

They're not the best-written. There is no central subject, approached, carried on with increasing intensity to a final climax. There is no dramatic unity. But the subjects are taking. That's the secret always to winning the public—sympathetic subjects. My 'Marriage in the Avignon' always won prodigious success; but it got off the repertoires and hasn't been taken up again. If I traveled about as some do, used back-stair maneuvers, as the saying is, I could get theatrical directors to put it on the stage again. But I don't do that sort of thing. I can only hope that the directors will take it up again of their own accord."

"You are so productive, Doctor. I'm always astonished at how much you write. You don't rewrite things, do you, ever?"

"Short stories never, but novels, yes; and dramas—oh, I have to work them over four or five times."

I asked if he wrote afternoons or only in the morning.

"Only mornings. I do all my writing, I may say, from eight o'clock to about eleven. But then I have material always in mind, and turn it over afternoons and nights; but short stories—why, you've no idea how easy those are! In two hours such a thing is begun and ended."

"Yes, *now*, but was composition always so easy to you?"

"No, that's true. When I think back, I see that in the beginning I was bothered a great deal to think of anything; or, rather, it wasn't the *thinking*, it was the expression of what I thought that was so hard. I was several years learning to compose, to develop thoughts and set them down in due order. I was like a musician with a melody in his mind, composed of a few notes. A young composer doesn't know what to do with them. He has to study counterpoint in order from the few tones to develop a long composition."

"Do you remember whether you began by imitating the manner of writing of some author whom you admired? or did you say to yourself from the start that your salvation lay in working out your own individual style?"

"I never imitated; no. I admired Goethe, of course, immensely, and other writers. But, you see, in time I got hold of a formula that helped me. Now take, for instance, a fact or anecdote one hears. A girl, for instance, mixes for herself a potion to kill her, because she's afraid she'll give way to the importunities of a youth. There is material for a short story, isn't there? Now one must begin by thinking about it. How did the girl look? how did the youth look? She must have been good-looking, or she would not have attracted him. She could not, at any rate, have been repulsive. Nor could she have been weak, or she wouldn't have mixed the potion; and so on. It's very easy—or it is to me now. As for writing, my style has always had repose, for I've always written precisely as I would speak. When I take up my pen, my one task is to tell a story, and I fancy to myself some person is seated near my desk. I then write in the way I would talk."

I looked towards the desk involuntarily, and saw that a chair actually stands there, empty, as if waiting for its habitual spiritual guest. Then followed a pause of considerable length. He broke the silence at last by sighing lightly and remarking that he is now sixty-two years old.

I rose to my feet, and ventured the prediction that we should see realism in German literature give place to a new ideal.

"That's what I think, too. There is certainly a change in that direction already."

He said he had just been reading Crawford's "Mr. Isaacs." "An improbable tale, but Crawford had got rich by it."

I could only concede this. In America there were energetic publishers who conspired to run up this year one writer and the next another. They advertised Rudyard Kipling, for instance.

"There's another author!" he exclaimed. "Smart, with certain literary gifts, but no breadth, no depth. I think among our young German writers Sudermann gives the most promise."

"Why," I exclaimed, "don't you expect as much of Gerhardt Hauptmann, too?"

"Hauptmann? No, I don't," Heyse answered. "Hauptmann isn't so many-sided as Sudermann. I've just been reading Sudermann's latest. How fresh that is! what sparkling humor!"

"I suppose that Carl Bleibtreu is about the most repulsive of your realists," I remarked.

"Ugh! Bleibtreu. He's always haranguing."

"My favorite is Ebner-Eschenbach," I said, conclusively, whereupon Heyse's face lighted up. "Yes, indeed; nobody surpasses her. What plastic, what French-like grace in the turns of her conversation! I love her. I never saw her, but I love her tenderly. I gave up writing stories when I read hers. There is no equaling her work."

"What do you think, Doctor, of your other women writers—Ossip Schubin, Ida Boy-Eid, and Vely?"

"Ossip Schubin is a brilliant writer. What a capital piece of work her 'Boris Lensky' is! Women see the fine shades that escape our clumsier senses. It's my opinion that story-writing will go over into their hands altogether. The drama is man's field. There isn't a woman who ever excelled in that. If only our German players were good for anything!" he concluded, with what seemed at once a retrospective and ever-cankering bitterness. "You can't find a stage in the country where every rôle is beset with good actors, yet every single rôle must be filled well if your pleasure is going to be complete."

He lisped again a little, as he had done at the beginning of our interview, saying "pleathure" for pleasure. I noticed, too, that his manner of sitting was relaxed, the few movements of his white hands wavy. A tall, full form, inclining towards fatness; a face full of good features and crowned with dark-brown hair.

"Your flower, Doctor," I said aloud, bending over it as I rose to take leave: "I noticed its perfection when I first came in."



Christian Converts in India

By the Rev. J. M. Thoburn, D.D.

Missionary Bishop of the Methodist Episcopal Church

It was with both surprise and regret that I read Mr. Mozoomdar's severe criticism upon the native Christians of India in a recent number of *The Outlook*. Very many readers of his paper were undoubtedly under the impression that Mr. Mozoomdar is himself a recent convert to the Christian faith, and hence his testimony is accepted as that of an impartial and well-informed witness. As a matter of fact, however, no one who knows Mr. Mozoomdar in Calcutta or in any part of India ever dreams of calling him a Christian, nor has he ever been associated with Christians any more intimately than other non-Christian gentlemen of like culture. I doubt if he has ever seen any considerable number of village Christians, and am quite sure that he has never been associated with any of the notable leaders who are now achieving such splendid success in both North and South India. Had he known his Christian fellow-countrymen better, he would not have written:

"What reforms do they—the converts—originate? What labors do they carry on? What advance do they make in the confidence of the great Hindu society? What contributions do they offer to the great world of Christian thought? They live and die more as figures and ciphers in a statistical table than as living souls clothed in flesh and blood."

I am sure Mr. Mozoomdar would never have penned these words if he had even once been brought into contact with any considerable number of our Indian Christians. I am personally acquainted with a thousand men, any one of whom could set him a worthy example in working for reform, in elevating their fellow-men, in winning the confidence of both Hindus and Mohammedans, and in rooting out a score of evils which have long afflicted Hindu society. I have seen twenty Christian young women in a body attending lectures in the Agra Medical College. All

of these were the daughters of village converts, and their presence in such an institution means that a revolution is going on among the masses of the people—the teeming millions whose condition men of Mr. Mozoomdar's class rarely study or in any way consider. I have seen long processions of Christians pledged to total abstinence parading the streets and other public places in the interest of the great temperance reform. I have seen hundreds and thousands of Hindus, whose confidence had been secured by these devoted Christians, looking on with friendly interest, and sometimes even joining in the demonstrations. I have been a witness during the past third of a century to what I can regard only as a revolution in the feelings of millions of Hindus in northern India toward Christian converts. Thousands and tens of thousands of these Christians are bearing noble witness against child-marriage, polygamy, extortion, drunkenness, and immorality of every kind. To call such men "ciphers" is so cruelly unjust that I am sure Mr. Mozoomdar must have penned the words in absolute ignorance of the character of the men and women whom he misrepresents.

One of the most influential non-Christian papers in India is the "Hindu," published in Madras. A year or two ago the editor of that paper wrote as follows of the Christians of southern India:

"The progress of education among the girls of the native Christian community, and the absence of caste restrictions, will eventually give them an advantage which no amount of intellectual precocity can compensate the Brahmans for. We recently printed the statement of a Bombay paper that the social eminence which at the present moment the Parsees so deservedly enjoy was due to these two causes, namely, that their women are educated, and they are bound by no restrictions of caste. These two advantages slowly make themselves felt among our native Christian people, and it is possible that they will soon become the Parsees of southern India. They will furnish the most distinguished public servants, barristers, merchants, and citizens, among the various classes of the native community."

This testimony will suffice to refute Mr. Mozoomdar's statements so far as southern India is concerned. As for northern India, it is generally conceded that the Christians there are in advance of their brethren in the south, and already their sons and daughters are gaining promotion rapidly.

Mr. Mozoomdar proceeds to point out that the Indian Christians do not seek shelter beneath the all-shadowing branches of the ancient Hindu tree. "How does it happen," he asks, "that other non-Hindu communities, like the Sikhs, the Kabir Panthis, the various Vishnabite and Tantric sects, are included within the fold of all-embracing Hindu society, and why is it that native Christians alone are rigidly excluded?" This question is vital. Mr. Mozoomdar may well ask why Christianity does not subordinate itself to Hinduism, as so many other religious systems have done. Mormonism could take such a position, and the Hindu religion would place no bar in the way; but Christianity cannot do it. The kingdom of Jesus Christ can never be made tributary to any earthly power or system. The Christians of India are taking their place among the great body of the people, but they are doing so as Indian—not Hindu—Christians. Their right to a place in the general community is now seldom challenged. Mr. Mozoomdar, like many others in India, does not seem to realize that the Christians are rapidly advancing in many parts of the empire, and that, in proportion to their numbers, they are taking a more prominent position than any other section of the general community. I speak, of course, of Protestant converts. Mr. Mozoomdar objects to the exclusion of Roman Catholics, but the mass of these are descendants of the nominal Christians who were gathered in during the Portuguese era, and are never reckoned as "converts" by any class in India. The missionary era dates from the arrival of Dr. Carey in Bengal, and the number of Roman Catholic converts who have been won from heathenism since that date is comparatively small.

A Visit to the Monastery of Certosa di Val d'Emo

By Katharine M. Bott

The beautiful and interesting monastery of Certosa di Val d'Emo crowns a lovely hill about a half-hour's tram-ride from Florence. It formerly belonged to and was inhabited by Carthusian monks. It is now owned by the Government, which allows a small number of this order to live here as custodians of the place. That it belongs to the Government is, from the woman's point of view, most satisfactory, for, were Certosa under the strict rules of the order, no profane feminine foot would be allowed to awaken unholy echoes in its silent cloisters. The monastery at present contains fourteen inmates—six monks and eight lay brothers—who receive from the Government a small pension, which, though large enough to keep the place in good repair, is not sufficient for their maintenance. Their principal source of income comes from their "farmacia," where they make perfumes of various kinds, and, in addition, a liqueur much like that made by the monks of the brother house of the same order—the "Grande Chartreuse" in France. The proceeds from this industry, however, are somewhat diminished by the Government tax on "farmacias," which, as Italian citizens, they must pay.

The approach to the monastery is most picturesque. From the point on the main road where the tram halts for passengers to alight, the entrance to this lofty pile of buildings is not visible. A few steps, however, bring the steep path in sight, which ascends between high walls, leading straight up to the massive iron-studded door in the monastery wall. This path, with its perspective of straight lines narrowing almost together at the distant portal, reminds one quite literally of the narrow path we are admonished to tread, and on a hot summer day it seems to the discouraged pedestrian almost as difficult as the one of which it is a type.

The visiting parties are guided about the buildings by the lay brothers, who are dressed in white robes, which to the uninitiated look precisely like the garments worn by the regular monks. Even in this saintly atmosphere, however, social distinctions seem to have their place, as well as in the lower regions where the worldly are content to dwell. The monks are educated priests, and seem to look down a little on the lay brothers, who are often men of no learning, having been called from the till or the plow. The former perform no manual labor, leaving to the latter the task of scrubbing floors and keeping everything clean and in order. The monks proper are further distinguishable from the lay brothers in that they are smooth-shaven, while the latter are allowed to cultivate fierce beards.

The scene about the outer gate of the monastery is an interesting one to the artist and to the student of "low" Italian life, for here all the beggars and infirm from the surrounding country gather to arouse the pity and generosity of the tourist or the pious inmates. Our little party stopped to enjoy this scene, without which as a foreground the Italian picture is not complete. After our stock of coppers had been exhausted we entered the monastery, and found that the lay brother who was directing parties that day had already started on his round. In very unpretentious Italian, one of the gentlemen of our party asked a tall monk, who happened to be passing, if it were too late to be shown over the premises. Turning around a benignant visage towards our party, he replied, with a strong Irish accent, "Pity you don't speak English!" The twinkle which accompanied these words proved most clearly that a little earthly spice still remains in this sanctified atmosphere.

To the American Protestant, whose principal knowledge of monks is derived from the pictures of emaciated and saintly ascetics with which European galleries and churches are filled, this jolly and decidedly human-looking monk was a revelation. He also increased our pleasure by offering himself to be our guide.

Although Certosa contains some good works of early art, still the attraction to strangers does not lie in these,