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EVIDENCES OF THE SOCIAL CASE WORK PROCESSES
IN THE AMERICAN NOVEL 1900-1931

by

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A Thesis Submitted in Partial Fulfillment
Of The Requirements For The Degree
Of Master Of Arts In
Loyola University
May, 1931

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EVIDENCES OF THE SOCIAL CASE WORK PROCESSES IN THE AMERICAN NOVEL FROM 1900-1931

INTRODUCTION

A. CRITICAL STUDY OF THE PROBLEM

1. Purpose

This study is undertaken to find evidences of the social case work processes in the American novel from 1900 to 1931. It has three specific aims. The first is to show that certain characters who because of native ability and innate tact in dealing with problems of human relationships have practiced the art of social case work. The second aim is to organize the data into an organic order and to interpret the examples found so that additional reading of these novels will be unnecessary. The third is to encourage those engaged in social work to read good fiction, for the novel has a definite place as source material for the study of society in its group contacts and maladjustments (47:46). It also reveals countless opportunities for the development of personality. As Joshua Reynolds once said: "The more extensive your acquaintance is with the works of those who have excelled, the more

extensive will be your power of invention - and what may appear still more a paradox, the more original will be your conception " (52:29).

The writer selected the twentieth century for study because the beginning of this century marked a new age in American literature. The New England influence was passing. A flood of immigrants had been pouring into the cities and the prairie lands since the middle of the nineteenth century. For millions, the period had been another colonial era with the hardships of the early American settlement days. European ideals, manners and religion had become dominant over large areas of the United States. The natural wealth of the nation had increased beyond all calculation through new industrial processes. Disillusionment came first to the large cities in the East which were pinched by financial panics and by a growing industrialism. The spirit of revolt which had started in the early nineties under the names of "veritism" and "naturalism" was furthered by Theodore Roosevelt who scorned historical dreamings and romance. The demand was for the concrete thing - life "as it is actually lived in the here and now" (57:183). This later generation of American novelists is bent toward introspection and realism. They want truth. They want to share the lives of their characters. They study the individual

in relation to his social environment. The intimacy between reality and fiction has never been closer (55:23). The trouble with many of the disillusioned novelists is that realism for them is not seen from any point of view at all and so its "shadows fall in every direction and it fails of being art" (57:191).

2. Nature of the Problem

a- Definition of Social Case Work.- Social work is that which treats man's spiritual, mental and physical wants (22:103; 29:11). It has put new meaning into man's collective life (29:14). It is gradually emerging as a profession, a specialized, skilled service available to any maladjusted individual or disorganized group. Social work concerns itself with the good fostering of social relationships (30:26); also it seeks to "reestablish man's god-given dignity and to give him the aspiration to rise again to the level that was intended and implied in his creation" (16:43).

Stuart A. Queen points out that social work is trying to define its tasks clearly and has built up an "educationally communicable technique" (10:265) known as social case work, which Miss Richmond has admirably defined as "those processes which develop personality through adjustments consciously effected, individual by individual,

between men and their social environment" (25:98-99). To the development of this technique, the family social case workers have made the greatest contribution.

The emphasis placed on the understanding of human beings is a dominant note in the case worker's philosophy. "Human personality has an intrinsic value for the social worker not because it can be moulded or rehabilitated" (29:14) but because it is worthy of respect in its own right. Case work demands a high degree of sensitiveness to the unique quality in each human being. It is the case worker's privilege to discover and release the unduplicated excellence in each individual; to care profoundly for the infinitely varied pattern of humanity and to strive with an "artist's striving, to develop the depth and richness of its color tones" (25:158).

At the present time the case worker is having to resign her reliance upon "social norms, moral standards, and sound treatment plans in favor of limited treatment ends and the stimulation of growth processes within the individual which may carry him she knows not where" (26:188).

The worker must use not only social resources but also her personality as tools to obtain her ends (45:29). Unless her manner and speech express sincerity of purpose and kindness of spirit, no amount of skillful technique will

avail her. Her mind and the client's will not meet and results will be superficial (45:29).

b-Method of Social Case Work.- Social maladjustments may arise from abnormal individual biological variations, failures, incorrect educative processes and family and social disorganizations (9:185). The case worker can aid these individuals only if they want to be helped. The worker must not deny the individual the sense of achievement and power that springs from "uniting and making his own adjustment; it is too precious a possession to be denied to any human being"(6:40).

Social case work attempts to further the satisfactory functioning of the individual as a "voluntary factor in his own life organization" (18:12). This necessitates consideration and adjustment of the various external factors affecting the individual in order to achieve the psychological and spiritual effects (45:29).

Social case work includes diagnosis and treatment, personal influence and modification of the environment, direct service and the cooperation of specialists in other fields.

The case worker has to diagnose and study the patients in terms of themselves, "their families, their friends, their occupations, their neighborhoods, their

organization-connections and their motives; the individual has a truly detached personality" (43:171). Other persons and other forces are all a part of his life.

People are like plants; they have roots and these root connections must be tapped. All this must be done in a spirit of great sympathy. It cannot be done in five minutes or in an hour or in a day, but the social worker who has the gift of understanding will know how to unravel the story, to get all its bearings, and to evaluate it properly. Having this basis of fact and having a knowledge of the conditions which surround the patients, the good social worker will try to help them to help themselves, to get the things they need - health, training, justice, spiritual values, recreation, a fuller understanding of life; yes, even punishment. There must be an orderly approach to all this. We must know who can provide the things needed; for if there is no one else to serve, then the social worker must render the service or must make others see that there is a service to be rendered. If with all these steps, the social worker has the respect if not the love of her clients, then that is case work (43:171).

Every case work plan may be said to attempt a reintegration of individual and environment into a more acceptable pattern or into an arrangement that promises improvement. The individual, the social setting and the social worker constitute the dynamic agents in this process (18:11). Sometimes the surroundings need to be radically changed, frequently the person, more often the change to be permanent must be effected in the individual and his environment (23:577).

The case worker achieves certain intangible ends through the medium of the interview. The interview may be

held for purposes of investigation and analysis or for treatment. The interviewer in addition to being a graceful conversationalist (42:129) must have knowledge, poise, personality, prestige, a respectful attitude, understanding, flexibility, impersonality, emotional stability and sympathy (34:104) coupled with a courteous, conciliatory manner and an obvious desire to be fair (44:123). Miss Richmond believed that the most successful interview could be held "wherever the sense of strangeness may be worn away most quickly" (34:103).

The psychological processes consisting of action and reaction between the worker and the client constitute the structure of the interview (18:13). It involves two main phases: the establishment on the client's part of the proper relationship toward the content of the interview and the development of understanding regarding the aim for which the interview is held (18:17). The first contact between the interviewer and the client should serve to establish a basis of verbal communication between them and "motivate the attitude of the client to subsequent relationship" (18:18).

The purpose of the interview involves the "fundamental objective at which the interviewer is driving" (48:528) when the various processes are combined. It can be accomplished only by using the processes built up by the employment of various techniques (36:520).

The relationship between the client and the social worker is not one-sided, for the former is always looked upon as an individual who is an important factor in developing the plan (18:18). To encourage this relationship the interviewer must create an atmosphere to bring out the desired responses (18:17). The worker must make a friendly contact by using an informal and natural manner; by avoiding distractions; by making interviews agreeable and entertaining; by referring to some common experience; by appealing to his pride and establishing a sense of security (34:105-106). The worker also draws on certain skills to obtain social evidence which Miss Salsbury has admirably summarized as: lessening tension; keeping to the main issues; helping him to make difficult admissions; breaking down defence mechanisms; influencing judgement of the interviewee; aiding the interviewee to gain time and recover from a bad start (49:155). After putting the interviewee at his ease and establishing confidence, the worker tries to obtain pertinent information and insight into the client's situation and to bring about action and understanding on his part (36:520).

Interviewers should always give a fair and patient hearing; seek to establish mutual understanding; aim to secure clues to further sources of insight and cooperation and develop self-help and self-reliance within

the range of the client (24:133).

In social work it is "only the long views that are cheering" (23:583). A few optimistic articles have appeared in the Family (38:254-258; 40:144-148; 51:46-49) suggesting the ways and means of measuring achievement or distinguished success in some high endeavor in the face of difficulties (21:457).

This brief survey of social work and social case work processes is merely introductory to the interpretation and study of the illustrations of the social case work processes found in the novel which Henry James has called the most independent, the most elastic and most prodigious of literary forms.

B. DEFINITION OF TERMS

It is necessary to define certain terms used in this study.

Adjustment means the bringing together into proper relations.

Aid implies earnest cooperation on the part of the one who is relieved.

Case does not refer to the individual but to the social problem or situation that the worker is called upon to solve (23:471). At first the services of the social

case worker were confined almost exclusively to the very destitute, but now they are beginning to be applied to persons whose troubles are not financial at all or not exclusively so.

The case work method consists of the plan of treatment.

Character is the sum of the moral and mental qualities which give the stamp of individuality to a person.

Dynamic implies the existence of a force which keeps one in action after being motivated (45:25).

Environment is the aggregate of all external conditions and influences affecting the life and the development of man.

Help consists of the strength or means furnished toward promoting an object or deliverance from distress or difficulty.

Participation is the method of giving a client the fullest possible share in the process of working out an understanding of his difficulty and a desirable plan for meeting it (26:114).

Personality is the assemblage of qualities which makes a person what he is, as distinct from every other person.

Process is derived from the Latin pro, forward

plus cedere, to move. It denotes a progressive action, including a series of acts or steps or techniques directed toward the accomplishment of relatively important immediate objectives (50:528) and certain larger ends (36:520).

Relationship implies interaction^c and continuity (26:114).

Social pertains to companionship or mutual relationship and relates to the natural understanding and intercourse of individuals whose lives are distinctly shaped with reference to one another. It magnifies the processes in common that unite men and minimizes the forms of organization that tend to divide (23:476).

Social diagnosis is the attempt " to arrive at an exact definition of the social situation and the personality of a given client (24:62).

Social evidence may be defined as consisting of " all the facts as to personal or family history, which taken together, indicate the nature of a given client's social difficulties and the means to their solution" (24:50).

Technique is the mechanical skill "in artistic work" (49:153) or a group of activities centered about an immediate minor objective (48:528). Case work involves both psychological and sociological techniques (18:11).

C. METHOD OF PROCEDURE

The growth of the social case work movement in the United States for thirty years was studied in order to understand its changing point of view, its underlying philosophy and its method of technical procedure. Then a comprehensive survey of the American novel was made; the history, movements and tendencies observed in order to have a wider perspective of these three decades of the twentieth century. Next a bibliography of about one hundred and fifty novels was formed (to which many were added later and more subtracted) by consulting the United States Catalog, Manly and Rickert's Contemporary American Literature, Helen Keller's Readers Digest of Books and the "Book Review Digest."

This large number of novels of recognized merit were read and passages indicated which possessed the distinguishing features of the case work method. This scrutiny steadily eliminated any American writers whose characters are excessively sensible or leave nothing permanent and those whose immoderate naturism distort life as it is actually lived. Consequently those caught in the spirit of revolt - a galaxy of talented writers such as Frank Norris, Theodore Dreiser, Robert Herrick, Floyd Dell, John Dos Passos and Thomas Boyd were withdrawn from the bibliography.

The recorded instances showing case work processes were later carefully analyzed and judged for their real value. In this sifting many examples were excluded since they did not transcend tact and good-will, therefore were not pertinent to genuine case work technique. Finally the real instances discovered were classified and later interpreted in an order which the writer hopes is natural and intelligible.

D. ARRANGEMENT OF DATA

The background of social work and the case work processes have been outlined in the introduction. Chapter I is a study of the dynamic creative possibilities in social relationships with emphasis upon the growth of human personality and an appreciation of the real relation of things. Chapter II considers the social diagnostic processes: the information relative to an individual's social history and the formulation of a plan of adjustment. In Chapter III social case treatment is discussed with reference to family relationship adjustments, individual adjustments and the intelligent use of facilities and individuals in making adjustments. The conclusion embodies the conceptions that the art of helping is the art of every-day life; the spirit of service is an expression of

the higher development of personality; that the novel forms valuable supplementary reading for the social worker.

E. LIMITATIONS AND VALUE

This study has been subject to limitations. It can have no pretensions at being complete. It is certain that much has been overlooked. All writers of American fiction could not be marshalled in line but some of the most representative are present.

The novelist can only produce his effect by a series of small impressions, dripping his meaning into the reader's mind. In the novel, the action, dialogue and analysis of sensations and motives are the substances out of which individuals are moulded. The atmosphere around them, the backgrounds against which they move are often suggested by the poetic expression of poetic experience. The novelist often gives the world what he really feels, as Tchekov once said, "the reflection in a piece of broken bottle". In direct contrast the case worker's eye can often see the client's mind. She can apprehend a situation, the whole in a moment of time.

The case history records facts in an objective and exact manner always following a determined technique. The search for this form was early discouraged. In investigation and diagnosis the usual procedure of the

case worker was not followed but there were evidences of both of these processes.

The men and women in the novel who aided the maladjusted are not professional workers for they lack the training in scientific knowledge and methods of dealing with problems of human relationships. There is a decided difference between the definitely recognized social case work method and the individual who practises social case work, (8:368).

There will be without question specific instances and inferences which may challenge doubt or dissent.

This study will be valuable only in so far as it will be a descriptive and interpretative record of instances of case work processes in the novel. It will also provide supplementary reading for the student of case work or the social worker, showing them that the techniques and approaches of social case work are not peculiar to this field but are found in every-day life in a less organized manner. Its real significance will be evident only in proportion as this limited ~~work~~ becomes a stimulus to further study of literature to discover evidences of the social case work processes.

CHAPTER I

DYNAMIC CREATIVE POSSIBILITIES IN SOCIAL RELATIONSHIPS

The fundamental background and reality of human development are social relationships (26:115). They imply a natural understanding and the association of individuals whose lives are distinctly shaped with reference to one another. They may be intensive and prolonged or limited to one meeting. These relationships may have only a passing effect upon the individual; or they may move him so deeply that his whole ego is modified; again they may give him greater security and freedom to grow in his individuality.

A confused person sometimes has the good fortune to meet one who remembers that man is a bundle of disharmonies; who tries to understand the conflicts and impulses that assail the individual; and who through sympathy and understanding reestablishes his confidence and reproduces his solidarity of feeling.

Through the American novel one searches for such social minded individuals and finds among others: Dr. Lavendar, Matey Ford, Charlotte Weyland, Matts Swenson and Amelia Walton. They are noble men and women from

various classes of society having the social worker's vision, strength and courage. They are dynamic creators moving through the world, ever conscious, like the caseworker, of man's modicum of being, truth and love. They live by hope, work steadfastly, strain for an ideal and trust that an aggregate of effort will result in a fruitful relationship.

Since the novelist's purpose is to progress he travels far never losing sight of his destination. One can frequently see the ultimate effects of certain relationships upon various characters. There may be growth of personality and an appreciation of the real relation of things.

A. GROWTH OF HUMAN PERSONALITY

Man lives in a social order based on the personality of men. If the novelist attempts to understand and depict the complexities of human relationships, he makes his contribution to the progress of mankind (29:11). Unfortunately many novelists in this period of psychic unrest and unbalance reflect the grim scene of lost individuals utterly submerged, bewildered and frightened (21:470). Sherwood Anderson's novels ache with this sense of dumb confusion; with a consciousness of how "men coming

out of Europe and given millions of square miles of black fertile land, mines and forests, have failed in the challenge given them by fate and have produced out of the stately order of nature only the sordid disorder of man" (61:154). Beneath the poetic surfaces of Floyd Dell's beautiful "Mooncalf" and "The Briary Bush" is a substantial bulk of human life. Felix and Rose Ann, parents and citizens anxiously wait to find out if the complicated threads of loyalty will last better than the simple threads that broke (61:171). Felix in discovering the calm of stability has not really completed the circle of his life for freedom stands ready to lure him away once more. Edith Wharton, John Dos Passos, Evelyn Scott, Sinclair Lewis and Theodore Dreiser have also persistently portrayed the groping, straining and frustrated individual.

On the other hand many novels out of the "teeming, gleaming stress of the present" have selected "the eternal material of art" (60:110); have presented characters who enjoy the noble aims of life (17:235) and who spread the spirit of fellowship by generosity, charity, appreciation, sincerity and sympathy. These are the builders of personality.

Men are aware of the facts of personality which surround them. Despite the feeling of attitudes and wishes which make up social phenomena, units that are at once

larger and smaller than the human personality, personality itself is a unit. Aristotle considered personality as the "product of culture and teaching impressed upon the nature of man" (39:359). Ellsworth Faris regards it as the "subjective aspect of culture" (37:405-408). Thomas and Znaniecki view it as a never ending process to which every new experience contributes something (39:364). Personality is a "changing entity" (7:158), an organization of traits, attitudes and ideas which determine the role of the individual in society (39:358); comprising as it does the individual's characteristic reactions to social stimuli, the quality of his adaptation to the social features of his environment and in its genetic development is dependent upon social contacts (1:101). The biological facts of race, sex, physique and mentality set the limits to the originality of personality (3:56).

The unfolding of personality is due to an inner tendency and to an outer influence and agency (15:11). Its growth is not only compatible with change but definitely implies it (15:37), connecting and unifying successive phases. It involves an interplay between intelligence and choice, thought and will, through which an individual brings himself into touch with a larger and richer social environment. This development conceives of progress and in

some manner adapts the environment according to his own ideals (15:112).

The data accumulated and considered as relative to growth in human personality is probably capable of other interpretations either in the field of social diagnosis or social case treatment. But the writer found in classifying and reclassifying the raw material two specific phases: the fulfillment of individuality and the appreciation of the real relation of things which are definitely a part of this great aim in social case work and cannot be separated from it.

1. The Fulfillment of Individuality

The social worker usually begins with the individual and ends with him. She tries to understand his dominant sentiments and beliefs at a given time, whereby his attitude toward his environment is determined (37:365). She gradually becomes aware of the conflicting forces within the individual and tries to interpret them in order to help the man. Since there are individual differences and Peter is not Paul, the process of fulfillment of individuality is not a standardized process. (No attempt should be made to mould individuality into one form). The case worker and the novelist find variation and they

develop variations (12:268).

a- Charlotte Weyland and Queed.- "Queed" unfolds in an elaborate manner the effectuation of individuality.

It carries out the leit motif of Henry Sydnor Harrison's creative impulse - his compelling belief in the supreme value of the bonds that exist between human beings caught in this machinery of life. Charlotte Weyland like Matey Ford sought the opportunity of giving generously whenever possible sympathy and understanding for the strengthening of souls. Mr. Harrison has written "Queed" in the same plodding fashion as "Angela's Business" and "V. V.'s Eyes" without any grace in his choice of pattern or words; without the concentration of Miss Cather or of Mr. Wilder. But it contains social case work processes to a marked degree; a study of the interrelation of characters; a succession of their attitudes and acts, the words that pass between them and the effect of an active social influence in its subtle and tangible aspects.

This novel's focal point is Queed, the most unconscious and merciless of egoists who sacrificed everyone, even little Fifi to his comfort without a tremor. In the beginning he possessed nothing but his fearless and unswerving honesty. Fortunately he encountered Charlotte Weyland who understood, helped and encouraged this mis-

anthrope toward the strengthening and refining of his whole nature. In the end Queed was a fully developed personality.

Charlotte met him for the first time one evening at her aunt's boarding house when he came down late for supper from the "room known as the third floor back" (78:17). She kindly offered to bring him his plate of steak and potatoes. In the subsequent interview there are evidences of social case work techniques including; putting him at his ease, introducing a common bond of interest, controlling the interview, stating the purpose of the interview, keeping to the main issue, letting him tell his story, helping him to make difficult admissions, breaking down his defense mechanisms and influencing his judgement.

Charlotte poured him a glass of water from a battered silver pitcher but he remained oblivious to this little courtesy. He had propped his books against a plate of rolls and was reading "in between cuts on the steak" (78:26). Beside the plate he had laid his watch, an open faced nickel one about the size of a desk clock. She asked several questions in order to open a conversation.

"Do you believe that is everything?"

"I believe that is all."

"Do you remember me?" (78:26)

He glanced at her briefly through his spectacles

but his eyes soon returned to his supper, "I think not." The girl smiled suddenly by herself, "It was my dog that upset you this afternoon on Main Street. I thought you seemed to limp a little when you came in just now. I'm awfully sorry for the mishap"(78:27). The presence of the dog's owner in this house piqued his curiosity. He bowed, "I'm obliged to you for getting my supper." It was a quiet dismissal but Charlotte chose to disregard it. During the silence she looked critically at the delinquent boarder and noticed his pallid complexion; "his dusty air of premature age; his general effect of dried up detachment from his environment... the tousled mass of nondescript hair ... the necktie band triumphing over the collar in the back ... the trim cut of his face, which gave an unexpected and contradictory air of briskness" (78:27); the bold nose; the long straight mouth that belonged to a man of action.

"I'm afraid I must interrupt your reading for a moment," she said quietly. "There is something I want to say ..."

He glanced up for the second time. There was surprise and some vexation in the eyes ... but no sign of interest.

"Well?"

"When my aunt introduced you to me just now she did not - did not identify me as she should -"

"Really does it make any difference?"

"Yes, I think it does. You see I am not only her niece but her business woman, her agent as well. She isn't very good at business. ... She runs this boarding house and people of various kinds come to her and she takes them into her house. Many of these people are entirely unknown to her. In this way trouble sometimes arises. For instance people come now and then who - how shall I put it? - are

very reserved about making their board payments. My aunt hardly knows how to deal with them."

He interrupted her with a gesture and a glance at his watch. "It always seems to me an unnecessary waste of time not to be direct. You have called to collect my arrearage for board" (78:28).

Charlotte took up his lead and admitted that this was the fundamental purpose of the interview. He consented to give her the twenty dollars he had just received in the mail. She continued the interview to find out more about this strange and interesting boarder.

"That would cut down the account nicely," said she, looking at him pleasantly ... She went on much like the firm young enumerators who take the census: "By the way - let me ask: Have you any regular business or occupation?"

"Not I suppose in the sense in which you mean the interrogation."

"Perhaps you have friends in the city, who - "

"Fr~~ie~~ends! Here! Good Lord - no!" said he with exasperated vehemence ... "They are the last thing in the world that I desire. My experience in that direction in New York quite sufficed me, I assure you. I came here," said he, with rather too blunt an implication, "to be left alone."

"I was thinking of references, you know. You have friends in New York, then?"

"Yes, I have two. But I doubt if you would regard them as serviceable for references. The best of them is only a policeman; the other is a yegg-man by trade - his brother, by the way" (78:29).

This unusual portion of a life history impressed Charlotte but she was not to be sidetracked so she kindly offered to take his remittance to her aunt. Mr. Queed drew an envelope out of his pocket and gave it to her. Within a folded sheet of cheap white paper, apparently torn from a pad was a new twenty dollar bill - nothing more.

When Queed suggested that his father might have sent the money, Charlotte on the alert for any clues, inquired,

"Does he live here, in the city?"

"I have reason to believe that he does ... because of that belief I have come here. I have assumed with good grounds, that he would promptly make himself known to me, take charge of things and pay my board; but though I have been here nearly a month, he has so far made not the slightest move in that direction, unless we count this letter. Possibly he leaves it to me to find him, but I, on my part, have no time to spare for such an undertaking ... Under the circumstances I cannot promise you a steady revenue from my father."

"But - apart from the money consideration - have you no interest in finding him?"

"... It happens not to be a mere question of my whim. Possibly you can appreciate the fact that finding a father is a tremendous task when you have no idea where he lives or what he looks like, or what name he may be using. My time is wholly absorbed by my work. I have none to give to a wild goose chase such as that, on the mere chance, if found he would agree to pay my board for the future."

.....

"Yours must be a very great work to make you view the finding of your father in that way."

"The greatest in the world," he answered drily. "I may call it loosely, evolutionary sociology."

She was so silent after this and her expression was so peculiar that he concluded that his words conveyed nothing to her.

"The science," he added kindly, "which treats of the origins, nature and the history of human society; analyzes the relations of men in organized communities; formulates the laws of social progress and permanence; and correctly applies these laws to the evolutionary development of human civilization."

"... And your ambition is to become a great evolutionanry sociologist?"

He smiled faintly. "To become one?"

"Oh! Then you are one already?" (78:32-33).

He gave Charlotte an envelope, "You mention references. Possibly these will impress you as even better than friends" (78:33). She looked at the clippings; two

advertisements of a heavy review announcing articles by Mr. Queed; a table of contents torn from an old number of the Political Science Quarterly to the same effect; an editorial from a New York newspaper commenting on one of these articles and speaking laudatorily of its author; a private letter from the Quarterly's editor urging Mr. Queed to write another article on a specified subject, "Sociology and Socialism".

"They impress me," she said, returning his envelope; "but not as better than friends."

"A matter of taste ..."

"I had always supposed," continued the girl, looking at him, "that sociology had a close relation with life - in fact that it was based on a conscious recognition of - the brotherhood of man."

"Your supposition is doubtless sound, though you express it so loosely -"

"Yet you feel that the sociologist has no such relations?"

He glanced up sharply. At the subtly hostile look in her eyes, his expression became for the first time, a little interested(78:33-34).

Miss Weyland had at last pricked his consciousness and he could not resist defending himself and expounding his sundry ideas at great length. His particular task consisted in working out the laws of human society for future generations to practice and apply. Charlotte found his incredible egoism at once amusing and exasperating.

"Have you ever thought," she asked, "that thousands of other self-absorbed men have considered their own particular work of supreme importance, and that most of them have been mistaken?"

"Really I have nothing to do with other men's

mistakes. I am responsible only for my own."

"And that is why it is a temptation to suggest that conceivably you have made one here" (78:35).

Mr. Queed explained from the practical standpoint, that there would be no revenue from his book for two years and ten months. Miss Weyland drew from him an explanation of his economic situation; that the assistance of his father was problematical so he would have to accept some remunerative work.

"Perhaps," said Miss Weyland slowly, "I can help you."

"I'm sure I hope so," said he with another flying glance at his watch. "That is what I have been approaching for seven minutes."

.....
"Well?" he demanded. "What have you to propose?"
(78:37).

Charlotte rested her chin thoughtfully upon her shapely hand. A pregnant silence filled the dining room.

"I propose," she said, "that you apply for some special editorial work on the Post."

"The Post? The Post? The morning newspaper here?"

"One of them."

He laughed, actually laughed. It was a curious, slow laugh, betraying that the muscles which accomplished it were flabby for want of exercise.

"And who writes the editorials on the Post now?"

"A gentleman named Colonel Cowles -"

"Ah! His articles read as if they might have been written by a military man. I happened to read one the day before yesterday. It was most amusing -"

"Excuse me. Colonel Cowles is a friend of mine."

"What has that got to do with his political economy? If he is your friend, then I should say that you have a most amusing friend."

Sharlee rose, decidedly irritated. "Well - that is my suggestion. I believe that you will find it worth

thinking over. Good night" (78:38).

She had piqued his curiosity and aroused his interest but she was discerning enough not to press her suggestion; consequently he wanted to know more about this possible position. She promised to speak in his behalf to one of the directors of the Post. Miss Weyland thought that Mr. Queed was the "saddest man in the world and it had never dawned on him" (78:39). So far she had succeeded in getting some pertinent information and in stimulating Queed to secure a position.

The next morning Charlotte telephoned to Charles West who consented to interview Mr. Queed (for they needed a good man to help Colonel Cowles in the editorial department). Five days later her aunt informed her that Mr. West had not called, so she managed to meet him and inquired, "Oh, by the way, shall I send my little Doctor Queed to call on you some day?" (78:41). Her persistency and interest were accountable for Queed's success since he almost talked himself out of the job by severely criticizing Colonel Cowles's articles to himself and assuming a superior air when speaking of social and economic problems. The Colonel was a choleric man, but in his age, he had learned the futility of disputation and affray. He told Mr. Queed, "You are frank sir - 'tis a commendable quality. Doubtless

your work will put my own efforts to the blush." The egoist answered quite firmly, "I shall leave you to judge of that Colonel Cowles" (78:50).

A short time later Miss Weyland, the Secretary of the State Department of Charities came to the Post's office to request an editorial on the reformatory. As she was leaving Queed finally recognized her and said, "I had a letter from my father last night" (78:67). Charlotte sympathized with this young man's worse than fatherlessness. She came back into the room and up to the table where he sat.

"Does it help you at all - about knowing where he is ..."

"Not in the least. I wonder what he's up to anyway?" (78:67).

Queed recalled that he had consulted this intelligent and capable girl about securing remunerative work, now she might have something "sensible" to say about his paternal problem.

"Look here," said he, with a glance at his watch. "I'll take a few minutes. Kindly sit down there and I'll show you how the man is behaving."

.....
"Here," said he, "is his first letter - the one that brought me from New York."

He took it from his envelope and laid it open on the table. A sense of the pathos in this ready sharing of one's most intimate secrets with a stranger took hold of Sharlee as she leaned forward to see what it might say" (78:69).

Charlotte read the two strange notes and could

find within them no definite clue to the identity of the writer. Mr. Queed suggested that the same man probably sent the money to Tim Queed which had supported him for twenty four years.

"And do you want to tell me who Tim Queed is?"

(78:72).

Charlotte listened with close attention to his autobiographical sketch.

"He is the man I lived with until I was fourteen; one of my friends, a policeman. For a long time I supposed of course that Tim was my father, but when I was ten or twelve, he told me, first that I was an orphan who had been left with him to bring up, and later on, that I had a father somewhere who was not in a position to bring up children. That was all he would ever say about it. I became a student while still a little boy, having educated myself practically without instruction of any sort, and when I was fourteen I left Tim because he married at that time, and, with the quarreling and drinking that followed the house became unbearable. Tim then told me for the first time that he had, from some source, funds equivalent to twenty five dollars a month for my board, and that he would allow me fifteen of that, keeping ten dollars a month for his services ... So matters went along for ten years, Tim bringing me the fifteen dollars every month and coming frequently to see me in between, often bringing along his brother, Murphy who is a yeggman. Last of all came this letter purporting to be from my father. Absurd as it appeared to me, I decided to come. Tim said that, in that case, he would be compelled to cut off the allowance entirely" (78:71).

Charlotte discreetly refrained from making any comment on this unusual narrative and simply asked, "And now that you are here - and settled - haven't you decided to do something?" (78:71).

There were no Queeds in the city directory; and his father might prefer to remain unknown to him. Miss Weyland looked at him earnestly, "Do you care to have me discuss it with you?" (78:71). He listened eagerly to her opinions on the situation. The father's attitude was extraordinary and unfair but there must be an underlying cause. Was it impossible for him to reveal himself to his son or was he testing Mr. Queed. She seized the chance to lay stress on his father's advice to make friends and to learn to like people.

Queed told her that Tim as an outside source of information was almost hopeless since he had sworn an oath of secrecy and would not even assure him that his father was definitely alive. In spite of this Charlotte encouraged him to search for his father and added,

"Mr. Queed, I want you to know that if I ever could be of help to you about anything, I'd always think it a real pleasure. Please remember that won't you?" (78:74).

This may have been only a friendly gesture yet it impressed Mr. Queed for some days later he called at Charlotte's office about getting some flowers for her little cousin Fifi who was seriously ill (his social sense was awakening). During this visit Charlotte tactfully inquired, "How is your work on the Post going?" (She knew that the board of directors had voted to replace the trans-

cendental scientist).

"The Post will discharge me on the 15th of May unless I show marked improvement. I believe that improvement was exactly the word the estimable Colonel employed" (78:132).

At first Miss Weyland did not realize the terrific blow this was to his intellectual pride and particularly to his intellectual offspring, his valuable ideas always expressed in discriminating language. "I mind it like the devil" (78:133). Into her eyes crept a grave comprehension.

"Mr. Queed, if you had tried to write nursery rhymes and failed, would you have taken it to heart?"

"... The central fact, the concrete thing, is that I do object most decidedly to being kicked out of a second rate newspaper office like an incompetent office boy. Of course I shall not submit to it."

He spoke with overwhelming confidence ... "I mean first to have my dismissal recalled, and second, to be made regular assistant editor at three times my present salary. That is my immediate reply to the directors of the Post. I am willing to let the editorship wait till old Cowles dies.

"Tell me," said Sharlee, "would you personally like to be editor of the Post?"

"Like it! I'll resign the day after they elect me ... I know only that I will have the editorship for a day - and all for the worthless pleasure of pitching it in their faces ... and to have the editorship I must unlearn everything that I know about writing, and deliberately learn to write like a demagogic ass" (78:133-134).

Charlotte realized that this spirit of intellectual contempt would ultimately annihilate him. She weighed the evidence and decided to bring him to his senses.

In the last few minutes he had revealed a human touch: in wanting to give Fifi a gift and in resenting his

dismissal from the Post. He showed also an incredible mental snobbery encrusted with egotism. "No scratch could penetrate that Achilles -armor of self sufficiency" (78:135). Only a vicious stabbing could break it apart. In a disarming way she invited him to talk over his work at her home at half-past eight that evening.

When Mr. Queed arrived and assumed a rather imperious air she purposely delayed opening the conversation. He outlined for her his future program including an analysis of Colonel Cowles's editorials and the substitution of a style precisely like the Colonel's for his own. Charlotte proved to him that his incompetence went deeper than style, having its roots in his attitude of superiority toward his work.

"You think of editorial writing as small hack-work, entirely beneath the dignity of a man who has had one or two articles accepted by a prehistoric magazine which nobody reads. In reality it is one of the greatest and most splendid of all professions fit to call out the very best of a really big man. You chuckle and sneer at Colonel Cowles and think yourself vastly his superior as an ~~edito-~~ editorial writer when ... I doubt if the Post has a single reader who would not prefer to read an article by him, on any subject to reading an article by you" (78:150).

She tried to break down his defense mechanisms.

"When you sit down at the office to write an article, whom do you think you are writing for? A company of scientists? An institute of gray-bearded scholars ... Has it never occurred to you to call up before your mind's eye the people you are actually writing for? ... Go into a street car at six o'clock any night and look around at the faces. There is your public, the readers of the Post

- shop-clerks, stenographers, factory-hands, office-men, plumbers ... If they were to file in here now and ask you to make a few remarks, could you for the life of you say a single thing that would interest them?" (78:151).

Mr. Queed tried to defend his point of view. He maintained that he did not

"pretend or aspire to dispense frothy nothings tricked out to beguile the tired brick-layer. My duty is to give forth valuable information and ripened judgement couched in scientific language - " (78:151-152).

Charlotte emphasized the great difference between a journalistic and a scientific style.

"No your duty is to get yourself read; if you fail there you fail everywhere. Is it possible that you don't begin to grasp that point yet? I fancied that your mind was quicker. You appear to think that the duty of a newspaper is to back people against a wall and ram helpful statistics into them with a force pump ... If you fail to get yourself read you are worse than useless to the Post ... You have failed to do this, and that is why the Post is discharging you. Come ... look at this simple point with the calm detachment of a scientist. The Post can save money, while preserving just the same effect by discharging you and printing every morning a half column from the Encyclopedia Britannica" (78:151-152).

Charlotte rose and walked around the room, then tied together a bunch of violets, thus lessening the tension and giving Mr. Queed time for consideration.

"... I must make things very definite for you. Mr. Queed, you are a failure as an editorial writer because you are first a failure in a much more important direction. You're a failure as a human being - as a man" (78:152).

She watched his face lightly but closely. Consequently she was on her feet as soon as he, and had her hand out before he had even thought of making this gesture.

"It is useless for this harangue to continue," he said sternly. "Your conception of helpful advice," but Charlotte did not let him finish.

"Complimented you a little too far, I see," she taunted him. "I shall be sure to remember after this," she said with such a sweet smile, "that, after all your talk, you are just the average man, and want to hear only what flatters your little vanity. Good night" (78:153).

Charlotte nodded brightly and moved away toward the door at the back. He had no way of knowing that she was really admiring his strong character and thinking, "I knew that mouth meant spirit" (78:154). He did not want the interview to end and he paced back and forth across the room while Miss Weyland casually watched him.

"Go ahead! Go ahead!" he broke out abruptly, coming to a halt. "Pitch into me. Do it for all you're worth. I suppose you think it is what I need."

"Certainly," said Sharlee pleasantly (78:154).

She noticed that he had admirable self control. She talked to him as she said others were talking behind his back. She worked on the theory that he was a serious and honest-minded man, sincerely interested in learning the truth about himself and his failures in order to correct them.

"... the people you aspire to lead - for that is what an editorial writer must do - care nothing for it. That tired brick-layer whom you dismiss with such contempt of course cares nothing for 'textbook science'. But that brick-layer is the People, Mr. Queed. He is the very man that Colonel Cowles goes to, and puts his hand on his shoulder and tries to help - help him to a better home, a

better education for his children, more and more wholesome pleasures, a higher and happier living. Colonel Cowles thinks of life as an opportunity to live with and serve the common, average, everyday people. You think of it as an opportunity to live by yourself and serve your own ambition. He writes to the heart of the people. You write to the heads of the scientists" (78:156).

Fifi and his father had also stressed the fact that he rolled through a living world like a billiard ball. Charlotte finally said, "Your cosmos is all Ego" (78:156). There followed a long, unbroken silence and Mr. Queed interrupted it to tell in a curious, lifeless voice how he learned to read at four from a copy of the New York Evening Post that came wrapped around some pork chops. At eight, he started going to the public libraries; at eleven he was the author of a one volume treatise on the history of the world; at fourteen he was boarding in a tenement on the East Side - a one-sided life. No one had ever shown any interest in him; nor had even offered him any advice or admonitions; he had never received a scolding in all his life until now. He left Miss Weyland's a wiser if not a happier man and promising to analyze and consider dispassionately the evening's conversation.

A perceptible change came over Mr. Queed which was noticed at Mrs. Paynter's boarding place. Henry Sydnor Harrison with remarkable psychological insight portrays the tremendous struggle in Queed's mind over his

theory of life, the brotherhood of man, the immortality of the soul and the identity of his father.

Colonel Cowles noticed a strange expansion. Queed went regularly with Buck to Klinker's and the exercises taken there had added nineteen pounds to his weight, deepened his chest and broadened his shoulders. Charlotte praised his vigorous and clear editorials.

Queed left Mrs. Paynter's to live with a fellow boarder Professor Nicolovius, an antisocial individual. This move brought sorrow and pain to Queed.

By slow degress he had allowed himself to be drawn into contact with the visible life around him. But everywhere that he had touched life, it had turned around and smitten him. He had meant to be a great editor of the Post. After Charles West had deceived him, the newspaper had turned him out but after the establishment of his identity as Henry G. Surface Jr. it had reinstated him as editor. He had tried to befriend an old man who later revealed himself as Henry G. Surface, a political arch-traitor, ex-convict, betrayer of Mr. Weyland's trust. This man was Queed's father.

After Surface's death Charlotte refused to accept any of the money embezzled from her father. Finally she consented to use it for the erection of the long needed

reformatory for which she and Queed had fought and lost.

Charlotte had tried to understand his moods and to make him rise above the depressions peculiar to his nature. This fulfillment of Queed's individuality was carried out in a desultory but effective manner through his own striving and courage plus the indefatigable efforts of Charlotte Weyland.

He was conscious of his enriched personality.

" ... It may surprise you to be told that a life of service has been from the beginning my star and my ambition. ... I have always interpreted service in the broadest sense, in terms of the world; that was why I deliberately excluded all purely personal applications of it. Yet it is from a proper combination of reason - with the sociologist's consciousness of kind-fellow feeling, sympathy, if you will that is derived from a life of fullest efficiency.

... I am ready to admit that an individual life can draw an added meaning - and richness from a service, not of the future, but of the present - not of the race but ... well, of the unfortunate on the doorstep ... I thought it only fair to tell you that while my cosmos is still mostly Ego - I suppose everybody's is in one way or another - I have - made changes, so that I am no longer wholly out of relation with life ... In a certain sense - I should say that your talk - the only one of the kind I ever had - did for me the sort of thing ... that most men's mothers do for them when they are young" (78:307).

b- Marilla Walton and Ewa Zabka. - A second example of fulfillment of individuality occurs in Cornelia Cannon's memorable novel "Heirs".

Marilla the village school teacher helps Ewa, an unruly and insolent Polish child. Marilla like Charlotte Weyland was the first to have any insight into the girl's

real problems and the potentialities of her character. Miss Cannon traces this subordinate drama through this remarkable narrative of a decadent, almost sterile American stock and the vigorous, productive Polish immigrant in the mill town of Lovell.

On the opening day of school Marilla was bending over the desk to show the Hilton boy how to use his box of letters. Suddenly he pulled from his pocket a toy watch and holding it up for her, to see said shyly, "I got a clock" (67:48). Ewa who sat behind him burst into loud laughter. Marilla instantly turned to her, "Tell him what he should have said Ewa" (67:48). Ewa was a little taken back by the suddenness of the question but she answered still giggling, "It's a watch, not a clock" (67:48). Marilla controlled the scene by gentleness not force. Ewa hesitated a moment before responding to the teacher's question, "What is the difference?" (67:48).

The children were listening carefully.

"One you hang on you," she answered stumbly.
"De odder goes off in de morning."

The other children were ready to laugh at that but Marilla made no comment, continuing to ask questions of Ewa until she got an answer that satisfied her (67:49).

Marilla knew that the management of the Polish girl was not beyond her. The child was not stupid, only lawless and undisciplined. She had evidently alienated

any friends she had had among the children.

Marilla began to take a deep interest in Ewa that day at recess. The girl was standing apart from the group of children and the teacher beckoned to her. The girl came slowly, eyeing Marilla as "a wild creature might watch some suspicious feature of the landscape" (67:49). She smiled in an encouraging manner and motioned the girl to sit beside her. Ewa dropped to the ground in an untidy heap. The teacher ignored this gesture and tactfully commented, "I have been noticing what lovely hair you have. It seems too bad not to fix it in a pretty way. Have you ever tried doing it in a know at your neck?" (67:49).

The little Polish girl was amazed at this simple praise. She lifted her hand automatically to her tangled hair.

"Is it pretty?" she asked, her eyes wide with astonishment.

"Yes, very," answered Marilla, "and your skin is pretty too. You must have been out in the sun a great deal to get it such a rich color. But it is not quite clean. No girl who cares how she looks ever lets her face get dirty" (67:49).

Ewa rubbed her hand across her cheek as if to remove the obscuring dirt. Her eyes did not leave Marilla's face and her look of bewilderment only deepened. The teacher was not an enemy and the Polish girl's heart was softening toward her. No one had ever cared before how

she looked. Maybe she was really pretty after all. "Was it possible that she might learn to fix her hair as nicely as Miss Lamphrey's?" (67:50). During the rest of the day she was too absorbed in thinking to remember her plans for making this teacher cry as she had the one the year before.

Marilla had given the girl a sense of dignity and worth. She had appealed to her sense of pride and stimulated her desire for improvement. The teacher had made Ewa the equal of the other American and Polish children.

On the way home that afternoon Marilla found out that Ewa was born in Poland. The girl caught the teacher's friendly trust and reliance upon her.

"We are both strangers here in Lovell," said Marilla pleasantly. "You have been here longer than I have. You must help me to feel at home."

Ewa's sullen look melted into an unexpected smile.

"Yes, I help you," she answered. "I show you places where pretty flowers grow. I know bird's nests and I get you eggs next summer" (67:51).

Marilla took Ewa up to her room where she handed the girl a comb with which to get the snarls out of her hair. The child tugged obediently, closing her eyes with an expression of anguish as she tore her hair in efforts to comb out the obstinate tangles. After the teacher had arranged her hair, Ewa viewed it from every angle and then offered to wash her face. The girl attacked the task with energy. She "splashed and rubbed and polished" (67:52).

Ewa was transformed. Marilla commended her efficiency and admired her appearance. As the girl was leaving the teacher slipped a package of hairpins and a handglass into her hands saying, "These are for you to keep . Now you can look in the glass every morning and see whether you are ready for school"(67:53).

Ewa had found a friend - one who possessed many of the attributes of a case worker.

One Sunday the girl came to see the teacher and brought a large bunch of everlasting flowers. Ewa's eyes wandered over the room; she touched nothing "but it seemed to Marilla that she had handled everything with her eyes" (67:90).

"How nice you look," said Marilla, observing the girl's appearance with approval. "Do you need anymore hairpins?"

"No, I got plenty," answered the girl. "Will you let me look there?" she added pointing to the large mirror above the bureau (67:90).

Ewa turned to the teacher with a self-conscious smile. "I got a fella now," she said, tossing her head. "When I wear dis dress he see me and he say to himself, 'Dat's my girl' and he come around when I dig potatoes and tell me about it. Someday I going to be married wid him" (67:91).

Marilla was glad that the girl confided in her. She warned her that she was too young to marry and assume

the responsibilities of a home.

"I plenty old enough," said Ewa complacently.
"Polander girls not old maids like you."

Marilla caught her tone of superiority.

"Fadda, mudda like me to get married. Maybe my fella live home and help my fadda on farm" (67:91).

Marilla wondered if she was not responsible for this new Ewa. She almost pleaded with the girl to remain single.

"You'll stay in school this year anyway. You want to read and write before you start a home of your own."

"Yes, maybe I stay this year. I tell my fella, wait till summer. His name's Stanislaw Lewenopski. He's only in de mill, but he don't like to board. He want to live wid me" (67:91).

The teacher noticed the new air of confidence that had come over the girl. Marilla studied the situation after the Polish girl left. The young man might be open to reason and the only way to reach him was through Mr. Walton, the president of the mills.

First she decided to seek cooperation outside the Zabka family. She wrote a note to Mr. Walton saying that a problem had arisen concerning one of her pupils and she would be grateful for an opportunity to talk it over with him, for she thought he might be able to help her.

During her interview with the president she learned that Stanislaw was the best wool-sorter in the mill. Marilla urged the executive to tell Stanislaw that she wanted to make a real American woman out of Ewa, a woman of whom he

would always be proud but that it would take two years to do it (67:110-111).

Later Mr. Walton reported to Marilla the results of his interview with Stanislaw. The man's mother in Poland had picked out the girl he was to marry; only the difficulty of securing a passport kept her away from him. Ewa was a "good girl to kiss. I say to her 'marry me' but I no mean it" (67:117). Marilla threw out her hands and exclaimed, "We try to help these children and some selfish man or woman comes along and destroys what we've been struggling to build up" (67:118).

A case worker handling this situation might have been more circumspect about Stanislaw's attitude. (One cannot question the sincerity of both these people).

On a Sunday afternoon, Polish visiting day, Mr. Walton and Marilla went out to the Zabka place to see the father. She stopped a minute to talk with the women on their way to meet Mr. Zabka.

Mr. Walton tried to convince the man of the advisability of Ewa giving up Stanislaw for the present. When Zabka became too antagonistic, uncompromising and insensible to reasoning, the owner of the mills in a stern voice commanded him to take better care of his daughter and temporarily keep her away from Stanislaw. The farmer promised to

obey(67:123-126).

(Meanwhile Mr. Walton had married Marilla).

One morning three years later Mr. Walton told Marilla that it was rumoured at the mill that Stanislaw Lewenopski's girl had gotten a place in the quota and her brother at Manchester was paying her transportation to Lovell. Ewa had not worked that week for her machine was being repaired.

After breakfast Mrs. Walton drove out to the Zabka place. Mrs. Zabka kept complaining about the girl's laziness. Ewa justified herself by saying, "I'm married. My man he don't want me to work" (67:198). The girl had forced Stanislaw to marry her **two** days earlier. They were going to live in two rooms in Lovell near the mill. "That's good," said Marilla pleasantly. "You won't be very far from me. You must come to visit me, Ewa ... You'll be far away from your mother. You must let me take her place" (67:199).

Ewa was interested for her husband wanted an American home. Marilla talked for a few minutes to the mother and the children. When she was leaving Mrs. Zabka said with unexpected cordiality, "you come again. I like you come" (67:203).

Mrs. Walton helped Ewa in her household duties; took care of the children when a new baby was born and

watched her grow in grace. Ewa now could move harmoniously along with her husband who had a bright future before him. Mr. Walton had high admiration for his ability and adaptability.

For some inexplicable reason, Ewa always recalls Antonia. Perhaps it is the contrast between these two immigrant women: Ewa self-assertive yet dependent; Antonia a rich mine of life. Ewa's personality grew fuller and more vibrant. But in motherhood, could she like Antonia have stood in the orchard with her hand on a little crab tree, looking up at the apples and made the bystander feel all the goodness of planting, tending and harvesting at last.

The growth of personality in "Queed" and "Heirs" was an extensive and intensive process. It remains to consider another aspect of it, the stimulation of powers and capacities - instances which are sporadic but effective.

c- The Stimulation of Powers and Capacities .-

(1) Mrs. Barbara Marshall in "The Bent Twig":-

Mrs. Marshall a fine, gay and wise mother was always ready to play with her children or correct her husband's university papers. She held her family with a love that never flinched even when it meant suffering for them and for her. One firmly agrees with Sylvia's remark, "Mother's just great",

for throughout "The Bent Twig" hovered the mother's gallant spirit and influence which constantly spurred the girls onward to the accomplishment of their undertakings (64).

(2) Helena Richie in "The Iron Woman".-- Certain individuals are able to animate other men and restore their hopes and powers. Mrs. Richie was such a person. She took duty, energy and ability so sweetly and trustingly for granted, consequently she could do more with Blair Maitland in a few minutes than Robert Ferguson's vociferating truthfulness could accomplish in hours.

She wanted Blair to make something of his life. (Part of Dr. Lavendar's method was now her own). After dinner the two had gone into the little plant room, where the air was sweet with hyacinths and the moist greenness of ferns.

"Blair," she said ... "I want to say something. You won't mind?"

"Mind anything you say? I should think not."

"It is only that I want you to know that, when the time comes, I shall think it very fine in you with your tastes and temperament, to buckle down at the Works. I shall admire you very much then, Blair."

He gave her a droll look. "Alas, dear Mrs. Richie," he began; but she interrupted him.

"Your mother will be so proud and happy when you get to work; and I wanted you to know that I too - "

.....

"If there is any good in me," he said, "you would bring it out." Then he smiled. "But probably there isn't any."

"Nonsense!" she cried, and hesitated; he saw that her leaf brown eyes were wet. "You must make your life worthwhile, Blair. You must! It would be such a dreadful

failure if you didn't do anything but enjoy yourself."

He was keenly touched. He put his arm around her as David might have done, and gave her a hug. "Mrs. Richiel I - I - will brace up" (75:182-183).

(3) Gobby in "All Kneeling".- One turns now to an illustration of the restoration of a man's hold on life.

Christabel's sudden breaking of her engagement with Elliott had crushed him. His ambition was dead; his senses were dulled; for days his paintings had waited for his touch.

Gobby invited him to supper at the Mouse Trap. Elliott found it a rather pleasant experience to be back in the familiar atmosphere of orange curtains, candle drippings and sprays of bittersweet, with Lola and Peggy friendly and welcoming, slapping around in their sandals. While they ate chicken patties and ice cream Elliott told Gobby that his life was in pieces. The latter knew that the psychological moment had come to brace up Elliott, to inspire his hope and confidence in the future.

"Now listen, Elliott, what you've got to do is get to work on your paintings. How long since you've done anything?"

"Well, not since we - not since Christabel - we - I've been too busy living Gobby. And now I have the time, what's the use?"

.....
" ... I do think that you ought to get back to your painting. Sublimate your emotions, man!"

"It's easy to talk but you haven't lost everything that makes life worthwhile," Elliott answered mournfully.

"I'd rather have your memories than most people's realizations."

"Yes, nothing can take those from me. Somehow I

knew this would happen. I knew it was all too perfect to come true. What had I to offer a wonderful girl like Christabel? And yet like a fool I went on hoping - deceiving myself" (80:87-88).

Gobby had succeeded in getting him to talk about himself by bringing him back to familiar scenes. He comforted him and mentioned the world's great lovers who had strength and overcame their sufferings out of which art was born. "What's an artist made for except to transmute his pain into the world's beauty? You've got to give man, You've got to give!" (80:89).

Afterwards Elliott saw everything in a clearer light. The next morning he began to paint and Gobby encouraged him saying, "It's certainly true that the artist works best in pain." Elliott thought that Gobby sounded envious and under his breath he murmured, "if you only knew."

Elliott had found himself through Gobby - just another person moving quietly through the world helping other men make adjustments.

2. Individual Reaction to Social Stimuli

The novelist has an insight into the consciousness of his characters that allows him to throw light upon the effects of social stimuli.

a- Matts Swenson. - Matts Swenson brought the news of Mr.

Jensen's tragic death to his wife.

"I know it's going to be hard," he said, **certain** in his anxious heart that Mrs. Jensen did not realize ... "but perhaps I can make it a little easier."

Mrs. Jensen's look deepened as she said, "You told me once that nothing really hurts us inside if we can still believe there is beauty and good in the world. **I have** never forgotten that. I have said it over to myself **every day**. And it is because I know how good and beautiful you are that I know it is true. So you see, **even** when you did not think you were doing anything, you were helping me when I needed it most"(68:140-141).

Her life with Jensen had probably been a waste like "that of mighty waters impounded behind a dam, with only tiny outlets here and there for the water to trickle down into the valley below." As she spoke to Matts, her nature began to expand and she was free to give and to receive happiness (68:143).

Throughout Cornelia Cannon's immortal novel of pioneer life, "Red Rust", one constantly meets Matts Swenson bringing joy wherever he goes.

The spirit of Matt's service was summed up by Noyes as he spoke to the chief agronomist in the State Agricultural School.

"You know when I came in I wanted to work for a better America ... What makes me feel bad is to think of a man like Swenson, who could do such wonders, left alone with nothing to help him and no one to understand him. Just think what he might have done if he'd been found and given a chance ... He got lots out of life. It's the **best** of us that are the losers" (68:230).

This man who worked and perfected the rustless

wheat was so distinct a personality that even a man who had never met him felt his influence. Matts was a simple and beautiful character who loved and understood the world - a potential case worker among New Sweden's sturdy and courageous pioneers. He enriched his own individual existence and at the same time enriched that of everyone whom he met.

b- Fabia Vale.- Another instance of individual reaction to a social stimulus is evident in the charming and gracious "White Faun". Fabia realized that her mother loved Barry Firth, her father's partner. The girl subtly mentioned more than once the affair to Mrs. Vale. Ultimately through her daughter's strong influence the mother's character asserted itself and she advised Mr. Vale to put Barry Firth in charge of the Chicago office.

Fabia Vale always retained her mother's confidence. She worked patiently and skillfully and saved the Boston Vales from any hint of scandal.

It is interesting to trace through the American novel growth in personality which expresses itself in diverse ways; also the participation in the inner life of another. There can be no hard and fixed lines between growth of personality as expressed in fulfillment of individuality, individual reaction to social stimuli and the appreciation of the real relation of things. The development

of personality "consciously effected" (25:98-99) is the aim of social case work, so it intrudes on every phase of the action.

B. APPRECIATION OF THE REAL RELATION OF THINGS

In appreciation there is a feeling of the intrinsic worth of an object, sometimes including the alternating phases of analysis and synthesis. The more one feels the singularity of the components, the richer is his ground for an impression of their fusion. The whole grows with the parts. An appreciation of the real relation of things is an integral part of dynamic growth in social relationships. It includes an interpretation of an individual to himself and to his social situation.

1. Interpretation Of An Individual To Himself

Personalities are differentiated from one another owing in part to the various attitudes taken by individuals towards other members of society which in turn affects their conceptions of themselves (39:367). The social case worker endeavors to make the individual see himself in relation to himself and his situation, and by so doing change if necessary his point of view and habits of thought, thus rendering him a more effective social being (18:29).

a- Matts Swenson and Olga.- In "Red Rust" Cornelia Cannon depicts Matts Swenson intellectually and emotionally. In odd moments she reveals the hidden glow of his soul. He devoted his whole life to aiding his neighbors in making social and economic adjustments. Sometimes difficulties arose in his immediate family and he was capable of settling them amicably.

On his wedding day Olga his lame sister learned of Karl Burghardt's marriage to a German girl in a nearby town. She cried out, "He loved me always." Matts was the first to come out of the startled group. He drew the frantic girl a little apart, and spoke to her sternly, as he would to a sleepwalking child, in an effort to gain her attention. "Olga," he said, "look at me. It is Matts. Be quiet so that you can hear what I say" (68:206). Her brother led her even farther away.

"Oh, Matts, help me," she cried, her words broken by anguished breaths. "I thought I had forgotten him, but I was really waiting for him to come back to me. I was sure he would come! What can I do?"

"You must forget him Olga. He belongs to someone else now" (68:206-207).

Matts felt her dependence upon him and he remained with her. They walked together until dark under the trees near the house. He sympathized with her in her gusts of grief; steadied his sister in her despairing rage at life; and showed her the real Olga, the one Karl Burghardt

had so ruthlessly hurt and almost submerged.

The next morning she left the cabin early and Matts found her in the half-light looking at the farm buildings, as if she had never seen them before.

"I feel as if I'd had a terrible sickness, Matts, and was better now," she said as quietly as though speaking to someone else. "It's because I have talked to you. My thoughts have been like a heavy load holding me down for months and now I can walk again. I shall miss my load," she tried to smile at him, "because now I've nothing in the world that is mine."

"Don't forget what I told you," he said, answering her ravaged look rather than her words. "You are going to be happy again and find many people to love" (68:210).

She asked Matts to take her back to Red Falls that day because she would be happier there. "I can learn to forget because I have told you everything" (68:210). Matts thought with a pang of his own waiting family and his wife in the Jensen cabin but he consented at once to make the six day trip, otherwise his patient efforts of the previous evening and the early morning would have been in vain.

b- Dr. Lavendar and Helena Richie.- Dr. Lavendar who is Margaret Deland's best creation is an outstanding character in the American novel. He is a philosopher, a father to his people, a clergyman of the old type, ever intensely human, kindly at heart, keenly penetrating and always a fair judge.

He showed the proud and selfish Mrs. Richie in

"The Awakening of Helena Richie" her real self that she had previously feared to meet. All her life she had rationalized, that is protected herself from any painful attempt at self-scrutiny (12:63). Dr. Lavendar was a man of action motivated by sympathy; a man who "believed in a soul that did not believe in itself" (74:348).

When Mrs. Richie finally came to his home, he tactfully refrained from mentioning her recent refusals to see him when he had called. He put the distraught woman at "her ease" by inviting her to attend the Collect class which lasted about forty five minutes; also by carrying on an idle conversation in his study until she was ready to plunge into the discussion concerning David.

She told Dr. Lavendar of her plan to leave old Chester; of Doctor King's recent decision to have her give up David but she did not state the fundamental reason for the physician's change of mind. This mild, old man whose "eye was like a sword" (74:327) deliberately asked, "Why does Doctor King think you are not to be trusted?" (74:332). She evaded the truth, resting the blame on her unreligious nature which so conflicted with the standards of the town. Mrs. Richⁱe thought that she had sacrificed everything for the boy. Dr. Lavendar who disliked this self-approval quietly inquired if it ~~was~~ not choice rather than sacrifice.

When she said that it was best for her to keep the boy, Dr. Lavendar with his customary quickness and sureness of perception caught the inflections of her feelings. His cruel and provocative query, "My friend are you a good woman?" (74:334) shocked Helena Richie. Her egoism and self-pity then asserted itself. She pictured herself as believing in hell, trying to do good, and never having anything that she really wanted. She could not even die when she so desired.

Only a minister and a respected authority could have dared to hammer her with so much moralization and so many ethical questions. Helena Riche trembled when he asked, "Woman, can you do him any good?" and she cowered silently away from him as he continued:

"Can you teach him to tell the truth, you, who have lived a lie? Can you make him brave, you, who could not endure? Can you make him honorable, you, who have deceived us all? Can you make him unselfish, you, who have thought only of self? Can you teach him purity, you, who - " (74:339).

This intellectual appeal edged with emotion strained every fiber of her being and made an indelible impression upon her memory. Years later she found herself recalling these questions uttered when David was a little boy. David had gone off with Blair's wife, Elizabeth. Into Helena Richie's consciousness crept the unendurable idea, "perhaps Dr. Lavendar ought not to have given him to me!" (75:445).

To go back to that rainy afternoon in October - in Dr. Lavendar's study there followed a profound, expectant silence and suddenly Helena Richie's soul was still too"... the whirlwind of anger had died out; the shock of responsibility had subsided; the hiss of those flames of shame had ceased. She was the center of all tumults, where lies the quiet mind of God" (74:339).

Dr. Lavendar agreed that she was not worthy of David. She was too brilliant a woman not to understand his reasoning. In her newly found strength she accepted his decision with a composed mind. She related the story of her unsuccessful marriage with Frederick; her clandestine romance with Lloyd Pryor which ended in disillusionment, and he cruelly taunted^t her with the fact that his daughter's greatest charm "was her innocence" (74:341). He nonchalantly left her when she chose to keep little David. Dr. Lavendar pointed out that even had she married Lloyd, happiness would have waned since he did not respect her and she did not trust him. (In the "Iron Woman" Helena Richie presented this same idea to David and Elizabeth).

Dr. Lavendar had interpreted Mrs. Richie to herself through logical steps; by a direct appeal to her intellect in his incessant stressing of fundamental principles. The interview is transcendently perfect in form, with an

exquisite proportioning of comprehensive insight and skillful guidance, all leading to Helena Richie's mental awakening and self-realization.

During the next few days Mrs. Richie had daily talks with the preacher. "The pity in his old eyes never dimmed their relentless keenness; they seemed to raid her face, sounding all the shallows in search of depths. For with his exultant faith in human nature, he believed that somewhere in the depths he should find God" (74:347). He insisted upon her consideration of the future and no dwelling on the past. He had suggested that she live in some distant city where he had friends to whom he would write of her coming. Dr. Lavendar stressed the value of an avocation, even if it was studying Hebrew.

Helena Richie began to smile again and Dr. Lavendar was happy with her.

Early one morning she came to say goodbye to him and David ran out of the house "buttoned up to the ears in his greatcoat, and bubbling over with excitement" (74:357). Dr. Lavendar was sending David away with Mrs. Richie.

She proved worthy of this trust and confidence in "The Iron Woman".

c- Helena Richie, David and Elizabeth.- Mrs. Richie when a mature woman saved Elizabeth as Dr. Lavendar had

rescued her.

Blair Maitland's wife, Elizabeth had run away with David to his Long Beach home. Helena Richie alone suspected where they were. She went over the mountains, took the evening train for Normans and in an electric storm drove by carriage for fourteen miles to Long Beach.

David was angry at her coming which embarrassed and distressed him. After Elizabeth had left the room, Mrs. Richie calmly informed David that she intended to take the girl home in the morning. David firmly answered, "Elizabeth is coming to me" (75:453). Mrs. Richie was bending forward, her hands gripped between her knees. Slowly she raised her bowed head; there was authority in her face. "Wait. You must listen. You owe it to me to listen" (75:455). David was obdurate. He stood there, his hands folded across his breast while his mother suggested that Blair might not give his wife a divorce. "Very well: then we will do without his divorce! We will do without the respectability that you think so much of" (75:455). She drew forth responses from David concerning his quest for happiness alone and his liberal ideas concerning society's attitude toward their lives.

More than once she pierced his armor of self-defense by taunting him with his acceptance of Elizabeth

herself but not the trifling matter of her money for a hospital; by calling the girl his mistress; by predicting the end of his medical career. The flicker of alarm and apprehension which crept into Elizabeth's eyes caught Mrs. Richie's attention, "Why, Elizabeth, you love him ... Forgive me" (75:459). Her words were without meaning to the two young people, but they brought a burst of hope into her entreaty: "Then you won't ruin him! I know you won't ruin my boy - if you love him" (75:459). Elizabeth flinched from the shock. Mrs. Richie won her for an instant but David quickly reclaimed her.

The immovability of David and Elizabeth stirred the older woman. The ⁿoly way to show the truth was to hurt them both. Neither of them had considered the future in their plan of action. "When David gets tired of you - what then?" (75:462), Mrs. Richie asked Elizabeth. David cried out, "Mother" (75:462). Mrs. Richie and Elizabeth looked into each other's eyes. As Helena stood there, a slow illumination came into her face - "the knowledge, tragic and triumphant, that if Love would save others, itself it cannot save" (75:462). With ineffable compassion the older woman answered Elizabeth's trust in David's enduring love, "I was not afraid of that once myself" (75:462).

In a supreme moment of sacrifice Mrs. Richie

revealed the secret of her life, the Chester episode (referred to in a previous section of this study).

" ... I wouldn't tell you if I could help it; if only there was any other way! ... I have tried every way.

... David, I said that I was not afraid, once, myself, that my lover would never tire of me."

Then David said, "I don't understand."

"Yes you do; you understand that a man once talked to me just as you are talking to Elizabeth; he said that he would marry me when I got a divorce. I think he meant it - just as you mean it now ... I believed him just as Elizabeth believes you."

David Richie stepped back violently; his whole face shuddered. "You?" he said, "my mother? No" (75:462).

Helena Richie gathered up all her strength and pointed at David with a shaking hand, "Elizabeth, did you see how he looked at me? Someday your son will look at you that way " (75:463). This forceful appeal lost Elizabeth for David. In the room was the stillness of finality.

David and Elizabeth reacted instantly. He did not reason; he only cringed back and "gasped out those words which, scourging his mother, arraigned himself" (75:463). There was no reason only instinctive gratitude in Elizabeth's cry, "Oh, Mrs. Richie I love you" (75:463).

When feeling appeared to be dominating the situation, Margaret Deland crossed into the consciousness of Mrs. Richie and found coherent thinking. Her ravaged and exalted face seemed to say, "this was why he was given to me" (75:463). Once he had told her that her "goodness had saved him; that night her goodness had not availed.

And God had used her sin!" (75:463).

She increased her mental pain but at the same time relieved the intensity of Davids feelings by adding with a great effort, "David, don't feel so badly. It isn't as if I were your own mother you know; you needn't be so unhappy, David." Her eyes yearned over him. "You won't do it," she said in a breathless whisper (75:464).

After Elizabeth and his mother had gone to their respective rooms, David pondered the events of the evening in his mind. The whirl of his thoughts made him realize too poignantly that his outcry of dismay at his mother's confession had told Elizabeth plainly that he was willing to let her do what he found unbelievable in his mother. "The beneficent agony of shame, he had never known until this moment" (75:466-467). David's logical habit of corroborating his emotions by a mental process had more than once shackled him and kept him from those "divine impetuosities" (75:467) that add to the danger and the richness of life. He was deeply humiliated as he perceived the stark truth, that he hated Blair more than he loved Elizabeth. "This was the most intolerable revelation of all" (75:467). If Mrs. Richie had not come Elizabeth and he would have been lost. Now both of them would return to a normal life.

That stormy night Helena Richie calling on all the

latent powers of her mind and the strengths within her character had fully answered Dr. Lavendar's query, "Can you do him any good?" (74:339).

d- Matey Ford and Ziza Conacq.- Matey Ford earnestly tried to stimulate Ziza's interests and to give her a new concept of herself.

Matey and Ziza were going out into the Seine-et-Oise where they had heard of a school for chicken farmers. (Matey wanted to investigate this as a possible place for a soldier who had lost an arm and a leg and could only do outside work).

When arrangements were made for the admission of LeGuily, there were still a couple of hours to wait before the diligence returned to the train. Matey suggested half timidly, fearing that Ziza would at any moment slip back into her aloof impersonal manner, that they climb to the top of a small hill to eat their lunch. They had no breath for talk as they climbed up the steep path. As they ate their lunch they soberly talked over the possibilities of the poultry business for an ex-farmer with one arm gone. After this, they were silent, looking out over the brown countryside. Matey started to recall pleasant experiences of their childhood but Ziza was not listening. She was looking off at the horizon, very pale, her face so drawn that she was

hardly recognizable. When she lifted her eyes to meet Matey's, they seemed to have sunk back into their sockets. Matey put out her hand and took Ziza's thin fingers into hers and murmured, "Ziza - darling," (65:278). Her gestures, her words conveyed to the saddened woman the depth of her understanding and sympathy. How long it took self-centered human denseness to learn that there are always two sides to any human relation. Ziza had needed this human touch ever since her return from Louvain. Matey's impulsiveness was skillful; it gave Ziza confidence at a critical moment.

Ziza drew a long breath, fought down a nervous tremor of all her body and in a shaking voice revealed what had been stifling her mind for months.

"Mété, I can't tell Maman ... she wouldn't understand. She and papa were so peaceable, so raisonnable. Or if they weren't, it's so long ago she's forgotten. And I can't tell Mimi. She has only one answer for everything now, her new one. Do you suppose you could - ". Matey put an arm around the little trembling body and drew it close. Ziza fixed her eyes searchingly on Matey's and brought it out all at once. "Mété, I brought on the war. And it was I who killed my Adrien" (65:278).

Ziza pleaded with Matey not to be literal-minded and American. She talked rapidly and incoherently of the days before the war, her great love for her husband, his unfaithfulness and her submissiveness, also her recurring wish, "If only they could be separated for awhile ... a respite."

"In May before my baby was born I thought of a

way - I thought, if there was a war, Adrien would be mobilized, for awhile at least ... from that moment I willed a war to come ... I sent up my soul to call for war. I felt it coming. I used to lie awake at night and feel it like a huge roller slowly moving toward us in the dark. I lay there tugging at it to make it move faster" (65:280).

When Ziza drew away from Matey's arms and ran across the stony, open field, the latter caught her firmly in her long, strong arms. Matey trusted to the steadiness of her own eyes to hold the distraught ones which were lifted to them.

" ... Ziza I see a truth in what you say. But if it is true for you - it is for everybody. You were right. I have been literal-minded. I see I brought on the war, too by my beastly satisfaction with my own share. Ziza, yes, we all brought it on together, that is the truth. But that's done now. We must make what amends we can, or be too base!" (65:280).

She appealed to her sense of nobility and motherhood, "it would be cowardice not to stand by your own little boy. Ziza, you're no coward ..." (65:280). Matey advised her not to tell her mother of this passing episode which would have been forgotten but for the war. She suggested that Adrien would have been cured of his infatuation for Marie-Jeanne if he had once held his second son in his arms.

Matey noticed that Ziza's voice had infinitely more of its own personality as she commented on Matey's good, clear, honest eyes, her sense of discernment and her gift of healing through her native powers as well as her spoken words. Matey answered, "It's only the relief in

saying it out" (65:281).

Matey Ford had given this woman a new vision of herself. She chose to do it where there was no strangeness, no tenseness and selected a hill from which Ziza could watch the plowing teams, the greening willows, and hear the shouts of distant cocks calling the earth from its winter sleep back to a new life.

Mary E. Wilkins Freeman treats in like manner her characters trained in honesty on isolated farms and along the high exposed ridges in New England.

e- Amelia Walton and Marilla Walton.- It is a human impulse to help those in distress. Amelia Walton felt this urge all through her life. As a visiting nurse she traveled far bringing aid and joy to the needy. The problems she encountered in these impoverished homes were not as involved as the one existing in her brother's home. Marilla became more disinterested and more morbid every day. Her nature so fed on itself that she was losing the power to merge in another's life.

Miss Cannon in "Heirs" related the slow but constructive treatment administered by her sister-in-law, Amelia Walton.

She came in one afternoon after a long round over rough, country roads only partially cleared ~~of~~ snow to

find Marilla drooping by the fireplace, an unopened book on her lap. She was listless and indifferent. Amelia's cheerfulness elicited no response from her. She observed Mrs. Walton's overcast face and apathetic air - a bewildering change to one who had known her as the village teacher.

Amelia formulated a ~~de~~ finite plan. Marilla must see herself as she really was. In Amelia's nursing code an emotional outbreak was always to be avoided. Her faithful habit had been to follow the doctor's guidance in the physical care of her patients, confident that the healthy mind would regain control of the body once disease was conquered. But here was a sick mind that was no longer master of itself. Amelia wanted to "cut deep , like the wise surgeon into the sore" (67:263) of Marilla's heart. Healing could be left to the "living forces within the sufferer herself, but the wound must be opened to the sunlight and the air" (67:264).

"Marilla," she said with calm decision, "do you ever think how many women there are who have, not only the same sorrow that you have, but other and far worse griefs to bear and yet don't give way to disappointment as you do?" (67:264).

This startled Marilla. Immediately her whole being stirred to a self-defense but Amelia chose not to hear her platitudes.

"Do you think that many women get through life without longing for the happiness for which you long? ... Most of them have courage and won't let their deprivation

spoil their lives, or, she added with emphasis, the lives of those around them" (67:264).

Marilla flushed as she caught the hidden meaning of Amelia's words, "I suppose you mean Seth?" (67:264). Then she continued, " You don't understand what such a disappointment means to a wife" (67:264).

Amelia looked at her with a sternness she seldom showed to anyone and said in a low but forceful voice, "You talk of suffering when you are first in the affection of another human being! ... Seth has given you his whole heart and yet you are willing to darken his life" (67:265). Marilla only stared at her. The sister-in-law permitted no interruption until she had finished speaking, "Before you were married, you were a living person. Now you have ceased to live. How do you justify it?" (67:265).

Her words carried the protest of a strong nature against a yielding to the bitterness of fate . Marilla's flush deepened as she spoke of the endless disappointment that faced her. Amelia felt that anger was better for this woman than the hopelessness of dark depression. She pointed out the happiness of Seth's and Marilla's early married life; the growth of her selfish instincts; and the fact that nothing had really changed but the woman herself. As Marilla complained that she had "heart for nothing more"

(67:265). Amelia's brave eyes were upon her, and they did not flinch as she said, "That's because you snatch at joy for yourself. Of course happiness is not found that way" (67:265). Marilla looked at her in a strange confusion (as Helena Richie had looked at Dr. Lavendar). She thought in agitation that no unmarried woman could understand the battle the childless wife had to fight; that Amelia's fortitude might prove unequal to this struggle. As Amelia rose to go, she remarked with quiet conviction, "It isn't anything outside that helps. Your own heart must show you the way" (67:266).

To all external appearances this interview was not immediately productive of any great results. After Amelia left, Marilla wavered between gusts of self-justification and self-pity and moments of cool self-contempt. But Amelia had sown seeds in Marilla's mind which developed some-time later.

As Marilla was walking one afternoon in the side streets of a little Italian town, she recalled Amelia's words of censure and she tasted again the bitterness of their rebuke. "What potential richness she had sacrificed to the barrenness of disappointment!" (67:288). She grew more and more introspective. She thought with new insight of the man whom she had failed to love for himself alone.

Marilla moved rapidly from town to town, gathering samples of weaving and filling note-books with rough sketches of designs, notes on dyes and materials, and suggestions for new combinations of woollen yarns with twisted threads of silk and linen. Forgotten problems with which Seth had wrestled, processes which imperfections had caused him anxious hours, returned to her memory and sharpened her observation. Her heart and mind were at last showing her the way. She intended to carry back this precious information to her husband so that he might improve the products of his mill.

Marilla's plans were changed by the arrival of a telegram from Amelia stating that Seth was very ill with poliomyelitis. On her return voyage she realized that in the peace of the sunlit hills of Italy she had found herself. Now her joy would be to comfort him for what he had lost and to rejoice for herself in what she had so richly found. She had moments of a mysterious and mystic happiness. Marilla's self "was shriveling and burning in the mounting desire to spend all on another" (67:294). She dedicated herself anew to the lives that she had touched. She felt neither anger nor reproach towards Amelia, only gratitude for her desolating words since their harshness was the "measure of Seth's need" (67:301).

Amelia and Seth welcomed Marilla and she fitted in

perfectly with the household routine.

Amelia adjusted the differences between Marilla and Seth by interpreting the woman to herself. In her brief talk with Seth's wife, she had given her the courage to triumph over her weakness and had saved Marilla from utter helplessness and despair. Even though Marilla was not conscious of it, she gave intelligent cooperation and the adjustment ultimately came from within herself.

f- Isobel Penny and Howat.-- Attempts to give an individual a new concept of himself often fails in the novel just as they do in daily life and in the realm of social case work.

In "Three Black Pennies" Isobel Penny tried to convince Howat of Mr. Winscombe's maturity, coldness and experience which would tolerate Ludowika's vacillations and romantic aspirations but not Howat's interference in their marital relations (79:118-120).

Howat mentally denied his mother's suggestions, drove them from him, but they left a faint, enduring sting, a vague unrest which soon dissolved.

2. Interpretation Of A Social Situation To An Individual

In the mutual relationship between case worker and client, it is often necessary for the worker to convey in an intelligent and understanding manner to the client

his actual conditions and circumstances.

In the American novel of the last thirty one years, there have been examples of this type of interpretation either relative to the individual himself or to someone in whom he is interested.

a- Alexandra and Ivar.-- Willa Cather who belongs to that small group of novelists who are specialists in what may be called "optimistic realism" (55:248) gives in "O Pioneers" two illustrations of the interpretation of a social situation to an individual. By her prairie roots she seems to belong to a more steadfast and more reticent generation than many of her contemporaries (58:264).

Ivar and Frank Shabata won her affection as well as Alexandra's. These obscure lives contributed their share to this lyrical history of early Nebraska.

Alexandra, an enterprising woman carried out her father's dying wish to build up a successful farm and she felt indebted to old Ivar who had helped her from the beginning. Miss Cather showed that Ivar was a little odd but he did not have severe enough mental symptoms to cause confinement in an institution. He always brought his troubles to Alexandra.

One evening after supper all the men had gone out to see her new silo, except old Ivar. She had noticed that

he was depressed all during the meal and had paid no heed to the talk of the men, even when they mentioned cornstalk bloat upon which he was sure to have an opinion. As she rose from the table she said, "Do you want to speak to me, Ivar ... Come into the sitting room" (70:90). The old man followed Alexandra, but when she motioned him to a chair he shook his head. She took up her work basket and waited for him to speak. He stood looking at the carpet, his bushy head bowed, his hands clasped in front of him. "Well, Ivar, what is it?" Alexandra inquired after she had waited longer than usual. He had never learned to speak English and his Norwegian was quaint and grave as he told the woman that the "folke" had been looking coldly at him of late and wanted to send him away to the asylum.

Alexandra manifested great interest. She put away her sewing and emphasized that she would never give her consent. Ivar looked at her out of his little eyes, "They say that you cannot prevent it if the folk complain of me, if your brothers complain to the authorities" (70:91). He was very honest with Alexandra for she inspired trust and confidence in all whom she met.

"Listen mistress, it is right that you should take these things into account. You know my spells come from God, and that I would not harm any living creature. You believe that everyone should worship God in the way revealed to him. But that is not the way of this country. The way here is for all to do alike. I am despised because I do not

wear shoes, because I do not cut my hair, because I have visions. At home, in the old country, there were many like me, who had been touched by God and were different afterward. We thought nothing of it and left them alone ... Only your great prosperity has protected me so far ... If you had had ill-fortune, they would have taken me to Hastings long ago" (70:92).

Alexandra was skillful enough to let Ivar talk a long while since it tended to lift his gloom. She was able to break his fasts and long penances by talking to him and letting him pour out the thoughts that troubled him. She succeeded in lessening his intense anxiety and added a dash of humor to the whole situation by saying, " Likely as not they will be wanting to take me to Hastings because I have built a silo; and then I may take you with me" (70:94). She reasserted her dependence upon him and this pleased the old Norwegian. "At present, I need you here ... You have been with me for twelve years, and I have gone to you for advice oftener than I have gone to anyone" (70:94).

His apprehensive mood had passed and he began to tell Alexandra about Lou's bathtub and Mrs. Lee's hatred of shoes. Alexandra had deftly made Ivar understand that he was safe in her home. She not only gave him a renewed sense of complete security but sent him away with a light heart.

b- Alexandra and Frank Shabata:- Alexandra was an intelligent, fine woman of the elemental type. She helped wherever

help was needed. She loved justice and truth as much as charity.

Frank Shabata was in the penitentiary because he had killed her favorite brother Emil and his own wife Marie. Alexandra felt that he was paying the heaviest penalty, yet he had been less in the wrong than any of them. From the time that the Shabatas moved to the neighboring farm, she had omitted no opportunity of throwing Emil and Marie together consequently she ought to have shared the blame. Because Frank was surly about doing little things for his wife, she often sent Emil over to spade or plant or carpenter for Marie. She knew that her brother was fond of Marie, but it had never occurred to her that his feelings might be different from her own. Frank was in a strange country. He had no kinsmen nor friends and in a moment had ruined his life.

Alexandra went to the State Penitentiary to comfort him and to give him a better understanding of his present situation. The guard brought Frank into the office and then left telling her to push the white button when the interview was over.

Frank's face was already bleached to a chalky gray and his lips were colorless. He glanced at Alexandra sullenly; blinked as if he had just come from a dark room;

and one eyebrow continually twitched. She felt that this interview was a terrible ordeal to him. She held out her hand, "Frank," Alexandra said quietly and hopefully, "I hope you'll let me be friendly with you. I understand how you did it. I don't feel hard toward you. They were more to blame than you" (70:293). He turned away from his former neighbor; dropped into a chair; sat looking stolidly at the floor; his hands hanging loosely between his knees; he seemed to have stirred up in his mind a disgust that had paralyzed his faculties.

The man appeared to have undergone a change of personality. There was scarcely anything by which she could recognize her handsome Bohemian friend. He told her candidly that his wife had been unfaithful to him for three years. He kept muttering, "if she been in dat house, where she ought-a-been - " (70:295). "Yes, Frank," she said kindly. "I know you never meant to hurt Marie" (70:295). His eyes filled with tears as he poured out his story and the terrible fear that his mind was failing.

Alexandra thought of Frank as a gay, young fellow, "so attractive that the prettiest Bohemian girl in Omaha had run away with him" (70:296). It seemed unreasonable that life should have led him to such a place as this. But Marie with her happy, affectionate nature had brought

destruction and sorrow to all who had loved her.

Alexandra knew Frank's background very well, his tendency toward melancholia and his loss of faith in mankind, consequently she realized that she must say something startling to arouse him from his lethargy. "Frank Shabata, I am never going to stop trying until I get you pardoned. I'll never give the Governor any peace. I know I can get you out of this place" (70:296-297). Frank gathered confidence from her face and already he was planning to leave this country and go back to his mother if freedom was given to him. He held on to her hand nervously and put out his finger to touch a button on her black jacket, "Alexandra," he said in a low tone looking at the button steadily, "You ain't t'ink I use dat girl awful bad before - " She reiterated her belief in him and promised to do what she could for him, adding that she seldom left home but came here on purpose to tell him that she would save him. Prison life would not be so unbearable to Frank since he knew there was someone who thought well of him.

One feels (although Miss Cather does not relate it) that Alexandra watched over Frank as she had over old Ivar and led him back into a "more orderly rhythm in the march of existence" (13:631).

c- Thea Kronberg.~ Life for Willa Cather falls into two

great patterns: the pioneer or farm pattern, with its immutable relations, father and son, sister and brother, mother and son, and its dumb struggling ideals; the artist pattern, with its sparkling superhuman aims and ambitions, and its imperfect and fragile human ties. Through both patterns often burst a great wave of overwhelming emotion below the crust of things (53:75; 58:278). "The Song of the Lark" fits into this latter pattern, the artistic, Thea Kronberg studied music which was to her the realization of her dearest and most ultimate self, the whole-hearted expression of her truest personality. Several people stimulated her ambition and interpreted various social situations to her in such a manner that her enthusiasm was revived.

When Thea called on Mrs. Harsanyi, the wife of her first teacher in Chicago, the older woman put her hand on the young girl's shoulder and kindly relieved her embarrassment by remarking, "How much the summer has done for you! Yes, you are a young lady at last. Andor will be so glad to hear about you" (72:256). When Thea grasped the fact that Mr. and Mrs. Harsanyi were really interested in her, she was able to tell them the disappointments she suffered while playing Bowers's accompaniments. "Singing doesn't seem to be a very brainy profession ... The people I have to play accompaniments for are discouraging" (72:257).

Thea brought her foot down sharply on the floor. Mrs. Harsanyi looked at the foot in perplexity and answered, "Can't you at least learn to avoid what you dislike in these singers" (72:257). The girl severely criticized the new soprano, Jessie Darcey who was going on tour with ^a symphony orchestra. Mrs. Harsanyi shifted the conversation back to Thea herself and away from her antagonist, "but if your own work goes well, and you know these people are wrong, why do you let them discourage you?" (72:257). Thea could not understand why it was necessary to strive so hard for an indiscriminating public. Mrs. Harsanyi apprehended this and smiled as she counseled with Thea, "That stile you simply must vault over. You must not begin to fret about the successes of cheap people. After all what have they to do with you?" (72:257-258). She invited the girl back to dinner that evening, so that her husband might cast an even clearer light on Thea's present situation.

All through Thea's life earnest people like the Harsanyis had faith in her: Ray Kennedy the brakeman left her a small sum of money so that she might study in Chicago; Wunsch her piano teacher in Moonstone recognized her talent and urged her to continue studying; to Dr. Archie she went with any trouble and he always found a way out; Fred Ottenbubg met her as a clumsy girl in Bowers's studio

and appreciated her voice. He stimulated her artistic growth by interpreting the many difficult social situations that confronted her. Fred once told Thea, "when serious people believe in you, they give some of their best - so take care of it ... " (72:376).

These people were all potential case workers. They had no specialized training yet they realized that growth must come from within Thea herself and their part consisted in encouraging her ambitions, clarifying her perplexities and leading her over the rough places a singer usually encounters. Artistic growth is an intellectual and a spiritual development (72:479). More than anything else it is a refining of the sense of truthfulness. They (like the case worker) gave enlightenment and inspiration to Thea Kronberg. All with the exception of Ray Kennedy and Wunsch saw the results of their endeavors the afternoon she sang the role of Sieglinde. Then she came into full possession of the things she had been refining and protecting for so long. Within herself she entered into an inheritance that she herself had laid up into the fullness of faith and all that deep-rooted vitality flowered in her voice, her face and in her very finger tips (72:477-478). Her voice was as flexible as her body equal to any demand, capable of every nuance.

Alice Brown and Sarah Orne Jewett also give everlasting figures of men and women who found harmonious living through the zealous efforts of other men and women.

d- Abraham Lincoln and Virginia Carvel.- A fourth example of the interpretation of a social situation to an individual occurs in Winston Churchill's historical romance of the Civil War, "The Crisis".

Virginia Carvel a proud Southern girl came to Abraham Lincoln to demand his leniency toward her cousin, Colonel Colfax of the Confederate forces. The President treated her with consummate tact and skill. He ignored her taunts about the arrogant North and told some of his inimitable stories to lessen the tension and defer the objective. All this was preliminary to that revelation of the strong and consistent character of Lincoln in those high moments of philosophizing about the North and the South - moments where there is emotion impregnated with thought. During this interview Virginia Carvel received in addition to the freedom of her cousin, a vivid perception of the social aspects of the war and a man's understanding of its pain and sorrow. He dispelled her bitterness and haughtiness and instilled in her the loyalty to an exalted ideal and the passion to strive for it in this vague and easy going world.

Certain American novelists including Henry Sydnor Harrison, Cornelia Cannon, Olive Higgins Prouty, Dorothy Canfield, Margaret Deland, Willa Cather, Joseph Hergesheimer, Winston Churchill, Alice Brown, Sarah Orne Jewett, and Mary E. Wilkins Freeman, all have recognized the dynamic creative possibilities in social relationships in the development of their characters and their appreciation of the real relation of things. In their plan they regard the future as well as the present.

CHAPTER II

SOCIAL DIAGNOSTIC PROCESSES

In social case work there is a constant interplay between dynamic relationships and the specialized social case work method. The client has entered into a relationship as a result of some inner pressure of psychological forces (26:133) and usually concern for his whole economic situation (26:151). The case worker gives the necessary leadership in helping the client to study his predicament and its complexities since the individual is a living, interacting personality influencing and being influenced by the social setting in which he finds himself (18:11). The solution involves volition, discrimination and choice (18:12) on the part of the client.

In order to make adjustments social case workers recognize certain principles and methods as common to their tasks (13:631). Social diagnosis is one of these. The processes leading to diagnosis are very important. Social diagnosis attempts to arrive at an exact definition of the social situation and personality of an individual (25:357). It consists of a study of the organic and social factors as well as the cultural elements involved in a particular

situation (18:21) and a comprehension of the personality of the individual through a knowledge of his past experiences and reactions. Good social diagnosis includes all the principal factors standing in the way of social reconstruction with emphasis upon the features which indicate the treatment to be followed (24:358). This is preliminary to therapy. A diagnostic summary generally treats a definition of the difficulties; an enumeration of the causal factors that enter into these difficulties and a list of the available assets and the liabilities to be reckoned with in the treatment.

A futile search was made for a complete diagnosis in the American novel. Only scattered instances were found showing some of the processes leading to diagnosis such as obtaining information relative to an individual's social history and the formulation of a plan of adjustment, which necessitates a careful comparison and interpretation of material.

A. INFORMATION RELATIVE TO AN INDIVIDUAL'S SOCIAL HISTORY

Each man's life has a history of its own. The events of the past are important in accounting for the present and planning for the future. A knowledge of his character means an understanding of his passions, hopes

and ideals; where temptation will touch him; what is the scheme he has made of his life or would make if he had encouragement and what training long past phases of his life may have afforded him. Certain external circumstances over which he had no control may have determined the main drift of his existence.

The facts of this social history may come from original sources or through outside sources.

1. Original Sources

Original sources include the individual himself and the members of his family group.

a- Matey Ford and Ziza Conacq.- In the early days of the World War, Adrian and his wife with their two children left Rustdorf and sailed for France. Matey had decided to use her Aunt Connie's inheritance to help out the Vinet family, old friends of her father and mother. Adrian intended to join the French Ambulance Corps. When Madame Vinet met them at Bordeaux, she exclaimed, "Ziza and Mimi are not my only daughters now, my Mété" (65:230).

Matey soon learned that Ziza had not been heard from since the siege of Louvain but Madame Vinet felt sure that she was still alive. In June of 1916 Ziza reached her mother's home. She was dressed in shabby clothes, a

a battered hat casting a deep shadow over her face. She held a young baby over one shoulder and held the hand of an older child half-hidden behind her skirts. Nothing in eyes, mouth or expression was like Ziza. She was strange and listless; her voice was toneless and without personality. After Ziza rested, she told her mother and Matey that her little baby Henri died more than a year ago. The tiny child with her belonged to a Belgian maid and a German soldier who had been quartered in the house. The young mother died in the French woman's arms the day after the baby was born.

Matey tried in every conceivable way to find out exactly what had happened to Ziza to cause such a great change.

Ziza remained very quiet and silent during the summer. She told them that the baby's last name was Müller and then as if afraid changed the trend of the conversation.

In February of 1917 Ziza asked Matey if her money was supporting them. "No, it's not mine," replied Matey quickly. "It's some that belonged to an old relative of mine who wanted it used in this way" (65:273). Matey noticed that after this explanation Ziza was more at ease with her. The wall of reserve was a little broken down. But the winter had gone before she spoke again. On that March day when Matey and Ziza went out into the Seine-et-

Oise, the former listened to her patiently, established a good mutual understanding and heard some of the details of Ziza's tragic life (65:276-281) recorded in an earlier part of this study.

Afterwards Ziza was still preoccupied but she also began to enter more whole-heartedly into the activities around her. Gradually Matey and Madame Vinet learned more about that blank year and one-half in which they knew nothing about her. Ziza had never seen her husband after he went to the front. She supported herself and her household by doing cleaning and cooking in one of the Louvain hospitals. Her little maid Mélanie had to stay on with her because she was not allowed to leave Louvain. Ziza spoke of that time dryly and with the greatest effort. The only thing she described vividly was the tocsin that called the Belgian soldiers out from their homes. She escaped with the help of a German frontier sentry (65:282-284). After Matey gathered this information she had an even better insight and understanding of the changed woman.

The worry over her husband's infidelity, her longing for war had been a great enough strain but she also had to bear the shock of invasion and the trying hours of escape into France. It was a strange wonder that her mind was not totally shattered. As Matey saw it, the cure for

preoccupation and anxiety was to find her husband and to plan Ziza's return to Louvain at the conclusion of the war.

b- Professor St. Peter and Tom Outland.- Matey had known Ziza since she was a little girl, consequently she had an advantage which Professor St. Peter lacked on that bright, windy, spring day when he first saw Tom Outland.

The professor was working in his garden, when a young man in a heavy, winter suit and a Stetson hat, carrying a gray canvas telescope, came in at the green door that led from the street. Upon being assured that he was addressing Professor St. Peter, the visitor took out a blue cotton handkerchief and wiped his face which was covered with beads of perspiration. The Professor noticed that the man had a mature voice. He observed the strong line of contrast below the young man's sandy hair - the very fair forehead which had been protected by his hat, and the reddish brown of his face which had evidently been exposed to stronger sun than the spring sun of Hamilton. The young man was fine looking, tall and well built, though the shoulders of his stiff, heavy coat were so preposterously padded that the upper part of him seemed shut up in a case. Professor St. Peter studied this visitor objectively; made no inferences about him and maintained an interested attitude.

The young man had a definite goal in view when he

came to the Professor's House. "I want to go to school here, Professor St. Peter, and I've come to ask your advice. I don't know anybody in this town" (71:113). Before committing himself, the Professor wanted to learn something of this strange young man's background. Like Matey Ford his real source of information was the individual and as she turned to Ziza, he looked to Tom. By direct inquiry the older man found out that the newcomer had never been to high school but had read Latin with a priest in New Mexico. "Can you repeat any of it," asked the Professor. The boy began; Infandum, regina, jubes renovare dolorem and steadily continued for fifty lines or more (71:113) until the Professor held up a checking hand. He commended his excellent pronunciation and good intonation. The professor tried him out in the Spanish he had absorbed from the same Belgian missionary priest. After telling the young man that he knew enough to get credit for a modern language, the Professor discovered that he had no foundation in mathematics or science. At this point he swerved from a discussion of requirements, "But by the way, how did you happen to come to me instead of to the registrar" (71:114). The young man explained that he had read an article about Fray Marcos by Professor St. Peter which Father Duchene had considered a truthful presentation and this was the reason that he came to him.

This man's hopes, plans and attitudes toward life were important items. He told the Professor that his name was Tom Outland; that he thought of getting a tutor to make up his mathematics during the summer. "Yes, that could be managed" assented the older man but "how are you fixed for money?" (71:115). Outland's face grew grave. He spoke of his awkward position; there was money in a bank in Tarpin, New Mexico which he left there in trust for somebody else and would not touch while he was able-bodied. Tom brought three hundred dollars with him and hoped to work his way through.

Professor St. Peter by his patience, cooperation, and consideration of the young man's feelings learned some of his story that morning. His parents had died when they were crossing Southern Kansas in a prairie schooner. He was a baby and had been informally adopted by a locomotive engineer named O'Brien and his wife. The engineer was transferred to New Mexico and took the orphaned boy with his own children to the family's new home. As soon as Tom was old enough, he got a job as call boy and did his share toward supporting the family.

Mrs. St. Peter accidentally interrupted the narrative by coming out into the garden to ask her husband to bring his young friend into lunch. Outland started and

looked with panic toward the door by which he had entered. The Professor would not hear of his going and picked up his telescope to prevent his leaving.

At luncheon the boy was very silent at first. He sat looking admiringly at Mrs. St. Peter and the little girls. "We would like to hear more about your life in the Southwest," said his host, "how long were you a call boy?" (71:117-118). Tom had been ill for two years with pneumonia so he had to give up his job. He went on a range to recover his health.

Finally they found a common bond of interest, Indian pottery. After a few minutes the young man went to his telescope, drew out an earthen jar ornamented with a geometrical pattern in black and white and offered it to Mrs. St. Peter saying, "I'd like this one to have a good home, among your nice things" (71:119). Then in a wistful, winning way he gave two lumps of soft blue stone to the girls.

"Hold them still a moment," said the Professor, looking down, not at the turquoises, but at the hand that held them; the muscular many lined palm, the long, strong fingers with soft ends, the straight little finger, the flexible, beautifully shaped thumb that curved back from the rest of the hand as if it was its own master. What a hand! " (71:121).

After he had gone the Professor reflected that "fellows like Tom Outland do not carry much luggage, yet

one of the things you know them by is their sumptuous generosity -" (71:121). When they are gone all you can say of them is that " they departed leaving princely gifts" (71:121).

Professor St. Peter saw to it that the boy made up his three years of mathematics in four months. He did not have to work in this subject, the older man observed, he merely had to give attention. St. Peter remained impersonal but friendly with Tom, holding him at arm's length. He had been fooled more than once in the years of his teaching experience in much the same way as a case worker is deceived. He knew that the wonderful seldom hold water, that brilliancy has no staying power, and the "unusual" becomes "commonplace by a natural law" (71:122).

During four years time Tom never took up the story of his own life again, wither with the Professor or Mrs. St. Peter, although he was often encouraged to do so. He would talk about the New Mexican country when questioned but only with the little girls did he ever speak freely and confidentially about himself.

The summer after Tom's graduation St. Peter managed to break through his reserve. Mrs. St. Peter and the two girls were in Colorado and the Profess or was alone in the house, working on volumes three and four of his

history. Tom was carrying on some experiments of his own over in the Physics laboratory. He and St. Peter were often together in the evening. On one of those rainy nights before the fire in the dining room Tom told the story he had always held back. It was nothing very **incriminating**, nothing very remarkable: a story of youthful defeat, the sort of thing a boy is sensitive about until he grows older.

In the latter part of "The Professor's House" Miss Cather has Tom relate the events of his life before coming to Hamilton: the poker game at Pardee through which he won Blake's friendship; the excavations at Cliff City; his trip to Washington and the Smithsonian Institute's lack of interest in the archaeological treasures; Blake's sale to German interests of the Cliff City relics; Blake's depositing the money in the bank for Tom and the former fireman's going off into the night; his return to Pardee and the O'Brien's; his constant studying with Father Duchene and his fruitless search for Blake.

A case worker could never have waited four years to secure a life history as did Professor St. Peter. One must commend his persistent although never objectionable efforts to learn more of Tom's previous life. Willa Cather loved Tom Outland so much that she had to give him to the world in his entirety, so much of the merit ultimately

rests with her.

c- The Abbess and Camilla.- In the "Bridge of San Luis Rey" Thornton Wilder a humanist and a romanticist has painted an enduring picture of old Peru and glamorous Spain with incomparable witchery. Even in this novel (having an eternal theme) with a sixteenth century setting there is an attempt to secure social history from original sources.

Camilla had carried for a year her mood of self-despair because she had failed Uncle Pio and Jaime. One day she heard that the wonderful Abbess had lost two persons whom she loved in the same accident. Camilla decided to go to Lima and look at the Abbess from a distance. "If her face tells me that she would not despise me, I will speak to her, " she said (87:227).

Camilla lurked about the convent church and at last called upon her. The kind old Abbess through her sympathy and understanding plus long years of experience with anxious individuals learned the story of Camilla's years of anguish and despair.

"Do I know you, my daughter?"

"I was the actress, I was the Perichole."

"Oh, yes. Oh I have wished to know you for a long while, but they told me you did not wish to be seen. You too, I know lost in the fall of the bridge of San ... " (87:227).

The woman rose and swayed. She felt again that pain, the hand of the "dead she could not touch" (87:228).

Her head brushed the Abbess's knee: "Mother, what shall I do? I am all alone. I have nothing in the world. I love them. What shall I do?" The Abbess looked at her closely and tried to comfort her by changing her mind, "My daughter, it is warm here. Let us go into the garden. You can rest there" (87:228). She continued to talk to Camilla, telling her that she had wanted to meet her even before the accident. "They told me," the Abbess resumed, "that in the auto sacramentales you were a very great and beautiful actress. She gave her something to drink and then showed her Sister Juana's gardens.

The Abbess perceived that Camilla was now controlled enough to carry on a conversation about her great loss. "A year has gone by, Senora, since our accident. I lost two who had been children in my orphanage, but you lost a real child of your own" (87:229). The Abbess had made the way easy for Camilla. Sitting there among Sister Juana's fountains and roses she told everything to the willing ears of the old Abbess.

The Abbess found grace and goodness everywhere. She realized herself through the spirit of service, not only to God but to man, which is the mark of the unselfish life. She lived in a larger whole, taking care of the old, the young, the sick and the blind. She wanted a language worked out for the deaf and dumb, and begged her friends

going to Spain to send her back information regarding the new treatment of the insane in that country. She was a real social case worker living centuries ago. In view of this it is easy to understand how Camilla could come to this strong woman for solace and help.

d- Masja Krbecek and Sabra Cravat.- Edna Ferber's novel "Cimarron" has one high point and in it there are some of the elements of a social history. Oklahoma was very proud of Sabra Cravat, editor, Congresswoman, and pioneer leader. Osage said she embodied the finest spirit of the state and of the Southwest. When ten of Osage's millionaires contributed fifty thousand dollars each for a five hundred thousand dollar statue that should embody the Oklahoma pioneer, no one was surprised to hear that the sculptor Masja Krbecek wanted to interview Sabra Cravat.

Sabra received him very hospitably and exchanged pleasantries with him. He commented on the remarkable work that American women were doing. Finally he came to the real purpose of his interview - to hear some of the interesting things about her life and those of her husband, "this Yancey Cravat who so far preceded his time" (76:380).

As she talked, the years rolled back and the moonlight "of memory" (as Jean Paul Richter the German

humanist says) fell upon her. Memory cast a strange, uncanny, wistful light over the events of Yanceys and her life which in the broad daylight of experience had little poetry or tenderness in them. "The Run." Then they were crossing the prairie.

There was the first glimpse of the mud wallow that was Osage, the church meeting in the tent, the Pegler murder, the outlaws,, the early years of the paper, the Indians, the oil (76:380).

She showed him the old photographs of Yancey and herself and he took one or two as he left.

It may not be out of place to add here that the clearness of Sabras social history inspired the artist to have as his figure of the Spirit of the Oklahoma Pioneer, not Sabra but the heroic figure of Yancey Cravat. He was stepping forward in his high-heeled Texas star boots, the skirts of "his Prince Albert billowing behind with the vigor of his movements, the sombrero atop the great menacing buffalo head, one hand resting lightly on the weapon in his two gun holster" (76:381). Behind Yancey, one hand just touching his shoulder for support, stumbled the tired, blanketed figure of an Indian.

e- Theodore Dreiser's Contribution.- Theodore Dreiser feels an instinctive craving for living close to everyday life and for observing things and people around him with keen attention. Like Thea Kronberg "he has to break through

into realities" (72:357). He analyzes failures and pictures the dark and sodden areas of life. His characters disintegrate under the pressure of environment.

For the case worker, his novels furnish good material for the study of mens failures. He gives detailed social histories and one recalls Clyde or Sister Carrie or Jennie Gerhardt and a host of others whom he studied in relation to their early environment and its subsequent influence on their lives. But his point of view is always strabismic whereas the case worker's is all inclusive. He is a reporter of mere fact, thoroughly objective, and never tells of unseen forces. This objective recording of facts is his contribution in one's search for evidences of the social case work processes.

2. Outside Sources

A man's social relations normally extend beyond the immediate family group, hence the sources of insight and cooperation should be broad enough to include those who have known the man and can give pertinent information or a measure of help. The social case worker consults social agencies, churches, doctors, health agencies, former and present neighborhoods, relatives, employers, schools, friends and public records. The novelist often makes use

of outside sources for the progress of his narrative or he may summarize the history of a character as Brother Juniper did in the case of Uncle Pio (87:143-207).

a- Jim Burden and Antonia.- Willa Cather's restraint and self-repression gives "My Antonia" a severity of outline which only renders its effect the more moving. The artist's hand is seen in the planning and presentation of the nobility and beauty of Antonia herself.

Jim Burden returned to Lincoln after completing his course at Harvard and he wanted to hear about Antonia but everyone he met was silent about her. He told Mrs. Harling that he would like to know "exactly how Antonia's marriage fell through" (69:344). She advised him to go out and see his grandfather's tenant, the Widow Steavens, for she had helped Antonia get ready to be married and had taken care of her when she got back. She was the one person who could tell him everything. Besides the Widow Steavens was known as a "good talker" and as having a "remarkable memory" (69:345).

Jim went out to the high country to visit the Widow Steavens. After supper they went upstairs to the old sitting room. All the windows were open. "The white summer moon was shining outside, the windmill was pumping lazily in the light breeze" (69:347). She sat in her

favorite rocking chair and settled a little footstool under her tired feet. Mrs. Steavens crossed her hands in her lap and said, "Now it's about that dear Antonia you want to know? Well you've come to the right person. I've watched her like she'd been my own daughter" (69:348).

Antonia spent eager days in preparation for her coming marriage to Larry Donovan. On a cold, raw day she left Black Hawk for Denver. After a month, Mrs. Steavens's brother came in one evening and said that he had passed a team driving out from town and in the back seat was a woman all bundled in veils whom he believed was Antonia. The next morning Mrs. Steavens went over to the Shimerda's place. Yulka came out with a dishpanful of clothes and then darted back into the house. Mrs Shimerda was going about her work, talking and scolding to herself. Antonia wiped her hand on her apron and held it out to the woman, at her steadily but mournfully.

"When I took her in my arms she drew away, 'Don't Mrs. Steavens,' she says, 'you'll make me cry, and I don't want to.'"

"I whispered and asked her to come out-of-doors with me. I knew she couldn't talk free before her mother. She went out with me, bareheaded and we walked up toward the garden.

" 'I'm not married, Mrs. Steavens,' she says to me very quiet and natural like, ' and I ought to be.'"

" 'Oh, my child,' says I, 'what's happened to you? Don't be afraid to tell me!'" (69:352-353).

Antonia sat down on the drawside, out of sight of

the house and told everything to the Widow Steavens. Larry Donovan had no job when Antonia reached Denver. He had been discharged for "knocking down fares" (69:353). He stayed with her until all the money was gone, then went out to hunt up a job and never returned. A man at the station thought that Larry had gone to Old Mexico where conductors got rich quickly, collecting half-fares from the natives and robbing the company.

The next time the Widow Steavens saw Antonia, she was out in the field plowing corn. All that spring and summer she did the work of a man on the farm. In the fall she herded Ambrosch's cattle. One day in December her baby was born. "It's a year and eight months old now," Mrs. Steavens told Jim, "and no baby was ever better cared for. Antonia is a natural born mother. I wish she could marry and raise a family, but I don't know as there's much chance now" (69:359).

Jim Burden had struck out boldly for history and for a witness who had made first hand observations.

b- Madame Vinet and Ziza Conacq.- In Dorothy Canfield's "Deepening Stream" which has the high merit of simplicity, Madame Vinet and her son Henri made use of outside sources to gain information about Ziza.

Among the Belgian refugees they found only two

people who had ever heard of the Conacqs. One was a cook in a house in Ziza's suburb who knew her little maid Mélanie. All she could report was that young Madame Conacq was one of the few ladies who had stayed on in her home. The other news came from a student of the University of Louvain. He did not know Ziza and her husband, but he had studied German under old Professor Conacq whom the Germans took as a hostage and shot before night as part of the reprisals against sniping at the Germans (65:232).

c- Dr. Lavendar and Doctor William King.- In Margaret Deland's colorful novel "The Awakening of Helena Richie" which grapples boldly with problems of life, Dr. Lavendar has an extended interview with her in which she quotes Doctor King as saying she is not to be trusted with David. Afterwards the preacher considers it advisable to talk to Doctor King about the matter and to find out from him all that he knows about Helena ~~Richie~~. He has all this information before coming to a definite decision regarding the boy's future.

d- Andor Harsanyi and Thea Kronberg.- In "The Song of the Lark" Andor Harsanyi did not trust his judgement about a voice teacher for Thea. He asked Theodore Thomas for an opinion. He suggested Madison Bowers who was intelligent, had good training but was not very likeable. Harsanyi

explained that Thea Kronberg, a young Swedish girl from Colorado was very talented and seemed to have a remarkable voice. She had had no instruction in voice at all and Harsanyi shrank from handing her over to anybody. He continued:

"It is one of those voices that manages **itself** easily, without thinning as it goes up; good breathing and perfect relaxation. But she must have a teacher, of course. There is a break in the middle voice, so that the voice does not all work together; an unevenness" (72:203).

Theodore Thomas asked about her physical strength and musical intelligence. She possessed these essential characteristics but had no cultivation **whatever**. "She came to me like a fine, young savage, a book with nothing written in it. That is why I feel the responsibility **of** directing her" (72:203).

Harsanyi paused a moment, then commented on her individual quality and the fact that she was too poor to go to Germany to study. Theodore Thomas considered Bowers too petty to be first-rate, "but I daresay he's the best you can do, if you can't give her time enough **yourself**" (72:203). Mr. Thomas then asked if it would be possible to make a musician out of Thea. Harsanyi replied:

"I have done my best. But I can only play with a voice, and this is not a voice to be played with. I think she will be a musician **whatever** happens. She is not quick, but she is solid, real; not like the others. My wife says that with that girl one swallow does not make a summer" (72:204).

Theodore Thomas warned Harsanyi not to become too interested in the voice because all the intelligence and talent in the world could not make a singer. It could not be bred in captivity; it was "a sport, like the silver fox" (72:204).

e- Marilla and Ewa.- Mr. Walton was a social minded employer and Marilla was aware of it after going out among the Polish people working in the mills. His picture hung beside that of the Pope in many of the homes. She was not afraid under these circumstances to ask his advice and cooperation regarding Ewa and Stanislaw. Marilla showed good judgement in turning to him for he was one of the most reliable and intelligent men in Lovell. He had known the various members of Ewa's family. Mr. Walton bent every effort to gain further insight into Stanislaw's reactions to the situation. He helped Marilla further her plan by giving her an adequate social history and keeping a watchful eye on Stanislaw (67: 70-71; 93; 123-124; 195-196)

B. COMPARISON AND INTERPRETATION OF MATERIAL

An accumulation of facts does not make a diagnosis, rather it depends on the study and coordination of the material in order to attempt to define the "situation and personality of a human being in some social need" (24:357).

The only illustration appearing to be at all really diagnostic was found in Dorothy Canfield's "Homemaker".

Lester the father had been injured in a fall. His wife got a position at Willings store in the ready-to-wear department. As the father grew better and was able to move about in his wheel chair, he assumed the management of the home.

When he was alone he brought under consideration one after another the various elements of his new life, and held them firmly "under the lens of his intelligence" (66:219). He concentrated on them all his attention; saw them yield one by one to his analysis. They gave up their "tortured, baffling aspect of mystery and tragedy" (66:219) and were opened to his view and forward looking planning. He had never lived with his family before. He had never seen more of their lives than the "inexplicable and tangled loose ends over which they all stumbled wretchedly" (66:220). For months Lester had the opportunity for continuous observation. He perceived that there was nothing darkly inexplicable; nothing that resisted a patient, resourceful attempt to "follow up the loose ends and straighten out some of the knots" (66:220). He considered the members of his family, one by one: attempted to define their difficulties, the causal factors, and their assets and liabilities.

For fourteen years his wife had heroically endured a life unfitted to her temperament. Formerly she was somber, taciturn and self-contained; always irritable with the children and now she was happy, cheerful and ambitious (66:221).

Lester gave consideration to each of his children. He realized that he could not put through the job of bringing up children. No amount of en^ergy on his part could hurry by "a single instant the slow unfolding from within of a child's nature" (66:223).

In the tragic tangle of Stephen's strange, little nature, he tried to find his way. He had found out this much: Stephen had more vitality and vigor than all the rest of the family. When it did not find a free outlet, it strangled and poisoned the child, making him "temporarily insane in the literal sense of the word" (66:220). That was the meaning of the wild, fierce flame in Stephen's eyes which had so often shocked and grieved them.

Helen possessed too flexible a mind, too sensitive a nervous system and she lacked power and courage. She needed all the help she could get if she were not to be totally undone by life. Helen had to learn how to stand up to things and not surrender easily and completely. Lester decided that as soon as he was able to walk, he would go to the physical training teacher at the school and have a

talk about his daughter. He might try to get up an outdoor basket ball team of the children on their street. For a "bookish, sensitive, complicated nature like Helen's the more the intelligence was shaped and pointed and sharpened and straightened out" (66:225) the greater would be her mental growth. She must go to college. She was not one for whom action, any action provided it were violent enough, would suffice.

There were moods in which Lester Knapp took the greatest comfort in little Henry's being just like anybody else. Henry stood back and took what the others left. He was patient and unrebelling. Lester began to plan for Henry now. He must have playmates of his own age; a shack in the woods in which to play pirate games; lots and lots of games; a pet of his own; perhaps a job at which he could earn real money of his own to spend on a baseball bat or a bicycle. The boy was eleven years of age and he had had none of these things as yet (66:225).

It now occurred to Lester that children could give something as well as take in everything.

In social case work there can be no dividing line between investigation, diagnosis and treatment. A fusion is necessary if penetratingly helpful action is to result

(23:491) and the individual is to be led toward the development of the fullest capacity for life (11:93; 108-109).

CHAPTER III

SOCIAL CASE TREATMENT

The ordinance of social case treatment from the basis of the whole (23:532) lies at the root of all effective social case work. Social case treatment itself includes the worker's counsel with the group or the individual, a comprehension of social relationships and service requirements, and progress in application of the moral law to further the social well-being of the client.

The future of the maladjusted is an important consideration. Octavia Hill once said that people can be helped by every sort of ingenuity. But they must not be thrust up and out of their former selves, only to drop back again when the helping hand is removed. In addition to the worker's attitude of understanding, acceptance, planning and the client's sense of security and protection (26:131), there must be an active participation on the client's part in the necessary adjustments. If the case worker will see in the client's very application a desire not only to depend but to solve the problem of his dependency, the treatment relationship itself "becomes the constructive new environment in which he is given an opportunity to strive for a

better solution" (26:136). This treatment demands a definite skill in fitting the unhappily adjusted families or individuals into the right scheme of life and to the people and events which surround them (6:2; 23:471).

The American novel has evidences of social case treatment but often the development is neither elaborate nor detailed. There are family relationship adjustments, individual adjustments, and the intelligent use of facilities and individuals in making adjustments.

A. FAMILY RELATIONSHIP ADJUSTMENTS

A novelist's interest frequently centers around the activities of the family as a sociological institution, as a "dynamic and perpetually developing relationship shaped primarily by the adjustment and accomodation between husband and wife" and later by adjustment and accomodation "between children and parents"(47:47).

1. Marital Relations

a-Matts Swenson and the Jensen Family.- The Jensens had been in their new cabin a few days when Mrs. Jensen asked Matts to put a window in it. After she pointed out the best place for it, Matts pulled out the straws between the logs and with his axe chopped a hole large enough to start

the sawing. He had just started to cut a second log when Jensen approached the door. "What's this?" he said furiously to Matts. "What you fooling round here for? I'm hiring you to drag logs, not to sit by the fire" (68:45).

Mrs. Jensen had trembled and turned white when her husband stormed into the cabin, but now she faced him resolutely. Matts to avoid a quarrel hastily interrupted her with perfect tact and a pleasant smile^{and} said, "You see, I forgot to put in a window and here is my chance to do it and get warm at the same time. I'll be out before long, all thawed and ready to make the oxen race" (68:45). Jensen was naturally of an ugly disposition and he ordered Matts out of the cabin. Mrs. Jensen sprang forward and clutched at his arm with a cry, "Olaf, don't you touch him! I told him to cut the window" (68:46). He struck at her with his clenched fists but Matts was too quick for him. Jensen's powerful muscles were helpless against the strength of unspent youth.

Matts spoke quietly but firmly to Jensen who almost lost his power of speech as he stammered that he wanted to hurt his wife and Matts too. The younger man showed extraordinary control as he told Jensen in a convincing tone.

"You don't want to hurt her. Who'd your cooking?

And you don't want to hurt me. Who'd get your logs in ... Come on Jensen - you can't lose these good hours of daylight. It'll be dark in a couple of hours. I'll be with you in a minute. We'll tell the children to get the oxen turned round ready for me when I'm done in here. That little August knows how to drive a steer as well as a grown man" (68:46).

In a flood of talk, half relevant, half a flow of pleasant words, Matts led Jensen to the door, towering over the little gnarled man with his own fair bulk, and walked a few steps with him. "See you don't take long," Jensen suddenly yielded and started off.

When Matts went back into the room he placated Mrs. Jensen by remarking that "when a man gets mad he always jumps on the people ~~that~~ he likes best" (68:47).

That afternoon Jensen did not invite Matts to come in and get warm before his long, cold walk home. As the young man went out toward the road, he heard the door open and close again with a heavy thud. A moment later he thought that he heard a muffled cry. His endeavors of the afternoon had come to naught.

Matts wanted to bring happiness ~~into~~ that household but it was almost impossible. The strain and tension might be relieved for a time but that was all. Miss Cannon in "Red Rust" shows Mrs. Jensen struggling to pit the frailty of her body against the hardships of pioneer life. She lacked any inner peace with which to meet her daily tasks; there was nothing before her but the dreary round of

days and dull cycles of the years. As soon as the family was established in a place, the father decided to move. He was hard-hearted and thoughtless. Neither of them were capable of adjusting themselves to a given situation.

The day that Matts was forced to bring Mrs. Jensen the tragic news of her husband's death in the thresher, he tried to believe that he was bringing to her the grief, normal to a woman that loves her husband but memories of her face the night he brought the drunken Jensen into the cabin rose before him and shut out the thought. All he could do would be to help her preserve the decencies for the sake of the children, who were after all "Jensen's children as well as hers" (68:137). The neighbors' feelings would have to be considered. Since she was destined to live in the community, they must not think of her as different from any other wife.

After the funeral, the minister and the leading men of the community gathered at the Jensen cabin to consult with her about plans for the future of the little family now thrown on its own resources. Mrs. Jensen had no living kin and she would not consent to any appeal being sent to her husband's relatives in Sweden. She refused with equal firmness the suggestion that the children be divided among the neighbors and be brought up by them.

Ultimately this family did adjust itself through Matts earnest and persistent efforts, however it is hard to conceive of an adjustment ever taking place if Jensen had lived.

b- Matey Ford Reunites the Conacqs.- "Deepening Stream" compels attention and sympathy by the directness, courage and honesty of Matey's outlook. She was capable of high case work achievement for she had the gift of being able to express herself well in action. She was never afraid to take risks, to try something new or to break new ground (23:412). She realized that men could not be taken from homes and industries to fight without causing many of those sudden dislocations in which skillful treatment was essential.

Matey knew that Ziza Conacq had been under unusual stress and strain, and that she still worried about her husband. Matey tried to keep her interested in some project so that she would not have time to brood.

Wherever the American woman went she sought information about Adrien Conacq. She felt that the two could be reconciled and an adjustment effected if she herself had an interview with him or if he met Ziza again.

After the Armistice was signed, Matey worked three nights a week at the Gare du Nord. One night as she was washing dishes at the Red Cross counter, a train of wounded

men came in. A doctor summoned Matey to follow him with the coffee for soldiers after their physical examinations.

When the doctor had finished taking care of Henry LeDean of Louvain, Matey asked, "May I put one question?"

To the man on the stretcher she said very gently, ashamed to ask him to think of anything but his own suffering, "You didn't happen to serve in the same regiment with another man from Louvain, killed in 1914 in the defense of Liege ... Adrien Conacq?" (65:343). Henri told her that Adrien had not been killed and that he was somewhere in this convoy.

As Matey plodded up the stairs to the apartment, she paused an instant, irresolute and breathless. She wondered how she could break the news at once so awful and so blessed, that Adrien was not dead and yet was only half-alive.

She heard Ziza coming with a quick step down the hall. The sound sent every word out of Matey's mind. When Ziza opened the door, Matey could only stand there on the landing, silently looking at her, "Oh its's you, Mété," said Ziza in her ordinary voice. She looked a moment at Matey's face, "Mété?" With a quick gesture she pulled Matey in under the light of the gas jet in the hall and looked searchingly into her eyes, "What is it, Mété?"

"Ziza ... chérie ..." began Matey unsteadily.

"Among the grand blessés" She said no more. Ziza flung her arms up with a frantic gesture of abandon and screamed. A long, magnificent, primitive cry, beautiful and terrifying - a passionate heart finding its own language for the unutterable (65:344).

Matey told Madame Vinet that **Adrien** was frightfully crippled, an utter wreck. His arm and leg on the right side were gone and he was paralyzed from the waist down. He was like the shadow of a "man shrunk up to a skeleton" (65:344). He had been four years in a prison hospital and three times gangrene had set in on the wounded leg. Adrien was only alive in name. The doctor had advised her to tell Adrien that Ziza was in Paris and the Belgian said that he had heard of his wife's death from a man later taken prisoner and also from another who claimed that he saw Ziza and the children fall in the massacre. Matey and Madame Vinet looked at each other with a sick expression. Ziza had said so little about her escape; perhaps that was where her baby died. At Madame Vinet's suggestion that they prepare Henri's room for Adrien, Matey felt the wartime guilt of having allowed herself "the luxury of emotion without work" (65:345).

Matey had not retained the calm, impersonal attitude of a case worker during this crisis. She lived in this vivid experience (as Dorothy Canfield Fisher must have at sometime during her stay in France as a **war-wprker**)

and sought an expression of the overwhelming joy and sadness within herself. Mrs. Ford had planted a seed, a seed with life in it in Ziza's mind that spring day on the hill overlooking the freshly plowed fields. Matey gave her the idea that Adrien would come back. They would forget the past and be happy in the future.

After a time they made plans for Ziza's return to Louvain, where she was to work in a bank, taking her husband's place. Madame Vinet was going to give up her own home in Paris and go to live with them. Adrien's condition improved slightly. Ziza came in one day saying that he had held his cup for a moment; another day she said that he would never be out of a wheel-chair but that was well enough. Matey and Madame Vinet were sure that the marital relations of Ziza and Adrien would be agreeable. Happiness was something that they could not talk about, but if they shared life wholly, if they worked together, whatever of it was in her life would be in Adrien's too.

Matey sailed for Rustdorf, quite confident that her treatment of Ziza Conacq had been successful, not to mention her great help to the other members of the Vinet family.

c- Professor Vizatelly Helps Mercedes and Stephen.- "The Delectable Mountain" offers another marital adjustment.

Mercedes Londreth felt inferior to her husband Stephen, so she left their Wyoming ranch and returned to New York to take up dancing again. Charles Hastings pleaded with her to get a divorce so that they might marry. A droll, philosophical character, Professor Vizatelly gave sound advice and treatment to the wife in a distinctly modern and effective manner. He pointed out to the unhappy woman that Stephen and she might have been happy if they used common sense but both of them had too much character and not enough of that precious thing, unselfishness. Modern marriage he said, "was becoming a knock down and drag out affair" (63:411). The Professor emphasized that Mercedes really loved Stephen. She might obtain a divorce but Charles would never marry her and everyone would be unhappy.

At last she responded to this kind man's treatment and she returned to the Wyoming ranch. One is left with the impression that this adjustment is permanent, for Mercedes has passed through her struggle and found the way out after clear thinking on all sides of the problem.

d- Phillipa Strives to Reunite her Father and Mother.-

Phillipa's mother and father had been divorced after being married eighteen years. Aldous had married Cosima Brandon, a clever and wealthy woman who took everything and gave nothing. Phillipa's reactions to these new relationships

are described in Anne Douglas Sedwick's incisive and critical novel "Phillipa" which confronts the marital problem in a sane manner.

The greater portion of the time Phillipa spent with her father and Cosima. She saw that this woman did not understand her father and that she did not love him. When his book was a failure Cosima was through with him. After she had divorced Aldous, Phillipa realized that her father and mother would both gain by remarrying. Their marriage was really indissoluble. The girl had to work out her plan slowly and tactfully with a delicate and sympathetic perception of the best course of action.

One day when Phillipa was at her mother's home, she told her casually that Aldous never thought of Cosima, for men never wanted to remember anything that had hurt or impeded them (84:505). She stopped and scrutinized her mother's face, then said, "I don't know that he remembers you exactly; but you are with him; you're part of his life; - while she's quite cut away" (84:506). Beth told her daughter that a reconciliation was out of the question; she lived her own life now and in another world that Aldous would never understand. The girl tried to win her mother intellectually. When this did not succeed sufficiently Phillipa attempted to summon up her mother's emotions.

" ... if you love him enough, you can have pity on him, can't you, just because he has no advantage? You're the sort of person who can. He'd come for a home, and you'd take him on - as if he were another committee!" Beth exclaimed, "Oh, my child!" Through her sudden tears, she gave a helpless laugh, "never, I love him too much for that" (84:507).

Phillipa had the response for which she had been waiting. Then she proposed her plan to Beth who heartily accepted it.

The next morning Phillipa spoke to her father.

"Well, for this afternoon, I've had a plan ever since Saturday. I've said nothing about it till I heard definitely from mother, because it's a wonderful plan and I wanted it sure; but I had a talk with her yesterday, Daddy and it's all right ... She'd have been so shy and uncertain, of course - and so would you ... but it's absurd ... that you shouldn't meet, and I'm taking you there to tea. I'm to ring her up this morning and say it's all right for you. But of course it's all right?" (84:511).

Beth saw Aldous coming up the walk that afternoon and she recalled Phillipa's remark, "you are with him - you are still a part of his life" (84:520). Beth and Aldous understood each other better that day; he was himself once more. To ask to return, that must wait for some future afternoon. Phillipa could see that her father longed for the old home, so she kept telling him, "do try to be happy for me" (84:545).

Anne Douglas Sedwick's novel progresses no further but up to this point Phillipa's constructive

adjustment has undoubtedly advanced through her courage, adroitness and earnest desire to have her father and mother reunited. Her strength of purpose carried her on where another might have faltered.

The study of the adjustments between husband and wife would form a separate study in itself, for the American novel is rich in them.

2. Parental Relations

In "Deepening Stream" Matey Ford tried to bring about a happier relationship between Mimi and her mother Madame Vinet. The crux of the difficulty was Mimi's conversion to Roman Catholicism. When she came to Paris to see her mother, the family antagonized her for sending the boys to a Catholic school. Matey could not understand why Henri and his mother made themselves miserable over this condition with everyone "more or less at death's door" (65:246).

Mimi came up several times afterwards from La Ferte for between train visits, but to Matey's exasperated compassion the relations of the other Vinets with Mimi grew no easier, this in spite of an obvious and difficult attempt to keep off the subject of disagreement. She did not bring her boys to Paris. When she invited her mother

and sister to spend August with her in the country, they found reasons connected with their war-relief occupations which would make acceptance impossible. At her suggestion that Ziza's little Adrien might come, Madame Vinet refused to allow it in a quick and vehement tone. Matey was out of patience with this misery, self-inflicted as it seemed to her. But as yet she did not dare to say anything (65:269-270).

The Germans were advancing on the Soisson front. The Vinets expected to have Mimi and her family arrive soon from La Ferte. Instead a telegram came saying, "Ordered to evacuate. Can Mété come to get boys?" (65:316). Matey wanted to save Madame Vinet and Ziza from pain so she explained that Mimi probably asked her to come because she knew the ambulances belonging to Adrian's section had been very helpful in that vicinity.

Noone answered Matey's knock at Mimi's door. She made her way to the factory which was dark, however there were lights in the little building where the offices were installed. Mimi welcomed her. She refused to abandon her husband's business which she had so successfully conducted for three years.

The next morning the grey haired French reserve sergeant forced her to leave. They drove on in silence.

As Mimi drew a rosary from the bosom of her dress, she paused, her eyes on Matey's. She said with no effort, naturally, with a friendly smile, just what she felt, "Now Mimi dear, don't take for granted that I will criticize and not understand" (65:319). Mimi looked at her attentively with an expression Matey found very touching, as if she thought sympathy too much to hope for.

Matey went on, "Dear Mimi, why do you hold us all off at arm's length about this?" (65:319). Mimi was astonished and indignant at the idea and rested the blame on Henri, Ziza and Madame Vinet. "Mété, I've felt all along as though you were my only friend there. Tell me, why do they treat me as though it were - Why won't they let me tell them about it! Why do they keep that stiff, cold, careful silence" (65:320).

Matey was making use of case work technique as she answered, "Well I won't, if you'll give me half a chance," and reached out to give her hand a friendly clasp (65:320).

The energy of Mimi's speech mounted from word to word. It was a time of release. Matey did not interrupt her; she had the gift of knowing when to keep silence.

"... How can Maman feel anything but thankfulness for me! She must see that it has given me the first happiness I ever knew. All my life I've missed it, and after the war began - .. we would all go mad if the world were what people without faith think it is. How could Maman have let us children grow up without any defense against such a world!

She must have seen that I was starving for faith ... How can anyone blame me for wishing to save my children from that awful desolation of living without God? ... It was the sight of Soeur Sainte Julienne which first showed me the light" (65:320).

Mimi looked full at Matey who did not speak for she was determined not to act as the Vinets did.

"Mété, such inner peace as I have had! Since the day I was baptized ... Peace is something nobody can know outside the church. When I think how long I lived without once leaning on the inexpressible comfort of authority! " (65:320).

Matey still did not say a word nor change the expression of her eyes. Mimi grew defiant as she stressed that there must be an authority. "We can't live a moment in the material world without it. Why should we think we can live spiritually in anarchy" (65:320). Her eyes were exalted as she asked, "Mété, why won't they let me talk to them this way? Tell them. Explain! You do understand, don't you? Can't you?" (65:320).

Mrs. Ford wisely answered that she did not understand exactly but she could sympathize not because she was any better than the Vinets, but because Americans did not feel so strongly the differences in religion. Matey told her that her own mother went into a sisterhood before she died, and no one dreamed of feeling badly over it. Matey still thinking of bringing about better understanding between the members of this family, ventured a timid plea for Madame Vinet, "But, ma chérie, couldn't you think of

how it seems to your mother - to have you keep your boys away ... " (65:321).

Mimi protested that the boys faith must be kept firm. Just as Matey was to continue her plea for Madame Vinet, the ambulance struck something, stopped with a suddenness which almost sent them to the floor. Everyone was praying but Matey. Mimi whispered to her, " ... how happy it makes me to be one with the rest of my country - as my boys are now, brothers to these simple people we have never seen before - not to stand out as our family did, hostile hard rebels from the faith that has always saved France" (65:321). As Matey watched, Mimi's face became serene and remote.

In the summer of 1918 Henri Vinet was killed. At this time Madame Vinet told Matey that there was a higher standard of courage to which she must now live up, because she had no "ready made God to fall back on" who would take care of her and all others if they would only worship him. "We must" she said, "be strong enough not to shirk our share of creating God in man" (65:324). Quietly as this had been spoken, Matey knew that it referred to the situation at the apartment. The silences there had been heart breaking: Madame Vinet's silence during the murmur of the Latin prayers, Mimi's silence when she signaled to her sons to cross

themselves at the beginning of their meals. Since Henri's death there had been painful rivalry, a rivalry of endurance between the representatives of the two opposing creeds.

The tide of the war turned and with dream-like rapidity the denouement of the tragedy drew near. The first result of it so far as the Vinets were concerned was the permission given to civilians to return to the evacuated regions south of Soissons. Mimi and Madame Letellier went back to their homes. At once geographic separation began to perform its usual miracle of reducing personal friction. Heartened by this fact Matey made an effort toward reconciling Mimi and her family.

She chose a time when she and Ziza were alone. Ziza explained to her that she was perfectly tolerant in matters of religion but her mother felt that Mimi was striking at the roots of all that her mother believed in. It meant treason to humanity. Mrs. Conacq had refused to allow her little boy to go to La Ferté because he was too young to be "exposed to proselytizing" (65:325). She saw Mimi's and her family's ways of looking at life as absolutely opposed with no possibility of a reconciliation of views ever being effected. Before her trip in the ambulance Matey might have given up at this point. Instead she said, "But Ziza in such a time as this ... "

"That sounds to me like Anglo-Saxon sentimentality. Because we may all be dead tomorrow, is that a reason for saying you believe in what you don't?"

Matey persisted. "Can't you see for yourself what a transformation it has made in her?" She thought of the serene, remote face bent over the rosary. "Mimi's like another person. Happier than ever before in her life."

"It's discovering that she has Tante Caroline's gift for business that's made her over," said Ziza uncompromisingly. "She's simply crazy about running that factory. You just wait! My poor brother-in-law won't have so much as a seat in the office when he comes back" (65:325).

Matey never spoke of it again. It was along with everything else personal thrust into the background by the news from the front. Peace had come again. Matey knew that in spite of all her efforts she had failed to shape this raw material of life. The relations between Mimi and her family would probably never change.

3. Environmental Adjustments

Families may be out of harmony with their environment not through any specific fault of their own. Perhaps it is attributable to their being torn away from the natural group relationships as in the case of the immigrant family. Almost every immigrant novel wrestles with this problem of adjustment.

Willa Cather's "My Antonia" is a novel of pioneer life and the central figure is a heroic young woman, a daughter of the soil in "whose life is expressed the unflinching mettle of the pioneer in his struggle with nature" (53:

75). One remembers her as a personality and a symbol. If the Shimerda family had not moved near the Burdens this epical narrative could never have been written. Mr. and Mrs. Burden aided the Bohemian family to adjust itself to their new surroundings.

When Mrs. Burden called on the Shimerdas, the mother kept reiterating "house no good. House no good" (69:25). Mrs. Burden nodded at her consolingly and gave her the freshly baked loaves of bread and pies, then she learned that the Shimerdas have been living on sorghum and molasses for three days.

The Burdens tried to keep a careful watch over the immigrant family. When Mr. Burden learned from his hired man that Ambrosch Shimerda had killed three prairie dogs and there was a possibility that Krajiek would let the family eat them, he told his wife to go over and see their neighbors in the morning.

Mrs. Shimerda opened the door before Mrs. Burden had knocked. She cried and pointed to her feet, then looked accusingly at everyone. The father sat on a stump behind the stove. He crouched so that no one would see him. The air in the cave was stifling and dark. Mrs. Shimerda snatched the covers off two barrels behind the door, in one the potatoes were frozen and rotting, in the

other a small pile of flour. She kept on shaking an empty coffee pot at the visitors. Mrs. Burden continued talking in her "polite Virginia way" (69:84), not admitting their stark need or her own remissness until Jake arrived with a hamper of food as if in direct answer to Mrs. Shimerda's reproaches. The poor woman broke down and dropped on the floor beside her crazy son. Mrs. Burden told Antonia to empty the basket.

Mrs. Shimerda never made any favorable adjustment in the farm country. Her husband failed entirely. He had been born in the city and had the fine hands of a tapestry weaver. He stood helpless before the untamed prairie. After his death Ambrosch took charge of the little place. Since the Shimerdas had no small grain of their own, the Burdens hired him to help with the reaping and thrashing. Rather than have Antonia work all day in the fields, Mrs. Burden asked her to come and help her in the kitchen. There was always a basic harmony between Antonia and her mistress. They both had strong, independent natures. They loved children and animals and rough play. Deep down in each of them there was a kind of "hearty joviality, a relish of life, not over delicate but very invigorating" (69:205).

Later Mrs. Burden got a position for Antonia at the Harling home. When Jim Burden met Antonia some years

later she told him with eagerness how glad she was that his grandmother had given her the opportunity to work at Harlings. "I learned nice things" there and "I've been able to bring my children up so much better... they are pretty well behaved for country children. If it hadn't been for what Mrs. Harling taught me, I expect I'd have brought them up like wild rabbits. I'm glad I had a chance to learn ... " (69:388).

Mrs. Burden had given that chance to Antonia and she made good use of it. Today many family case workers provide opportunities for the sons or daughters of clients and save them for society.

Mrs. Burden gave more than emergency help to the Shimérdas. It was more than neighborliness. On her part there was an organized effort to build up the morale of the family, to show them the way in a new land, to give discriminating attention to Antonia and to aid them in the necessary adjustments to the social and economic changes in their immediate environment.

B. INDIVIDUAL ADJUSTMENTS

So far the discussion of social case treatment has concerned itself with the tangle of human relationships within the family group and the minor ~~tragi~~-comedy of work-a-day existence. It remains to consider the adjustment of

the individual involving as it does the same clash of character and interplay of personalities. In this case the instances are fewer, probably because the contemporary American novelist is more interested in family life.

1. The Constructive Treatment of Dr. Lynn Bruce

Grace Richmond's novel "Rufus" (which has little literary value) traces Nancy Bruce Ramsey's treatment of her uncle Dr. Lynn Bruce. This will have to be recorded chronologically and sequentially in order to give an adequate comprehension of the whole. This young woman had the case worker's conscience, ideals and sense of workmanship. She had a definite goal in view - the saving of Dr. Bruce from himself by reestablishing his courage, stimulating some active interest and giving him actual contact with the outside world. She tried to lay down each step by which the goal was to be won but very often Nancy had to use alternative processes. This novel merits study from a case worker's standpoint.

The hospital in which Dr. Bruce was working during the war was bombed in an air raid. He was horribly hurt and had to give up his medical practice. He confined himself to writing articles on medical subjects. Dr. Bruce had always been of the lean, wiry sort who could not work

hard enough. He developed certain neurotic tendencies and an attitude of complete helplessness.

The first day that Nancy was at his home she noticed how tired, thin and glum he was. His indomitable which will, had saved him after all his operations was still a living reality. Nancy wanted to do something for him.

That night she wrote to her friend, Dr. Katherine Ferris, "A man who had been a specialist in children's diseases, and then dropped a big practice and rushed across to offer himself for service anywhere in the hospitals must have a vulnerable spot somewhere, and I'm going to find it" (82:22).

On the fifth day of Nancy's visit she decided that it was the proper time for an interview with her uncle. She wanted it to take place while he was smoking his pipe so she came in quietly, drew up a chair and sat down opposite the stiff figure across the hearth rug. There was no time to lose for Dr. McFarland might call any minute. "Uncle Lynn," she began, "would you mind very much if we have a little talk now? I've been waiting quite awhile for it and I don't think the time will come when we shall just naturally fall to talking things over" (82:29). To him one time was as bad as another to open any conversation. His brain would function when he was alone with it, but at the

moment he was forced to begin a conversation with anyone which called for that brain's working with intelligence accompanied by steadiness of nerve and endurance, life itself became intolerable. Nancy was not aware of this fact so she inquired, "Does it ease it for you - to be as crusty as that? Or is it just as armor of defense against the eternal feminine you fear?" (82:29).

Previously she had been very amiable and had fallen in with all his plans perfectly. This sentence put him on the defensive. She showed no resentment at his sarcasm. Nancy changed his mind by asking quite suddenly, "Uncle Lynn, have you any special prejudice against women surgeons?" (82:31). When she mentioned Dr. Tournier's name, his face brightened as he commented, "she was a unique figure during the war" (82:32). Nancy told him of Dr. Ferris's close contact with the French doctor and asked if the former might call upon him. There was probably no plea Nancy might have made for her friend which would have won him so readily. He had great respect for this brave French woman who forced by a mistake at Headquarters into a man's place, had performed a man's tasks during the war and he had been in professional contact with her many times. The thought of hearing a letter she had written was one to seize upon his interests. He would have preferred the letter without the friend but

evidently the two had to come together. Nancy obtained permission for Dr. Ferris's visit then added that the doctor also wanted to meet him on account of their kindred interest in orthopedic surgery.

Nancy left the room at once. She knew the correct moment to close an interview.

When Dr. Ferris came she offered to translate the letter. Once or twice Nancy caught Dr. Bruce's appreciative threatening hint of a laugh. After reading the letter Katherine prepared to go but Dr. Bruce detained her. Nancy hardly recognized the voice in its quickened interest. They both talked for a long time about Dr. Tournier and her work.

That evening Nancy and Katherine had their dinner at the hotel. The latter contributed her impressions of the situation. Dr. Bruce was an unhappy, disappointed man who wanted to recover his courage and endurance. The thought of Dr. Tournier's activity might set his mind at work when he compared her energy with his lassitude. Contact with the outside world was essential for him. Dr. Ferris advised Nancy to go away for a month (thus making him miss her) and then to return with some definite work for him.

Six weeks later Nancy came back with a baby in her arms. "Uncle Lynn," she said, "I couldn't come away and leave him ... Katherine Ferris brought him to me. She

found him in a tenement ... Nobody wanted him. You see what's the matter with him?" (82:74). Dr. Bruce looked at the tiny white face and answered, "malnutrition ..."

When he asked suspiciously, "why did you bring him here?" she quietly responded, "Because I lost three babies of my own ... I thought maybe - God would let me save this one. And I thought maybe - you would help me. I couldn't do it in a New York hotel. All the hospitals were crowded to the roofs" (82:74-75).

Her uncle began to treat the infant. His manner was firm but kind, beyond any kindness that Nancy had yet known from him. His eyes were interested eyes too - intent on the task that she had forced on him. For sometime he had refused to do professional work but this child was a challenge he could not refuse, so he tackled the case with all the skill in his possession. The formula he was using for the baby's nourishment was the latest scientific discovery and every other aid to establishing a workable basis of assimilation was being used under his direction. Doctor Bruce explained that nature must come to the rescue or they would have laboured in vain. In spite of consistent treatment and care Rufus died.

After his death Dr. Bruce was kinder to every one, but he still rejected companionship and sympathy.

An old friend Humphrey Oliver stopped to visit Dr. Bruce and he gave the surgeon a new hold on himself. When a message came from Mr. Oliver saying that he had been in a train wreck, Dr. Bruce for the first time in three years moved his wheel chair toward the telephone. He gave orders to Pat to rearrange the room so that he might take care of Humphrey. The doctor explained to Nancy:

"Why should he lie for six weeks over there in a hospital, the life of a ward - for he'd be in a ward, he'd never submit to being in a private room by himself. Why should he stay there, when I might have him here?"

"It's the best idea in the world, Uncle Lynn. I'm as glad as can be, and I'll love waiting on you both. You - you mean to let me stay too? - for a little while longer" (82:154).

Mr. Oliver told them about two children orphaned by the wreck whom he had ordered taken to a hospital and treated at his expense. In a flash Nancy saw her opportunity and she asked to bring the children to her uncle's home.

Some days later the children sat near Dr. Bruce's wheel chair while he told them an absorbing story. His voice was kind as his hand closed over little Esther's fingers. His face took on a new look, somewhat as it had done when he had been studying Rufus's emaciated features, only there was more gentleness in the expression now.

Dr. Ferris came and she discussed with Nancy the changes for the better so evident in Dr. Bruce. She

asked Nancy if she had given up planning for him.

"I've realized that I could not plan for him - he must plan for himself. All I could do was - what I've done: brought him Rufus to look at; stayed by when that terrible Aunt Maria came; helped look after Mr. Oliver. And now these children - I think they've made a strong appeal to him. Oh, I'm so glad if you think it has all taken him out of himself a little" (82:180).

One day when Dr. Bruce was depressed about life, Nancy emphasized, "You have got to live, and you have got to care to live. And the only way to do that is to be of use again" (82:197). She felt by this time that she knew how to say the right thing. When he ironically asked, "Shall I have myself strapped upright in my car and go about seeing patients on the street corners?" she skillfully replied:

"Yes, rather than nothing. But the patients would come to you. Your specialty is children. When you went to France you had to drop your speciality and do anything in the hospitals - and you did it, gladly, because you were determined to be of service. But now - you could go on specializing. You could use this big, empty house for little patients. The hospitals are overcrowded, you know that. You could let me stay on and help manage. Katherine Ferris and Dr. McFarland could send us patients, one by one, till we had all we could take. Not the most complicated cases at first perhaps - but the chronic ones - the little cripples - the underfed - the desperate cases like Rufus ... It would save your life. And - Oh, it would save mine. I want something to do too ... It's the only thing you could do ... Won't you?" (82:199).

They established the hospital and Nancy assumed the heaviest financial burden. The proceeds from the sale of her Denver home were to build the proposed annex. It was a partnership of interests. No money would be made

from this enterprise.

In one year they had saved many lives and had lost only three cases. Nancy gained greater pleasure from seeing a poor "little wisp of emaciated humanity turn into a collection of red-blood corpuscles and multiplying tissue cells than in any other form of entertainment" (82:221). If Nancy's vigor seemed phenomenal, Dr. Bruce's was as yet easily exhaustible. But his whole attitude toward his own life had altered.

When Nancy undertook the task of helping Dr. Bruce she understood his background and through her family she had accumulated valuable social evidence which Dr. McFarland and Pat later augmented. She worked unflinchingly with patience and earnestness to restore Dr. Bruce's interests and ambitions. Her treatment was eminently successful.

2. Individual Adjustment to Environment

a- Matey Ford and Madame Letellier.- One must turn again to that strong and beautiful novel "Deepening Stream" and there find Matey Ford striving to help Madame Letellier, a bedridden peasant girl, heart broken by her husband's death two days after her baby was born. He had been in Henri Vinet's regiment and from his death bed had sent word asking Henri's foster-sister from America to watch over his

wife, for he had no living relatives.

Matey could find no link with life which had survived in her. She would not look at her baby; she turned her face away from the sun; she said nothing to Matey but "Non, Madame. Non Madame." The conciierge whom Matey paid to take care of the baby and a nursing Sister of Charity who came in occasionally, both gave her up. Matey thought of the soldier she had never seen who dying had confided his helpless wife to her and she went on "doggedly with her fumbling efforts to be a doctor of the soul" (65:238). Her character expanded under this strain. To Matey her attempts at cheerful talk sounded foolish and hopeless in the tenement house room.

One day Matey gave Madame Letellier a bunch of violets she had just bought at a street-flower stand. The woman murmured before she turned her face away, "there were violets in our garden at home" (65:238). In that instant Matey perceived the solution to this problem. That night she wrote to Mimi who lived in La Ferté, not far from Crouy, explaining her plan and asking for information.

In a few days Matey was able to say to the listless woman.

"I have just heard about a piece of property that is for sale in Crouy. A small, stone house, the Boutry family used to own it, near the canal, next door but one

to the house where you lived as a little girl. I know of an American fund for war troubles, and if you liked, I could get from them money enough to buy this, as a place for you to bring up little Jacques. You probably remember the house. It has a big garden plot back of it. It would be nice, don't you think, to have little Jacques grow up where you and your brother lived?" (65:239).

The invalid did not stir or speak. Matey did not dare to stop. She told her that a friend of hers who lived nearby had gone out to see the place. She spoke in particular of a fine, old apple tree in the middle of the garden. In that instant all Matey's efforts and expenditure of Aunt Connie's money had its reward, "When we played hide-and-seek with the Boutry children, that tree was our goal" (65:239).

The baby was about two months old when Matey carried him and led his white cheeked mother into the Gare de l'Est, and settled herself with them in the train. After they had passed Meaux, Matey told Madame Letellier to be sure and tell her when they neared Crouy so that they could be ready to leave the train. As they went along the woman commented on the Auvary's beet-field going to weeds and the tall poplars still standing on the Moronier farm.

The three went down the narrow cobble-paved street to the little home. Mimi's manner was perfect. Gone was any trace of the old French bourgeois superiority to peasants. "I happened to have a little extra furniture, Mme. Letellier" she said respectfully, "which I thought might be useful to

you till you get settled" (65:239). Mimi informed Madame Letellier that some of her old neighbors who remembered her and her parents were coming to welcome her to Crouy. There was just time for her to take a turn about the house and garden before their arrival.

A few minutes later Matey and Mimi glanced out of the window. Madame Letellier was standing under the bare branches of the apple tree. She lifted her face and looked up into the tree. Finally as "if something had been asked and answered between them, she stepped closer to it and laid a black gloved hand on its thick, strong trunk. Those in the house" (65:240). drew a long breath.

Matey Ford could help those in need without making the helped feel any sense of inferiority that might be painful. She gave gladly and asked nothing in return. She stands as a glowing example of the social case worker in contemporary American fiction. Matey is one of the noblest characters in the novel.

b- The Village Music Dealer and Miss Lulu Bett.- Zona Gale often studies the effects of suppression upon her characters. Her pathos in "Miss Lulu Bett" is direct and familiar, pervaded with delicate and deep emotion. The portrait of Miss Lulu Bett is striking and resemblant. Lulu a poor Cinderella at home, living the life of an automaton, dreamed

and romanticized. An adventurer courted Lulu, married her and then suddenly abandoned the young woman. After this disappointment she was even more devoted to the self-centered members of her household.

The village music dealer was the first person who appreciated Lulu's good traits and who tried to understand her position in relation to her narrow minded family group. Through his subtle influence she gradually changed, became self-assertive and ultimately adjusted herself.

c-Judith and Arnold.- From early childhood Judith championed the misunderstood. As she grew older and studied nursing she often stepped outside herself to watch and to attempt to understand those around her.

Judith and Arnold intended to marry. One evening her sister Sylvia found him in a drunken condition and she wrote to Judith about it. Fortunately Arnold had told her the evening before she left Lydford that he had inherited an alcoholic tendency from his father.

She thought that a change of environment would help Arnold more than anything else. Judith was in constant communication with a great specialist in Wisconsin. The sanitarium to which Felix Morrison had sent the young man was not reliable and the medical treatment was not serious. She hoped to have him transferred to the care of Dr. Rideval

who could cure Arnold if his constitution was still sound (64:360).

d- Matts Swenson and Olga.- Matts Swenson made his sister's life happier and more congenial through changing her environment.

Matts had been away for a long time and when he returned he noticed a distinct change in Olga. His mother attributed her thinness to the heavy summer work. Matts said no more, but he felt sure that it was not hard work that had put the dark circles under the girl's eyes and made her so languid. He was glad to observe that his mother now watched out for his sister a little. She made her rest now and then, and tried to cook food that the girl liked. Olga did not improve. Her brother made up his mind that he would talk to her and try to persuade her to go to Red Falls to see a doctor when he took the grain to the miller.

Matts found his chance one evening when from the barn he saw her walking north. Once or twice before she had gone up that road and come back exhausted after an absence of an hour or two. He followed her at a distance, slowly overtaking her. He noticed that she was no longer careful how she arranged her hair and seemed indifferent to what she wore. He caught up with her, "Oh, I thought - I thought", she started to say (68:159) as her brother put

his arm around her to steady her. He told Olga of his plan to take her to Red Falls to see a doctor. The girl consented to go saying she would like to work there. As they talked he wondered if Karl Burghardt had anything to do with her sadness. He planned for her future and tried to cover her melancholy silence with a gossamer of helpful words.

As she neared home her desolate heart warmed with the feeling that as long as she could share her life with Matts, she was not quite alone. Brigitta and Nils in spite of family loyalty hardly counted in her thoughts. The stolid silence of well meaning men and women bring no healing power to the suffering individual. The wounded heart needs the word and expression of affection and "Matts alone had " this "priceless gift to give" his sister (68:163).

Olga leaned on him.

"Yes, Matts, I am going to be happy now ... I'll go away for a time and get strong again. But Matts, dear Matts, you'll never forget me? You'll always love me and help me?" (68:163).

Matts was touched to the heart and he answered his lame sister in a gentle and consoling manner. "Olga, you know you can never get rid of me. You're the nicest sister I have, and I'm your loving brother as long as I live" (68:163). He gave her at once a sense of dependence and independence.

Matts got Olga a position in the miller's family in Red Falls. When Matts started back she said looking straight at him, "You don't need to worry about me, Matts, I'm all right now and you made me so" (68:165).

This environmental adjustment gave Olga new strength and confidence. But later on in "Red Rust" she returned to New Sweden for Matts wedding and succumbed on hearing of Karl's marriage. Her brother did not let her remain in the surroundings that brought back memories and at her request took her to Red Falls the following day, thus saving his sister from despondency.

e- Carol Kennicott and Gopher Prairie.- Carol Kennicott wanted to make Gopher Prairie a better place in which to live. She was well educated, sensitive to beauty and indignant against injustice. The townspeople opposed her plan of improving the surroundings and conditions of the town. They refused her sincere and eager suggestions just as governing bodies are often deaf to social workers pleas to change existing things. Carol's career ended in a compromise.

Her attempts to adjust individuals to their environment must be mentioned in passing but her activities in "Main Street" are not positive enough to warrant close study.

f- Fred Ottenburg and Thea Kronberg.- In "The Song of the Lark" Thea Kronberg had been working hard for Mr. Bowers and as a result her voice was losing its zest and power. Fred Ottenburg told her that she was wasting her time; she needed a good vacation. "You're stale; that's what's the matter with you. And just now you're dead tired." Later he asked her, "What would you do this summer, if you could do whatever you wished?" (72:289). She wanted to go West and Fred knew of a place out in that dry climate which alone could heal her irritated tonsils and he promised to make provisions for her to go. Fred realized that something had to be done quickly to cheer up Thea, a moving figure of discouragement; her flesh "seemed to take a mood and to set like plaster" (72:291).

Her stay on a ranch down in Arizona, near a Navajo reservation gave Thea back her vigor, energy and ability. Had she been forced to remain in Chicago that summer still working under Bowers, she might have been lost to the operatic world. This trip in a measure determined the drift of her life. Fred Ottenburg had spoken to her at the proper moment, likewise many social case workers reach clients just in time to suggest something that changes the direction of their lives.

C. INTELLIGENT USE OF FACILITIES AND INDIVIDUALS
IN THE FORMULATION OF A PLAN

In the social case worker's plan of adjustment for a group or a detached individual it is usually necessary to make intelligent use of various facilities and individuals in the formulation and forwarding of the plan.

1. Relative To A Group

The case worker's success depends not only on her ability and skill in winning the client and in suggesting the right modification (14:19) but also in arousing an interest in the client. Matey Ford illustrates this in her persistent efforts to stimulate interest and get action in favor of the crippled children in Hendaye. Matts Swenson under different circumstances calls upon the various families of New Sweden to help Mrs. Jensen after her husband had suddenly died.

a- Matey Ford and The Hendaye Convalescent Home.- Matey Ford stood on the platform in charge of a group of anxious mothers who tearfully demanded fresh assurances from her that their little crippled children would be returned safely and healthy in the springtime.

Splendid reports came back from the children in the Hendaye Convalescent Home. The nurse in charge said that the children from Lille with the terrible rickets were getting bones in their legs so fast that one could almost see them grow.

In early January a letter came to Dominique (who was staying with the Vinets) from her cousin who lived in Hendaye and did washing for this American convalescent home. She wrote that she would soon have less work because the house was to be closed the first of February. Matey read this and asked her not to give this information to Madame Vinet or Ziza.

Matey dashed from one American office to another to find out if the home was to be closed. At last she met Doctor Taylor who said that the work was being organized along new lines and the officials considered it wiser to close the place in Hendaye and direct the money into other more productive channels. With growing agitation, Matey described the conditions of the children's health and the home life to which they would return: unheated tenement rooms, extreme poverty, overcrowding, and in some cases there would be no beds for the little ones. He expressed regret, looked at his watch and stated that this order applied to all homes.

She went outdoors into the street. She thought if she sold her home and took all that was left of Aunt Connie's money, these children could be taken care of. When she went back and laid her plan before Doctor Taylor, he said that it could not be managed. His organization alone was responsible for the children and they had no right to turn the matter over to a private individual since they had no guarantee of adequate care. Matey then suggested paying the expenses through his office but he refused to make an exception of this one home.

The next day she went to consult a doctor about an imaginary child in order to get his candid reaction on the return of these children to Paris, to bring a sickly child who had been in the south of France since November back to Paris would mean death. Matey interviewed a high official of ^{the} Red Cross to find out what their policy was regarding the return of children and he said, "not before May" (65:306).

Day after day she went to Doctor Taylor's office. Matey tried every door, told her story to every woman in khaki but she was seldom admitted to any inner offices.

Meanwhile the nurse in charge of the home had written that she feared the children would contract bronchitis or pneumonia if they were moved north.

Matey tried to forget the anxious mothers' faces. She was turning over in her mind a manifestly insane idea of taking the children bodily on farther south, into Spain, over the frontier, beyond French jurisdiction, when her eyes fell on a proof-sheet of a booklet describing the organization's work. It was headed by a list of names, all prominent people high in its councils. Mrs. Meade Whitlock was one of them.

In about thirty minutes Matey was explaining to the concierge of a beautiful apartment house beyond the Étoile that she wished to see Mrs. Whitlock as she was an old friend of hers. When the older woman came into the room, Matey told her that she was Professor Gilbert's daughter and immediately Mrs. Whitlock recognized her. Then she began her plea in an imploring voice, her eyes fixed on the miraculously unchanged face before her. "Tell me what it is you want," Mrs. Whitlock requested and also the name of the official in charge. When Matey had given her the information, she smiled, "Well I don't know him very well, but I know his superior officer. I can fix that for you in ten minutes ... You just haven't got hold of the right people, that's all. One has to go at these things the right way. Now ~~what~~ what's your address, so I can let you know?" (65:307-308).

Two days later a telegram came from the nurse in Hendaye, "All set to stay until May. You must have pushed the right button" (65:308).

b- Matts Swenson and Mrs. Jensen.- After Mr. Jensen's funeral Matts brought the neighboring men together to discuss plans for the future of this family.

It was decided that the work must be divided among the various families: August Lindblöm and the oldest Johnson boy were to chop and saw enough wood on the edge of the clearing for the winter; Oscar would easily haul it to the house with the ox Mrs. Jensen was to keep; the other ox Burghardt had offered to take and in payment he would give credit at the store for the supplies that must be bought; Matts with the help of the children would thresh and winnow the grain and finish the husking of the corn; the blacksmith Larsen was willing to take the Jensen grain and corn with his own to the mill at Red Falls, where he would have it ground into meal for the winter's food. Mrs. Burghardt had promised some yarn she had made from her own sheep as a gift to Mrs. Jensen. Oscar and Jens could knit it into warm stockings for the family. The women of the community promised to see to it that Mrs. Jensen and Christina had all the clothes that they needed. Mrs. Jensen thanked them with radiance and warmth of feeling.

2. Relative To The Individual

Thea Kronberg had grown up in an indifferent and commonplace household - the home of the village pastor who could not understand her love of art and desire to be happy. When Doctor Archie found out that there was a chance for the girl to have an artistic career, he came to her father to convince him of the feasibility of the plan. The doctor essayed leadership and ultimately convinced the Moonstone pastor.

Doctor Archie explained that Ray Kennedy, the freight brakeman who had admired Thea for a long time, had left his life insurance of six hundred dollars to the girl but he had stipulated that it be used in a certain way and Thea's father was to be in complete accord with the plan. Mr. Kronberg looked a little startled as the doctor told him it was "Kennedy's wish that she would take this money and go to Chicago this winter" (72:151) to study music. The minister shifted the responsibility to his wife but the doctor answered:

"I think I can bring Mrs. Kronberg around, if I have your consent. I've always found her pretty level-headed. I have several old classmates practising in Chicago. One is a throat specialist. He has a good deal to do with singers. He probably knows the best piano teachers and could recommend a boarding-house where music students stay. I think Thea needs to get among a lot of young people who are clever like herself. Here she has no companions but old fellows like

me. It's not a natural life for a young girl. She'll either get warped, or wither before her time. If it will make you and Mrs. Kronberg feel any easier, I'll be glad to take Thea to Chicago and see that she gets started right. This throat man I speak of is a big fellow in his line, and if I can get him interested, he may be able to put her in the way of a good many things. At any rate he'll know the right teachers ... I think Kennedy sized the situation up exactly" (72:151).

Mr. Kronberg suggested that Denver might be better than it would be possible to watch over Thea. Doctor Archie knew that the girl wanted to study in Chicago and he told the father that under the circumstances they ought to carry out Ray Kennedy's wish made as he lay dying near the wrecked train. When the minister asked the doctor, "If Thea were your own daughter, would you consent to such a plan, at her present age?" (72:152). Doctor Archie reiterated that the girl was wasting her time in Moonstone; at her age she ought to be learning, not teaching; and her musical training must not be neglected for she had real talent.

Doctor Archie secured Mr. and Mrs. Kronberg's consent and thus started Thea on her way to success and the fulfillment of her desire for art and happiness.

Social case treatment administered by thoughtful social case workers considers the practical aspects of

adjustments and the "relations of individual men in the light" of a "concept of the wider self" (24:369). Mrs. Bosanquet says that the self expands when it enters upon new duties, acquires new interests or contracts new ties of friendship.

CONCLUSION

In this descriptive and interpretative study of the social case work processes in the contemporary American novel, stress has been laid on the dynamic, creative possibilities of social relationships, social diagnostic processes and social case treatment.

Certain conclusions are deducible from this detailed study: the art of helping is the art of every-day life; the spirit of service is an expression of the highest development of personality; the novel forms valuable supplementary reading for the social case worker.

THE ART OF HELPING IS THE ART OF EVERY-DAY LIFE

Life would be narrow and stunted if men felt no significance in the world around them. Men feel within themselves the desire to maintain the concept of the human brotherhood in its ascendancy against social conditions. They want to give prompt help to those who are in need. To-day social life is so complex and social causation is so intricate that the spirit of the modern social case worker is transcending the daily existence.

In the "Time of Man" Cassie MacMurtie was free-hearted and kind to the shiftless mountaineers. She gave time, energy and money to those in need. One remembers her the winter that Effie Turpin had lung fever-coming every day to the cabin. Cassie was her faithful nurse. She brought a warm comforter and something hot to rub on the poor girl's chest to drive the frost out of her lungs (83:107).

In the "Needle's Eye" Rhoda McLane's mental suffering made her keenly sensitive to the suffering and pain of others. Turning her back on the environment of wealth and ease into which she had been born, the young woman gave herself and what money she had to such causes as seemed at the moment most calculated to help the unfortunate. So long as there was a baby who needed milk or an old woman without a home she helped them. Rhoda even went into the coal mining districts of West Virginia to aid the starving miners and their stricken families. She was a volunteer worker who gave emergency care but did not consider the future of those whom she had helped.

The art of helping is not peculiar to the field of the social case worker but is a part of the average man's life. Consequently in fiction many characters help and are helped in some way or other.

THE SPIRIT OF SERVICE IS AN EXPRESSION OF THE
HIGHEST DEVELOPMENT OF PERSONALITY

Matey Ford, Dr. Lavendar and Matts Swenson knew as they lost themselves in the human experiences of others that something very real and very significant was happening to them. They were artists spending their lives loving things that haunted them and in achieving a noble and enduring fulfillment of individuality by giving themselves absolutely to their tasks. The gift of sympathy was their greatest gift, the fine thing which with understanding made their accomplishments so perfect.

Only those with personality can accomodate themselves to the various forces, laws and situations of the universe. In them the spirit of service is dominant. Samuel Butler in his extraordinary study of English life, "The Way of All Flesh" said:

"All our lives long, every day and every hour, we are engaged in the process of accomodating our changed and unchanged selves to the changed and unchanged surroundings; living, in fact, is nothing else than this process of accomodation; when we fail in it a little we are stupid, when we fail flagrantly we are mad, when we suspend it temporarily we sleep, when we give up the attempt altogether we die. In quiet, uneventful lives the changes internal and external are so small that there is little or no strain in the process of fusion and accomodation; in other lives there is great strain, but there is also great fusing and accomodating power; in others great strain with little accomodating power. A life will be successful or not, according as the

power of accomodation is equal to or unequal to the strain of fusing and adjusting internal and external changes" (4:305).

THE NOVEL FORMS VALUABLE SUPPLEMENTARY READING FOR THE SOCIAL CASE WORKER

The American novel yields up unexpected riches from the social case worker's viewpoint. It is valuable as a social document. The novelist is cognizant of the fact that social changes have their inception in the events which "release" the individual out of the society of which it is composed (28:71). He recognizes the fundamental fact that individuals are different consequently their responses to similar stimuli and social conditions are different. Through the medium of words he brings to the surface the secrets of the heart; reveals the pain of the soul; records the experiences, the lives, the aims, the manners, the culture, the religion and the aspirations of his men and women. As an artist he depicts countless opportunities for the development of personality through a special skill in utilizing social relationships to that end.

Social case workers cannot neglect good contemporary fiction. Serious novels

" ... pass into the consciousness of their readers and there attain their immortality, clarifying impulse, determining conduct, enlisting the sympathetic emotions. They

constitute a vast civilizing agency. They are a means whereby men can observe with detachment their individual and social problems and thus be aided in their solution. It is not easy to conceive any other agency equally competent to this end" (53:322).

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APPENDIX

The following list of American novels compiled by the writer will be of service to those who are interested in studying the positive and negative aspects of social case work as it exists in fiction.

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The thesis, "Evidences of the Social Case Work Processes in the American Novel 1900-1931," written by Helan Maree Toole, has been accepted by the Graduate School of Loyola University with reference to form, and by the readers whose names appear below with reference to content. It is, therefore, accepted as a partial fulfilment of the requirements of the degree conferred.

Agnes Van Driel

May, 1931

Frederic Siedenburg, S.J.

May, 1931