

rival. Paul Heyse, therefore, stands practically at the head of the novelists of his country.

Born at Berlin in 1830, the son of an eminent philologist, the future novelist was surrounded from his youth up by scholarly associations. He went through the usual preparatory course, and made philology the chief subject of study in his university days at Bonn and at Berlin. His instinct for writing manifested itself at an early age, and at twenty-one he had already published a tragedy dealing with the story of Francesca da Rimini, and a number of minor poems and short stories, which gave promise of notable work in the future and awakened great expectations among his friends. His interest in verse was shown by three epic poems, "The Bride of Cyprus," "Thekla," and "Syritha." He has published, in addition, several volumes of miscellaneous verse, characterized, for the most part, by a singular combination of psychologic insight and sensuous expression. A considerable number of dramatic works bear witness to his versatility and knowledge of stage requirements, but have not added greatly to his reputation. It is, however, as a novelist that Heyse has achieved the highest success and gained the widest reputation. He is one of the few admirable German writers of short stories. He has certain qualities rare among German writers—power of condensation, clear sense of proportion, and keen sense of form—all qualities which go to the successful writing of short stories. These stories have been collected, and form no small contribution to German literature. Among the best-known of them are "L'Arabiata," "Das Glück von Rothenburg," "Andrea Delfin," and "Die Einsamen."

In 1873 "Die Kinder die Welt" appeared, and at once threw all Heyse's earlier successes into eclipse. This striking novel was followed two years later by "Im Paradiese," and by these two long stories Heyse is probably best known outside his own country. Both novels portray art life and deal with art themes. They are eminently successful in reproducing the atmosphere of that life as it exists at Munich, Dresden, and other art centers in Germany, and they are peculiarly interesting to American readers because they portray a kind of life practically unknown in this country. Some one has recently spoken of the confused relations between the sexes in dramatic circles in Bavaria; in Heyse's stories, so far as these matters are concerned, one lives in a society which is apparently unconscious of any moral quality. In power of delineating character, in skill of portraiture, in richness of sentiment, and in narrative force Paul Heyse stands high, not only among German writers, but among contemporary novelists without regard to national lines.

Work that Nourishes

One of the secrets of a life of growing power is to be nourished rather than depleted by one's work. Activity is healthful; strain is harmful. Men do not die of overwork, but of maladjustment to the conditions of their work; for under ripe conditions work develops just as truly as exercise, but under wrong conditions it depletes and destroys. The great workers of the world have accumulated force rather than parted with it, and have gathered richness of material and power of action by the putting forth of their energies; so that their lives have moved toward culmination rather than come to an early fruition followed by a long decline. It is easy to detect the difference between the man who is fed by his work and the man who is drained by it. There is an ease, a force, and a zest about the

work that nourishes which is never long characteristic of the work that depletes; for the essential of the work which nourishes is its free and unimpeded expression of the personality of the worker. It is the overflow of his own personal energy and not the strenuous putting forth of toilsome effort. It is significant that the great artists, as a rule, are immensely productive. Michael Angelo, Raphael, Rubens, Shakespeare, Balzac, and men of their class, attest their genius not only by the quality of their work, but by its quantity also. This means that they have secured the right adjustment to their conditions, and that work, instead of being a drain, nourishes and develops the worker. The man who works with delight and ease grows by means of his activity, and the first secret to be learned in order to rid work of worry and wear is to take it in a reposeful spirit, to refuse to be hurried, to exchange the sense of being mastered by one's occupation for the consciousness of mastery. To take work easily and quietly, not because one is indifferent to it, but because one is fully equal to it, is to take the first step towards turning work into play.



Editorial Notes

—The English-speaking race has the law-abiding instinct in its blood and bone. It will go far under pressure of excitement, but the English-speaking men are few who are ready to become Anarchists.

—The Vicksburg "Commercial Herald" puts the matter in a nutshell in this fashion: "President Debs says the first shot fired by the Federal soldiers will bring on civil war. We advise him not to fight the United States army. We've been there."

—Mr. Balfour recently spoke of the English press as an institution "under which we live, which we submit to, which we profit by, which we suffer from, but which we do not criticise." Mr. Balfour has a genuine gift of irony.

—The London "Spectator" comments on the fact that the French are discovering England. As a matter of fact, this is an age of international discovery, and the different races are coming for the first time to get some real knowledge of each other. It is astonishing how prejudices disappear when such knowledge is secured.

—The American eagle, at present absent on English soil, has become an extremely modest bird, having suffered various chastisements, which, although bitter in the immediate experience, are likely to prove extremely beneficial in the future. For an effete nation, the English have a remarkable faculty of keeping the lead in a good many departments.

—The English House of Commons has been giving considerable attention to the increase of lunacy in Ireland, a late report of the inspectors having shown that in the last forty years the insane of all classes had increased over 200 per cent., and that this increase was made among a diminishing population. Various explanations of this singular phenomenon are suggested, among them the emigration of the stronger members of the community, and the intemperate use of alcohol and tea, the latter beverage being used in great quantities and in a concentrated form.

—It is a misfortune that Secretary Carlisle has had to do with questions of art. Neither his instinct nor his training seems to fit him to deal with such matters. Mr. St. Gaudens's design for the World's Fair medal is accepted so far as one side is concerned, but the other side has been rejected, and a device substituted which, according to the New York "Tribune," presents a "shield supported by two fully dressed women, one flourishing a trumpet, and the other holding out a tablet resembling a bread-tray, with a caravel beneath, looking not unlike an elongated bread-basket." The "Tribune" aptly suggests that the trumpet may be interpreted as a dinner-horn, summoning the nations to the great international feast.

—One fact about the present situation seems to have struck no labor leader save Mr. Arthur, and that is the extraordinary peril of throwing thousands of men out of employment on the heels of a great crisis and in the midst of a general depression. No sane man with any regard for the well-being of the workingmen would have taken such a responsibility, and this close upon a winter in which the classes commonly called well-to-do have poured out money like water for aid to the unfortunate. "In view of the fact," says Mr. Arthur, "that during the past winter all the people were taxed to their utmost to feed the poor and unemployed, it is wrong for any man, even though he has the authority, to order out thousands of workingmen who have large families to support."

A Talk with Paul Heyse

By the Countess von Krockow

WHEN preparing to write on Paul Heyse last summer for the "Atlantic Monthly," I reached a point where there was a need of seeing him personally. So many contradictory statements exist in regard to the writings and life of the celebrated author that I despaired of arriving, alone, at the truth. So I journeyed to him in Munich.

His light-colored, gray-stone villa stands buried in shrubbery behind the high stone wall on Luisen Street, across from the villa of the artist Lenbach. The place looks the more retired because of the pretentious, festive openness of Lenbach's, with its marble fountain basin, terrace, and Italian colonnade. One sees, in fact, as little of Heyse's house from the broad, quiet, fashionable street as one sees of the face of a maiden in a Shaker bonnet; a glimpse through the iron gate in front—that is absolutely all that there is to be had of it. Yet how inviting is this glimpse, and every nearer survey of the neatly kept garden! Not a dry stalk nor dead leaf anywhere; every plant fresh and healthy, every old tree trimmed, and bending its shapely boughs over graceful seats as gallantly as cavaliers of the court ever bent over fair ladies.

I had traveled up many stairs to poets in untidy chambers; it was a relief to view, for once, a successful author's home.

Inside the house the doors are wide, and they open, with the slow swing of rich weight, into large, high rooms. The hall gives space for a broad winding stairway, with an easy mount, and as you ascend it you pass a select collection of marble reliefs, plaster-of-Paris casts, and framed photographs of classic and *cinque-cento* sculptures. You recall Heyse's youth to your mind as you see them, remembering that it was spent in the company of art historians, artists, and men generally of wealth and culture. Every foot of his own abode bespeaks a love of refined luxury; no piece of furniture imposes itself on your notice for its costliness, nor any nook of a room for its voluptuous coziness; but every chair is a low *fauteuil*, and every article choice and exquisite. Before the sofa on which I took my seat in his study was a small ebony table. A book lay open on it, face downward, as if just put there for a moment, and close by it stood a slender-necked Murano glass vase, containing a single, long-stemmed rose of magnificent beauty. That was the first flower I had observed in a man's library; it will keep, in my mind, I am afraid, blossoming on as did the tropic camellia of Zenobia's hair in the memory of Miles Coverdale; so symbolic of Heyse's art was it. For, in the midst of a literature as full of academic, historical, and realistic books as a meadow is of grass, his works are singularly brilliant and elegant, and at their core a little suffocating, perhaps, from over-lusciousness.

We had seen each other before, when Herr Heyse said my name recalled one of his personages in "Hans Lange." On meeting now again, I told him I had read the play, and it had interested me to see that his characterization of the ancestor of my husband accords exactly with the traits of the present generation of Krockow. To prevent his saying anything that I should feel obliged to regard as private, I bent my remarks so as to imply my business at once. None of the books about him, he said, characterized him at all well. George Brandes had written about him in "Moderne Geister." That, however, is a literary critical essay.

"It considers your dramatic works very little," I commented.

"My dramatic works hardly at all," answered Herr Heyse. "Brandes looked at me chiefly from his momentary point of view, as one of the many phenomena in the literary drift that he had undertaken to describe."

He got up from his low chair, as low as a sitz-bath almost, and went to a movable book-stand. "There's something here, perhaps," he said, twisting the stand

around, "that I might give you. Here it is—'Das Neue Blatt'; a good friend of mine wrote it."

"Oh, thank you! I'll take a note of the number of the 'Blatt.'"

"Take the paper with you, if you like. It's the newest about me, and has my photograph," he said, obligingly; whereupon I remarked that his newest novel is "Merlin."

"Yes, it has been out four weeks. The idea of it is something similar to that of 'Kinder der Welt.' An English lady translated that some years ago into English—a very agreeable lady. She came here to see me."

"Now, how is it, Doctor," I asked, "when you write? Do you have the plan of a novel elaborated in your mind beforehand? Are you clear as to the personages as well as to your general idea?"

"Yes, fully."

"What! even the sentences? Can you carry sentences about in your mind?" I exclaimed. "George Eliot could, but I thought that a very rare gift indeed."

"The chief sentences, yes; I fix those in my memory till I use them. It's an odd thing about memory! Now this novel, 'Merlin,' I carried pretty nearly the whole in my mind twenty years ago. This English lady I spoke of—I remember talking to her over the details of it, and that was twelve years ago. If you're interested in biographical details concerning me, it's something to know that I wrote the three books in six months. I was in the country, and had nothing to do, and this flooded me completely, as it were, day and night, and I wrote and wrote. Then, here in town, later, it took me a year to work the thing over."

"Do figures that present themselves to your imagination convey ideas? Or are you first beset by an idea for which you invent personages?"

"Oh, that's various. It's hard to explain exactly how that is with me."

"Living persons suggest personages—or don't you ever consciously make use of real acquaintances?" I inquired, with interest.

"No, I don't. But I've gathered a great deal of knowledge of men during the course of my life. The idea I wanted to portray in 'Merlin' is how a man can get on in a life of moral and intellectual culture without the conventional and traditional aids of religion and society. The hero does. Then, however, he commits a fault. It is not essentially fatal, but it becomes fatal to his progress, because he lets it worm in him, lets it fill his mind in place of art, moral ideas, and new insights. He succumbs, not because he has not had conventional notions, but because he has not persisted in increasing his stock of general notions. I treat the subject of literary and artistic qualities, and put the realism of the day in the wrong."

"As in your 'Wahrheit'?"

"Yes," he said, with a pleased smile. "But how will the stupid public think of it—how did they treat 'Wahrheit'? Why, some said that I had preached the doctrine of casuistry, held up white-lying as a virtue. They didn't catch the moral meaning of the piece at all."

"Well, were you pleased with the success of the drama this time, Doctor?"

"Yes, I *was* pleased. My forte really is dramatic composition. I wrote dramas earlier than anything else. I'm always praised for my short stories. People don't distinguish. My first drama was 'Francesca da Rimini.' I was twenty when I wrote it. People thought I must be wild and dissipated. But I wasn't. I was a greenhorn of a boy, and I wrote what the subject required, and I was attracted to the subject out of sheer artistic considerations; it struck me as powerfully dramatic, so I used it. But mothers blamed me, warned their daughters against me, and the daughters, in their turn, warned their children; so there has been no end to the outcry. My most successful dramas have been 'Hans Lange' and 'Colbert.'