THE NORTON INTRODUCTION TO THE SHORT NOVEL

Second Edition

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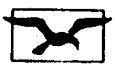

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FOREWORD

Of the thirteen short novels in this collection, seven are American (that is, North American), three English, two European (one written in Russian, the other in German), and one South American. They are spread fairly evenly—though with a little bunching at the two ends—over the past century. While there is geographical and historical range, however, the selection is not meant to be representative of the short novel as a whole in space or time, but primarily to offer interesting and challenging reading experiences of various kinds.

Though the novels may be read in any order and may profitably be grouped in a variety of ways, a bound book necessitates some fixed order, so they are arranged here chronologically, by date of publication. This arrangement has the virtue of not imposing an interpretive or editorial order on the novels, while not being entirely arbitrary or meaningless: we can say with some certainty, for example, that Toni Morrison or Philip Roth might have read *Daisy Miller* or *The Death of Iván Ilyich*, but that neither Henry James nor Tolstoy read either *Sula* or *Goodbye, Columbus*.

The "Introduction" defines the short novel in terms of its length, the formal and thematic consequences or corollaries of its length, and the effect of these on the experience of reading such a work. Preceding each novel is a brief headnote with enough biographical and other detail (about the author's other works, his or her theory of fiction—whatever seems fitting and useful) to prepare the reader to experience, appreciate, and understand the novel as fully as possible during a first reading. There are, as is usual in Norton books, informational footnotes designed to help the reader understand the text without either forcing upon the reader the editor's interpretation or unnecessarily burdening the text with what can be found in a standard desk dictionary. Following each novel is an "Afterword" discussing one or more aspects of the work that seem to the editor necessary to experience or understand the novel more fully. These are not meant to be definitive—they are very brief—but to generate thought, discussion, and even, I hope, controversy and excitement.

Just as in choosing the novels I have sought to provide the reader with stimulating and enjoyable material, so in writing the accompanying matter I have aimed at making the full power and pleasure of the novels readily accessible for the college and university student for whom this book is designed. Ready access, however, does not imply effortlessness or passive consumption, but rather an invitation to engage the imagined worlds of the novels actively and deeply, seeking new perspectives on new worlds and new experiences, and consequently new perspectives on our own world, our own experience.

If all my friends, family, colleagues, teachers, students, and acquaintances were to get their due, which of them could escape an acknowledgment of direct or indirect assistance in editing this anthology? I shall here name a few and beg the others to forgive me my debts.

I would like to thank all my colleagues at Emory University, but in particular Michaelyn Burnette, William B. Dillingham, Peter W. Dowell, Ricardo Gutierrez,

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Andrew Beaty lent many hours of assistance; Mrs. Trudy Kretchman was unfailingly cooperative. For their relief, much thanks.

I wish to express my gratitude also to Toni Morrison for granting us permission to reprint her splendid short novel *Sula* and for supplying some information for the notes which would otherwise have eluded me.

At W. W. Norton & Company, I would particularly like to thank my friend and the editor's editor Barry Wade; for advice and encouragement, John Benedict; for assistance and patience, Roberta Flechner, Diane O'Connor, Nancy Palmquist, Heather Warren and Victoria Thys.

Meaghan and Caelin Beaty gave up many hours of story and play time while their father was reading and editing short novels, and my wife, V. Elaine Beaty, took up the slack cheerfully, and rendered continuous assistance, encouragement, and constructive critical comment. I promise to thank them when I get home.

J.B.

INTRODUCTION

For some readers and some instructional purposes, short stories are too short. And for some, most novels are too long. But short novels are just right. That's one of the reasons I prefer the term *short novel* to *novella* and *novelette*: the adjective echoes *short* story, and the noun tells you it's a *novel*, thus emphasizing its happy position between the two.

The length that normally qualifies a work to be considered a short *novel* rather than short *story* is about 15,000 words (twenty-five or so pages in this volume); when short novels get beyond 50,000 words they sometimes lose the adjective and are novels plain and simple. Length usually allows short novels to have more of everything than a short story. They can accommodate a larger cast of characters and develop them more fully; they can have more incidents or a more complicated plot; they can have more scenes (dramatized incidents in which characters think, talk, or do something over a brief, continuous period of time), or more—and more widely spaced—settings, and they can take place over longer stretches and in more discriminated moments of time. They can thus expand in various ways the scope, breadth, and depth of short stories. The compact form of the short story is particularly suited to stories of initiation, of sudden insight and illumination; the more leisurely novel is better suited to narratives of growth and change, of quest and development. The short novel is happily suited to either, or a blending of both.

The shortest of the short novels in this collection, *The Beggar Maid*, has many of the qualities of the full-length novel. It is made up of a goodly number of separate scenes, spread out over a number of years and over much of Canada; it has a fairly large cast of particularized characters (though it concentrates on two) and a rather large number of incidents. It is, however, a story of development. On the other hand, *Daisy Miller* has relatively few dramatized scenes, characters, and incidents, and is primarily a story of discovery or sudden illumination. It is, however, seldom thought of as anything other than a short novel. In its case, primarily length—more than 25,000 words—is no doubt the determining factor. The short novel can be as simple as a short story (but not when it's as short) and as complex as a novel (but not too, too long); it is a happy hybrid.

Sheer length is important not only as one characteristic of the work, but also in our experience of reading the work, something that happens to—but is also created by—the reader. Though one can put down a short story and later pick it up again, it seems designed to be read in a sitting; to absorb the reader for one period of time, come to a point of illumination or reversal and then let the reader go back to a reality that is spatially unchanged from that which was there when the story was begun (you've been sitting in the same spot), temporally changed only slightly (it hasn't taken you long to read it), and psychologically unchanged *except for the effect, vision, insight of the story itself* (not much has happened to you outside the reading).

Though there are novels (novels unmodified by "short") that can be read by non-speedreading readers in a sitting (a famous critic in the mid-nineteenth century picked

up *Jane Eyre* one evening and, as he put it, "married Mr. Rochester at three o'clock the next morning"), the novel as such does not seem to be designed to be read so. Some novels have been published serially, in weekly or monthly installments, so that contemporary readers could not gobble them down; and most are divided into parts or chapters that seem to offer convenient stopping points. This elapsed reading time (and time between sittings) seems to me not insignificant. The reader may or may not resume the same position in chair or bed, may or may not have had illuminating or harrowing or meaningful experiences between readings, but he or she has done something (eaten dinner? answered the phone? gone skiing for a weekend?), and has both left the world of the fiction and, somewhere in the back or front of the mind, thought or felt something about the novel being read. The reader picking up the novel again must make a new entry into the fictional world as a more or less changed and different reader. It is the depth of the experience of reading a novel—more than the depth or breadth of its theme or its analysis of character or its vision—that may be the most significant difference between short story and novel.

Here again, mere length leaves the short novel in between. Short novels such as *Daisy Miller* (though it was serialized and so, on first appearance, could not have been read at once), *Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde, The Metamorphosis,* can be read in a single (though fairly long) sitting. However, *Daisy Miller* is divided into two, *Metamorphosis* three, and *Iván Ilyich* twelve numbered chapters, and *Jekyll and Hyde* is divided into ten titled segments. These divisions are invitations to put the book down for a moment or longer, or at least to pause; to prepare for a shift of scene or time or to think back over what has happened so far, and to project some sort of pattern of expectation of what may come next. Even if we do not put a short novel down and let its development—and our expectations—ferment between reading sessions, its relative length requires punctuated pauses to process and store the information, perceptions, emotions, and relationships we are confronting.

Though our capacities differ, and individual works differ markedly, it is often possible to hold not only the details but even the memory of our responses to a *short story* in our minds when we finish it (especially after repeated readings). It is extremely difficult, at least for me, to remember a *short novel* in detail and to recall my point-by-point responses to it fully no matter how many times I have read it; it's like trying to carry an overstuffed bag of groceries or too high a pile of books—something inevitably falls. (And while you're retrieving it, two or three other things fall.) I can remember the witty, worldly tone at the beginning of *Daisy Miller* right now (though I usually don't), but I am not sure I can reconstruct my responses and expectations during the reading of that first page or so of the story.

As you see, when I talk about reading a story or novel, I'm not only talking about understanding it, interpreting it, or abstracting a meaning, but about *experiencing* it. It is difficult to pin down just what one means by the "experience" of reading a work of fiction—everything relevant that is going on in your head and nervous system as you read, perhaps. Reducing this complex activity to its simplest terms, we can talk about your taking in the information or data of the story (although language differs from data in that it bears the history of its culture and usage and its active rather than inert), going on to gather new "data," and making a pattern of what you are taking in, and so anticipating what will happen or be revealed next. When you read on, your expectations are disappointed, altered or fulfilled, new pieces are picked up and new patterns projected. Reading fiction is, then, in part a guessing game.

This reading process is unconscious, we usually do not watch our own minds as we read. But before we begin the thirteen short novels in this volume, let's look at the kinds of things that might be happening in our minds as we read them. The beginning is always a good place to begin, but let's begin before the beginning, with

the title. There's no fictional "past" here; we have—or so we ought to assume for the sake of the guessing—no prior information as we read *The Strange Case of Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde*: "case" suggests a detective story or crime, "strange" that it will not be like ordinary "cases." Even with only these two counters to go on, a pool of vague possibilities begins to form, waiting for more detail to shape it into a concrete expectation or set of expectations of what is to happen next. Even apparently neutral titles like *Daisy Miller* arouse some anticipation: we know that a person of that name is likely to appear and to be central or significant in the narrative to follow.

Though we can learn something from a title, exploration does not carry us very far in understanding the complex network of activities involved in reading and understanding a long work like a novel, even what we call a short novel. It probably would be not only impractical but misleading to stop to examine our mental activities and pattern-making after reading each word, phrase, or sentence of a prose narrative. To pause to analyze response, recapitulation, and expectation at the end of each paragraph would make some sense—we do, after all, have to shift our eyes back to the beginning of the next line, as we do in reading lines of poetry—but to pause and analyze so often would be cumbersome. Moreover, there is a larger and more appropriate unit of punctuation in a novel, one that is governed—usually consciously so—by the author to control our reading pace, making us pause, and inviting us to recapitulate and to anticipate what is to come. That unit is the chapter. *Eréndira* and *The Beggar Maid* are divided into units only by spacing—skipped lines—but the other short novels in this volume are all more formally divided into chapters headed by titles, dates, the names of characters, or numbers, and many of them are also divided into smaller units by spacing and other typographical devices. *Daisy Miller* is divided into only two chapters, *Ethan Frome* into ten. *Şula* is divided into two parts, eleven chapters headed by dates, and more than three dozen smaller units, mostly by spacing but several times by one or another set of printer's marks; *As I Lay Dying* is divided into almost sixty sections headed by fifteen different characters' names.

Let us look briefly at how that form of "punctuation" called the chapter can work in pacing our reading and therefore in generating or controlling our expectations. In Tolstoy's *The Death of Iván Ilyich*, the first chapter ends with Iván Ilyich's best friend, Peter Ivánovich, having just left Iván Ilyich's newly widowed wife, joining his and Iván Ilyich's other friends at cards, finding "them just finishing the first rubber, so that it was quite convenient for him to cut in." The pause forces us to think back over the brief chapter in which Iván Ilyich's death has been greeted by friends and family with only a show of sorrow but with self-interested questions of how that death will affect their own convenience and material conditions. What developments do we expect? What would surprise us? The punctuation of the chapter-ending has made us, consciously or unconsciously, frame some possibilities if we are reading attentively and following the author's pacing of our reading. Not every one of us will anticipate the same future for the story. Some of us will be drawing a blank, not able to frame an expectation; others will have one plot we are pretty sure will be followed; still others may have three, five, eight possibilities more or less vaguely floating through our minds.

Let us settle on just two fairly obvious possibilities. At this point we feel sorry for Iván Ilyich: neither his friends nor his wife seems truly to mourn him. Poor Iván: perhaps the rest of the novel will flash back over his life and show us how the poor man—maybe from the time he was a baby—was mistreated, misunderstood. We may anticipate, in other words, a sentimental journey into Iván Ilyich's past. (And perhaps some or all of us are prepared for such a narrative because we have all felt misunderstood, undervalued, ignored, or unrecognized for the splendid person we are, at one time or another.) The second obvious possibility is that all the selfish

nonmourners, friends and widow alike, will be followed to their unmourned deaths, where each will get his or her just deserts. We may anticipate, in other words, a tale of moral retaliation. Since the story has scarcely begun and we can see we have nearly forty pages to go, either of these expectations—each requiring considerable space and development—would be possible.

But what if we hold both these anticipated plots consciously or unconsciously in mind? One of them is bound to be wrong. Would it not be better just to have the right one in mind? Or none at all, and just wait and see? Or suppose both of them are wrong? If we carefully put two and two together and come up with five, what is the advantage of informed anticipation?

A well-structured novel will play fair with you, offering at appropriate points all the necessary signals or clues to what will happen next, not just springing new and essential information on you at the last minute ("Meanwhile, unknown to our hero, the Marines were just on the other side of the hill . . ."). It is this playing fair that makes an ending satisfying or, when you look back on it, inevitable. Novels also offer a number of reasonable but false signals, red herrings, to get you off the scent, so that in a well-structured novel the ending, though inevitable, is also surprising. When we find that leads are false, that our expectations or guesses are wrong, we discard them, and with the new evidence we have gathered from the narrative we project a new pattern of events to come.

Old expectations and patterns seem about as useful as used tubes of toothpaste, we may feel: next time through the story we'll know better than to expect Sula to leave Ajax, or to suspect Hyde of forging Jekyll's signature or blackmailing him. Not so. The "wrong guesses" signalled by the text (not the free-floating guesses that may from time to time without reason pop into our heads or be made up) remain part of the text as a reading experience. The false expectations may be irrelevant to the outcome of the novel, but they are not irrelevant to the novel: they represent one of the choices made in defining the world of this particular novel; they represent one of the ways our expectation of reality is being redefined; they say, "This is a fictional world or view of reality in which two plus two might equal five, but doesn't," and they say, "This is a fictional world which does not even entertain the possibility that two plus two might equal three."

Novels differ as much in the questions they raise, in what *might* have happened in them but did not, as they do in what does happen. In a novel there are a great many more expectations, a great many more things that might have been than there are in a short story. Even if a short novel and a short story were to "say" the same thing, embody the same theme or abstraction, the short novel would usually be the richer. Just as an argument is the more convincing the more objections it raises and rebuts, so a fictional theme or vision may be the more fully realized (made real) the more alternative outcomes, explanations, visions it raises but dismisses. This can be done more readily in a long than in a short work.

So long as you are alert to your own mind's activity as you read, you will notice how breaks, marks, and formal chapter endings will pace your reading, push you to recapitulate and project; the "Afterwords" that follow each of the short novels will occasionally try to describe what happens to the reader at such a pause, as does the "Afterword" to *The Death of Iván Ilyich,* for example. You will notice too that not all the signals come from "inside" the text. We begin a novel usually with the expectation that the world of the fiction resembles our world as we see it, not necessarily in detail—we do not demand the ordinary—but in its "laws" or "physics," as it were. We expect this even of a novel whose title contains such words as "incredible" and "tale," and which begins with a most bizarre setting and set of circumstances, as does *Innocent Eréndira.* We are led by stages in that novel, however, to

the extraordinary, the preposterous, and ultimately to the "incredible" or surreal. The *Metamorphosis* rapes rather than seduces our expectations of a more or less normative reality, but then, once we have granted the premise that a young man can wake one morning to find himself an insect, it follows that premise with remorseless "natural" consequences and logic. Reality as we know it outside a work furnishes us with expectations which the work can disappoint, alter, or fulfill like any other expectations.

Our expectations or guesses are also conditioned by the language of the novel, by literary tradition or our own experience of narratives and narrative patterns. *Heart of Darkness,* using nautical language, makes us feel like the ignorant landlubbers most of us are and opens us to the lessons of the sea and therefore of "life" Marlow has in store for us; in *Ethan Frome* we hear the voice of the narrator or author trying to put in words the pent-up, almost voiceless language of feeling of Ethan, as at the end of chapter IV: "Completely reassured, she shone on him through tear-hung lashes, and his soul swelled with pride as he saw how his tone subdued her."

Goodbye, Columbus begins when the young male narrator meets a girl named Brenda. Ah, ha! Boy-meets-girl. We know that story, and its various patterns and variations on "loses" and "gets." (We may be a little curious about how the title will figure, however.) *Daisy Miller* is another boy-meets-girl story, but the meeting does not take place quite so quickly: we first meet the "boy," Winterbourne, then Daisy's little brother, then Daisy herself. We are only a few paragraphs into the story, but just as the title of *Goodbye, Columbus* puts in our mind just a little curiosity not clearly related to the love story, so the opening description of Vevey and Lake Geneva in the James novel alerts us to the fashionable, social, cultural scene and its role in the love story and in the novel. So convention alerts us to a love story and detail alerts us to other, related or modifying expectations.

Expectations are not quite so simple, then, as we sometimes think them to be. Our minds can hold at once not only multiple possibilities for the outcome of a story but also have room for other related and unrelated stories or areas of experience. Whether the Bundrens will be able to get Addie buried in time and in Jefferson is a question that runs from first to last in *As I Lay Dying,* yet we have room in our heads to follow the various physical and psychological crises of Darl, Cash, Dewey Dell, and the others. We do not forget Addie's corpse, however; it comes to the foreground periodically, and is the hub from which the other "stories" diverge.

Just as we began speaking about expectations in terms of the beginning, so, perhaps, we should conclude by talking about endings. In the beginning there is no "past" in our experience of the story: we seek to understand what we are reading in the present and to project the future. It would follow that at the end of the story we take in the last words, remembering all the past of the story, but not projecting a pattern of what will come in the future. The shape of the story is now complete, the final configuration is made (including not only the fulfilled expectations, but also all the things that might have been). At the end of *Daisy Miller* we not only know what she was really like, but we get a view of Winterbourne and of his learning something about her and about himself. The mystery of *Jekyll and Hyde* has been solved long before the ending, but at the conclusion we have the explanation and at least one final version of the meaning of it all.

Not all stories end so definitively, however. Sometimes, especially in a fairly complex novel, while the story has ended, our response to it and understanding of it have not taken final shape; but in other novels, the story itself has not really ended and we are left both with unresolved questions about meaning or vision and unresolved expectations about the future course of the lives with which we have been engaged. It's awkward to talk about endings in an introduction, because I don't want to give

too much away and short-circuit any of your first responses or expectations. Let's just say that at the end of *The Fox* one character says to the other that he or she will feel better "over there."

> "Yes, I may. I can't tell. I can't tell what it will be like over there."
> "If only we could go soon!" ——— said, with pain in ——— voice.

We do not know how it will be "over there," whether the ending will be "happy" or not. We therefore do not know for sure how to interpret or evaluate what has happened to the characters in the story we have just finished reading and we are virtually being invited to complete the story ourselves, to write the ending, or an ending, or a stopping place. We are invited to continue recollecting what we have read, forming it into a present shape, to project a future pattern.

At the very end of *Old Mortality* one of the characters says,

> Let them tell their stories to each other. Let them go on explaining how things happened. I don't care. At least I can know the truth about what happens to me, she assured herself silently, making a promise to herself, in her hopefulness, her ignorance.

We have a double inconclusiveness. The first is a fairly conventional "open" or indefinite ending: we have heard a number of explanations of how things happened and none seems totally satisfactory and none seems totally wrong. We see how people interpret external reality in terms of their own perceptions, prejudices, and needs, so that no subjective explanation is adequate as an objective explanation, if there is such a thing. This is a conclusion, if an inconclusive one: we are invited to review in our minds all the versions of the past to which we have been subjected, perhaps to choose, perhaps to put together like a puzzle, perhaps simply to sigh at the difficulty of it all. But we are not asked to project a pattern of action or incident into the future beyond the moment at which the story ends—until the last five words or so. "Her ignorance"—she will not know the truth even about what will happen to her. We know a little of her life and a good deal about a long-deceased character named Amy and everyone's version of her life, and so we are virtually invited to put these together somehow and project a more or less definite future for the hopeful, ignorant woman who is thinking the final thoughts of the story.

I have some expectations, too. I am looking forward eagerly to your reading these thirteen short novels. I do not know (in my ignorance) how intensely you will enjoy them, but I expect (in my hopefulness) that you will enjoy them as much as I have in reading and thinking about them and readying them for you.

CONTENTS

HENRY JAMES

Daisy Miller

Henry James (1843–1916) never married, had fairly little formal education, never held down a job, and, though not rich, never had to worry about money. He did little but travel, read and write, go to museums and theaters, dine out, and (with something of a stammer) talk.

The two most interesting things about his life—outside work—are, perhaps, his famous family and his obscure accident. His father was a philosophic and unorthodox religious writer; his older brother William was one of the first significant American psychologists and a famous philosopher; his sister Alice and two younger brothers rounded out a brilliant, intellectually active family. The accident occurred a few months after the beginning of the Civil War when he was pushed into a fence while trying to put out a small fire in Newport, Rhode Island. The result was what he called a "horrid even if an obscure hurt," and, characteristically, his reticence and ambiguity caused post-Freudian scholars to infer that the accident had something to do with his not marrying. His most authoritative biographer, Leon Edel, believes it was a slipped disc or similar back injury involving recurrent pain.

His travel began early—at six months he was in Paris—and in the late 1850s he spent five of his most formative years in Europe. He returned to Europe a few years after the end of the Civil War and by 1876 had decided to settle in England. Although his writing and reviewing had begun a dozen years before, his first novel, *Roderick Hudson*, did not appear until 1875. The flood was released and he published more than fifty books before his death in 1916.

James had a life-long addiction to the theater and in the early 1890s wrote more than half a dozen plays, two of which were produced and performed—both flopped. His best drama is in his fiction, which is dramatic in that the action takes place in rather lengthy scenes and primarily through dialogue; there is careful, significant, often symbolic use made of setting; and the intermediary or narrator which differentiates fiction from drama is, more and more as James's career progresses, replaced by a center of consciousness, a character spoken of in the third person through whose eye and mind we perceive the action, and, most often, in whose voice we are told of it. We can speak of "the drama of the mind" as characteristic of his novels, for the center *is* in the consciousness, the mind of the beholder; his works are about perception—the perception of the self and others—and if the dramatic nature of his theory and practice in writing fiction assures him a place in the history of literary craft and criticism, so his novels of the mind place him high in the history and development of the psychological novel.

Daisy Miller is an early work of Henry James but one in which several of his themes or preoccupations are already visible: "the international theme" (the American in Europe) and the search by the protagonist for the reality behind the appearance and actions of others. James and his protagonists ask fairly simple questions but the investigation is complex, the answers often tentative, and so the form of the short novel is very congenial to his genius and interests. Though we must name the full-length (even lengthy) novels such as *The Portrait of a Lady* (1881), *The Ambassadors* (1903), and *The Golden Bowl* (1904) among his greatest works, such short novels as *Daisy Miller, The Aspern Papers* (1888), *The Turn of the Screw* (1898), and *The Beast in the Jungle* (1901) are not only excellent examples of the form but are central to James's fiction.

Daisy Miller
A Study

I

AT THE LITTLE TOWN of Vevey, in Switzerland, there is a particularly comfortable hotel. There are, indeed, many hotels; for the entertainment of tourists is the business of the place, which, as many travellers will remember, is seated upon the edge of a remarkably blue lake[1]—a lake that it behoves every tourist to visit. The shore of the lake presents an unbroken array of establishments of this order, of every category, from the "grand hotel" of the newest fashion, with a chalk-white front, a hundred balconies, and a dozen flags flying from its roof, to the little Swiss *pension* of an elder day, with its name inscribed in German-looking lettering upon a pink or yellow wall, and an awkward summer-house in the angle of the garden. One of the hotels at Vevey, however, is famous, even classical, being distinguished from many of its upstart neighbours by an air both of luxury and of maturity. In this region, in the month of June, American travellers are extremely numerous; it may be said, indeed, that Vevey assumes at this period some of the characteristics of an American watering-place. There are sights and sounds which evoke a vision, an echo, of Newport and Saratoga.[2] There is a flitting hither and thither of "stylish" young girls, a rustling of muslin flounces, a rattle of dance music in the morning hours, a sound of high-pitched voices at all times. You receive an impression of these things at the excellent inn of the "Trois Couronnes,"[3] and are transported in fancy to the Ocean House or to Congress Hall. But at the "Trois Couronnes," it must be added, there are other features that are much at variance with these suggestions: neat German waiters, who look like secretaries of legation; Russian princesses sitting in the garden; little Polish boys walking about, held by the hand, with their governors; a view of the snowy crest of the Dent du Midi and the picturesque towers of the Castle of Chillon.[4]

I hardly know whether it was the analogies or the differences that were uppermost in the mind of a young American, who, two or three years ago, sat in the garden of the "Trois Couronnes," looking about him, rather idly, at some of the graceful objects I have mentioned. It was a beautiful summer morning, and in whatever fashion the young American looked at things, they must have seemed to him charming. He had come from Geneva the day before, by the little steamer, to see his aunt, who was staying at the hotel—Geneva having been for a long time his place of residence. But his aunt had a headache—his aunt had almost always a headache—and now she was shut up in her room, smelling camphor, so

1. Lake Geneva; Vevey is about ten miles east of Lausanne.

2. Newport, R.I., was a fashionable resort for the very rich, studded with palatial mansions; Saratoga Springs, N.Y., about thirty miles from Albany, a summer resort noted for its mineral springs, and from 1850 horse-racing, was considered the social center of America in the middle of the nineteenth century.

3. Three Crowns. Below: Ocean House was a major hotel on Bellevue Avenue in Newport, Congress Hall on Broadway in Saratoga.

4. The ninth- to thirteenth-century castle at the eastern end of Lake Geneva was the residence of the counts of Savoy and the scene of the incarceration of "the prisoner of Chillon" made famous by Byron (see note on Bonivard, below); the Dent or Dents du Midi is a mountain group in Switzerland near the French border.

that he was at liberty to wander about. He was some seven-and-twenty years of age; when his friends spoke of him, they usually said that he was at Geneva, "studying." When his enemies spoke of him they said—but, after all, he had no enemies; he was an extremely amiable fellow, and universally liked. What I should say is, simply, that when certain persons spoke of him they affirmed that the reason of his spending so much time at Geneva was that he was extremely devoted to a lady who lived there—a foreign lady—a person older than himself. Very few Americans—indeed I think none—had ever seen this lady, about whom there were some singular stories. But Winterbourne had an old attachment for the little metropolis of Calvinism;[5] he had been put to school there as a boy, and he had afterwards gone to college there—circumstances which had led to his forming a great many youthful friendships. Many of these he had kept, and they were a source of great satisfaction to him.

After knocking at his aunt's door and learning that she was indisposed, he had taken a walk about the town, and then he had come in to his breakfast. He had now finished his breakfast, but he was drinking a small cup of coffee, which had been served to him on a little table in the garden by one of the waiters, who looked like an *attaché*. At last he finished his coffee and lit a cigarette. Presently a small boy came walking along the path—an urchin of nine or ten. The child, who was diminutive for his years, had an aged expression of countenance, a pale complexion, and sharp little features. He was dressed in knickerbockers, with red stockings, which displayed his poor little spindleshanks; he also wore a brilliant red cravat. He carried in his hand a long alpenstock, the sharp point of which he thrust into everything that he approached—the flower-beds, the garden benches, the trains of the ladies' dresses. In front of Winterbourne he paused, looking at him with a pair of bright penetrating little eyes.

"Will you give me a lump of sugar?" he asked, in a sharp hard little voice—a voice immature, and yet, somehow, not young.

Winterbourne glanced at the small table near him, on which his coffee-service rested, and saw that several morsels of sugar remained. "Yes, you may take one," he answered; "but I don't think sugar is good for little boys."

This little boy stepped forward and carefully selected three of the coveted fragments, two of which he buried in the pocket of his knickerbockers, depositing the other as promptly in another place. He poked his alpenstock, lance-fashion, into Winterbourne's bench, and tried to crack the lump of sugar with his teeth.

"Oh, blazes; it's har-r-d!" he exclaimed, pronouncing the adjective in a peculiar manner.

Winterbourne had immediately perceived that he might have the honour of claiming him as a fellow-countryman. "Take care you don't hurt your teeth," he said, paternally.

"I haven't got any teeth to hurt. They have all come out. I have only got seven teeth. My mother counted them last night, and one came out right afterwards. She said she'd slap me if any more came out. I can't help it. It's this old Europe. It's the climate that makes them come out. In America they didn't come out. It's these hotels."

5. Geneva, after John Calvin (1509–1564), leader of the Protestant Reformation there.

Winterbourne was much amused. "If you eat three lumps of sugar your mother will certainly slap you," he said.

"She's got to give me some candy, then," rejoined his young interlocutor. "I can't get any candy here—any American candy. American candy's the best candy."

"And are American little boys the best little boys?" asked Winterbourne.

"I don't know. I'm an American boy," said the child.

"I see you are one of the best!" laughed Winterbourne.

"Are you an American man?" pursued this vivacious infant. And then, on Winterbourne's affirmative reply—"American men are the best," he declared.

His companion thanked him for the compliment; and the child, who had now got astride of his alpenstock, stood looking about him, while he attacked a second lump of sugar. Winterbourne wondered if he himself had been like this in his infancy, for he had been brought to Europe at about this age.

"Here comes my sister!" cried the child, in a moment. "She's an American girl."

Winterbourne looked along the path and saw a beautiful young lady advancing. "American girls are the best girls," he said, cheerfully, to his young companion.

"My sister ain't the best!" the child declared. "She's always blowing[6] at me."

"I imagine that is your fault, not hers," said Winterbourne. The young lady meanwhile had drawn near. She was dressed in white muslin, with a hundred frills and flounces, and knots of pale-coloured ribbon. She was bare-headed; but she balanced in her hand a large parasol, with a deep border of embroidery; and she was strikingly, admirably pretty. "How pretty they are!" thought Winterbourne, straightening himself in his seat, as if he were prepared to rise.

The young lady paused in front of his bench, near the parapet of the garden, which overlooked the lake. The little boy had now converted his alpenstock into a vaulting-pole, by the aid of which he was springing about in the gravel, and kicking it up not a little.

"Randolph," said the young lady, "What *are* you doing?"

"I'm going up the Alps," replied Randolph. "This is the way!" And he gave another little jump, scattering the pebbles about Winterbourne's ears.

"That's the way they come down," said Winterbourne.

"He's an American man!" cried Randolph, in his little hard voice.

The young lady gave no heed to this announcement, but looked straight at her brother. "Well, I guess you had better be quiet," she simply observed.

It seemed to Winterbourne that he had been in a manner presented. He got up and stepped slowly towards the young girl, throwing away his cigarette. "This little boy and I have made acquaintance," he said, with great civility. In Geneva, as he had been perfectly aware, a young man was not at liberty to speak to a young unmarried lady except under certain rarely-occurring conditions; but here at Vevey, what conditions could

6. Speaking angrily, yelling.