# THE SIGNIFICANCE OF SOCIAL AND LOVE RELATIONSHIPS

# IN O HENRY'S SHORT STORY "THE THIRD INGREDIENT"

# A GRADUATING PAPER

Submitted in Partial Fulfillment of the Requirements for Gaining the Bachelor

Degree in English Literature



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2020

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# SIGNIFIKANSI HUBUNGAN SOSIAL DAN CINTA DALAM CERITA PENDEK "THE THIRD INGREDIENT" KARYA O HENRY

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#### **ABSTRAK**

Cerita pendek O Henry berjudul "The Third Ingredient" menyajikan isu relasi cinta dan relasi sosial yang melibatkan tiga karakter, Hetty Pepper, Cecilia, dan pria muda misterius. Penelitian yang sudah ada cenderung fokus hanya pada aspek relasi cinta antara Cecilia dan pria muda misterius, sementara Hetty Pepper hanya dipandang sebagai karakter yang membantu mempertemukan mereka. Oleh karena itu, penelitian ini mendiskusikan relasi cinta dan relasi sosial di dalamnya dengan seimbang sehingga konstruksi cerita di dalamnya bisa hadir dengan lebih utuh. Dalam penelitian ini, penulis mengedepankan pendekatan kualitatif dengan menggunakan konsep oposisi biner Claude Lévi-Strauss untuk menemukan kejelasan perbedaan antara dua karakter utama perempuan dalam dua tema relasi tersebut. Aspek intrinsik cerita pendek yang menjadi fokus penelitian adalah karakter dan karakterisasi serta alur cerita. Berdasarkan analisis, penulis menyimpulkan bahwa karakterisasi Hetty Pepper dan Cecilia digambarkan secara berlawanan dalam kaitannya dengan relasi cinta dan relasi sosial. Sementara pria muda misterius yang terlibat dalam relasi sosial dengan Hetty Pepper dan dalam relasi cinta serta relasi sosial dengan Cecilia memiliki peran penting dalam menunjukkan motif berbeda dua karakter perempuan tersebut untuk menjalin relasi cinta dan relasi sosial. Berdasarkan analisis terhadap alur cerita pendek, bisa disimpulkan pula bahwa motif yang berbeda kemudian menghasilkan dampak kedua relasi yang juga berbeda.

Kata Kunci: O Henry, Oposisi Biner, Relasi Cinta, Relasi Sosial

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# THE SIGNIFICANCE OF SOCIAL AND LOVE RELATIONSHIPS IN O HENRY'S SHORT STORY "THE THIRD INGREDIENT"

By Much. Alif Murobby

#### **ABSTRACT**

O Henry's short story entitled "The Third Ingredient" presents love and social relationships issues involving three characters, they are Hetty Pepper, Cecilia, and the mysterious young man. The available researches tend to focus into the aspect of love relationship between Cecilia and the mysterious young man only, while at the same time Hetty Pepper is positioned only as the character who helped to bring them together. Based on that reason, this research discusses both love and social relationships inside the short story in order to present the construction of the story more fully. In this research, the writer presents a qualitative approach by using binary opposition concept of Claude Lévi-Strauss to find the clear difference between two women main characters under those relationships themes. The intrinsic elements of the short story in which the research is focused are the character and characterization and the plot. Based on the analysis, the writer concludes that the characterization of Hetty Pepper and Cecilia is depicted in an opposite way in relation to the love and social relationships. At the same time, the mysterious young man involved in social relationship with Hetty Pepper and in love and social relationships with Cecilia has a significant role to show the different role of those two women characters to create a love and social relationship. Based on the analysis of the plot of the short story, it can be concluded too that the different motives presented by the characters bring into the different results.

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Kata Kunci: O Henry, Binary Opposition, Love Relationship, Social Relationship

YOGYAKARTA

# **MOTTO**

"Endure and Survive"

The Last of Us



# **DEDICATION**

This graduating paper is dedicated to:

Both of You,

Gone, but Never Forgotten

Rest in Peace



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Yogyakarta, 14th of December 2020 The researcher,

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#### **CHAPTER I**

#### INTRODUCTION

#### 1.1. Background of Study

Short story is one subgenre of literature which is younger than poetry and drama as two old genres of literature. Short story is commonly located under fiction genre. Nevertheless, as it is explained by Cuddon (2013: 653), its forefathers can be found long time before in several forms such as myth, legend, parable, fairy tale, fable, anecdote, essay, etc. The example of several writers which are very popular as the short story writers in English and American Literature are Washington Irving, Nathaniel Hawthorne, Edgar Allan Poe, Ernest Hemingway, and William Sidney Porter who uses pseudonym O Henry.

O Henry was born in Greensboro, North Carolina, on September 11, 1862. He was died in 1910 (Bradley, 1962: 792). He began his writing career as the writer of humorous sketches for newspaper in 1887, and later as the daily columnist and occasional cartoonist for the *Post*. In 1896, he was indicted for embezzlement of bank funds and then became a federal prisoner in the penitentiary at Columbus, Ohio, for three years and three months. He began to write short story at the time and adopt pseudonym O Henry.

His popularity as a short story writer is started in 1902 because of his short story entitled "Little Old Baghdad on the Subway" (Bradley, 1962: 793). Several short story anthologies which are published during his life are *Cabbages and Kings* 

(1904), The Four Million (1906), The Trimmed Lamp (1907), Heart of the West (1907), The Voice of the City (1908), The Gentle Grafter (1908), Roads of Destiny (1909), Options (1909), Strictly Business (1910), and Whirligigs (1910). After his death, three other short story anthologies are published, Sixes and Sevens (1911), Rolling Stones (1912), and Waifs and Strays (1917) (Crawford, 1953: 270).

O Henry influences the development of the American short story and he has had many imitators. Even if, as it is mentioned by Bradley (1962: 794), he often overuses trite slang, occasional buffoonery, and the frequent employment of coincidence, but he is seen as having a view of life which put stress on the force of circumstances. Besides, his central theme also reflects the contemporary American life and tempo and his vignettes are positioned as the valuable social documents as well as artistic narratives.

The popularity of O Henry's short stories also could be seen in Indonesia. Some of his short stories also has been translated in anthologies such as *Untuk Dia yang Menunggu* (2003), *Cerita-Cerita Pilihan O Henry* (2006), *Cinta yang Hilang* (2011), *Daun Terakhir* (2020), and *Balasan Setimpal dan Penjual Gula-Gula* (2020). Besides, some other Indonesian version of his short stories also could be freely accessed in several blogs and anthologies with different authors.

His popularity in Indonesia shows the great interest of Indonesian readers to read his short stories since the publication of a translation is commonly based on the consideration about the market scope of the book. O Henry typical surprised ending short story in turn may be used too as the example of a good short story for

Indonesian creative writing. Hermawan Aksan, for example, in his book about short story writing (2015: 45-56), uses the translation of O Henry's short story "The Gift of the Magi" as the example about the choice of point of view. One short story published by *Tempo* daily newspaper on November 23, 2019, entitled "Kisah Ganjil tentang Pria Pemadam Kebakaran" written by Tommy Duang even has a similar plot and characters with a short story written by O Henry entitled "A Strange Story".

Nevertheless, even if O Henry is a popular American short story writer in Indonesia, there are only few researches which analyzes his short stories available in Indonesian language. The reason may be seen as the side effect of the availability of its translation and so Indonesian readers choose to read its Indonesian version to be enjoyed instead of reading its original version to make a deep analysis. Based on the small number of the available researches, this research is proposed to enrich the understanding of one of the best among O Henry's short stories.

O Henry is a prolific writer. His complete works, including his poems, are published in two thick books which each of them consists of more than 800 pages. Nevertheless, there are some editions which select the best among his short stories, including the one published by Wordsworth entitled *100 Selected Stories*. The anthology contains the most popular short stories such as "The Gift of the Magi", "The Last Leaf", "The Furnished Room", and "The Third Ingredient". The three earlier mentioned has been studied by several researchers like *A Discourse Analysis of Short Story of O. Henry's "The Gift of the Magi"* by Mulyati (2008), *A Brief Analysis on the Typical Writing Styles of O. Henry* by Lu Tong (2016), while "The

Third Ingredient" is only mentioned briefly in two other researches composed by Putri Beta Cintantya (2011) and Yue Zhang and Lijun Wang (2015).

Yue Zhang and Lijun Wang (2015: 659) view "The Third Ingredient" as the part of O Henry's short stories which present the humanitarian love stories. It means that the research focuses into the love relationship of its two characters, Cecilia and a young man. In fact, that is only a half of the story since the main character is actually Hetty Pepper and she provides social relationship in the story instead of love relationship.

"The Third Ingredient" is a story about relationship. Chronologically, Cecilia met the mysterious young man in a ferry. Then, Cecilia met Hetty Pepper. After that, Hetty Pepper met the mysterious young man. In the end, Cecilia met the mysterious young man again. Each encounter creates love or social relationship while the perfect happiness is gained in the end by the reuniting of Cecilia and the mysterious young man in one side and the perfect beef-stew cooked by Hetty Pepper for their dinner.

This research is conducted in order to see a more complete picture of the relationships between characters inside the story. The love story becomes the humanitarian love story because it is linked into the social relationship. Based on that reason, this research tries to presents the discussion not only of love relationship but also of social relationship inside "The Third Ingredient". These two themes in relation to all three characters of the story are analyzed to see how love relationship

is linked into social relaationship and what is the impact of that connection ultimately.

In order to get the whole picture of this connection inside the story, Hetty Pepper's story and Cecilia's story are positioned as the binary opposition. Through their attitude toward love and social relationship, it is possible to see that even if love relationship and social relationship are two different things but it seems that there is the encounter between them. Besides, there is an unnamed character in the form of a mysterious young man who has a possible significant role too in the story, especially in relation to two main characters mentioned earlier under the similar themes. By seeing the whole story in this way, it is possible to gain the deeper understanding of the story as the result.

#### 1.2. Problem Statements

Based on the considerations above, the writer will focus on two research questions as follow:

- 1. How is the connection between the social and love relationships portrayed in O Henry's "The Third Ingredient"?
- 2. What is the significance of the connection between these two relationships?

#### 1.3. Objectives of Study

Based on the background of studies and research questions, this research aims to find out:

- The portrait of connection between social and love relationship in O
  Henry's "The Third Ingredient"
- 2. The significance of the connection between these two relationships in O Henry's "The Third Ingredient".

# 1.4. Significances of Study

The research is important because it intends to reveal the possible hidden meaning in "The Third Ingredient". O Henry's short story is commonly assumed as the simple one in its intrinsic elements including its characters, story, and plot. This research shows that the short story contains a deep meaning behind its simple surface. Through binary opposition, the wholeness of the short story as the combination of all of its intrinsic elements is clearer and in the end, by seeing the short story in its wholeness, it is hoped that the deeper understanding of the short story could be gained. Since the short story tells the story about two kinds of human relationship, the better understanding of it will bring into the better understanding of the humanity itself.

#### 1.5. Literature Review

Based on the object of research, there are two prior researches conducted to analyze the similar short story, "The Third Ingredient". The first is a research paper entitled "Religious Theme in O' Henry's Short Stories: A Sociological Perspective" composed by Putri Beta Cintantya (2011) from Muhammadiyah University of Surakarta. The research examines the way religious theme is reflected in O' Henry's short stories contained in *The Best of O Henry* book. It is a structural analysis by using Sociological Perspective and concludes that religious theme is a dominant theme of O Henry's short stories and that there is a close relationship between O Henry's short stories and social reality of American Society at the beginning of twentieth century.

The second research is a journal article entitled "On Different Types of Love Stories Written by O. Henry" by Yue Zhang (2015) from North China Institute of Science and Technology. The research uses five love characteristics and classifies and analyzes O Henry love short stories based on the categorization. As the result, it concludes that O Henry's short stories analyzed reflect American culture from the last phases of 19<sup>th</sup> century to the initial stage of 20<sup>th</sup> century.

In contrast to these prior researches, this research will use binary opposition theory and focus into the social and love relationships in the short story. It means that this research is different from these prior researches in the subject and theory used for analysis. The first research uses structural analysis but it focuses into all intrinsic elements and using Sociological Perspective. The analysis itself is focused into religious theme in the short stories. Besides, while this research uses

only one object of research that is "The Third Ingredient", the prior research uses several short stories as its objects of research.

Similarly, the second research uses several objects of research and focuses into love theme as its subject by using five love classification. In this research, "The Third Ingredient" is only mentioned into one classification instead of being deeply analyzed.

# 1.6. Theoretical Approach

The researcher uses binary opposition theory proposed by Claude Lévi-Strauss as the tool of analysis. Claude Lévi-Strauss uses it in the field of anthropology for analyzing myth. Nevertheless, the theory actually becomes the main spirit of structuralism theory which is often used in literary research and its source in language field could be traced back into linguists Ferdinand de Saussure and Roman Jakobson.

According to Saussure (2011: 107), "language is characterized as a system based entirely on the opposition of its concrete units". As its consequence, word has a meaning based on its relation to other words. In the morphemic level, the word *live*, for example, has a meaning because of its comparison (oppositional relationship) to the word *five*. The word then is not such an independent entity but it is dependent to another word.

Similarly, Roman Jakobson (1956: 4) suggests that "each of the distinctive features involves a choice between two terms of an opposition that displays a

specific differential property, diverging from the properties of all other oppositions." Used the prior example in the same level, it means that a *live* is a *live* because it is not a *five* and *dive* in that the specific differential property *l* is not *f* or *d*.

Then, Claude Lévi-Strauss takes this concept which is appropriately called as "structuralist way of thinking", a concept which sees the world as being made up of relationships rather than things (Hawkes, 2004: 7), into anthropological field by using it for analyzing myths. In the beginning of his famous book, the first one in the series of his Introduction to the Science of Mythology, *The Raw and the Cooked* (1969: 1) he states that

The aim of this book is to show how empirical categories—such as the categories of the raw and the cooked, the fresh and the decayed, the moistened and the burned, etc., which can only be accurately defined by ethnographic observation and, in each instance, by adopting the standpoint of a particular culture—can nonetheless be used as conceptual tools with which to elaborate abstract ideas and combine them in the form of proposition.

In Claude Lévi-Strauss elaboration, binary opposition has its place as the combination of the abstract ideas. It brings into further elaboration of its use in the analysis of literary work. For instance, the idea about life of Hetty Pepper in O Henry short story "The Third Ingredient" could be interpreted based on its opposed relation to the idea about life of Cecilia as another character in the story questioned. It even may be said that because of its relation to another idea, the earlier mentioned idea has its meaning.

That is underlined too by the explanation of Terence Hawkes when he states that

...it is also clear that what makes any single item 'meaningful' is not its own particular individual quality, but the *difference* between this quality and that of other sounds. In fact, the differences are systematized into 'oppositions' which are linked in crucial relationships (2004: 11).

In this way, it is impossible to give a meaning to "any single item" without seeing its "crucial relationships" with another item. The analysis by using binary opposition then could be said as the interpretation by looking for the *difference* between two items, between two abstract ideas. Through exposing the difference, the deeper understanding of the items or ideas could be gained.

#### 1.7. Method of Research

#### 1.7.1. Type of Research

This research uses qualitative method because the object of research is a text which does not contain numeric data. Based on the similar reason, this research is library research focuses into one O Henry's short story, "The Third Ingredient".

According to Creswell (2014: 4), qualitative research is an approach for exploring and understanding the meaning individuals or groups ascribe to a social or human problem. This approach in turn tries to interpret the data taken from a literary work based on the purpose of gaining deeper understanding of social or human problem specifically relating to human relationship.

Besides, as a research in literary field, this research uses objective approach. It means that this research, in line with Abrams (2012: 70), "deals with a work of literature as something which stands free from what is often called an 'extrinsic' relationship" to the author, the audience, or the environing world. The biographical data of the author is placed only as a simple information to whom the creation of short story is referred.

#### 1.7.2. Data Sources

The main data of this research is taken from O Henry's short story, "The Third Ingredient". The data consists of the words, phrases, and sentences which illustrate the love and social relationships in Hetty Pepper and Cecilia's story. The other data are taken from books, journal articles, and internet which are relevant to this research.

#### 1.7.3. Data Collection Technique

The technique of collecting data used by the researcher is documentation. The document used is O Henry's short story "The Third Ingredient" which is specifically taken from page 359 to 369 of 100 Selected Stories book. The data looked for are the all descriptions about Hetty Pepper and Cecilia's life in relation to the social and love relationships. The data will be gained by using close reading. It means that the researcher read it again and again to find all details needed. Last, the data then is classified based on the binary opposition category.

# 1.7.4. Data Analysis Technique

The qualitative data collected is analyzed in the form of content analysis. To conduct this analysis, the researcher undergoes three steps:

- 1. Step of reducing the data. In this step, the available raw data is reclassified more carefully into the category needed, that is binary opposition. The data is categorized as binary opposition when it has its counterpart in Hetty Pepper, Cecilia, and the mysterious young man.
- 2. Step of presenting the data. The data is interpreted based on the binary opposition category in relation to the subject of research that is human relationship which are divided into love and social relationships. The data is presented in the form of narration.
- 3. Step of drawing conclusion. This step is the last step which consists of drawing conclusion of all analysis results in the research.

#### 1.8. Paper Organization

This research is divided into four chapters. The First Chapter is Introduction and it consists of Background of Study, Problem Statements, Objectives of Study, Significances of Study, Literature Review, Theoretical Approach, Method of Research, and Paper Organization. The Second Chapter is a detailed description about intrinsic elements of the short story and it consists of Plot, Setting of the Story, and the Characterization of Three Characters. The Third Chapter is the data analysis which consists of The Love Relationship in Hetty Pepper and Cecilia's Life, The Social Relationship in Hetty Pepper and Cecilia's Life, and The Opposite

Kind of Social Relationship in the Story of Mysterious Young Man. The Fourth Chapter consists of the conclusion of the research and the suggestion for the further researches.



#### **CHAPTER IV**

#### CONCLUSION

After the analysis of the data is completed in the earlier chapter, this chapter provides the conclusion and the suggestion of the research. The conclusion is composed in line with the problem questions proposed in the beginning of the research while the suggestion is composed based on the consideration of the researcher about the possible future researches directed into the same subject of research.

#### 4.1. Conclusions

In "The Third Ingredient", the love and social relationship is portrayed and connected by using binary opposition in two intrinsic elements. The first relates to the aspect of character and characterization while the second relates to the aspect of the plot. At a glance, both of the main characters, Hetty Pepper and Cecilia seems identical, but based on the analysis they have the opposite view about love and social relationship. Hetty Pepper symbolizes a woman with a rational thinking and actively helping people while Cecilia is an emotional and passive one.

Technically, the significance of love and social relationships in the story is that it can enforce the characterization and move the plot. Hetty Pepper meets Cecilia in the frame of social relationship while Cecilia meets the mysterious young

man in the frame of love and social relationship. In the end, Hetty Pepper meets the mysterious young man in the frame of social relationship which brings into the second meeting of Cecilia and the mysterious young man as the lover. It means that the mysterious young man has a role of linking both main characteristics in two big themes presented by the story. At the same time, it also gives the element of surprise into the construction of the story.

Besides, the structural construction of the love and social relationship theme in the story also gives the depiction of the hidden meaning. The social relationship which is done with an ulterior motive is contrasted with the one which is done voluntarily symbolized by the happy ending of the story. It means that the social relationship is not single but it has the various level and two of them are presented in the story. That is the deeper meaning which is possible to be gained through the analysis by using binary opposition theory.

# 4.2. Suggestions

The analysis is done by using a classic structuralist theory composed by Claude Lévi-Strauss. Since it is limited into the theme of love and relationship in the frame of binary opposition, the researcher suggests for further research to use psychological theory to analyze the psychological characteristics of the characters deeper. The result of this research can be used as the starting point for example in its focusing into two big themes of the story.

Besides, since this research uses binary opposition concept, it is very possible for further research to use deconstruction theory against the result of the analysis. It gives the possibility to bring into surface several aspects which are untouched in this research analysis because of the limited scope imposed by the concept used.



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#### **APPENDIX**

Appendix 1"The Third Ingredient" by O Henry (1995: 359-369):

THE (SO-CALLED) VALLAMBROSA Apartment-House is not an apartment-house. It is composed of two old-fashioned, brownstone-front residences welded into one. The parlor floor of one side is gay with the wraps and head-gear of a modiste; the other is lugubrious with the sophistical promises and grisly display of a painless dentist. You may have a room there for two dollars a week or you may have one for twenty dollars. Among the Vallambrosa's roomers are stenographers, musicians, brokers, shop-girls, space-rate writers, art students, wire-tappers, and other people who lean far over the banister-rail when the door-bell rings.

This treatise shall have to do with but two of the Vallambrosians —though meaning no disrespect to the others.

At six o'clock one afternoon Hetty Pepper came back to her third-floor rear \$3.50 room in the Vallambrosa with her nose and chin more sharply pointed than usual. To be discharged from the department store where you have been working four years, and with only fifteen cents in your purse, does have a tendency to make your features appear more finely chiseled.

And now for Hetty's thumb-nail biography while she climbs the two flights of stairs.

She walked into the Biggest Store one morning four years before with seventy-five other girls, applying for a job behind the waist department counter. The phalanx of wage-earners formed a bewildering scene of beauty, carrying a total mass of blond hair sufficient to have justified the horseback gallops of a hundred Lady Godivas.

The capable, cool-eyed, impersonal, young, bald-headed man whose task it was to engage six of the contestants, was aware of a feeling of suffocation as if he

were drowning in a sea of frangipanni, while white clouds, hand-embroidered, floated about him. And then a sail hove in sight. Hetty Pepper, homely of countenance, with small, contemptuous, green eyes and chocolate-colored hair, dressed in a suit of plain burlap and a common-sense hat, stood before him with every one of her twenty-nine years of life unmistakably in sight.

"You're on!" shouted the bald-headed young man, and was saved. And that is how Hetty came to be employed in the Biggest Store. The story of her rise to an eight-dollar-a-week salary is the combined stories of Hercules, Joan of Arc, Una, Job, and Little-Red-Riding-Hood. You shall not learn from me the salary that was paid her as a beginner. There is a sentiment growing about such things, and I want no millionaire store-proprietors climbing the fire-escape of my tenement-house to throw dynamite bombs into my skylight boudoir.

The story of Hetty's discharge from the Biggest Store is so nearly a repetition of her engagement as to be monotonous.

In each department of the store there is an omniscient, omnipresent, and omnivorous person carrying always a mileage book and a red necktie, and referred to as a "buyer." The destinies of the girls in his department who live on (see Bureau of Victual Statistics)—so much per week are in his hands.

This particular buyer was a capable, cool-eyed, impersonal, young, bald-headed man. As he walked along the aisles of his department he seemed to be sailing on a sea of frangipanni, while white clouds, machine-embroidered, floated around him. Too many sweets bring surfeit. He looked upon Hetty Pepper's homely countenance, emerald eyes, and chocolate-colored hair as a welcome oasis of green in a desert of cloying beauty. In a quiet angle of a counter he pinched her arm kindly, three inches above the elbow. She slapped him three feet away with one good blow of her muscular and not especially lily-white right. So, now you know why Hetty Pepper came to leave the Biggest Store at thirty minutes' notice, with one dime and a nickel in her purse.

This morning's quotations list the price of rib beef at six cents per (butcher's) pound. But on the day that Hetty was "released" by the B. S. the price was seven and one-half cents. That fact is what makes this story possible. Otherwise, the extra four cents would have—

But the plot of nearly all the good stories in the world is concerned with shorts who were unable to cover; so you can find no fault with this one.

Hetty mounted with her rib beef to her \$3.50 third-floor back. One hot, savory beef-stew for supper, a night's good sleep, and she would be fit in the morning to apply again for the tasks of Hercules, Joan of Arc, Una, Job, and Little-Red-Riding-Hood.

In her room she got the granite-ware stew-pan out of the 2×4-foot china—er—I mean earthenware closet, and began to dig down in a rat's-nest of paper bags for the potatoes and onions. She came out with her nose and chin just a little sharper pointed.

There was neither a potato nor an onion. Now, what kind of a beef-Stew can you make out of simply beef? You can make oyster-soup without oysters, turtle-soup without turtles, coffee-cake without coffee, but you can't make beef-stew without potatoes and onions.

But rib beef alone, in an emergency, can make an ordinary pine door look like a wrought-iron gambling-house portal to the wolf. With salt and pepper and a tablespoonful of flour (first well stirred in a little cold water) 'twill serve—'tis not so deep as a lobster à la Newburg nor so wide as a church festival doughnut; but 'twill serve.

Hetty took her stew-pan to the rear of the third-floor hall. According to the advertisements of the Vallambrosa there was running water to be found there. Between you and me and the water-meter, it only ambled or walked through the faucets; but technicalities have no place here. There was also a sink where housekeeping roomers often met to dump their coffee grounds and glare at one another's kimonos.

At this sink Hetty found a girl with heavy, gold-brown, artistic hair and plaintive eyes, washing two large "Irish" potatoes. Hetty knew the Vallambrosa as well as any one not owning "double hextra-magnifying eyes" could compass its mysteries. The kimonos were her encyclopedia, her "Who's What?" her clearinghouse of news, of goers and comers. From a rose-pink kimono edged with Nile green she had learned that the girl with the potatoes was a miniature-painter living in a kind of attic—or "studio," as they prefer to call it—on the top floor. Hetty was not certain in her mind what a miniature was; but it certainly wasn't a house; because house-painters, although they wear splashy overalls and poke ladders in your face on the street, are known to indulge in a riotous profusion of food at home.

The potato girl was quite slim and small, and handled her potatoes as an old bachelor uncle handles a baby who is cutting teeth. She had a dull shoemaker's knife in her right hand, and she had begun to peel one of the potatoes with it.

Hetty addressed her in the punctiliously formal tone of one who intends to be cheerfully familiar with you in the second round.

"Beg pardon," she said, "for butting into what's not my business, but if you peel them potatoes you lose out. They're new Bermudas. You want to scrape 'em. Lemme show you."

She took a potato and the knife, and began to demonstrate.

"Oh, thank you," breathed the artist. "I didn't know. And I did hate to see the thick peeling go; it seemed such a waste. But I thought they always had to be peeled. When you've got only potatoes to eat, the peelings count, you know."

"Say, kid," said Hetty, staying her knife, "you ain't up against it, too, are you?"

The miniature artist smiled starvedly.

"I suppose I am. Art—or, at least, the way I interpret it—doesn't seem to be much in demand. I have only these potatoes for my dinner. But they aren't so bad boiled and hot, with a little butter and salt."

"Child," said Hetty, letting a brief smile soften her rigid features, "Fate has sent me and you together. I've had it handed to me in the neck, too; but I've got a chunk of meat in my room as big as a lap-dog. And I've done everything to get potatoes except pray for 'em. Let's me and you bunch our commissary departments and make a stew of 'em. We'll cook it in my room. If we only had an onion to go in it! Say, kid, you haven't got a couple of pennies that've slipped down into the lining of your last winter's sealskin, have you? I could step down to the corner and get one at old Giuseppe's stand. A stew without an onion is worse'n a matinee without candy."

"You may call me Cecilia," said the artist. "No; I spent my last penny three days ago."

"Then we'll have to cut the onion out instead of slicing it in," said Hetty. "I'd ask the janitress for one, but I don't want 'em hep just yet to the fact that I'm pounding the asphalt for another job. But I wish we did have an onion."

In the shop-girl's room the two began to prepare their supper. Cecilia's part was to sit on the couch helplessly and beg to be allowed to do something, in the voice of a cooing ring-dove. Hetty prepared the rib beef, putting it in cold salted water in the stew-pan and setting it on the one-burner gas-stove.

"I wish we had an onion," said Hetty, as she scraped the two potatoes.

On the wall opposite the couch was pinned a flaming, gorgeous advertising picture of one of the new ferry-boats of the P. U. F. F. Railroad that had been built to cut down the time between Los Angeles and New York City one-eighth of a minute.

Hetty, turning her head during her continuous monologue, saw tears running from her guest's eyes as she gazed on the idealized presentment of the speeding, foam-girdled transport.

"Why, say, Cecilia, kid," said Hetty, poising her knife, "is it as bad art as that? I ain't a critic; but I thought it kind of brightened up the room. Of course, a manicure-painter could tell it was a bum picture in a minute. I'll take it down if you say so. I wish to the holy Saint Potluck we had an onion."

But the miniature miniature-painter had tumbled down, sobbing, with her nose indenting the hard-woven drapery of the couch. Something was here deeper than the artistic temperament offended at crude lithography.

Hetty knew. She had accepted her role long ago. How scant the words with which we try to describe a single quality of a human being! When we reach the abstract we are lost. The nearer to Nature that the babbling of our lips comes, the better do we understand. Figuratively (let us say), some people are Bosoms, some are Hands, some are Heads, some are Muscles, some are Feet, some are Backs for burdens.

Hetty was a Shoulder. Hers was a sharp, sinewy shoulder; but all her life people had laid their heads upon it, metaphorically or actually, and had left there all or half their troubles. Looking at Life anatomically, which is as good a way as any, she was preordained to be a Shoulder. There were few truer collar-bones anywhere than hers.

Hetty was only thirty-three, and she had not yet outlived the little pang that visited her whenever the head of youth and beauty leaned upon her for consolation. But one glance in her mirror always served as an instantaneous pain-killer. So she gave one pale look into the crinkly old looking-glass on the wall above the gasstove, turned down the flame a little lower from the bubbling beef and potatoes, went over to the couch, and lifted Cecilia's head to its confessional.

"Go on and tell me, honey," she said. "I know now that it ain't art that's worrying you. You met him on a ferry-boat, didn't you? Go on, Cecilia, kid, and tell your—your Aunt Hetty about it."

But youth and melancholy must first spend the surplus of sighs and tears that waft and float the barque of romance to its harbor in the delectable isles. Presently, through the stringy tendons that formed the bars of the confessional, the penitent—or was it the glorified communicant of the sacred flame?—told her story without art or illumination.

"It was only three days ago. I was coming back on the ferry from Jersey City. Old Mr. Schrum, an art dealer, told me of a rich man in Newark who wanted a miniature of his daughter painted. I went to see him and showed him some of my work. When I told him the price would be fifty dollars he laughed at me like a hyena. He said an enlarged crayon twenty times the size would cost him only eight dollars.

"I had just enough money to buy my ferry ticket back to New York. I felt as if I didn't want to live another day. I must have looked as I felt, for I saw him on the row of seats opposite me, looking at me as if he understood. He was nice-looking, but oh, above everything else, he looked kind. When one is tired or unhappy or hopeless, kindness counts more than anything else.

"When I got so miserable that I couldn't fight against it any longer, I got up and walked slowly out the rear door of the ferry-boat cabin. No one was there, and I slipped quickly over the rail and dropped into the water. Oh, friend Hetty, it was cold, cold!

"For just one moment I wished I was back in the old Vallambrosa, starving and hoping. And then I got numb, and didn't care. And then I felt that somebody else was in the water close by me, holding me up. *He* had followed me, and jumped in to save me.

"Somebody threw a thing like a big, white doughnut at us, and he made me put my arms through the hole. Then the ferry-boat backed, and they pulled us on board. Oh, Hetty, I was so ashamed of my wickedness in trying to drown myself; and, besides, my hair had all tumbled down and was sopping wet, and I was such a sight.

"And then some men in blue clothes came around; and he gave them his card, and I heard him tell them he had seen me drop my purse on the edge of the boat outside the rail, and in leaning over to get it I had fallen overboard. And then I remembered having read in the papers that people who try to kill themselves are locked up in cells with people who try to kill other people, and I was afraid.

"But some ladies on the boat took me downstairs to the furnace-room and got me nearly dry and did up my hair. When the boat landed, he came and put me in a cab. He was all dripping himself, but laughed as if he thought it was all a joke. He begged me, but I wouldn't tell him my name nor where I lived, I was so ashamed."

"You were a fool, child," said Hetty, kindly. "Wait till I turn the light up a bit. I wish to Heaven we had an onion."

"Then he raised his hat," went on Cecilia, "and said: 'Very well. But I'll find you, anyhow. I'm going to claim my rights of salvage.' Then he gave money to the cab-driver and told him to take me where I wanted to go, and walked away. What is 'salvage,' Hetty?"

"The edge of a piece of goods that ain't hemmed," said the shop-girl. "You must have looked pretty well frazzled out to the little hero boy."

"It's been three days," moaned the miniature-painter, "and he hasn't found me yet."

"Extend the time," said Hetty. "This is a big town. Think of how many girls he might have to see soaked in water with their hair down before he would recognize you. The stew's getting on fine—but oh, for an onion! I'd even use a piece of garlic if I had it."

The beef and potatoes bubbled merrily, exhaling a mouth-watering savor that yet lacked something, leaving a hunger on the palate, a haunting, wistful desire for some lost and needful ingredient.

"I came near drowning in that awful river," said Cecilia, shuddering.

"It ought to have more water in it," said Hetty; "the stew, I mean. I'll go get some at the sink."

"It smells good," said the artist.

"That nasty old North River?" objected Hetty. "It smells to me like soap factories and wet setter-dogs—oh, you mean the stew. Well, I wish we had an onion for it. Did he look like he had money?"

"First, he looked kind," said Cecilia. "I'm sure he was rich; but that matters so little. When he drew out his bill-folder to pay the cab-man you couldn't help seeing hundreds and thousands of dollars in it. And I looked over the cab doors and saw him leave the ferry station in a motor-car; and the chauffeur gave him his bearskin to put on, for he was sopping wet. And it was only three days ago."

"What a fool!" said Hetty, shortly.

"Oh, the chauffeur wasn't wet," breathed Cecilia. "And he drove the car away very nicely."

"I mean you," said Hetty. "For not giving him your address."

"I never give my address to chauffeurs," said Cecilia, haughtily.

"I wish we had one," said Hetty, disconsolately.

"What for?"

"For the stew, of course—oh, I mean an onion."

Hetty took a pitcher and started to the sink at the end of the hall.

A young man came down the stairs from above just as she was opposite the lower step. He was decently dressed, but pale and haggard. His eyes were dull with

the stress of some burden of physical or mental woe. In his hand he bore an onion—a pink, smooth, solid, shining onion as large around as a ninety-eight-cent alarm-clock.

Hetty stopped. So did the young man. There was something Joan of Arc-ish, Herculean, and Una-ish in the look and pose of the shoplady—she had cast off the roles of Job and Little-Red-Riding-Hood. The young man stopped at the foot of the stairs and coughed distractedly. He felt marooned, held up, attacked, assailed, levied upon, sacked, assessed, panhandled, browbeaten, though he knew not why. It was the look in Hetty's eyes that did it. In them he saw the Jolly Roger fly to the masthead and an able seaman with a dirk between his teeth scurry up the ratlines and nail it there. But as yet he did not know that the cargo he carried was the thing that had caused him to be so nearly blown out of the water without even a parley.

"Beg your pardon," said Hetty, as sweetly as her dilute acetic acid tones permitted, "but did you find that onion on the stairs? There was a hole in the paper bag; and I've just come out to look for it."

The young man coughed for half a minute. The interval may have given him the courage to defend his own property. Also, he clutched his pungent prize greedily, and, with a show of spirit, faced his grim waylayer.

"No," he said huskily, "I didn't find it on the stairs. It was given to me by Jack Bevens, on the top floor. If you don't believe it, ask him. I'll wait until you do."

"I know about Bevens," said Hetty, sourly. "He writes books and things up there for the paper-and-rags man. We can hear the postman guy him all over the house when he brings them thick envelopes back. Say—do you live in the Vallambrosa?"

"I do not," said the young man. "I come to see Bevens sometimes. He's my friend. I live two blocks west."

"What are you going to do with the onion?—begging your pardon," said Hetty.

"I'm going to eat it."

"Raw?"

"Yes: as soon as I get home."

"Haven't you got anything else to eat with it?"

The young man considered briefly.

"No," he confessed; "there's not another scrap of anything in my diggings to eat. I think old Jack is pretty hard up for grub in his shack, too. He hated to give up the onion, but I worried him into parting with it."

"Man," said Hetty, fixing him with her world-sapient eyes, and laying a bony but impressive finger on his sleeve, "you've known trouble, too, haven't you?"

"Lots," said the onion owner, promptly. "But this onion is my own property, honestly come by. If you will excuse me, I must be going."

"Listen," said Hetty, paling a little with anxiety. "Raw onion is a mighty poor diet. And so is a beef-stew without one. Now, if you're Jack Bevens' friend, I guess you're nearly right. There's a little lady—a friend of mine—in my room there at the end of the hall. Both of us are out of luck; and we had just potatoes and meat between us. They're stewing now. But it ain't got any soul. There's something lacking to it. There's certain things in life that are naturally intended to fit and belong together. One is pink cheese-cloth and green roses, and one is ham and eggs, and one is Irish and trouble. And the other one is beef and potatoes with onions. And still another one is people who are up against it and other people in the same fix."

The young man went into a protracted paroxysm of coughing. With one hand he hugged his onion to his bosom.

"No doubt; no doubt," said he, at length. "But, as I said, I must be going, because—"

Hetty clutched his sleeve firmly.

"Don't be a Dago, Little Brother. Don't eat raw onions. Chip it in toward the dinner and line yourself inside with the best stew you ever licked a spoon over. Must two ladies knock a young gentleman down and drag him inside for the honor of dining with 'em? No harm shall befall you, Little Brother. Loosen up and fall into line."

The young man's pale face relaxed into a grin.

"Believe I'll go you," he said, brightening. "If my onion is good as a credential, I'll accept the invitation gladly."

"It's good as that, but better as seasoning," said Hetty. "You come and stand outside the door till I ask my lady friend if she has any objections. And don't run away with that letter of recommendation before I come out."

Hetty went into her room and closed the door. The young man waited outside.

"Cecilia, kid," said the shop-girl, oiling the sharp saw of her voice as well as she could, "there's an onion outside. With a young man attached. I've asked him in to dinner. You ain't going to kick, are you?"

"Oh, dear!" said Cecilia, sitting up and patting her artistic hair. She cast a mournful glance at the ferry-boat poster on the wall.

"Nit," said Hetty. "It ain't him. You're up against real life now. I believe you said your hero friend had money and automobiles. This is a poor skeezicks that's got nothing to eat but an onion. But he's easy-spoken and not a freshy. I imagine he's been a gentleman, he's so low down now. And we need the onion. Shall I bring him in? I'll guarantee his behavior."

"Hetty, dear," sighed Cecilia, "I'm so hungry. What difference does it make whether he's a prince or a burglar? I don't care. Bring him in if he's got anything to eat with him."

Hetty went back into the hall. The onion man was gone. Her heart missed a beat, and a gray look settled over her face except on her nose and cheek-bones. And

then the tides of life flowed in again, for she saw him leaning out of the front window at the other end of the hall. She hurried there. He was shouting to some one below. The noise of the street overpowered the sound of her footsteps. She looked down over his shoulder, saw whom he was speaking to, and heard his words. He pulled himself in from the window-sill and saw her standing over him.

Hetty's eyes bored into him like two steel gimlets.

"Don't lie to me," she said, calmly. "What were you going to do with that onion?"

The young man suppressed a cough and faced her resolutely. His manner was that of one who had been bearded sufficiently.

"I was going to eat it," said he, with emphatic slowness; "just as I told you before."

"And you have nothing else to eat at home?"

"Not a thing."

"What kind of work do you do?"

"I am not working at anything just now."

"Then why," said Hetty, with her voice set on its sharpest edge, "do you lean out of windows and give orders to chauffeurs in green automobiles in the street below?"

The young man flushed, and his dull eyes began to sparkle.

"Because, madam," said he, in *accelerando* tones, "I pay the chauffeur's wages and I own the automobile—and also this onion—this onion, madam."

He flourished the onion within an inch of Hetty's nose. The shop-lady did not retreat a hair's-breadth.

"Then why do you eat onions," she said, with biting contempt, "and nothing else?"

"I never said I did," retorted the young man, heatedly. "I said I had nothing else to eat where I live. I am not a delicatessen store-keeper."

"Then why," pursued Hetty, inflexibly, "were you going to eat a raw onion?"

"My mother," said the young man, "always made me eat one for a cold. Pardon my referring to a physical infirmity; but you may have noticed that I have a very, very severe cold. I was going to eat the onion and go to bed. I wonder why I am standing here and apologizing to you for it."

"How did you catch this cold?" went on Hetty, suspiciously.

The young man seemed to have arrived at some extreme height of feeling. There were two modes of descent open to him—a burst of rage or a surrender to the ridiculous. He chose wisely; and the empty hall echoed his hoarse laughter.

"You're a dandy," said he. "And I don't blame you for being careful. I don't mind telling you. I got wet. I was on a North River ferry a few days ago when a girl jumped overboard. Of course, I—"

Hetty extended her hand, interrupting his story.

"Give me the onion," she said.

The young man set his jaw a trifle harder.

"Give me the onion," she repeated.

He grinned, and laid it in her hand.

Then Hetty's infrequent, grim, melancholy smile showed itself. She took the young man's arm and pointed with her other hand to the door of her room.

"Little Brother," she said, "go in there. The little fool you fished out of the river is there waiting for you. Go on in. I'll give you three minutes before I come. Potatoes is in there, waiting. Go on in, Onions."

After he had tapped at the door and entered, Hetty began to peel and wash the onion at the sink. She gave a gray look at the gray roofs outside, and the smile on her face vanished by little jerks and twitches.

"But it's us," she said, grimly, to herself, "it's us that furnishes the beef."



## **CURRICULUM VITAE**

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YOGYAKARTA