

A 6-Week Class

Using Adam Andrew's

Teaching the Classics Seminar

By Jill Pike

This class is suitable for middle and high school students. Plan on completing one lesson per week. You will need the Teaching the Classics DVD and Workbook available. See: www.excellenceinwriting.com/tcs

To complete this seminar you will need a *Teaching the Classics* workbook and the DVDs. You do not need to prepare for the class if you are going to let the DVDs do the teaching. It will be as gentle an entry into the world of literary analysis for you as for your students.

The first part of this document contains the Teacher's Notes for this 6-week class. They are followed by the stories from the Teaching the Classics workbook. Finally, the *Student Pages* with homework assignments and more stories to practice on are located at the end of this document.

Lesson	In Class	Homework
1	<i>Teaching the Classics</i> Seminar Session 1: Preparation for Literary Analysis	Read and note the style in “The Ransom of Red Chief” by O. Henry. Look up unfamiliar vocabulary.
2	Vocabulary Quiz 1 Review homework. <i>Teaching the Classics</i> Seminar Session 2: Plot and Conflict	Plot diagram on the O. Henry story and answer homework questions related to the plot and conflict.
3	Review homework. <i>Teaching the Classics</i> Seminar Session 3: Setting	Answer the homework questions on setting related to “After Twenty Years” by O. Henry.
4	Review homework. <i>Teaching the Classics</i> Seminar Session 4: Character	Answer the homework questions on character related to “The Cop and the Anthem” by O. Henry.
5	Review homework. <i>Teaching the Classics</i> Seminar Session 5: Theme	Answer the homework questions on theme related to any of the O. Henry stories studied.
6	Review homework. <i>Teaching the Classics</i> Seminar Session 6: Practicum	No homework unless you want to begin working on the writing element of <i>Teaching the Classics</i> as described on page 60 and following of the <i>Teaching the Classics</i> workbook.

Lesson 1 Teacher’s Notes

Session 1: Style

Handouts Needed

A copy of “Paul Revere’s Ride” for each student copied from the *Teaching the Classics* seminar workbook.
Provide each student with a copy of the Student Materials at the end of this document.

The Class

Watch Session 1 of *Teaching the Classics* (1½ hours). You may wish to do the “Style Discussion” live, but do watch the bit on “Longfellow” at the end of the discussion.

Note: Adam Andrews does a fair amount of reading from the syllabus during the first part of this DVD. He will not do this throughout the course, so do not let that discourage you. The rest of the seminar will be much more engaging.

Disc 1—Session 1: Preparing for Literary Analysis	
Introduction	00:00
Why Literature	12:08
Context/Authorship	26:18
5 Elements of Fiction	37:06
Literary Style	45:56
Paul Revere’s Ride	51:17
Style Discussion	58:44
Longfellow	1:24:33
End Session 1	1:31:30

Read through the homework assignment sheet with the students. Be sure they understand what is expected of them and that there will be a vocabulary quiz at the beginning of the next class.

Homework

Read “The Ransom of Red Chief” by O. Henry. Answer the questions on style on the homework sheet. Be sure to look up vocabulary words and information on the author.

Handouts Needed

A copy of "The Tale of Peter Rabbit" for each student copied from the *Teaching the Classics* seminar workbook.
 "The Ransom of Red Chief" Vocabulary Quiz (see page 5 of these notes)

The Class

Give the students the quiz on vocabulary in "The Ransom of Red Chief." Students may use their notes for the quiz. Have the students hand in their quizzes.

Discuss literary terms found in "The Ransom of Red Chief." Review what you discovered about O. Henry and how it might apply to the story. Suggestions are below. Have the students hand in their homework sheets after the discussion. They should keep their story since they will need it again.

Watch Session 2 of *Teaching the Classics* (1 hour). Conduct the "Plot Discussion" live, if desired.

Disc 2—Session 2: Plot and Conflict	
Socratic Method	00:00
Socratic List	8:57
Plot and Conflict	16:08
Peter Rabbit	24:28
Plot Discussion	30:46
Plot in <i>Mockingbird</i>	49:39
End Session 2	56:31

Go over the homework sheet for Lesson 2, and be sure students know what to complete at home.

Homework

Complete the homework by creating a plot diagram of "The Ransom of Red Chief." By hand, copy the diagram used with *The Tale of Peter Rabbit*, and answer the plot questions for discussion next week.

Vocabulary Quiz Answers

flannel-cake	pancake
philoprogenitive	producing many offspring, loving children
somnolent	sleepy
lackadaisical	lacking life, spirit, zest
depredation	to plunder

Other Unusual Words in "The Ransom of Red Chief"

undeleterious	healthy, full of well-being
fraudulent	acting with deceit, full of lies
maypole	pole with ribbons for dancing around in a celebration
joint capital	the amount of money that they have between them
diatribe	a prolonged discourse, or bitter or abusive writing
bas-relief	sculptural relief in which the projection from the surrounding surface is slight and no part of the modeled form is undercut
welterweight	a weight class for a boxer weighing between 140–147 lbs.
court plaster	cloth coated with an adhesive substance and used to cover cuts or scratches on the skin
incontinently	uncontrollably
reconnoiter	to make an exploratory military survey of enemy territory
contiguous	touching or in a row
somnolent	inclined to or heavy with sleep
niggerhead	an antiquated logging and trucking term for a large round rock or outcropping of rocks usually on an unpaved roadbed that could damage a vehicle
proclivity	an inclination or predisposition toward something ; <i>especially</i> : a strong inherent inclination toward something objectionable
peremptory	putting an end to a delay; specifically: not providing an opportunity to show cause why one should not comply--also: expressive of urgency or command
porous plaster	What is funny about this is that a porous plaster is one that is medicinal in nature. The boy was anything but medicinal, unless he cleansed the men from any further desire to ever kidnap anyone!

Literary Style in “The Ransom of Red Chief”

Onomatopoeia

- screeching: ‘Hist! pard,’ in mine and Bill’s ears, the fancied crackle of a twig or the rustle of a leaf revealed to his young imagination the stealthy approach of the outlaw band.

Alliteration

- sylvan attitude of somnolent sleepiness
- piece of paper into it and pedals
- sum and substance

Imagery

- There was a town down there, *as flat as a flannel-cake, and called Summit*, of course. (visual: flat but called “Summit”—opposites)
- The kid was in the street, throwing rocks at a kitten on the opposite fence. (visual: cruelty)
- but there is a look of ineffable peace and growing content on his rose-pink features (visual: like a baby)
- clustered around a Maypole (gives the feeling of simplicity and innocence)
- They weren’t yells, or howls, or shouts, or whoops, or yawps, such as you’d expect from a manly set of vocal organs--they were simply indecent, terrifying, humiliating screams, such as women emit when they see ghosts or caterpillars. It’s an awful thing to hear a strong, desperate, fat man scream incontinently in a cave at daybreak. (sound: inhuman suffering on account of a 9-year-old boy!)
- Bill wobbled out into the little glade. (visual: rather pathetic)

Simile (these are only a few—there are many more!)

- It contained inhabitants of as undeleterious and self-satisfied a class of peasantry as ever clustered around a Maypole.
- hair the colour of the cover of the magazine you buy at the news-stand when you want to catch a train (red!)
- put up a fight like a welter-weight cinnamon bear
- such as women emit when they see ghosts or caterpillars
- like a horse gives out when you take his saddle off
- he started up a howl like a calliope and fastened himself as tight as a leech to Bill’s leg
- like a porous plaster
- like magic-lantern views of Palestine in the town hall

Metaphor

- forty-pound chunk of freckled wildcat

Allusion

- Weekly Farmers’ Budget
- such as David might have emitted when he knocked out the champion Goliath
- King Herod
- play the Russian in a Japanese war (The embarrassing string of defeats increased Russian popular dissatisfaction with the inefficient and corrupt Tsarist government and proved a major cause of the Russian Revolution of 1905.)
- Great pirates of Penzance (orphan pirates that are really noblemen gone wrong)
- Bedlam

Symbolism

- The maypole is a tradition going back to the 16th century. Young people of the village work together to select and cut down the tree, to transport and to decorate it. During the preparation it is necessary to guard the maypole because young people from other villages may try to steal it. The setting up of the maypole is a big feast for the whole community. People say it is inscribed on the gates of hell. Is all this to hint to the reader of the disaster to come?

This quiz is to be given at the start of Lesson 2.

Student Name: _____

Points Achieved (2 pts per definition) _____/10 (this point total is added to the student homework page)

Vocabulary Quiz: “The Ransom of Red Chief”

Define the word that is in bold italics. You may use your notes. One or two synonyms are acceptable. You do not need a full “dictionary” definition answer.

1. There was a town down there, as flat as a ***flannel-cake***, and called Summit, of course.

2. ***Philoprogenitiveness***, says we, is strong in semi-rural communities therefore, and for other reasons, a kidnapping project ought to do better there than in the radius of newspapers that send reporters out in plain clothes to stir up talk about such things.

3. There was a sylvan attitude of ***somnolent*** sleepiness pervading that section of the external outward surface of Alabama that lay exposed to my view.

4. We knew that Summit couldn’t get after us with anything stronger than constables and, maybe, some ***lackadaisical*** bloodhounds and a diatribe or two in the *Weekly Farmers’ Budget*.

5. I tried to be faithful to our articles of ***depredation***; but there came a limit.

Handouts Needed

A copy of “Rikki-Tikki-Tavi” for each student copied from the *Teaching the Classics* seminar workbook.

The Class

Review plot and discuss student charts from “The Ransom of Red Chief.” Create a story chart from the student responses on the whiteboard (suggestion next page). What was the climax of O. Henry’s story?

Discuss the answers to the Plot questions from last week’s homework. After the discussion, collect the homework from last week.

Watch Session 3 of *Teaching the Classics* (45 min). Conduct the “Elements Discussion” and “Setting Discussion” live, if desired.

Disc 2—Session 3: Setting	
Setting	56:35
Rikki-Tikki-Tavi	59:25
Elements Discussion	1:14:25
Setting Discussion	1:24:07
End Session 3	1:39:15

Homework

Read over the homework page for next week, and be sure students know what is expected of them. *Note:* Since there are no “right” answers, students are graded for completing the assignment, not for the “right” answer (unless they are completely off).

Possible Plot Summary of “The Ransom of Red Chief”*Climax*

Central Conflict: Man vs. man, also man vs. society. However, the central conflict seems to be between Bill, who is slowly going insane thanks to the tortuous boy, and Sam, who wants to stick to the ransom game. One suggestion for climax: “‘Great pirates of Penzance!’ says I; ‘of all the impudent--’ But I glanced at Bill, and hesitated.”

Rising Action

They locate the kid, a brat, who turns out to be more than they reckoned on. Quickly, Bill ends up tortured while Sam takes it easy. Look at the imagery around Sam (sat on moss, smoked pipe, leaned on tree) and Bill (screaming, running, etc.).

Denouement

They take the kid back (making him think he is getting a rifle) and pay their ransom to get rid of him, and then Bill runs for the hills.

Exposition

Two seasoned hoodlums decide to kidnap a kid in a sleepy Southern town to finance their future big city scam, but it isn’t going to turn out like they planned. Note the opposites (flat as a pancake land called “Summit”).

Conclusion

Not much of one. Bill runs much faster than Sam, but Sam eventually catches up with him. You are left wondering if they will continue their life of crime, or if Bill is done with it. I don’t think Sam is.

Plot and Conflict Homework Answer Suggestions

1. *Who is the protagonist (the main character)?* I think it is Sam. It was his idea, and he is the one trying to make the kidnapping work.
2. *What does he want?* To make \$2000 for a real estate scheme in Western Illinois. He thinks by kidnapping a kid in a small Southern town he can get a good ransom.
3. *Do his goals change during the story?* Not really. He ends up passing on the scheme but only because he fears for his friend's sanity. Of course, he might be just as anxious as Bill, not letting on. The first few lines of the story indicate that.
4. *Who is the antagonist (the one who holds back the action) and what does he want?* This could be either the boy (Red Chief) or Bill. The boy—because he is the one ruining the plan. It could be Bill because he wants to give up the plan. It could also be the father, who won't pay a ransom and is willing to make a few bucks off these desperate men.
5. *What is the main conflict, and where is the climax (highest point) of the story? This is the point that you know the story is inevitably going to go one way or the other.* The central conflict question seems to be, "Will they ever get their ransom?" So the climax could be when they get the counter ransom letter from the boy's father. It could also be when the counter note is delivered, or when Bill is completely rattled after playing Black Scout. You know that he can't take much more after that! The question could also be, "Will they ever get rid of the boy?" The climax to that one is in Bill's pleading.

Handouts Needed

A copy of “The Adventures of Tom Sawyer” for each student copied from the *Teaching the Classics* seminar workbook.

Note: *A Word Write Now* is a great resource for exploring Character. It is available from The Institute for Excellence in Writing at www.excellenceinwriting.com/wwwn.

The Class

Discuss the answers to the Setting questions from last week's homework. Suggestions below. Find the states mentioned on a map (Alabama and Illinois). Talk about the difference in culture in those states.

Collect the homework sheets. Have students keep their “Ransom” stories. *Again, grade for attempts, not for “right” answers. They should have examples from the story.*

Watch Session 4 of *Teaching the Classics* (45 minutes). Conduct the “Elements Discussion” and “Character Discussion” live if you wish.

Disc 3—Session 4: Character	
Character	00:00
Tom Sawyer	05:57
Elements Discussion	17:16
Character Discussion	24:20
End Session 4	43:05

Homework

Give students their homework sheets, and read through them to ensure everyone knows what to do for the next lesson.

Setting Homework Answer Suggestions

1. Read “After Twenty Years” by O. Henry, and use that story to answer the following questions.
2. What is the mood or atmosphere of the place where the story happens? Give examples from the text. Is it cheery or dismal? Quiet or frightening? Give examples from the story to prove your point. It begins quite cheerfully with the policeman going about his job. It is eerie, too, with all the shops closed. Then there is the guy in the doorway—odd with all the diamonds.
3. What kind of story would you expect in this kind of setting? Something homespun, maybe a whodunit or some kind of friendship story
4. Does the author say anything that gives you a hint that things are not all that they seem? Give examples. There's a man in the doorway with his scar and diamond “oddly set.” Also, the rain and the wind move in “uncertain puffs.”
5. In what country or region does the story happen? How does this location contribute to the mood or atmosphere of the story? New York with reference to Chicago. NY is a big city, but this neck of the woods seems very safe—almost small town—with the cop swinging along cheerfully even though it's night. The diamonds and all seem odd for someone who won his fortune “out West.” The sense is homey and friendly, but not quite.
6. What actions do the characters do that add to the mood? Give examples. The policeman with his cheery walk and twirling stick gives a sense of friendliness and happiness. Then it suddenly changes in the dark doorway.
7. How long a period of time does the story cover? Does the time of day add to the overall mood of the story? Under an hour. The time of day—night—gives the story a dark, something-is-hiding mood.
8. What is the weather like in the story? Does this add to the feeling of the story? It begins to rain with an “uncertain wind.” Things go down from then. Up to that point, there was no hint of weather.
9. Among what kinds of people is the story set? What is their economic class? How do they live? Are they hopeful? Downtrodden? Depressed? Why? Both characters were hopeful at the beginning—old friends meeting up after making their fortune. One had kept to the right. No big fortune, but successful (his beat was very quiet and clearly under control). The other was rich but a criminal. Big turn of events for Joe! No more diamonds for him.

Handouts Needed

A copy of "Martin the Cobbler" for each student copied from the *Teaching the Classics* seminar workbook.

The Class

Discuss the answers to the character questions in last week's homework. After the discussion, have students hand in their homework. Again, grade for attempts, not "right" answers.

Watch Session 5 of *Teaching the Classics* (45 minutes). Conduct the "Elements Discussion" live if desired.

Disc 3—Session 5: Theme	
Theme	43:09
Martin the Cobbler	50:09
Elements Discussion	59:04
End of Session 5	1:28:29

Homework

Hand out and review the Lesson 5 homework sheet, and ensure students know what is required of them for the next lesson. Be sure they know to read pages 5–8 of the *Windows Student Book*.

Characterization Homework Answer Suggestions

1. Read "The Cop and the Anthem" by O. Henry.
2. Who is the protagonist (the main character)? Soapy.
3. Is the protagonist kind, gentle, stern, emotional, harsh, logical, rational, compassionate or exacting? Make up a list of adjectives that describe the protagonist. The resource *A Word Right Now* would be very helpful for this exercise. He is just a nice old guy—proud, gentle, simple, resourceful, friendly.
4. What words or actions on the protagonist's part make you choose the adjectives you do? Proud: "He scorned the provisions made in the name of charity for the city's dependents." Simple: "and receive lodging and food accordant with the simple life." Resourceful: "Some other way of entering limbo must be thought of." Friendly: "three months of assured board and bed and congenial company"
5. What does the character do for a living? Is he content with his lot in life, or does he long to improve himself? Content with life, for sure! He is a drifter and mostly did not long to improve himself.
6. What does the character think is the most important thing in life? How do you know this? Does the character say this out loud, or do his thoughts and actions give him away? A meal and a warm bed are all he cares about. Both thoughts at the beginning reveal this.
7. Do the character's priorities change over the course of the story? In what way? What causes this change? Is it a change for the better or for worse? Yes, at the end he decides to reform, get a job, and live like others. A change for the better, but not to be! This is a good time to discuss the meaning of irony. It showed up in the other two O. Henry stories. Why do you think O. Henry used twist endings and irony so much? Was his life like that? Refer back to students' information on O. Henry from the first homework sheet.
8. Does the personality of the character reflect the values of the society (or individual) that produced the story? I think so. O. Henry was a simple guy. He spent some time in jail, but from his writing he seemed to be a generally nice guy just trying to get on and make a decent living. Life didn't seem to treat him well.
9. Is the character a "sympathetic character"? Do you identify with him and hope he will succeed? Do you pity him? Do you scorn or despise his weakness in some way? Why? Soapy is quite loveable, and you do want him to get arrested so he can settle down in his cell; it seems right for him! He reminds me of the drunk on the Andy Griffith show who checked himself in every Friday night to "sleep it off." When he decides to reform, I cheer! And I groan with the irony of getting arrested. I wonder if that will make his three months on the Island less a pleasure than it would have been, had he not been inspired to change.

Handouts Needed

A copy of “Casey at the Bat” for each student copied from the *Teaching the Classics* seminar workbook.

The Class

Discuss the answers to the character questions in last week's homework. After the discussion, have students hand in their homework. Again, grade for attempts, not “right” answers.

Watch Session 6 of *Teaching the Classics* (45 minutes). Conduct the “Elements Discussion” live if desired. This practicum gave the teachers the opportunity to come up with their own questions and discussion. You may wish to teach this class live rather than watch the DVD.

Disc 4—Session 6: Practicum, Scope & Sequence	
Practicum Intro	00:00
Casey at the Bat	01:26
Instructions: Context, Structure, Style	06:28
Pause for Socratic Question Selection	(Pause)
Questions/Exercise	16:06
Pause for Literary Analysis	(Pause)
Practicum Review	18:43
Casey-Theme	36:39
Scope and Sequence	45:29
End of Session 6	58:30

Homework

None! However, you may wish to begin working on the writing element of *Teaching the Classics* described on page 60 and following in the seminar notebook.

If you would like a more in-depth Introduction to Literary Analysis, check out Lesha Myer's “Windows to the World at www.excellenceinwriting.com/wtw-t

Teaching the Classics

Student Homework Pages

This book belongs to: _____

Student Name: _____

Date	Lesson	In Class Story	Assignment using O. Henry Stories	Due Date	Points Possible	Student Grade
	1	Paul Revere's Ride by Longfellow	Read "Ransom of Red Chief," Style homework sheet		25	
	2	The Tale of Peter Rabbit by Beatrix Potter	Plot and Conflict homework.		10	
	3	Rikki-Tikki-Tavi by Rudyard Kipling adapted by Adam Andrews	Read "After Twenty Years" Setting homework		10	
	4	Adventures of Tom Sawyer by Mark Twain	Read "The Cop and the Anthem" Character homework		10	
	5	Martin the Cobbler by Leo Tolstoy adapted by Adam Andrews	Theme homework (use any of the O. Henry stories)		10	
	6	Casey at the Bat	Practicum homework (use any of the O. Henry stories)		10	
Totals					75	

Name: _____

Grade: _____/25

1. Read “The Ransom of the Red Chief” by O. Henry. Highlight any words that you don’t know and look up their meaning. Write them on the back of this page or in the margin of the story. There will be a quiz for which you may refer to these notes, so don’t neglect this!! Vocabulary Quiz: _____ /10points
2. Look for the following style in “The Ransom of the Red Chief” by O. Henry. Write down examples from the story.

Onomatopoeia (find at least 1—1 point) This is any sound word or place where sounds are expressed: “The fire hissed.” “He shouted, AAARGH!”

Alliteration (find at least 2—2 points) Look for repeated first letters: Sammy sang in the shower

Imagery (find at least 1—1 point) This can be a phrase that puts an image in your mind such as, “She waddled up to the stove.”

Simile (find at least 4—4 points) This includes any phrase where two things are compared using “like” or “as.” Examples: he was crazy like a fox, she was bouncing like a ping-pong ball, etc.

Allusion (find at least 2 —2 points). Look for allusions to other stories or events. “He had Olympian features,” (referring to the gods of Olympus).

3. Look up, print out and read author information on O. Henry. (attach printout for 5 pts) Google O. Henry biography and see what you get! **Be sure to read it before class.**

The Ransom of Red Chief

by O. Henry

It looked like a good thing: but wait till I tell you. We were down South, in Alabama--Bill Driscoll and myself--when this kidnapping idea struck us. It was, as Bill afterward expressed it, 'during a moment of temporary mental apparition'; but we didn't find that out till later.

There was a town down there, as flat as a flannel-cake, and called Summit, of course. It contained inhabitants of as undeleterious and self-satisfied a class of peasantry as ever clustered around a Maypole.

Bill and me had a joint capital of about six hundred dollars, and we needed just two thousand dollars more to pull off a fraudulent town-lot scheme in Western Illinois with. We talked it over on the front steps of the hotel. Philoprogenitiveness, says we, is strong in semi-rural communities therefore, and for other reasons, a kidnapping project ought to do better there than in the radius of newspapers that send reporters out in plain clothes to stir up talk about such things. We knew that Summit couldn't get after us with anything stronger than constables and, maybe, some lackadaisical bloodhounds and a diatribe or two in the *Weekly Farmers' Budget*. So, it looked good.

We selected for our victim the only child of a prominent citizen named Ebenezer Dorset. The father was respectable and tight, a mortgage fancier and a stern, upright collection-plate passer and forecloser. The kid was a boy of ten, with bas-relief freckles, and hair the colour of the cover of the magazine you buy at the news-stand when you want to catch a train. Bill and me figured that Ebenezer would melt down for a ransom of two thousand dollars to a cent. But wait till I tell you.

About two miles from Summit was a little mountain, covered with a dense cedar brake. On the rear elevation of this mountain was a cave. There we stored provisions.

One evening after sundown, we drove in a buggy past old Dorset's house. The kid was in the street, throwing rocks at a kitten on the opposite fence.

'Hey, little boy!' says Bill, 'would you like to have a bag of candy and a nice ride?'

The boy catches Bill neatly in the eye with a piece of brick.

'That will cost the old man an extra five hundred dollars,' says Bill, climbing over the wheel.

That boy put up a fight like a welter-weight cinnamon bear; but, at last, we got him down in the bottom of the buggy and drove away. We took him up to the cave, and I hitched the horse in the cedar brake. After dark I drove the buggy to the little village, three miles away, where we had hired it, and walked back to the mountain.

Bill was pasting court-plaster over the scratches and bruises on his features. There was a fire burning behind the big rock at the entrance of the cave, and the boy was watching a pot of boiling coffee, with two buzzard tailfeathers stuck in his red hair. He points a stick at me when I come up, and says:

'Ha! cursed paleface, do you dare to enter the camp of Red Chief, the terror of the plains?'

'He's all right now,' says Bill, rolling up his trousers and examining some bruises on his shins. 'We're playing Indian. We're making Buffalo Bill's show look like magic-lantern views of Palestine in the town hall. I'm Old Hank, the Trapper, Red Chief's captive, and I'm to be scalped at daybreak. By Geronimo! that kid can kick hard.'

Yes, sir, that boy seemed to be having the time of his life. The fun of camping out in a cave had made him forget that he was a captive himself. He immediately christened me Snake-eye, the Spy, and announced that, when his braves returned from the warpath, I was to be broiled at the stake at the rising of the sun.

Then we had supper; and he filled his mouth full of bacon and bread and gravy, and began to talk. He made a during-dinner speech something like this:

'I like this fine. I never camped out before; but I had a pet 'possum once, and I was nine last birthday. I hate to go to school. Rats ate up sixteen of Jimmy Talbot's aunt's speckled hen's eggs. Are there any real Indians in these woods? I want some more gravy. Does the trees moving make the wind blow? We had five puppies. What makes your nose so red, Hank? My father has lots of money. Are the stars hot? I whipped Ed Walker twice, Saturday. I don't like girls. You dassent catch toads unless with a string. Do oxen make any noise? Why are oranges round? Have you got beds to sleep on in this cave? Amos Murray has got six toes. A parrot can talk, but a monkey or a fish can't. How many does it take to make twelve?'

Every few minutes he would remember that he was a pesky redskin, and pick up his stick rifle and tiptoe to the mouth of the cave to rubber for the scouts of the hated paleface. Now and then he would let out a warwhoop that made Old Hank the Trapper, shiver. That boy had Bill terrorized from the start.

'Red Chief,' says I to the kid, 'would you like to go home?'

'Aw, what for?' says he. 'I don't have any fun at home. I hate to go to school. I like to camp out. You won't take me back home again, Snake-eye, will you?'

'Not right away,' says I. 'We'll stay here in the cave a while.'

'All right!' says he. 'That'll be fine. I never had such fun in all my life.'

We went to bed about eleven o'clock. We spread down some wide blankets and quilts and put Red Chief between us. We weren't afraid he'd run away. He kept us awake for three hours, jumping up and reaching for his rifle and screeching: 'Hist! pard,' in mine and Bill's ears, as the fancied crackle of a twig or the rustle of a leaf revealed to his young imagination the stealthy approach of the outlaw band. At last, I fell into a troubled sleep, and dreamed that I had been kidnapped and chained to a tree by a ferocious pirate with red hair.

Just at daybreak, I was awakened by a series of awful screams from Bill. They weren't yells, or howls, or shouts, or whoops, or yawps, such as you'd expect from a manly set of vocal organs--they were simply indecent, terrifying, humiliating screams, such as women emit when they see ghosts or caterpillars. It's an awful thing to hear a strong, desperate, fat man scream incontinently in a cave at daybreak.

I jumped up to see what the matter was. Red Chief was sitting on Bill's chest, with one hand twined in Bill's hair. In the other he had the sharp case-knife we used for slicing bacon; and he was industriously and realistically trying to take Bill's scalp, according to the sentence that had been pronounced upon him the evening before.

I got the knife away from the kid and made him lie down again. But, from that moment, Bill's spirit was broken. He laid down on his side of the bed, but he never closed an eye again in sleep as long as that boy was with us. I dozed off for a while, but along toward sun-up I remembered that Red Chief had said I was to be burned at the stake at the rising of the sun. I wasn't nervous or afraid; but I sat up and lit my pipe and leaned against a rock.

'What you getting up so soon for, Sam?' asked Bill.

'Me?' says I. 'Oh, I got a kind of a pain in my shoulder. I thought sitting up would rest it.'

'You're a liar!' says Bill. 'You're afraid. You was to be burned at sunrise, and you was afraid he'd do it. And he would, too, if he could find a match. Ain't it awful, Sam? Do you think anybody will pay out money to get a little imp like that back home?'

'Sure,' said I. 'A rowdy kid like that is just the kind that parents dote on. Now, you and the Chief get up and cook breakfast, while I go up on the top of this mountain and reconnoitre.'

I went up on the peak of the little mountain and ran my eye over the contiguous vicinity. Over toward Summit I expected to see the sturdy yeomanry of the village armed with scythes and pitchforks beating the countryside for the dastardly kidnappers. But what I saw was a peaceful landscape dotted with one man ploughing with a dun mule. Nobody was dragging the creek; no couriers dashed hither and yon, bringing tidings of no news to the distracted parents. There was a sylvan attitude of somnolent sleepiness pervading that section of the external outward surface of Alabama that lay exposed to my view. 'Perhaps,' says I to myself, 'it has not yet been discovered that the wolves have borne away the tender lambkin from the fold. Heaven help the wolves!' says I, and I went down the mountain to breakfast.

When I got to the cave I found Bill backed up against the side of it, breathing hard, and the boy threatening to smash him with a rock half as big as a cocoanut.

'He put a red-hot boiled potato down my back,' explained Bill, 'and then mashed it with his foot; and I boxed his ears. Have you got a gun about you, Sam?'

I took the rock away from the boy and kind of patched up the argument. 'I'll fix you,' says the kid to Bill. 'No man ever yet struck the Red Chief but what he got paid for it. You better beware!'

After breakfast the kid takes a piece of leather with strings wrapped around it out of his pocket and goes outside the cave unwinding it.

'What's he up to now?' says Bill, anxiously. 'You don't think he'll run away, do you, Sam?'

'No fear of it,' says I. 'He don't seem to be much of a home body. But we've got to fix up some plan about the ransom. There don't seem to be much excitement around Summit on account of his disappearance; but maybe they haven't realized yet that he's gone. His folks may think he's spending the night with Aunt Jane or one of the neighbours. Anyhow, he'll be missed to-day. To-night we must get a message to his father demanding the two thousand dollars for his return.'

Just then we heard a kind of war-whoop, such as David might have emitted when he knocked out the champion Goliath. It was a sling that Red Chief had pulled out of his pocket, and he was whirling it around his head.

I dodged, and heard a heavy thud and a kind of a sigh from Bill, like a horse gives out when you take his saddle off. A niggerhead rock the size of an egg had caught Bill just behind his left ear. He loosened himself all over and fell in the fire across the frying pan of hot water for washing the dishes. I dragged him out and poured cold water on his head for half an hour.

By and by, Bill sits up and feels behind his ear and says: 'Sam, do you know who my favourite Biblical character is?'

'Take it easy,' says I. 'You'll come to your senses presently.'

'King Herod,' says he. 'You won't go away and leave me here alone, will you, Sam?'

I went out and caught that boy and shook him until his freckles rattled.

'If you don't behave,' says I, 'I'll take you straight home. Now, are you going to be good, or not?'

'I was only funning,' says he sullenly. 'I didn't mean to hurt Old Hank. But what did he hit me for? I'll behave, Snake-eye, if you won't send me home, and if you'll let me play the Black Scout to-day.'

'I don't know the game,' says I. 'That's for you and Mr. Bill to decide. He's your playmate for the day. I'm going away for a while, on business. Now, you come in and make friends with him and say you are sorry for hurting him, or home you go, at once.'

I made him and Bill shake hands, and then I took Bill aside and told him I was going to Poplar Cove, a little village three miles from the cave, and find out what I could about how the kidnapping had been regarded in Summit. Also, I thought it best to send a peremptory letter to old man Dorset that day, demanding the ransom and dictating how it should be paid.

'You know, Sam,' says Bill, 'I've stood by you without batting an eye in earthquakes, fire and flood--in poker games, dynamite outrages, police raids, train robberies and cyclones. I never lost my nerve yet till we kidnapped that two-legged skyrocket of a kid. He's got me going. You won't leave me long with him, will you, Sam?'

'I'll be back some time this afternoon,' says I. 'You must keep the boy amused and quiet till I return. And now we'll write the letter to old Dorset.'

Bill and I got paper and pencil and worked on the letter while Red Chief, with a blanket wrapped around him, strutted up and down, guarding the mouth of the cave. Bill begged me tearfully to make the ransom fifteen hundred dollars instead of two thousand. 'I ain't attempting,' says he, 'to decry the celebrated moral aspect of parental affection, but we're dealing with humans, and it ain't human for anybody to give up two thousand dollars for that forty-pound chunk of freckled wildcat. I'm willing to take a chance at fifteen hundred dollars. You can charge the difference up to me.'

So, to relieve Bill, I acceded, and we collaborated a letter that ran this way:

Ebenezer Dorset, Esq.:

We have your boy concealed in a place far from Summit. It is useless for you or the most skilful detectives to attempt to find him. Absolutely, the only terms on which you can have him restored to you are these: We demand fifteen hundred dollars in large bills for his return; the money to be left at midnight to-night at the same spot and in the same box as your reply--as hereinafter described. If you agree to these terms, send your answer in writing by a solitary messenger to-night at half-past eight o'clock. After crossing Owl Creek, on the road to Poplar Cove, there are three large trees about a hundred yards apart, close to the fence of the wheat field on the right-hand side. At the bottom of the fence-post, opposite the third tree, will be found a small pasteboard box.

The messenger will place the answer in this box and return immediately to Summit.

If you attempt any treachery or fail to comply with our demand as stated, you will never see your boy again.

If you pay the money as demanded, he will be returned to you safe and well within three hours. These terms are final, and if you do not accede to them no further communication will be attempted.

TWO DESPERATE MEN.

I addressed this letter to Dorset, and put it in my pocket. As I was about to start, the kid comes up to me and says:

'Aw, Snake-eye, you said I could play the Black Scout while you was gone.'

'Play it, of course,' says I. 'Mr. Bill will play with you. What kind of a game is it?'

'I'm the Black Scout,' says Red Chief, 'and I have to ride to the stockade to warn the settlers that the Indians are coming. I'm tired of playing Indian myself. I want to be the Black Scout.'

'All right,' says I. 'It sounds harmless to me. I guess Mr. Bill will help you foil the pesky savages.'

'What am I to do?' asks Bill, looking at the kid suspiciously.

'You are the hoss,' says Black Scout. 'Get down on your hands and knees. How can I ride to the stockade without a hoss?'

'You'd better keep him interested,' said I, 'till we get the scheme going. Loosen up.'

Bill gets down on his all fours, and a look comes in his eye like a rabbit's when you catch it in a trap.

'How far is it to the stockade, kid?' he asks, in a husky manner of voice.

'Ninety miles,' says the Black Scout. 'And you have to hump yourself to get there on time. Whoa, now!'

The Black Scout jumps on Bill's back and digs his heels in his side.

'For Heaven's sake,' says Bill, 'hurry back, Sam, as soon as you can. I wish we hadn't made the ransom more than a thousand. Say, you quit kicking me or I'll get up and warm you good.'

I walked over to Poplar Cove and sat around the post office and store, talking with the chaw bacons that came in to trade. One whiskerand says that he hears Summit is all upset on account of Elder Ebenezer Dorset's boy having

been lost or stolen. That was all I wanted to know. I bought some smoking tobacco, referred casually to the price of black-eyed peas, posted my letter surreptitiously and came away. The postmaster said the mail-carrier would come by in an hour to take the mail on to Summit.

When I got back to the cave Bill and the boy were not to be found. I explored the vicinity of the cave, and risked a yodel or two, but there was no response.

So I lighted my pipe and sat down on a mossy bank to await developments.

In about half an hour I heard the bushes rustle, and Bill wobbled out into the little glade in front of the cave. Behind him was the kid, stepping softly like a scout, with a broad grin on his face. Bill stopped, took off his hat and wiped his face with a red handkerchief. The kid stopped about eight feet behind him.

'Sam,' says Bill, 'I suppose you'll think I'm a renegade, but I couldn't help it. I'm a grown person with masculine proclivities and habits of self-defence, but there is a time when all systems of egotism and predominance fail. The boy is gone. I have sent him home. All is off. There was martyrs in old times,' goes on Bill, 'that suffered death rather than give up the particular graft they enjoyed. None of 'em ever was subjugated to such supernatural tortures as I have been. I tried to be faithful to our articles of depredation; but there came a limit.'

'What's the trouble, Bill?' I asks him.

'I was rode,' says Bill, 'the ninety miles to the stockade, not barring an inch. Then, when the settlers was rescued, I was given oats. Sand ain't a palatable substitute. And then, for an hour I had to try to explain to him why there was nothin' in holes, how a road can run both ways and what makes the grass green. I tell you, Sam, a human can only stand so much. I takes him by the neck of his clothes and drags him down the mountain. On the way he kicks my legs black-and-blue from the knees down; and I've got two or three bites on my thumb and hand cauterized.

'But he's gone'--continues Bill--'gone home. I showed him the road to Summit and kicked him about eight feet nearer there at one kick. I'm sorry we lose the ransom; but it was either that or Bill Driscoll to the madhouse.'

Bill is puffing and blowing, but there is a look of ineffable peace and growing content on his rose-pink features.

'Bill,' says I, 'there isn't any heart disease in your family, is there?'

'No,' says Bill, 'nothing chronic except malaria and accidents. Why?'

'Then you might turn around,' says I, 'and have a look behind you.'

Bill turns and sees the boy, and loses his complexion and sits down plump on the ground and begins to pluck aimlessly at grass and little sticks. For an hour I was afraid for his mind. And then I told him that my scheme was to put the whole job through immediately and that we would get the ransom and be off with it by midnight if old Dorset fell in with our proposition. So Bill braced up enough to give the kid a weak sort of a smile and a promise to play the Russian in a Japanese war with him as soon as he felt a little better.

I had a scheme for collecting that ransom without danger of being caught by counterplots that ought to commend itself to professional kidnappers. The tree under which the answer was to be left--and the money later on--was close to the road fence with big, bare fields on all sides. If a gang of constables should be watching for any one to come for the note they could see him a long way off crossing the fields or in the road. But no, sirree! At half-past eight I was up in that tree as well hidden as a tree toad, waiting for the messenger to arrive.

Exactly on time, a half-grown boy rides up the road on a bicycle, locates the pasteboard box at the foot of the fencepost, slips a folded piece of paper into it and pedals away again back toward Summit.

I waited an hour and then concluded the thing was square. I slid down the tree, got the note, slipped along the fence till I struck the woods, and was back at the cave in another half an hour. I opened the note, got near the lantern and read it to Bill. It was written with a pen in a crabbed hand, and the sum and substance of it was this:

Two Desperate Men.

Gentlemen: I received your letter to-day by post, in regard to the ransom you ask for the return of my son. I think you are a little high in your demands, and I hereby make you a counter-proposition, which I am inclined to believe you will accept. You bring Johnny home and pay me two hundred and fifty dollars in cash, and I agree to take him off your hands. You had better come at night, for the neighbours believe he is lost, and I couldn't be responsible for what they would do to anybody they saw bringing him back.

Very respectfully,
EBENEZER DORSET.

'Great pirates of Penzance!' says I; 'of all the impudent--'

But I glanced at Bill, and hesitated. He had the most appealing look in his eyes I ever saw on the face of a dumb or a talking brute.

'Sam,' says he, 'what's two hundred and fifty dollars, after all? We've got the money. One more night of this kid will send me to a bed in Bedlam. Besides being a thorough gentleman, I think Mr. Dorset is a spendthrift for making us such a liberal offer. You ain't going to let the chance go, are you?'

'Tell you the truth, Bill,' says I, 'this little he ewe lamb has somewhat got on my nerves too. We'll take him home, pay the ransom and make our get-away.'

We took him home that night. We got him to go by telling him that his father had bought a silver-mounted rifle and a pair of moccasins for him, and we were going to hunt bears the next day.

It was just twelve o'clock when we knocked at Ebenezer's front door. Just at the moment when I should have been abstracting the fifteen hundred dollars from the box under the tree, according to the original proposition, Bill was counting out two hundred and fifty dollars into Dorset's hand.

When the kid found out we were going to leave him at home he started up a howl like a calliope and fastened himself as tight as a leech to Bill's leg. His father peeled him away gradually, like a porous plaster.

'How long can you hold him?' asks Bill.

'I'm not as strong as I used to be,' says old Dorset, 'but I think I can promise you ten minutes.'

'Enough,' says Bill. 'In ten minutes I shall cross the Central, Southern and Middle Western States, and be legging it trippingly for the Canadian border.'

And, as dark as it was, and as fat as Bill was, and as good a runner as I am, he was a good mile and a half out of Summit before I could catch up with him.

Name: _____

Grade: _____/10

1. On the back of this page, create a Story Chart about “The Ransom of Red Chief.” Be sure to include the rings for exposition, rising action, climax, denouement, and conclusion. (5 points)

2. Who is the protagonist (the main character of the story)? (1 point)

3. What does he want? (1 point)

4. Do his goals change during the story? (1 point)

5. Who is the antagonist (the one who is against the protagonist, he can be the “bad guy”) and what does he want? (1 point)

6. What is the main conflict and where is the climax (highest point) of the story? This is the point that you know the story is inevitably going to go one way or the other. (1 point)

Name: _____

Grade: _____/10

1. Read “After Twenty Years” by O. Henry and use that story to answer the following questions. (2 points)
☐ Check here if you read the story.
2. What is the mood or atmosphere of the place where the story happens? Give examples from the text. Is it cheery or dismal? Quiet or frightening? Give examples from the story to prove your point. (1 point)
3. What kind of story would you expect in this kind of setting? (1 point)
4. Does the author say anything that gives you a hint that things are not all that they seem? (Give examples) (1 point)
5. In what country or region does the story happen? How does this location contribute to the mood or atmosphere of the story? (1 point)
6. What actions do the characters do that add to the mood? (Give examples) (1 point)
7. How long a period of time does the story cover? Does the time of day add to the overall mood of the story? (1 point)
8. What is the weather like in the story? Does this add to the feeling of the story? (1 point)
9. Among what kinds of people is the story set? What is their economic class? How do they live? Are they hopeful? Downtrodden? Depressed? Why? (1 point)

After Twenty Years

By O. Henry

The policeman on the beat moved up the avenue impressively. The impressiveness was habitual and not for show, for spectators were few. The time was barely 10 o'clock at night, but chilly gusts of wind with a taste of rain in them had well nigh depeopled the streets.

Trying doors as he went, twirling his club with many intricate and artful movements, turning now and then to cast his watchful eye adown the pacific thoroughfare, the officer, with his stalwart form and slight swagger, made a fine picture of a guardian of the peace. The vicinity was one that kept early hours. Now and then you might see the lights of a cigar store or of an all-night lunch counter; but the majority of the doors belonged to business places that had long since been closed.

When about midway of a certain block the policeman suddenly slowed his walk. In the doorway of a darkened hardware store a man leaned, with an unlighted cigar in his mouth. As the policeman walked up to him the man spoke up quickly.

"It's all right, officer," he said, reassuringly. "I'm just waiting for a friend. It's an appointment made twenty years ago. Sounds a little funny to you, doesn't it? Well, I'll explain if you'd like to make certain it's all straight. About that long ago there used to be a restaurant where this store stands--'Big Joe' Brady's restaurant."

"Until five years ago," said the policeman. "It was torn down then."

The man in the doorway struck a match and lit his cigar. The light showed a pale, square-jawed face with keen eyes, and a little white scar near his right eyebrow. His scarfpin was a large diamond, oddly set.

"Twenty years ago to-night," said the man, "I dined here at 'Big Joe' Brady's with Jimmy Wells, my best chum, and the finest chap in the world. He and I were raised here in New York, just like two brothers, together. I was eighteen and Jimmy was twenty. The next morning I was to start for the West to make my fortune. You couldn't have dragged Jimmy out of New York; he thought it was the only place on earth. Well, we agreed that night that we would meet here again exactly twenty years from that date and time, no matter what our conditions might be or from what distance we might have to come. We figured that in twenty years each of us ought to have our destiny worked out and our fortunes made, whatever they were going to be."

"It sounds pretty interesting," said the policeman. "Rather a long time between meets, though, it seems to me. Haven't you heard from your friend since you left?"

"Well, yes, for a time we corresponded," said the other. "But after a year or two we lost track of each other. You see, the West is a pretty big proposition, and I kept hustling around over it pretty lively. But I know Jimmy will meet me here if he's alive, for he always was the truest, stanchest old chap in the world. He'll never forget. I came a thousand miles to stand in this door to-night, and it's worth it if my old partner turns up."

The waiting man pulled out a handsome watch, the lids of it set with small diamonds.

"Three minutes to ten," he announced. "It was exactly ten o'clock when we parted here at the restaurant door."

"Did pretty well out West, didn't you?" asked the policeman.

"You bet! I hope Jimmy has done half as well. He was a kind of plodder, though, good fellow as he was. I've had to compete with some of the sharpest wits going to get my pile. A man gets in a groove in New York. It takes the West to put a razor-edge on him."

The policeman twirled his club and took a step or two.

"I'll be on my way. Hope your friend comes around all right. Going to call time on him sharp?"

"I should say not!" said the other. "I'll give him half an hour at least. If Jimmy is alive on earth he'll be here by that time. So long, officer."

"Good-night, sir," said the policeman, passing on along his beat, trying doors as he went.

There was now a fine, cold drizzle falling, and the wind had risen from its uncertain puffs into a steady blow. The few foot passengers astir in that quarter hurried dismally and silently along with coat collars turned high and pocketed hands. And in the door of the hardware store the man who had come a thousand miles to fill an appointment, uncertain almost to absurdity, with the friend of his youth, smoked his cigar and waited.

About twenty minutes he waited, and then a tall man in a long overcoat, with collar turned up to his ears, hurried across from the opposite side of the street. He went directly to the waiting man.

"Is that you, Bob?" he asked, doubtfully.

"Is that you, Jimmy Wells?" cried the man in the door.

"Bless my heart!" exclaimed the new arrival, grasping both the other's hands with his own. "It's Bob, sure as fate. I was certain I'd find you here if you were still in existence. Well, well, well! --twenty years is a long time. The old gone, Bob; I wish it had lasted, so we could have had another dinner there. How has the West treated you, old man?"

"Bully; it has given me everything I asked it for. You've changed lots, Jimmy. I never thought you were so tall by two or three inches."

"Oh, I grew a bit after I was twenty."

"Doing well in New York, Jimmy?"

"Moderately. I have a position in one of the city departments. Come on, Bob; we'll go around to a place I know of, and have a good long talk about old times."

The two men started up the street, arm in arm. The man from the West, his egotism enlarged by success, was beginning to outline the history of his career. The other, submerged in his overcoat, listened with interest.

At the corner stood a drug store, brilliant with electric lights. When they came into this glare each of them turned simultaneously to gaze upon the other's face.

The man from the West stopped suddenly and released his arm.

"You're not Jimmy Wells," he snapped. "Twenty years is a long time, but not long enough to change a man's nose from a Roman to a pug."

"It sometimes changes a good man into a bad one, said the tall man. "You've been under arrest for ten minutes, 'Silky' Bob. Chicago thinks you may have dropped over our way and wires us she wants to have a chat with you. Going quietly, are you? That's sensible. Now, before we go on to the station here's a note I was asked to hand you. You may read it here at the window. It's from Patrolman Wells."

The man from the West unfolded the little piece of paper handed him. His hand was steady when he began to read, but it trembled a little by the time he had finished. The note was rather short.

"Bob: I was at the appointed place on time. When you struck the match to light your cigar I saw it was the face of the man wanted in Chicago. Somehow I couldn't do it myself, so I went around and got a plain clothes man to do the job. JIMMY."

Name: _____

Grade: _____/10

1. Read “The Cop and the Anthem” by O. Henry. (2 points)
☐ Check here if you read the story.
2. Who is the protagonist (the main character)? (1 point)
3. Is the protagonist kind, gentle, stern, emotional, harsh, logical, rational, compassionate or exacting....? Make up a list of adjectives that describe the protagonist. The resource “A Word Right Now” would be very helpful for this exercise. (1 point)
4. What words or actions on the protagonist’s part make you choose the adjectives you do? (1 point)
5. What does the character do for a living? Is he content with his lot in life, or does he long to improve himself? (1 point)
6. What does the character think is the most important thing in life? How do you know this? Does the character say this out loud, or do his thoughts and actions give him away? (1 point)
7. Do the character’s priorities change over the course of the story? In what way? What causes this change? Is it a change for the better, or for the worse? (1 point)
8. How does the personality of the character reflect the values of the society (or individual) that produced the story? (1 point)
9. Is the character a “sympathetic character”? Do you identify with him and hope he will succeed? Do you pity him? Do you scorn or despise his weakness in some way? Why? (1 point)

The Cop and the Anthem

By O. Henry

On his bench in Madison Square Soapy moved uneasily. When wild geese honk high of nights, and when women without sealskin coats grow kind to their husbands, and when Soapy moves uneasily on his bench in the park, you may know that winter is near at hand.

A dead leaf fell in Soapy's lap. That was Jack Frost's card. Jack is kind to the regular denizens of Madison Square, and gives fair warning of his annual call. At the corners of four streets he hands his pasteboard to the North Wind, footman of the mansion of All Outdoors, so that the inhabitants thereof may make ready.

Soapy's mind became cognisant of the fact that the time had come for him to resolve himself into a singular Committee of Ways and Means to provide against the coming rigour. And therefore he moved uneasily on his bench.

The hibernatorial ambitions of Soapy were not of the highest. In them there were no considerations of Mediterranean cruises, of soporific Southern skies drifting in the Vesuvian Bay. Three months on the Island was what his soul craved. Three months of assured board and bed and congenial company, safe from Boreas and bluecoats, seemed to Soapy the essence of things desirable.

For years the hospitable Blackwell's had been his winter quarters. Just as his more fortunate fellow New Yorkers had bought their tickets to Palm Beach and the Riviera each winter, so Soapy had made his humble arrangements for his annual hegira to the Island. And now the time was come. On the previous night three Sabbath newspapers, distributed beneath his coat, about his ankles and over his lap, had failed to repulse the cold as he slept on his bench near the spurting fountain in the ancient square. So the Island loomed big and timely in Soapy's mind. He scorned the provisions made in the name of charity for the city's dependents. In Soapy's opinion the Law was more benign than Philanthropy. There was an endless round of institutions, municipal and eleemosynary, on which he might set out and receive lodging and food accordant with the simple life. But to one of Soapy's proud spirit the gifts of charity are encumbered. If not in coin you must pay in humiliation of spirit for every benefit received at the hands of philanthropy. As Caesar had his Brutus, every bed of charity must have its toll of a bath, every loaf of bread its compensation of a private and personal inquisition. Wherefore it is better to be a guest of the law, which though conducted by rules, does not meddle unduly with a gentleman's private affairs.

Soapy, having decided to go to the Island, at once set about accomplishing his desire. There were many easy ways of doing this. The pleasantest was to dine luxuriously at some expensive restaurant; and then, after declaring insolvency, be handed over quietly and without uproar to a policeman. An accommodating magistrate would do the rest.

Soapy left his bench and strolled out of the square and across the level sea of asphalt, where Broadway and Fifth Avenue flow together. Up Broadway he turned, and halted at a glittering cafe, where are gathered together nightly the choicest products of the grape, the silkworm and the protoplasm.

Soapy had confidence in himself from the lowest button of his vest upward. He was shaven, and his coat was decent and his neat black, ready-tied four-in-hand had been presented to him by a lady missionary on Thanksgiving Day. If he could reach a table in the restaurant unsuspected success would be his. The portion of him that would show above the table would raise no doubt in the waiter's mind. A roasted mallard duck, thought Soapy, would be about the thing--with a bottle of Chablis, and then Camembert, a demi-tasse and a cigar. One dollar for the cigar would be enough. The total would not be so high as to call forth any supreme manifestation of revenge from the cafe management; and yet the meat would leave him filled and happy for the journey to his winter refuge.

But as Soapy set foot inside the restaurant door the head waiter's eye fell upon his frayed trousers and decadent shoes. Strong and ready hands turned him about and conveyed him in silence and haste to the sidewalk and averted the ignoble fate of the menaced mallard.

Soapy turned off Broadway. It seemed that his route to the coveted island was not to be an epicurean one. Some other way of entering limbo must be thought of.

At a corner of Sixth Avenue electric lights and cunningly displayed wares behind plate-glass made a shop window conspicuous. Soapy took a cobblestone and dashed it through the glass. People came running around the corner, a policeman in the lead. Soapy stood still, with his hands in his pockets, and smiled at the sight of brass buttons.

"Where's the man that done that?" inquired the officer excitedly.

"Don't you figure out that I might have had something to do with it?" said Soapy, not without sarcasm, but

friendly, as one greets good fortune.

The policeman's mind refused to accept Soapy even as a clue. Men who smash windows do not remain to parley with the law's minions. They take to their heels. The policeman saw a man half way down the block running to catch a car. With drawn club he joined in the pursuit. Soapy, with disgust in his heart, loafed along, twice unsuccessful.

On the opposite side of the street was a restaurant of no great pretensions. It catered to large appetites and modest purses. Its crockery and atmosphere were thick; its soup and napery thin. Into this place Soapy took his accusive shoes and telltale trousers without challenge. At a table he sat and consumed beefsteak, flapjacks, doughnuts and pie. And then to the waiter he betrayed the fact that the minutest coin and himself were strangers.

"Now, get busy and call a cop," said Soapy. "And don't keep a gentleman waiting."

"No cop for youse," said the waiter, with a voice like butter cakes and an eye like the cherry in a Manhattan cocktail. "Hey, Con!"

Neatly upon his left ear on the callous pavement two waiters pitched Soapy. He arose, joint by joint, as a carpenter's rule opens, and beat the dust from his clothes. Arrest seemed but a rosy dream. The Island seemed very far away. A policeman who stood before a drug store two doors away laughed and walked down the street.

Five blocks Soapy travelled before his courage permitted him to woo capture again. This time the opportunity presented what he fatuously termed to himself a "cinch." A young woman of a modest and pleasing guise was standing before a show window gazing with sprightly interest at its display of shaving mugs and inkstands, and two yards from the window a large policeman of severe demeanour leaned against a water plug.

It was Soapy's design to assume the role of the despicable and execrated "masher." The refined and elegant appearance of his victim and the contiguity of the conscientious cop encouraged him to believe that he would soon feel the pleasant official clutch upon his arm that would insure his winter quarters on the right little, tight little isle.

Soapy straightened the lady missionary's readymade tie, dragged his shrinking cuffs into the open, set his hat at a killing cant and sidled toward the young woman. He made eyes at her, was taken with sudden coughs and "hems," smiled, smirked and went brazenly through the impudent and contemptible litany of the "masher." With half an eye Soapy saw that the policeman was watching him fixedly. The young woman moved away a few steps, and again bestowed her absorbed attention upon the shaving mugs. Soapy followed, boldly stepping to her side, raised his hat and said:

"Ah there, Bedelia! Don't you want to come and play in my yard?"

The policeman was still looking. The persecuted young woman had but to beckon a finger and Soapy would be practically en route for his insular haven. Already he imagined he could feel the cozy warmth of the station-house. The young woman faced him and, stretching out a hand, caught Soapy's coat sleeve.

Sure, Mike," she said joyfully, "if you'll blow me to a pail of suds. I'd have spoke to you sooner, but the cop was watching."

With the young woman playing the clinging ivy to his oak Soapy walked past the policeman overcome with gloom. He seemed doomed to liberty.

At the next corner he shook off his companion and ran. He halted in the district where by night are found the lightest streets, hearts, vows and librettos.

Women in furs and men in greatcoats moved gaily in the wintry air. A sudden fear seized Soapy that some dreadful enchantment had rendered him immune to arrest. The thought brought a little of panic upon it, and when he came upon another policeman lounging grandly in front of a transplendent theatre he caught at the immediate straw of "disorderly conduct."

On the sidewalk Soapy began to yell drunken gibberish at the top of his harsh voice. He danced, howled, raved and otherwise disturbed the welkin.

The policeman twirled his club, turned his back to Soapy and remarked to a citizen.

"'Tis one of them Yale lads celebratin' the goose egg they give to the Hartford College. Noisy; but no harm. We've instructions to lave them be."

Disconsolate, Soapy ceased his unavailing racket. Would never a policeman lay hands on him? In his fancy the Island seemed an unattainable Arcadia. He buttoned his thin coat against the chilling wind.

In a cigar store he saw a well-dressed man lighting a cigar at a swinging light. His silk umbrella he had set by the door on entering. Soapy stepped inside, secured the umbrella and sauntered off with it slowly. The man at the cigar

light followed hastily.

"My umbrella," he said, sternly.

"Oh, is it?" sneered Soapy, adding insult to petit larceny. "Well, why don't you call a policeman? I took it. Your umbrella! Why don't you call a cop? There stands one on the corner."

The umbrella owner slowed his steps. Soapy did likewise, with a presentiment that luck would again run against him. The policeman looked at the two curiously.

"Of course," said the umbrella man--"that is--well, you know how these mistakes occur--I--if it's your umbrella I hope you'll excuse me--I picked it up this morning in a restaurant--If you recognise it as yours, why--I hope you'll--"

"Of course it's mine," said Soapy, viciously.

The ex-umbrella man retreated. The policeman hurried to assist a tall blonde in an opera cloak across the street in front of a street car that was approaching two blocks away.

Soapy walked eastward through a street damaged by improvements. He hurled the umbrella wrathfully into an excavation. He muttered against the men who wear helmets and carry clubs. Because he wanted to fall into their clutches, they seemed to regard him as a king who could do no wrong.

At length Soapy reached one of the avenues to the east where the glitter and turmoil was but faint. He set his face down this toward Madison Square, for the homing instinct survives even when the home is a park bench.

But on an unusually quiet corner Soapy came to a standstill. Here was an old church, quaint and rambling and gabled. Through one violet-stained window a soft light glowed, where, no doubt, the organist loitered over the keys, making sure of his mastery of the coming Sabbath anthem. For there drifted out to Soapy's ears sweet music that caught and held him transfixed against the convolutions of the iron fence.

The moon was above, lustrous and serene; vehicles and pedestrians were few; sparrows twittered sleepily in the eaves--for a little while the scene might have been a country churchyard. And the anthem that the organist played cemented Soapy to the iron fence, for he had known it well in the days when his life contained such things as mothers and roses and ambitions and friends and immaculate thoughts and collars.

The conjunction of Soapy's receptive state of mind and the influences about the old church wrought a sudden and wonderful change in his soul. He viewed with swift horror the pit into which he had tumbled, the degraded days, unworthy desires, dead hopes, wrecked faculties and base motives that made up his existence.

And also in a moment his heart responded thrillingly to this novel mood. An instantaneous and strong impulse moved him to battle with his desperate fate. He would pull himself out of the mire; he would make a man of himself again; he would conquer the evil that had taken possession of him. There was time; he was comparatively young yet; he would resurrect his old eager ambitions and pursue them without faltering. Those solemn but sweet organ notes had set up a revolution in him. To-morrow he would go into the roaring downtown district and find work. A fur importer had once offered him a place as driver. He would find him to-morrow and ask for the position. He would be somebody in the world. He would--

Soapy felt a hand laid on his arm. He looked quickly around into the broad face of a policeman.

"What are you doin' here?" asked the officer.

"Nothin'," said Soapy.

"Then come along," said the policeman.

"Three months on the Island," said the Magistrate in the Police Court the next morning.

Name: _____

Grade: _____/10

Use any of the three O. Henry stories to complete these questions.

1. Does the main character explain to the reader his perspective on the events that have transpired? Give examples. (2 points)

2. When something happens that is the opposite of what you expected, it is called irony. Find at least three evidences of irony in this story and list them. (3 points)

3. Does this story seem to deal with a universal theme? Circle any that apply: (2 points)

Prejudice	Family Relationships	Compromise
Betrayal	Good vs. evil	Human Integrity
Innocence	Growing Up/Coming of Age	Human Frailty
Materialism vs. Idealism	Fear	Youth vs. age
Generosity of Human Nature	Honor	The Nature Faith
Wisdom of Age	Survival	The Nature of God
Pride & Humility	Loyalty	Innocence vs. Experience
Alienation	Struggles with the Conscience	
Ambition	Disillusionment	

4. Does the story merely call the reader's attention to a theme without trying to solve anything? Explain. (3 points)