

ON a certain New Year's Day in the twentieth century I entered the city of Munich. The sky was cloudless, the air was crisp, and in the strong sunshine the holiday groups were full of animation, as in the second act of "Faust." Military bands were playing; indeed, the whole atmosphere seemed full of music and laughter. We drove up the broad Ludwigstrasse, turned into the Schellingstrasse, and at Number 3 debarked at the Pension Nordland, kept by two charming North German ladies, Frä. Junkers and Frä. Lammers. Our rooms faced the south, and were flooded with sunshine; in the corner stood the ornamental but practical porcelain stove, reaching to the ceiling. I had an indescribable feeling of buoyant happiness; and although Munich and its people were almost unknown to me, I felt like an exile who at long last had returned home.

With a brief Italian interlude, I remained in Munich seven months; the charm of the first impression steadily deepened. Outside of America, it became my favorite town; and if I had not been able to live in the United States I should have chosen Munich over any other place on the globe. Its advantages were many; I will mention a few.

One characteristic remains a mystery. Munich was about the same size as Boston, and yet there were comparatively few people on any street. I never saw the sidewalks crowded. Where were all these hundreds of thousands of people? After dark the place was as quiet as a village in Vermont; the cafés and resorts were brilliantly lighted within, but there were no grandiose or flamboyant entrances. My friend and colleague, the late Professor Henry Emery, arrived in Munich in the evening, and after dinner he drove about in a taxi; not seeing any resorts or any people, he thought the driver must be taking him to some remote quarter. He therefore called out: "Take me some-

where." "Isn't that rather indefinite?" "Why, you know what I mean. Take me where there are plenty of lights, lots of noise, and crowds of people." "What you want is the railway station." And indeed that was the only place in the vast city that could fill such a prescription.

Everything in Munich I wanted to see was within walking distance. The Court Theatre, the Residenz Theatre, The Playhouse, the Art Galleries, the English Garden, the University, the State Library, were all within ten minutes on foot. The tennis courts were in the heart of the city; the golf links was ten minutes by trolley.

Munich seemed to be arranged for the convenience of the average person, not for the pleasure of a leisure class. Grand opera, which I attended twice a week, always began at six o'clock; it was usually over at ten; it was a very long opera, like "Meistersinger" or "Götterdämmerung," that extended toward eleven. Playhouses began their performances at seven or seven-thirty, and concluded not later than nine-thirty. Both opera and theatre were regarded not as luxuries, but as necessities; they were given for people who would have to rise at the usual hour on the next morning, and do the regular day's work. The result was that during all the weeks in Munich, I averaged five nights and two matinées at the theatre or opera, and never felt fatigue.

To go to the theatre or opera in England, France, or America, means—apart from its expense in money—a terrible expense in time and energy. Many plays do not begin until nearly nine, one is not out until nearly midnight, and one is a long way from one's cubicle.

Furthermore, at the Munich theatres the playgoer wastes not a moment. The time when the performance will begin is previously announced, the one "long pause" between the acts is advertised, and the time of closing; all three events take place exactly according to schedule.

For a trifling expense, the daily *Theater-Anzeiger* is left at one's door every morning. This contains a list of every musical and theatrical event that will take place in the city on that day; with the names of all the actors, and the time of beginning and closing.

Although Bavaria was a kingdom, I have never known a more democratic community; one could go to opera in evening dress or in golf knickers without attracting attention. All the theatres were repertory theatres, with the bill constantly changing; so that one could hear standard and modern plays both native and foreign. The actors were engaged for long terms; one actor in 1904 told me he had just signed a contract engaging his services until 1919! This gave him a chance to have a home, educate his children, and perform the duties of citizenship. At afternoon teas and social functions, one met the actors and opera singers as a matter of course; they were as much a part of the social life of the city as were professors or public officials.

The opera opening at six and the theatre at seven had other advantages besides time: one did not attend stuffed with a soggy dinner, but with body and mind alert.

This is the way I spent an average day during my long sojourn. I rose at seven, and after the Continental breakfast, I spent the morning in work, studying, writing, and attending lectures at the university; in the afternoon I played golf, tennis, or went skating in the English Garden, according to the season; at five I had tea, with those delicious sugared rolls called *Schnecken*; at six to the opera, or at seven to the theatre; after the performance to a café, where, in the cheerful, brightly lighted room, we had a hot supper, glorious Munich beer, delightful conversation. By eleven I was in bed. It was thus possible, day after day, to study and work, to have plenty of outdoor exercise, to hear a fine play or great music, to enjoy a convivial supper, and to lead a godly, righteous, and sober life.

The surroundings of Munich, beautiful lakes and noble mountains, made an occasional holiday something to be remembered. One morning thirty of us took the train about twenty-five miles; we came to

the river Isar, rolling rapidly, and embarked upon a raft of logs, upon which we joyfully floated back down the rushing stream to the city. It was the poetry of motion; no steam, no sails, no oars; a steersman in front and another at the rear; the strong current did the rest; and as we swept past meadows and country houses, we lifted up our voices in song.

The people of Munich were indescribably friendly. I have never known a place where every one seemed so happy and so demonstrative. They had immense enthusiasm for everything, from a ham sandwich to a Bach fugue. All the shop-girls who sold you goods seemed eager to help without being officious; and as they counted out the change, they seemed to stroke and pet every coin with rhythmic and affectionate tenderness—*ein* und *zwanzig*, *zwei* und *zwanzig*, etc.

The professors at the University showed in their teaching a similar enthusiasm. Professor Schick, who taught English literature, wept as he described the death of Chatterton, and doubled his fists with an aggressive attitude when he spoke of Doctor Johnson; his colleague, Professor Sieper, was an idolater of English authors, and did all he could to strengthen friendly relations between England and Germany, a hopeless task, for by the year 1911 "preparedness" had done its fatal work, and there was everywhere in Germany an organized but none the less fanatical hatred of England; the war literally killed Sieper; he died of a broken heart. Professors Muncker, Petersen, and von der Leyen lectured on German literature with enormous gusto; and a Belgian gentleman, Doctor Simon, who became one of my most intimate friends, and remains so, lectured in French on the classic authors of France.

Life in Munich was cheap financially but rich in the things of the spirit. O Munich, if I forget thee, may my right hand forget her cunning!

I induced many of my fellow countrymen to go there and enrich their souls. One of these happy pilgrims, Doctor Lawrence Mason, wrote me from the Pension Nordland:

"Open my tunic  
And you'll find Munich!"

The only unconsciously funny thing in Munich was English as spoken by the natives. Every one apparently thought he could speak English perfectly, and insisted on doing so. It required a strong will to learn German in that city, but I did it, because I informed my acquaintances that if they spoke English to me, I should not answer. I had come there to learn German, and even if I failed in that endeavor, I certainly would not teach English. An excellent example of English as used by Germans may be found in a delightfully unconsciously humorous work called the "New Opera Glass." It was published in Leipzig, and written in alleged English by a German, apparently for the benefit of Americans who wished to attend the opera and to know in advance something of the plot. Here is the author's English summary of "Romeo and Juliet":

#### ROMEO AND JULIA

First act: Palace Capulet. Masquerade. Capulet greeting his guests. He is introducing his daughter Julia. Romeo, a Montague, seeing Julia, is falling in love to her, which is returning by her without to know another. Romeo hears, that Julia the daughter of Capulet. Tybalt, the nephew of Capulet, is going away with Julia; Romeo crying: "God with you." Tybalt renown Romeo, the enemy of his house; the two are quarrelling, but Capulet smooths the quarrell.

Second Act: Pavillon in Capulets garden. Romeo singing from the love to Julia; Julia going in the garden, singing also from the love to Romeo. Their hearths are finding together and after lovely sweers are going from another.

Third act: Romeo visiting Lorenzo, the monk, begging to help him to be united with Julia; he is ready for that and Romeo and Julia are become man and wife. In the battle with Tybalt he murdered him.

Fourth act: Romeo and Julia are sweet united in the room of Julia; beeing banished from the city he must fly. The dying father of Julia wished to see Julia as wife from the count Paris, but beeing Romeos wife Lorenzo is helping her from the fatal situation.

Fifth Act: Romeo enter; he is seeing his wife Julia in the apparent death. In the

meaning of her really death he is thinking a bottle poison wishing to be united with her also in the death. In the same moment Julia awaked. Willing to fly the death is coming: Romeo falling on the bottom; Julia takes the sword and murdered herself.

And yet the above specimen of English written by a foreigner is nearly equalled by the following report in an American college paper of a lecture on Shakespeare:

He stated in America Shakespearian plays are not appreciated, and a person makes themselves think they like it or you really don't enjoy it. In Europe, especially Germany, one would really enjoy a Shakespearian play. In Germany the stage is a large square flat one and the orchestra is beneath. The actors and actresses talk more to the audience than do American characters, and do not talk so much to others taking part in the play. There are no footlights. One large light is placed in the centre of the stage, and this prevents shadows appearing in the rear of the stage. . . . His lecture was most unusual.

It is good news that a handsome, complete edition of Stevenson is at last available at a price that places it within the means of the average book-buyer. Everybody needs Stevenson, and nearly everybody wants him. In order to dislike Stevenson, one must be eternally vigilant, one must see to it that the fires of hostility are constantly fed; for if you relax your defense a moment, he will steal inside of your heart.

I wish Hugh Walpole had not written his latest story, "Portrait of a Man with Red Hair." Such a book is well enough for a hack writer to turn off; but for the author of "The Green Mirror," "The Cathedral," and "The Old Ladies," it is sorry stuff. The strange thing is that although Mr. Walpole knows it is not an important work, he thinks to disarm criticism by forestalling the charge that it is only "readable"; whereas the fact is that this wild yarn is not only inferior in every way to the author's best work, it is not nearly so readable.

Arnold Bennett used to imagine that he wrote potboilers to please the public, and the "Old Wives' Tale" to please himself and satisfy his conscience. But the public received the "Tale" with such enthusiasm that the previous potboilers finally

became profitable. Moral: newspaper publishers, theatre managers, and authors sometimes make a mistake in underestimating public taste.

The average autobiography is not nearly so disappointing as the average novel; and the reason should be evident. Among recent life-histories worth reading, I recommend Herbert Quick's "One Man's Life," Brand Whitlock's "Forty Years Of It," J. B. Bishop's "Notes and Anecdotes of Many Years." It is interesting to observe that Mr. Bishop idolizes both E. L. Godkin and Theodore Roosevelt—how those two men hated each other! Godkin was always attacking Roosevelt, and Roosevelt had far more admiration for the conventional professional political boss than he had for a reformer like Godkin.

Joseph Conrad's last novel, "Suspense," should not have been published in its unfinished state. It was evidently written by a man both weary and sick; it is heavy, labored, and tedious.

I had the pleasure of meeting this week Mr. Richard Curle, the intimate friend and official biographer of Conrad, who is his literary executor, who knew him as well as any man could know him, and who was with him on the day he died. Mr. Curle has brought to America the manuscripts of a number of Conrad's essays, which should make interesting reading; and he promises shortly to publish a collection of letters, which should be the literary event of the year 1926. According to Mr. Curle, Conrad was one of the best letter-writers who ever lived. He was certainly one of the best of men, and out of the abundance of the heart the mouth speaketh.

Mr. Curle has been a great traveller, and he shows how every one of Conrad's novels is connected with a definite place, and how every tale he wrote is founded on fact.

H. G. Wells has done it again. "Christina Alberta's Father" is a brilliant novel, as full of real people as "Tono-Bungay." The artist and novelist have triumphed over the preacher and reformer, and we have a book of distinction, filled with observation, wisdom, and humor. He says that a certain Englishman had a *neighing* voice—can't you hear it?

Floyd Dell's "Runaway" is a charming novel, with appealing characters and good conversation. As I was bored by "Moon-calf," I take unusual pleasure in recommending this fine story.

St. John Ervine has written a polemic and provocative biography of Parnell. Even if he were not the author of "John Ferguson," one might guess from this work that he was a natural dramatist. He began his book with a feeling of antagonism to his subject, and ended with passionate admiration. Not every one will agree with his final summary, or with his statement of what ought to have happened in Committee Room Number 15. Parnell's career ended in a way most edifying to his religious opponents, and it simply won't do to call them all hypocrites.

I have received a number of candidates for the Ignoble Prize. Mr. Dexter Hoyt Teed, of the Syracuse *Post-Standard*, proposes that

the dash as a punctuation mark be stricken from the records of polite grammatical society. It spoils the appearance of a printed page; it is the mark of slovenly punctuation; and other punctuation marks, as the colon and comma, can serve in its place without destroying clearness, emphasis, or meaning.

Perhaps so; but what would have become of Poe's prose style without the dash?

Where I particularly dislike the dash is where it is used as a blank substitute: in the year 19—, in the town of B—; why on earth shouldn't the novelist give a year and a place? In oaths, too, the dash is often more silently profane than the word would be.

Miss Frances E. Otis nominates the

custom of actors appearing at the end of scenes for applause. This certainly is a striking example of soloism, and one which nearly ruins my disposition at every performance I see.

I agree with her. I hate to see a corpse rise and grin appreciatively!

Mr. Walter Phelps Dodge, writing from Victoria, B. C., nominates for the Ignoble Prize

all authors who spell through "thru" and use *st* for *ed*; and all authors who prefer a



long word where a short one is better. This is a common American vice; as *location* for place, *donation* for gift, *reservations* for berths or rooms, *transportation* for tickets, *ocean* for sea, and "wept copiously" for cried hard. I include, too, those ruffians who spell *surprise* with a z, and *defence* with an s.

Manifestly, Mr. Dodge prefers English spelling to American spelling, and is opposed to spelling reform, and so am I.

Mrs. Gibson Berry, of Round Mountain, Nevada, writes:

How about the "Mona Lisa" for the Ignoble Prize—the cat! but then you like cats, don't you?

I will consider then that "Mona Lisa" is nominated for the Ignoble Prize, but that cats are not.

Miss Hortense Metzger sailed from America to Europe last summer for the express purpose of joining the Asolo and Fano Clubs. In Arezzo she had an extraordinary experience. The Italian guide brought her a photograph of Mrs. Browning which he found in an old pension in that town. Who left it there, and to whom Mrs. Browning originally gave it may forever remain mysteries. On her way home she visited the Louvre, with the result that she nominates for the Ignoble Prize "La Belle Jardinière," Raphael's blond madonna, although this picture is one singled out for special mention by Browning.

Honorable James R. Sheffield, our distinguished ambassador to Mexico, who returned to the United States last summer for the double purpose of receiving an honorary degree from Yale and undergoing a serious operation, and who has returned to his post apparently none the worse for either experience, writes me again in relation to my remarks about the town of Dubuque, where he was born:

Your September SCRIBNER's reference to me has brought me several letters, one asking for a snappy article detailing the standard of baseball in my day in Dubuque, and other recollections of the game, and permitting me to add, to make it more readable for that cultivated society, some reminiscences of my life.

Thus the fame you thrust upon me has

already borne fruit, though I would have preferred simply flowers.

I had to write that my recollection of baseball, as played in my day in Dubuque, was nines consisting of from 3 to 18 on each side, played on any vacant lot, but chiefly behind the Third Ward School. It was played with a lively ball, of all makes and sizes, and a good many had to be provided, because the neighbors were rough about our crawling over the fence to retrieve a home run or foul, especially when it had gone through a window. For this reason, also, we wore padded pants. It was straight-arm, under-hand pitching, nine balls and six strikes being permitted, and in all close decisions the runner was given the preference, or a fight ensued and the game was broken up. In fact, I hardly recollect during the first eleven years of my life any baseball game going nine full innings. The score generally got top-heavy along about the third inning, the half inch stub of the only pencil among the spectators or players being used up in keeping track of the runs, so that I think it is fair to say that, even without the fight, the game was called between the third and fifth innings, and was sometimes interrupted by one of the mothers appearing and withdrawing the chief pitcher or catcher in order to wheel the baby or run to the grocery store, or to come home and have his face and hands, not neglecting his ears, washed before supper, as company was expected.

Gee! But how we did hate those other boys' mothers.

The only other reminiscence worth while, in baseball as played in Dubuque in my youth, was one game where we played the "Muckers," and one of them not only stole second base, a flat stone, but picked it up and ran all the way to third base with it, claiming he could not be put out, because he was safe on second anyhow, and had never left the base. We found no rule to cover this act of larceny, and as he was bigger than any of us, he got away with the theft. But my soul still rankles with the injustice of that logic.

Just after copying the above extract from Ambassador Sheffield's letter, I received another one from him written at the City of Mexico, from which it will be seen how SCRIBNER's connects in space towns so far apart as Dubuque, Iowa, the City of Mexico, Waterloo, Iowa, and New Haven, Connecticut. Furthermore, it is such a splendid tribute from the distinguished public man to the woman who was his school-teacher in his childhood

that the letter should be printed for the encouragement of all primary school-teachers.

EMBASSY OF THE UNITED STATES OF  
AMERICA

Mexico, October 17, 1925.

Your September SCRIBNER's reference to me has brought me one more letter—but this a rare and choice one, like a bit of Dresden china almost forgotten on the top shelf.

A dear old lady, for she must be very rich in years, writes to know if I am the Jamie Sheffield she taught as a little boy in a children's school in Dubuque—and also if I am the original of a photograph she enclosed of said Jamie, in a velvet suit, taken with a little girl "whose first name was Bessie." The extraordinary thing is that I am. The photograph must have been taken at least 55 years ago—(My Mother kept one on her table) and this dear old school teacher, reading your *As I Like It*, recalls those far off yesterdays of some old man's boyhood, searches her cherished store of memorabilia, and pulls out that particular picture and sends it to me here in the Embassy at Mexico for confirmation. . . . She has not lived in Dubuque, for many years living in Waterloo, Iowa. As I read her letter memory got very busy. Of course, I recalled her school—the little girl was Bessie Moore—almost a half-century forgotten. Who can say just what part of our character and usefulness, if we have any, is due to the kindly guidance, when little children, of a teacher who cared enough for her tiny scholars to keep such a memento through more than fifty years. . . . The work of the Embassy halted and that letter of Miss Mary Page Edgerton had first place in the answering correspondence of the American Ambassador.

Of course there are fairies. I believe in them. Some come in our day dreams, some in our dreams at night, some hover about us at Christmas or birthdays, some come only when we travel back through the years to events that couldn't have been with the fairies left out. . . .

Although I do not like the torso of "Suspense," its appearance has brought forth unexpected and valuable fruit. Mr. Earle F. Walbridge, librarian of the Harvard Club of New York, has printed in *The Publishers' Weekly* an interesting list of unfinished novels in English literature, twenty-five in all, with appropriate comment on each. The same scholar prints a pamphlet, which may be obtained

free from the New York Public Library, "Romans à Clef; a list of Novels in which Characters are Based on Real Persons." He gives nearly one hundred titles, with notes naming the "real persons." Among these novels are some by Dickens and Thackeray and Stevenson, George Moore's "Evelyn Innes," Samuel Butler's "The Way of All Flesh," Edna Ferber's "So Big," H. G. Wells's "Mr. Britling," and others. Such a list is a valuable contribution to the history of literature, and readers should be grateful. A prefatory note is supplied by Edmund Lester Pearson, of the New York Public Library, himself a writer of distinction, who has made murder attractive.

I have been both commended and condemned for my tribute to Sweden. The latter friends tell me that Sweden deserves no credit for the peaceful withdrawal of Norway. Indeed? But actions are more eloquent than words. The fact is that (no matter by what agencies) Sweden allowed Norway to become independent without bloodshed, and thus set an immortal example to the world. When I hear a man say, "I am in favor of peace, but—" then I know he is really in favor of war.

In the year 1898, the United States deliberately chose to become a world power, annexing, among other parcels of land, the Philippines. Hence we became responsible for the inhabitants of those islands. Among other evils and tragedies that afflict the Filipinos there is the appalling curse of leprosy. Governor-General Leonard Wood is doing his best to stamp this out, fighting it with physicians, nurses, and laboratories. He has made an appeal to the people of the mainland, and has proved that the disease can be effectually checked and the future population saved from its ravages, if we will contribute sufficient funds. Money should be sent to the Leprosy Relief Fund, War Department, Bureau of Insular Affairs, Washington.

Explanations of "Xmas" will not down. I certainly started something when I released that abbreviation. From the United States Battle Fleet, U.S.S. *Colo-*

*rado*, I received the suggestion that it can be blamed on the Russians, whose word for Christ begins with X. Possibly; but if we go abroad, it is more likely that the Greeks are the original villains. The Reverend Paul R. Kirts, of Philadelphia, writes: "To those who are influenced more by their algebra than by their Greek let me say 'Do not use Xmas.'"

The Reverend Gay C. White, of Mitchell, South Dakota (a State especially dear to me), catches me out neatly:

I was greatly relieved to read that it was somewhere in the nineties of the *last* century that you read, etc. We might have thought that it was in some earlier century—what?

A hit, a very palpable hit.

Mr. J. C. Meem, of Brooklyn, who hates the bad expression, "different than," gives me an illustration from the New York *Sun*. Dana must have turned in his grave. Mr. Meem adds:

if we are going to have *audience* and *vidience* (not optience, I trust), can't we have *legience* for those who read a certain author or a department such as yours?

Very truly, of your *legience*,  
J. C. MEEM.

I hope that Mr. Otto Kahn will not for a moment be disturbed by the clamor arising in certain quarters about the foreign singers employed at the Metropolitan Opera House. This is not a patriotic institution, nor is it in any way a protection to infant industries. The business of the directors is to get the finest singers to be found in the world, and they have been remarkably successful in accomplishing this. I had far rather hear a first-rate foreign singer than a second-rate native. Art has no national boundaries.

Just as I had finished writing this paragraph I received a booklet called "The Metropolitan Opera," a statement by Otto Kahn, which is so dignified, clear, and convincing, that I hope all who are interested in American art will read it. Let me quote one paragraph:

We of the Metropolitan are only too glad to give to the American composer and the American singer the most favoring opportunity and consideration that we can conscientiously justify toward the Metropolitan's rightly exacting audiences. But the Metropolitan Opera is not, in justice to its patrons cannot be, in the preservation of its own standards cannot undertake the function of being, a laboratory, a training and experimenting ground for either composers or singers.

Mrs. Richard Mansfield has performed a good service to the drama by organizing "The Richard Mansfield Players," a company of professionals living at New London, and sallying forth to produce good plays in neighboring towns. They began in New Haven with Philip Barry's admirable comedy, "You and I."

On the train between Detroit and New York I had the pleasure of encountering in the dining-car Mr. and Mrs. William H. Crane, and we had much good talk together. Despite the fact that Mr. Crane is eighty, he is vigorous both in body and mind. He is writing his autobiography, the recollections of a happy and useful life. I shall never forget him in "The Rivals," "She Stoops to Conquer," "The Merry Wives of Windsor," and in Bronson Howard's fine play, "The Henrietta." They say that actors are quickly forgotten, but every time I see a good play well acted, I obtain a pleasure that, so far from being evanescent, remains with me in ever-increasing degree. I regard every good player as a public benefactor.

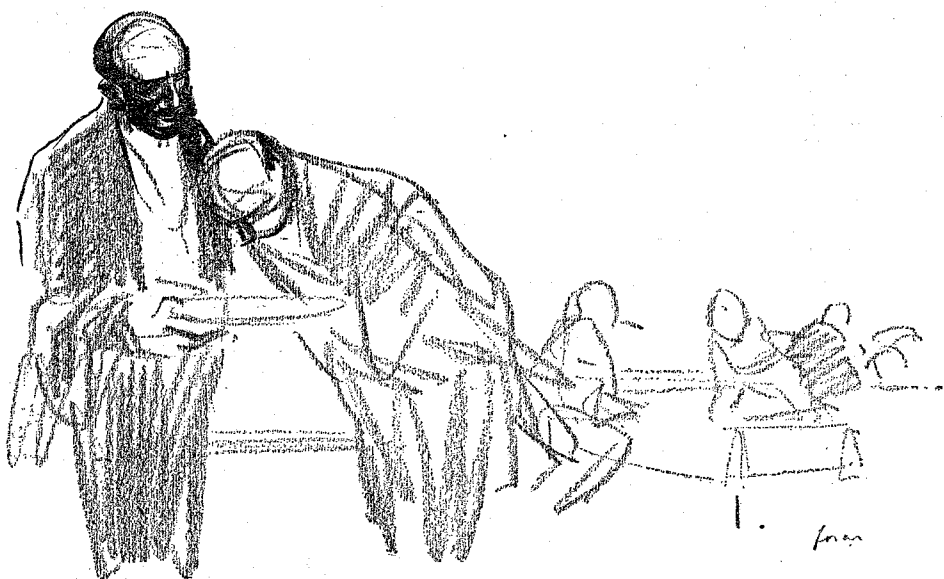


# THE FIELD OF ART

BY ROYAL CORTISSOZ

IN some reminiscences of Degas which Walter Sickert published a few years ago, there was a brief passage telling what the master did with the printed work of his friend Forain. He took every number of *Le Figaro* that contained one of the drawings and placed it on a little mahogany table set apart in his studio for the

spread vogue. It was James Gordon Bennett, I believe, who got him over here in the early nineties, along with Paul Bourget, a rather incongruous companion. His visit was a nine days' wonder, hardly more than that. I have before me a souvenir of his stay in Newport, in the shape of a copy of *La Comédie Parisi-*



By courtesy of the Keppel Gallery.

L'Addition.

From the drawing by Forain.

purpose. There the papers were preserved, to accumulate as in a sanctuary. Himself a great draftsman, Degas had in this way to recognize a peer. The episode is symbolical of that cult for Forain which persists wherever good drawing is appreciated. I have been a member of it all my life, and I have always been interested to observe its development in this country. This, however, was long in gaining any real impetus. The few collectors who cared for the artist's work somehow could not make their enthusiasm general. Not even a visit to this country could establish Forain in a wide-

enne inscribed to "Monsieur Oliver Belmont." Bound in with it are half-a-dozen thumb-nail sketches of his host, light, glancing things. In their fleetingness they are characteristic of his American sojourn. But in recent years the cult has prospered.

Forain's etchings and lithographs have found increasing favor with amateurs here, and the Kraushaar Gallery has done invaluable pioneer work in bringing over his paintings. There is nearly always at that establishment something interesting of Forain's. Early this winter at the Keppel Gallery there was shown a remarkable