

THE INFLUENCE OF THE NEWSPAPER ON CONTEMPORARY
ENGLISH AND AMERICAN LITERATURE.

by

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A. B., University of Kansas, 1921.

Submitted to the Department of
Journalism and the Faculty of
the Graduate School of the Uni-
versity of Kansas in partial
fulfillment of the requirements
for the degree of Master of Arts

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June, 1923.

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INTRODUCTION

The purpose of this discussion is to determine what effects, if any, journalistic writing has had on contemporary English literature. Journalism is usually thought of as being incompatible with literature; the two of them are felt to have very little in common, and I hope to shed some light upon the truth or falsity of this prevalent idea.

In this study, effort has been made to determine whether journalism has had any influence on literature at all, and, if so, whether that influence has been largely vicious and destructive, or whether journalism has contributed anything of value to literature.

On the surface, the purposes and the style of journalism appear to be mainly utilitarian. It has been asserted that the newspaper sacrifices everything in its desire to give the "news" while it is news. Contrasted to this, literature, it is said, springs from the high and noble aim of contributing something lasting to mankind. Whether these distinctions are true ones, or whether journalism and literature overlap to some extent, or whether perhaps journalism may not even be a form of literature itself, I hope to bring out in the succeeding pages.

There have been, in the periodicals, numerous discussions of this question within the past fifteen years, but all of them have been inadequate in their treatment; they have

considered the two fields in one or two phases, and most of the writers have failed to arrive at any definite or convincing conclusions as to the exact relationship between journalism and literature. These comparisons have for the most part been superficial; they have attempted to draw an analogy between journalism and literature mainly on the question of style, without taking into account the aims of the writer and his attitude toward his subject. The comparison is such as we might draw if we asserted the British people were assimilating American ways and customs merely because they happened to adopt some particular American mode of dress.

Among other things, this study was suggested by the fears which certain English critics of a generation ago expressed of the manner in which the English language and English literature were suffering. H. W. and F. G. Fowler assert that Rudyard Kipling and his school are Americanizing English. They accuse him of "remorseless and scientific efficiency in the choice of epithets and other words that suggests the application of colored photography to description."¹

"We quote two sentences," they continue, "from the first page of a story and remark that in pre-Kipling days none of the words we italicize would have been likely; now, they may be matched on nearly every page of an up-to-date novelist:

"Between the snow-white cutter and the flat topped, honey-colored rocks on the beach the green water was troubled with shrimp-pink prisoners-of-war bathing.

1. H. W. and F. G. Fowler: *The King's English*, Oxford Press, 1906-pp. 24-25.

"Far out, a three-funneled Atlantic transport with turtle bow and stern waddled in from the deep sea.

"The spectacle of modern white men chained up to these old hand-power, back-number (Americanism) flint-and-steel reaping machines."

"Not that this word (honey-colored) calls for censure in itself; but when packed into a sentence with snow-white, green and shrimp-pink, it contributes noticeably to that effect of brief and startling exhaustiveness which is one variety of what we have stigmatized as efficiency."

The Fowlers infer that the English language is becoming Americanized, citing the above passages from Kipling as examples, and aver that it is a bad thing, and that the two languages should be kept apart. "The words are extremely efficient; but the impulse that selects them is in harmony with American, not with English methods, and we hope it may be developed in America rather than here The English and American languages and literature are both good things; but they are better apart than mixed."²

While there is no direct charge that this "Americanizing" may be traced to journalism, it is noteworthy that these influences are the specific qualifications of the best American newspaper style, and it will be interesting to determine to what extent, if any, journalism is debasing "The King's English."

In the search for material to aid in arriving at definite conclusions as to the influence the newspaper has exerted upon

2. Ibid- p. 25.

literature, I have not concerned myself with the chepper, more sporadic experiments of the shoals of lesser writers, but have limited my study to writers with fairly well-established reputations. This is done for two reasons. First, time has in its characteristic manner, eliminated or will eliminate the vast contribution of these aspiring, but common-place writers; and, second, any conclusions, to be at all convincing and final, must be based on the study of the works of established writers.

Endeavor has been made not to select recognized literary artists of the foremost rank, who would hardly under any circumstances be affected by journalistic or similar influences, ~~not~~ to choose the rabble or even the middle rank, who know, in varying degrees, the effect of every new style, influence, or movement as it comes into vogue. Rather, my purpose has been to select those writers with sufficiently established reputations to place them above the middle rank, but who are still below the mark of the supreme artists of the time. I believe that the writers of this plane will, if the influence is at all strong, show it in their writings, and any conclusions reached from a study of their works^K and a comparison of these works with journalism will be significant.

One of the first considerations, of course, was, realizing the impossibility of covering the entire field, to select from this middle plane representative English and American writers of both prose and poetry. In making these selections I have endeavored to pick men of somewhat equal rank, and those who compared favorably

as to ability and accomplishment. John Masefield, Rudyard Kipling, John Galsworthy and Alfred Noyes were chosen from the list of English writers, and from among the Americans I have selected Robert Frost, Vachel Lindsay, Sinclair Lewis, Booth Tarkington, and William Allen White. The work of each of these writers has been considered from the standpoint of style, content, and attitude, and compared with journalistic writing.

The particular marks and characteristics of journalistic writing have been defined and pointed out as a basis for this comparison. It must be remembered, however, that no hard and fast rules apply. Moreover, the tendency in journalism is for greater flexibility, in both style and attitude, which makes the task even more difficult. There are, nevertheless, certain characteristic features of journalism which have been used as the basis of this study. On the other hand, while "literature" is characteristically defined as "creative art," with the aim of the author to produce something lasting, it is well to bear in mind that literature is also flexible, since each writer has expressed, more or less, his own personality, and adopted his own particular style. Such points as beauty of effect, expression, and attitude toward subject-matter may be mentioned here.

Both poetry and prose were studied in regard to style, content, and the attitude of the writer.

Style was first considered, and from the standpoint of

diction, degrees and methods of description, sentence length, and beauty of total effect . The works of each of the writers selected for this study were taken and compared with journalistic writing, to discover as far as might be the points of similarity.

Content, although taken up as a part of this study, is recognized to be of importance only in so far as it is related to the attitude of the writer. I have considered subject-matter in its relation to past or present, as to whether it is of lasting or ephemeral things, and as to the extent to which selection has been exercised.

The attitude of the writer towards his subject-matter involves the biggest question of literature. The journalist is commonly regarded as an impersonal writer, in that he gives the views of his newspaper rather than his own. I have studied the attitude of the writer in the endeavor to determine whether the news writer is entirely impersonal, as he aspires to be, and, also, whether the contemporary literary writers, whether through journalistic influence or otherwise, have become impersonal in approach to their subject to any marked extent. The newspaper reporter, it is claimed, writes anonymously, and expresses the personality of his paper rather than of himself. Whether this has had any effect on contemporary writers,---whether they write merely at the bidding of their subject-matter,---I hope to determine.

In the main, the method pursued has been to select

examples from the above-mentioned literary writers and compare them with examples from the newspapers, hoping thereby to show whether the similarity is sufficiently marked to allow definite conclusions on the question of the influence exerted by journalism on modern literature.

The reader is asked to bear in mind that the frequent use of the terms "journalistic" and "journalism" is made, not in the sense which some instructors in English attach to them, but as a means of differentiation from the term "literary writing." The specialist in "English" is prone to look upon "journalistic writing" with a feeling akin to contempt, holding to the older view that it is reckless in diction and full of errors in construction. Journalistic style in this paper, is used to denote that of the newspaper, and in contrast to literary writing.

CHAPTER I---Journalistic vs. Literary Style.

"Journalistic style," the chief bug-bear and the "tilting windmill" of the critics of the newspaper, is not a thing to be defined and encompassed by a few hard and fast rules. It varies greatly, and is continually changing, so that no one can, with any finality, define it. Its most deplorable qualities are found in the work of poorly trained writers writing in haste. Errors are bound to result, as in other walks of life. Nevertheless, in the well-written newspaper stories there are certain points of style which hold predominantly true, so that we may indicate and use them as a basis of comparison.

"Journalistic style" aims at the triple economy of time, space and attention. The purpose of a newspaper is to give facts ---and the clearer and the more direct the method the better is the result. In his desire to convey as much information as possible, the news writer is prone to give in his account only the barest facts. He leaves out all qualifying and descriptive phrases which are not absolutely essential, until later. The principle is to gratify the reader's curiosity, then give the details. The method usually employed in the general news story is to give the clue in the heading and the "lead" or introductory paragraph. The gist

of the story is then often repeated three or four times in continually expanding form, and at the end the reader has a complete story, with all the facts, description, and minute details. The story is so written, however, that he may stop anywhere after the first paragraph and know all the essentials, or, as the journalist says, he has the news.

There are two reasons why newspapers employ this style in their news stories. They ~~are~~ ^{first} designed to economize time and space; second, to serve the reader's convenience, in that he may glance over his newspaper and select his reading if he so desires. He may inform himself as to the bare outline of the news, or, if he is interested in any special story, he may read it through to the end, and thus absorb all the details.

The aim of giving the news in ^{an} ultra-condensed form is accomplished by eliminating all descriptive and qualifying phrases, by disregarding, for the most part, all punctuation except the period, comma, dash and quotation marks, by short, terse sentences and paragraphs, and even by the elimination of the subject in many sentences. ³ Figures of speech are almost entirely lacking; the barn is literally red and the grass green. This is what the Fowlers refer to, in the quotation given on Page V of the Introduction, as "Americanizing," and "remorseless and scientific efficiency in the choice of epithets and other words that suggests the

 3. The writer, through several years experience as a linotype compositor, has noted this marked absence of punctuation. Often a story will contain no other punctuation than the period, or perhaps an occasional comma. In the news story quoted on the succeeding page, there is hardly any punctuation other than these. It is a typical newspaper story, selected at random.

application of colored photography to description." The reader is allowed free-play with his imagination, the writer giving only the facts as a guide. As a natural result, the logical order of the narrative is reversed. Only the "feature" of the story is given in the lead, and as the story progresses in length it is told in detail. The subject matter also has a bearing on the writer's attitude and treatment of his story, and its importance, as rated by the newspaper, likewise determines the concreteness of detailed description. The news writer, working against the competition of time, necessarily adopts the shortest route and makes his story as compact as possible.

The following clipping from the Springfield Republican of January 17, 1923, is a typical news story:--

Harrison, Ark., Jan. 16-Gov. McRae at Little Rock late today suspended the order for a company of Arkansas national guardsmen to come here with a possibility of declaring martial law on their arrival, and Harrison tonight resumed a tranquil appearance after two days of "armed action", in which one man was hanged, another wounded and scores of alleged Missouri & North Arkansas railway strikers escorted from town to the Missouri state line, accompanied by a "committee of 1000."

The "committee of 1000" tonight brokeup after holding special sessions behind closed doors for two days and its members are on the way to their respective homes, some of whom came a distance of 150 miles to assist in the roundup. No further trouble is anticipated.

The Arkansas House of Representatives and Senate this afternoon adopted a resolution authorizing Gov. T. C. McRae to call out the national guard and declare martial law at Harrison. The resolution stated the state Legislature would make all the appropriations necessary. Last night it was said that virtually every striker in Harrison-about 200-had been ejected from the state or placed in jail by the committee.

The body of E. C. Gregor, striking railway shop worker,

found early this morning hanging from a railway trestle, was tonight taken by his wife and relatives to his former home for burial. Gregor, it is said, was hanged after he resisted attempts of the "committee of 1000" who were seeking to identify persons who are said to have carried on a campaign to sabotage against the railway company. Gregor's home was visited by a committee demanding his surrender Monday night.

Gregor is alleged to have replied with a revolver shot and escaped from the house in a hail of bullets. High explosives were found in Gregor's home, members of the committee charge.

Following the hanging of Gregor, George W. O'Neal, hotel proprietor and local capitalist, who is said to have furnished bail for many strikers arrested and charged with sabotage, was taken from his home and severely whipped.

Night Marshal Rash of Harrison, who was accused of being a strike sympathizer, was seized, tied, flogged and ordered to leave town. He is said to have left late today.

A. J. Russell, United States deputy marshal of Fort Smith, spent today in Harrison investigating the situation. He came here on orders from Atty. Gen. Daugherty.

Russell said tonight he would make his report direct to Daugherty early tomorrow and intimated he would recommend the railway be placed under federal guard.

All the facts are given in the lead paragraph, and the detailed descriptions, are given as the story progresses. It is so constructed, however, that it could be "cut-off" at any paragraph and still be complete, as far as giving the "news" is concerned. For example, the above story would be complete, from the newspaper's standpoint, if it were ended at any paragraph—the first, second, third or last. The gist of the news is contained in the first paragraph, and the details given later. The idea, of course, being that if the newspaper so desires it may use the story in its entirety or in part. The "lead" paragraph style has the merit of taking the shortest distance between two points. With the exception of the first paragraph, the sentences are short, making reading easy. Such sentences as "Gregor is alleged to have replied with a revolver shot and escaped

from the house in a hail of bullets", "High explosives were found in Gregor's house Monday night," and "He is said to have left today," are typically journalistic in their brevity. This style has become popular because of its convenience, and scientists and professional men are beginning to adopt it in their work. It is not quite clear just what part the heading plays in the news story, but the almost universal rule that each head must contain a verb would seem to indicate a desire to have it tell, in concise form, the news of the story. Certainly it serves more than as a mere label, for it gives some indication of what is to follow in the detailed account.

Some of the better newspapers, however, are breaking away from this type of story, and are allowing the reporter more freedom in his style and treatment. There is no attempt to give the "feature" in the first paragraph, and the stories are often written in the narrative form, and follow the whim of the reporter. The St. Louis Post Dispatch of December 28, 1922, contains the following story which disregards the "lead paragraph" style, and has an unusually interesting treatment:

New York, Dec. 28—Two vaudeville actors had just finished kicking each other in the eye at a theater in Brooklyn last night. The curtain rose on the next act. The audience saw a pleasant faced woman sitting on the porch of a country boarding house, rocking and knitting. They laughed at the dialogue between the woman in the chair and the sharp tongued landlady, suspicious of "actresses from the city."

They applauded when the woman—the program gave her name as Mollie Fuller, whoever that might be—sang a song about Broadway, the best street in the world. They laughed and applauded some more when a man representing Bert Savoy came in an airplane, paid the woman's long overdue board bill and took her back to the Broadway she had been singing of.

What the audience did not know was that the woman on the stage was totally blind, had been so for nine months, and that the story of her sketch she was playing was in the main her own story.

For Mollie Fuller is coming to Broadway, the Broadway that knew her first in "Adonis" with Henry E. Dixey, then in "Evangeline" with Fay Templeton and then in a succession of musical shows whose chief attraction was the sight of shapely Mollie Fuller in tights. Later she was married to Fred Hallen and the team of Hallen and Fuller was a headliner in vaudeville for 25 years.

A month ago Mollie Fuller sat in a little hotel room in one of the side streets of the Roaring Forties, helpless, penniless and despondent. A series of operations on her eyes had exhausted her funds and left her totally blind. She could picture nothing but suffering and darkness ahead.

And then Broadway, or at least, some of it, heard of her plight. Miss Blanche Merrill, who furnishes headliners with funny songs, offered to write her an act for nothing. A. F. Albee said he would furnish the scenery and play it in the Keith Vaudeville Theatres. Some one else donated the costumes.

"You can't imagine how wonderful every one has been to me," Miss Fuller said in her dressing room. "This is the happiest Christmas of my life, because things seemed so hopeless. At first I told Miss Merrill that I could never act again, but I did and they seem to like me. Next week we go to the Palace, back on Broadway! It seems too good to be true."

Miss Fuller does not give the slightest impression of being blind. Her blue eyes are clear and aid the smile that has succeeded the expression of pain.

On first thought, the reader is apt to conclude that this type of news story is considerable of an improvement over the summary style, but the conjecture is here made that if this style were adopted for all news stories the newspaper would soon become so cumbersome as to be boresome. Used sparingly and with discretion, however, it adds spice and life. The present age is so speeded up

and commercialized, so concerned with business and money-making, that the readers demand their news in a condensed form, capable of easy absorption. In this connection it is interesting to note that the New York Herald began, on April 10, 1923, to issue a "miniature newspaper for the busy man which can be read in ten minutes".

The Literary Style. The literary writer who strives for effect has almost the opposite of the common newspaper style. This is especially true of earlier writers. Their object was to hold the reader's attention until he had received all the information, or undergone all of the emotional stress, the author desired to impart to him, while the aim of the newspaper is to give the news in a manner requiring the minimum of attention on the part of the reader. The literary writer introduces all his qualifying phrases and clauses as the sentence goes along, so that by the time the reader has reached the end he has the complete thought in mind in its proper proportions. The sentence is usually periodic. It must be swallowed whole; you cannot bite off a piece to suit yourself. Certainly it is not adapted to quick reading. It has been said that one reason why so many people find it hard to read Henry James is that he works in all his qualifying and explanatory phrases, all his bits of description, as he goes along. Very few people would be able to read James on the street car or at the breakfast table, as the business man does his newspaper. His

style, and this is true of most literary writers, requires more concentration than does the newspaper. The Independent Magazine for March 5, 1908, in an article on "Journalistic Style", says:

"The reason why so many people find Henry James difficult to read is because they are used to the journalistic style, and he carries its opposite to the extreme. Take, for example, this sentence from his last story in the March Harpers (1908):

"With his thick, loose black hair in any case, untouched by a thread of gray, and his kept gift of a certain big boyish awkwardness---that of his taking their encounter, for instance, so amusedly, so crudely, tho, as she was not unaware, so eagerly too---he could by no means have been so little his wife's junior as it had been that lady's habit, after the divorce, to represent him.

"There is not the slightest ambiguity about this sentence," the writer in the Independent remarks. "If it is not clear at first reading it is because it is necessary to get the whole sentence in mind in order to grasp its meaning. To contrast with this we take the first sentences in today's New York Times:

"The Italian Züst and French De Dion cars arrived in Chicago in the New York to Paris race at 6:32 and 6:33 last evening. The Züst left Michigan City, Ind., at 8 o'clock Tuesday night and the De Dion an hour earlier. An escort of 100 automobiles, accompanied by a brass band, went out from Chicago to meet the two cars.

"This is a fair sample of the ordinary journalistic style, conveying a large amount of detailed information with the least possible strain of attention. If the reader thinks it is easy to

write that way let him see if he can put the same facts into less space without making the sentences more complex in structure and therefore harder to read. "⁴ The writer here has taken the two extremes. James represents the extreme of literary style, while the newspaper account quoted is extraordinary in its compactness.

In attempting to understand the characteristics of newspaper English, it must be borne in mind that there are two possible purposes. In addition to the common news story there is the "feature story," which differs from the former in that its prime object is not to give information of news value alone. It may be designed to amuse, to interpret, or to inform. It attempts to present the humor and pathos of everyday life in an entertaining and interesting manner. "A human interest story is primarily an attempt to portray human feelings---to talk about men as men and not as names or things."⁵ The purpose of the narrative feature story is the same as that of artistic fiction---to interpret life; but unlike fiction it must adhere to actual occurrence. Of such purpose are the stories of children, of animals, and of pathetic and humorous incidents of every-day life. They appeal to the imagination and emotions, and in addition to their "human interest" have an element of news.

The following account which appeared in the Kansas City Times of February 22, 1923, (reprinted from the Boston Post,) is a good example of the story whose purpose is to entertain, and, therefore,

4. Independent Magazine, vol. 64, p. 542.

5. Grant Milnor Hyde: Newspaper Reporting and Correspondence. D. Appleton & Co., New York and London, 1912. P. 236.

calls for much more literary art than the general news story.

It deals with the universal appeal of quest, conquest and victory:

HE'S NO HOTHOUSE PARSON

An Episcopal bishop who blazed the trail for the white man in bleak Alaska was in Boston recently.

"The sourdough bishop" they call him up in the frozen Klondike, and "the bishop of all outdoors."

He's roughed it with the roughest of roughnecks, waded across the broad wastes when the air creaked with cold and time and time again escaped death by the breadth of a hair.

Indians, bad men and avalanches---all these he's risked, and he's the best loved man in all Alaska.

Dance hall orgies have stopped to let him speak a word, men who killed for a woman or a drink listened to him as a man of men. The Sourdough Bishop was king of them all.

The Rt. Rev. Peter Trimble Rowe, bishop of Alaska since 1895, told of a life of thrills in the frigid North, of the Yukon and its dangers, and the great, strong men who fought cruel nature for little yellow specks which, won, were cast about like dirt.

The bishop is a big man. His face is long and rugged, and his kindly eyes betray marks of years when the blinding Arctic sun sparkled on crusted snow. I think he has used his fists on occasions, and could use them still.

"I was elected" he said, "I was consecrated. And two years before the Klondike rush I landed in Sitka and traveled over the Chilkoot Pass to Dawson and the Heart of Alaska.

"I had my trip of inspection to make, so I found a guide and climbed the Chilkoot as an appetizer. Dogs were both scarce and expensive. Therefore, we dragged our sleds ourselves.

"On that trip I am reasonably sure that no man in the world would have believed me a bishop of the Episcopal Church. Clerical garments would have been as much in place in the Alaska of '96 as a dress suit in the trenches of the western front. My duds were calculated to stand rough usage, to get wet when necessary, and to keep me warm when possible.

"Chilkoot Pass wasn't the easiest thing in the world, but it was easy enough. I wasn't killed. I didn't break my neck. I didn't even get buried under an avalanche. * * * *

"On the third day we managed to entice them down to the river where our boat was moored.

"At my signal, the guide leaped into the boat and cut the line that held it. I drew my revolver, which the Indians hadn't found, and aimed at the only Indian in the lot that packed a gun.

"Then I stepped backward into the boat. For a hundred yards or more, going down stream, I had to stand erect, in that boat and keep my gun trained on that one Indian who was heeled. But we got away. * * * * *

The feature story may be written to entertain the reader; or, on the other hand, it may explain or simply comment. In many cases it is purely historical, and may or may not have connection with present day events. Usually it follows the natural order of the narrative, and there appears to be no special effort to adhere to the usual conventional formulae of newspaper style. It does not begin with the gist of the news, and it does not answer the customary, "who, what, when, where, and how" in the first paragraph. In these stories the element of suspense enters in the same as in the literary short story, and many of them are dramatic and intense.

The feature story stands almost alone as a literary attempt of the newspaper. The only notable exception is the editorial, which is treated in a later paragraph. In the feature story the writer is given free play and there are no strict formulae to which he must adhere. He writes and interprets as he sees fit, and his product is wholly his own. He is given an opportunity to develop a characteristic style, and the common accusations that journalism violates most of the rules of good English does not hold with the well-written

feature story. It calls for, and permits, the development of a style that at its best may, without apology, be called literary, whether the thing itself be "literature" or not. The "feature story" is a special kind of journalistic writing, but not to be ignored. It forms a considerable part of the contents of any newspaper, and is clearly a product of journalism.

In the following feature story, taken from the Philadelphia Public Ledger of January 18, 1923, we find a combination of the news element and human interest. The style lends vividness, and there is a strongly marked dramatic element:

SAILOR WHIPS HIS OFFICERS AND COMMANDS SHIP A DAY

St. Johns, N. F., Jan. 17--The giant body of Krishan Jacob Lorenson, sailor man, who by right of might became a ship's master for a day, is rolling on the floor of the angry deep. The story of his passing just a month ago, was told in detail for the first time today.

Lorenson's bunk was the most comfortable in the forecastle of the Danish schooner Centaurus. He was a good sailor and a good fighter. He took what he wanted and tolerated back talk from no man. He wasn't scared of the "old man", Krishan Rasmussen, neither did the size of the first mate, Erik Knudsen, bother him.

The Centaurus drove out of Spencer's Cove, Newfoundland, bound for Harbor Buffet, on December 15. Two days out the old man and the first mate got into a heated argument about the schooner's position. They talked loudly. Entered Lorenson, scowling hands on hips.

He told the skipper and the mate that neither of them knew where the vessel was. He laughed when ordered on deck. He tossed the old man and Erik clear across the cabin when they tried to put him out. He then locked them in and took charge of the schooner.

Seven times the captain and the mate tried to get on deck. Seven times they were kicked down the companionway. Storms came. The Centaurus rolled and pitched. Lorenson, at the wheel grinned and turned her nose to sea.

The old man, frightened for his vessel's safety, said he got his gun, crawled to the cabin door and fired, intending to scare Lorenson. The bullet struck the sailor in the arm. He smiled, refusing to go below to have the wound dressed.

Captain Rasmussen refrained from shooting again, he said today, because he did not want to have the man's death on his hands. After a while Lorenson left the wheel and staggered aft and Captain Rasmussen turned the schooner about.

Six hours later Lorenson, while singing a song of the sea, dropped to the deck, exhausted from loss of blood, and died. His body was buried in the sea next morning.

Captain Rasmussen and his first mate, upon the arrival of the schooner at Harbor Buffet, were held for examination. They were discharged from custody today by order of the Justice Department, which declared it had no jurisdiction.

While the style of the feature story approaches very nearly, if not entirely, that of literary works, it must be remembered that from its very nature and purpose the common news story is not adapted to the use of a highly developed literary style. The eulogy of a fireman would hardly be appropriate in the story of a fire which caused the death of several persons and the loss of thousands of dollars, however heroic he may have been. An editorial, or a separate article, lauding his efforts is the proper vehicle for such comment. The news story is designed for a particular purpose, that of giving the news in as condensed and simple a manner as possible, and any deviation or elaboration defeats that purpose. But the very starkness of journalistic style often gives an intense dramatic effect. The Anglo Saxon accounts of heroic deeds and hand-to-hand encounters owe much of their dramatic intensity to the narrative and stark manner of presentation. John Masefield, the modern Chaucer,

is no less stark in his "Everlasting Mercy;" but surely no one will deny that the accounts depicted by him are anything short of dramatic, although the style is almost a replica of the journalistic. Of course, beauty of effect is usually lost when the story is presented in such a bold, realistic way, but the newspaper writer is not concerned primarily with beautiful words and phrases in his story; his object is to give the news in a compact and concise form. But in doing it, we must take into account that he often gains an extreme dramatic effect which elaboration would make impossible.

The question of the part the editorial plays in the newspaper naturally arises, but I believe it may be disposed of in a few sentences. Unfortunately, the editorial page loses most of its influence because it is so little read. Only a very limited class read the editorials with any regularity, and they are, unfortunately, persons of intelligence little influenced in this manner. Although the editorials stand out as the only consistently well-written articles of the newspaper, their interest is so centralized as to be negligible as regards the influence they exert. The general public has not yet learned that the newspaper kernel is imbedded in the editorial page.

There is much of journalistic writing which violates almost every known rule of good English, and, likewise, there is much so-called literature which is undeserving of the name. Often the only basis for the classification of some writing as literary is the fact that it is published in book form, making for individual authorship, and, perhaps, giving it greater permanence. Such a distinction is too ridiculous for comment. Simeon Strunsky in an article, "The

Reporter Speaks for Himself," takes the stand that the terms "newspaper work" and "literature" are too general, and much that is called journalism far outclasses some literature. He says: ". . . on this question of Brangwyn H. Smith's career in newspaper work and literature, I am far from being irreconcilable. I stand ready to ratify with reservations. I shall be among the first to extend congratulations whenever it is announced, not that Brangwyn H. Smith gave up newspaper work for literature, but that Brangwyn H. Smith gave up bad newspaper work for respectably good literature, or gave up fairly good newspaper work to go into exceptionally fine literature." ⁶

Mr. Strunsky is right. The mere announcement that "Brangwyn H. Smith gave up newspaper work for literature" is no proof that he is bettering himself. There are high and low grades of both of literature and newspaper writing, and the partition is extremely thin, journalism, in its higher sense, even overlapping into literature.

⁶ Simeon Strunsky: The Reporter Speaks for Himself. Harper's Magazine for March, 1923. p. 475.

CHAPTER II --- Attitude and Content.

A common accusation hurled at the newspaper writer is that he deals with his subject in a cold-blooded, unsympathetic manner, with little regard for personal feelings; and that his work lacks feeling and personality. The most severe criticism, perhaps, is that he looks at his subject from an impersonal viewpoint; men are regarded not as men, but merely as one phase or one of the essentials of the "story." He merely scrapes the surface without entering into the full meaning of all the attendant circumstances.

It cannot be denied that the general news story is unsympathetic and impersonal. The newspaper deals largely with ephemeral things, and aims to give the news above everything else. The newspaper writer is trained to tell his story in as few words as possible and in a direct and simple manner. Naturally he cannot put much of his own personality into the story; and he cannot "live" the lives of his characters. There would be too much feeling; we could not stand it if all the inherent pathos and feeling of the daily news were incorporated in the account, as the literary writer puts feeling into his work. There would be too much of it. Uppermost in the mind of the reporter is the purpose of the newspaper---to give the facts, to inform. So he merely records or comments. Time and space forbid his entering into the subject with a feeling much greater than the desire to give the news. His task is not to interpret, but to inform. As a result he hardly does more than baldly record, mechan-

ically compile, or conventionally comment. It might be added, however, that so long as there are differences in human beings, there must always be differences in the way individuals do things. Given the same facts of a story, no two persons will write it in exactly the same way. So far their own personality will exert itself. But, in conforming with the demands of the newspaper there is a minimum of individuality.

The newspaper writer must necessarily do his work quickly. He cannot take time for reflective or meditative reasoning, and, therefore, he cannot treat his subject with anything more than an impersonal attitude. Unlike the literary writer, he does not have unlimited time to devote to his story. Usually he writes several stories each day, and with the large number of editions which the metropolitan newspapers publish daily, speed is an essential requisite in the newspaper writer. As soon as he "turns in" one story, he is sent to ferret out the facts of another. He is literally a "copy machine."

One of the greatest reasons why journalistic writing is impersonal in attitude is the fact that the newspaper man seldom, if ever, chooses his own subject. He covers what is known as assignments, and writes what he is sent out to get. It is much the same as a game of cards, in which the news editor deals out to his reporters certain stories to be "covered" and written up, and they play the game according to the rules. The efficient man is the one who can get his facts and write his story in the least time, and the result is an attitude of impersonality.

Seventy years ago saw the peak of personal journalism, as exemplified by James Gordon Bennett, Horace Greeley, William Cullen Bryant, and countless others. Individual ownership was the rule; the newspaper was the mouthpiece of the editor and owner, and it was only natural, also, that the general news story should be personal as well as the editorials. That age has been left behind, and corporate ownership has succeeded it. We no longer speak of Greeley's paper, Bennett's paper, or "So-and-So's" paper, as was formerly the custom. Today it is the New York Times, the Kansas City Star, the Chicago Tribune, or whatever paper it may happen to be. Individuality is submerged in the paper itself. Each writer is merely a part of the organization which turns out the printed product.

Journalism as a whole has become impersonal. The public is ignorant as to the authorship of the innumerable stories and accounts appearing in the newspapers. Only recently has there sprung up the tendency to sign articles, or to give some clue as to the identity of the writer, and this only in the case of the better known writers and the larger and more important stories. Local news invariably is anonymous, and the newspaper itself takes the credit or discredit for what it prints.

In drawing a distinction between literature and journalism, Mr. H. W. Boynton in a series of essays on "Journalism and Literature," says: "Strictly speaking, literature is 'creative' work, interpretative work. From this point of view journalism has no literary aspect. Its business is to record or comment, and not to interpret. It is impersonal in spirit and in method. A journalist cannot, as a

journalist, speak for himself. On the other hand, a creator of literature does. Journalism records fact, and on the basis of such fact utters the opinion of partisan consensus, of editorial policy, or, at its nearest approach to literature, of individual intelligence." ⁷

The attitude of the writer depends to a large extent, I believe, on the subject matter and the purpose of the work. Newspapers, as has been stated, deal primarily with ephemeral things. They are, in the first instance, realists, and attempt to give the facts as they are, and not as we should like them to be. The newspaper must, above all else, be truthful, and if it does not adhere closely to facts it soon finds itself in disfavor. The public looks to the newspaper to keep it in touch with daily events, and demands truthfulness. Reliability is the keynote to success.

With this idea constantly before him, the newspaper writer dare not deviate far from his purpose of telling the news. He may branch out and put his own personality into his work only in the feature articles or the editorials. In these, as has been stated, he is free to write as he chooses. The element of timeliness is either entirely lacking, or subordinate; the purpose of giving the news is supplanted by that of entertaining, interpreting, or informing. In the feature story, men are treated as human beings, and the pathos or humor of the story is given preference over the news element. But even in the editorial the journalistic writer is restricted to a degree, for he must ever keep in mind the "policy" of the paper.

⁷ H. W. Boynton: Journalism and Literature. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston, 1904. Essay 1. pp. 1-23.

There are some newspapers which place sensationalism above truth. They attempt to gain popularity with the masses by printing "questionable" news, and hesitate at nothing as long as they are able to keep within the limits of the law. The privacy of the home is violated, individuals are sacrificed, and anything which savors of the unconventional is relished. These yellow journals, as they are popularly known, delight in publishing scandal, and "society" is the butt of most of their activity. Luckily, the yellow journals are in the minority; but it must be admitted that, ~~some~~^{Crass} and horrible as they frequently are, they more nearly approach the purpose and the privilege of the artist than is possible in a conscientious and unbiased record of fact.

Journalism is constantly undergoing change. Rules and regulations which held sway for decades, are gradually being reconstructed to meet changing social conditions. The newspaper, as a public benefactor, recognizes its obligation to give the facts, and colored or sensational journalism is giving way to the more conservative, truthful type. As the field broadens, newspapers are beginning to allow their writers more freedom of thought and treatment, and fewer rules are imposed. Evidence of this change, is the assertion of many editors that they no longer require their stories to be written in any specific way.⁸ Greater freedom and individuality are allowed the writer; but the management still holds the guiding hand, and the policies of the paper must be maintained. While considerable progress toward individual freedom has been made, the newspaper

⁸ The story of the return of Mollie Fuller to the stage, quoted on page 5, is cited as an example of this greater freedom allowed the reporter.

writer still is held largely in restraint, and there are many rules of style and questions of policy which he must keep constantly in mind and observe in writing his stories.

No such limitations as the above are imposed on the literary writer. He may write for popular approval or merely to voice his own sentiments and convictions. His purpose is not to produce, *but* to create; not to record, but to interpret. His field is unlimited, and the treatment he accords his theme is dependent upon himself alone. None of the restraints which are imposed upon the newspaper writer function against the literary writer.

Unquestionably the attitude of the literary writer toward his subject is more personal than that of the journalist. He does not write under pressure of finishing his work in a short time (the space of an hour or so), and he can enter into it with greater freedom. His own personality is a part of his work, and consciously or unconsciously creeps in. Many of his stories may even be his own experiences, his own feelings, written under the guise of fictitious characters. He interprets the facts of life as he sees them. The reporter cannot do this, for he must base his stories on actual occurrence; he may not mould them to suit his meaning. The literary writer may be a realist, an idealist, or a romanticist, and he chooses his own subjects on which to write. Moreover, since, in the background at least, there is the desire and aim to create something lasting, the literary writer takes a more personal view of his subject.

In the life span of literature, everything has, at one time or another, received the attention of writers. Romanticists, realists,

and idealists all have had their "turn," and each has written according to his fancy. The trend of contemporary writers appears to be largely that of realism. Whether the reading public demands realistic writing, or whether the writers have, of their own accord, chosen it as best suited to their purpose, is debatable. It is probably both. The impulse which calls for it is also the impulse which prompts the writer. Journalism, it has been stated, is largely realistic. Whether it has become so from popular demand, or whether it has itself selected that method of presentation, is a mooted question. Whatever the case may be, the newspaper style is popular because of its simplicity and the ease with which it is understood. Of course, it is hardly plausible to say that the news writer is entirely impersonal, however much he may claim to be. No writer can absolutely detach himself from his work. What the reporter does is to look at his subject from a detached point of view as far as possible and write his story as a disinterested "spectator." If he succeeds the newspaper achieves its aim of giving the news in an unbiased and impersonal manner. Moreover, as has been said, the newspaper writer does not select his own subjects; they are parcelled out to him. The literary writer, of course, is unhampered in this way, and selects a subject with which he is familiar or which interests him. With this as a start, and with the desire to create, he puts his own personality into his work, and has unlimited time for research and study to complete it to his own satisfaction.

It is useless to deny that there is a difference between the attitude the news writer holds toward his subject, and the manner in

which the literary writer deals with his. The news writer, perforce, cannot put too much personality into his stories; if he does he defeats the very purpose of the newspaper, that of giving unbiased news. His problem is greater than that of the literary writer; his achievement, therefore, if he does achieve, is also greater. The literary writer, however, should express his own feelings, his own personality. The distinction is, perhaps, that the reporter writes from "without," while the literary artist writes from "within." How far journalism influences literature in the attitude the writers take toward their subject is a matter of conjecture, and in the following chapters I hope to show conclusively what the effect has been on writers I have selected for this study.

CHAPTER III --- John Masefield.

The sharpest criticism of newspapers have been as to their effect on the style of contemporary writers.

The first of the writers whose work I have studied, and the one who shows most distinctively "journalistic" tendencies, is John Masefield. Easy flowing narrative is characteristic of all his works. "Journalistic" tendencies are discernible in his literal description. There is a marked absence of figures of speech; his words are descriptive, and his story is matter-of-fact narrative. His words are of the simplest and the story is told with as little effort as possible. He merely recounts incident after incident without any apparent effort for effect. They are stark in reality, but full of many dramatic passages. His poems are as easily read and followed as any newspaper story, requiring very little attention on the part of the reader, and are characterized by spontaneity and simplicity of utterance---a simplicity that at times degenerates into a crudeness almost brusque and in some passages even nauseating. The short, sharp sentences of his narrative form in "Daffodil Fields" are scarcely exceeded by any newspaper.

They buried Gray; his gear was sold; his farm
 Passed to another tenant. Thus men go;
 The dropped sword passes to another arm,
 And different waters in the river flow.
 His two old faithful friends let Michael know
 His father's ruin and their promise. Keir
 Brought him to stay at Foxholes till a path was clear.

There, when the sale was over, all three met
 To talk about the future, and to find
 Upon what project Michael's heart was set.
 Gentle, the two old men, thoughtful and kind.
 They urged the youth to speak his inmost mind,
 For they would compass what he chose, they told
 How he might end his training; they would find the gold.

This passage follows rather closely the form of a news story, with the exception of the bit of philosophizing in the second, third and fourth lines. In the newspaper this would be called "editorializing," and reporters generally refrain from such comments in their news stories, although two or three papers, notably the Kansas City Star, permit it. Masfield is merely telling his story, seemingly in the shortest way possible. There is a marked absence of any apparent straining after effect. In the following excerpts from the same poem his description is the literal description which the Fowlers refer to as "colored photography," as "black branches of the spiky thorn," "grass comes green," and "blue dog-violets and glistening celandine."

There, when the first green shoots of tender corn
 Show on the plough; when the first drift of white
 Stars ~~the~~ black branches of the spiky thorn,
 And afternoons are warm and evenings light,
 The shivering daffodils do take delight,
 Shaking beside the brook, and grass comes green,
 And blue dog-violets and glistening celandine.

Occasionally Masfield attempts a figure of speech, such as that of the daffodils in lines five and six just quoted. But he is predominantly literal in all his description, and this instance of the pathetic fallacy is unusual. The following stanza from the same poem is a blaze of colorful descriptive words, ^{the} "remorseless and scientific efficiency in the choice of epithets":

And there the pickers come, picking for town
 Those daffodils; all day they pick;
 Hard-featured women, weather-beaten brown,
 Or swarthy red, the colour of old brick.
 At noon they break their meats under the rick.
 The smoke of all three farms lifts blue in air
 As though man's passionate mind had never suffered there.

In his narrative verse, Masfield rather strikingly follows the journalistic style by beginning his story directly and revealing in the first stanza many necessary facts, in a simple manner. Many of them approach the summary "lead" of the newspaper in spirit, although not in exact handling. The opening stanza of "The Widow in the Bye Street" is characteristic:

Down Bye Street, in a little Shropshire town,
 There lived a widow with her only son:
 She had no wealth nor title to renown,
 Nor any joyous hours, never one.
 She rose from ragged mattress before sun
 And stitched all day until her eyes were red
 And had to stitch because her man was dead.

While this does not summarize the entire story, it starts the reader with the ^ofundation of facts which the spirit of the news story calls for. Masfield is criticised most, perhaps, for the violence of some of the scenes in his longer poems. It is evident that he has been concerned not so much with refining his verse as with telling his story, and in this way he is similar to the journalist. The following excerpt from "The W idow in the Bye Street" is an example of his disregard of anything and everything else in the one endeavor to get the story told:

Don't lie to mother, boy, for mother knows.
 I know you and that lady to the bone,
 And she's a whore, that thing you call a rose,
 A whore who takes whatever male thing goes;
 A harlot with the devil's skill to tell
 The special key of each man's door to hell.

In his "Biography," he has succeeded in breaking away from the matter-of-fact style, and it is one of the few examples of his reflective work:

Men do not heed the rungs by which men climb
 Those glittering steps, those milestones upon Time,
 Those tombstones of dead selves, those hours of birth,
 Those moments of the soul in years of earth
 They mark the height achieved, the main result,
 The power of freedom in the perished cult,
 The power of boredom in the dead man's deeds,
 Not the bright moments of the sprinkled seeds.

* * * * *

Yet when I am dust my penman may not know
 Those water-trampling ships which made me glow,
 But think my wonder mad and fail to find
 Their glory, even dimly, from my mind,
 And yet they made me:

Not alone the ships
 But men hard-palmed from tallying-on to whips,
 The two close friends of nearly twenty years,
 Sea-followers both, sea-wrestlers and sea-peers,
 Whose feet with mine wore many a bolt-head bright
 Treading the decks beneath the riding light.
 Yet death will make that warmth of friendship cold
 And who'll know what one said and what one told
 Our hearts' communion and the broken spells
 When the loud call blew at the strike of bells?
 No one, I know, yet let me be believed
 A soul entirely known is life achieved.

The description here is not literal as in his other works, the thought is deeper, and the words and sentences are selected with greater care. It is evidence of the fact that Masfield is capable of reflective as well as narrative work. It would seem that he had deliberately chosen the "journalistic" style for "The Widow in the Bye Street," "Daffodil Fields," "Everlasting Mercy," and his other longer poems, whether as a result of the influence of

the newspaper, or of his subject-matter. But it is also evident that, even though most of his writing is literal in the extreme, it has not suffered; it is full of intensely dramatic passages. In "The Dauber" we have many stark, grim realities, but the very literal style, journalistic no doubt, gives the poem its tension. I cite the following passages of the scene where the "Dauber" meets his death:

Those from the yard came down to tell the tale.
 "He almost had me off," said Tom. "He slipped.
 There come one hell of a jump-like from the sail . . .
 He clutched at me and almost had me pipped.
 He caught my 'ris' hand, but the oilskin ripped . . .
 It tore clean off. Look here. I was near gone.
 I made a grab to catch him; so did John.

"I caught his arm. My God! I was near done.
 He almost had me over; it was near.
 He hit the ropes and grabbed at every one."
 "Well," said the Mate, "we cannot leave him here,
 Run, Sir, and get the half-deck table clear.
 We'll lay him there. Catch hold there, you, and you,
 He's dead, poor son; there's nothing more to do."

In style, Masfield approaches very nearly that of the newspaper; his literal description, marked absence of figures of speech, his short sentences and paragraphs, his matter-of-fact way of telling his story quickly and concisely, and his grouping at the beginning of a few essentials to give a setting for his story, which approaches the summary lead of the newspaper story in spirit at least, are all common traits of newspaper style. While he is literal to a marked extent, it is true that he has some of the most dramatic passages in literature. "Everlasting Mercy," "The Widow in the Bye Street" and "The Dauber" are full of intense situations and scenes from beginning to end. The stark, realistic description of the journalist at least has not lessened the intensity of his verse.

Masefield has been criticised rather severely for his seeming lack of feeling toward his subject. "Daffodil Fields," "The Widow in the Bye Street," and "Everlasting Mercy," all written in the narrative form, lack personality. In all of them there is an almost cruel disregard of feeling for the characters, and he chronicles his tale in much the same way as the newspaper writer would follow. They follow closely the style of the epic, which, it might be said, he has modernized. He is distinctively a realist, although there is an occasional conflict between the ideal and the real. Of his four longer narrative poems, "Dauber" perhaps contains the most feeling. The continual struggle of the "Dauber" to produce the ideal, the cruel treatment he receives at the hands of his mates, their jests and jibes, and finally the death of the "Dauber" in the event which gains for him a place in their hearts, makes this story one of the strongest he has written. The scene in which the "Dauber" climbs the yardarm to fasten the topsail, is particularly effective. But the poem as a whole is only a narrative; Masefield is merely telling the story, and with the exception of a few passages where he stops to express his feelings, it is impersonal in attitude:

Death would be better than this long hell
 Of mockery and surrender and dismay--
 This long defeat of doing nothing well,
 Playing the part too high for him to play.
 "O Death! who hides the sorry thing away,
 Take me; I've failed. I cannot play these cards".
 There came a thundering from the topsail yards.

And then he bit his lips, clenching his mind,
 And staggered out to muster, beating back
 The coward frozen self of him that whined.
 Come what cards might he meant to play the pack.
 'Ai!' screamed the wind; the topsail sheets went clack;
 Ice filled the air with spikes; the grey-backs burst.
 "Here's Dauber," said the Mate, "on deck the first."

"Why, holy sailor, Dauber, you're a man!
 I took you for a soldier. Up now, come!"
 Up on the yards already they began
 That battle with a gale which strikes men dumb
 The leaping topsail thundered like a drum.
 The frozen snow beat in the face like shots.
 The wind spun whipping wave-crests into clots.

Masefield has, I believe, put more of himself into this poem, because of his keen appreciation and understanding of the sea and ships. I quote him at some length in the following paragraphs in order to show that the tendencies ascribed to him are not infrequent, but predominant.

There is little of the ideal or the romantic in "Everlasting Mercy," "The Widow in the Bye Street," or "Daffodil Fields." One might almost glance through any daily newspaper and read the account of some divorce proceeding, some clandestine affair, or a sordid murder, which would compare closely with either of these poems. There is the same realistic treatment, the same cold regard for the characters involved. There are many dramatic passages in "The Everlasting Mercy," and the action is intense, although it is written in the narrative form, and lacks deep feeling. The sharp, staccato sentences are similar to those of the newspaper:

Time!

There was Bill as grim as death,
 He rushed, I clinched, to get more breath,
 And breath I got, though Billy Bats
 Some stinging short-arms in my slats.
 And when we broke, as I foresaw,
 He swung his right in for the jaw.
 I stopped it on my shoulder bone,

And at the shock I heard Bill groan---
 A little groan or moan or grunt
 As though I'd hit his wind a bunt.
 At that, I clinched, and while we clinched,
 His old time right arm dig was flinched,
 And when we broke he hit me light
 As though he didn't trust his right,
 He flapped me somehow with his wrist
 As though he couldn't use his fist,
 And when he hit he winced with pain.
 I thought, "Your sprained thumb's crooked again."
 So I got strength and Bill gave ground,
 And that round was an easy round.

In "Everlasting Mercy", Saul Kane, after leading a life of debauchery and shame, suddenly comes to realize the folly of it all, and Masefield, in an idealistic manner, gives him a new soul in the mystical rebirth of Christianity:

O Christ who holds the open gate,
 O Christ who drives the furrow straight,
 O Christ, the plough, O Christ, the laughter
 Of holy white birds flying after,
 Lo, all my heart's field red and torn,
 And Thou wilt bring the young green corn,
 The young green corn divinely springing,
 The young green corn forever singing;
 And when the field is fresh and fair
 Thy blessed feet shall glitter there.
 And we will walk the weeded field,
 And tell the golden harvest's yield,
 The corn that makes the holy bread
 By which the soul of man is fed,
 The holy bread, the food unpriced,
 Thy everlasting mercy, Christ.

This is, however, one of Masefield's few bursts of his own idealism, his inner self. Usually he merely tells the story, from a detached point of view, as the news writer does. In "Biography," he enters into his theme with more vigor and personality than in any of his other works. It is a poem based on reminiscences, and is characteristic of his reflective work:

Often at night I tread those streets again
 And see the alley glimmering in the rain,
 Yet now I miss that sign of earlier tramps
 A house with shadows of plane-boughs under lamps,
 The secret house where once a beggar stood
 Trembling and blind to show his woe for food.
 And now I miss that friend who used to walk
 Home to my lodgings with me, deep in talk,
 Wearing the last of night out in the still streets
 Trodden by us and policemen on their beats,
 And cats, but else deserted; now I miss
 That lively mind and guttural laugh of his
 And that strange way he had of making gleam,
 Like something real, the art we used to dream.

Speaking of "Biography," Mary C. Sturgeon says it is a
 "paen of zest for life, of the intense joy in actual living which
 seems to be the dynamic of Mr. Masefield's genius. There is, most
 conspicuous and significant, delight in beauty; a swift, keen,
 accurate response of sense to the external world, to sea and sky
 and hill, to field and flower. But there is fierce delight, too,
 in toil and danger, in strenuous action, in desperate struggle
 with wind and wave, in the supreme effort of physical power, in
 health and strength and skill and freedom and jollity; and above
 all, first, last and always, in ships. But there is delight no less
 in communion with humanity, in comradeship, in happy memories of
 kindred, in still happier mental kinships and intellectual affinities,
 in books, and in the brooding sense of man's long history." ⁹ This
 is more or less the enumeration of what the literary writer does.
 The reporter cannot, however, enter into his stories with a feeling
 as strong as this; the very purpose of the newspaper forbids it, and
 even though it were permissible it would be impossible because of
 the lack of time to consider each story at such length.

9 Mary C. Sturgeon: Studies of Contemporary Poets. Dodd, Mead and
 company, N.Y. Revised and enlarged. p. 198.

Regardless of his seeming lack of feeling toward his characters, Masefield's poems are all highly dramatic, and, perhaps because of their realism, intensely effective. He deals with everyday topics, not exactly ephemeral ones, like those of the newspaper, but certainly of universal interest, and seemingly casts a spell over his readers with his easy-flowing, journalistic style and treatment. Mary C. Spurgeon says of him: "There is one sense at least in which Mr. Masefield is the most important figure amongst contemporary poets. For he has won the popular ear, he has cast the poetic spell further than any of his compeers, and it has been given to him to lure the multitudinous readers of magazines, that wary host which is usually stampeded by the sight of a page of verse"¹⁰

How has Masefield "won the popular ear"? By his journalistic treatment and style, or because of his choice of subject-matter? The question is not an easy one. Perhaps both, in a degree. The reading public, perhaps, has become so accustomed to the journalistic style that they prefer it to the highly specialized literary art, and the mere fact that few of the "Intelligentsia" deplore it is not sufficient proof that the "Journalistic" style is debasing. Masefield has, I believe, chosen it because it is better adapted to his subject-matter than any other, and in those instances where he has attempted idealism he has shown that he is capable of adopting the

10 Ibid. P. 197.

literary style. Certainly as long as he is able to write both, it can hardly be said that journalism is corrupting him in his use of "The King's English."

On the other hand, *is it* possible that the newspaper, in its content and point of view, has made a valuable contribution to art?

CHAPTER IV---Rudyard Kipling.

No contemporary writer is better known than Rudyard Kipling.

Because of his newspaper apprenticeship, perhaps it is rather to be expected that distinct journalistic tendencies should be present in his works, both poetry and prose. Like Masefield, he shows a distinct inclination to disregard figures of speech, keeping somewhat closely to description that is literal, but much more colorful than that of Masefield, and frequently softer in tone. Kipling is little addicted to ~~the~~ telling his story just as it happened, but sustains and holds his reader's attention through suspense. His style, however, is simple and easy, with the unpretentious diction and the short, concise paragraphs of the newspaper writer. His literal, staccato description is known to everyone. His poetry is usually of the simple, rollicking style, of which "Mandalay" is the best example:

By the old Moulmein Pagoda, lookin' eastward to the sea,
 There's a Burma girl a-settin' , an' I know she thinks o' me;
 For the wind is in the palm-trees, an' the temple bells they say,
 "Come you back, you British soldier; come you back to Mandalay!"
 Come you back to Mandalay,
 Where the old F lotilla lay;
 Can't you 'ear their paddles chunkin' from Rangoon to Mandalay?
 O the road to M andalay,
 Where the flyin'-fishes play,
 An' the dawn comes up like thunder outer China 'crost the Bay!

'Er petticoat was yaller an' 'er little cap was green,
 An' 'er name was Supi-yaw-lat---jes' the same as Theebaw's Queen,
 An' I seed her fust a-smokin' of a whackin' white cheroot,
 An' a-wastin' Christian kisses on an 'eathen idol's foot;
 Bloomin' idol made o' mud---
 Wot they called the Great Gawd Budd---
 Plucky lot she cared for idols when I kissed 'er where she stud
 On the road to Mandalay---

While the description is almost entirely literal, the picture has all the color of a fresh painting, perhaps even more than it could have gained through figures of speech. It is a Kipling characteristic to use literal terms which emblazon and glare such as "yaller", "green," and "white cheroot," and he achieves great vividness in doing it. Some of the atmosphere of his scenes, no doubt, is created by their setting, many of which are laid in India, and he gains added effect by the use of foreign words and phrases, which in many instances are more suggestive than anything else possibly could be. In rare instances he uses figures of speech, which are extraordinary and forceful, such as the most criticised and famous,

"An' the dawn comes up like thunder outer China
'crost the Bay!"

Kipling is not addicted to a matter-of-fact way of telling his story. He does not use the summary "lead," and especially in his short stories he incorporates the element of suspense, which the news writer, of course, does not give to his news stories. He usually expresses his own thoughts, and does not merely narrate as does Masfield. The first verse of "Christmas in India" is typical:

Dim dawn behind the tamarisks---the sky is saffron-yellow---
As the women in the village grind the corn,
And the parrots seek the river-side, each calling to his fellow
That the Day, the staring Easter Day is born.
Oh the white dust on the highway! Oh the stench in the byway!
Oh the clammy fog that hovers over earth!
And at Home they're making merry 'neath the white and
scarlet berry---
What part have India's exiles in their mirth?

It is an example of Kipling's temperamental bent; indeed, his works are all more or less moody. But in all of them we find the

same literal brilliance of description, even though he frequently stops to express his feelings, a thing the journalist seldom does.

Kipling's poetry is full of life and action, and usually lilting and rollicking. It is musical and pleasant to read. Like Masfield, he does not avoid unpleasant or harsh words, and his works on the whole lack the refinement and polish which characterize those of Alfred Noyes. His "Recessional," however, stands out as a masterpiece in thought and in construction, and has gained world-wide recognition. It is exceptional, however, and nowhere else do we discern the same careful selection of words and sentences and the same sonorousness; instead, we find them short, literal, and sometimes even harsh.

In prose Kipling shows up as a journalist perhaps even more than in poetry. His description is more literal and he uses the short and concise sentences of the journalist. Evidently he does what the reporter is prone to do, pack as many essentials as he can into each sentence and paragraph, and economize on space. Note especially the descriptive terms and the short sentences in the following paragraph from "The Man Who Would be King":

"The most amazing miracle was at Lodge next night. One of the old priests was watching us continuous, and I felt uneasy, for I knew we'd have to fudge the Ritual, and I didn' t know what the men knew. The old priest was a stranger come in from beyond the village of Bashkai. The minute Dravot puts on the Master's apron that the girls had made for him, the priest fetches a whoop and a howl, and tries to overturn the stone that Dravot was sitting on. "It's all up now, 'I says. ' That comes of meddling with the Craft without warrant!" Dravot never winked an

eye, not when ten priests took and tilted over the Grand-Master's chair---which was to say the stone of the Imbra. The priest begins rubbing the bottom of it to clear away the black dirt, and presently he shows all the other priests the Master's Mark, same as was on Dravot's apron, cut into the stone. Not even the priests of the temple of Imbra knew it was there. The old chap falls flat on his face at Dravot's feet and kisses 'em. 'Luck again,' says Dravot, across the Lodge to me, 'they say it's the missing Mark that no one could understand the why of. We're more than safe now! Then he bangs the butt of his gun for a gavel and says: 'By virtue of the authority vested in me by my own right hand and the help of Peachey, I declare myself Grand-Master of all Freemasonry in Kafiristan in this the Mother Lodge o' the country, the King of Kafiristan equally with Peachey!' At that he puts on his crown and I puts on mine---I was doing Senior Warden---and we opens the Lodge in most ample form. It was an amazing miracle! The priests moved in Lodge through the first two degrees almost without telling, as if the memory was coming back to them. After that Peachey and Dravot raised such as was worthy---high priests and Chiefs of far-off villages. Billy Fish was the first, and I can tell you we scared the soul out of him. It was not in any way according to Ritual, but it served our turn. We didn't raise more than ten of the biggest men because we didn't want to make the Degree common. And they was clamoring to be raised "

Kipling is best known in fiction for his short stories, of which he has written many, with a wide variety of settings. In all of them we detect his originality and love of action. So wide has been the scope of his activity, that nearly every class of human society has been treated in an understanding and observing way. While he shows distinct journalistic tendencies in his style and diction, he appears to be little affected in his manner of treatment of his subjects and his attitude toward them. Although primarily a matter of style, Kipling's power of setting off what is essential to a character or situation, is an individual trait. With a couple of bold strokes---

a few brief suggestive sentences---he presents to the reader a situation intricate in detail, impressive and vivid without at all standing aloof from his subject. He is primarily a reporter, without the reporter's detachment that characterizes Masfield. His selection of subject-matter has, I believe, somewhat influenced his style and diction. Certainly his stories of India, of soldier life, and of children, would lose much of their charm if they were not written in their literal, natural dialect. There is, however, very little basis for comparison in the style of his dialect papers and the newspaper. Dialect is very little used by the reporter, for it has little place in the newspaper, except in the "feature story," and then must be used sparingly. The news writer could hardly use brogue to such an extent as Kipling does in "Fuzzy Wuzzy" without it seeming overdone:

We've fought with many men acrost the seas,
 An' some of 'em was brave an' some was not:
 The Paythan an' the Zulu an' Burmese;
 But the Fuzzy was the finest o' the lot.
 We never got a ha'porth's change of 'im:
 'E squatted in the scrub an' 'ocked our 'orses,
 'E cut our sentries up at Suakin,
 An' 'e played the cat an' banjo with our forces.
 So 'ere's to you, Fuzzy-Wuzzy, at your 'ome in the Sowdan;
 You're a poor benighted 'eathen but a first class fightin' man;
 We gives you your certifikit, and if you want it signed
 We'll come an' 'ave a romp with you whenever you're inclined.

* * * * *

'E rushes at the smoke when we let drive,
 An' before we know, 'e's 'actin at our 'ead;
 'E's all 'ot sand an' ginger when alive
 An' 'e's generally shammin' when 'e's dead.

Many of Kipling's poems and short stories have their setting in India, the land of his birth and boyhood days. Thoroughly acquainted with the customs and traditions of the Indian country, he enters into his works with a feeling akin to that derived from personal experience. The cockney-cant employed in "Gunga Din" gives a more vivid impression than could mere description, and the poem also shows Kipling's sympathetic attitude:

'E would doct 'an carry one
 Till the longest day was done,
 An' 'e didn't seem to know the use o' fear.
 If we charged or broke or cut,
 You could bet your bloomin' nut,
 'E'd be waitin' fifty paces right flank rear.
 With 'is nussick on 'is back,
 'E would skip with our attack,
 An' watch us till the bugles made 'Retire;'
 An' for all 'is dirty 'ide
 'E was white, clear white inside
 When 'e went to tend the wounded under fire!
 It was 'Din! Din! Din!
 With the bullets kickin' dust-spots on the green.
 When the cartridges ran out,
 You could 'ear the front-files shout:
 'Hi! ammunition-mules an' Gunga Din!

In fact, in all the Barrack Room Ballads, the chief note is Kipling's sympathetic view, accentuated, no doubt, by his keen interest in and understanding of the British soldier. This is also true of the "Soldiers Three" stories. Although descriptive characterization is almost unknown in his works, his characters gain individuality and live through their reappearance in different

stories or poems. The three soldiers, Mulvaney, Ortheris and Learoyd, are familiar; we find them in "Soldiers Three ", "The Three Musketeers," "The Madness of Private Ortheris", and many others. The newspaper writer has little opportunity to make his characters through reappearance, and thus gain individuality, for not only are his subjects ephemeral but they are entirely different day after day.

Mr. Kipling seemingly has an unlimited store of knowledge, gained from his wide travels. His stories of life in India are most remarkable, because he has given to the "stay-at-home" a vivid picture of the real India, its customs, mysteries and climate. Born in India and spending his boyhood there gave him first-hand knowledge on which to base his works. Of course the journalist is handicapped here for he cannot have a thorough knowledge of everything upon which he is called to write. His material is too diffuse, and time prevents his delving into his subjects to the same degree as the literary writer may.

The following sentence from "Kim" compares favorably with the style of Henry James, and certainly it is not journalistic in its construction; such lengthy sentences are ~~unusual~~^{unusual} in a newspaper story. It is literal as most of his work is but the words of taste and smell give vividness:

Then the night fell, changing the touch of the air, drawing a low even haze, like a gossamer veil of blue, across the face of the country, and bringing out, keen and distinct, the smell of the wood-smoke and cattle, and the good scent of wheaten cakes cooked on ashes.

And in "Mandalay" Kipling conjures another picture by the use of words of sound and smell:

"If you've 'eard the East a-callin', why you won't
 'eed nothin' else."
 No! You won't 'eed nothin' else
 But them spicy garlic smells
 An' the sunshine and the palm-trees an' the tinkly
 temple bells!
 On the road to Mandalay.

There has been some discussion as to the verity of Kipling's description. Some critics take exception to his "Barrack Room Ballads" and "Departmental Ditties" on the ground that the British soldier is not the unrefined, illiterate Tommy that Kipling pictures. And there are those who believe he has given us a true picture of the English fighting man. The discussion is unimportant here, since Kipling was concerned not so much with giving us a true picture as with fostering his ideal of duty and loyalty to the British Empire. If he used his imagination beyond the point of truth it mattered not to him so long as he accomplished his purpose. But the newspaper man, it must be remembered, must always stick to facts, and tell his story accurately.

The outstanding thing about all of Mr. Kipling's works, both prose and poetry, is that he evidently puts his heart into all he writes. He writes of commonplace things and of everything, but his motive has been not so much to create something lasting as to picture things of the day. So far as he a realist and a

journalist. ^{But he is} More than this: ~~he~~ is a romanticist. His sketches of Indian life are romantic in appeal because of their setting, stirring the imagination by all that is strange and haunting. In his endeavour to inculcate in Englishmen a sense of devotion to the British Empire he is also, in a sense, an idealist. He is a lover of action, and has never been able to resist the lure of adventure and enterprise. It is the impulse in his "Soldiers Three", his tales of the sea, of everything. John Palmer says of him:

"Mr. Kipling writes of the heroic life. He writes of men who do visible and measurable things. His theme usually has to do with the world's work. He writes of the locomotive and the engineer; of the mill-wheel and the miller; of the bolts, bars and planks of a ship and the men who sail it. He writes, in short, of any creature which has work to do and does it well Mr. Kipling seems to write sometimes as an engineer, sometimes as a soldier. At times we would wager that he had spent all his life as a Captain of the Marines, or as a Keeper of Woods and Forests, or as a Horse-Dealer. He gives his readers the impression that he has lived a hundred lives, mastered many crafts, and led the life, not of one, but of a dozen, active and practical men of affairs. He has created about himself so complete an illusion of adventure and enterprise that it

seems almost the least important thing about him that he should
 11
 also be a writer of books."

Mr. Palmer has given us a correct summary of Kipling's attitude and approach toward his subject-matter. He enters into his works with such feeling and spirit that he actually seems a part of them. He has written much to amuse, and much to inform, but both his poetry and fiction have interpreted the ideals and faith of the British people, and he has entered into his work with zest and vigour. In these things he is unlike the reporter, for the news writer seldom, if ever, interprets in his stories, while Kipling does in all of his.

Much of Kipling's fame is due to his poetry. It is as a poet, rather than a writer of fiction, that he is at his best, I believe. He adopts poetry when he believes it best suited to his purpose, and not because of being "driven to it." In fact, he often mingles poetry freely with his prose, as head-notes or interludes, with striking reinforcement to his theme. Speaking of Kipling as a poet, R. Thurston Hopkins says he "is more himself in verse than in prose; his touch seems surer, and his style is at its best and has greater individuality and dignity. When you have cast aside from his verse all jingoism and thin thoughts---and it is difficult to do this, for all his ideas are clothed in gorgeous language---a vivid sense of power and rare

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 John Palmer: Rudyard Kipling, (In Writers of Today) Henry Holt and Company, N. Y. 1915. Pp 8,9.

imaginative qualities remain." The reporter also uses gorgeous, vivid language, but does not express individuality and imagination, as Kipling does.

In "The Ballad of East and West" and the "Recessional," Kipling is at his best, not only in style, but in beauty of thought and expression. The "Recessional," which is perhaps one of the best known poems to-day, is a combination of haughty pride and deep contrition, while "The Ballad of East and West" is equally strong in its message. They are quoted here in part, to show that Kipling is capable of producing literary art of the highest type as well as to write in the language of the journalist:

THE BALLAD OF EAST AND WEST

Oh East is East, and West is West, and never the twain
shall meet,
Till Earth and Sky stand presently at God's great Judgment Seat:
But there is neither East nor West, Border, nor Breed,
nor Birth,
When two strong men stand face to face, tho' they come
from the ends of the earth.

RECESSIONAL

God of our fathers, known of old---
Lord of our far-flung battle line---
Beneath whose awful hand we hold
Dominion over palm and pine---
Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet,
Lest we forget---lest we forget!

12. R. Thurston Hopkins: Rudyard Kipling: A Literary Appreciation. Frederick A. Stokes Company, N. Y. 1915. Introduction, p. 10.

The tumult and the shouting dies---
 The Captains and the Kings depart---
 Still stands thine ancient sacrifice,
 An humble and a contrite heart,
 Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet,
 Lest we forget---lest we forget!

These are two of Kipling's best works, and show not only a polished style, but deep, inspired thought. They are the exception, however. While all of his works show personality, most of them lack "finish", and his style is that of the journalist.

Mr. Kipling's best works are, I believe, those which are the product of his imagination, those which result from his fantastic dreaming. His characters seem more real, more life-like, when evolved from his supple brain, and not when he draws them from real life. And this is further evidence that he puts his heart and soul into his work, and that he is not merely recording. Although his early training was in journalistic fields, Kipling's attitude is not cool, aloof and detached. His training as a newspaper writer undoubtedly helped to develop his extraordinary skill in presenting a picture dramatically, and with as few words as possible, but it has not made him impersonal. Because his description is frequently short and like a thunder-clap, it is all the stronger and more impressive; and it is the same literal description which the journalist uses. But while the journalist also learns to leave out unnecessary words and

phrases, he does not enter into his subject with feeling as Kipling does. The following news-clipping from the New York Evening Journal of January 17, 1923, illustrates the journalistic attitude:

London, Jan. 17.—One of England's most distinguished soldiers, whose disappearance had puzzled the War Department was discovered, wearing a private's uniform in the Air Service. He is Colonel T. E. Lawrence, C. B. D. S. Q., whose work among the Arabs made him a remarkable figure during the World War.

Colonel Lawrence, enlisted some time ago under the name of A. C. Ross, with the purpose, he said, of writing a book. He declared his duties as a British Tommy gave him ample time to rewrite a manuscript that had been stolen from him three years ago on a train.

The soldier's identity was not discovered until at a kit inspection his bag was found to contain books written in German, Arabic, French and Italian. Colonel Lawrence, or rather Private Ross, as he is known, on the army muster rolls now, is one of the greatest authorities on Arabia in the world.

Early in the war he was employed in the British map department at Cairo. He was granted permission to visit Emir Feisal. His personality and command of Arabic won the Emir's approval and Lawrence succeeded in uniting the Arab tribes against Turkey. He had studied strategy and in an amazing campaign, applied some novel deductions which are still being studied by military experts. At its end he had freed Arabia from the Turks.

The journalist, of course, merely recorded fact, without even going far into detail. Contrast it with the following excerpt from Kipling's "Only a Subaltern," the story of a young British officer who gives his life fighting for his comrades in the battle against disease. Kipling also does not go into detail but he stirs the heart and soul of his reader through suggestions, and by leaving much to his imagination:

"Revere, his eyes red at the rims and his nose very white, went into Bobby's tent to write a letter to Papa Wick which should bow the white head of the ex-Commissioner of Chota-Buldana in the keenest sorrow of his life. Bobby's little store of papers lay in confusion on the table, and among them a half-finished letter. The last sentence ran: "So you see, darling, there is really no fear, because as long as I know you care for me and I care for you, nothing can touch me."

"Revere stayed in the tent for an hour. When he came out, his eyes were redder than ever."

The journalist's attitude is merely that of the recorder.

Imagine how the story of Colonel Lawrence would appear coming from the pen of Kipling, with all his power of imagination, his knowledge of soldier life, and his descriptive ability.

Journalism has left its mark indelibly on Kipling's style and diction. It is safe to say, I believe, that it has also made its impression on his attitude toward his subject matter. As a writer of "Short Stories", Kipling has no peer, and this may be attributed, in a large degree, to his ability to see at a glance the "features" of his story, and develop them with uncanny precision and rapidity. But Kipling is more than a journalist; in addition to his power of detecting the "news elements" of a story, and his ability to present them clearly and with a minimum of words, he also has the faculty of perceiving the inmost soul of his subjects. His works are characterized by the feeling and spirit with which he enters into them. Although his literary efforts range far and wide, he is always able to persuade his readers that his soul is in his work. Whether he resorts to praise or ridicule, he never deals with his subjects in the cold, matter-of-fact manner of Masefield, or of the journalist.

CHAPTER V---John Galsworthy.

The two authors already considered have been writers of poetry and prose. In John Galsworthy, however, we have a combination of the story writer and the dramatist. Although he does not have as much in common with journalism as Masefield and Kipling, he also is prone to use literalness of epithet, but in somewhat slighter degree than either of the others. Galsworthy's sentences and words are simple and plain, and he makes no especial effort to select them for beauty of effect. He follows the narrative rather closely, although in his short stories he keeps his readers in suspense until he has worked up to his climax. In his plays he does it so cleverly, and with such intricate detail, that the reader goes on breathlessly until the climax reveals some social injustice. While Galsworthy uses many long, complex sentences, his characters and scenes are pictured in literal terms usually short and terse. The following excerpt is taken from "The First and the Last":

There was only one person visible, a man on the far side with his shoulders hunched against the wind; a short, dark figure that crossed and came towards him in the flickering lamplight. What a face! Yellow, ravaged, clothed almost to the eyes in a stubby grayish growth of beard, with blackish teeth and haunting bloodshot eyes. And what a figure of rags---one shoulder higher than the other, one leg a little lame, and thin!

Contrast the above with the following excerpt from a story, headed "Lloyd George Hits Back," which appeared in the Kansas City Times of October 14, 1922:

Before the premier rose, a small pulpit-like structure was placed on the table in front of him, and on this he spread a stack of notes. But once on his feet he seldom bothered with these.

So his sentences had all the effect of spontaneity. Considerably stouter than when he took control of the government seven years ago and hair much whiter, the Welsh statesman's manner seemed to have grown more serious with years of responsibility, but all the old fire was there.

There is a marked similarity in the description in these two passages, both of which are literal and detailed. The sentence length and structure also are similar. Galsworthy, however, is even more literal than the journalist, and each has given us a good picture of his character. In the reporter's story there is a bit of personal judgment in the line, "So his sentences had all the effect of spontaneity." This is seldom found in a news story but is entirely permissible in instances of this kind. In "The Juryman" we find the same literalness of description, but the sentence structure, unlike that of a news story, is long and periodic:

To him bound on this dull and stuffy business everything he owned seemed pleasant---the geranium beds beside the gravel drive, his long, red-brick house mellowing decorously in its creepers and ivy, the little clock-tower over stables now converted to a garage, the dovecote, masking at the other end the conservatory which enjoined the billiard-room. Close to the red-brick lodge his two children, Kate and Harry, ran out from under the acacia trees, and waved at him, scrambling bare-legged on to the low, red, ivy-covered wall that guarded his domain of eleven acres.

Seldom in a news story do we find a sentence as long and detailed as the first one in the paragraph above, except in the lead paragraph. The lead paragraph of the news story, while usually long, contains as many facts as are found in this sentence, but without the detailed description. Such examples are not uncommon in Galsworthy's

prose, but for the most part we find his sentences short, curt and literal. This is also true of his plays. But while it is as literal as the journalist's, Galsworthy's description is strong and impressive.

But Galsworthy's attitude toward his subject is very different from that of the reporter. He deals with the material side of life, not in a superficial or a detached, but in an understanding manner. Always he has some lesson to teach, some truth to point out. He is consistently the champion of the poor and the unfortunate. He is not merely a recorder, jotting down only what he sees, but he goes deeper, for behind each of his plays, each of his stories, there is a significant lesson which he wishes to emphasize. His method is largely that of the journalist---to portray things as they are--- but his aim is to show the injustice and inequality of many of our social standards. Imagination plays a large part in his work in the vividness with which he presents scenes and action, but in his plays, especially, does he stick close to fact. He is a conscious artist, and exercises considerable care in the choice of words and epithets. Many of them seem literal and realistic merely because he deals mainly with the lower ranks of humanity, where to use any other language would give a discordant note.

Galsworthy's work is mainly in the fiction and drama of social criticism. Practically all his plays, all his "short stories," center about some social problem. Primarily, he is interested in humanity as a whole, and he loves to show the barriers existing in

social class. Ethics and sociology, manners and customs are his chief interest, rather than individuals. But although he places these things ahead of individual consideration, it is hardly fair to say that Galsworthy is not interested in persons themselves. He uses individuals mainly to bring to light existing social conditions, but *he* always regards them in a sympathetic and understanding way, and since his problem is to show the inequality of social standards, they strike a minor key. Galsworthy is never impersonal, I believe. He always enters into his subject with feeling, and puts individualism in all his work. He shows no inclination whatever to take the impersonal attitude of the reporter toward his subject, and he does not baldly record as the journalist does.

In his determination to "understand" his people, Galsworthy pictures them in their daily life, their problems, their suffering. In this respect his aim borders on that of the newspaper: to give us a true picture of the world as it is. In fact, I believe he gains many of his themes from the daily newspapers. Scandal and crime form the background of most of his plays, and in their narrative form, if the dramatic element were eliminated, they resemble closely the common crime or scandal story of the newspaper.

Victims of circumstance form the theme of many of Galsworthy's tales, and he develops his situations with intensity. The following story, which appeared in the Kansas City Star of March 10, 1923, would furnish him with an excellent setting for a drama or a short story:

WALLA WALLA, WASH., March 10.--Time rolled back five years for Joe Straghan, a convict at the state penitentiary here, when he regained consciousness today from a skull operation and picked up the thread of his existence with memory of events at Camp Fremont, Cal., in 1918. Straghan, sent to the penitentiary from Spokane on a statutory charge several months ago, was operated on by prison physicians yesterday to relieve epileptic seizures to which he had been subject. They discovered that a fragment of his skull had been lodged in the brain covering, causing a pressure.

Five years ago Straghan's skull was fractured when hospital attendants dropped him from a stretcher while removing the patients in a fire. When he recovered consciousness today after his most recent operation his first words were:

"I hope they don't punish the boys. They didn't mean to drop me. Is the fire over?"

He declared that the last five years in which he had been convicted and sent to the penitentiary, were a blank to him.

The reporter has, of course, refrained from giving pathos to his story, but merely recorded fact. The reason is obvious, when we consider that if all the stories appearing in the newspapers were sympathetic and full of pathos, it would be too much for the ordinary reader's endurance.

The keen perception and understanding with which he enters into his story is nowhere better illustrated than in "A Stoic:"

. For some minutes he remained there motionless, the bottle clasped to his chest, thinking: "This is not the attitude of a gentleman, I must put it down on the table---on the table;" but a thick cloud was between him and everything. It was with his hands he would have to put the bottle on the table! But he could not find his hands, could not feel them. His mind see-sawed in strophe and antistrophe: "You can't move!"--- "I will move!". "You're beaten"---"I'm not beat." "Give up"--- "I won't." That struggle to find his hands seemed to last forever---he must find them! After that---go down---all standing---after that! Everything round him was red. Then the red cloud cleared just a little, and he could hear the clock---"tick---tick---tick;" a faint sensation spread from his shoulders down to his wrists, down his palms; and yes---he could feel the bottle! He redoubled his struggle to get forward in his chair; to get forward and put the bottle down. It was not dignified like this!

One arm he could move now; but could not grip the bottle nearly tight enough to put it down. Working his whole body forward inch by inch, he shifted himself up in the chair till he could lean sideways, and the bottle, slipping down his chest, dropped slanting to the edge of the low stool-table. Then with all his might he screwed his trunk and arms an inch further, and the bottle stood. He had done it---done it! His lips twitched into a smile; his body sagged back to its old position. He had done it! And he closed his eyes

It is an intense paragraph, so full of a suspense that is exactly what the reporter tries to do away with.

In his dramas, Galsworthy tries to give the audience his own personal views and ideals of social standards. As dramas, they necessarily must be personal, but they are his own views and opinions, and he enters into the work with spirit.

Galsworthy is a realist. He takes us into the police court, a mass meeting of laborers, the prison cells, the home, business, everywhere, and shows us the daily life of people, in all its details---the sordid as well as the bright. He contrasts the life of the upper class with the lower, and aims to "picture" the injustice of our social standards and customs. He is not, however, a reformer, but a critic, for he merely points out without advancing any solution. He is a careful observer, impartial in his method, and fair in his presentation. "It is the System upon which he (Galsworthy) is always harping: the immutable law and order of hereditary customs and obligations, that leave no scope for individual liberty, that grant no pardon for personal eccentricity, that make men and women so many helpless, docile, self-complacent cogs in the big machine of modern life," 13.

13. Frederick Taber Cooper: Some English Story Tellers. Henry Holt & Co. N.Y. 1917. p. 204.

In his method, Galsworthy is similar to Kipling. He likewise has that genius for telling his story dramatically, with a few words, a few phrases, as the newspaper man would, leaving out all ornamentation. His writing is direct and simple. He has the gift of making every little detail of character convey something essential, and his work gives an impression of unity, of singleness of purpose and mood, convincing us that his heart is in it. The following passage from "A Beast of Burden," in "A Motley," the story of a young French marine on his way to join his ship, under orders to sail for China, illustrates this. Racked with a stubborn cough, he foresees that he is destined never to return alive. His father is dead, and his mother, penniless, is dependent upon him. Galsworthy's dramatic directness is nowhere better shown:

"'Tell me'---his eyes seemed to ask, ' why are these things so? Why have I a mother who depends on me alone when I am being sent away to die?'. . . And presently, like a dumb, herded beast, patient, mute, carrying his load, he left me at the terminus; but it was long before I lost the memory of his face and that chant of his . . . "

The author could hardly have written the above so effectively without entering with his whole soul into his work. And certainly, had he been writing for a newspaper, he would of necessity have written his story differently, without the pathetic refrain of the soldier unless he were writing a "feature story."

It is a rather interesting coincidence that with most of

Galsworthy's works based on class struggle, scandal should have so large a place. He uses it freely as a test of character. We find it in "The Country House," "The Man of Property," and "Justice;" and there is scandal impending in "Fraternity," between Hilary Dallison and the little model, but it cannot leap the barrier of class. In each instance we find Galsworthy showing a sympathetic consideration of the unfortunates, making use of them only to show the injustice of some social standards. Always, however, even though he considers the type rather than the individual, he enters freely into his character, living his life, suffering his pains, rejoicing in his happiness.

In his selection of themes, Galsworthy's works seem a collection of scandal, crime, and hardships of the poor and unfortunate. They might be paralleled in the newspaper any day, but they have a purposefulness never found in the newspaper. In point of approach and attitude, he is very little like the journalist, for he never deals with his subject in a cool, detached manner. In style, especially in the matter of literal description, however, he writes as the journalist does. His description is colorful, but strong. This is perhaps his only point of similarity to the journalist.

CHAPTER VI---Alfred Noyes.

Of the four English literary writers whose works I have considered, Alfred Noyes alone shows no influence of journalism. Although he can hardly be classed in the highest rank of writers, yet he is on the border which merges into it, and appears to be unaffected in any way by journalistic tendencies. He is a poet by nature, and neither journalism nor any new literary vogue would be likely to make its impress upon his work. His poems are full of individuality. They are figurative in the extreme, are very musical, and show refinement and polish. His words and phrases are most carefully selected. Note the figures in "The River of Stars:"

She rose to her feet like a shadow. She sent a
 cry thro' the night,
Sa-sa-kuon, the death-whoop, that tells of triumph
 in fight.
 It broke from the bell of her mouth like the cry
 of a wounded bird,
 But the river of agony swelled it,
 And swept it along to the darkness,
 And the Mohawks crouched in the darkness, leapt
 to their feet as they heard.

* * * * *

They struggled like snakes to return. Like straws
 they were whirled on her track.
 For the whole flood swooped to that edge where the
 unplumbed night dropt black,
 The whole flood dropt to a thunder in an unplumbed
 hell beneath,
 And over the gulf of thunder
 A mountain of spray from the darkness
 Rose and stood in the heavens, like a shrouded
 image of death.

The newspaper account of the same event, although containing as many facts as these two passages, would be a bare presentation, somewhat as follows:

Noiselessly she rose, and sent out the cry of victory, Sa-sa-kuon. The Mohawks, crouched in the darkness of the night, sprang to their feet as her agonizing cry reached them.

* * * * *

They were powerless in the throes of the swift current. It swept them mercilessly to the black edge of the falls where the river dropped a hundred and fifty feet in a deafening roar, sending its spray high into the air.¹⁴

Mr. Noyes' poems never have the matter of fact, straightforward narrative of Masfield, Kipling, and Galsworthy. They are interesting, but he places more emphasis on form and structure than on the telling of the story. As a result, his works are more pleasing and more musical. With this striving after effect, Noyes does not attain the deep feeling which these other writers do. He never takes the commonplace for his theme, as Masfield does, and he seems to write more for the entertainment of the moment than for lasting impression. His works show more polish, and a greater care in the selection of words and phrases, and he always gives to them a pleasing, musical lilt, oftentimes rollicking as Kipling. Unlike Masfield, Kipling or Galsworthy, he avoids the unpleasant and the odious, and he is more or less idealistic.

14. The reporter's accuracy and strict attention to detail is illustrated by the phrase, "dropped one hundred and fifty feet," which is the height of Niagara Falls.

Mr. Noyes is an orthodox poet. In style and content he follows the lines set by many generations of English poets. He sings of the sea, the earth and sky. His poems are exuberant with love of England, a simple faith, and a buoyant idealism. William Lyon Phelps helps says of him: ". . . he has the imagination of the inspired poet, giving his creative power to reveal anew the majesty of the untamed sea, and the mystery of the stars. With this clairvoyance---essential in poetry---he has a hearty, charming, uncondescending sympathy with 'common' people, common flowers, common music,"¹⁵ But Noyes is not a realist, although "'common' people, common flowers, common music" form the theme of many of his poems. He sings of such things, but in his own way, lustily and happily, cheerfully and optimistically, and always with vivid play of imagination. His works are not characterized by deep thinking, and he gives little indication of possessing a deep insight or the power of interpretation. He is, however, a conscious worker, in a way very different from that of the journalist. Where the latter considers truth and facts as the important factors, Noyes strives for beauty of effect in style and technique. His poems are, for the most part, buoyant and exuberant. "Blind Moone of London," in "A Salute From the Fleet," is typical:

¹⁵ William Lyon Phelps: The Advance of English Poetry in the Twentieth Century. Dodd, Mead and Company. New York, 1918. Pp. 58-59.

Blind Moone of London,
 He fiddled up and down,
 Thrice for an angel,
 And twice for a crown.
 He fiddled at the Green Man.
 He fiddled at the Rose;
 And where they have buried him
 Not a soul knows.

All his tunes are dead and gone, dead as yesterday.
 And his lantern flits no more
 Round the Devil Tavern door,
 Waiting till the gallants come, singing from the play;
 Waiting in the wet and cold!
 All his Whitsun tales are told.
 He is dead and gone, sirs, very far away.

He would not give a silver groat
 For good or evil weather.
 He carried in his white cap
 A long red feather.
 He wore a long coat
 Of the Reading-tawny kind,
 And darned white hosen
 With a blue patch behind.

Unlike many of Noyes' works, this has no element of idealism.
 He writes much, as the reporter does in "Feature stories," to amuse,
 and the lines are musical and pleasing to the ear.

Like other British poets, Noyes is fond of the sea. His
 poems of the sea and ships reflect the glory of England, and show a
 greater striving after effect and more idealism than those of Masfield.
 "A Salute from the Fleet" is his best work of this kind. It is a
 tribute to the deeds of England's fleet, and is unlike newspaper writing
 in that it is his own thought and interpretation:

Ocean-Mother of England, thine is the crowning acclaim!

Here, in the morning of battle, from over the
world and beyond,

Here, by our fleets of steel, silently foam
into line

Fleets of our glorious dead, thy shadowy oak-walled ships.

Mother, for O, thy soul must speak thro' our iron lips!

How should we speak of the ages, unless with
a word of thine?

Utter it Victory! Let thy great signal flash
thro' the flame!

Answer, Bellerophon! Marlborough, Thunderer,
Condor, respond!

In "The Search-Lights," we find a note of philosophy,
especially in the last stanza. The journalist, however, philosophizes
only in the editorial.

Shadow by shadow, stripped for fight,
The lean black cruisers search the sea.
Night-long their level shafts of light
Revolve, and find no enemy.
Only they know each leaping wave
May hide the lightning, and their grave.

And in the land they guard so well
Is there no silent watch to keep?
An age is dying, and the bell
Rings midnight on a vaster deep.
But over all its waves, once more,
The search-lights move, from shore to shore.

And captains that we thought were dead,
And dreamers that we thought were dumb,
And voices that we thought were fled,
Arise, and call us, and we come;
And "search in thine own soul," they cry:
"For there, too, lurks thine enemy."

Search for the foe in thine own soul,
The sloth, the intellectual pride;
The trivial jest that veils the goal
For which our fathers lived and died;
The lawless dreams, the cynic Art,
That rend thy nobler self apart.

"Drake," a historical romance in verse, is interesting from beginning to end, and tells of the deeds of Sir Frances Drake at the time of the Spanish Inquisition. It has many fine descriptive figurative passages, not at all literal, but the pictures of the storm near Cape Horn are less vivid than those in Masfield's "Dauber:"

One last glimpse

Drake caught o' the Marygold when some mighty vortex
 Wide as the circle of the wide sea-line
 Swept them together again. He saw her staggering
 With mast snapt short and wreckage-tangled deck
 Where men like insects clung. He saw the waves
 Leap over her mangled hulk, like white wolves,
 Volleying out of the clouds down dismal steeps
 Of green-black water. Like a wounded steed
 Quivering upon its haunches, up she heaved
 Her head to throw them off. Then, in one mass
 Of fury crashed the great deep over her,
 Trampling her down, down into the nethermost pit,
 As with a madman's wrath. She rose no more,
 And in the stream of the ocean's hurricane laughter
 The Golden Hynde went hurtling to the South,
 With sails rent into ribbons and her mast
 Snapt like a twig 16

Noyes certainly cannot be accused of indifference or aloofness toward his subjects. He writes cheerfully and optimistically, and always with a keen regard for the nobler things, and always with his own keen interest showing through all the lines. When he takes for his theme some trivial subject, his aim is merely to produce a bit of pleasing verse, and he does it deftly. The music in his lines is cheerful, joyous, alluring:

All on a fresh May morning, I took my love to church,
 To see if Parson Primrose were safely on his perch.
 He scarce had got to Thirdly, or squire begun to snore,

¹⁶ Alfred Noyes: Collected Poems. William Blackwood & Sons. Edinburgh and London, 1911. p. 84. Contrast this passage from "Drake" with the excerpt from Masfield's "Dauber," given on page 28 of this study.

When like a sun-lit earthquake,
 A green and Crimson earthquake,
 A frolic of madcap May-folk came whooping through the
 door:---

Come up, come in with streamers!
 Come in with boughs of may!
 Come up and thump the sexton,
 And carry the clerk away.
 Now skip like rams, ye mountains,
 Ye little hills, like sheep!
 Come up and wake the people
 That parson puts to sleep.¹⁷

In all the passages quoted we find no tendency on the part of Noyes to become either literal or impersonal. While most of his works show polish and refinement, he does not show the penetrating understanding of the thorough artist. He has imagination, yes, but more often he uses it in some light, fantastic theme, than in any deep study of human nature. Certainly he never becomes so realistic as merely to jot down the record as the journalist does. He appears to show no trace of "journalistic" influence whatever, no trend in that direction at all, in either style, content, or approach.

¹⁷"The Lord of Misrule."

CHAPTER VII---Robert Frost.

The first of the American writers to be considered in this discussion is Robert Frost. In style, Mr. Frost is modern, contemporary, almost "journalistic," if by that we mean his straightforwardness, simplicity, and directness of sentence and phrase. Lacking in niceties of expression, his verse is literal in description, although not as forceful as Kipling's. His expressions are hard and cold, and he does not disdain to upset the measure by leaving out a syllable here and there, or putting one in. For the most part he writes blank verse, closely connected with everyday speech.

But although his description is literal, it is something more. Like Kipling's, it is kaleidoscopic, vivid, and rich in imagination. "An Old Man's Winter Night," in the collection of poems entitled, "Mountain Interval," is typical of Mr. Frost's description. Although quite as literal in detail as that of the reporter, it lacks the barrenness of the reporter's account, and is far richer in imagination:

All out of doors looked darkly in at him
 Through the thin frost, almost in separate stars,
 That gathers on the pane in empty rooms.
 What kept his eyes from giving back the gaze
 Was the lamp tilted near them in his hand.
 What kept him from remembering what it was
 That brought him to that creaking room was age.
 He stood with barrels round him---at a loss.
 And having scared the cellar under him
 In clomping there, he scared it once again
 In clomping off;---and scared the outer night,
 Which has its sounds, familiar, like the roar
 Of trees and crack of branches, common things,
 But nothing so like beating on a box.

A light he was to no one but himself
 Where now he sat, concerned with he knew what,
 A quiet light, and then not even that.
 He consigned to the moon, such as she was,
 So late-arising, to the broken moon
 As better than the sun in any case
 For such a charge, his snow upon the roof.
 His icicles along the wall to keep;
 And slept. The log that shifted with a jolt
 Once in the stove, disturbed him and he shifted,
 And eased his heavy breathing, but still slept.
 One aged man---one man---can't fill a house,
 A farm, a countryside, or if he can,
 It's thus he does it of a winter night.

In "Birches" we find the same literalness of description and the same rare imaginative quality. The newspaper writer seldom paints his picture as vivid as Mr. Frost does in showing us the "lines of straighter darker trees," bending to left and right, and the boy's swinging them, or "loaded with ice a sunny winter morning after a rain:"

When I see birches bend to left and right
 Across the lines of straighter darker trees,
 I like to think some Boy's been swinging them.
 But swinging doesn't bend them down to stay.
 Ice-storms do that. Often you must have seen them
 Loaded with ice a sunny winter morning
 After a rain. They click upon themselves
 As the breeze rises, and turn many-colored
 As the stir cracks and crazes their enamel.

Mr. Frost's description goes deeper than the mere picturing in literal terms which the news writer does. Both of the above passages, although literal, are rich in imaginative qualities. Journalistic description is meager; the reporter must stick to plain facts.

"Snow," also in "Mountain Interval," is matter-of-fact narrative, but in it Mr. Frost accomplishes what the journalist usually does not, suspense. Almost entirely in dialogue, it leads the reader through climax after climax. The dramatic element is gained through anxiety for the safety of Meserve, who, after resting for an hour at a farm-house, resumes his journey home, battling his way through the snow:

Cole had been telephoning in the dark.

Mrs. Cole's voice came from an inner room:

"Did she call you or you call her?"

"She to me.

You'd better dress: you won't go back to bed.
We must have been asleep; it's three and after."

"Had she been ringing long? I'll get my wrapper.
I want to speak to her."

"All she said was,
He hadn't come and had he really started."

"She knew he had, poor thing, two hours ago."

"He had the shovel. He'll have made a fight."

"Why did I ever let him leave this house!"

". . . . Their number's---twenty-one? The thing
won't work.

Someone's receiver's down. The handle stumbles.
The stubborn thing, the way it jars your arm!
It's theirs. She's dropped it from her hand and gone."

"Try speaking. Say 'Hello!'"

"Hello, Hello."

"What do you hear? "

"I hear an empty room---
You know---it sounds that way. And yes, I hear---
I think I hear a clock---and windows rattling.
No step though. If she's there she's sitting down."

"Shout, she may hear you."

"Shouting is no good."

"Keep speaking then."

"Hello. Hello. Hello.
You don't suppose---? She wouldn't go out of doors?"

If the test is to be qualities of music and imaginative picture, the above is anything but poetic. But it is full of intense feeling and keeps the reader in suspense and at a high tension until he learns that Meserve finally reached home in safety. Its literalness has not lessened its effectiveness.

Occasionally Mr. Frost does use a figure of speech, as

Years afterwards, trailing their leaves on the ground
Like girls on hands and knees that throw their hair
Before them over their heads to dry in the sun. 18

The three stood listening to the fresh access
Of wind that caught against the house a moment. 19

Mr. Frost records exactly what he sees. He is a realist, with a simple straightforwardness of style; he keeps close to facts and tells his story as the journalist does, without a waste of words. He goes farther and penetrates deeper than the journalist, however, for his accounts are more vivid and picturesque than those of the news writer. Generally he is literal in his description, but the picture he draws is very vivid.

Mr. Frost is a deliberate writer. He puts his heart and soul into his work, deliberating and working over and over again to

18 "Birches" lines 18-20.

19 "Snow" lines 1-2.

gain the desired effect. He is never detached in his attitude toward his subjects; he is very conscientious and truthful, and feeling pulsates in every line. He has a vivid imagination, and in "Birches" we find many pictures suggested. He is never content merely to tell his stories; he has a purpose in each of them. His poems show thought and labor. Seldom, if ever, does the journalist portray such feeling as Mr. Frost gives in "Home Burial:"

You can't because you don't know how.
 If you had any feelings, you that dug
 With your own hand---how could you?---his little grave;
 I saw you from that very window there,
 Making the gravel leap and leap in air,
 Leap up, like that, and land so lightly
 And roll back down the mound beside the hole.
 I thought Who is that man? I didn't know you.
 And I crept down the stairs and up the stairs
 To look again, and still your spade kept lifting.
 Then you came in. I heard your rumbling voice
 Out in the kitchen, and I don't know why,
 But I went near to see with my own eyes.
 You could sit there with the stains on your shoes
 Of the fresh earth from your own baby's grave
 And talk about your everyday concerns.
 You had stood the spade up against the wall
 Outside there in the entry, for I saw it.

In "A Servant to Servants," he gives us another lonely picture, heightened and dramatized beyond "journalistic" writing, because he enters into the souls of his characters:

I didn't make you know how glad I was
 To have you come and camp here on our land.
 I promised myself to get down some day
 And see the way you lived, but I don't know!
 With a houseful of hungry men to feed
 I guess you'd find It seems to me

I can't express my feelings any more
 Than I can raise my voice or want to lift
 My hand (Oh, I can lift it when I have to.)
 Did you ever feel so? I hope you never.
 It's got so I don't even know for sure
 Whether I am glad, sorry, or anything.
 There's nothing but a voice-like left inside
 That seems to tell me how I ought to feel,
 And would feel if I wasn't all gone wrong.
 You take the lake. I look and look at it.
 I see it's a fair, pretty sheet of water.
 I stand and make myself repeat out loud
 The advantages it has, so long and narrow,
 Like a deep piece of some old running river
 Cut short off at both ends. It lies five miles
 Straight away through the mountain notch
 From the sink window where I wash the plates,
 And all our storms come up toward the house,
 Drawing the slow waves whiter and whiter and whiter.
 It took my mind off doughnuts and soda biscuit
 To step outdoors and take the water dazzle
 A sunny morning.

Mr. Frost, in his attitude and approach, shows very few "journalistic" tendencies. In one respect, however, his works show a kinship with the newspaper; namely, in their mechanical appearance. Too many of them seem to be "built" rather than written, and when the last line is reached they are finished. In his description he also has the mark of the newspaper writer, but in no other respect do we detect "journalistic" traits. He is a deliberate, conscious artist, with imaginative and interpretative ability, and he deals with his subjects in a sympathetic and personal manner; he never stands off and regards them from a distance as the journalist is prone to do. While his description is literal as to words, it has no other "journalistic" quality, for it is a paradox of starkness and imagination.

CHAPTER VIII---Nicholas Vachel Lindsay.

It would be fitting to usher in Nicholas Vachel Lindsay with clanging cymbal and loud bass drum, for such is the manner of his writing. He paints his pictures in words which fairly blaze; he has an innate love of resounding melodies. He is fearless, and this best characterizes his style, which is anything and everything he chooses. Accepted classical forms of meter and rhyme mean little to him.

Mr. Lindsay's works are all buoyant and full of music. All the poems in "The Congo" are very picturesque and musical:

Fat black bucks in a wine-barrel room,
 Barrel-house kings, with feet unstable,
 Sagged and reeled and pounded on the table,
 Pounded on the table,
 Beat an empty barrel with the handle of a broom,
 Hard as they were able,
 Boom, boom, BOOM,
 With a silk umbrella and the handle of a broom,
 Boomlay, boomlay, boomlay, BOOM.
 Then I had religion, THEN I had a vision,
 I could not turn from their revel in derision.
 THEN I SAW THE CONGO, CREEPING THROUGH THE BLACK,
 CUTTING THROUGH THE FOREST WITH A GOLDEN TRACK.

The description is literal and vivid, but it is well adapted to Mr. Lindsay's "cymbalistic" style. Excepting this resounding quality, it does not require much effort to imagine a journalist writing the following, from the same poem:

Just then from the doorway, as fat as shotes,
 Came the cake-walk princes in their long red coats,
 Canes with a brilliant lacquer shine,
 And tall silk hats that were red as wine.
 And they pranced with their butterfly partners there,
 Coal-black maidens with pearls in their hair,
 Knee-skirts trimmed with jassomine sweet,
 And bells on their ankles and little black feet.

The only difference from ~~the~~ journalistic writing is the excess of expletives, which Mr. Lindsay uses to complete his rhyme. The above passage also contains a literal comparison, "And tall silk hats that were red as wine." While for the most part his description is entirely literal, it is, however, full of imagination and vitality. Always Mr. Lindsay writes in a style as straightforward and free from affectation as that of the journalist, and gives through it a vivid impression of his pictures. "General William Booth Enters Heaven" is a clever bit of description; but it is also an interpretation, couched in alluring, musical language:

Both led boldly with his big bass drum---
 (Are you washed in the blood of the Lamb?)
 The Saints smiled gravely and they said: "He's come"
 (Are you washed in the blood of the Lamb?)
 Walking lepers followed, rank on rank,
 Lurching bravoes from the ditches dank,
 Drabs from the alleyways and drug fiends pale---
 Minds still passion-ridden, soul-powers frail:---
 Vermin-eaten saints with mouldy breath,
 Unwashed legions with the ways of Death---
 (Are you washed in the blood of the Lamb?)...
 And when Booth halted by the curb for prayer
 He saw his Master thro' the flag-filled air.
 Christ came gently with a robe and crown
 For Booth the soldier, while the throng knelt down.
 He saw King Jesus. They were face to face,
 And he knelt a-weeping in that holy place.
 (Are you washed in the blood of the Lamb?)

Mr. Lindsay shows very little effect of journalism in ~~his~~^{its} detached attitude toward his subject; he enters into it with feeling and sympathy. While for the most part he is content to sing along lustily and cheerfully, he has, in his best works, shown interpretative ability. "The Congo" and "General William Booth Enters Heaven," for example, both show a keen perception and understanding of the negro race.

All of Mr. Lindsay's works show originality, and bubble with exuberance and vitality. While they are not always graceful and effective, they all have that cheerfulness which is a part of the man himself. In a few of his works, he has reached the serene and the sublime. "Abraham Lincoln Walks at Midnight" is stern and majestic:

It is portentous, and a thing of state
That here at midnight, in our little town
A mourning figure walks, and will not rest,
Near the old court-house pacing up and down.

Or by his homestead, or in the shadowed yards
He lingers where his children used to play,
Or through the market, on the well-worn stones
He stalks until the dawn-stars burn away.

A bronzed, lank man! His suit of ancient black,
A famous high top-hat and plain worn shawl
Make him the quaint great figure that men love,
The prairie-lawyer, master of us all.

He cannot sleep upon his hillside now.
He is among us:---as in times before!
And we who toss and lie awake for long
Breathe deep, and start, to see him pass the door.

His head is bowed. He thinks on men and kings.
 Yea, when the sick world cries, how can he sleep?
 Too many peasants fight, they know not why,
 Too many homesteads in black terror weep.

The sins of all the war-lords burn his heart.
 He sees the dreadnaughts scouring every main.
 He carries on his shawl-wrapped shoulders now
 The bitterness, the folly and the pain.

He cannot rest until a spirit-dawn
 Shall come;---the shining hope of Europe free:
 The league of sober folk, the Workers' Earth,
 Bringing long peace to Cornland, Alp and Sea.

It breaks his heart that kings must murder still,
 That all his hours of travail here for men
 Seem yet in vain. And who will bring white peace
 That he may sleep upon his hill again?

In prose, Mr. Lindsay is more "journalistic" than in his verse. Most of his prose works are written in a free, easy-flowing, narrative, story-telling style. In "Adventures While Preaching the Gospel of Beauty," we have a collection of incidents on his tramp through Missouri and Kansas. They show an alertness and descriptive ability, but resemble newspaper writing closely in the matter-of-factness in which the author relates the accounts:

There was actually a side-room in that little box, a side room with a cot and a cupboard as well. On the floor was what was once a rug. But it had had a long kitchen history. She dipped a little unwashed bowl into a larger unwashed bowl, with an unwashed thumb doing its whole duty. She handed me a fuzzy, unwashed spoon and said with a note of real kindness, "Eat your supper, young man." She patted me on the shoulder with a sticky hand. Then she stood, looking at me fixedly. The woman had only half her wits.

"A Handy Guide For Beggars," "being sundry explorations, made while afoot and penniless in Florida, Georgia, North Carolina, Tennessee, Kentucky, New Jersey and Pennsylvania," is much better than "Adventures While Preaching the Gospel of Beauty." The accounts are not so common-place, and are less formally treated. The description also has more life, but still resembles that of the news writer very much. The words and sentences in both these works of prose are short, almost jerky:

The manner of serving coffee in a caboose is this: there are three tin cups for the white men. The negro can chew sugar-cane, or steal a drink when we do not look. There is a tin box of sugar. If one is serving Mr. Shark, one shakes a great deal of sugar into the cup, and more down one's sleeve, and into one's shoes and about the rocking floor. One becomes sprinkled like a doughnut, newly-fried, and fragrant with splashed coffee. The cinders that come in on the breath of the shrieking night cling to the person. But if you are serving Mr. Shark you do not mind these things. You pour his drink, you eat his bread and cheese, thanking him from the bottom of your stomach, not having eaten anything since the ginger-snaps of long ago. You solemnly touch your cap to his, as you sit with him on the red disembowelled car cushions, with the moss gushing out. You wish him the treasure-heaps of Aladdin or a racing stable in Ireland, whichever he pleases.

The description in this paragraph is as literal and detailed as that of the reporter in the following news story from The Washington Evening Star of May 3, 1923. But Mr. Lindsay takes a more interested attitude toward his subject, and treats it less formally; there is also an element of interpretation which the reporter's account lacks:

Two men received a ducking and more than their share of a day's excitement today when a motor boat in which they were fishing was struck by a seaplane of the naval air station, Anacostia, D. C., as it was taking off for a flight. The boat was slightly damaged and the seaplane turned up on its nose with its occupants, Lieut. K. McGinnis, the pilot, of the bureau of naval aeronautics, and Lieut. F. W. Wead, also of the bureau, hanging suspended until a boat from the air station released them.

The men in the boat were W. J. O'Brien of 132 R. street northeast and C. C. Cridler of 1231 C. Street southeast, both employes of the Washington navy yard, who had taken a day off to fish in the Anacostia river.

According to the men the seaplane struck their boat amidship, throwing Cridler into the water. He sank to the bottom and when his head appeared above the water he was hauled into the damaged boat by O'Brien, who had been thrown over the side of the craft by the impact, but was able to hold on. The two men were brought to the air station and put to bed while their clothes dried.

"A Handy Guide For Beggars," Mr. Lindsay's first work of prose is also perhaps his best. It is full of the spirit of adventure, and the presentation is less formal than his other works. There is nothing deep or really significant about any of Mr. Lindsay's prose works; they compare rather closely with the ordinary "feature story" of the newspaper. Both have imaginative qualities, both are personal in attitude, but neither shows the polish and refinement, the depths of feeling which the real work of art does. They cannot, however, be classified with ordinary "journalistic" writing, for the feature story is far above the level of the general news story, and in its best form even outranks much so called "literary" writing. Mr. Lindsay is not in the ranks of the supreme artists, nor is he of the lowest level. And while his

works show a literalness of description, a carefree, hearty presentation, they are refined and full of emotional qualities. Outside of his fidelity to literal detail, he shows no "journalistic" trait.

CHAPTER IX---Sinclair Lewis.

Sinclair Lewis has come very recently under the popular eye as the author of "Main Street," a novel of American town life. He borders closely on the realm of journalism. Most of his works appear to be superficial, and his treatment is cold and complacent. He tells his stories with as little effort as possible, in a straightforward and barren manner, with little or no imaginative genius. In "Main Street" he pictures the dullness of the small American towns in realistic fashion. "She was within ten minutes beholding not only the heart of the place called Gopher Prairie, but ten thousand towns from Albany to San Diego." The style of the entire book is that of the reporter, a mere recounting of the events taking place in the mythical Gopher Prairie. Mr. Lewis's aim, like that of the reporter, is to point out and give a true picture of things as they appear. In writing "Main Street" he must have found his chief impulse in the realistic portrayal of the scenes and characters of Gopher Prairie. The description is slavishly literal, sometimes even dull. The newspapers are full of such accounts as this from "Main Street":

The business center of Schoenstrom took up one side of one block, facing the railroad. It was a row of one-story shops covered with galvanized iron, or with clapboards painted red and bilious yellow. The buildings were as ill-assorted, as temporary-looking, as a mining-camp street in the motion pictures. The railroad station was a one-room frame box, a mirey cattle-pen on one side and a crimson wheat elevator on the other. The elevator, with its cupola on the ridge of the shingled roof, resembled a broad-shouldered man

with a small, vicious, pointed head. The only habitable structures to be seen were the florid red-brick Catholic church and rectory at the end of Main Street.

The entire book is couched in the simplest language, lacking almost entirely in fineness of expression, and from beginning to end, is lacking in any real figurative appeal to the imagination. There are similes and figures of speech scattered here and there, similar to the two in the passage just quoted, "The buildings were as ill-assorted, as temporary-looking, as a mining-camp street in the motion-pictures," and "The elevator, with its cupola on the ridge of a shingled roof, resembled a broad shouldered man with a small, vicious, pointed head." But the first is a literal comparison and the second is almost that. Mr. Lewis uses compounded words and expletives to excess all through his book, even beyond the extent of the reporter's. There is very little of the element of suspense. It is not entirely lacking; it is, however, not cleverly sustained, and the reader more often than not is "reading" far ahead of the author. "Main Street" owes its popularity not to effective treatment so much as to its subject-matter, which is of universal interest. Thousands, no doubt, have read it merely to find out what all the world is talking about.

Mr. Lewis often follows in the steps of the reporter by adapting a word to a new usage, as "Scores recited more accurately and dozens Bostoned more smoothly," or "She wheezed

in, sighed, gave Carol a pulpy hand, sighed, glanced sharply at the revelation of ankles as Carol crossed her legs, sighed, inspected the new blue chairs, smiled with a coy sighing sound, and gave voice."

Mr. Lewis has, in "Main Street," the attitude of the journalist, and has written his story as the reporter would, giving the facts without heightening them with imagination. His aim has been primarily to give us a true picture of life in small towns all over the United States, just as the reporter endeavors to write his story true to fact. He has been so realistic that, if we eliminate the romantic element of his novel, its bald, stark treatment is depressing. He apparently holds himself aloof from his characters, for none of the passages in "Main Street" are rich in feeling and spirit; there is very little *imagination* displayed, and the work lacks personality. When the reader reaches the end he leaves the book with a feeling that it is shallow, commonplace, and superficial. Like the reporter, Mr. Lewis has been content with telling merely what appears on the surface. In this I think the reporter is far more justified than the novelist. It is the reporter's duty to tell what occurs, not to interpret. But the novelist should view his subject from all angles, examine, imagine and interpret.

Mr. Lewis would have done well, I believe to condense his

work, leaving out a great mass of detail which has added nothing, but on the contrary has made the book seem laborious and commonplace.

Not only is Mr. Lewis addicted to the use of literalness of description and commonplace words and phrases, but he also views his subject as from a mountain-top; he does not give evidence of entering into his work with feeling, and ^{he} has the characteristic "journalistic" aloofness.

CHAPTER X---Booth Tarkington.

The charge of being "journalistic" is more often directed at younger writers, but hardly in any wise can Booth Tarkington be accused of being "journalistic". He has the swift, easy style essential to the news writer, but his description is never the "colored photography" of the news writer. His sentences are long, and his vocabulary is extended and selected. In one respect, however, is he similar to the journalist, for he does not lapse into sentimentality, a thing too often the mark of the mediocre "literary" writer, but hardly to be charged to the journalist.

Mr. Tarkington's style is easy-flowing, simple, and unaffected. He is observant, and usually his description is full of detail, but very picturesque and life-like. The following passage from "The Gentleman From Indiana" is vivid and exact in detail; while it is literal to an extent, it is dramatic and intense:

The wind had gone down a little, but only a little, and the electrical flashes danced all around the horizon in magnificent display, sometimes far away, sometimes dazingly near, the darkness trebly deep between the intervals when the long sweep of flat lands lay in dazzling clearness, cleancut in the washed air to the finest detail of stricken field and heaving woodland. A staggering flame clove earth and sky; sheets of light came following it, and a frightful uproar shook the house and rattled the casements, but over the crash of thunder, Minnie heard her friend's loud scream and saw her spring back from the window with both hands, palm outward, pressed to her face.

In sentence structure, also, Mr. Tarkington varies

widely from the news writer, as the passage just quoted will show. The reporter seldom has sentences as long and sustained as these two.

Mr. Tarkington is best known, perhaps, for his "Penrod" stories and "Seventeen", although they are not as well done as "Alice Adams" and other of his works. In them we find a keen understanding of youth, cleverly and energetically portrayed. In all of his works there is action, and seldom do we find uninteresting lapses. He does not follow the narrative style to the letter, but heightens and sustains his theme with suspense. The "Penrod" stories are a succession of climaxes, some with pathos, others sheer comedy, but all truthful and appealing.

He has written little that is reflective; most of his works are based on shrewd observation, coupled with imagination and invention. His energetic handling of his work also has added much to its effectiveness.

But his own feeling for his subjects is deep. He does not regard them coolly and aloof, but becomes a part of them. All of his work vibrates with personality and emotion, with a depth of feeling and sympathy. Witness the following paragraph from "The Magnificent Ambersons:"

But when he was taken into the room where lay what was left of Wilbur Minafer, George had no longer to pretend; his grief was sufficient. It needed only the sight of that forever inert semblance of the quiet man who had been always so quiet a part of his son's life---so quiet a part that George had seldom been consciously aware that his father was indeed a part of his life. As the figure lay there, its very quietness was what was most lifelike; and suddenly it struck George hard. And in that unexpected, racking grief of his son, Wilbur Minafer became more vividly George's father than he had ever been in life.

Mr. Tarkington is a good example of the American writer of upper middle rank who shows no "journalistic" tendencies, and it is in this rank where such tendencies would most likely appear. His diction and style are not the bald recording and mechanically compiling phraseology of the news writer. Every line has individuality. He is attempting a thousand times more than merely to tell his story. Perhaps he may not be ranked with the foremost, the best literary writers, but certainly he has done much that is worthy of literary quality. In straightforwardness, simplicity and directness he does not touch hands with the reporter. But he goes deeper than merely to record; he has a purpose behind his work, and his own personality is vitally present in all of it.

CHAPTER XI---William Allen White.

Of all people, it is logical to suppose that he who is engaged in newspaper work would be most likely to show "journalistic" influences and tendencies in his "literary" work. The contrary is the case with William Allen White, ~~The~~ Kansas editor and author.

Mr. White not only writes good newspaper articles, but his work in the imaginative realm of fiction is of high rank. His two longer novels, "A Certain Rich Man" and "In the Heart of a Fool," both epics of the development of Kansas, are literature in every sense, and unquestionably will stand the test of time, although they deal with actualities and realities of the day. Perhaps it is the journalistic side which prompts Mr. White to use actual occurrences as the basis of all his works. In them, however, he preaches the doctrine that private greed corrupts the soul and society. He stands for the life of simple human virtues and services; he is outspoken especially against corruption in politics, and against selfishness, and advocates the "brotherhood of man."

Mr. White's works show none of the traits of style commonly attributed to newspaper writers. His description is far from literal; it is imaginative and vivid. He has the gift of powerful and effective suggestion, and uses it not only

in his literary work but also in his newspaper writing. His description is more than mere description; it is passionate, emotional characterization. The following passage from "A Certain Rich Man" shows it:

No one spoke for a moment, and as Sycamore Ridge looked up from the floor, its eyes turned instinctively toward Martin Culpepper. He felt the question that was in the hearts about him, and slowly, to the wonder of all, he rose. He had a beautiful deep purring voice, and when he opened his eyes, they seemed to look into every pair of eyes in the throng. There were tears on his face and in his voice as he spoke. "Entreat me not to leave thee, or to return from following after thee: for whither thou goest, I will go; and where thou lodgest, I will lodge: thy people shall be my people, and thy God my God: where thou diest, I will die, and there will I be buried: the Lord do so to me, and more also, if aught but death part thee and me." And then he sank to his chair and hid his face, and for a moment a hundred wet-eyed men were still.

In "The Mercy of Death," in "Stratagems and Spoils," the description is less ambitious in effect, less figurative, but it also has that quality of picturing the character, the soul, and not alone appearances from the outside:

Nature began to brand Tom Wharton in the fifth year of his first senatorial term. Little hair-like wrinkles spread over his face, radiating from his eyes and mouth. His brow cracked in a hundred places. Under his eyes deep, lateral, fatty wrinkles gathered and insolence leered from behind the bloated lids. The skin of his neck began to hang loose. Nature was marking her danger signals on his face to tell the world that Tom Wharton's soul was rotting out. He took heed of wherewithal he should be clothed, and his raiment, which once had been of coarse, gray Scotch cheviot, became broadcloth. He swathed himself in fancy vests, and the poker set said that the Thompson woman had persuaded him to get his high silk hat. For the Thompson woman was noted for her clothes,

and when she walked down the aisle in the Pension Office, treading firmly on her heels and hiking her skirt up in the back, one could hear her silk petticoats rustle all over the room, and the girls who held their jobs on their merits pretended not to notice her. But whether or not the Thompson woman was the inspiration of Wharton's silk hat, he wore it only in the East. When he went home that year he donned some familiar togs and went under the old black felt that was well known to the people of his State.

Mr. White's style is straight-forward, simple and easy, but full of hearty and bubbling energy. His narratives are not mere records of historical fact, but they are heightened with suspense, and all of them are full of sentiment and conviction. He is never impersonal in attitude; his work is full of emotion and feeling. He understands boys, especially, and is fond of animals; but in his stories boyhood is viewed not so much through the eyes of the boys themselves, as Mr. Tarkington views it, but through the eyes of reminiscent men.

Mr. White is a serious, earnest and conscientious writer, and puts personality into all his works. The following excerpt from "A Triumph's Evidence," in "Stratagems and Spoils," shows his understanding of human nature and his ability to portray it:

The madness of the chase was gone. The tense cord of his passion for victory relaxed. His energy was spent, and a chill of horror began to creep over Myton as he realized, in a sober reaction from his folly, what he had done. The horror bound him about the body like cold iron. He shuddered as he saw himself more clearly. Self-loathing rose in him and filled the feverish ducts of remorse. The insanity of sheer terror made Myton hope that Barton would fail to fulfill their bargain.

In this paragraph, Mr. White has used the short, jerky sentences of the journalist, but their very terseness gives strength to the passage. In "A Certain Rich Man," we see again the depth to which he enters into his characters. The impersonal writer cannot give his work such emotion:

Day after day, until the days and nights became a week and the week repeated itself until nearly a month was gone, John Barclay, dry-eyed and all but dumb, paced the terrace before his house by night, and by day roamed through the noisy mill or wandered through his desolate house, seeking peace that would not come to him. The whole foundation of his scheme of life was crumbling beneath him. He had built thirty-five years of his manhood upon the theory that the human brain is the god of things as they are and not as they must be. The structure of his life was an imposing edifice, and men called it great and successful. Yet as he walked his lonely way in those black days that followed Jane's death, there came into his consciousness a strong, overmastering conviction, which he dared not accept, that his house was built on sand. For here were things outside of his plans, outside of his very beliefs coming into his life, bringing calamity, sorrow, and tragedy with them into his own circle of friends, into his own household, into his own heart. As he walked through the dull, lonely hours he could not escape the vague feeling, though he fought it as one mad fights for his delusion, that all the tragedies piling up about him came from his own mistakes. Over and over again he threshed the past . . ."

In his editorial work Mr. White shows exceptional ability. His editorials have the imaginative and personal quality so far separated from journalism in the popular conception. He views his subjects from all angles, and all of his editorials show a keen perception and understanding of humanity in its everyday

life, the courage to stand for his convictions, and an unusual power of visualizing present-day problems. He is as conscientious in his newspaper work as he is in his writing of novels and short stories. All his editorials show the personality of the man, and in all of them he has something to tell. He is never matter-of-fact, but writes with a purpose:

TO AN ANXIOUS FRIEND

You tell me that law is above freedom of utterance. And I reply that you can have no wise laws nor free enforcement of wise laws unless there is free expression of the wisdom of the people—and, alas, their folly with it. But if there is freedom, folly will die of its own poison, and the wisdom will survive. That is the history of the race. It is the proof of man's kinship with God. You say that freedom of utterance is not for time of stress, and I reply with the sad truth that only in time of stress is freedom of utterance in danger. No one questions it in calm days, because it is not needed. And the reverse is true also; only when free utterance is suppressed is it needed, and when it is needed it is most vital to justice. Peace is good. But if you are interested in peace through force and without free discussion, that is to say, free utterance decently and in order—your interest in justice is slight. And peace without justice is tyranny, no matter how you may sugar coat it with expediency. This state today is in more danger from suppression than from violence, because in the end, suppression leads to violence. Violence, indeed, is the child of suppression. Whoever pleads for justice helps to keep the peace; and whoever tramples upon the plea for justice, temperately made in the name of peace, only outrages peace and kills something fine in the heart of man which God put there when we got our manhood. When that is killed, brute meets brute on each side of the line.

So, dear friend, put fear out of your heart. This nation will survive, this state will prosper, the orderly business of life will go forward if only men can speak in whatever way given them to utter what their hearts hold—by voice, by posted card, by letter or by press. Reason never has failed men. Only force and repression have made the wrecks in the world.²⁰

20. Emporia Gazette, July 27, 1922. Awarded Pulitzer Prize for best editorial appearing in papers of the United States for 1922.

In both style and method of approach to subject-matter, Mr. White is the opposite of "journalistic," in the popular understanding of the term, and as news style has been analyzed. He does not treat seemingly trivial actualities in a bald way, but presents them with all their human interest. It has been said, by not a few critics, that to pass from the realm of the journalist to that of the literary artist is extremely difficult and rarely achieved, but Mr. White has accomplished it with striking success. Perhaps these same critics will claim he has always been a literary genius. If so, journalism, in this instance at least, cannot be accused of ^adegrading influence on literature. Rather, I believe, Mr. White's newspaper work has been of considerable benefit to him in his avocation of literary writing. Even though he does not record barrenly as the journalist usually does, he has learned to present his facts, and his theme, in the easiest and simplest manner. He has learned to eliminate unnecessary detail and to base his works on fact, without making them commonplace.

CHAPTER XII---Conclusion

The problem of this study, as stated in the Introduction, has been to determine whether journalism has had any influence on current literature; whether that influence, if there has been any, has been detrimental or constructive; and whether perhaps journalism might even be a form of literature itself.

There are, first of all, certain distinct similarities in "journalistic" writing and much of contemporary literature. Foremost of these is the matter of style, which, as this study discloses, is concrete and literal. The journalist, of course, writes in an ultra-condensed form, but the literary writer of the present day, too, is beginning to tell his story without waste of words. In description, especially, do we find a common tendency toward literalness of word and phrase, or, as the Fowlers characterize it, "colored photography." Not only in "journalistic" writing, but in much consciously artistic effort, is there a dearth of figures of speech, these being supplanted by words of color, taste and smell--by literal sense-descriptions. It does not necessarily follow that literature suffers because of this tendency, notwithstanding the dismay with which it strikes critics of the older school. Kipling's best and most dramatic

passages are literal in the extreme; Masfield is literal from beginning to end, though his poems of the sea are more vivid and more highly dramatized than those of Noyes, his "literary" compeer; ²¹ Galsworthy shares this characteristic in his most dramatic and highly visualized stories; while Vachel Lindsay and Sinclair Lewis, lesser lights, also use literal description, and achieve a good deal of vividness in verse and prose. Over against these we find Alfred Noyes, Robert Frost, Booth Tarkington, and, more especially, William Allen White, the one man studied who all his life has been a journalist, constantly laying on their colors in figures of beauty and force, with only an occasional lapse into entire literalness.

Hardly less significant than the foregoing aspects of style is the matter of order. The "journalistic" habit of inverting the logical order of the narrative and presenting a summary of the most important features of the news in the first paragraph is not commonly practised in literature. In the first place it is undesirable, for the literary writer is not concerned with economy of time; and in the second place, this style makes impossible that suspense which is a vital element especially in prose writing. This practice, however, has its counterpart in the style of a considerable number of writers. Foremost of these are Masfield and Sinclair Lewis, the first an English

21. Compare Masfield's "Dauber" with Noyes' "Drake".

poet, the latter an American novelist. Both write in a simple, straight-forward style, and follow closely the narrative form of the news story, with the exception of the "lead" paragraph. This tendency toward literalness and the presentation of the story in a matter-of-fact manner is more prevalent in prose than in poetry. Poetry, of course, seems more to demand beautiful-sounding and musical words and phrases, and the writer is, accordingly, less inclined to literalness.

There is very little tendency on the part of the "literary" writer to regard his subject in a cool and aloof manner. Most writers enter into their work with spirit and enthusiasm, and they do not seem impersonal as does the news writer. This is true not only of those writers who show little or no "journalistic" tendency, but also of those whose works bear apparent marks of newspaper influences. Of the nine writers included in this study, only two, Masfield and Sinclair Lewis, appear to regard their subjects from a distance. On this account, the works of Mr. Lewis appear to be superficial, but Masfield, while seemingly treating his subjects impersonally, writes verse which is full of dramatic and tense situations, and he is regarded as one of the foremost poets of the day.

A number of "journalistic" tendencies are apparent in various writers, but no one is common to all. In only one instance, that of Mr. Lewis, do we find a writer of today

combining literalness of description and matter-of-factness of presentation with an impersonal attitude toward subject matter. While he has gained a considerable reputation, he can hardly be classed as a writer of first rank. He is, I believe, in most respects inferior to the other writers considered in this study, and consequently more liable to outside and ephemeral influences.

While these similarities between "journalistic" and "literary" writing are apparent, the actual effect of the newspaper on literature is, in the first place, I believe, very slight, and whatever effect there has been is not all detrimental. The chief accusation made by the critics of journalism has been as to its effect on artistic style; little or no account has been taken of what to me seems of vastly more importance, its apparent influence on contemporary writers in their attitude toward their subject-matter. It has been shown that, although a writer may be literal in the extreme, and his style concise and condensed, yet he may achieve dramatic and highly intensified effect; on the other hand, the artist who writes in beautiful and euphonious phrases may fail because his words are meaningless. Literalness and concreteness of detail are not necessarily conducive to shallowness. The charge that contemporary writers are adopting a literal descriptive style is well founded, but when Kipling, Galsworthy, Masfield and Lindsay all gain vividness and imaginative

qualities, without losing dramatic effect, the charge would seem to be less grave than it may sound.

Much of modern literature is in the form of the "short story." From the very purpose of the short story, compactness and concreteness of detail are desirable, and literalness of description is employed largely to gain this end. Yet it is rarely that a short story fails of its purpose because it is too literal, and this characteristic is hardly cause for alarm. Perhaps this literal tendency is not an effect of journalism. The writings of Flaubert and de Maupassant clearly show the same literal tendency, the same matter-of-fact attitude, of the newspaper story; is it not possible, therefore, that the tendency to-day is merely a parallel?

The tone and workmanship of literature in general is still very much higher than that of the newspaper. There is much which appears in our daily newspapers which is wretchedly done. Haste, and perhaps the realism of the day, contribute to the inferior quality of work produced by the news writer. Haste, especially, the necessity for getting a story into print as quickly as possible, is the greatest factor in producing poor news writing. There are, however, a few salient examples in all newspapers which compare favorably with good literature. The "feature story," whether to entertain or to inform, is usually

well-written, as are the editorials. They should, however, be better executed than the general news story, for in both the "feature story" and the editorial the newspaper writer may do precisely what the literary writer does, reflect and concentrate; nor is it necessary that he write in haste. As a result, these two types of newspaper work compare very favorably with much artistic effort, and at their best they may without reserve, I believe, be classified as literature, a distinct type of "literary" art. In tone and quality of workmanship they present all the salient features of pure "literary" writing, and many of them have been preserved in book form.

Journalism, as well as literature, is undergoing change, and the same forces which are activating newspaper work are, I believe, likewise influencing literature. The Elizabethan Period, the Golden Age of literature, reflects clearly the spirit of the age. The new awakening following the discovery of the New World, the spirit of adventure and expansion, of chivalry and romance, was reflected in the literature of the time. Chivalry, love, romance, aspiration and wonderment became universal themes. In our own age materialism has usurped the highest seat of our interest. The desire for worldly gain, the enormous strides made in science and invention, and the resultant increase in economic and industrial activity, have been, in a large measure, conducive

to the same thing in literature. Our lives are so centered about materialistic and realistic interests that we can hardly look beyond them. This tendency has become so general and widespread that it unquestionably pervades the literature of the period, just as it is the chief motivating factor in journalism; for neither is autonomous. There are, of course, a few artists who have been little affected. Chief of these, and most noteworthy because he is also a journalist, is William Allen White. Although he is primarily a newspaper man, Mr. White shows in less degree than any of the other writers included in this study, with the possible exception of Mr. Noyes, the effects of any "journalistic" tendencies. Not only in style and content, but in attitude, is he far removed from the influences of the newspaper in his "literary" writing. Mr. White, it has been shown, is capable of passing from the realm of the journalist to that of the primarily artistic writer. If the critics of journalism attribute this transition to the fact that he has always been a literary genius, then we reply that in one instance at least, journalism cannot be accused of a degrading influence on literature. Rather, I believe, the opposite is true. Not only has Mr. White learned to present his facts without waste of words and in a simple

and easy, yet dramatic and intense, manner, but Kipling and Galsworth likewise have this "journalistic" ability; and it may also be said of Masfield that he frequently gains greater intensity through the adoption of the literalness of the newspaper than does Noyes who writes in figurative and musical language.

While I believe that the newspaper, bad as it is in workmanship, does not strongly affect literature directly, it does so indirectly through its effect on the speech and habits of thought of everyday people. The people, as a whole, read hardly anything except their daily newspaper, and the habitual reading of stories written, day after day, in the same style and tone, naturally has its influence. Unconsciously we fall into the habit of thinking as the newspaper does and in speaking in its vernacular. Just what effect this journalistic influence may have on literature is mere conjecture.

The desire for monetary compensation has little influence on the producers of literature worthy of the name, I believe. There are, of course, the shoals of lesser writers who strive to meet popular demand; but even Sinclair Lewis, in "Main Street," superficial as it is, was concerned not so much with writing for popular approval as with giving an exact picture, a realistic portrayal. The commonplace writer alone

is likely to follow closely the prevalent forms of every-day speech and thought in his writing. I do not believe, however, that the writers of higher rank than Mr. Lewis are affected in this way. They may be concerned somewhat with the necessity for earning a living, but they desire not so much to satisfy demand, in this sense, as to express their own thoughts and ideals, with the idea of creating something of lasting value. And, too, the newspaper influences only slightly, if at all, the "literary" writer in his thought and vocabulary.

The critics of journalism have been eager to flay the newspaper, but I wonder if, after all, there are not some points of merit in "journalistic" writing. Granted, it is utilitarian, for it gives us the daily news in a manner easily assimilated. If the reporter exercises little imagination in his writing may it not be due to the fact that the age leaves little for the imagination to do? Not so many years ago the literary writer was forced to draw deeply from his imagination, but to-day science, invention, industry, and all activity have advanced to such a degree that even imagination finds it hard to keep ~~a pace~~ ^{a pace} in the wonderment of their achievement. The reporter writes of these things realistically, and keeps within the bounds of occurrence and fact. If he gains vividness while doing so,

is it not a greater achievement than the work of imagination, where everything is shaped to the purpose of the author?

The newspaper is the chief disseminator of news.

Every morning, at the breakfast table, we have a kaleidoscopic view of what has taken place all over the world in the preceding twenty-four hours. The newspaper is in reality a huge collection of stories, each written so as to convey the news of the particular incident to which it relates. Description is necessarily concrete and literal, where accuracy and concreteness are stressed. Perhaps, after all, the application of this journalistic literalness of description and concreteness of detail to literary writing is not so dismal in its consequences as the critics would have us believe. Figures of speech and beauty of effect are highly desirable, but often the desire for perfection in sensuous expression may lead to excessive and conventional ornamentation, so that trivialities are stressed rather than concealed. And in this age, where reality is of more consequence than mere imagination, the dreamer is liable to interpret wrongly. The dream has its place in the scheme of life; but he who, dealing with actualities, can give to them the vividness and glamour of the dream has also achieved greatness.

The better writers of the present day are, I believe, little affected directly by the newspaper, even though there are certain similarities existing in contemporary literature and news writing. The major part of literary work to-day is written by the legion of young and inexperienced writers. They are, as a whole, quite prone to follow ephemeral influences, and these similarities will remain just as long as our chief interests lie in material things. Only when we, as a people, have developed a different temperament, when the desires of mankind take a different direction, shall we have both better executed newspapers and better literature. There will, however, still be present, I believe, many similarities between the two, not because journalism will affect literature, nor because artistic writing will influence news writing, but because both will take on the spirit of the new era and, consciously or unconsciously, reflect it.

For many years journalism was regarded as a field to be entered when failure was met with in other undertakings. It was looked upon as a place of refuge where anyone could be successful. Happily, that attitude has changed, and journalism is taking on the aspect of a profession. As this view increases, there will be attracted to the newspaper more men of ability and genius,

such as William Allen White. They will find in it a ready outlet for their literary ability, and journalism will profit immeasurably through their incentive. In time it will become the training school for literary genius, and when that stage is reached, when vividness and reality become twins, journalism and literature will find a common ground, and both will be of higher rank and quality.

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