

OF PLACES *Literature*

FIFTH EDITION



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LANGUAGE ARTS SERIES

Of Places

Fifth Edition

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CLASSICS FOR CHRISTIANS

Each anthology in the Abeka literature series is a valuable tool to the Christian young person seeking to increase his knowledge of good literature. The student will be exposed to a wide variety of short stories, poems, essays, and plays from some of the finest writers of Western literature.


Works included in this series have been chosen for their literary and moral merit. Although Abeka may not endorse the entire contents of each selection or the work from which it is taken, selections reflect Christian principles with an emphasis on character-building and life-enriching themes.* Part of the learning process is developing proper discernment according to the truths of the Scripture, realizing that while a Christian may not be able to entirely approve of an author's beliefs, lifestyle, or work, he can appreciate the author's God-given talent.

Selections included in *Of Places* are intended to increase the student's appreciation of literature and help him develop a love for reading. The main goal of the text is to provide enjoyable prose and poetry for student reading.

**Some selections included in *Of Places* have been slightly edited to ensure that the work is appropriate for a Christian young person. Usually only a word or phrase had to be changed or omitted.*

HOW TO USE THIS TEXT

Of Places is a unique literature book with many features to make your study of literature interesting and successful. The most important feature is that literature is presented from a Christian perspective. Each selection encourages you to develop biblical discernment, to build good character, and to enhance your appreciation for well-written literature. Throughout the year, you will read portions from *A Tale of Two Cities*, *The Hiding Place*, and *The Golden Fleece*. These and other classic stories, along with many poems and plays, are exciting to read and study. Many of these selections are accompanied with beautiful and inviting illustrations.

Other features such as Check Your Speed, Think It Through, and literary-term boxes will help you develop important study habits and increase your admiration for literature. Think It Through questions, given at the end of all selections, offer questions that aid in developing comprehension skills as you read. Some selections include a reading icon  to suggest that you should read the entire work. Also included is a selection of literary terms that have been highlighted in special feature boxes to enhance your study of literature as you begin to learn the writer's craft. In the back of this book, you will find a Glossary that provides an easy reference for these terms. Additionally, the Index of Authors with their titles will help you find a selection quickly and match an author with his work.

from **Places**

SARA TEASDALE

As you read this poem, can you think of a place that makes you experience the same feelings as the poet?

Places I love come back to me like music,
 Hush me and heal me when I am very tired;
 I see the oak woods at Saxton's flaming
 In a flare of crimson by the frost newly fired;
 5 And I am thirsty for the spring in the valley
 As for a kiss ungiven and long desired.

I know a bright world of snowy hills at Boonton,*
 A blue and white dazzling light on everything one sees,
 The ice-covered branches of the hemlocks sparkle
 10 Bending low and tinkling in the sharp thin breeze,
 And iridescent crystals fall and crackle on the snow-crust
 With the winter sun drawing cold blue shadows from the trees.

* **Boonton**—a small town in New Jersey

**Theme**

The central idea which gives a work meaning

Think Through

1. How do the places that the poet reflects on make her feel?
2. What specific details of the places visited does Teasdale remember?
3. Based on the descriptions in the poem, what is the theme?

from
Men of Iron

HOWARD PYLE

The 1400s in England was an Age of Chivalry. A knight fought for his lord's lands and treasure, his lady's glory, and his own honor. Within the Court, Richard II has been dethroned by his cousin, Henry IV; and Lord Falworth, once a favorite of the king, has been tried, found guilty, and blinded for his allegiance to Richard. Under the authority of the Earl of Mackworth, Myles begins his training as a squire,¹ hoping one day to redeem his father's name, honor, and fortune.

For a little time there was a pause of deep silence, during which the fluttering leaves came drifting down from the broken arbor above.

It was the Lady Anne who first spoke. "Who art thou, and whence comest thou?" said she, tremulously.

Then Myles gathered himself up sheepishly. "My name is Myles Falworth," said he, "and I am one of the squires of the body."

"Oh! aye!" said the Lady Alice, suddenly. "Me thought I knew thy face. Art thou not the young man that I have seen in Lord George's train?"

"Yes, lady," said Myles, wrapping and twining a piece of the broken vine in and out among his fingers. "Lord George hath often had me of late about his person."

"And what dost thou do here, sirrah?" said Lady Anne, angrily. "How darest thou come so into our garden?"

"I meant not to come as I did," said Myles, clumsily, and with a face hot and red, "but I slipped over the top of the wall and fell hastily into the garden. Truly, lady, I meant ye no harm or fright thereby."

He looked so drolly abashed as he stood before them, with his clothes torn and soiled from the fall,



his face red, and his eyes downcast, all the while industriously twisting the piece of clematis² in and around his fingers, that Lady Anne's half-frightened anger could not last. She and her cousin exchanged glances, and smiled at one another.

"But," said she at last, trying to draw her pretty brows together into a frown, "tell me; why didst thou seek to climb the wall?"

"I came to seek a ball," said Myles, "which I struck over hither from the court beyond."

"And wouldst thou come into our privy³ garden for no better reason than to find a ball?" said the young lady.

"Nay," said Myles; "it was not so much to find the ball, but, in good sooth, I did truly strike it harder than need be, and so, gin I lost the ball, I could do no less than come and find it again, else our sport is done for the day. So it was I came hither."

¹ squire—a young man who is a noble by birth and can advance to a knight

² clematis—a climbing vine

³ privy—something private or secret

Protagonist

The main character or hero who is usually in conflict with the antagonist

Antagonist

An opposing character or rival in conflict with the protagonist

Note: As you read, see if you can determine the protagonist and the antagonist of the story.

The two young ladies had by now recovered from their fright. The Lady Anne slyly nudged her cousin with her elbow, and the younger could not suppress a half-nervous laugh. Myles heard it, and felt his face grow hotter and redder than ever.

"Nay," said Lady Anne, "I do believe Master Giles—"

"My name be'st Myles," corrected Myles.

"Very well, then, Master Myles; I say I do believe that thou meanest no harm in coming hither; ne'theless it was ill of thee so to do. An my father should find thee here, he would have thee shrewdly punished for such trespassing. Dost thou not know that no one is permitted to enter this place—no, not even my uncle George? One fellow who came hither to steal apples once had his ears shaven close to his head, and not more than a year ago one of the cook's men who climbed the wall early one morning was shot by the watchman."

"Aye," said Myles, "I knew of him who was shot, and it did go somewhat against my stomach to venture, knowing what had happed to him. Ne'theless, an I gat not the ball, how were we to play more today at the trap?"

"Marry, thou art a bold fellow, I do believe me," said the young lady, "and sin thou hast come in the face of such peril to get thy ball, thou shalt not go away empty. Whither didst thou strike it?"

"Over yonder by the cherry-tree," said Myles, jerking his head in that direction. "An I may go get it, I will trouble ye no more." As he spoke he made a motion to leave them.

"Stay!" said the Lady Anne, hastily; "remain where thou art. As thou cross the open, someone

may haply⁴ see thee from the house, and will give the alarm, and thou wilt be lost. I will go get thy ball."

And so she left Myles and her cousin, crossing the little plots of grass and skirting the rosebushes to the cherry-tree.

When Myles found himself alone with Lady Alice, he knew not where to look or what to do, but twisted the piece of clematis which he still held in and out more industriously than ever.

Lady Alice watched him with dancing eyes for a little while. "Haply thou wilt spoil that poor vine," said she by-and-by, breaking the silence and laughing, then turning suddenly serious again. "Didst thou hurt thyself by thy fall?"

"Nay," said Myles, looking up; "such a fall as that was no great matter. Many and many a time I have had worse."

"Hast thou so?" said the Lady Alice. "Thou didst fright me parlously,⁵ and my coz likewise."

Myles hesitated for a moment, and then blurted out, "Thereat I grieve, for thee I would not fright for all the world."

The young lady laughed and blushed. "All the world is a great matter," said she.

"Yea," said he, "it is a great matter; but it is a greater matter to fright thee, and so I would not do it for that, and more."

The young lady laughed again, but she did not say anything further, and a space of silence fell so long that by-and-by she forced herself to say, "My cousin findeth not the ball presently."

"Nay," said Myles, briefly, and then again neither spoke, until by-and-by the Lady Anne came, bringing the ball. Myles felt a great sense of relief at that coming, and yet was somehow sorry. Then he took the ball, and knew enough to bow his acknowledgment in a manner neither ill nor awkward.

"Didst thou hurt thyself?" asked Lady Anne.

"Nay," said Myles, giving himself a shake; "seest thou not I be whole, limb and bone? Nay, I have had shrewdly worse falls than that. Once I fell out of an oak-tree down by the river and upon a root, and bethought me I did break a rib or more. And then one time when I was a boy in Crosbey-Dale—that was where I lived before I came hither—I did

⁴haply—by chance or by accident.

⁵parlously—greatly

catch me hold of the blade of the windmill, thinking it was moving slowly, and that I would have a ride i' th' air, and so was like to have had a fall ten thousand times worse than this."

"Oh, tell us more of that!" said the Lady Anne, eagerly. "I did never hear of such an adventure as that. Come, coz, and sit down here upon the bench, and let us have him tell us all of that happening."

Now the lads upon the other side of the wall had been whistling furtively for some time, not knowing whether Myles had broken his neck or had come off scot-free from his fall. "I would like right well to stay with ye," said he, irresolutely, "and would gladly tell ye that and more an ye would have me to do so; but hear ye not my friends call me from beyond? Mayhap⁶ they think I break my back, and are calling to see whether I be alive or no. An I might whistle them answer and toss me this ball to them, all would then be well, and they would know that I was not hurt, and so, haply, would go away."

"Then answer them," said the Lady Anne, "and tell us of that thing thou spokest of anon—how thou tookest a ride upon the windmill. We young ladies do hear little of such matters, not being allowed to talk with lads. All that we hear of perils are of knights and ladies and jousting, and such like. It would pleasure us right well to have thee tell of thy adventures."

So Myles tossed back the ball, and whistled in answer to his friends.

Then he told the two young ladies not only of his adventure upon the windmill, but also of other boyish escapades, and told them well, with a straightforward smack and vigor, for he enjoyed adventure and loved to talk of it. In a little while he had regained his ease; his shyness and awkwardness left him, and nothing remained but the delightful fact that he was really and actually talking to two young ladies, and that with just as much ease and infinitely more pleasure than could be had in discourse with his fellow-squires. But at last it was time for him to go. "Marry," said he, with a half-sigh, "methinks I did never ha' so sweet and pleasant a time in all my life before. Never did I know a real lady to talk with, saving only my mother, and I do tell ye plain methinks I would



rather talk with ye than with any he in Christendom—saving, perhaps, only my friend Gascoyne. I would I might come hither again."

The honest frankness of his speech was irresistible; the two girls exchanged glances and then began laughing. "Truly," said Lady Anne, who, as was said before, was some three or four years older than Myles, "thou art a bold lad to ask such a thing. How wouldst thou come hither? Wouldst tumble through our clematis arbor again, as thou didst this day?"

"Nay," said Myles, "I would not do that again, but if ye will bid me do so, I will find the means to come hither."

"Nay," said Lady Anne, "I dare not bid thee do such a foolhardy thing. Nevertheless, if thou hast the courage to come—"

"Yea," said Myles, eagerly, "I have the courage."

"Then, if thou hast so, we will be here in the garden on Saturday next at this hour. I would like right well to hear more of thy adventures. But what didst thou say was thy name? I have forgot it again."

"It is Myles Falworth."

"Then we shall yclep⁷ thee Sir Myles, for thou art a soothly errant-knight. And stay! Every knight must have a lady to serve. How wouldst thou like my Cousin Alice here for thy true lady?"

"Aye," said Myles, eagerly, "I would like it right well." And then he blushed fiery red at his boldness.

⁶mayhap—perhaps

⁷yclep—call



A Pilot's Needs

from *Life on the Mississippi*

SAMUEL CLEMENS (MARK TWAIN)

Like thousands of others across the country, the boys of Hannibal, Missouri—including Samuel Clemens—dreamed of working on a steamboat. Of all the coveted steamboat jobs, the most envied position was that of a pilot. Young Samuel's desire to become a pilot led him to run away from home and find a job as a cub pilot on the mighty Mississippi. This story tells how the chief pilot, Mr. Bixby, taught Samuel a valuable lesson about the need for courage.

There is one faculty which a pilot must incessantly cultivate until he has brought it to absolute perfection. Nothing short of perfection will do. That faculty is memory. He cannot stop with merely thinking a thing is so and so; he must *know* it; for it is eminently¹ one of the “exact” sciences. With what scorn a pilot was looked upon,

in the old times, if he ever ventured to deal in that feeble phrase “I think,” instead of the vigorous one “I know!”

One cannot easily realize what a tremendous thing it is to know every trivial detail of twelve hundred miles of river and know it with absolute exactness. If you will take the longest street in New York, and travel up and down it, conning its features patiently until you know every house and

¹eminently—definitely

CHECK YOUR SPEED

Minutes / Seconds	12:34	10:46	9:26	8:23	7:32	6:17	5:23	4:43
Words Per Minute	150	175	200	225	250	300	350	400

Number of Words in Story: 1,885

Think Through

1. Who was the chief pilot of the steamboat?
2. Give and explain the three qualities that every steamboat pilot must have.
3. Before going below the deck, what did the chief pilot ask Samuel?
4. How did the chief pilot's question affect Samuel?
5. What lesson did Samuel learn that day on the river?

MEET THE Author



Samuel L. Clemens (1835–1910), better known as Mark Twain, was born and raised in Missouri. He was an American writer, publisher, lecturer, and pilot. Because of his detailed yet clever and witty writing, Mark Twain has become a literary icon and is sometimes called “the Father of American Literature.” When Twain was just twelve years old, his father died, forcing Twain to quit school and to get a job. He was fourteen when he began working for his brother’s newspaper and learned that he enjoyed writing. Mark

Twain also took an interest in the steamboat and became an apprentice to a river pilot at the age of seventeen. Shortly after, he became a licensed steamboat pilot on the Mississippi River. However, once the Civil War began, Twain stopped piloting and began working as a newspaper reporter. His name first gained popularity when his story “The Celebrated Jumping Frog of Calaveras County” was published in the New York *Saturday Press*. His writing career quickly developed resulting in his first published book *The Innocents Abroad*. Being inspired by his life in Missouri and on the Mississippi River, Mark Twain wrote two American classic novels, *The Adventures of Tom Sawyer* and *The Adventures of Huckleberry Finn*. Throughout his life, Mark Twain wrote twenty-eight books along with several short stories and sketches, making him one of the most famous writers in America.

The Lady of Shalott

ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON

Tennyson's popular poem tells the story of the Lady of Shalott—a woman who is content with the muted shadow-world seen in her mirror until the reflection of the vivid, vigorous Sir Lancelot startles her into viewing the world directly.

Part I

Assonance and Consonance

- On either side the river lie
Long fields of barley and of rye,
That clothe the wold¹ and meett the sky;
And thro' the field the road runs by
5 To many-tower'd Camelot;²
And up and down the people go,
Gazing where the lilies blow
Round an island there below,
The island of Shalott.
- 10 Willows whiten, aspens quiver,
Little breezes dusk and shiver
Thro' the wave that runs forever
By the island in the river
Flowing down to Camelot.
- 15 Four gray walls, and four gray towers,
Overlook a space of flowers,
And the silent isle imbowers³
The Lady of Shalott.

- By the margin, willow-veil'd,
20 Side the heavy barges⁴ trail'd
By slow horses; and unhail'd
The shallop⁵ flitteth silken-sail'd
Skimming down to Camelot.
But who hath seen her wave her hand?
25 Or at the casement⁶ seen her stand?
Or is she known in all the land,
The Lady of Shalott?
- Only reapers, reaping early
In among the bearded barley,
30 Hear a song that echoes cheerly
From the river winding clearly
Down to tower'd Camelot:
And by the moon the reaper weary,
Piling sheaves in uplands airy,
35 Listening, whispers, " 'Tis the fairy
Lady of Shalott."

¹ wold (wɔld)—a rolling plain; moor

² Camelot—the legendary town on the island of Great Britain where King Arthur had his court

³ imbowers (ɪmˈboʊˈɔːz)—embowers; to enclose in a bower; a woman's private room in a medieval castle

⁴ barges—large, flat-bottomed freight boats drawn by horses along riverbanks

⁵ shallop (ʃəlˈɒp)—a light pleasure boat

⁶ casement—a type of window

Assonance

The repetition of initial vowel sounds

Consonance

The repetition of final consonant sounds

Part II

There she weaves by night and day
A magic web⁷ with colours gay.
She has heard a whisper say,
40 A curse is on her if she stay
 To look down to Camelot.
She knows not what the curse may be,
And so she weaveth steadily,
And little other care hath she,
45 The Lady of Shalott.

And moving thro' a mirror clear
That hangs before her all the year,
Shadows of the world appear.
There she sees the highway near
50 Winding down to Camelot:
There the river eddy whirls,
And there the surly⁸ village churls,⁹
And the red cloaks of market girls,
Pass onward from Shalott.

55 Sometimes a troop of damsels glad,
An abbot¹⁰ on an ambling pad,¹¹
Sometimes a curly shepherd lad,
Or long-hair'd page¹² in crimson clad,
 Goes by to tower'd Camelot:
60 And sometimes thro' the mirror blue
The knights come riding two and two:
She hath no loyal knight and true,
The Lady of Shalott.

But in her web she still delights
65 To weave the mirror's magic sights,
For often through the silent nights
A funeral, with plumes and lights
 And music, went to Camelot:
Or when the moon was overhead,
70 Came two young lovers lately wed:
"I am half sick of shadows," said
The Lady of Shalott.

Part III

A bow-shot from her bower-eaves,
He rode between the barley-sheaves,
75 The sun came dazzling thro' the leaves,
And flamed upon the brazen greaves¹³
 Of bold Sir Lancelot.
A red-cross knight¹⁴ forever kneel'd
To a lady in his shield,
80 That sparkled on the yellow field,
Beside remote Shalott.

The gemmy¹⁵ bridle glitter'd free,
Like to some branch of stars we see
Hung in the golden Galaxy.
85 The bridle bells rang merrily
 As he rode down to Camelot:
And from his blazon'd¹⁶ baldrick¹⁷ slung,
A mighty silver bugle hung,
And as he rode his armour rung,
90 Beside remote Shalott.

⁷ **web**—a woven fabric made on a loom

⁸ **surly** (sūr'le)—bad-tempered

⁹ **churls** (chūrlz)—in medieval England, men without rank

¹⁰ **abbot** (āb'at)—the head of a monastery

¹¹ **pad**—an easy-paced riding horse

¹² **page**—a boy training for knighthood

¹³ **brazen greaves** (brā'zən grevz)—brass plates of armor worn below the knees

¹⁴ **red-cross knight**—a knight wearing the royal banner of medieval England; the symbol of St. George, patron saint of England, who is said to have slain a dragon and rescued a maiden from being sacrificed.

¹⁵ **gemmy**—studded with jewels

¹⁶ **blazon'd**—decorated with a coat of arms

¹⁷ **baldrick** (bald'rik)—a belt worn diagonally across the chest to support a bugle

fastening their trunks! For on the morrow they were to leave the country, never to return. Nevertheless, his courage did not falter; not a single lesson was omitted. After writing came history, and then the little ones sang their “Ba, Be, Bi, Bo, Bu,” together. Old Hauser, at the back of the room, had put on his spectacles, and, holding his primer in both hands, was spelling out the letters with the little ones. He, too, was absorbed in his task; his voice trembled with emotion, and it was so comical to hear him that we all wanted to laugh and to cry at the same moment. Ah, never shall I forget that last lesson!

Suddenly, the church clock struck twelve, and then the Angelus²¹ was heard.

²¹ **Angelus** (ān'jē-ləs)—a bell rung for prayers

At the same moment, a trumpet blast under our window announced that the Prussians were returning from drill. Monsieur Hamel rose in his chair. He was very pale, but never before had he seemed to me so tall as at that moment.

“My friends—” he said. “My friends—I—I—”

But something choked him. He could not finish.

Then he took a piece of chalk and, grasping it with all his strength, wrote in his largest hand: *Vive la France!*²²

He remained standing at the blackboard, his head resting against the wall. He did not speak again, but a motion of his hand said to us:

“That is all. You are dismissed.”

²² **Vive la France!** (vēv lā frāns)—Long live France!

CHECK YOUR SPEED

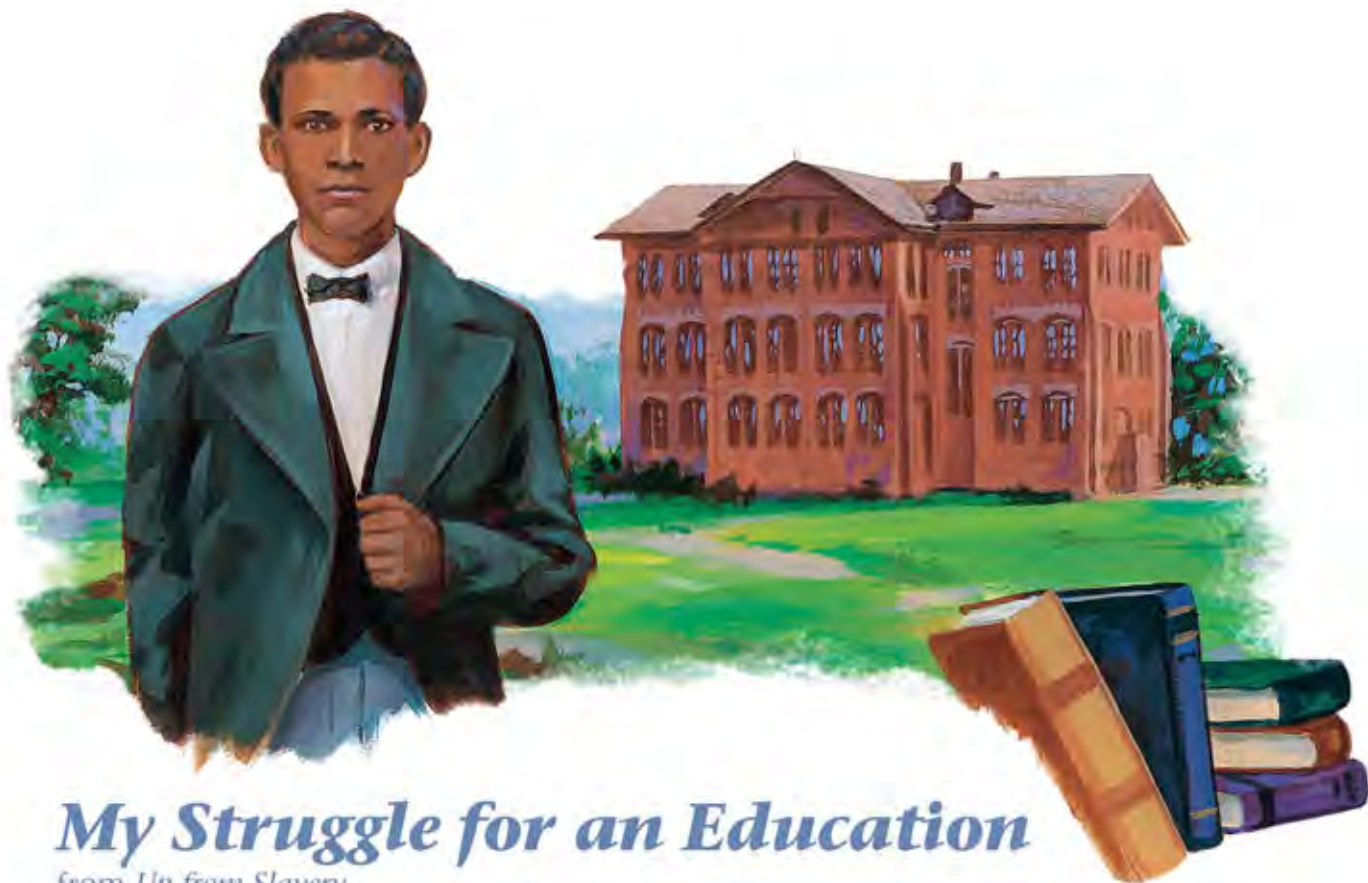
Minutes / Seconds	12:33	10:46	9:25	8:22	7:32	6:17	5:23	4:42
Words Per Minute	150	175	200	225	250	300	350	400

Number of Words in Story: 1,883

Think Through

1. How does the author let the reader know that something unusual is going to happen on this day?
2. How does the author show the influence of this day on the villagers? What are the far-reaching effects of the Prussian proclamation?
3. Describe how the schoolmaster was different on this day.
4. How did Franz's attitude about school change?
5. Why did Monsieur Hamel write “Vive la France!” on the chalkboard?
6. How does the following quotation by Robert Burton, an English churchman and scholar, apply to the theme of this story?

“He that will not when he may,
When he will he shall have nay.”



My Struggle for an Education

from Up from Slavery

BOOKER T. WASHINGTON

He had been born a slave, but Booker T. Washington was determined to work hard and learn as much as he could. Fired with the desire to attend Hampton Institute, he began the long journey that would take him to the school's doorstep. Would he be prepared to pass the peculiar entrance examination that awaited him?

One day, while at work in the coal-mine, I happened to overhear two miners talking about a great school for coloured people somewhere in Virginia. This was the first time that I had ever heard anything about any kind of school or college that was more pretentious¹ than the little coloured school in our town.

In the darkness of the mine I noiselessly crept as close as I could to the two men who were talking. I heard one tell the other that not only was the

school established for the members of my race, but that opportunities were provided by which poor but worthy students could work out all or a part of the cost of board, and at the same time be taught some trade or industry.

As they went on describing the school, it seemed to me that it must be the greatest place

Irony

The use of words to convey the opposite of their literal meaning

¹pretentious (prē-tēn'shəs)—claiming to be worthy of distinction; showy



The Good Samaritan

LUKE 10:29-37

And who is my neighbour?

And Jesus answering said, A certain man went down from Jerusalem to Jericho, and fell among thieves, which stripped him of his raiment, and wounded him, and departed, leaving him half dead.

And by chance there came down a certain priest that way: and when he saw him, he passed by on the other side.

And likewise a Levite, when he was at the place, came and looked on him, and passed by on the other side.

But a certain Samaritan, as he journeyed, came where he was: and when he saw him, he had compassion on him,

And went to him, and bound up his wounds, pouring in oil and wine, and set him on his own beast, and brought him to an inn, and took care of him.

And on the morrow when he departed, he took out two pence, and gave them to the host, and said unto him, Take care of him; and whatsoever thou spendest more, when I come again, I will repay thee.

Which now of these three, thinkest thou, was neighbour unto him that fell among the thieves?

And he said, He that shewed mercy on him. Then said Jesus unto him, Go, and do thou likewise.



The Adventure of the Three Students

SIR ARTHUR CONAN DOYLE

Three college students prepare to take an examination for a prized scholarship. When one student slips into the professor's office and copies the examination, what he is not expecting is the legendary detective Sherlock Holmes. Holmes and his assistant Dr. Watson have arrived to discover which of the three students has cheated, but they have to discover him before the examination takes place the next morning.

It was in the year '95 that a combination of events, into which I need not enter, caused Mr. Sherlock Holmes and myself to spend some weeks in one of our great University towns, and it was during this time that the small but instructive adventure which I am about to relate befell us. It will be obvious that any details which would help the reader to exactly identify the college or the criminal would be injudicious¹ and offensive. So painful a scandal may well be allowed to die out. With due discretion the incident itself may, however, be described, since it serves to illustrate some of those

qualities for which my friend was remarkable. I will endeavor, in my statement, to avoid such terms as would serve to limit the events to any particular place, or give a clue as to the people concerned.

We were residing at the time in furnished lodgings close to a library where Sherlock Holmes was pursuing some laborious researches in early English charters—researches which led to results so striking that they may be the subject of one of my future narratives. Here it was that one evening we received a visit from an acquaintance, Mr. Hilton Soames, tutor and lecturer at the College of St. Luke's. Mr. Soames was a tall, spare man, of a nervous and excitable temperament. I had always known him to be restless

¹injudicious (in 'joo·dish'əs)—with lack of judgment

in his manner, but on this particular occasion he was in such a state of uncontrollable agitation that it was clear something very unusual had occurred.

"I trust, Mr. Holmes, that you can spare me a few hours of your valuable time. We have had a very painful incident at St. Luke's, and really, but for the happy chance of your being in town, I should have been at a loss what to do."

"I am very busy just now, and I desire no distractions," my friend answered. "I should much prefer that you called in the aid of the police."

"No, no, my dear sir, such a course is utterly impossible. This is just one of those cases where, for the credit of the college, it is most essential to avoid scandal. Your discretion is as well known as your powers, and you are the one man in the world who can help me. I beg you, Mr. Holmes, to do what you can."

My friend's temper had not improved since he had been deprived of the congenial surroundings of Baker Street. Without his scrap-books, his chemicals, and his homely untidiness, he was an uncomfortable man. He shrugged his shoulders in ungracious acquiescence,² while our visitor in hurried words and with much excitable gesticulation³ poured forth his story.

"I must explain to you, Mr. Holmes, that tomorrow is the first day of the examination for the Fortescue Scholarship. I am one of the examiners. My subject is Greek, and the first of the papers consists of a large passage of Greek translation which the candidate has not seen. This passage is printed on the examination paper, and it would naturally be an immense advantage if the candidate could prepare it in advance. For this reason, great care is taken to keep the paper secret.

"Today, about three o'clock, the proofs of this paper arrived from the printers. The exercise consists of half a chapter of Thucydides. I had to read it over carefully, as the text must be absolutely correct. At four-thirty my task was not yet completed. I had, however, promised to take tea in a friend's rooms, so I left the proof upon my desk. I was absent rather more than an hour.

"You are aware, Mr. Holmes, that our college doors are double—a green baize⁴ one within and a heavy oak one without. As I approached my outer door, I was amazed to see a key in it. For an instant I imagined that I had left my own there, but on feeling in my pocket I found that it was all right. The only duplicate which existed, so far as I knew, was that which belonged to my servant, Bannister—a man who has looked after my room for ten years, and whose honesty is absolutely above suspicion. I found that the key was indeed his, that he had entered my room to know if I wanted tea, and that he had very carelessly left the key in the door when he came out. His visit to my room must have been within a very few minutes of my leaving it. His forgetfulness about the key would have mattered little upon any other occasion, but on this one day it has produced the most deplorable⁵ consequences.

"The moment I looked at my table, I was aware that someone had rummaged among my papers. The proof was in three long slips. I had left them all together. Now, I found that one of them was lying on the floor, one was on the side table near the window, and the third was where I had left it."

Holmes stirred for the first time.

"The first page on the floor, the second in the window, the third where you left it," said he.

"Exactly, Mr. Holmes. You amaze me. How could you possibly know that?"

"Pray continue your very interesting statement."

"For an instant I imagined that Bannister had taken the unpardonable liberty of examining my papers. He denied it, however, with the utmost earnestness, and I am convinced that he was speaking the truth. The alternative was that someone passing had observed the key in the door, had known that I was out, and had entered to look at the papers. A large sum of money is at stake, for the scholarship is a very valuable one, and an unscrupulous⁶ man might very well run a risk in order to gain an advantage over his fellows.

"Bannister was very much upset by the incident. He had nearly fainted when we found that

²acquiescence (äk-wé-és'əns)—passive agreement

³gesticulation (jé-stík-yə-lā'shan)—dramatic gesture

⁴baize—coarse material of wool or cotton

⁵deplorable—severe; unfortunate

⁶unscrupulous (ün-skroō'pyə-ləs)—dishonorable

Dialogue

A conversation between two or more characters

the papers had undoubtedly been tampered with. I gave him a little water and left him collapsed in a chair, while I made a most careful examination of the room. I soon saw that the intruder had left other traces of his presence besides the crumpled papers. On the table in the window were several shreds from a pencil which had been sharpened. A broken tip of lead was lying there also. Evidently the rascal had copied the paper in a great hurry, had broken his pencil, and had been compelled to put a fresh point to it."

"Excellent!" said Holmes, who was recovering his good-humor as his attention became more engrossed by the case. "Fortune has been your friend."

"This was not all. I have a new writing-table with a fine surface of red leather. I am prepared to swear, and so is Bannister, that it was smooth and unstained. Now I found a clean cut in it about three inches long—not a mere scratch, but a positive cut. Not only this, but on the table I found a small ball of black dough or clay, with specks of something which looks like sawdust in it. I am convinced that these marks were left by the man who rifled the papers. There were no footmarks and no other evidence as to his identity. I was at my wits' ends, when suddenly the happy thought occurred to me that you were in the town, and I came straight round to put the matter into your hands. Do help me, Mr. Holmes. You see my dilemma. Either I must find the man or else the examination must be postponed until fresh papers are prepared, and since this cannot be done without explanation, there will ensue a hideous scandal, which will throw a cloud not only on the college, but on the university. Above all things, I desire to settle the matter quietly and discreetly."

"I shall be happy to look into it and to give you such advice as I can," said Holmes, rising and putting on his overcoat. "The case is not entirely devoid of interest. Had anyone visited you in your room after the papers came to you?"

"Yes, young Daulat Ras, an Indian student, who lives on the same stair, came in to ask me some particulars about the examination."

"For which he was entered?"

"Yes."

"And the papers were on your table?"

"To the best of my belief, they were rolled up."

"But might be recognized as proofs?"

"Possibly."

"No one else in your room?"

"No."

"Did anyone know that these proofs would be there?"

"No one save the printer."

"Did this man Bannister know?"

"No, certainly not. No one knew."

"Where is Bannister now?"

"He was very ill, poor fellow. I left him collapsed in the chair. I was in such a hurry to come to you."

"You left your door open?"

"I locked up the papers first."

"Then it amounts to this, Mr. Soames, that, unless, the Indian student recognized the roll as being proofs, the man who tampered with them came upon them accidentally without knowing that they were there."

"So it seems to me."

Holmes gave an enigmatic⁷ smile.

"Well," said he, "let us go round. Not one of your cases, Watson—mental, not physical. All right; come if you want to. Now, Mr. Soames—at your disposal!"

The sitting-room of our client opened by a long, low, latticed window on to the ancient lichen-tinted court of the old college. A Gothic arched door led to a worn stone staircase. On the ground floor was the tutor's room. Above were three students, one on each story. It was already twilight when we reached the scene of our problem. Holmes halted and looked earnestly at the window. Then he approached it, and, standing on tip-toe with his neck craned, he looked into the room.

"He must have entered through the door. There is no opening except the one pane," said our learned guide.

"Dear me!" said Holmes, and he smiled in a singular way as he glanced at our companion. "Well, if there is nothing to be learned here, we had best go inside."

⁷enigmatic (ĕn'ig·măt'ik)—mysterious

- An' one time a little girl'ud allus⁵ laugh an' grin,
 20 An' make fun of ever' one, an' all her blood-an'-kin;
 An' wunst, when they was "company," an' ole folks wuz there,
 She mocked 'em an' shocked 'em, an' said she didn't care!
 An' thist as she kicked her heels, an' turn't to run an' hide,
 They wuz two great big Black Things a-standin' by her side,
 25 An' they snatched her through the ceilin' fore she knowed what she's about!
 An' the Gobble-uns'll git you

Ef you Don't Watch Out!

- An' little Orphant Annie says, when the blaze is blue,
 An' the lamp-wick sputters, an' the wind goes woo-oo!
 30 An' you hear the crickets quit, an' the moon is gray,
 An' the lightnin'-bugs in dew is all squenched away,—
 You better mind yer parunts an' yer teachurs fond an' dear,
 An' churish them 'at loves you, an' dry the orphant's tear,
 An' he'p the pore an' needy ones 'at clusters all about,
 35 Er the Gobble-uns'll git you

Ef you Don't Watch Out!

⁵ allus—always

Think Through

1. What were Annie's duties in the house? Why was she there, and how was she paid?
2. What happened to the children in Annie's stories who did not behave correctly? Why did Annie tell these stories?

MEET THE Author



James Whitcomb Riley (1849–1916) was interested in poetry and novels. He worked at many odd jobs until his own writing—especially his poems—started to become well read. Riley excelled at composing humorous, easy-to-understand poetry that often dealt with small-town America or his own childhood in Indiana. Riley was one of the first American poets to use dialect in his writing, earning the nickname the “Hoosier Poet” because of his excellent imitation of the many rural dialects of his boyhood state. “Little Orphant Annie,” “When the Frost Is on the Punkin,” and “The Raggedy Man” are a few of his popular poems.



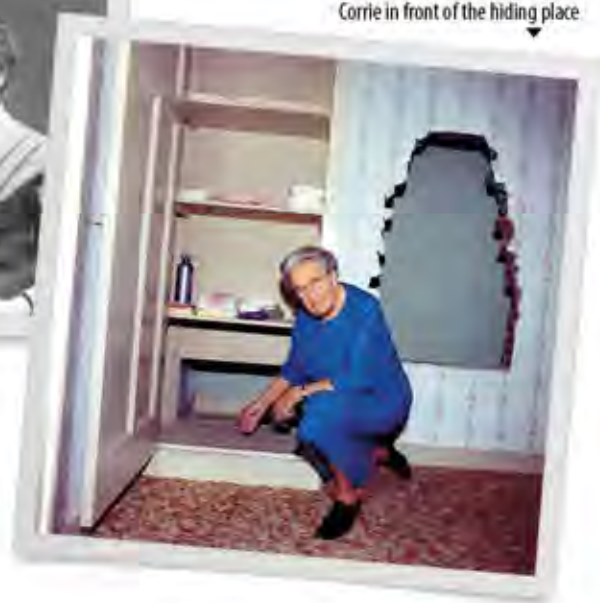
◀ The ten Boom family (Left to Right):
Nollie, Corrie, Casper, Cornia, Willem, Betsie

The Raid

from *The Hiding Place*

CORRIE TEN BOOM

with John and Elizabeth Sherrill



Corrie in front of the hiding place

Not long after the German invasion of Holland in World War II, the ten Boom family was shocked to see the persecution and disappearance of their Jewish friends and neighbors at the hands of the Nazi invaders. Corrie ten Boom and her sister Betsie, already in their late fifties, along with their elderly father became part of the Dutch underground system used to hide and protect Jews. It was a dangerous undertaking, but God gave these two middle-aged women and their father courage, strength, and grace to protect "the apple of God's eye" as Mr. ten Boom called the Jewish people. For nearly two years, a steady stream of "guests" stopped at the old house in Harlaam. But how long would it be before the Gestapo found them out?

At the sound of someone in my room I opened my eyes painfully. It was Eusie, carrying up his bedding and night clothes to store in the secret room. Behind him came Mary and Thea with their bundles.

I shut my eyes again. It was the morning of February 28, 1944. For two days I had been in bed with influenza. My head throbbed, my joints were on fire. Every little sound, Mary's wheeze, the scrape of the secret panel, made me want to shriek. I heard Hank and Meta come in, then Eusie's laugh as he handed the day things out to the others through the low door. I drifted back to sleep.

The next thing I knew, Betsie was standing at the foot of the bed, a steaming cup of herb tea in

her hand. "I'm sorry to wake you, Corrie. But there's a man down in the shop who insists he will only talk to you."

"Who is he?"

"He says he's from Ermelo.¹ I've never seen him before."

I sat up shakily. "That's all right. I have to get up anyway. Tomorrow the new ration cards come."

I sipped the scalding tea, then struggled to my feet. There by the bed lay my prison bag, packed and ready as it had been since the summons from the chief of police. In fact I'd been adding to it.

¹ Ermelo—a small town in the Netherlands