in and day out at a clay mill.

"For three years he had been walking the well-beaten path around the clay-mill, led by a rope attached to a boom that always preceded him and dragging the heavy boom that turned the mill."

Being blind, he rejoiced that his way should lie always where the road ran smooth, and fancied that the kind master had chosen for him only the pleasant journeys. If the clay were damp and the sweep pulled heavy, the country through which the little ass traveled was hilly and the breezes at the top of the hill would blow sweeter and fresher and he would the more enjoy the decline. When the village girls, gaily decked with blossoms, and chattering gossip, hurried on their way to market and called out pleasantries to Pedro, the master, the little ass knew they were passing pleasant country homes where meadows lay in which the flowers grew.
Now it happened that a certain girl, "Rita, passed the mill and stopped often to talk with Pedro. The blind ass thought that the fine lady must live in a house by the roadside, in a land of wondrous beauty, for 'Rita carried flowers and wines with her. The men, lounging about, laughed and talked to 'Rita and when she had passed on they said that Pedro would be a fool to marry her—"all but one, Jose—who said nothing."  

Only as it:  

So day after day the patient beast walked about the clay-mill path, seeing far lands; "and every week the country became more beautiful in the blind eyes of the little gray ass; for the fields of flowers became more and more plentiful. Which is only saying that 'Rita stopped more and more often to talk to Pedro."

But one day as the young lovers stood talking and the gray ass rested, asleep in one eye, he was roused by the angry voices of the man Jose and his master. "He heard the voices grow louder and a woman's shriek of anger, dying into agony and silence, and the sound of men's voices panting in a struggle, and a gasp, and the hurried noise of a pair of feet running away down the road."

The little blind ass waited in vain for his master to give him the word, and finally put his weight against the yoke and patiently moved on around the beaten path. Throughout the narrative until the end. This, in brief, is Butler's story told so that the full force of the 'outside element' may be seen. In the story as it appears in the Century Magazine of August, 1911, the story incident, that part which deals with Pedro, 'Rita and Jose, is written in seven hundred words and over. It seemed unnecessary to tell the story in full, yet without this word of explanation one might feel that the plot had been either overlooked in the telling, or undeveloped in the writing of the story. 

1 Century Magazine, August 1911, Vol. 82, 607-10, Ellis Parker Butler.
Here we find but one incident upon which the story is built—the love story of Pedro. The little blind ass fastened to the long sweep is the unifying element that makes the place for the real story. The fact that a beast of burden trudges for three years in one path, all the while thinking he is on a journey through shifting scenes does not have in itself any of the requirements of a story. It is the situation, uneventful and stationary. Only as it furnishes a setting—a condition within which the story event may naturally prove itself, is it of interest. Here the essence of the story is enhanced—just as a choice stone needs the setting to show the brilliant cuttings, so the story needs a surrounding setting to make it complete. This setting is 'outside of' and wholly 'apart from' the story.

Having shown that stories—effective stories, have been written which have found use for a mechanism apart from the story plot to create the unity of impression, it may be well to find out if possible, what class of stories employ it, and what the nature of the element may be.

The simplest form found, is that of a single word or group of words, reiterated again and again throughout the narrative until the reader depends upon its recurrence for the interest in the story.

Writers of child stories recognize this as a fact, and use 'catchy', appealing phrases to a most tiresome extent. How many of us have not been either charmed, or called upon to charm others by the old Norse folk story of the "Crooked Sixpence" and have heard how the old woman went to market and bought a pig and on her way home attempted to make the pig jump the stile?

1 "Story-teller's Book", compiled by O'Grady.
"But the pig would not.
So she went a little way and she came to a dog and she said,
'Dog, dog, bite pig; pig won't jump over the stile and I
shan't get home tonight.'
But the dog would not.
So she went a little further and she met a stick and she said,
'Stick, stick, beat dog; dog won't bite pig; pig won't jump
over the stile and I shan't get home tonight.'
But the stick would not.
So she went a little further and she met —
And so the story goes on until the old woman has implored
aid from a fire, water, an ox, a butcher, a rope, a mouse, a cat
and some harvesters.

These are the characters, isolated and undeveloped, that
are to be linked together to make the story. It is as if you had
discovered an element common to all, a common factor, and through
this common factor, almost in a search for it, came the fascination
that kept the interest keyed.

Now every child knows that the woman did not meet a stick,
rope or wisp of hay but the phrase "so the woman went a little
further and she met" unites character to character and the story-teller who omits one word, or substitutes others in an attempt to
make the story more plausible and more sensible, will call forth a
rebuke immediately. The big appeal to the child in this story is
an appeal to the ear. A phrase that will easily and more or less
naturally join the incidents satisfies him and makes his story a
unit.

"The Three Pigs" and "Goldilocks and the Three Bears"
both from the same Norse story-book furnish striking examples
with the word that Jesus had held unto him. Before the cock crew
where a rhyme, foolish and often senseless, is employed to keep
the interest alive and keen.

What would the child care for "The Three Pigs" if each
time the wolf came to ask entrance he did not say, "Come open your
door or I will blow your house in" and the pigs did not reply,
"No, not by the hair on my chinny-chin-chin"?

Examples to illustrate this point are very numerous.
It must be said, however, that usually the rhyme does have a part
in the furtherance of the plot or story connection the first time
it is used. The significance as a part of the story, as the last
example illustrated, is very slight. Yet it cannot be said to be
wholly without the story until it has occurred enough times to be
purely mechanical.

This technique occurs in adult stories, not in so crude
and bald a manner to be sure, yet for the same purpose and em-
ployed in much the same manner. "Mark's account of Peter's denial
of his Lord is a forceful instance. When the maid first question-
ed Peter as to his relation with Jesus "he denied, saying, I know
not, neither understand I what thou sayest. And he went out into
a porch; and the cock crew." 1

And the maid saw him again, and began to say to them
that stood by, This is one of them.

And he denied it again. And a little after, they that
stood by said again to Peter, Surely thou art one of them: for
thou art a Galilaean, and thy speech agreeth thereto.

But he began to curse and to swear, saying, I know not
this man of whom you speak.

But the second time the cock crew. And Peter called to
mind the word that Jesus had said unto him. Before the cock crow

1 Mark 14:56-72
twice, thou shalt deny me thrice."

The thematic development, as Pitkins calls the evolution of a story about an abstract idea or a theme, has as its outcome

The fulfillment of the deed for a time makes not only to show that Peter denied Jesus, but to make the denial a perfect tragedy. In order to do this, Peter's own mind and consciousness and mental story are given to us in a vivid, telling way, science must condemn him. The crowing of the cock has nothing to do with the denial. It is an incident that, apart from its use

imagined minds. What the facts outside and the robber is cool. There, would fit poorly into a theme as serious as this. There is speculative and analytical. Justified in the sight of God, Markheim nothing to make it appropriate in its bare incident nature. Unlike only may to four, and to make him becomes a passion. Then, like the "Roads of Destiny" the three events,—the maid's chance during the dreadful suspense of awaiting the return of the dealer's question and laughing remarks, then the officer's jeers and servant girl, the experience of Markheim visits him and a change of heart results. When the girl returns, he maliciously advises her to call the police for he has killed her master.

The outside incident is not needed to create the illusion that the events evolve naturally and continuously.

The remarkable thing about this six thousand word story

The event here has a dual purpose. To Peter, the crowing of the cock was the symbol of prophecy that marked his failure to keep faith with his Master; to us, as we read the story, it furnishes the emotional climax that brings the force of the denial sharply and clearly before us. Peter's sin had been as great had the cock not crowed, but the realization of it depends upon the incident. Aside from this good purpose, the mere word repetition whets our interest and makes a naturalness that could not otherwise be obtained. Nor does the author strive to make it fill a place of undue importance. It is suggestive and by means of a subtle simplicity grips the abstract.

Almost an exact parallel to the Bible story is

Robert Louis Stevenson's "Markheim."
is soon evident and early in the story the reader knows that he has come to murder and to rob. Markheim kills the old dealer in the most terrible manner. The awfulness of the deed for a time makes him lose sight of his real motive, the robbing of the shop. Fear, anguish and mental agony are shown to us in a vivid, telling way, for the acute senses of Markheim are tortured by every sound or imagined sound. At last the fear subsides and the robber is cool, speculative and determined. Justified in the sight of God, Markheim has only man to fear, and to escape him becomes a passion. Then, during the dreadful suspense of awaiting the return of the dealer's servant girl, the conscience of Markheim visits him and a change of heart results. When the girl returns, he smilingly advises her to call the police for he has killed her master.

The remarkable thing about this six thousand word story is the author's masterful treatment of Markheim's mental attitudes. Many of the facts are so carefully chosen in the next chapter and the analytical dealing with subjective moods. The analysis is clear and convincing, but it is by means of external elements that the contrasts are created, both for us and for Markheim. Notice the effect of the ticking of the clocks upon the murderer throughout the entire story.

Markheim had just made excuse to the dealer for intruding into his shop on a holiday. "There followed a pause, during which the dealer seemed to weigh this statement incredulously. The ticking of many clocks among the curious lumber of the shop, and the rushing of the cabs in a near thoroughfare, filled up the interval of silence." The clocks are introduced in this incidental fashion. Like the child's story, it seems merely a happy coincidence the first time it occurs.  

1 Robert Louis Stevenson, "Markheim" from "Specimens of the Short Story," George Henry Biddle.
After the murder has been committed and the dealer lies a lifeless heap on the floor, we have this same external force working on the internal man.

"Time had some score of small voices in that shop, some stately and slow, as was becoming to their great age; others garrulous and hurried. All these tolled out the seconds in an intricate chorus of tickings. Then the passage of a lad's feet, heavily running on the pavement, broke in upon these smaller voices and startled Markheim into the consciousness of his surroundings."

Again, a whole paragraph is used. The picture of the dead man has become indelibly stamped on the mind of Markheim.

"The thought was yet in his mind, when, first one and then another, with every variety of pace and voice—one deep as a bell from a cathedral turret, another ringing on its treble notes, the prelude of a waltz—the clocks began to strike the hour of three in the afternoon. The sudden outbreak of so many tongues in that dumb chamber staggered him."

After Markheim had filled his pockets and had so accustomed himself to the deed he had committed that he looked upon the dead body unmoved, even unable to raise to a remorseful consciousness his turgid senses, he started to leave the shop. "Outside, it had begun to rain smartly; and the sound of the shower upon the roof had banished silence. Like some dripping cavern, the chambers of the house were haunted by an incessant echoing, which filled the ear and mingled with the ticking of the clocks."

These passages show how definitely the ticking of the clocks is used as an external force to create mood. The reader is apt to find himself almost as painfully aware of the sound as did Markheim.

It is the constant reference to the noise and the suggestion it offers
that plays upon the reader as it burrowed into the conscience of Markheim.

A great group of stories known as first person stories are apt to make use of a unifying element with varying degrees of success. This is not saying that all 'stories within stories' may be so classified. It is saying, however, that very often the story makes use of the setting as a bit of mechanism wholly unrelated to the theme development. Such stories fall under this discussion.

It is often difficult to determine exactly the relationship between the minor event and the episode in this kind of story. It is safe to say that the minor event has a purpose either in the plot or on the plot. In the one it is a contributory incident in plot development, in the other, an outside unifying element with a definite part to play on the story.

Leslie W. Quirk in his "How to Write a Short Story" cautions the beginning story-writer rather rigorously about attempting a story written in this style. "Don't have a story within a story. All of us have read tales of a railroad wreck, where in the course of a thousand words an injured man rises in bed and says: 'I will tell you of my past.' And then you find that the real story is about to begin, and that the wreck, and the girl who bandaged his head, and the quaint old farmer, had nothing to do with the story proper. Common sense should teach that this style is to be avoided."

Mr. Quirk has given us a normal first person story outline, but even he continues in these words, "successful stories have been written along these lines to be sure," and it is with these successful stories that we wish to deal. What in them created the appeal?

Did the mechanism have a part in the presentation or was the story

1. Leslie W. Quirk, "How to Write a Short Story" (The Editor Co.) 1911, p.25
2. Leslie W. Quirk, "How to Write a Short Story" (The Editor Co.) 1911, p.25
plot sufficient without it? Where is the strength of the story and why is it strong?

There are few adult people who have not read stories of the 'Robinson Crusoe' type and have not had to contend with the feeling of pity or disgust for the egotist that told the story. As a child, the reader had, no doubt, received the story with delight and honest pleasure. The experiences had then seemed unquestionable, and the story-teller a hero beyond compare. Ten years later the situation would seem forced and unnatural, altogether incapable of inspiring confidence.

One can readily account for this feeling in such a story as De Foe's, for the events revolve wholly about one person. All experiences are colored by him. The responsibility of forming judgments is curiously shifted from the reader of the story to this one character, the one actor. If, in our mature mind, the actor plays his part poorly, the whole story is unreal.

Here, the first person, the "I", is the heart of the story—the center about which the events are built. The plot entanglement comes as a complex of situations developed by him. The contributory incidents, if not supplied by him, are colored by his feelings and his experiences. The story-teller is thus wholly "in" the story plot.

Compare with this, the effect of the first person in the recent stories of Katherine Fullerton Gerould, "Impasse" and "The Triple Mirror". "Impasse" is the story of a young widow told by her husband's closest friend. Mrs. Atheling, the widow and heroine of the story, had been left at her husband's death in such meager circumstances that after an unsuccessful attempt to maintain her little cage of a flat, she accepts the invitation of her cousin.
Mrs. Maude Edgell, to share her home. On his return from his brief sojourn at the Atheling's, Mr. Edgell was telling her old friend at the court. For the friend who is telling the story comments concerning this arrangement. "That's very nice for both of you," I ventured, and still I didn't like to think of Billy Atheling's wife in the same boat with the Edgells. I thought Mrs. Edgell likely to value the companionship of Mrs. Atheling at a high rate; a rate she might pay in cold cash, and all the better. A clever, plain, and loyal woman can be of great value to an indiscreet and pretty friend. That is axiomatic. And Mrs. Edgell was as indiscreet as she was pretty; and her indiscretion took the edge off her ambition. I didn't know just what form her ambition took; but I knew that there was but one fuel for any ambition in New York—money. I've always wondered whether Mrs. Edgell's ambition accounted for Sidney Edgell's striking facades and boggled interiors. He knew so much better than he built." Even here we are asked to accept the characterizations of Maude and Sidney Edgell as Billy Atheling's friend gives them. The above brief quotation shows that an interest in the plot is maintained independent of the story-teller, although the story would be a different story. It would not be the story in that case of the tragedy of Lois Atheling.

After a period of a few years, rumors reached the writer that the Edgells were having trouble. Mrs. Atheling had half confirmed the report in a little chat with her friend on the eve of his departure for Europe. During his stay there, things went from bad to worse with the family, and Lois Atheling became seriously involved as the confidante of Maude. The husband realized this and kept her in terror because of the things which he knew she was
a 'silent observer of and an audience to'. On his return from his trip abroad, Mrs. Atheling met her old friend at the wharf. For the first time the element that gives the poise to the story and defines the relationship between the writer and Lois Atheling is introduced. The scene is at the wharf.

"But she did the thing that she had always done: she brought back Billy Atheling just by being with you and speaking to you. I liked having Billy brought back to me, though there was pain in it; I approved profoundly in his wife her power to do it; and I was very gravely glad to see her."

She did not ask me to go to see her, which struck me afterward as odd, for if I was ever sure of anything, it was of her having been even more glad to see me than she said.

Already in the story there is a conscious attempt to fathom the story-teller—to know more of him, his name, his work, above all, his interest in Lois Atheling. The feeling that the bonds of friendship must have been unusually strong between the writer and Billy Atheling is shown in these lines:

"So it was a bitter instant for me when I opened the door of my little apartment one evening to a woman whom I presently discovered to be Lois Atheling. She threw back a heavy veil, as she had months before on the dock; and I recognized her then. It was typical of it all that twice Lois Atheling should present herself to me in the guise of an adventure, and then, with one turn of her hand, reveal herself the familiar unimportant person that she really was. She isn't important to me even now; and I was never important to her. If Billy Atheling could have returned to me by himself I should have preferred it infinitely. But I had to recognize that she carried him inseparably with her—a weary wraith that followed
her haltingly and sat down before she did in my cluttered room.

"I do not wish to sound superstitious about Billy Atheling and his wife. I have never had a fancy for keeping a key-hole open on the other world to squint through; and the ghost of Billy Atheling in no sense figures in my story. But I should be doing the situation a real injustice by not bearing witness to the strange fact; that when one was with Lois Atheling one had a sense of Billy's reality such as one never had alone. I never thought I saw him, or heard him, or had any communion with him; yet I could always have told you, I think, in what corner of the room that shadowy constant reference to him (for it could have been nothing else) most thickly and intensely displaced the impersonal air. At all events, that strange property (I don't know what other word to use) of Lois Atheling's was the most interesting thing about her, and it always kept me from treating her like a stranger. By grace of it she seemed his wife, not his widow. I don't know if I make myself clear.

She sat down, and having asked if she was intruding (what did she expect me to answer?), she threw off a long wrap that hung about her shoulders. 'I have things to say', she began, vaguely. She twisted her head toward the corner I have mentioned, as if she, too, felt Billy Atheling impalpably massed in that spot."

Then Mrs. Atheling confided to her husband's friend that she had become so involved in the mass of circumstances woven about the 'guilty pair', the Edgells, that she could find no way to extricate herself. Every avenue was closed. She must not betray her friend and benefactor, Mrs. Edgell, although she knew her guilt and her false standards. The divorce must proceed and the witness stand claim her secrets—rather those of her friend, except on one condition.
"That of accepting Sidney Edgell's attentions. And that's the one length I really can't go for poor Maude'. Her tone of irony while it had lasted had been a relief; while there's irony left, there's hope. But it had lasted only as long as her smile; both face and voice had quickly lapsed to the same tragic dullness. I turned to the corner where Billy Atheling had seemed to be. The fact that no breath came from it proved the weakness of the ghost. To listen—for he was listening—to that tale and not even stir the air with a sigh that she could hear—oh, that was impotence beyond all human helplessness."

Every suggestion that was offered was hopelessly put by until the writer in desperation promised to see Edgell and to force him to a compromise, but Mrs. Atheling objected. "'You won't!' She rose again. 'I forbid it. You'll be silent forever. Only—I wanted someone to know for Billy's sake. I wanted Billy to know.'

'Ah, Billy knows!', I explained.

She looked at me wistfully. 'I'm not even sure of that. They have taken me so far from him.' It sounded like the plaint of a lost child wandering in dark streets. For an instant I thought of telling her—of taking her quietly by the shoulders and turning her to face him. But it did not seem to me to be the moment for it, and I denied my inspiration."

After this interview, Mrs. Atheling left a cigarette case that had been a favorite possession of her husband on the table, and departed. The writer always felt that she had gone away from him and from the place where she found Billy's interests alive, determined to find her own way out of the Edgell trouble; for two days later he was telephoned that she had met with a serious accident and had passed quietly away before she could be taken to a hospital.
In a final attempt near the close of the story the attitude of the writer toward Mrs. Atheling is explained and the reason is given why she had left the token for him.

"Rather, I fancy, to explain why she had chosen me for a listener. I stood to her for Billy; if Billy's point of view had been preserved in this world it was most probably—so I read her pathetic belief—in my breast. She had wanted Billy to know. It was ironic that she should not have felt Billy's presence as I did; but she had not been far from the mark in coming to the person who did feel it, who never saw her without that shadow at her shoulder. It was clear that she took every chance that came to her; and if Billy existed only in loving memory, to that loving memory she wished before departing, to offer the truth."

So with a completion of the story plot which concerns itself with the Edgells and the outcome of their divorce trouble, the story ends. It has been the purpose to record in the preceding pages every reference to the ghost of Billy Atheling in order that it may be clearly seen that its relation to the story while a thing 'apart from the story', wholly without the plot and the movements of events, has a most subtle effect on the story.

As had been mentioned before, there is an unconscious groping as the story is read, to find out more of the writer, the friend who tells the story. The notion that Lois Atheling may find a fitting rescuer or in some other way produce an adventure lurks in the periphery of the mind's eye. The skillful mechanism employed by Katherine Fullerton Gerould to save the situation is the creation of the ghost. Not only does it for us keep Lois Atheling from an adventure with the writer, but it links him definitely with the story proper, the story of Lois Atheling's unhappy position and her relation
to the Edgells. From this spirit, so naturally presented to us, and the writer who understands and represents to Mrs. Atheling the only incarnation of her husband's life, comes the mood and the atmosphere of the story. True it is that Mrs. Atheling is closely associated in the reader's mind with both the story-teller and her husband's ghost; yet neither figures in the plot formation or in the presentation of the incidents. It is rather by means of the close relationship between the ghost and Mrs. Atheling through the medium, the dead man's closest friend, that the tragedy of her position appeals to us. Mrs. Gerould's last story "The Triple Mirror" in the current number of the "Century" is identical in structural device. The story-teller is a woman who has a first-hand knowledge of the incidents in the home life of Adela Waring and her artist husband. So thorough is her understanding that after the tragic death of Richard Waring by drowning, she assumes a half-guardianship over the 'mediaeval' Adela. They camp on the banks of a stream flowing through France. The story itself is concerned with Adela and her love affair with a poet, and ends with a marriage and a motor trip through France. The development of Adela from her self-imposed, tortuous mourning, is brought about by a young Miss Vance, who had been the cause of Waring's death. In her shoddy, musty mourning, Miss Vance comes to Mrs. Waring with a cheap sorrow that rouses her to her own artificiality—and the only one to comprehend, to notice the change, and to stimulate the new Adela is the story-teller. The strange satisfaction and the invisible yet firm understanding that existed between the dead artist and his friend who tells the story is very like that of the preceding story. The closing paragraph runs in this fashion: "The Places" by Katherine Fullerton Gerould, "The Triple Mirror," Century Magazine, Vol. 87, p. 876-86.
went to France, as they had planned, and I remained to close the Dalkeith house. I rather liked being there alone, to think it all over. I too, was sailing, and not soon to return. It had been a dance. The day before I left I climbed the little hill to the which cemetery and laid a great wreath on Richard Waring's grave. I sat there alone till sunset, and understood many things. What I liked chiefly to understand, as I descended in the twilight, was that Richard and I felt alike about it all."

Nor do all the 'first person' stories need to be linked with the unseen, the intangible spirit world in order to have the story-teller a pervasive element that creates the unity of impression or the thought purpose of the story. Will Allen Dromgoole's story, "Fiddling His Way to Fame," employs a mechanism almost as bald and artificial as that used in the wreck story that Quirk dislikes.

Here, a governor and a small group of companions are on an outing. By chance, they camp on the banks of a stream flowing through the poor-white mountain district, and by chance, a man passed by as the company sat enjoying the beauties of the southern evening and recognized the Governor as a neighbor of his boyhood. After the greetings, laughing remarks were passed concerning the mountain people and jests were made mocking the crude vernacular language spoken by the mountaineers. Some one laughingly checked the witticisms by reminding the group that the Governor's early home had been in this country in which they were encamped. Then it was that the story of his own life was told, spoken in the lazy drawl with careless accent and the unpolished localisms he had known as a boy. His whole career was unfolded—his successes, his failures, his hopes. In honest and simple praise he told of the

In "The Heart of Old Hickory", by Will Allen Dromgoole.
never failing support that had been given him by his mountain
friends, of the faith and inspiration that had come from the un-
lettered father and mother, of the old violin that had in a pe-
culiar manner been such an asset in the political meetings in which
he had been a winning candidate.

While the mechanism employed to bring this story is not
a natural, free one, even while it may be openly condemned, the
message it carries is effective. The story in incident happenings
is the story of the Governor's struggle for fame and the part his
illiterate friends and his fiddle had in making him successful.
The Governor himself and his manner of falling so easily into the
vernacular, unnatural as it may be, creates the thought and makes
the real feeling in the story. The single impression, that which
deals with the governor's relations to his old time associations,
can be brought to us most forcibly only by seeing him in such
close communion with the life of the mountain people. In order
do this most effectively, the outside element, which in this
case is the Governor and his vernacular back-woods story, not only
unifies the story for us but gives us the real essence, the entity
of the piece. The setting plus the fact that a governor, from his
station in life can so readily become again intimate and familiar
with the customs and speech of a people so below him in a social
scale brings the thought most sharply before us.

Aside from these important uses of the 'outside', unify-
ing element, there is one more that is used with marked success.

It is found in stories in which a mass of incidents or circumstances
form a perfect chain, each a reinforcement upon the other and each
individually supporting or contending for one idea. The one idea
or event in itself is sometimes scarcely forceful enough, scarcely big enough to erect the thought substantially, whereas two or three or a whole mass often reinforces the thought until the evidence itself compels a respect for the idea that is brought.

A little story entitled "The Father" by Bjørnstjerne Bjørnson employs this mechanism. Thord Overaaas, the most influential person in the whole parish, appeared in the priest's study one day to present his only son for Christian baptism. In secret pride, he had chosen the best men and women of his acquaintance as sponsors. He asked as a special favor that the child might be baptized by himself, and the priest granted the request. "Then the priest rose, 'There is yet this, however,' said he, and walking toward Thord, he took him by the hand and looked gravely into his eyes: 'God grant that the child may become a blessing to you!'"

Sixteen years later, Thord came to the priest again.

"'Really you carry your age astonishingly well, Thord,' said the priest; for he saw no change whatever in the man.

'That is because I have no trouble,' replied Thord." Thord's errand this time was to see the priest as to the rank which would be accorded his son upon confirmation the following Sunday. When he was told that his child would stand number one, he paid the priest ten dollars and departed.

Eight years passed away and Thord visited the priest again. With him came a great company.

"'You come well attended this evening, Thord.' A long, long silence. 'I come to request that you publish the banns, for my son is about to marry Karen Storliden, daughter of Gudmund, who stands here beside me!'

'Why that is the richest girl in the parish! At down
'So they say,' replied the peasant, stroking back his hair with one hand.

The priest sat awhile as if in deep thought, then entered the names in the book, without making any comments, and the man wrote their signatures underneath. Thord laid three dollars on the table.

"One is all I am to have," said the priest.

'I know that very well; but he is my only child; I want to do it handsomely.'

The priest took the money.

'This is now the third time, Thord, that you have come here on your son's account!'

'But now I am through with him,' said Thord, and folding up his pocket-book he said farewell and walked away.

Only two weeks later, the son is drowned and the father mourns deeply. "It might have been about a year from that day, when the priest, late one autumn evening, heard someone in the passage outside the door, carefully trying to find the latch. The priest opened the door, and in walked a tall thin man, with bowed form and white hair. The priest looked long at him before he recognized him. It was Thord.

"'Are you walking so late?' said the priest, and stood still in front of him.

'Ah, yes! it is late', said Thord, and took a seat.

The priest sat down also, as though waiting. A long, long silence followed. At last Thord said—'

'I have something with me that I should like to give to the poor; I want it to be invested as a legacy in my son's name.'

He rose, laid some money on the table, and sat down
again. The priest counted it.

'It is a great deal of money', he said.

'It is half the price of my gard. I sold it today.'

'The priest sat long in silence. At last he asked, but gently,

'What do you propose to do now, Thord?'

'Something better.'

They sat there for a while, Thord with downcast eyes, the priest with his eyes fixed on Thord. Presently the priest said, slowly and softly,

'I think your son has at last brought you a true blessing.'

'Yes, I think so myself,' said Thord, looking up, while the two big tears coursed slowly down his cheeks.'

In order to make us understand the failure of the father's life, and the way in which the son has not been a blessing to him, the story must employ more than one incident. Here four incidents are recited. The thought is emphasized, made bold by the heaping of incident upon incident.

The priest in the story is apart from the story proper. He serves only to hear the messages of Thord and to translate them into their true values for us. It is he that keeps the thought of Thord's failure to be true to himself continually before us. He makes the story a unit by linking the incidents together. Even at the climax, he interpreted the meaning. He is the mirror by which the story is reflected.

The story just related is peculiarly interesting because it shows how vital the influence of the outside unifying element may be. The story is now the story of Thord plus the priest's knowledge of him and his spiritual welfare. Suppose the story were given us
without the priest. Then, the interest would be the external interest of Thord's relations to his son and the tragedy would be the loss of the son, not the loss of his soul.

It has already been mentioned in the introduction that the work on this thesis has been pioneer work from the first. Over seventy-five discussions from magazines have failed to notice this unusual technique in the short-story. Only three of the seventy-five articles made mention of the fact that stories that have been used here were not normal in mechanism. The quotation from Pitkins, even though it is strikingly in negation of the thought as it is here developed, is the only definite statement found in the readings. The books that have been perused have not offered in any sense a helpful solution to the query. A very few suggestions have been found, but no definite, practical aids.

From Brander Matthews's "Philosophy of the Short-story", C. Alphonso Smith's "The American Short Story" have the basis for the first group. If the story is essentially flat, the understanding of the normal short-story been determined. For the working of the results produced by various kinds of technique and plot structures, the writer has depended almost exclusively upon Lewis Worthington Smith's "The Writing of the Short Story".

All this is to emphasize the fact that field covered by the action of the outside element of the plot is an uncultivated one; that the conclusions found here are drawn from the sources alone, and that, as far as the writer has been able to ascertain, the truth established is one that does not conform. Many writers who employ the unifying element have form to the ideas of others who have worked on the same general classification, given the story thought, and the groups overlap, and many of the stories that have been written with the element very probably could not be so
In conclusion, the writer wishes to make three heads that have been analytically developed in the preceding pages, stand out in relief.

First, the purpose of the thesis is to show that short stories have been written that have deviated in structural form from the normal plot mechanism where event evolves naturally from event and a contiguous relationship is established, to a structure where an 'outside element' in itself produces a common element that makes for unity of impression. A comparison of any story that has been analyzed in the preceding pages with such stories as Maupassant's "The Monkey's Paw", Poe's "The Fall of the House of Usher" or Ellis Parker Butler's "Pigs is Pigs" will make the thought clear.

In the first group, an element, a definite something—be it a blind ass and a long mill-sweep, or a governor returned to the dialect of his fathers—has such an action on the plot structure that, without it, the story either would be flat and uninteresting or could not be at all. In the second group, so close a relation exists between events that one feels carried by the incidents from one situation to the next. So natural is the transition that the former events are forgotten and wholly merged into the new one as it is presented. The point of the story is the one made by the action of the outside element on the plot devise, in the other, the climax as the highest point in structural development, gives the story thought.

Second, the stories that employ the unifying element have been found to fall into three main classes. The distinctions are not sharp and the groups overlap, and many of the stories that have been written with the element very probably could not be so
classified. The typical stories, however, come rather decidedly in the three groups according to their purposes and the effect produced by the outside element. 1st., the stories that are made up of parts, each in its nature independent and complete, uses the artificial mechanism to give unity of impression and structure. 2d, the story that contains a whole mass of facts that would be mere confusion and chaos without a common thread that touches the incidents in such a way that a kind of relationship is produced on the senses and the mind. As a matter of technique this arrangement seems superficial and crude. In the children's stories, it is clearly so, but as we have seen, it may be used by a master hand not only efficiently, but artfully. In order that there may not seem to be a distinction here without a difference, may it not be emphasized again. In a story of the first group the entity of two or more very short stories, not short-stories, is preserved and an artificial connection is found that will make a unit of the stories, while in the second there is no sense of completion in any one of the facts. Here a congregated mass of events or situations that are in their natures isolated one from the other, are brought into definite relation-ship by the common touch of the outside element, with the result that they are no longer comprehended as isolated situations or characters, but factors in the production of one central idea. 3rd, the stories that are told with the use of an 'outside' or a pervasive element, so directs and dictates the feeling of the story that its effect is produced not by the plot alone, but the plot plus the outside element. The first-person stories are ex-
amples of this class.
Third, it is a purpose in this discussion to show the

literary effects that are produced by the use of an outside
element. Each example cited explains this, but a summary in
outline form may aid in making the effects conspicuous. From
the group of stories that contain typical, 'outside' elements,

1. That the art of such a story depends upon
   "Vindicating Big Sky in Venus", Will Allen Dromgoole, in "The Heart of
   the mastery of form and the use of the element so
   Old Jacky",
   that any sense of the mechanical portion is lost.
   "Rome of Destiny", O, Henry in "America's Magazine".

2. That the stories written with an artificial
   "Three Deaths", by Du Bos,
   unifying element require a more skilful treatment
   "The Happy Prince", Oscar Wilde,
in their presentation than the narrative plot story,
   The Story of Peter and the Closing of the Cock, Mark 14:36-72.
or the effect of subtle distinctions is not created.
   "Immers", Katherine Fullerton G Bald, in Harper's Magazine, Sept., 1913

3. That the stories that employ the element partake
   "The Triple Fling", Katherine Fullerton G Bald, in Century Magazine
   of the nature of poems and that the interest lies in
   the narrated incidents.
   "The Father", in Short-Story Classics.

4. That the purpose of the element is usually to
   create mood, atmosphere or a definite feeling that
   may be coupled with the story plot for the final
   story truth. ", "

5. That the successful use of the element is suggest-
   tive and artful and gives a charm and zest to the story
   that usually could not otherwise be obtained.
   "The Story of Porth", "
   "The Go-Through Story", "
   "The Three Filly Goat's Stuff", "
   "The Little Red Hen and the Grain of Wheat", "Grady-Story-tellers' Book".
   "The House that Jack Built", "First Book of Stories".

TYPICAL WRITTEN STORIES WITH AN OUTSIDE ELEMENT.

"The Little Blind Ass of the 'dobe House", Ellis Parker Butler.

"Peter Rugg, The Missing Man", William Austin, in Short Story Classics

"What Was It?" or " A Mystery", Fitz-James O'Brian.

"Markheim", Robert Louis Stevenson, in Nettleton's "Specimens of the Short Story".

"Fiddling His Way to Fame", Will Allen Dromgoole, in "The Heart of Old Hickory".

"Roads of Destiny", O. Henry in "Roads of Destiny".

"Three Deaths", by Tolstoi.

"The Happy Prince", Oscar Wilde.

The Story of Peter and the Crowing of the Cock, Mark 14:66-72.

"Impasse", Katherine Fullerton Gerould, in Harper's Magazine, Sept., 1913


"The Father", in Short Story Classics.

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"The Wind's Work", " " "

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"Story of a Child"-Margaret Deland.
"Where the Laborers are Few"- Margaret Deland.
"The Sabine Maiden"-Mrs. Mary Raymond Shipman Andrews.
"Modern Ghosts"-Guy de Maupassant.
"The Odd Number"- Guy de Maupassant.
"Hickory Dock"-Eleanor Hallowell Abbott.
"The Happy Day"- Eleanor Hallowell Abbott.
"In the Valley of the Shadow"-Mrs. Josephine Dodge Bacon.
"A Philanthropist"- Mrs. Josephine Dodge Bacon.
"Sister's Vacation"-Mrs. Josephine Dodge Bacon.
"Between the Dark and the Daylight"-W. D. Howells
"A Passionate Pilgrim"-Henry James.
"A White Heron"-Sarah Orne Jewett.
"Starlight Ranch"-Charles King.
"Marjorie Daw"- Thomas Baily Aldrich.

The short stories from the "Century", Harper's", Scribner's" and the "American Magazine" have been read during the
entire past year.

About 575 stories in all have been read. This total does not include the great group of fairy stories and myths.