

How Many Words Do You Know?



YOUR MEDULLA OBLONGATA ETC.

SHAKESPEARE 23,000 WORDS

DOCTORS 25,000

CHILD'S 3 YEARS OLD 600-1,000 WORDS

AVERAGE MAN-9,000 WORDS

By PROEHL HALLER JAKLON
Drawing by Ray Walters.

How many words do you know? Shakespeare used about 23,000 words. A six-year-old child knows nearly a thousand. An uneducated person knows 3,000 to 5,000 words. The "average" person knows 8,000 to 10,000. A college graduate knows more than 20,000. Lawyers, doctors, and ministers know upwards of 25,000 words. An editor knows 40,000. Woodrow Wilson used more than 60,000 in three of his books.

Do words interest you? Have you any idea of the number of them in American speech or in the English language?

Come along, then, and have a chat with a "word expert," Dr. Frank H. Vizetelly, managing editor of Funk & Wagnalls' "New Standard Dictionary." Doctor Vizetelly, who is responsible for the figures in the foregoing paragraph, has had brought to his attention in the last fifteen years more than 515,000 words. He does not claim, of course, to remember the meaning of all of them, but it is probable that he has a fairly good working vocabulary.

"The range of a man's vocabulary depends on his occupation," Doctor Vizetelly says. "A churchman, familiar with the Bible, will know the meaning of 8,674 different Hebrew words in the Old Testament, and of 5,824 Greek words in the New Testament, or 14,298 words in all, with some duplicates, of course. This is an exceptional case.

"The physician or surgeon knows more than this number. Take a rough summary of the matters with which he must be familiar. There are in the body of man 707 arteries, 71 bones, 79 convolutions, 438 muscles, 230 nerves, 85 plexuses, and 103 veins—total, 1,708.

"In addition to this there are 1,300 bacteria, 224 epizootic diseases, 500 pigments, 296 poisons, 88 epizootic signs and symptoms of diseases, 744 tests, and 109 tumors, or a total of 4,968 matters relating to his profession alone.

"Then there are the names of about 10,000 chemicals and drugs of which he must have more than a passing knowledge—total, 14,908 in all, and we have not referred to the science of hygiene or to allied professions, as dentistry, etc., or to his home life, his motor car, or airplane, and the world at large, of which he is so important a figure. These can barely be covered by 10,000 more—approximately 25,000 words.

"The lawyer also is an exception. The most popular law dictionaries list approximately 13,000 terms peculiar to the legal profession, and comprehensive as the law itself may be, it does not in general embrace the vocabulary of the home, for which add 10,000 words, or 25,000 in all.

"How many words does a newspaper editor know? One estimated the extent of his vocabulary by the aid of

time to time, improved to save weight and bulk, the last issue consisted of two volumes, weighing nearly five pounds. It has 1,920 pages with 830,000 editions. In many instances subscribers get several copies, so that the total edition consists of 3,000,000 directories, requiring 500 carloads of paper.

an abridged dictionary. Under each letter of the alphabet a page or more of words was selected at random and counted. He kept a record of primitive and derivative words. That is, among the former was put "measure"; among the latter "measurable," "measureableness," "measured," "measurer," and "unmeasured." Compound words whose meanings were clearly indicated by their component were omitted; as "clock-work," "draft-horse," "hard-earned."

"Counting this way, he found an average of 20 primitive words and 35 derivative words on each page. This would make, there being 814 pages of vocabulary in this dictionary, a total of 16,210 of the former and 28,400 of the latter, or 45,000 in all.

"Next he took a page in each letter, and on it he counted the words which it seemed any person of average intelligence would be able to use and understand. On 24 pages there were 208 primitive words and 221 derivative, or nearly 9,000 in all of the former, and more than 7,000 of the latter. And, lastly, he made a count of very common words, such as even a poorly educated person could hardly escape knowing, and they were found to number 5,700 primitive and 3,200 derivative.

"The department of psychology of one of our learned bodies recently investigated the matter of vocabulary acquisition, and disclosed the fact that the average child of from four to five years of age makes use of 1,700 words.

"In its first year, the child acquired a vocabulary of from 10 to 20 words. During its second year this total was increased to 300 or 400 words, depending entirely upon environment. Before the close of the third year, the larger of these totals was more than doubled, so that the vocabulary at command aggregated from 600 to 1,000 words.

"Shakespeare's vocabulary has been put at 24,000, 21,000 or 15,000 words, and the apologist for a limited vocabulary exclaims, "What did he not achieve with them!"

"Had Shakespeare lived in our time he would have advanced with our progress, and the strength of his vocabulary would have been double the number of words he used, but please remember that many of Shakespeare's words are now archaic.

"Many words fell into disuse when archery gave way to the gun, and things which were very useful when knighthood was in flower, eventually were discarded. The passing of the tournament and jousts witnessed the burial of a large collection of medieval terms, even as the passing of armor did the same.

"When falconry became a dead

sport, its specific vocabulary was soon forgotten. Alchemy and superstition had a host of friends, but with the advance of our culture their lingo has been driven out of existence.

"Every well-read person of education and fair ability is able to define or understand, as used nearly or perhaps, more than 50,000 words. The same person in conversation and writing will command not fewer than 10,000 to 20,000, while a person who cannot read but who has a good degree of native mental ability will command 5,000 terms.

"But let it be clearly understood that if a new war breaks out tomorrow, whether it be between capital and labor, or between races of different hue, or between the upper world and the lower world, the editor's vocabulary will keep pace with the events as they develop.

"Every social upheaval, even as every social reform, brings with it the means with which to describe its various phases, and our speech is like the tide—ever at ebb and flow.

"What is the longest word in the English language? Who knows? Here are, however, a few that have posed for the time being as the longest words in the language.

"The word most frequently cited is 'honorificabilitudinitatibus,' which is to be found in Shakespeare's 'Love's Labor Lost,' act 5, scene 1, line 44. To the Puritan divine Byfield we owe 'indecipherableness.' Doctor Benson is credited with 'antidisestablishmentarianism.' To William E. Gladstone we owe 'disestablishmentarianism.'

"An examination of any treatise on chemistry will reveal several of these: paraoxyacetanilide, benzene, and tetrahydroamethoxyquinoline.

"Among modern German words of cumbersome formation is Schutzenvernichtungsautomobile, which contains thirty-five letters to express what the English indicate by the word 'tank' in its military sense.

"There is also the Turkish Association of Constantinopolitan Bagpipe Makers, which is designated in German by Constantinopolitanscherdel-sackspfeifenmachergesellschaft.

"A word commonly attributed to Bismarck is said to have been the result of his hatred of everything foreign, particularly everything French. For this reason, he offered as a substitute for the French word 'apothecary' the German word 'apothekendirektionsmittelzusammenschlussverhaltenskundiger,' which he preferred to 'apotheker.'

"Leading them all, however, is a Greek word denoting a dish consisting of all kinds of dainties, fish, fowl, and saucers. Take a deep breath and try to pronounce: lepadotemachoselachogalokranioleptanotrimnoposelatosiphokarakabomelotokarakochimonokielipokosiphophatopelisterilektruoopoptokephallioinklopetelogastralobaphetraganonperugon.

"Which, in the vernacular, is just plain 'hash.'

"The Finnish word for motor car is 'Suiparideoloossonderspoorwegpetrolrijtuig.'

"Now, aren't you glad, indeed, that you don't have to speak German, or Greek, or Finnish? Think how much hungrier a man would get while asking for hash in a Greek restaurant!



Youth Rides West

By Will Irwin

THE STORY SO FAR

On their way to the new Cottonwood gold diggings in Colorado in the early Seventies, Robert Gilson, easterner, and his partner, Buck Hayden, a veteran miner, witness the hold-up of a stage coach, from which the exiles are scattered off. Among the hold-up victims are Mrs. Constance Deane, and Mrs. Barnaby, who intends to open a restaurant in Cottonwood. Gilson meets Marcus Handy, editor, on his way to start the Cottonwood Courier. Arriving in town, Gilson and Hayden together purchase a mining claim. A threatened lynching is averted by the bravery of Chris McGrath, town marshal. Gilson becomes disgusted with gold digging, what with its unending labor and small rewards, and so the sudden appearance of Shorty Croly, old-time partner of Buck's, not altogether disconcerting to him, also takes a job on the Courier and arranges to sell his share in the claim to his partner, Hayden. As the Courier grows in power a civic spirit is awakened. Following a strike by the miners, which seems to avert local Handy, in his newspaper demands a clean-up.

CHAPTER VII—Continued

I read; and I realized that Marcus had outdone himself. His literary faults and merits alike were, as a usual thing, those of the old-time mining-camp editor. He overladen his thought with words and figures of speech; he wrote in stock phrases. But this editorial was simple, explicit, as forceful and as straight to the point as a pistol shot. It recited, with the Curtis affair as a text, the present state of Cottonwood camp—holdups, robberies, brace fero games and all—here are our schools? It inquired, "Where is our fire protection? Does any sensible man doubt that a single fire in the heart of town would sweep Cottonwood off the map? Where is our provision for public health? The back alley of Main street smells as loud as our municipal morals. Where, above everything, is our protection against crime? Do the present authorities really want to suppress our epidemic of holdups and highway robberies? Have we here the greatest camp in the Rocky mountains?" The editorial trailed off. The glories and possibilities of Cottonwood, and ended with a demand for a municipal government—"to replace the existing regime of weak, inefficient bluff."

I looked up from my reading, and my eyes must have told Marcus what I thought.

"It's the Rubicon, I guess," said Marcus; "may get me killed in the next twenty-four hours." And here, as though the weight had begun to lift from his spirits, he became his normal, dramatic self again. "I thought you were a little bit of a snob," he chuckled. "By G—d, the sooner they kill me, the sooner we'll clean up Cottonwood!"

I no longer concealed from myself that I loved Constance Deane, loved her with every kind of warm emotion that a man can hold toward a woman, but mostly—so young was I—as a devotee loves his saint. Like one who sinks by imperceptible degrees under a narcotic, I passed gradually from admiring her to loving her. And, like a mad patient, I fought the ether. According to the ethics upon which I had been reared, to love a married woman was a thing no genteel person so much as contemplated. When it happened—I had heard rumors of cases—one whispered the news to his intimates in the shocked tone with which one mentions hideous vices. For all our repressed exterior, we were a romantic lot in the circles of my origin, facts of life and lessons of experience as did not fit the picture we found in our sugary fiction. Somewhere there waited for you the One Being. Destiny would bring her down a flowery path to you. Of course, she would be unmarried; it was always arranged that way. There were soft passages at which the sickly imagination of youth grew sweetly faint. Then you were married. And afterward—but imagination halted there. Marriage did not come within the scheme of romance.

I first looked at the facts of this sentimental entanglement—shilly, as round the edge of a door—when I boarded for less than a week a boarder at Mrs. Barnaby's.

The presence of Mrs. Deane at that board had worked according to the shrewd Jim Huffaker's prophecy. Here self-unconscious, she was bait for Mrs. Barnaby's fishing. Within two days after she consented to receive me, Mrs. Barnaby took no more transients. At twelve dollars a week—routinely rates for those days—she filled her table with permanent guests. Even could she boast that she shared with Jim Huffaker "the best patronage in camp." As Jim drew the kind of man who in settled communities goes in for clubs, so we gathered up those with inhibited desires for the comfort and society of decent women. Hutchins, a dapper clerk at the bank, Michelson, chief owner in one of the most promising galena claims, Selden, the assayer, Barton, the mining broker, old Pop Eldridge, agent for the stage company—these, probably because they gave me most reason for incipient jealousy, remain most vivid in my memory. Mrs. Barnaby, it appeared, sternly erased from her waiting list

stories of maidens going to far, perilous places, who assumed for protection the title and symbol of marriage. That was it; that must be it; I could float away now on the enchanted river of my dreams.

It did not seem so plausible when I woke early—for me—next morning, with the brilliant mountain light streaming through my window. I must know. An hour ahead of the dinner time which was my breakfast, I went over to Mrs. Barnaby's and to that tent where Mrs. Deane lodged.

She came at my call through the flap, faced me with no half or embarrassment of manner, not even the touch of an emotion like fear. And I realized it was not going to be so easy.

"I saw you at the ball last night," she began. "It was most interesting! Though I must admit I'm tired this morning. You wild Westerners are energetic dancers, Mr. Gilson!" "Why didn't you claim your dance?"

I forced a laugh.

"I noticed you dancing with Barton. You seemed to be enjoying yourself," I said; and my ill-natured mood must have shown through these simple words. For Mrs. Deane's head came up straight, and her eyes became for a moment serious. Then they twinkled.

"Barton at least has enterprise!" she said.

"You mean—if I'd had the enterprise—" I began. But her laugh cut me off.

"You are to be punished by not understanding what I mean!" she said. "I think if I gave you the chance, you'd be very naughty!"

The charm of her was creeping over me again like a spell. "It's an hour yet before my breakfast and your dinner," I said. "Will you suspend sentence long enough to go with me for a walk? That is—if you have nothing better to do."

Mrs. Deane hesitated just a moment. "I never have anything really urgent to do just now," she replied. "Wait until I get into my things, won't you?" There were suggestive feminine rustlings within the tent before she emerged, a little bonnet crowning with blue flowers the glory of her hair, her fingers fluttering like a flock of lovebirds over the business of putting on her gloves.

Up from the hill where Cottonwood was building its residence district ran a shallow gulch wherein no miner



Out of the Crowd Emerged Constance Deane, Waiting.

had as yet found sign of ore, no lumberman a tree large enough to be worth cutting. Even the little brook which had gouged it out from the hills ran unpolluted, heavenly-clean, over entanglements of fern and water-cress. Toward this, as by common impulse of youth and holiday, we turned. She was walking at my right hand; the single great, curled curl in which her hair was dressed that morning fell over her left shoulder. It gave out a faint perfume, which sent my blood beating; so that I could not guard my voice. A little shelf of rock trusted the approaches to the trail up the gulch. As I helped her across it, I felt that my own hand, at the warmth radiating through her glove, at the soft, yet firm grasp of her fingers, was trembling. She too must have perceived that; for suddenly she withdrew her hand and slipped lightly down into the trail. The very embarrassment of this pulled me together. I controlled my voice and clutched at the first commonplace which popped into my mind.

"Mrs. Taylor was asking about you last night. She was very enthusiastic—called you a radiant creature or something like that. I think Mrs. Taylor is preparing to call. You'll become at once a member of the elite, associating with the wives of the mining engineers."

"A dazzling prospect, certainly!" exclaimed Mrs. Deane. Then suddenly the laughter died from her eyes. "Did Mrs. Taylor tell you she was going to call?" she asked, her voice a trifle muffled.

"Oh, no! That was merely my inference. Only I can see that you're elected. Mrs. Taylor is the outward and visible sign—like an accolade or a royal proclamation."

"If she says anything about that to you, discourage it." Mrs. Deane had slackened her pace. "I'm not sure I wish to belong to the camp aristocracy—there are so many other interesting things here, after all—and I may not stay long enough to make it worth while."

"Then you're going soon?" I exclaimed; and my voice, in spite of my will, was sharp.

"That depends on many things. Oh, I must have some of those daisies!" replied Mrs. Deane. I knew perfectly that she was changing the subject deliberately, and that I was rebuked. She had dropped on one knee at a bed where mountain asters, pink and blue, fringed the stream. I knelt beside her; we picked two double handbills, fringed them with fern from the stream bed. Her thin stems—light, bunched bouquets being then the fashion in flowers—with withes of dandelion stalk.

When our bouquet was done, she asked for the time, found that I lacked but ten minutes of the dinner hour at Mrs. Barnaby's. We stood by

the flap door of her tent now, and the question I had come to ask her had been parried. I could not face the next twenty-four hours without some satisfaction of my inflated curiosity.

"Did you say you might be going away soon?" I asked.

"Perhaps."

Then I blundered boldly toward the heart of the subject.

"When Mr. Deane comes for you?" She was laying her hand on the tent flap. It stopped, frozen, and she shot out one quick glance before she answered:

"Call it that if you wish."

Already convicted in her eyes of impertinence and curiosity, I might as well be hanged for an old sheep as a lamb. So I pursued the subject.

"There is a Mr. Deane, then—a living Mr. Deane?"

"Yes. Do I seem like a widow?" she asked rather sharply, and was gone inside the tent.

Yet when ten minutes later she entered the dining room and took her accustomed seat, her manner toward me had neither warmed nor chilled. It was a crumb of comfort to perceive that if she had changed toward anyone, it was Barton. Somehow, she broke that day his monopoly of conversation; the more readily as Barton showed less than his usual disposition to converse. He boarded out his week with Mrs. Barnaby, and was seen among us no more. I suspected then what a dramatic revelation afterward confirmed—that he had taken too much for granted the night before. No exit Barton from the board; only a pawn in the game fate was playing with me, but a pawn whose single move had served—and was to serve again.

She was married. Constance Deane was married. I tried, as I walked downtown, to resolve that I would move from Mrs. Barnaby's and never see her again, and, even while making this resolution, knew that I was deceiving myself.

CHAPTER VIII

I looked up through the hazy but brilliant light thrown by the edge of the mountain shadow—for it was late afternoon and already sunset in that gulch. The trail, as it wound its sinuous course upward toward Forty-Rod, curved round a castle-like shoulder of striated rock and crossed a hillside. A moment visible as a black patch against the electric blue sky, in a moment hidden by a little hogback of intervening rock, appeared a horse at a slow walk. He bore a side-saddle; the rider was a woman. Just as she disappeared, she leaned forward, laid her hand on the horse's neck as though steadying herself for the descent or arranging something at the pommel. In a world of women, I could never mistake that motion. It was Mrs. Deane, she was coming down the trail; I should encounter her, ride with her! The mere fire story which was taking me to Forty-Rod might go hang. I kept my own horse at a walk, prolonging the delicious anticipation.

Her horse's head emerged about the gray barrier of rock. She had dropped the reins on his neck; as he walked, he was cropping at the bushes by the roadside. She still leaned forward, her hands resting on the pommel. Resting—may, clutching. We were so near now that my horse stopped because hers was blocking the trail. And looking straight at me, through me, was the face of a Constance Deane which I had never seen before. Those blue eyes were set and hard, yet absent. It was as though she were sleep-walking toward some challenging, repulsive vision. The lines of her face were all fallen, the corner of her expressive mouth drawn downward. Misery or hate or anger—whatever this emotion was—had laid her with devastating overmastering force. All this I saw in a wink of an eye before my rather independent little roan plunged forward and nipped at the intruder in his path. At that awakening motion, she gave a hysterical start, so violent that she bent backward over the cantle of her saddle; she stared at me with round, terrified eyes and mouth. Then, before I could utter a word of reassurance, she dismounted in one swift motion, stood in the roadway, gripping a horn of her side-saddle with both hands. And the terror was still upon her face.

I dismounted in turn; stood facing her there in the road.

"What is the matter—are you ill?" I asked.

Something of the normal Constance Deane began to come back into her face. It lightened now; but yet I felt that her smile was forced.

"No—you frightened me coming upon me so suddenly," she said. Then the smile went, driven away by a tense expression. She stared at me a moment before she asked with a catch in her voice:

"Why did you—are you—following me?"

"Why should I follow you? You said I might not ride with you." I replied, for a moment piqued; yet taking at once the defensive, as a man always will with the woman he loves.

"Yes," breathed Constance Deane. And what she meant by that simple monosyllable I could not tell, except that it expressed pain. She straightened up, took hold of the saddle and visible sign—like an accolade or a royal proclamation.

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Is Gilson getting into deep water? What will happen when Mr. Deane puts in his appearance?

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Biggest Printing Job

The printing of the New York telephone directory is the biggest single publishing job in the world. It now takes between five and six weeks to simply distribute the books to the 900,000 regular subscribers. As soon as one issue is finished work is started on the succeeding edition. Distribution requires a force of more than 500 wagons and even pushcarts. Despite the fact that the paper used is, from

Sabines Once Powerful

The Sabines were ancient and important people who lived in the mountains northeast of Rome, from the

Holy Roman Empire

Replying to an inquiry, the Pathfinder Magazine says that in the year 800 Charlemagne, king of the Franks, was crowned emperor of the West at Rome. In 962 the title went to Otto I and his empire, which consisted of Germany, Austria and northern Italy, became known as the Holy Roman empire. This empire was continuous until 1806. Voltaire said the name

Dog First Human Pet

There has been considerable debate as to just where the domesticated dog came from, and some naturalists deny he was directly brought down from the wolf, but they all seem to agree that he was the first wild animal brought to a satisfactory state of domestication. Certain it seems the dog was the most responsive to domestication efforts of all the animals that were sought for human pets in early days.

Holy Roman Empire

Holy Roman empire was inappropriate for three reasons in the first place it was not holy, in the second place it was not Roman, and in the third place it was not an empire. The fact is the emperors of the Holy Roman empire never had much power as such and the different nations forming the empire considered themselves as almost independent nations under their own rulers.

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