



QUOTES OF THE WEEK

“Mediocrity knows nothing higher than itself, but talent instantly recognizes genius.”

—Arthur Conan Doyle, from *The Valley of Fear*

“For my part, I travel not to go anywhere, but to go. I travel for travel's sake. The great affair is to move; to feel the needs and hitches of our life more nearly; to come down off this feather-bed of civilization, and find the globe granite underfoot and strewn with cutting flints.”

—Robert Louis Stevenson, from *Travels with a Donkey*

“When you are older you will know that life is a long lesson in humility.”

—J.M Barrie, from *The Little Minister*

THIS WEEK IN HISTORY

SEPTEMBER 30, 1869: The Wyoming state convention approves a constitution that includes a provision granting women the right to vote. Wyoming was admitted to the Union the following year, thus making it the first state to grant women suffrage.

A woman's right to vote in Wyoming had actually been guaranteed twenty years earlier, when the First Territorial Legislation of Wyoming passed *An Act to Grant the Women of Wyoming Territory the Right of Suffrage, and to Hold Office*. In full, the act read:

That every women of the age of twenty-one years, residing in this territory, may, at every election to be holden under the laws thereof, cast her vote. And her rights to the elective franchise and to hold office shall be the same under the laws of the territory, as those of electors.

The bill, sponsored by William Bright, was not preceded by fanfare or an organized campaign, but even so quickly gained national attention. Eastern progressives Susan B. Anthony and Elizabeth Cady Stanton urged their fellow women to emigrate to Wyoming en masse, and visited the state in 1871 on the newly completed Transcontinental Railroad.

Wyoming's statehood nearly suffered as a result of its progressive stance on suffrage. When Congress threatened to withhold statehood, Cheyenne officials sent a strongly worded telegram stating they would rather remain out of the Union for 100 years than join without suffrage. Wyoming was admitted as the “Equality State” [continued on next page]

3 WORDS

Memorize these by week's end and you shall quickly develop an enviable lexicon.

This issue's theme: words derived from place names

gasconade (gas-kuh-NADE) *n*

1. bravado or exaggerated boasting

Ex. Despite all his **gasconade**, he failed to finish the job on time.

Etym. from the French *gascon*, “boaster,” in turn from Gascon, an inhabitant of the town of Gascony, notorious for its boastful citizens.

lido (LEE-doh) *noun*

1. a fashionable beach resort

Ex. The beaches of Hawaii are sprinkled with innumerable **lidos**, which transform into lively hot spots during the lucrative tourist season.

Etym. from the Italian *lido*, “shore, bank,” and the Italian beach resort of the same name

Gretna Green *noun*

1. a place where many eloping couples are married

Ex. Since Nevada has no waiting period for a marriage license, it has long been an ideal **Gretna Green** for runaway lovers.

Etym. from the Scottish village of the same name

[continued from first page] on July 10, 1890 by president Benjamin Harrison.

To this day, historians are not entirely decided as to why Wyoming was the first state to give women the right to vote. Many proponents of suffrage, including Anthony and Stanton, expected the far more progressive east coast states to back suffrage first, but it was the western states that early endorsed this fundamental right (Wyoming, Colorado, Utah, and Idaho were the first four). One plausible reason suffrage gained traction in the west is because there was a great shortage of women in the early frontier days. Suffrage may have been seen as a way to attract women to a disproportionately male area.

Whatever the reason, suffrage in the United States soon caught on, culminating in the ratification of the 19th Amendment in 1920. Four years later, Wyoming made history again when its voters elected the nation's first female governor, Nellie Tayloe Ross.

Sources: Women of the West Museum, This Day In History.



Nellie Tayloe Ross

ETYMOLOGY 101

The origin of: Gretna Green

Gretna Green is a Scottish town just north of the English border, and its location has long made it a popular place for eloping couples to marry. It was not always so: prior to 1753, common law marriages in England were an accepted part of life. In fact, all that was required was the free consent of both parties, provided they were of the age of consent (14 for boys and 12 for girls), and were free of any other marriage. No formal ceremony was required, nor was a stigma attached to one not "regularly" married in a parish church or by a minister.

This all changed with the Marriage Act 1753 (also known as Lord Hardwicke's Marriage Act), which enumerated a number of formal requirements for a marriage to be legally binding. Among these were: (1) unless both parties were 21 years of age, parental consent had to be given; (2) marriage had to be solemnized by formal religious ceremony in a church; and (3) marriages had to be officially recorded. Children born of marriages that did not meet these requirements were considered "base" and could not inherit property.

Passage of the act was precipitated by a legal dispute that arose after the "irregularly" married widow (a Mrs. Magdalen Cochran) of a certain Captain John Campbell came forth to claim a pension upon his death. However, Campbell had irregularly wed another woman some time earlier, a Mrs. Jean Campbell. The legal headaches of trying to figure out who was entitled to the rights of the widow made a system of formalizing marriage more pragmatic.

Not all were in favor of Lord Hardwicke's Act, since it disadvantaged those who were unable or unwilling to solemnize their marriages or gain parental consent. The Act exempted Scotland, and so couples wishing to evade the requirements of the English system traveled across the Scottish border. The first village they often came to was Gretna Green, and this town soon became a matrimonial mecca. Ceremonies were often performed in the blacksmith shops by "anvil priests," local blacksmiths who witnessed a declaration of marriage and thus made it binding. Today, Gretna Green is one of the most popular places in the world to tie the knot.

Sources: Wikipedia, History Cooperative.

WELL I'LL BE!

THE ANSWERS TO QUESTIONS YOU NEVER ASKED

What on earth is haggis?

Haggis is one of those things that simultaneously delights and horrifies people unfamiliar with it, since all anyone seems to know about it is that it contains some mixture of minced up organs. It is often an object of curiosity for those unfamiliar with regularly eating offal (i.e., many

inhabitants of North America).

While there are many variations, the most common ingredients are: the heart, liver, and lungs (lights) of a sheep, onion, oatmeal, suet (animal fat), salt and other spices, and stock. The ingredients are minced together, stuffed inside a sheep's stomach bag, and boiled slowly in water for three to five hours.

Commercially produced haggis may be prepared inside a casing (such as an animal's intestine or an artificial casing made of collagen or cellulose) instead of an animal's stomach.

Haggis is traditionally served with neeps and tatties (turnips and potatoes in the Scots dialect).

Source: Wikipedia.

What is Hadrian's Wall?

Hadrian's Wall is a stone and turf fortification built by the Roman Empire across the northern width of Great Britain. Construction on the 75 mile wall began in about 122 after a visit by Roman emperor Hadrian, who was experiencing military difficulties throughout his empire. The wall served several purposes; according to Wikipedia:

... to prevent military raids by the tribes of Scotland to the north, to improve economic stability and provide peaceful conditions in the Roman province of Britannia to the south, to define the frontier of the Empire physically, and to separate the unruly Selgovae tribe in the north from the Brigantes in the south and discourage them from uniting.

The wall also likely served as a visual reminder of Rome's strength.

Construction of the wall took about ten years, and largely followed the route of the nearby Stanegate (stone road), an important Roman road that had previously marked the northern edge of the empire. The wall was garrisoned by auxiliary (non-legionary) troops, their numbers probably in excess of 10,000 in the years right after the wall's completion.

Following Hadrian's death in 138, the new emperor Antoninus Pius essentially abandoned the wall, choosing to construct a new one some 40 miles to the north (the Antonine Wall). Antoninus was unsuccessful in subduing the northern tribes, so his successor, Marcus Aurelius, abandoned the Antonine Wall and occupied Hadrian's Wall once again in 164. The wall remained occupied until the Romans withdrew from Britain early in the 5th century.

The picture at right shows that the impressive craftsmanship of Hadrian's Wall is still evident to this day.



PLAIN ENGLISH

Today's Lesson: dragged vs. drug and lend vs. loan

There is clearly some confusion surrounding the proper use of these four words. When do we use them?

Dragged is the past tense of the verb "drag," so should always be used when describing the action of dragging.

Ex. She **dragged** her feet the whole way.

Ex 2. We **dragged** the roll of carpet into the living room.

Drug should only be used as a verb when it describes the action of giving someone a narcotic.

Ex. The doctor plans to **drug** me before the procedure.

Ex 2. I feel like I was **drugged**. (past tense of "to drug")

In the traditional sense, *loan* is considered a noun only, but *Merriam-Webster's Collegiate Dictionary* (10th Ed.) states it is "entirely standard" to use *loan* as a verb. Grammatical purists might take offense, so to be entirely safe, use *loan* as a noun and *lend* when you need a verb.

Ex. In order to buy our first house, we had to ask the bank for a **loan**. (as a noun)

Ex 2. In order to buy our first house, we asked the bank to **lend** us some money. (as a verb)

Source: Get It Write Online

LITERARY GENIUS

Since its introduction in 1904, *Peter Pan* has come to symbolize childhood innocence and the desire to remain forever young. It is based on the stories told by author J.M. Barrie to the sons of his friend Sylvia Llewelyn-Davies. Barrie got the name for his protagonist from two sources: Peter, the name of one of Sylvia's sons, and Pan, the mischievous Greek god of the woodlands.

An account of Barrie's relation with Sylvia and the creation of his opus magnum may be found in *J.M. Barrie & the Lost Boys: The Love Story That Gave Birth to Peter Pan*, by Andrew Birkin. According to Birkin, Barrie first met Sylvia in Kensington Gardens, a park near his London home. He was a regular favorite of the children who were taken there by their nannies, and it was here that he first entertained the five Llewelyn-Davies children with his stories of pirates and faeries. These stories formed the basis for Barrie's 1904 play *Peter Pan, or The Boy Who Would Not Grow Up*. The play was an enormous success in both the United States and Great Britain.

Barrie later wrote a novel based on the play and titled it *Peter And Wendy*. It is this version of the story (today simply entitled *Peter Pan*) that is best known to readers. Following is an excerpt from this novel. The Darlings have left for a dinner party up the street, and the children have just gone to bed.



FROM *PETER PAN*

by J.M. Barrie

Chapter 3 – Come Away! Come Away!

For a moment after Mr. and Mrs. Darling left the house the night-lights by the beds of the three children continued to burn clearly. They were awfully nice little night-lights, and one cannot help wishing that they could have kept awake to see Peter; but Wendy's light blinked and gave such a yawn that the other two yawned also, and before they could close their mouths all the three went out.

There was another light in the room now, a thousand times brighter than the night-lights, and in the time we have taken to say this, it had been in all the drawers in the nursery, looking for Peter's shadow, rummaged the wardrobe and turned every pocket inside out. It was not really a light; it made this light by flashing about so quickly, but when it came to rest for a second you saw it was a fairy, no longer than your hand, but still growing. It was a girl called Tinker Bell exquisitely gowned in a skeleton leaf, cut low and square, through which her figure could be seen to the best advantage. She was slightly inclined to embonpoint.

A moment after the fairy's entrance the window was blown open by the breathing of the little stars, and Peter dropped in. He had carried Tinker Bell part of the way, and his hand was still messy with the fairy dust.

"Tinker Bell," he called softly, after making sure that the children were asleep, "Tink, where are you?" She was in a jug for the moment, and liking it extremely; she had never been in a jug before.

"Oh, do come out of that jug, and tell me, do you know where they put my shadow?"

The loveliest tinkle as of golden bells answered him. It is the fairy language. You ordinary children can never hear it, but if you were to hear it you would know that you had heard it once before.

Tink said that the shadow was in the big box. She meant the chest of drawers, and Peter jumped at the drawers, scattering their contents to the floor with both hands, as kings toss ha'pence to the crowd. In a moment he had recovered his shadow, and in his delight he forgot that he had shut Tinker Bell up in the drawer.

If he thought at all, but I don't believe he ever thought, it was that he and his shadow, when brought near each other, would join like drops of water, and when they did not he was appalled. He tried to stick it on with soap from the bathroom, but that also failed. A shudder passed through Peter, and he sat on the floor and cried.

His sobs woke Wendy, and she sat up in bed. She was not alarmed to see a stranger crying on the nursery floor; she was only pleasantly interested.

"Boy," she said courteously, "why are you crying?"

Peter could be exceeding polite also, having learned the grand manner at fairy ceremonies, and he rose and bowed to her beautifully. She was much pleased, and bowed beautifully to him from the bed.

"What's your name?" he asked.

"Wendy Moira Angela Darling," she replied with some satisfaction. "What is your name?"

"Peter Pan."

She was already sure that he must be Peter, but it did seem a comparatively short name.

"Is that all?"

"Yes," he said rather sharply. He felt for the first time that it was a shortish name.

"I'm so sorry," said Wendy Moira Angela.

"It doesn't matter," Peter gulped.

She asked where he lived.

"Second to the right," said Peter, "and then straight on till morning."

"What a funny address!"

Peter had a sinking. For the first time he felt that perhaps it was a funny address.

"No, it isn't," he said.

"I mean," Wendy said nicely, remembering that she was hostess, "is that what they put on the letters?"

He wished she had not mentioned letters.

"Don't get any letters," he said contemptuously.

"But your mother gets letters?"

"Don't have a mother," he said. Not only had he no mother, but he had not the slightest desire to have one. He thought them very over-rated persons. Wendy, however, felt at once that she was in the presence of a tragedy.

"O Peter, no wonder you were crying," she said, and got out of bed and ran to him.

"I wasn't crying about mothers," he said rather indignantly. "I was crying because I can't get my shadow to stick on. Besides, I wasn't crying."

"It has come off?"

"Yes."

Then Wendy saw the shadow on the floor, looking so draggled, and she was frightfully sorry for Peter. "How awful!" she said, but she could not help smiling when she saw that he had been trying to stick it on with soap. How exactly like a boy!

Fortunately she knew at once what to do. "It must be sewn on," she said, just a little patronizingly.

"What's sewn?" he asked.

"You're dreadfully ignorant."

"No, I'm not."

But she was exulting in his ignorance. "I shall sew it on for you, my little man," she said, though he was tall as herself, and she got out her housewife [sewing bag], and sewed the shadow on to Peter's foot.

"I daresay it will hurt a little," she warned him.

"Oh, I shan't cry," said Peter, who was already of the opinion that he had never cried in his life. And he clenched his teeth and did not cry, and soon his shadow was behaving properly, though still a little creased.

"Perhaps I should have ironed it," Wendy said thoughtfully, but Peter, boy-like, was indifferent to appearances, and he was now jumping about in the wildest glee. Alas, he had already forgotten that he owed his bliss to Wendy. He thought he had attached the shadow himself. "How clever I am!" he crowed rapturously, "oh, the cleverness of me!"

It is humiliating to have to confess that this conceit of Peter was one of his most fascinating qualities. To put it with brutal frankness, there never was a cockier boy.

But for the moment Wendy was shocked. "You conceit," she exclaimed, with frightful sarcasm; "of course I did nothing!"

"You did a little," Peter said carelessly, and continued to dance.

"A little!" she replied with hauteur; "if I am no use I can at least withdraw," and she sprang in the most dignified way into bed and covered her face with the blankets.

To induce her to look up he pretended to be going away, and when this failed he sat on the end of the bed and tapped her gently with his foot. "Wendy," he said, "don't withdraw. I can't help crowing, Wendy, when I'm pleased with myself." Still she would not look up, though she was listening eagerly. "Wendy," he continued, in a voice that no woman has ever yet been able to resist, "Wendy, one girl is more use than twenty boys."

Now Wendy was every inch a woman, though there were not very many inches, and she peeped out of the bed-clothes.

"Do you really think so, Peter?"

"Yes, I do."

"I think it's perfectly sweet of you," she declared, "and I'll get up again," and she sat with him on the side of the bed. She also said she would give him a kiss if he liked, but Peter did not know what she meant, and he held out his hand expectantly.

"Surely you know what a kiss is?" she asked, aghast.

"I shall know when you give it to me," he replied stiffly, and not to hurt his feeling she gave him a thimble.

"Now," said he, "shall I give you a kiss?" and she replied with a slight primness, "If you please." She made herself rather cheap by inclining her face toward him, but he merely dropped an acorn button into her hand, so she slowly returned her face to where it had been before, and said nicely that she would wear his kiss on the chain around her neck. It was lucky that she did put it on that chain, for it was afterwards to save her life.

When people in our set are introduced, it is customary for them to ask each other's age, and so Wendy, who always liked to do the correct thing, asked Peter how old he was. It was not really a happy question to ask him; it was like an examination paper that asks grammar, when what you want to be asked is Kings of England.

"I don't know," he replied uneasily, "but I am quite young." He really knew nothing about it, he had merely suspicions, but he said at a venture, "Wendy, I ran away the day I was born."

Wendy was quite surprised, but interested; and she indicated in the charming drawing-room manner, by a touch on her night-gown, that he could sit nearer her.

"It was because I heard father and mother," he explained in a low voice, "talking about what I was to be when I became a man." He was extraordinarily agitated now. "I don't want ever to be a man," he said with passion. "I want always to be a little boy and to have fun. So I ran away to Kensington Gardens and lived a long long time among the fairies."

She gave him a look of the most intense admiration, and he thought it was because he had run away, but it was really because he knew fairies. Wendy had lived such a home life that to know fairies struck her as quite delightful. She poured out questions about them, to his surprise, for they were rather a nuisance to him, getting in his way and so on, and indeed he sometimes had to give them a hiding. Still, he liked them on the whole, and he told her about the beginning of fairies.

"You see, Wendy, when the first baby laughed for the first time, its laugh broke into a thousand pieces, and they all went skipping about, and that was the beginning of fairies."

Tedious talk this, but being a stay-at-home she liked it.

"And so," he went on good-naturedly, "there ought to be one fairy for every boy and girl."

"Ought to be? Isn't there?"

"No. You see children know such a lot now, they soon don't believe in fairies, and every time a child says, 'I don't believe in fairies,' there is a fairy somewhere that falls down dead."

Really, he thought they had now talked enough about fairies, and it struck him that Tinker Bell was keeping very quiet. "I can't think where she has gone to," he said, rising, and he called Tink by name. Wendy's heart went flutter with a sudden thrill.

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