A 928,501

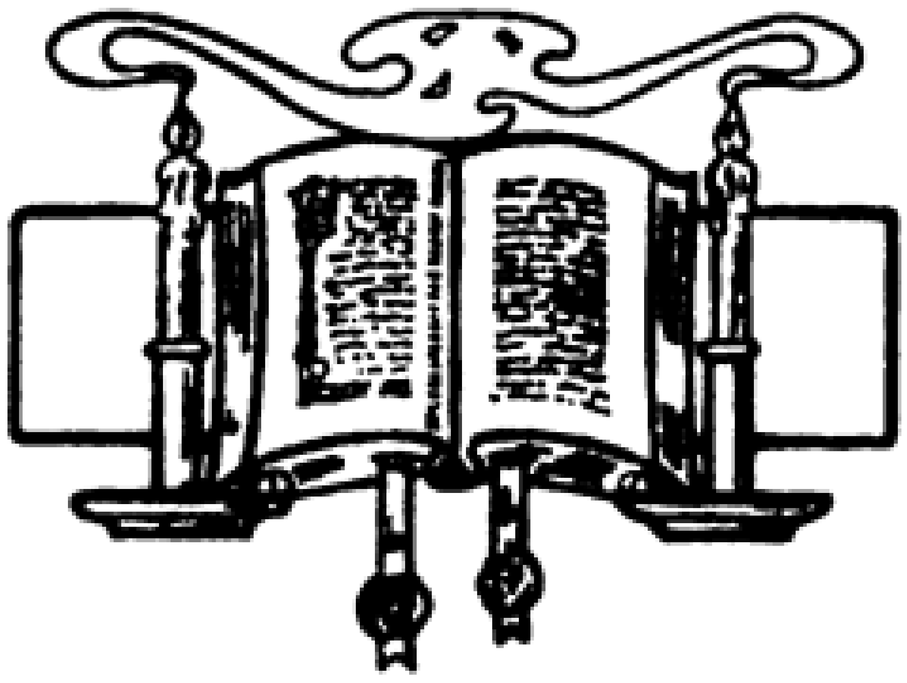
The Goose Man

Jacob Wassermann

Digitized by Google

Original from
UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

Ex Libris



ORMA F. BUTLER

Digitized by Google

Original from
UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

Digitized by Google

Original from
UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

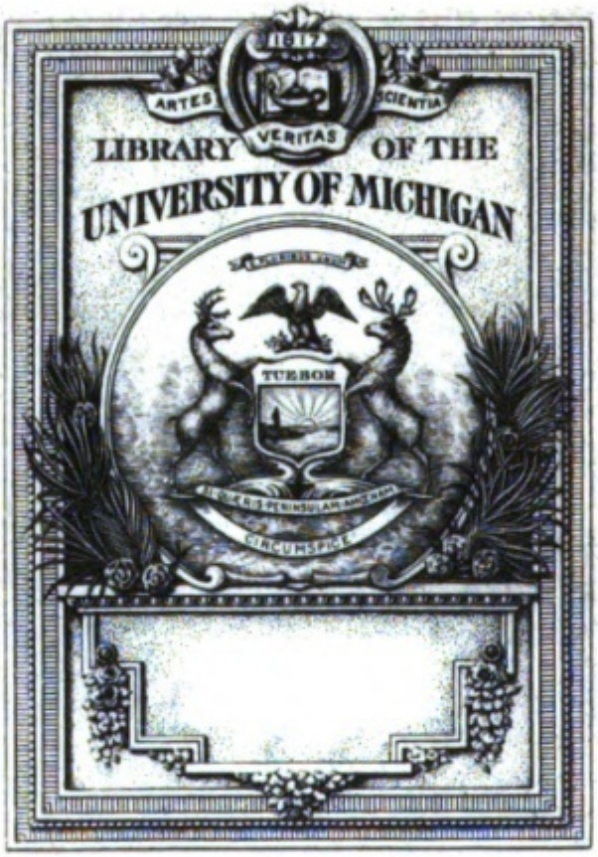
Digitized by Google

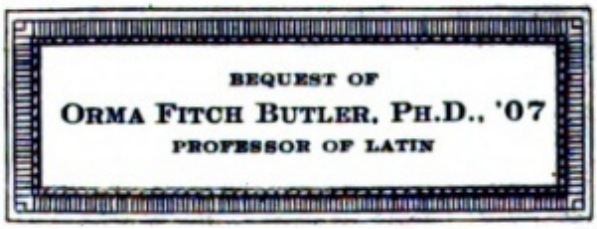
Original from
UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

THE GOOSE MAN

Digitized by Google

Original from
UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN





Digitized by Google
Original from
UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

The GOOSE MAN

by JACOB WASSERMANN

Author of
"THE WORLD'S ILLUSION"

Authorized translation by
ALLEN W. PORTERFIELD

GROSSET & DUNLAP ~ *Publishers*
by arrangement with
HARCOURT, BRACE & COMPANY

Digitized by Google
Original from
UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

NOTE

The first chapter, "A Mother Seeks Her Son," and sections I *and* II *of the second chapter, "Foes, Brothers, a Friend, and a Mask," were translated by Ludwig Lewisohn. The rest of the book has been translated by Allen W. Porterfield. The title, "The Goose Man" ("Das Gänsemännchen"), refers to the famous statue of that name in Nuremberg.*

COPYRIGHT, 1922, BY
HARCOURT, BRACE AND COMPANY, INC.

PRINTED IN THE U. S. A.

Digitized by Google
Original from
UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

C. F Butler
Bequest
4-20-40

CONTENTS

	PAGE
A Mother Seeks Her Son	1
Foes, Brothers, A Friend and a Mask	23
The Nero of To-day	44
Inspector Jordan and His Children	65
Voices from Without and Voices from Within	97
In Memory of a Dream Figure	123
Daniel and Gertrude	153
The Glass Case Breaks	178
Tres Faciunt Collegium	204
Philippina Starts a Fire	239
Eleanore	277
The Room with the Withered Flowers	323
The Promethean Symphony	352
Dorothea	405
The Devil Leaves the House in Flames	435
But Aside, Who Is It?	455

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

Digitized by Google

Original from
UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

THE GOOSE MAN

A MOTHER SEEKS HER SON

I

THE landscape shows many shades of green; deep forests, mostly coniferous, extend from the valley of the Rednitz to that of the Tauber. Yet the villages lie in the midst of great circles of cultivated land, for the tillage of man is immemorial here. Around the many weirs the grass grows higher, so high often that you can see only the beaks of the droves of geese, and were it not for their cackle you might take these beaks to be strangely mobile flowers.

The little town of Eschenbach lies quite flat on the plain. In it a fragment of the Middle Ages has survived, but no strangers know it, since hours of travel divide it from any railway. Ansbach is the nearest point in the great system of modern traffic; to get there you must use a stage-coach. And that is as true to-day as it was in the days when Gottfried Nothafft, the weaver, lived there.

The town walls are overgrown with moss and ivy; the old drawbridges still cross the moats and take you through the round, ruined gates into the streets. The houses have bay-windows and far-projecting overhangs, and their interlacing beams look like the criss-cross of muscles on an anatomical chart.

Concerning the poet who was once born here and who sang the song of Parsifal, all living memory has faded. Perhaps the fountains whisper of him by night; perhaps sometimes when the moon is up, his shadow hovers about the church or the town-hall. The men and women know nothing of him any more.

The little house of the weaver, withdrawn by a short distance from the street, stood not far from the inn at the sign of the Ox. Three worn steps took you to its door, and six windows looked out upon the quiet square. It is strange to reflect that the spirit of

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

modern industrialism hewed its destructive path even to this forgotten nook of the world.

In 1849, at the time of Gottfried Nothafft's marriage—his wife, Marian, was one of the two Höllriegel sisters of Nuremberg—he had still been able to earn a tolerable living. So the couple desired a child, but desired it for years in vain. Often, at the end of the day's work, when Gottfried sat on the bench in front of his house and smoked his pipe, he would say: "How good it would be if we had a son." Marian would fall silent and lower her eyes.

As time passed, he stopped saying that, because he would not put the woman to shame. But his expression betrayed his desire all the more clearly.

II

A day came on which his trade seemed to come to a halt. The weavers in all the land complained that they could not keep their old pace. It was as though a creeping paralysis had come upon them. The market prices suddenly dropped, and the character of the goods was changed.

This took place toward the end of the eighteen hundred and fifties, when the new power looms were being introduced from America. No toil profited anything. The cheap product which the machines could furnish destroyed the sale of the hand-made weaves.

At first Gottfried Nothafft refused to be cast down. Thus the wheel of a machine will run on for a space after the power has been cut off. But gradually his courage failed. His hair turned grey in a single winter, and at the age of forty-five he was a broken man.

And just as poverty appeared threatening at their door, and the soul of Marian began to be stained by hatred, the longing of the couple was fulfilled, and the wife became pregnant in the tenth year of their marriage.

The hatred which she nourished was directed against the power loom. In her dreams she saw the machine as a monster with thighs of steel, which screamed out its malignity and devoured the hearts of men. She was embittered by the injustice of a process which gave to impudence and sloth the product that had once come thoughtfully and naturally from the careful hands of men.

One journeyman after another had to be discharged, and one

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

hand-loom after another to be stored in the attic. On many days Marian would slip up the stairs and crouch for hours beside the looms, which had once been set in motion by a determinable and beneficent exertion and were like corpses now.

Gottfried wandered across country, peddling the stock of goods he had on hand. Once on his return he brought with him a piece of machine-made cloth which a merchant of Nördlingen had given him. "Look, Marian, see what sort of stuff it is," he said, and handed it to her. But Marian drew her hand away, and shuddered as though she had seen the booty of a murderer.

After the birth of her boy she lost these morbid feelings; Gottfried on the other hand seemed to dwindle from month to month. Though he outlasted the years, there was no cheer left in him and he got no comfort even from his growing boy. When he had sold all his own wares, he took those of others, and dragged himself wearily in summer and winter from village to village.

In spite of the scarcity that prevailed in the house, Marian was convinced that Gottfried had put by money, and certain hints which he threw out confirmed her in this hope. It was one of his peculiar views that it was better to leave his wife in the dark regarding the true state of their fortunes. As their circumstances grew worse, he became wholly silent on this point.

III

On the square of the grain merchants in Nuremberg, Jason Philip Schimmelweis, the husband of Marian's sister, had his bookbinder's shop.

Schimmelweis was a Westphalian. Hatred against the junkers and the priests had driven him to this Protestant city of the South, where from the beginning he had acquired the respect of people through his ready wit and speech. Theresa Höllriegel had lodged in the house in which he opened his shop, and gained her living as a seamstress. He had thought that she had some money, but it had proved to be too little for his ambitious notions. When he discovered that, he treated Theresa as though she had cheated him.

He held his trade in contempt, and was ambitious of greater things. He felt that he was called to be a bookseller; but he had no capital wherewith to realise this plan. So he sat morosely in his subterranean shop, pasted and folded and quarrelled with his lot, and in his hours of leisure read the writings of socialists and freethinkers.

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

It was the Autumn in which the war against France was raging. On that very morning had come the news of the battle of Sedan. All the church bells were ringing.

To the surprise of Jason Philip, Gottfried Nothafft stepped into his shop. His long, patriarchal beard and tall stature gave something venerable to his appearance, even though his face looked tired and his eyes were dull.

"God bless you, brother," he said and held out his hand. "The fatherland has better luck than its citizens."

Schimmelweis, who did not like the visits of kinsmen, returned the salutation with careful coolness. His features did not brighten until he heard that his brother-in-law was stopping at the Red Cock Inn. He asked what errand had brought Gottfried to the city.

"I must have a talk with you," Nothafft replied.

They entered a room behind the shop and sat down. Jason Philip's eyes harboured even now a definitely negative answer to any proposal that might cost him money or trouble. But he was to be agreeably disappointed.

"I want to tell you, brother," Gottfried Nothafft said, "that I have put by three thousand taler during the nineteen years of my married life. And since I have the feeling that I am not long for this world, I have come to ask you to take charge of the money for Marian and the boy. It has been troublesome enough not to touch it in these evil times that have come. Marian knows nothing of it, and I don't want her to know. She is a weak woman, and women do not understand money nor the worth and dignity it has when it has been earned so bitterly hard. In some hour of difficulty she would begin to use it, and presently it would be gone. But I want to ease Daniel's entry into life, when his years of training and apprenticeship are over. He is twelve now. In another twelve years he will be, God willing, a man. You can help Marian with the interest, and all I ask of you is to be silent and to act a father's part toward the boy when I shall be no more."

Jason Philip Schimmelweis arose. He was moved and wrung Gottfried Nothafft's hand. "You may rely upon me," he said, "as you would on the Bank of England."

"I thought that would be your answer, brother, and that is why I came."

He put down on the table three thousand taler in bank notes of the realm, and Jason Philip wrote out a receipt. Then he urged him to stay that night at his house. But Gottfried Nothafft

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

said that he must return home to his wife and child, and that a single night in the noisy city had been enough for him.

When they returned to the shop, they found Theresa sitting there. In her lap she held Philippina, her first-born, who was three years old. The child had a large head and homely features. Gottfried hardly stopped to answer his sister-in-law's questions. Later Theresa asked her husband what Gottfried's business had been. Jason Philip answered brusquely: "Nothing a woman would understand."

Three days later Gottfried sent back the receipt. On the back of it he had written: "The paper is of no use; it might even betray my secret. I have your word and your hand. That is enough. With thanks for your friendship and your services, I am your faithful kinsman, Gottfried Nothafft."

IV

Before peace had been made with France, Gottfried lay down to die. He was buried in the little churchyard by the wall, and a cross was set upon his grave.

Jason Philip and Theresa had come to the funeral, and stayed for three days. An examination of her inheritance showed, to Marian's consternation, that there were not twenty taler in the house, and what she saw ahead of her was a life of wretchedness and want. Jason Philip's counsel and his plan were a genuine consolation to her, and his declaration that he would stand by her to the best of his ability eased her heart.

It was determined that she was to open a little shop, and Jason advanced her one hundred taler. All the while he had the air of a made man. He held his head high, and his fat little cheeks glowed with health. He was fond of drumming with his fingers on the window pane and of whistling. The tune he whistled was the Marseillaise, but that tune was not known in Eschenbach.

Daniel observed carefully his uncle's lips, and whistled the tune after him. Jason Philip laughed so that his little belly quivered. Then he remembered that it was a house of mourning, and said: "What a boy!"

But really he did not like the boy. "Our excellent Gottfried does not seem to have trained him carefully," he remarked once, when Daniel showed some childish recalcitrance. "The boy needs a strong hand."

Daniel heard these words, and looked scornfully into his uncle's face.

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

Sunday afternoon, when the coffee had been served, the Schimmelweis couple was ready to leave. But Daniel was not to be found. The wife of the inn-keeper called out across the road that she had seen him follow the organist to church. Marian ran to the church to fetch him. After a while she returned, and said to Jason Philip, who was waiting: "He's crouching in the organ loft, and I can't get him to move."

"Can't get him to move?" Jason Philip started up, and his little red cheeks gleamed with rage. "What does that mean? How can you tolerate that?" And he himself proceeded to the church to get the disobedient child.

As he was mounting the organ-loft he met the organist, who laughed and said: "I suppose you're looking for Daniel? He's still staring at the organ, as though my bit of playing had bewitched him."

"I'll drive the witch-craft out of him," Jason Philip snarled.

Daniel was crouching on the floor behind the organ, and did not stir at his uncle's call. He was so absorbed that the expression of his eyes made his uncle wonder whether the boy was really sane. He grasped Daniel's shoulder, and spoke in a tone of violent command: "Come home with me this minute!"

Daniel looked up, awoke from his dream, and became aware of the indignant hiss of that alien voice. He tore himself away, and declared insolently that he would stay where he was. That enraged Jason Philip utterly, and he tried again to lay hands on the boy in order to drag him down by force. Daniel leapt back, and cried with a quivering voice: "Don't touch me!"

Perhaps it was the silence of the nave that had an admonishing and terrifying effect on Jason Philip. Perhaps the extraordinary malignity and passion in the little fellow's face caused him to desist. At all events he turned around and went without another word.

"The stage-coach is waiting. We'll be late!" his wife called out to him.

He turned a sinister face to Marian. "You're bringing up a fine product, I must say. You'll have your own troubles with him."

Marian's eyes fell. She was not unprepared for the reproach. She was herself frightened at the boy's savage obduracy, his self-centred insistence on his imaginings, his hardness and impatience and contempt of all restraint. It seemed to her as though fate had

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

inspired the soul of her child with something of the foolish and torturing hatred which she had nursed during her pregnancy.

V

Jason Philip Schimmelweis left the dark basement on the square, rented a shop near the bridge by the museum, and set up as a book-seller. Thus his old ambition was realised at last.

He hired a shop-assistant, and Theresa sat all day at the till and learned to keep books.

When she asked her husband what was the source of his capital, he answered that a friend who had great confidence in his ability had advanced him the money at a low rate of interest. He added that he had been pledged not to divulge the name of his friend.

Theresa did not believe him. Her mind was full of dark forebodings. She brooded incessantly and grew to be watchful and suspicious. In secret she tried to ferret out the identity of this nameless friend, but came upon no trace. Now and then she tried to cross-question Jason Philip. On such occasions he would snarl at her malignantly. There was no talk of the return of the money or of the payment of interest on it, nor did the books show an entry of any sort. To rid herself of the anxieties that accompanied her through the years, it would have been necessary for Theresa to believe in helpful fairies. And she did not believe in them.

Nature had given her neither gaiety nor gentleness; under the pressure of this insoluble mystery she became ill-tempered as a wife and moody as a mother.

When there were no customers in the shop she would pick up books quite at random and read in them. Sometimes it was a novel dealing with crime, sometimes a garrulous tract dealing with secret vices. Such things were needed to attract a public that regarded the buying of books as a sinful waste. Without special pleasure, and with a morose sort of thirst for information, she read revelations of court life and the printed betrayals of all kinds of spies, adventurers, and rogues. Quite unconsciously she came to judge the world to which she had no real access according to these books which offered her as truth the issues of sick and pestilential minds.

But as the years went on, and prosperity raised Jason Philip definitely into the merchant class, he abandoned the shadier side of his business. He was a man who knew his age and who un-

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

furled his sails when he was sure of a favourable wind. He entrusted his ship more and more to the ever swelling current of the political parties of the proletariat, and hoped to find his profit where, in a half-hearted way, his convictions lay. He exhibited a rebel's front to the middle-classes, and held out a hand of unctuous fellowship to the toiler. He knew how to make his way! Many an insignificant shop-keeper had been known to exchange his musty rooms for a villa in the suburbs, to furnish it pretentiously, and to send his sons on trips abroad.

In these days, too, the old imperial city awoke from its romantic slumber. Once the sublime churches, the lovely curves of the birdges, and the quaint gables of the houses had formed an artistic whole. Now they became mere remnants. Castle and walls and mighty towers were ruins of an age of dreams now fortunately past. Iron rails were laid on the streets and rusty chains with strangely shaped lanterns were removed from the opening of narrow streets. Factories and smoke-stacks surrounded the venerable and picturesque city as an iron frame might surround the work of some old master.

"Modern man has got to have light and air," said Jason Philip Schimmelweis, and clinked the coins in his trousers pocket.

VI

Daniel attended the *gymnasium* at Ansbach. He was to complete the course of studies that would entitle him to the reduction of his military service to one year and then enter business. This had been agreed upon between Jason Philip and Marian.

The boy's zeal for study was small. His teachers shook their heads. Their considerable experience of the world had never yet offered them a being so constituted. He listened more eagerly to the lowing of a herd of cows and to the twittering of the sparrows than to the best founded principles of grammatical science. Some of them thought him dull, others malicious. He passed from class to class with difficulty and solely by virtue of a marvellous faculty of guessing. At especially critical moments he was saved through the help and advocacy of the music-master Spindler.

The families who gave the poor student his meals complained of his bad manners. The wife of Judge Hahn forbade him the house on account of his boorish answers. "Beggars must not be choosers," she had called out after him.

Spindler was a man who asserted quite correctly that he had been

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

meant for better things than wearing himself out in a provincial town. His white locks framed a face ennobled by the melancholy that speaks of lost ideals and illusions.

One summer morning Spindler had risen with the sun and gone for a long walk in the country. When he reached the first barn of the village of Dautenwinden he saw a company of strolling musicians, who had played dance music the evening before and far into the night, and who were now shaking from their hair and garments the straw and chaff amid which they had slept. Above them, under the open gable of the barn, Daniel Nothafft was lying in the straw. With an absorbed and devout expression he was seeking to elicit a melody from a flute which one of the musicians had loaned him.

Spindler stood still and looked up. The musicians laughed, but he did not share in their merriment. A long while passed before the unskilful player of the flute became aware of his teacher. Then he climbed down and tried to steal away with a shy greeting. Spindler stopped him. They walked on together, and Daniel confessed that he had not been able to tear himself away from the musicians since the preceding afternoon. The lad of fourteen was not able to express his feeling; but it seemed to him as though a higher power had forced him to breathe the same air at least with those who made music.

From that day on and for three years Daniel visited Spindler twice a week, and was most thoroughly grounded in counterpoint and harmony. The hours thus spent were both consecrated and winged. Spindler found a peculiar happiness in nourishing a passion whose development struck him as a reward for his many years of toneless isolation. And though the desperateness of this passion, though the rebelliousness and aimless wildness which streamed to him not only from the character of his pupil but also from that pupil's first attempts at composition, gave him cause for anxiety, yet he hoped always to soothe the boy by pointing to the high and serene models and masters of his art.

And so the time came in which Daniel was to earn his own bread.

VII

Spindler journeyed to Eschenbach to confer with Marian Nothafft.

The woman did not understand him. She felt tempted to laugh.

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

Music had meant in her life the droning of a hurdy-gurdy, the singing of a club of men, the marching of a military band. Was her boy to wander from door to door and fiddle for pennies? Spindler seemed a mere madman to her. She pressed her hands together, and looked at him as at a man who was wasting trivial words on a tragic disaster. The music-master realised that his influence was as narrow as his world, and was forced to leave without accomplishing anything.

Marian wrote a letter to Jason Philip Schimmelweis.

One could almost see Jason Philip worrying his reddish brown beard with his nimble fingers and the scornful twinkling of his eyes; one could almost hear the sharp, northern inflection of his speech when his answer to Daniel arrived: "I expected nothing else of you than that it would be your dearest wish to be a wastrel. My dear boy, either you buckle under and make up your mind to become a decent member of society, or I leave you both to your own devices. There is no living in selling herrings and pepper, and so you will kindly imagine for yourself the fate of your mother, especially if a parasite like yourself clings to her."

Daniel tore up the letter into innumerable bits and let them flutter out into the wind. His mother wept.

Then he went out into the forest, wandered about till nightfall, and slept in the hollow of a tree.

VIII

One might go on and tell the tale of continued rebellion, of angry words on both sides, of pleas and complaints and fruitless arguments, of bitter controversy and yet bitterer silence.

Daniel fled and returned and let the slothful days glide by, stormed about in the vicinity, and lay in the high grass beside the pools or opened his window at night, cursing the silence and envying the clouds their speed.

His mother followed him when he went to his little room and pressed her ear to the door, and then entered and saw the candle still lit, and went to his bed and was frightened at his gleaming eyes which grew sombre at her approach. Full of the memories of her early cares and fears for him, and thinking that the darkness and the sight of her weakness would prevail upon him, she pleaded and begged once more. And he looked up at her and something broke in his soul, and he promised to do as she demanded.

So we see him next at the house of the leather merchant Hamecher

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

in Ansbach. He sits on a bale of leather in the long, dismal passage way or on the cellar steps or in the store room, and dreams and dreams and dreams. And gradually the worthy Hamecher's indulgent surprise turned to blank astonishment and then to indignation, and at the end of six months he showed the useless fellow the door.

Once more Jason Philip condescended to grant his favour, and chose a new scene and new people for his nephew, if only to remove him from Spindler's baneful influence. At the mention of the city of Bayreuth no one became aware of Daniel's fiery ecstasy, for they had never heard of the name of Richard Wagner but always of the name of the wine merchant Maier. And so he came to Bayreuth, the Jerusalem of his yearning, and forced himself to an appearance of industry in order to remain in that spot where sun and air and earth and the very beasts and stones and refuse breathe that music of which Spindler had said that he himself had a profound presentiment of its nature but was too old to grasp and love it wholly.

Daniel did his best to make himself useful. But in spite of himself he scrawled music notes on the invoices, roared strange melodies in lonely vaults, and let the contents of a whole keg of wine leak out, because in front of him, on the floor, lay the score of the English Suites.

At a rehearsal he slipt into the Festival Playhouse, but was put out by a zealous watchman, and on this occasion made the acquaintance of Andreas Döberlein, who was a professor at the Nuremberg conservatory and a tireless apostle of the redeemer. Döberlein seemed not disinclined to understand and to help, and expressed a real delight at the deep, original enthusiasm and burning devotion of his protégé. And Daniel, intoxicated by a rather vague and not at all binding promise of a scholarship at the conservatory, fled from Bayreuth by night, made his way on foot back to Eschenbach, threw himself at his mother's feet, and almost writhed there before her and begged and implored her, and in words almost wild sought to prevail on her to attempt to change the mind of Jason Philip. He tried to explain to her that his life and happiness, his very blood and heart were dedicated to this one thing. But she, who was once kindly, was now hard—hard as stone, cold as ice. She understood nothing, felt nothing, believed nothing, saw only the frightfulness, as she called it, of his incurable aberration.

All these matters might have been related at length. But they are as inevitable in their character and sequence as the sparks and

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

smoke that follow upon fire. They are quite determinable; they have often happened, and have always had the same final effect.

What clung to Marian's soul was an immemorial prejudice against a gipsy's life and a stroller's fate. Her ancestors and her husband's had always earned their livelihood in the honest ways of a trade. She could not see what the free tuition at Döderlein's conservatory would avail Daniel, since he had nothing wherewithal to sustain life. He told her that Spindler had taught him how to play on the piano, that he would perfect his skill and so earn his sustenance. She shook her head. Then he spoke to her of the greatness of art, of the ecstasy which an artist could communicate and the immortality he might win, and that perhaps it would be granted him to create something unique and incomparable. But these words she thought mad and pretentious delusions, and smiled contemptuously. And at that his soul turned away from her, and she seemed a mother to him no more.

When Jason Philip Schimmelweis learned what was afoot, he would not let the troublesome journey deter him, but appeared in Marian's shop like an avenging angel. Daniel feared him no longer, since he had given up hoping for anything from him. He laughed to himself at the sight of the stubby, short-necked man in his rage. Gleams of mockery and of cunning still played over the red cheeks of Jason Philip, for he had a very high opinion of himself, and did not think the windy follies of a boy of nineteen worthy of the whole weight of his personality.

While he talked his little eyes sparkled, and his red, little tongue pushed away the recalcitrant hairs of his moustache from his voluble lips. Daniel stood by the door, leaning against the post, his arms folded across his chest, and regarded now his mother, who, dumb and suddenly old, sat in a corner of the sofa, now the oil portrait of his father on the opposite wall. A friend of Gottfried Nothafft's youth, a painter who had been long lost and forgotten like his other works, had once painted it. It showed a man of serious bearing, and brought to mind the princely guildsman of the Middle Ages. Seeing the picture at that moment enlightened Daniel as to the ancestral strain that had brought him to this mood and to this hour.

And turning now once more to Jason Philip's face, he thought he perceived in it the restlessness of an evil conscience. It seemed to him that this man was not acting from conviction but from an antecedent determination. It seemed to him further that he was faced, not merely by this one man and his rage and its accidental

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

causes, but by a whole world in arms that was pledged to enmity against him. He had no inclination now to await the end of Jason Philip's oratorical efforts, and left the room.

Jason Philip grew pale. "Don't let us deceive ourselves, Marian," he said. "You have nursed a viper on your bosom."

Daniel stood by the Wolfram fountain in the square, and let the purple of the setting sun shine upon him. Round about him the stones and the beams of the ancient houses glowed, and the maids who came with pails to fetch water at the fountain gazed with astonishment into the brimming radiance of the sky. At this hour his native town grew very dear to Daniel. When Jason Philip entered the square, at the corner of which the stage-coach was waiting, he did his best not to be seen by Daniel and avoided him in a wide semi-circle. But Daniel turned around and fastened his eyes on the man, who strode rapidly and gazed stubbornly aside.

This thing too has happened before and will happen again. Nor is it amazing that the fugitive should turn and inspire terror in his pursuer.

IX

Daniel saw that he could not stay to be a burden to his mother with her small resources. She was poor and dependent on the judgment of a tyrannical kinsman. Mastering his passionate impulses, he forced himself to cool reflection and made a plan. He would have to work and earn so much money that after a year or more he would be able to go to Andreas Döderlein and remind him of his magnanimous offer. So he studied the advertisements in the papers and wrote letters of application. A printer in Mannheim wanted an assistant correspondent. Since he agreed to take the small wage offered, he was summoned to that city. Marian gave him his railway fare.

He endured the torment for three months. Then it grew unbearable. For seven months he slaved for an architect in Stuttgart, next four months for the municipal bath in Baden-Baden, finally for six weeks in a cigarette factory in Kaiserslautern.

He lived like a dog. In terror of having to spend money, he avoided all human intercourse. He was unspeakably lonely. Hunger and self-denial made him as lean as a rope. His cheeks grew hollow, his limbs trembled in their sockets. He patched his own clothes, and to save his shoes hammered curved bits of iron

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

to the heels and toes. His aim sustained him; Andreas Döderlein beckoned in the distance.

Every night he counted the sum he had saved so far. And when at last, after sixteen months of self-denial, he had a fortune of two hundred marks, he thought he could risk the fateful step. As he reckoned and according to his present standard of life, he thought that this money would last him five months. Within that period new sources might open. He had come to know many people and had experienced many circumstances, but in reality he had known no one and experienced nothing, for he had stood in the world like a lantern with a covered light. With an enormous expenditure of energy he had restrained his mind from its native activity. He had throttled it for the sake of its future. Hence his whole soul had now the temperature of a blast furnace.

On his trip his fare was the accustomed one of dry bread and cheese. He had made a package of his few books and his music, and had despatched it in care of the railway station in Nuremberg. It was early spring. In fair weather he slept in the open. When it rained he took refuge in barns. A little bundle was his pillow and his ragged top-coat shielded him from frost. Not rarely farmers received him in kindly fashion and gave him a meal. Now and then a tramping apprentice joined him. But his silence did not invite companionship.

Once in the neighbourhood of Kitzingen he came upon a high fenced park. Under a maple tree in the park sat a young girl in a white dress reading a book. A voice called: "Sylvia!" Thereupon the girl arose, and with unforgettable grace of movement walked deeper into the garden.

And Daniel thought: Sylvia! A sound as though from a better world. He shuddered. Was it to be his lot to stand without a gate of life that gave everything to the eyes and nothing to the hands?

X

He sought out Andreas Döderlein at once. He was told that the professor was not in town. Two weeks later he stood once more before the old house. He was told that the professor could not be seen to-day. He was discouraged. But out of loyalty to his cause he returned at the end of three days and was received.

He entered an overheated room. The professor was sitting in an arm chair. On his knees was his little, eight-year old daughter;

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

in his right arm he held a large doll. The white tiles of the stove were adorned with pictured scenes from the Nibelungen legend; table and chairs were littered with music scores; the windows had leaded panes; in one corner there was a mass of artfully grouped objects—peacocks' feathers, gay-coloured silks, Chinese fans. This combination was known as a Makart bouquet, and represented the taste of the period.

Döderlein put the little girl down and gave her her doll. Then he drew himself up to the fulness of his gigantic stature, a process that gave him obvious pleasure. His neck was so fat that his chin seemed to rest on a gelatinous mass.

He seemed not to recall Daniel. Cues had to be given him to distinguish this among his crowded memories. He snapped his fingers. It was a sign that his mind had reached the desired place. "Ah, yes, yes, yes! To be sure, to be sure, my dear young man! But what do you suppose? Just now when all available space is as crowded as a street strewn with crumbs is crowded with sparrows. We might take the matter up again in autumn. Yes, in autumn something might be done."

A pause, during which the great man gave inarticulate sounds of profound regret. And was the young man, after all, so sure of a genuine talent? Had he considered that art was becoming more and more an idling place for the immature and the shipwrecked? It was so difficult to tell the sheep from the goats. And finally, granting talent, how was the young man equipped in the matter of moral energy? There, indisputably, the core of the problem was to be sought. Or didn't he, perhaps, think so?

As through a fog Daniel observed that the little girl had approached him and looked him over with a curiously cold and testing glance. Almost he was impelled to stretch out his hand and cover the eyes of the child, whose manner was uncanny to him through some ghostly presentiment.

"I'm truly sorry that I can't give you a more encouraging outlook." Andreas Döderlein's voice was oily, and showed a conscious delight in its own sound. "But as I said, there's nothing to be done until autumn. Suppose you leave me your address. Put it down on this slip. No? Well, quite as you wish. Good-bye, young man, good-bye."

Döderlein accompanied him to the door. Then he returned to his daughter, took her on his knee, picked up the doll, and said: "Human beings, my dear Dorothea, are a wretched set. If I were to compare them to sparrows on the road, I should be doing the

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

sparrows but little honour. Heavens and earth! Wouldn't even write his name on a slip of paper. Felt hurt! Well, well, well. What funny creatures men are. Wouldn't leave his name. Well, well."

He hummed the Walhalla motif, and Dorothea, bending over her doll, coquettishly kissed the waxen face.

Daniel, standing in front of the house, bit his lips like a man in a fever who does not want his teeth to rattle. Why, the depth of his soul asked him, why did you sit in their counting-houses and waste their time? Why did you crucify your body and bind my wings? Why were you deaf to me and desirous of gathering fruits where there are only stones? Why did you, like a coward, flee from your fate to their offices and ware-houses and iron safes and all their doleful business? For the sake of this hour? Poor fool!

And he answered: "Never again, my soul, never again."

XI

In the beginning Marian had received a letter from Daniel every now and then. These letters became rarer. During the second year he wrote only once—a few lines at Christmas.

At the time when he was leaving his last place of employment he wrote her on a postcard that he was changing his residence again. But he did not tell her that he was going to Nuremberg. So spring passed and summer. Then her soul, which was wavering between fear and hope, was rudely jolted out of its dim state by a letter from Jason Philip.

He wrote that Daniel was loafing about in Nuremberg. Quite by accident he had met him a few days before near the fair booths on Schütt Island. His appearance was indescribable. He had tried to question him, but Daniel had disappeared. What had brought him to the city he, Jason Philip, could not see. But he was willing to wager that at the bottom of it was some shady trick, for the fellow had not looked like one who earns an honest living. So he proposed to Marian that she should come to Nuremberg and help in a raid on the vagabond, in order to prevent the unblemished name he bore from being permanently disgraced before it was too late. As a contribution to her travelling expenses he enclosed five marks in stamps.

Marian had received the letter at noon. She had at once locked up her house and shop. At two o'clock she had reached the sta-

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

tion at Ansbach; at four she arrived in Nuremberg. Carrying her hand-bag, she asked her way to Plobenhof Street at every corner.

Theresa sat at the cashier's desk. Her brown hair on her square peasant's skull was smoothly combed. Zwanziger, the freckled shop-assistant, was busy unpacking books. Theresa greeted her sister with apparent friendliness, but she did not leave her place. She stretched out her hand across the ink-stand, and observed Marian's shabby appearance—the worn shawl, the old-fashioned little cloth bonnet with its black velvet ribbands meeting in a bow under the chin.

"Go upstairs for a bit," she said, "and let the children entertain you. Rieke will bring up your bag."

"Where is your husband?" asked Marian.

"At an electors' meeting," Theresa answered morosely. "They couldn't meet properly, according to him, if he isn't there."

At that moment a man in a workingman's blouse entered the shop and began to talk to Theresa urgently in a soft but excited voice. "I bought the set of books and they're my property," said the man. "Suppose I did skip a payment. That's no reason to lose my property. I call that sharp practice, Frau Schimmelweis, that's what I call it."

"What did Herr Wachsmuth buy of us?" Theresa turned to the shop-assistant.

"Schlosser's 'History of the World,'" was the prompt answer.

"Then you'd better read your contract," Theresa said to the working-man. "The terms are all fixed there."

"That's sharp practice, Frau Schimmelweis, sharp practice," the man repeated, as though this phrase summed up all he could express in the way of withering condemnation. "A fellow like me wants to get on and wants to learn something. All right. So I think I'll buy me a book and get a step ahead in knowledge. So where do I go? To a party member, to Comrade Schimmelweis, thinking natural-like I'm safe in his hands. I pay sixty marks—hard earned money—for a history of the world, and manage to squeeze the payments out o' my wages, and then, all of a sudden, when half the price is paid, I'm to have my property taken from me without so much as a by your leave just because I'm two payments in arrears."

"Read your contract," said Theresa. "Every point is stipulated."

"No wonder people get rich," the man went on. His voice grew louder and louder, and he glanced angrily at Jason Philip, who at

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

that moment rushed into the shop with his hat crushed and his trousers sprinkled with mud. "No wonder that people can buy houses and speculate in real estate. Yes, Schimmelweis, I call such things sharp practice, and I don't give a damn for your contract. Everybody knows by this time what kind of business is done here—more like a man-trap—and that these here instalments are just a scheme to squeeze the workingman dry. First you talk to him about education. and then you suck his blood. It's hell!"

"Pull yourself together, Wachsmuth!" Jason Philip cried sternly.

Wachsmuth picked up his cap, and slammed the shopdoor behind him.

Marian Nothafft's eyes passed mechanically over the titles of a row of fiercely red pamphets spread out on a table. She read: "The Battle that Decides," "Modern Slaveholders," "The Rights of the Poor," "Christianity and Capitalism," "The Crimes of the Bourgeoisie." Although these catch-words meant nothing to her, she felt in her heart once more her old, long forgotten hatred against machines.

XII

"Fetch me a sandwich, Theresa," Jason Philip commanded, "I'm hungry as a wolf."

"Didn't you eat anything at the inn?" Theresa asked suspiciously.

"I was at no such place." Jason Philip's eyes gleamed, and he shook his head like a lion.

So Theresa went to fetch his sandwich. It was queer to observe how much distrust and contradiction she was able to express through the sloth of her movements. But her daughter Philippina was already hurrying down the stairs with the sandwich.

At this moment Jason Philip became aware of his sister-in-law. "Ah, there you are, you shrinking flower," he said lightly, and held out his pudgy hand. "Theresa will put you up in the little room under the store-room. You have a pleasant view of the river there."

Theresa handed him the bread. He sniffed at it, and frowned because it wasn't thickly enough buttered. But he had not the courage to complain. He bit into it, and, with full cheeks, turned once more to Marian.

"Well, that son of yours has disappeared again. A nice situation. Shouldn't wonder if he ended in the penitentiary. The best thing would be to ship him off to America; but it isn't clear to me

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

how we're to get hold of him at all. It was really premature to ask you to come."

"If only I knew what he's living on," Marian whispered, with repressed anguish.

Jason Philip indulged with broad psychical comfort in an anecdote: "I was reading the other day how a giraffe escaped from the Zoo. You've heard of giraffes. They are long-necked quadrupeds, very stupid and stubborn. The silly beast had run off into the woods, and the people didn't know how to capture it. Then the keeper hung the stable-lantern over his chest and a bundle of hay on his back, and at nightfall went into the woods. Scarcely had the giraffe noticed the gleam of the lantern when it came up in its curiosity. At once the man swung around. It smelled the hay, nibbled, and began to feed. Slowly the man went on, and the beast went on nibbling and feeding. First thing you know it was back in its cage. Now don't you think that when hunger begins to torment him, your Daniel could be tamed with a bit of hay too? It's worth your thinking about."

Jason Philip laughed merrily, and Zwanziger grinned. His boss was a source of humour. At night, when he sat in his favourite tap-rooms over his beer, he would entertain his boon companions with the witticisms of Schimmelweis, and always won their applause.

A lean old man with kid gloves and a top-hat entered the shop. It was growing dark, and he had peered carefully about before entering. He hurried up to Jason Philip, and said in a cracked falsetto: "How about the new publications? Anything very fine?" He rubbed his hands, and stared stupidly from under his thin, reddish lids. It was Count Schlemm-Nottheim, a cousin of the Baron von Auffenberg, the leader of the liberal party.

"I'm entirely at your service, sir," said Jason Philip, holding himself as rigidly as a sergeant who is being addressed by a captain.

He led the count to a corner of the shop, and opened a heavy oaken chest. This chest contained the pornographic publications forbidden by the state. They were sold quite secretly and only to very reliable persons.

Jason Philip whispered, and the old count turned over the heap of books with avid fingers.

XIII

Marian climbed up the steep, dark stairs, and rang the upstairs bell. She had to tell the maid who she was and even mention her

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

name to the children. The latter laughed at her stiff, rural courtesy. Philippina, who was twelve, acted arrogantly and swung her hips when she walked. All three had their mother's square head and a cheesy complexion.

The maid brought up the bag. Then Theresa came too and helped her sister unpack. With her acrid, unfeeling voice she asked many questions, but without waiting for an answer told the tale of marriage and births and deaths that had taken place in the city. She avoided Marian's eyes, because she was silently considering how long her sister's visit would last and to what expense it would put her.

She did not mention Daniel, and her silence condemned him more completely than her husband's acrimonious speeches. She held firmly an almost religious doctrine of the complete obedience which children owe their parents, and doubted Marian's power to punish properly a breach of this sacred law.

When Marian was left alone, she sat down by the window of the little room, and gazed sadly down at the river. Without any curl of waves the yellow water glided by and washed the walls of the houses on the other bank. She had a view of the Museum Bridge and another bridge, and the crowding of people on the bridges disquieted her.

She walked through the streets, and stopped at the head of the Museum Bridge. She thought that every human being who lived in the town must pass by here sooner or later. Her attentive glance searched all faces, and where one escaped, she followed the figure as it melted into the dark. But as it grew later the people were fewer and fewer.

At night she would lie awake, and listen to the dull echo of the feet of the last passerby. Next day from morning to twilight she would wander up and down the streets. What she saw weighed on her heart. The city people seemed to her like dumb animals, tormented and angry. The narrow streets stopped her breath; the hubbub deadened her senses.

But she was never tired of seeking.

On the fifth day she did not come home until ten o'clock. Theresa, who had gone to bed, sent her a plate of lentil soup. While she was avidly eating the soup she heard steps in the hall and a knock at the door. Jason Philip entered. "Come along at once," was all he said. But she understood. With trembling fingers she threw a shawl across her shoulders, since the October nights were growing cool, and followed him in silence.

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

They went up hill to Adler Street, turned into it and then into a narrow, dark little alley at the right. A lantern hung above a door and on a green glass pane were inscribed the words: "The Vale of Tears." A greenish light suffused the stone stairs that led to the cellar, the kegs and the desolate room filled with chairs and benches. A sourish smell of wine arose from the place.

Beside the entrance there was a barred window. Beside it Jason Philip stopped, and beckoned Marian to join him.

At the long tables below them sat a queer crowd. They were young men, but such as one never finds in ordinary houses and only very rarely in the streets. Want seemed to have driven them to huddle here, and the night to have lured them from their hiding places—shipwrecked creatures they seemed who had fled to a cavern on some deserted shore. They had absurdly gay cravats and sad, pallid faces, and the greenish light made them look altogether like corpses. It was long since a barber had touched their hair or a tailor their garb.

A little aside from these sat two old fellows, habitual topers, not in the best circumstances themselves, yet rather astonished at this dreary Stygian crew. For they themselves at least received their weekly wage of a Saturday night, while those others had obviously for years not worked at all.

But in a dusky corner sat one at a piano and struck the keys with a strange might. He had no score before him, but played from memory. The instrument moaned; the strings hummed pitifully; the pedals creaked; but the man who played was so bewitched by his music that he cared little for the inadequacy of its communication. Wild as the tumult of the playing sounded, the shrill and raging chords, the wild clamour of the treble, the driven triplets and seething tremolos of the bass, yet the deep emotion of the player, the ecstasy and world-estranged madness in which he was, lent the scene a melancholy and a solemnity which would have had its effect even without the greenish cellar and the cavernous pallor of the listeners.

Marian had at once recognised the pianist as Daniel. She had to hold fast to the bars of the window and lean her knees against the wainscoting. It was not for nothing that Jason Philip was known as a thorough wag. The comparison to Daniel in the lion's den was too much for him. He whispered the words to Marian. But since the window was open and the music had first risen and then, at this moment, paused, his words penetrated to the people below, and several heads turned toward him. Marian was thought-

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

less. She believed that the piece had ended. Faintly and fearfully she cried: "Daniel!"

Daniel leaped up, stared at her, saw Jason Philip's mocking face, hastened to the door, the steps, and was beside them.

He stood in the doorway, and his lips began to form words. The unhappy boy, she thought, and it seemed to her as though power would be given her to press back to his heart the words she trembled to hear.

It was in vain. The words were uttered. He did not wish to see his mother any more; he was content to live alone and for himself and to be free. He needed no one. He needed only to be free.

Jason Philip hurled a glance of contempt at the blasphemous wretch, and drew Marian away with him. To the very corner of the alley they were accompanied by the excited voices of the people in the Vale of Tears.

Next morning Marian returned to Eschenbach.

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

FOES, BROTHERS, A FRIEND AND A MASK

I

DANIEL had rented a room of the brushmaker Hadebusch and his wife, who lived on Jacob's Square behind the church.

It was March, and a sudden cold had set in; and Frau Hadebusch had a superstitious fear of coal, which she characterised as Devil's dung. At the back of the yard was the wood pile, and logs were brought in with which to feed the oven fires. But wood was dear, and had Daniel fed his little iron stove in the garret with such costly food, his monthly bill would have reached a fabulous height. He paid seven marks a month for his room and counted every penny so as not to shorten the period of his liberty by any needless expenditure.

So he sat freezing over his books and scores until the first warmth of spring stole in through the windows. The books he borrowed from the library at the King's Gate, and paid six pfennigs a volume. Achim von Arnim and Jean Paul were his guides in those days: the one adorned the world of the senses for him, the other that of the soul.

On the police department's identification blank Daniel had called himself a musician. Frau Hadebusch brought the paper into her living room, which, like all the rooms of the house, seemed built for dwarfs and reeked of limewater and lye. It was at the day's end, and in the room were assembled Herr Francke and Herr Benjamin Dorn, who lodged on the second floor, and Frau Hadebusch's son, who was weak-minded and crouched grinning beside the stove.

Herr Francke was a town traveller for a cigar house, and was regarded as a good deal of a Don Juan by the female servants of the neighbourhood. Benjamin Dorn was a clerk in the Prudentia Life Insurance Company, belonged to a Methodist congregation, and was respected by all the respectable on account of his Christian walk and conversation.

These gentlemen examined the document thoroughly and with frowns. Herr Francke gave it as his opinion that a musician who never made music could scarcely be regarded as one.

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

"He's probably pawned his bass violin or bugle or whatever he was taught," he said contemptuously; "perhaps he can only beat a drum. Well, I can do that too if I have one."

"Yes, you've got to have a drum to be a drummer," Benjamin Dorn remarked. "The question, however, is whether such a calling is in harmony with the principles of Christian modesty." He laid his finger on his nose, and added: "It is a question which, with all proper humility, all proper humility, you understand, I would answer in the negative."

"He hasn't any relatives and no acquaintances at all," Frau Hadesbusch wailed, and her voice sounded like the scraping of carrots on a grater; "and no employment and no prospects and no boots or clothes but what he's got on. In all my life I haven't had no such lodger."

The blank fluttered to the floor, whence the weak-minded Hadebusch Jr. picked it up, rolled it in the shape of a bag, and applied that bag, trumpet-like, to his lips, a procedure which caused the document in question to be gradually soaked through and thus withdrawn from its official uses. Frau Hadebusch was too little concerned over the police regulations to take further thought of her duties as the keeper of a lodging house.

Herr Francke drew from his pocket a pack of greasy cards and began to shuffle them. Frau Hadebusch giggled and it sounded like a witch rustling in the fire. The Methodist conquered his pious scruples, and placed his pfennigs on the table; the town-traveller turned up his sleeves as though he were about to wring a hen's neck.

Before very long there arose a dissonant controversy, since Herr Francke's relations with the goddess of fortune were strained and violent. The old brushmaker poked his head in at the door and cursed; the weak-minded boy blew dreamily on his paper trumpet; and the company that had been so peacefully at one separated in violence and rage.

II

Daniel wandered up to the castle, along the walls, over the bridges and planks.

It was his youth that caused him so to love the night that he forgot all men and seemed to himself to be alone on earth. It was his youth that delivered him up to things with such passion that

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

he was able to weave the ghostly flowers of melodies about all that is visible—melodies that were so delicate, so eloquent, and so winged that no pen could ever record them. They vanished and died whenever he sought to capture them.

But it was also his youth that fired his eyes with hatred when he saw the comfort of lit windows, and filled his heart with bitterness against the satisfied, the indifferent, the strangers, the eternal strangers who had no consciousness of him.

He was so small and so great: small in the eyes of the world, great in his own estimation. When the tones burst from him like sparks from an anvil, he was a god. When he stood in the dark court behind the City Theatre waiting for the final chorus of "Fidelio" to penetrate the wall and reach his grateful ears, he was an outcast. Fountains of music rustled all about him. He looked into the eyes of the children and there was melody; he gazed up at the stars and there was harmony. He finally came to the point where there was no limit. His day was a waste place, his brain a parched field in the rain, his thoughts were birds of passage, his dreams a super-life.

He lived on bread and fruit, treating himself only every third day to a warm meal in the inn at the sign of the White Tower. There he would sit and listen at times, unobserved, to the quite remarkable conversation of some young fellows. This awakened in him a longing for intercourse with congenial companions. But when the brethren of the Vale of Tears finally took him into their circle, he was like a Robinson Crusoe or a Selkirk who had been abducted from his island.

III

Benjamin Dorn was a compassionate individual. The desire to save a lost soul filled him with the courage to pay Daniel Nothafft a visit. He hobbled up the creaky steps with his club-foot, and knocked timidly at the door.

"Can I be of service to you, Sir, in a Christian way?" he asked, after he had blown his nose.

Daniel looked at him in amazement.

"You know, I could help you in an unselfish, Christian way, to get a position. There is a great deal of work to be done down at the Prudentia. If I were to recommend you to Herr Zittel it certainly would not be in vain. Herr Zittel is head of the

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

clerical department. I also stand in with Herr Diruf, and he is general agent. I come in contact nearly every day with Inspector Jordan, and Herr Jordan is a man of exceptional culture. His daughter Gertrude attended my Sunday-school class. She has received and still enjoys divine favour. If you were to entrust your case to me, you would be entering upon a righteous, wholesome career. I am always looking out for some one. To tell the truth, and not wishing to appear immodest, I was born that way."

The man looked like a patchwork of qualmishness, tribulation, and unctuous piety, and his coat collar was badly frayed.

"That's all right," replied Daniel; "don't you see that I am getting along quite well?"

The pious life-insurance agent sighed and brushed a drop from the tip of his nose with the back of his hand. "My dear Sir," said he, "take to heart the words of Solomon: Pride goeth before a fall, but the humble in spirit obtain honour."

"Yes, I'll take that to heart," said Daniel drily, and bent still lower over the score on which he was working.

Benjamin Dorn sighed again, and limped out of the room. With his thumbs pointing straight to high heaven above, he said to Frau Hadebusch: "You know, Frau Hadebusch, I simply can't help it. I must lighten my heart in a Christian way. What do you think?"

"Good heavens, what's he doing? What's he up to now?" sighed the old lady, as she shoved her broom under her arm.

"As true as I stand here, the table is all covered with papers, and the papers are all covered with some kind of mysterious signs."

Alarmed at the very thought of having a lodger up in the attic who was practising black magic, Frau Hadebusch sent her husband down to the district policeman. This enlightened official declared that the brush-maker was a gossip. Vexed at this unanticipated description of himself, the brush-maker went straightway to the inn at the sign of the Horse and got drunk, so drunk that Benjamin Dorn had to take him home. It was a beautiful moonlit night.

IV

Not far from Hadebusch's was a little café known as The Paradise. Everything in it was diminutive, the proprietor, the waitress, the tables, the chairs and the portions. There the brethren from

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

the Vale of Tears assembled to drag the gods down into the dust and destroy the universe in general.

Daniel wended his way thither. He knew the liliputian room and the starved faces. He was personally acquainted with the painter who never painted, the writer who never wrote, the student who never studied, and the inventor who never invented anything. He knew all about the sculptor who squandered such talents as he may have had in tinkering with plaster casts, the actor who had been on a leave of absence for years, and the half dozen mendicant Philistines who came here day after day to have a good time in their own repelling fashion. He knew the young Baron von Auffenberg who had broken with his family for reasons that were clear to no one but himself. He knew Herr Carovius, who invariably played the rôle of the observer, and who sat there in a sort of mysterious fashion, smiling to himself a smile of languishing irony, and stroking his hand over his long hair, which was cut straight across at the back of his neck.

He knew, ah, he knew by heart, the grease spots on the walls that had been rubbed in by the heads of the habitués, the indelible splotches on the tables, the hartshorn buttons on the proprietor's vest, and the smoke-coloured curtains draped about the tiny windows. The loud, boisterous talking, the daily repetition of the same hackneyed remarks, the anarchistic swashbuckling of the painter whom his comrades had dubbed Kropotkin—all of these were familiar stories to him. He knew the philosophic cynicism of the student who felt that he was the Socrates of the nineteenth century, and who looked back on twenty-five wasted semesters as on so many battles fought and won.

The most interesting personage was Herr Carovius. He was a well-read man. That he knew a great deal about music was plain from many of his chance remarks. He was a brother-in-law of Andreas Döderlein, though he seemed to take anything but pride in the relationship. If any one mentioned Döderlein's name in his presence, he screwed up his face, and began to shuffle about uneasily on his chair. He was an unfathomable, impenetrable personality. Even if his years—he was forty-five—had not won for him a measure of esteem, the malicious and mordant scorn he heaped on his fellow-men would have done so. People said he had a good deal of money. If this was brought to his attention, he employed the most ghastly oaths in asserting his poverty. But since he had neither calling nor profession and spent his days in unqualified idleness, it was apparent that his assertions on this point were

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

wholly unfounded, and this despite the virility of his unconventional language.

"Say, tell me, who is that lanky quack there?" asked Herr Carovius, pointing to Daniel and looking at Schwalbe the sculptor. He had known Daniel for a long while, but every now and then it gave him a peculiar kind of pleasure to play the rôle of the newcomer.

The sculptor looked at him indignantly.

"That is a man who still has faith in himself," he remarked rather morosely. "He is a man who has bathed in the dragon blood of illusions, and has become as invulnerable as Young Siegfried. He is convinced that the people who sleep in the houses around this part of town dream of his future greatness, and have already placed an order with the green-grocer for his laurel wreath. He has not the faintest idea that the only thing that is sacred to them is their midday meal, that they are ready to drink their beer at the first stroke of the gong, and to yawn when the light appears on Mount Sinai. He is completely taken up with himself; he is sufficient unto himself; and he gathers honey. The bee will have its honey, and if it is unable to get it from the flowers, it buzzes about the dung heap. As is evidently the case here. *Prosit* Nothafft," he said in conclusion, and lifted his glass to Daniel.

Herr Carovius smiled in his usual languishing fashion. "Nothafft," he bleated, "Nothafft, Nothafft, that is a fine name, but not exactly one that is predestined to a niche in Walhalla. It strikes me as being rather more appropriate for the sign of a tailor. Good Lord! The bones the young people gnaw at to-day were covered with meat in my time."

And then, clasping his glasses a bit firmer onto his nose, he riveted his blinking, squinting eyes on the door. Eberhard von Auffenberg, elegant, slender, and disgruntled, entered to find life where others were throwing it away.

It was far into the night when the brethren went home. As they passed along through the streets they bellowed their nocturnal serenades at the windows of the otherwise peaceful houses.

As the hilarious laughter and vocal rowdyism reached Daniel's ear, he detected from out of the hubbub a gentle voice in E-flat minor, accompanied by the inexorable eighth-notes sung with impressive vigour. Then the voice died away in a solemn E-flat major chord, and everything was as if sunk in the bottom of the sea.

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

V

Toward the end of the summer, Philippina, Jason Philip's daughter, shot out the eye of her seven-year-old brother with a so-called bean-shooter.

The children were playing in the yard. Willibald, the older boy, wanted the shooter. Philippina, who had not the slightest sense of humour, snatched it from his hands, placed the stone on the elastic band and let it fly with all her might. Little Marcus ran in front of it. It was all over in a jiffy. A heart-rending scream caused the frightened mother to leave the shop and run out into the yard. She found the child lying on the ground convulsed with pain. While Theresa carried the boy into the house, Jason Philip ran for the doctor. But it was too late; the eye was lost.

Philippina hid. After considerable search her father found her under the cellar steps. He beat her so mercilessly that the neighbours had to come up and take him away.

Little Marcus was Theresa's favourite child. She could not get over the accident. The obsession that had slumbered in her soul for years now became more persistent than ever: she began to brood over guilt in general and this case in particular.

At times she would get up in the night, light a candle, and walk about the house in her stocking feet. She would look behind the stove and under the table, and then crouch down with her ear against the maid's door. She would examine the mouse-trap and if a mouse had been caught in it, she could not, try as she might, completely detach her own unrest from the mental disturbance of the little beast.

One day Jason Philip was stopped on the street by a well-known cabinet-maker and asked whether he had any old furniture for sale. Jason Philip replied that he was not at all familiar with the contents of the attic and sent him to Theresa. Theresa recalled that there was an old desk up in the attic that had been standing there for years. She suggested that they might be willing to dispose of this for a few taler, and accompanied the man to the room where the worn-out furniture was stored.

She opened the little wooden door. The cabinet-maker caught sight at once of the desk. It had only three legs and was just about ready to fall to pieces. "I can't make you an offer for that," said the cabinet-maker, and began to rap on it here and

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

there, somewhat as a physician might sound a corpse. "The most I can offer you is twelve groschen."

They haggled for a while, and finally agreed on sixteen. The man left at once, having promised to send one of his men up in the afternoon to get the desk. Theresa was already standing on the steps, when it occurred to her that it might be well to go through the drawers before letting the thing get out of the house: there might be some old documents in them. She went back up in the attic.

In the dust of one of the drawers she found, sure enough, a bundle of papers, and among them the receipt which Gottfried Nothafft had sent back to Jason Philip ten years before. She read in the indistinct light the confidential words of the deceased. She saw that Jason Philip had received three thousand taler.

After she had read this, she crumpled up the paper. Then she put it into her apron pocket and screamed out: "Be gone, Gottfried, be gone!"

She went down stairs into the kitchen. There she took her place by the table and stirred a mixture of flour and eggs, as completely absent-minded as it is possible for one to become who spends her time in that part of the house. Rieke, the maid, became so alarmed at her behaviour that she made the sign of the cross.

VI

When the midday meal was over, the children left the table and prepared to go to school. Jason Philip lighted a cigar, and took the newspaper from his pocket.

"Did you find anything for the second-hand furniture man?" he asked, as he puffed away.

"I found something for him and something for myself," she said.

"What do you mean? You found something for yourself?"

"What do I mean? I mean just what I said. I have always known that there was something crooked about that money."

"What money are you talking about? Listen, don't speak to me in riddles! When you have anything to say to me, say it. Do you understand?"

"I mean Gottfried Nothafft's money, Jason Philip," said Theresa, almost in a whisper.

Jason Philip bent over the table. "Then you have at last found the old receipt, have you?" he asked with wide-opened eyes.

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

"Ahem! You have found the receipt that I've been looking for for years . . . ?"

Theresa nodded. She took out a hairpin, and stuck it in a crust of bread. Jason Philip got up, clasped his hands behind his back, and began to walk back and forth. Just then Rieke came in and began to clear off the table. She went about her business in a slow but noisy fashion. She made things rattle, even if she could not make them hum. When she was through, Jason Philip, his hands pressed to his hips, his elbows protruding, planted himself before Theresa.

"I suppose you think I am going to let you browbeat me," he began. "Well, my dear woman, you're mistaken. Listen! Are you angry at me because I have created for you and your children a dignified existence? Do you take it amiss of me for having kept your sister from going to the poor-house? You act as though I had won that much money at the county fair, or had squandered an equal amount at the same place. The truth is, Gottfried Nothafft entrusted me with three thousand taler. That's what he did; that's the truth. It was his intention to keep the whole affair from the chatter of women. And he willed that I should use this hard-earned capital in a productive way, and not give it to the culprit who would waste it in debauchery and worse if possible."

"Ill-gotten goods seldom prosper," said Theresa, without looking up. "Things may go along all right for ten years, and that seems like a long time, but the vengeance of Heaven comes in the eleventh, as it has already come in the case of little Marcus."

"Theresa—you're talking like a mad woman," said Jason Philip at the top of his voice. With that he picked up a chair, and threw it on the floor so violently that every cup, spoon, and plate in the room shook.

Theresa turned her peasant face toward him without the shadow of a trace of fear. He was a trifle alarmed: "You'll have to be responsible, if you can, for any misfortune that visits us in the future." She spoke these words with a deep voice.

"Do you think I am a bandit?" said Jason Philip. "Do you think I want to pocket the money? Don't you think that I am capable of anything better or higher than that? Or is ambition of any sort quite beyond your powers of comprehension?"

"Well, what ambitions do you have?" asked Theresa in a tone of sullenness, her eyes in the meantime blinking.

"Listen," Jason Philip continued, as he sat down on the chair he had so violently abused a minute before, and assumed the air

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

of a teacher: "The culprit has got to submit, and that with good grace. He has got to fall on his knees before me. And he'll come to it. I have made some inquiries; I am on his tracks; and I know that he has just about reached the end of his rope. He'll come, depend upon it he'll come around, and when he does he will whine. Then I am going to take him into the business. In this way we will see whether it is humanly possible to make a useful man out of him. If I can, and if he sticks, I'll call him into the office, tell him the whole story, make everything as clear as day to him, and then offer to take him in as a partner in the firm. You have got to admit that he will be a made man if he becomes my partner. He will have sense enough himself to see this, and as sure as you are living, he will first kiss my hand and then eat out of it for the kindness I have shown him. And once this has all been put through, I will bind him to us more firmly than ever by having him marry Philippina."

A wry smile disfigured Theresa's face. "I see, so, so," she said in a sing-song tone. "You will have him marry Philippina. I take it that you feel that she will be hard to marry, and that the man who does marry her will have his hands full. Well, that's not a bad idea."

"In this way," continued Jason Philip, without detecting the scorn in Theresa's words, "the account between the culprit and myself will be settled. He will become a decent member of society, the money will remain in the family, and Philippina will be cared for."

"And suppose he does not come; suppose he does not fall on his knees; suppose you have made a miscalculation. What then?" Whether Jason Philip himself believed what he had said Theresa could not determine. Nor had she the slightest desire to enlighten herself on this point. She did not look him in the face, but contented herself with letting her eyes rest on his hands.

"Well—there will be time then to change my plans," said Jason Philip, in a tone of peeved vexation. "Leave it to me. I have turned the whole situation over in my mind; I have omitted not the slightest detail. I know men, and I have never made a mistake in judging them. *Mahlzeit!*"

With that he went out.

Theresa remained seated for a while, her arms folded across her breast. Then she got up, and walked over to the door that opened on to the court. Suddenly she stopped as if rooted to the sill: she caught sight of Philippina, who was then sitting by the

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

window mending a pair of socks. On her face there was an expression of naïveté that may be harmless in itself, but it was enough to arouse suspicion.

"What's the matter with you, why didn't you go to school?" asked Theresa uneasily.

"I couldn't; I had a headache," said Philippina curtly, and broke the thread as she gave a hasty jerk at the needle. Her dishevelled hair hung down over her forehead and quite concealed her face.

Theresa was silent. Her gloom-laden eyes rested on the diligent fingers of Philippina. It was easy to suspect that the girl had heard everything Jason Philip had said, for he had such a loud voice. She could have done this without going to the trouble of listening at the door. Theresa was minded to give the girl a talking-to; but she controlled herself, and quietly withdrew.

Philippina looked straight through her as she left. But she did not interrupt her work, and in a short while she could be heard humming a tune to herself. There was a challenge in her voice.

VII

Daniel's money was about at an end. The new sources on which he had hoped to be able to draw were nowhere to be discovered. He defiantly closed the doors against care; and when fear showed its gloomy face, he shut up shop, and went out to drown his sorrows with the brethren of the Vale of Tears.

Schwalbe, the sculptor, had made the acquaintance of Zingarella, then engaged in singing lascivious couplets at the Academy, and invited the fellows to join him.

The Academy was a theatre of the lowest description. Smoking was, of course, permitted. When they arrived the performance was over. People were still sitting at many of the tables. Reeking as the auditorium was with the stench of stale beer, it left the impression of a dark, dank cavern.

With an indifference that seemed to argue that Zingarella made no distinction between chairs and people, she took her seat between the sculptor and the writer. She laughed, and yet it was not laughter; she spoke, and her words were empty; she stretched out her hands, and the gesture was lifeless. She fixed her eyes on no one; she merely gazed about. She had a habit of shaking her bracelet in a way that aroused sympathy. And after making a lewd remark she would turn her head to one side, and thereby

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

stagger even the most hardened frequenter of this sort of places. Her complexion had been ruined by rouge, but underneath the skin there was something that glimmered like water under thin ice.

The former winsomeness of her lips was still traceable in the sorrowed curves of her now ravaged mouth.

At times her restless eyes, seeking whom they might entangle, were fixed on Daniel, then sitting quite alone at the lower end of the table. In order to avoid the unpleasant sensation associated with the thought of going up to such a distinguished-looking person and making herself known to him, she would have been grateful had some one picked her up and thrown her bodily at his feet. There was an element of strangeness about him. Zingarella saw that he had had nothing to do with women of her kind. This tortured her; she gnashed her teeth.

Daniel did not sense her hatred. As he looked into her face, marked with a life of transgression and already claimed by fate, he built up in his own soul a picture of inimitable chastity. He tried to see the playmate of a god. The curtain decorated with the distorted face of a harlequin, the acrobat and the dog trainer at the adjacent table, who were quarrelling over their money, the four half-grown gamblers directly behind him, the big fat woman who was lying stretched out on a bench with a red handkerchief over her face and trying to sleep, the writer who slandered other writers, the inventor who discoursed so volubly and incessantly on perpetual motion—to all of this he paid not the slightest bit of attention. For him it could just as well have been in the bottom of the sea. He got up and left.

But as he saw the snow-covered streets before him and was unable to decide whether he should go home or not, Zingarella stepped up to him. "Come, be quick, before they see that we are together," she whispered. And thus they walked along like two fugitives, whose information concerning each other stops short with the certainty that both are poor and wretched and are making their way through a snow storm.

"What is your name?" asked Daniel.

"My name is Anna Siebert."

The clock in the St. Lorenz Church struck three. The one up in the tower of St. Sebaldus corroborated this reckoning by also striking three and in much deeper tones.

They came to an old house, and after floundering through a long, dark, ill-smelling passage way, entered a room in the basement. Anna Siebert lighted a lamp that had a red chimney.

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

Gaudy garments of the soubrette hung on the wall. A big, grey cat lay on the table cover and purred. Anna Siebert took the cat in her arms and caressed it. Its name was Zephyr. It accompanied her wherever she went.

Daniel threw himself on a chair and looked at the lamp. Zingarella, standing before the mirror, stroked the cat. Gazing distractedly into space, she remarked that the manager had discharged her because the public was no longer satisfied with her work.

"Is this what you call the public?" asked Daniel, who never once took his eyes from the lamp, just as Anna Siebert kept hers rigidly fixed on the desolate distances of the mirror. "These fathers of families who side-step every now and then, these counter-jumpers, the mere looks of whom is enough to snatch your clothing from your body, this human filth at the sight of which God must conceal His face in shame—this is what you call the public?"

"Well, however that may be," Anna Siebert continued in a colourless voice, "the manager rushed into my dressing room, threw the contract at my feet, and said I had swindled him. How on earth could I have swindled him? I am no prima donna and my agent had told him so. You can't expect a Patti on twenty marks a week. In Elberfeld I got twenty-five, and a year ago in Zürich I even drew sixty. Now he comes to me and says he doesn't need to pay me anything. What am I to live off of? And you've got to live, haven't you, Zephyr," said Anna as she picked up the cat, pressed its warm fur to her cheek, and repeated, "You've got to live."

She let her arms fall to her sides, the cat sprang on the floor, hunched up its back, wagged its tail, and purred. She then went up to Daniel, fell on her knees, and laid her head on his side. "I have reached the end," she murmured in a scarcely audible voice, "I am at the end of all things."

The snow beat against the window panes. With an expression on his face as though his own thoughts were murdering each other, Daniel looked into the corner from which Zephyr's yellowish eyes were shining. The muscles of his face twitched like a fish on being taken from the hook.

And as he cowered in this fashion, the poor girl pressed against his body, his shoulders lowered, past visions again arose from the depths of the sea. First he heard a ravishing arpeggio in A-flat major and above it, a majestic theme, commanding quiet, as it were, in sixteenth triads. The two blended, in *forte*, with a powerful chord of sevens. There was a struggling, a separating, a wandering

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

on, and out of the subdued pianissimo there arose and floated in space a gentle voice in E-flat minor. O voice from the sea, O humanity on earth! The eighth note, unpitiable as ever in its elemental power, cut into the bass with the strength that moves and burrows as it advances, until it was caught up by the redeemed voice in E-flat major. And now everything suddenly became real. What had formerly been clouds and dreams, longing and wishing, at last took shape and form and stood before him. Indeed he himself became true, real, and conscious of his existence in a world of actualities.

On his way home he covered his face with his hands, for the windows of the houses gaped at him like the hollow eyes of a demi-monde.

VIII

Zingarella could not imagine why the strange man had left. He seemed to be quite indifferent. Her heart beat with numerical accuracy, but there was no strength in the beats. The sole creature through which she was bound to the world was Zephyr.

Night followed night, day followed day. Each was like the preceding. She spoke when people took enough trouble to speak to her. She laughed when they had the incomprehensible desire to hear laughter. To-day she wrapped this dress around her shivering body, to-morrow another. She waited for the time to come when she was to do something definite. She lay in bed and dreaded the darkness; she pondered on the injustice of the world; she thought of her own disgrace, and reflected on the need that surrounded her. It was too much for her to bear.

A man would come, and at daylight he would leave and mingle with the rest of the people on the street. When she awoke she could no longer recall what he looked like. The landlady would bring in soup and meat. Then some one knocked at the door; but she did not open it. She had no desire to find out who it was. Perhaps it was the man who had been with her the night before; perhaps it was another.

She had neither curiosity nor hope. Her soul had dissolved like a piece of salt in water. When she returned home on the third day she found Zephyr lying by the coal-scuttle dead. She knelt down, touched the cold fur, wrinkled her brow, shook her bracelet, and went out.

It was getting along toward night, and the air was heavy with

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

mist. She went first through lighted streets, and then turned into others that were not lighted. She passed through avenues of leafless trees, and walked across silent squares. The snow made walking difficult. When it was too deep, she was obliged to stop every now and then and take a deep breath.

She reached the river at a point where the shore was quite flat and the water shallow. Without thinking for a moment, without a moment's hesitation, just as if she were blind, or as if she saw a bridge where there was none, she walked in.

First she felt the water trickling into her shoes. Then she could feel her legs getting wet, as her clothes, soft, slippery, and ice-cold, clung to her body. Now her breast was under the water, and now her neck. She sank down, glided away, took one deep breath, smiled, and as she smiled she lost consciousness.

The next day her body was washed up on the shore some distance beyond the city. It was taken to the morgue of the Rochus Cemetery.

IX

Schwalbe, the sculptor, was attending a funeral. His nephew had died, and was being buried in the same cemetery.

As he passed by the morgue he caught sight of the body of a girl. After the child had been buried he went back to the morgue. A few people were standing near the body, one of whom said, "She was a singer down at the Academy."

Schwalbe was struck by the pure and beautiful expression on the girl's face. He studied it long and with no little emotion. Then he went to the superintendent, and asked if he might take a death mask. The permission was given him, and in a few hours he returned with the necessary implements.

When he removed the mask from the face, he held something truly wonderful in his hands. It showed the features of a sixteen-year-old girl, a face full at once of sweetness and melancholy, and, most charming of all, an angelic smile on the curved lips of this mouth of sorrow. It resembled the work of a renowned artist, so much so that the sculptor was suddénly seized with a burning desire to regain his lost art.

He was nevertheless obliged within a week to sell the mask to the caster by whom he was employed in Pfannenschmied Street. Schwalbe needed ready money. The caster hung the mask by the door at the entrance to his shop.

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

X

At the end of December Daniel found himself with not a cent of cash, so that he was obliged to sell his sole remaining treasure, the score of the Bach mass in B-minor. Spindler had presented it to him when he left, and now he had to take it to the second-hand dealer and part with it for a mere pittance.

Unless he cared to lie in bed the whole day, he was obliged to walk the streets in order to keep warm. His poverty made it out of the question for him to go to any of the cafés, and so he was excluded from association with the brethren of the Vale of Tears. He had moreover taken a violent dislike to them.

One evening he was standing out in front of the Church of Ægydius, listening to the organ that some one was playing. The icy wind blew through his thin clothing. When the concert was over he went down to the square, and leaned up against the wall of one of the houses. He was tremendously lonesome; he was lonely beyond words.

Just then two men came along who wished to enter the very house against the wall of which he leaned. He was cold. One of these men was Benjamin Dorn, the other was Jordan. Benjamin Dorn spoke to him; Jordan stood by in silence, apparently quite appreciative of the condition in which the young man found himself, as he stood there in the cold and made unfriendly replies to the questions that were put to him. Jordan invited Daniel up to his room. Daniel, chilled to the very marrow of his bones, and able to visualise nothing but a warm stove, accepted the invitation.

Thus Daniel came in contact with Jordan's family. He had three children: Gertrude, aged nineteen, Eleanore, aged sixteen, and Benno, fifteen years old and still a student at the *gymnasium*. His wife was dead.

Gertrude was said to be a pietist. She went to church every day, and had an inclination toward the Catholic religion, a fact which gave Jordan, as an inveterate Protestant, no little worry. During the day she looked after the house; but as soon as she had everything in order, she would take her place by the quilting frame and work on crowns of thorns, hearts run through with swords, and languishing angels for a mission. There she would sit, hour after hour, with bowed head and knit.

The first time Daniel saw her she had on a Nile green dress, fastened about her hips with a girdle of scales, while her wavy brown hair hung loose over her shoulders. It was in this make-up

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

that he always saw her when he thought of her years after: Nile green dress, bowed head, sitting at the quilting frame, and quite unaware of his presence, a picture of unamiability, conscious or affected.

Eleanore was entirely different. She was like a lamp carried through a dark room.

For some time she had been employed in the offices of the Prudentia, for she wished to make her own living. So far as it was humanly possible to determine from her casual remarks, she thoroughly enjoyed her work. She liked to make out receipts for premiums, lick stamps, copy letters, and see so many people come in and go out. Stout old Diruf and lanky Zittel did everything they could to keep her interested, and if, despite their efforts, it was seen that a morose mood was invading her otherwise cheerful disposition, they took her out to the merry-go-round, and in a short time her wonted buoyancy had returned.

She seemed like a child, and yet she was every inch a woman. She insisted on wearing her little felt cap at a jaunty angle on her blond hair. When she entered the room, the atmosphere in it underwent a change; it was easier to breathe; it was fresher. People somehow disapproved of the fact that her eyes were so radiantly blue, and that her two rows of perfect white teeth were constantly shining from out between her soft, peach-like lips. They said she was light-hearted; they said she was a butterfly. Benjamin Dorn was of the opinion that she was a creature possessed of the devil of sensuality and finding her completest satisfaction in earthly finery and frippery. For some time there had been an affair of an intimate nature between her and Baron von Auffenberg. Just what it was no one knew precisely; the facts were not obtainable. But Benjamin Dorn, experienced ferreter that he was, could not see two people of different sexes together without imagining that he was an accomplice in the hereditary sin of human kind. And one day he caught Eleanore alone in the company of Baron von Auffenberg. From that day on she was, in his estimation, a lost soul.

The fact concerning Eleanore was this: life never came very close to her. It comes right up to other people, strangles them, or drags them along with it. It kept its distance from Eleanore, for she lived in a glass case. If she had sorrow of any kind, if some painfully indeterminable sensation was gnawing at her soul, if the vulgarity and banality of a base and disjointed world came her way, the glass case in which she lived simply became more

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

spacious than ever, and the things or thoughts that swarmed around it more and more incomprehensible.

One can always laugh if one lives in a glass case. Even bad dreams remain on the outside. Even longing becomes nothing more than a purple breath which clouds the crystal from without, not from within.

The people were quite right in saying that Jordan was bringing up his daughters like princesses. Both were far removed from the customary things of life: the one was translated to the realm of darkness, the other to that of light.

Daniel saw both of them. They were just as strange to him as he to them. He saw the brother, too, a tall, glib, dapper youth. He saw the old house with its dilapidated stairs, its rooms filled with cumbersome, provincial furniture. He saw the alternating currents of life in this family: there was now rest, now unrest, now quiet, now storm. Life flowed out from the house, and then life, the same or of a different origin, flowed back in again. When he came, he talked with Jordan himself rather than with any one else; for he always knew when Jordan would be at home. They spoke in a free and easy fashion and about things in general. If their conversation could be characterised more fully, it might be said that Daniel was reserved and Jordan tactful. Gertrude sat by the table and attended to her needlework.

Daniel came and warmed himself by the stove. If he was offered a sandwich or a cup of coffee he declined. If the offer was made with noticeable insistency, he shook his head and distorted the features of his face until he resembled an irritated ape. It was the peasant spirit of defiance in him that made him act this way. He nourished a measure of small-minded anxiety lest he be indebted to somebody for something. To temptations, yielding to which would have been spiritually mortifying, he was impervious. When, consequently, his need became overpowering, he simply stayed away.

XI

His want grew into a purple sheen. To him there was an element of the ridiculous in the whole situation: it was 1882 and he had nothing to eat; he was twenty-three years old and quite without food.

Frau Hadebusch, virago that she could be when a dubious debtor failed to fulfil his obligations, stormed her way up the steps

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

The rent was long overdue, and uncanny councils were being held in the living room, in which an invalid from the Wasp's Nest and a soap-maker from Kamerarius Street were taking part.

In his despair, Daniel thought of entering the army. He reported at the barracks, was examined—and rejected because of a hollow chest.

At first there was the purple sheen. He saw it as he stood on the hangman's bridge and looked down into the water where pieces of ice were drifting about. But when he raised his distressed face a gigantic countenance became visible. The great vaulted arch of heaven was a countenance fearfully distorted by vengeance and scorn. Of escape from it there could be no thought. Within his soul everything became wrapped in darkness. Tones and pictures ran together, giving the disagreeably inarticulate impression that would be made by drawing a wet rag across a fresh, well-ordered creation.

As he walked on, it seemed to him that the horror of the vision was diminishing. The countenance became smaller and more amiable. It was now not much larger than the façade of a church and what wrath remained seemed to be concentrated in the forehead. An old woman passed by, carrying apples in her apron. He trembled at the smell of them; but he did not reach out; he did not try to take a single one of them from her; he still held himself in control. By this time the entire vision was not much larger than the top of a tree, and in it were the traces of mercy.

The sun was high in the heavens, the snow was melting, birds were chirping everywhere. As he sauntered along with uncertain steps through Pfannenschmied Street he suddenly stopped as if rooted to the pavement. There was the vision: he caught sight of it in bodily form on the door jamb of the shop. He could not see that it was the mask of Zingarella. Of course not, for it was a transfigured face, and how could he have grasped a reality in his present state of mind? He looked from within out. The thing before him was a vision; it joined high heaven with the earth below; it was a promise. He could have thrown himself down on the street and wept, for it seemed to him that he was saved.

The incomparable resignation and friendly grief in the expression of the mask, the sanctity under the long eyelashes, the half extinguished smile playing around the mouth of sorrow, the element of ghostliness, a being far removed from death and equally far removed from life—all this caused his feeling to swell into

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

one of credulous devotion. His entire future seemed to depend upon coming into possession of the mask. Without a moment's hesitation or consideration he rushed into the shop.

Within he found a young man whom the caster addressed most respectfully as Dr. Benda, and who was about thirty years old. Dr. Benda was being shown a number of successful casts of a figure entitled "The Fountain of Virtue." It was quite a little while before the caster turned to Daniel and asked him what he wanted. In a somewhat rude voice and with an unsteady gesture, Daniel made it clear to him that he wished to buy the mask. The caster removed it from the door, laid it on the counter, and named his price. He looked at the shabby clothing of the newly arrived customer, concluded at once that the price, ten marks, would be more than he could afford, and turned again to Dr. Benda, so that Daniel might have time to make up his mind.

The two conversed for quite a while. When the caster finally turned around, he was not a little surprised to see that Daniel was still standing at the counter. He stood there in fact with half closed eyes, his left hand lying on the face of the mask. The caster exchanged a somewhat dazed glance with Dr. Benda, who, in a moment of forewarning sympathy, grasped the situation perfectly in which the stranger found himself. Dr. Benda somehow understood, owing to his instinct for appreciation of unusual predicaments, the man's poverty, his isolation, and even the ardour of his wish. Subduing as well as he might the feeling of ordinary reserve, he stepped up to Daniel, and said to him calmly, quietly, seriously, and without the slightest trace of condescension: "If you will permit me to advance you the money for the mask, you will do me a substantial favor."

Daniel gritted his teeth—just a little. His face turned to a greenish hue. But the face of his would-be friend, schooled in affairs of the spirit, showed a winning trace of human kindness. It conquered Daniel; it made him gentle. He submitted. Dr. Benda laid the money for the mask on the counter, and Daniel was as silent as the tomb.

When they left the shop, Daniel held the mask under his arm so tightly that the paper wrapping was crushed, if the mask itself was not. The sad state of his clothing and his haggard appearance in general struck Dr. Benda at once and forcibly. He needed to ask but a few well chosen questions to get at the underlying cause of this misery, physical and spiritual, in human form.

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

He pretended that he had not lunched and invited Daniel to be his guest at the inn at the sign of the Grape.

Daniel felt that his soul had suddenly been unlocked by a magic key. At last—he had ears and could hear, eyes and could see. It seemed to him that he had come up to earth from out of some lightless, subterranean cavern. And when they separated he had a friend.

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

THE NERO OF TO-DAY

I

The spectacle of wellnigh complete degeneracy offered by the roister-doistering slough brethren of the Vale of Tears gave Herr Carovius a new lease on life. He had a really affable tendency to associate with men who were standing just on the brink of human existence. He always drank a great deal of liqueur. The brand he preferred above all others was what is known as Knickebein. Once he had enjoyed his liberal potion, he became jovial, friendly, companionable. In these moods he would venture the hardiest of assertions, not merely in the field of eroticism, but against the government and divine providence as well.

And yet, when he trippled home with mincing steps, there was in his face an expression of cowardly, petty smirking. It was the sign of his inner return to virtuous living; for his night was not as his day. The one belied the other.

He had a quite respectable income; the house in which he lived was his own private property. It was pointed out to strangers as one of the sights of the town; it was certainly one of the oldest and gloomiest buildings in that part of the country. An especially attractive feature of it was the smart and graceful bay-window. Above the beautifully arched outer door there was a patrician coat-of-arms, consisting of two crossed spears with a helmet above. This was chiselled into the stone. In the narrow court was a draw-well literally set in a frame of moss. Each floor of the house had its own gallery, richly supplied with the most artistic of carvings. The stairway was spacious; the tread of the steps was broad, the elevation slight; there were four landings. It symbolised in truth the leisurely, comfortable tarrying of centuries gone before and now a matter of easy memory only.

Often in the nighttime, Herr Carovius recognised in the distance the massive figure of his brother-in-law, Andreas Döderlein, the professor of music. Not wishing to meet him, Herr Carovius would stand at the street corner, until the light from Döderlein's study assured him that the professor was at home. On other oc-

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

casions he would come in contact with the occupant of the second floor, Dr. Friedrich Benda. When these two came together, there was invariably a competitive tipping of hats and passing of compliments. Each wished to outdo the other in matters of courtesy. Neither was willing to take precedence over the other. The polished civility of the young man made an even greater degree of pretty behaviour on the part of Herr Carovius imperative, with the result that his excessive refinement of manners made him appear awkward, while his embarrassment made coherent speech difficult and at times impossible.

When however he came alone, he would take the huge key from his pocket, unlock the door, light a candle, hold it high above his head, and spy into every nook and cranny of the barn-like hall before entering his apartment on the ground floor.

II

Herr Carovius was a regular customer at the Crocodile Inn; a table was always reserved for him. Around it there assembled every noon the following companions: Solicitor of the Treasury Korn, assistant magistrate Hesselberger, assistant postmaster Kitzler, apothecary Pflaum, jeweller Gründlich, and baker Degen. Judge Kleinlein also joined them occasionally as a guest of honour.

They gossiped about their neighbours, their acquaintances, their friends, and their colleagues. What they said ran the whole gamut of human emotions from an innocent anecdote up to venomous calumny. Not a single event was immune from malicious backstairs comment. Reputations were sullied without discrimination; objections were taken to the conduct of every living soul; every family was shown to have its skeleton in the closet.

When the luncheon was finished, the men all withdrew and went about their business, with the exception of Herr Carovius. He remained to read the papers. For him it was one of the most important hours of the day. Having feasted his ears with friends in private, he now turned to a study of the follies, transgressions, and tragedies that make up everyday life.

He read three papers every day: one was a local sheet, one a great Berlin daily, and the third a paper published in Hamburg. He never deviated; it was these three, week in and week out. And he read them from beginning to end; politics, special articles, and advertisements were of equal concern to him. In this way he familiarised himself with the advance of civilisation, the changes

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

civic life was undergoing, and the general status of the artistocracy, bourgeoisie, and proletariat.

Nothing escaped him. He was as much interested in the murder of a peasant in a Pommeranian village as he was in the loss of a pearl necklace on the Boulevard des Italiens in Paris. He read with equal concentration of the sinking of a steamer in the South Sea and the wedding of a member of the Royal Family in Westminster Abbey. He could work up just as much enthusiasm over the latest fashions as he could over the massacring of enslaved Armenians by the Turks. If he read with care and reflection of the death of a leading citizen, he pursued the same course with regard to the reprehending of a relatively harmless vagabond.

It is only fair to remark, however, that his real sympathy was with those events that have to be entered on the calamitous side of life's ledger. This was due to a bizarre kink in his philosophy: he studied the world primarily from the point of view of its wars, earthquakes, floods, hailstorms, cyclones, and public and private tragedies in the lives of men. Happy and reassuring events, such as the birth of a healthy child, the conferring of an order of distinction, heroic deeds, the winning of a prize in the lottery, the publication of a good book, or the announcement of a legitimate and successful speculation made no impression on him. At times they even annoyed him. He kept his mind, in other words, riveted on the evils, sorrows, woes, and tribulations that come to pass either on this earth or in the starry firmament above, and that were somehow brought to his attention.

His brain was a storehouse of fearful and ferocious happenings; it was a catalogue, an inventory of disease, seduction, theft, robbery, larceny, assassination, murder, catastrophe, pest, incest, suicide, duel, bankruptcy, and the never failing family quarrel.

If he chanced to enrich his collection by the addition of some especially curious or unheard-of incident, he took out his pocket diary, noted the date, and then wrote: "In Amberg a preacher had a hemorrhage while delivering his morning sermon." Or: "In Cochin China a tiger killed and ate fourteen children, and then, forcing its way into the bungalow of a settler, bit off the head of a woman as she was sleeping peacefully by the side of her husband." Or: "In Copenhagen a former actress, now ninety years old, mounted a huge vegetable basket on the market place, and recited Lady Macbeth's monologue. Her unconventional behaviour attracted such a large crowd of passersby that several people were crushed to death in the excitement."

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

This done, he would go home, happy as a man can be. To idlers standing in the doorways or servants looking out the windows he would extend the greetings of the day, and that with really conspicuous cordiality.

If a fire broke out in the city, he was present. As his eyes peered into the flames, they seemed intoxicated, obsessed, seized with uncanniness. He would hum a tune of some sort, look into the anxious faces of those immediately concerned, busy himself with whatever had been salvaged, and attempt to force his gratuitous advice on the fire chief.

If a prominent citizen died, he never failed to attend the funeral, and, where possible, to join the procession on the way to the cemetery. He would stand by the grave with bowed head, and take in every word of the funeral discourse. But his lips twitched in a peculiar fashion, as if he felt that he were understood, and flattered.

And in truth all this did flatter him. The defeat, distress, and death of other people, the betrayals that take place in any community, the highhanded injustice of those in power, the oppression of the poor, the violence that was done to right and righteousness, and the sufferings which had to be borne by thousands day after day, all this flattered him; it interested him; it lulled him into a comfortable feeling of personal security.

But then he sat down at his piano at home, and played an adagio of Beethoven or an impromptu by Schubert, his eyes with fine frenzy rolling in the meantime. And when the mighty chorus in a Bach oratorio resounded, he became pale with ecstasy. At the hearing of a good song well sung he could shed copious tears.

He idolised music.

He was a provincial with unfettered instincts. He was an agitator with a tendency to conservatism. He was a Nero without servants, without power, and without land. He was a musician from despair and out of vanity. He was a Nero in our own day.

He was the Nero of our day living in three rooms. He was a lonely bachelor and a bookworm. He exchanged his views with the corner grocer; he discussed city ordinances with the night watchman; he was a tyrant through and through and a hangman at heart; he indulged in eaves-dropping at the shrine of fate, and in this way concocted the most improbable of combinations and wanton deeds of violence; he was constantly on the lookout for misfortune, litigation, and shame; he rejoiced at every failure,

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

and was delighted with oppression, whether at home or abroad. He hung with unqualified joy on the imagined ruins of imaginary disaster, and took equal pleasure in the actual debacles of life as it was lived about him. And alongside of this innate and at times unexpressed gruesomeness and bloodthirstiness, he was filled with a torturing passion for music. This was Herr Carovius. Such was his life.

III

For nine long years, that is, from the time she was fifteen until she was twenty-four, his sister Marguerite kept house for him. She got his breakfast, made his bed, darned his socks, and brushed his clothes; and all he knew about her was that she had yellowish hair, a skin full of freckles, and a timid, child-like voice. His astonishment was consequently unbounded when Andreas Döderlein called one day and proposed to her. He had moved into the house the year before. Herr Carovius was amazed for the very simple reason that he had never known Marguerite except as a fourteen-year old girl.

He took her to task. With unusual effort she summoned the courage to tell him that she was going to marry Döderlein. "You are a shameless prostitute," he said, though he did not dare to show Andreas Döderlein the door. The wedding took place.

One evening he was sitting in the company of the young couple. Andreas Döderlein, being in an unusually happy mood, went to the piano, and began playing the shepherd's motif from Wagner's "Tristan and Isolde."

Herr Carovius sprang to his feet as if stung by a viper, and exclaimed: "Stop playing that foul magic! You know as well as you are living that I don't believe in it."

"What do you mean, brother?" asked Andreas Döderlein, his head bowed in grief.

"What are you trying to do? Are you trying to teach me something about this poisoner of wells?" shouted Herr Carovius, and his face took on the enraged expression of a hunchback who has just been taunted about his deformity. "Does the professor imagine that he knows better than I do who this Richard Wagner is, this comedian, this Jew who goes about masked as the Germanic Messiah, this cacaphonist, this bungler, botcher, and bully, this court sycophant, this Pulchinello who pokes fun at the whole German Empire and the rest of Europe led about by the nose,

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

this Richard Wagner? Very well, if you have anything to teach me about him, go on! Proceed! I am listening. Go on! Pluck up your courage." With this he leaned back in his chair, and laughed a laughter punctuated with asthmatic sighs, his hands in the meantime resting folded across his stomach.

Andreas Döderlein rose to his full stature, see-sawed a bit on the tips of his toes, and looked down on Herr Carovius as one might look down upon a flea that one had caught and was just in the act of crushing between two finger nails. "Oh, ho," he said, "how interesting! Upon my word, brother Carovius, you are an interesting individual. But if some one were to offer me all the money in the world, I should not like to be so . . . interesting. Not I. And you, Marguerite, would you like to be so interesting?"

There was something distinctly annihilating in this air of superiority. It had its full effect on Herr Carovius: his unleashed laughter was immediately converted into a gurgling titter. He opened his eyes wide and rolled them behind his nose-glasses, thus making himself look like a water-spitting figure on a civic fountain. Marguerite, however, timid as she was, never saying a word without making herself smaller by hiding her hands, glanced in helpless fashion from her brother to her husband, and dropped her head before them.

Was the feeling of Herr Carovius for Andreas Döderlein one of hatred? It was hatred and more. It was a feeling of venomous embitterment with which he thought of him, his name, his wife, his child, the thick, bulky wedding ring on his finger, and the gelatinous mass of flesh on his neck. From that evening on he never again visited his sister. If Marguerite got up enough courage to visit him, he treated her with crabbed contempt. She finally came to the point where she would pass his door with not a thought of entering it.

When the first child was born and the maid brought him the glad tidings, he squinted into the corner, tittered, and made bold to say: "Well, my congratulations. It is good that the Döderleins are not to become extinct, for so long as one of them is living, *plaisir* will not have vanished from the earth."

Little Dorothea formed in time the habit of playing on the steps or around the old windlass well in the backyard. Herr Carovius procured forthwith a mean dog and named him Cæsar. Cæsar was tied to a chain, to be sure, but his snarls, his growls, his vicious teeth were hardly calculated to inspire the child with a

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

love for the place near him. She soon stopped playing at home.

Four years had elapsed since the Carovius-Döderlein wedding. Herr Carovius was celebrating his birthday. Marguerite called with Dorothea. The child recited a poem which she had learned by heart for her uncle's benefit. Carovius shook with laughter when he saw the girl dressed up like a doll and realised that the recital was imminent. Dorothea had of course the enunciation of one of her age. When through, Herr Carovius said: "Honestly, it would never have occurred to me that such a little toad could croak so beautifully."

Though the man knew so little about women that it would be perilous to attempt to measure his ignorance of them, he nevertheless felt, as he looked into Marguerite's radiant face, a certain disappointment in life—a disappointment which he would try at once to benumb but which delighted him.

IV

About this time Herr Becker died. He was the senior city official, and had been living in the second story of the apartment for twenty-eight years. Dr. Benda moved in at once with his mother.

Carovius told all about this at the reserved table in the Crocodile. His companions were in a position to tell him a great deal more about the ancestry and past life of the Bendas. They were said to have been very rich once, to have lost their money in the great panic, and to be living at present in quite moderate circumstances. Benda's father was said to have shot himself, and his mother was reported to have taken the boy to school every morning. Solicitor Korn had been told that, despite his youth, Dr. Benda had written a number of scientific books on biology, but that this had not enabled him to reach his desired goal.

"What goal?" the table companions asked in unison.

"Why, he wanted to be made a professor, but people had objected." Why had they objected? came the question from more than one throat. "Well, you see it was this way: the man is a Jew, and the authorities are not going to appoint a Jew to an official position in a university without raising objections. That is to be taken as a matter of course." That this was in very truth to be taken as a matter of course was also the opinion of Herr Carovius, who, however, insisted that Benda didn't exactly look like a Jew; he looked more like a tolerably fat Dutchman. He

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

was in truth not quite blond, but he was not dark either, and his nose was as straight as a rule.

"That is just the point: that's the Jewish trick," remarked the Judge, and took a mighty draught from his beer glass. "In olden times," he said, "the Jews all had the yellow spots, aquiline noses, and hair like bushmen. But to-day no Christian can be certain who is Jew and who is Gentile." To this the whole table agreed.

Herr Carovius at once began a system of espionage. He studied the faces of the new tenants, and was particularly careful to note when they went out and when they came in and with whom they associated. He knew precisely when they turned the lights out at night and when they opened the windows in the morning. He could tell exactly how many rugs they had, how much coal they burned, how much meat they ate, how many letters they received, what walks they preferred, what people they spoke to, and who recognised them. As if this were not enough, he went down to the bookstore, bought the complete works of Dr. Benda, and read these heavy scientific treatises in the sweat of his brow. He was annoyed at the thought that they had not been critically reviewed. He would have embraced any one who would have told him that they were all perfectly worthless compilations.

One evening, along towards spring, he chanced to go into the backyard to feed Cæsar. He looked up, and saw Marguerite standing on the balcony. She did not see him, for she was also looking up. On the balcony of the second floor, across the court from her, stood Friedrich Benda, responding to some mute signals Marguerite was giving him. Finally they both stopped and merely looked at each other, until Marguerite caught sight of her brother, when she quickly disappeared behind the glass door draped with green curtains.

"Aha," thought Carovius, "there's something up." The scene warmed his very blood.

From that day on he avoided the court. He sat instead for hours at a time in a room from which he could look out through a crack and see everything that was taking place at the windows and on the balconies. He discovered that signals were being sent from the first floor up to the second by changing the position of a flower pot on the railing of the balcony, and that these signals were answered by having a yellow cloth flutter on now a vertical, now a horizontal pole.

At times Marguerite would come out quite timidly, and look up; at times Benda appeared, and stood for a while at the window

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

completely absorbed, as it seemed, in melancholy thoughts. Herr Carovius caught them together but on one single occasion. He opened the window as quickly as he could, and placed his ear so that he could hear what was being said, but it so happened that over in the adjoining yard some one was just then nailing a box together. As a result of the noise it was impossible for him to understand their remarks.

Since that day they exchanged no more signals, and never again appeared on the balcony.

Carovius rubbed his hands at the thought that the majestic Andreas Döderlein had after all grown horns. But his joy waned when he reflected that two other people were deriving profit from the situation. That should not be; that had to be corrected.

And so he stood at times in the evening out in the narrow passage at the entrance to his apartment. His bathrobe fell down over his bony body in many folds. In his right hand he carried a candle. Thus equipped, he listened in, or rather into, the stillness of the house.

At times he would take a dark lantern, walk up the stairs slowly, step by step, and listen, listen with the greedy ears of a man who was determined to hear something. There was something in the air that told him of secret, and of course illicit, transactions.

Was it the same medium through which he learned of the weakening of Marguerite's mind and the beclouding of her soul? Was it this that told him of her mental anxiety and the ever growing delusion of her terrified and broken heart?

Later he learned of her mad outbursts of anxiety concerning the life of her child. He heard that she would never allow the child out of her sight; that she regarded the natural warmth of her body as a high fever; that every morning she would stand by Dorothea's bed, weep, take her in her arms, feel her pulse, and wrap her body in warm clothing. He heard, too, that night after night she sat by the child's bedside watching over her and praying for her, while the child herself slept like an old shoe. All this he learned from the maid.

One day Herr Carovius came home, and found an ambulance and a crowd of gaping people before the house. As he went up the stairway he heard a hushed whimpering. Marguerite was being dragged from the house by two men. The rear of this procession was brought up by Andreas Döderlein, on whose face there was an expression of accusation. The room door was open.

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

He looked in, and saw bits of broken glasses and dishes, and in the midst of the debris sat Dorothea. Her mouth was puckered as if just on the point of weeping, and a cloth was bound about her forehead. The maid stood in the door wringing her hands. And on a step above was Friedrich Benda, white as a sheet, and evidently suffering from great mental anxiety.

Marguerite offered but little resistance. She looked behind her, and tried to see what the child was doing. Herr Carovius buried his hands in his overcoat pockets, and followed the mournful caravan out on to the street. The poor woman was taken to the insane asylum at Erlangen.

Herr Carovius said to himself: somebody is responsible for all this. He determined at once to bring the guilty party to account. He took this stand neither out of grief nor from a feeling of love for his fellow men. His action was motivated by his hatred of a world in which something is constantly going on, and in the midst of which he was condemned to an inactive and deedless life.

V

Not much could be learned from Döderlein's maid. The efforts to draw something out of little Dorothea were also fruitless. She was wrapped up in her own affairs. She arranged her ribbons, played with her toys, recounted the small incidents of her uneventful life, and could hardly be persuaded even to listen to the ingenious questions Carovius put to her when he stopped her out in the hall and asked her about this and that.

One day he went over to Erlangen to visit his sister in the insane asylum. He thought that he might be able to get some clue to this mystery from her.

He found her sitting in the corner of a room, stroking her long, yellowish hair. Her head was bowed; her eyes were fixed on the floor. Through no cunning that he could devise was it possible to entice a single statement from her.

The physician said: "She is a harmless patient, but most secretive and passionate. She must have suffered for years from some heavy burden on her soul."

Herr Carovius left her, and went back to the station. The sun was shining bright. He soon saw to his infinite discomfort that it was impossible to eliminate the picture of the melancholy woman from his inner eye. He went into a café and drank some

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

whiskey. On the return journey an old woman sat opposite him who seemed to understand him. There was a trace of compassion in her eyes. This made him so uneasy that he found it necessary to change his seat.

He had met with unanticipated difficulties in his investigation. He recognised these fully, but consoled himself with the thought that there was still time. It occurred to him that he might somehow get hold of Dr. Benda and cross-question him. He recalled having seen Friedrich Benda meet little Dorothea on the stairway once, and no sooner had be seen her coming than he made every effort to avoid her. That set Carovius to thinking.

Some gas pipes had to be installed in the apartment about that time, and this gave him, as superintendent, a splendid opportunity to go up and see Benda. The doctor was just then making his final attempt to claim his rights—the rights of a man and a scholar—against the conspiracy of enemies who were really immune before the law.

He was all alone when Carovius called. He took him straight to his study. The walls of his hall as well as those of his room were covered with books from floor to ceiling. Benda said he was just getting ready to go on an extended journey. The finished politeness with which he removed the books from a chair and the tense way in which he eyed Herr Carovius made it clear to the latter that this was neither the time nor the place to engage in mock conversation. Carovius talked gas pipes. Benda finished all he had to say on this subject in two short, crisp sentences and got up to go.

Herr Carovius got up too, removed his nose glasses, and rubbed them with his bright blue handkerchief. "Where are you going, if I may ask?" There was an expression of apparent sympathy in his question.

Benda made it a habit never to treat any man impolitely, however little regard he might have for him personally. He said that he was going to Kiel to deliver his trial lecture at the university.

"Bravo!" cried Carovius, falling at once into the tone of awkward familiarity. "You have simply got to show those fellows that you are not a coward. Bravo!"

"I don't quite understand you," said Benda in amazement. His antipathy for the man was growing. And no one recognised this better than Carovius himself.

He cast a sideglance that reeked with hypocrisy at the young scholar. "My dear doctor, you must not look upon me as a poor

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

uncultured yokel," he said, "*anch' io sono pittore.* I have read, among other things, your monograph on the morphogenetic achievements of the original sulcate cell. Listen, man! I take off my hat to that book. Of course, it is not exactly original, but then it is one of your earlier works. The idea developed in it follows pretty closely that of the evolutionary and mechanical theories of the much slandered Wilhelm Roux. And yet I am bound to say you display considerable independence in your method. Indeed you do. And more than that, you throw much needed light on the mysteries of God himself. There is a good deal of incoherent drivel these days about the freedom of science. Well, you'll have to show me where it is. Scientists? They are a lot of conceited pin-heads, each working for himself, and incurably jealous of what his colleagues are doing. Up and at 'em, Doctor, that's my advice, and luck to you!"

Benda was amazed to hear Carovius mention a work that was otherwise known only to specialists. This however merely tended to increase his distrust. He knew too much about the man to stand before him without a feeling of hostility. He merely needed to call to mind the story of the woman whose youth he had made into a waste place and a prison to be made aware of the fact that it was quite impossible to stand in his presence and breathe easily. The air of the room in which Carovius chanced to be was heavy, stuffy, depressing.

Benda's bearing, however, remained unchanged. He replied in a serious tone: "It is not after all easy to get along with people. Each has his own place and wants to keep it. I thank you very much for your visit and your kind words, but my time is limited. I have a great deal to do—"

"Oh, certainly," said Carovius hastily, while a rancorous grin flitted across his face, "but you don't need to drive me away. I am going on my own accord. I have an engagement at the district court at five o'clock. I am to sign some sort of a document concerning the detention of my sister in the insane asylum. It probably has to do with the settling of her estate or something like that. Who knows? By the way, what have you to say about the affair? You knew her rather intimately. No hedging, doctor. There she sits in the cell and combs her hair. Can you imagine who is responsible? You know a woman doesn't lose her mind from a mere love affair. And this music swindler down stairs—it is impossible to get him to show his true colours. Yes, we all have our troubles."

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

In order to take the sting out of his impudent insinuations, for he regretted having made a premature move with his trump card, Carovius smiled in a scurrilous fashion, ducked his head, coward that he was, and riveted his greedy, banal eyes on Benda.

But Benda was looking down. His eyes had been attracted by the fancy buckle shoes of Herr Carovius. He was repelled by the man's foppish socks with the yellow stripes which were made more conspicuous by the fact that his trousers were too high. He had a feeling of unmitigated mental nausea, too, when he noticed how Carovius lifted first one foot and then the other from the floor, and then set it down, heel first. It was a detestable habit; and indulging in it made an ugly noise.

VI

Benda's absence lasted for hardly a year. His mother had not accompanied him this time. She was not feeling well, and there was some danger that she was losing her eyesight.

After his return he took to silent brooding. Though he never said a word to his mother about the disappointment he had experienced, she knew precisely what he had gone through, and spared him the humiliation that would have followed any questions she might have asked.

He was oppressed by the memories the house awakened in him. Forgotten pictures became living ones. The figure of the murdered woman appeared in the nighttime on the balcony. Her shadow fell upon him, nestled up to him in fact, as he sat at his writing-desk.

There were a great many things that still bound him to her whose spirit had vanished from the earth, though her body remained.

It was impossible for him to forget her gentle look or the coyness of her hands. He knew her fate; he knew her soul. But he was condemned to silence. To withdraw from contact with the world and into the deepest of loneliness had been her lot; it had also been his. At present it was possible to get only one picture of her, the one her brother had given: she sat in her cell and combed her yellow hair.

He held no one responsible; he blamed no one. He merely regretted that men are as they are.

A former university friend of his came in, and tried to get him interested in collaborating on a great scientific work. He

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

declined. As soon as his colleague of other days had gone, he visualised to himself the entire conversation: The man was affable and insistent; and yet there was in his very being an underground, enigmatic hostility. It was the hostility he invariably felt whenever he had anything to do, either of a purely external, business nature or in a social way, with men of other faith. The least he had to fear was a prejudiced inimicality, as if the individual in question were on the point of calling out to him: You stay on that side, I'll stay on this. Keep off the bridge.

He was fully aware of this, but his pride forbade his fighting against it. He renounced his natural right to life and a living. He declined the university conceded privilege of co-existence. To go out and actually win for himself the right to participate in the inevitable contest of forces, or to secure even this poor privilege by supplication, or to defend it by argument, or to cajole it into his possession by political wiles, seemed to him contrary to reason and at odds with common sense. He would not do it.

He refused to knock at the door which he himself had bolted and barricaded.

From this self-imposed embarrassment he suffered to an almost intolerable degree. It was the irrational and fraudulent phase of matters that made him suffer. Did men act as they did because they were so strong in their faith? Not at all. Did he believe in those racial differences which made them believe? Not at all. He felt at home on the soil that nourished him; he felt under obligations to the weal and woe of his people; he was bound heart and soul to the best of them, and realised that he had been spiritually developed by their language, ideas, and ideals.

Everything else was a lie. They knew that it was a lie too, but out of his pride they forged a weapon and turned it against him. To deny his relationship to them, a relationship that had been proved by his achievements and enthusiasm, was a part of their plan; it was also a part of their evil designs.

To strike up acquaintances, seek out congenial companions, or take an active part in social organisations was repulsive to him. He did not care to be dragged into fruitless and empty community of effort or social co-operation. Defiant and alone, he explained his case to himself. Since it merely intensified his agony to compare his lot with that of others who seemed to be similiarly situated, he did not do it. He avoided in truth all reflections that might have made the world appear to him as having at least a semblance of justice.

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

He was consequently filled with a longing which took more definite shape day by day, and finally developed into a positive and irrevocable decision.

About this time he made the acquaintance of Daniel, and through him he came to know other people. He saw at once that there was something unusual about Daniel; that there was something in him which he had never before noticed in any one. Even his outer distress was a challenge to greater activity, while his inner agitation never permitted his associates to rest in idle peace.

It was not easy to be of assistance to him; he rejected all gifts which he could not repay. He had to be convinced first of his duty and indebtedness to the friend whom fate had made cross his path. And even then he stood out for the privilege of being theoretically ungrateful.

Benda and his mother succeeded in getting him a position as a tutor in some private families. He had to give piano lessons to young boys and girls. The compensation was not great, but it at least helped him out for the time being.

After the day's work was done, the evenings and nights bound the two more and more firmly together.

VII

One evening Daniel entered the house and met Herr Carovius. But he was so absorbed in thought that he passed by without noticing him. Carovius looked at him angrily, and walked back to the hall to see where the young man was going. When he heard him ring the bell on the second floor, an uneasy expression came over his face. He rubbed his chin with his left hand.

"The idea of passing by me as though I were a block of wood," murmured Carovius spitefully. "Just wait, young man, I'll make you pay for that."

Instead of leaving the house as he had wished, Carovius went into his apartment, lighted a candle, and tripped hastily through three rooms, in which there were old cabinets and trunks filled with books and music scores. There was also a piano in one. He then took a key from his pocket, and unlocked a fourth room, which had closed shades and was in fact otherwise quite oddly arranged.

He went to a table which reached almost the full length of the room, picked up a piece of white paper, sat down, and wrote with red ink: "Daniel Nothafft, Musician. Two months in jail."

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

He then covered the paper with mucilage, pasted it on a wooden box which looked like a miniature sentry-house, and nailed a lid on the box, using tacks that were lying ready for this purpose.

There were at least five dozen such boxes on the long table, the majority of which had names attached to them and had been nailed up.

The closed room Herr Carovius called his court chamber. What he did in it he termed the regulation of his affairs with humanity, and the collection of little wooden cells he called his jail. Every individual who had offended, hurt, humiliated, or defrauded him was assigned such a keep in which he was obliged to languish, figuratively, until his time, determined by a formal sentence, was up.

Nor was this all. In the middle section of the table there were a number of diminutive sand heaps, about thirty in all, and on each one was a small wooden cross and on each cross was a name. That was Herr Carovius's cemetery, and those who were figuratively buried there were, so far as he was concerned, dead, even though they were still going about their earthly affairs as lively and cheerful as ever. They were people whose mundane careers were finished, as he saw it, and under each of their accounts, reckoned exclusively in sins, he had drawn a heavy line. They were such people as Richard Wagner and his champions, the local stationer to whom he had advanced some money years ago and who entered a plea of bankruptcy a few months later, the authors of bad books that were widely read, or of books which he loathed without having read them, as, for instance, those of Zola.

There were still a third noteworthy section of the table, and that was the so-called Academy. This consisted of a plot of ground, surrounded by an iron fence, and divided up into twelve or fifteen square fields, each of which was painted in fresh green. In the middle of each field there was a wooden peg about two inches high, and to the middle of each peg there was attached a name-plate. From the tops of some of these pegs little banners of green cloth fluttered in the breeze.

The fact is, Herr Carovius had a weakness for association with aristocrats. In his heart of hearts he admired the manners of the aristocracy, their indifference and self-complacency, their irrefragable traditions and their noiseless and harmonious behaviour. To the pegs of the Academy he had affixed the names of some of the best families he had known; among others, those of the Tuchers,

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

the Hallers, the Humbsers, the Kramer-Kleets, and the Auffenbergs. Whenever he had succeeded in making the personal acquaintance of the members of any of these families, he went straightway to the Academy and hoisted the appropriate flag.

But, despite all his effort, he had never in the course of time been able to run up more than three flags, and these only for a brief period and without any marked success. Some one had recognised him on the street or spoken to him at the concert, and that was all. The Academy looked, in contradistinction to the jail and the cemetery, quite deserted. Finally he was able tc hoist the Auffenberg banner. Herr Carovius felt that the Academy had a great future.

VIII

Kropotkin the painter had once upon a time received an order to make a copy of a Holbein for Baron Siegmund von Auffenberg. He never finished the picture, owing to lack of ability; but he had become acquainted with Baron Eberhard, and years later, having met him quite accidentally, took him to the Paradise, where the infamous brethren were then in the habit of gathering.

Eberhard's appearance at the Paradise was short-lived; he disappeared in fact as quickly as he had appeared. But this brief space was sufficient for Herr Carovius to become intimately acquainted with him.

The first time he sat at the same table with him he was noticeably excited. His face shone with a mild spiritual glow. His voice was sweet and gentle, his remarks of an unusually agreeable moderation.

He turned the conversation to a discussion of the superiorities of birth, and lauded the distinction of the hereditary classes. He said it was from them only that the people could acquire civic virtue. The brethren scorned his point of view. Herr Carovius came back at them with an annihilating jest.

During the rendition of this hallelujah-solo in praise of the nobility, Eberhard von Auffenberg intrenched himself behind a sullen silence. And though Carovius used every available opportunity from then on to flatter the young nobleman in his cunning, crafty way, he failed. The most he could do was to inspire Eberhard to lift his thrush-bearded chin in the air and make some sarcastic remark. Fawn as he might, Carovius was stumped at every turn.

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

One night, however, the two enjoyed each other's company on the way home. That is, Carovius never left Eberhard's side. Annoyed at the failure of his former tactics, he thought he would try his luck in another way: he ridiculed the arrogance of a certain caste which affected to attach less importance to a man like himself than to some jackanapes whose handkerchief was adorned with an embroidered crown.

"What are you, any way, what is your vocation?" asked Eberhard von Auffenberg.

"I don't do anything," replied Carovius.

"Nothing at all? That is quite agreeable."

"Oh, I do work a little at music," added Herr Carovius, entirely pleased at the curiosity of the Baron.

"Now, you see, that is after all something," said the Baron. "I for my part am as unmusical as a shot-gun. And if you do not do anything but interest yourself in music, you must have a great deal of money."

Herr Carovius turned away. The positive dread of being taken for a rich man wrestled with the vain desire to make the young Baron feel that he really was somebody. "I have a little," he remarked with a titter, "a little."

"Very well; if you will loan me ten thousand marks, it will give me great pleasure to make you a present of the crown on my handkerchief," said Eberhard von Auffenberg.

Herr Carovius stopped stock still, and opened his mouth and his eyes: "Baron, you are taking the liberty of jesting with me." But when Eberhard indicated that he was quite serious, Carovius continued, blank amazement forcing his voice to its highest pitch: "But my dear Sir, your father has an income of half a million. A mere income! The tax receipts show it."

"Well, I am not talking about my father," said Eberhard coldly, and once more threw his chin in the air. "It is evidently a part of your heraldic prejudices to feel that you can coax the income of my father into my own pockets."

They were standing under a gas lamp at the Haller Gate. It was dripping rain, and they had raised their umbrellas. It was perfectly still; it was also late. Not a human being was to be seen anywhere. Carovius looked at the seriously offended young man, the young man looked at Carovius, then grinning a grin of embarrassment, and neither knew how to take the other.

"You are surprised," said Eberhard, resuming the conversation. "You are surprised, and I don't blame you. I am a discontented

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

guest in my own skin; that much I can assure you. I am as abortive a creature as ever was born. I inherited far too much that is superfluous, and not nearly enough of the necessities. There are all manner of mysteries about me; but they are on the outside. Within there is nothing but stale, dead air."

He stared at the ground as though he were talking to himself, and as though he had forgotten that any one was listening, and continued: "Have you ever seen old knights carved in stone in old churches? If you have, you have seen me. I feel as if I were the father of my father, and as if he had had me buried alive, and an evil spirit had turned me to stone, and my hands were lying crossed over my breast and could not move. I grew up with a sister, and I see her as though it were yesterday"—at this point his face took on an expression of fantastic senility—"walking through the hall, proud, dainty, innocent, with roses in her hand. She is married to a captain of cavalry, a fellow who treats his men like Negro slaves, and who never returns the greeting of a civilian unless he is drunk. She had to marry him. I could not prevent it. Somebody forced her into it. And if she is carrying roses now, it is as if a corpse were singing songs."

Herr Carovius felt most uneasy. He was not accustomed to hearing things like this. Where he lived people called a spade a spade. He pricked up his ears and made a wry face. "It is the way he has been trained that makes him talk like that," he thought; "it is the result of constantly sitting on gold-embroidered chairs and seeing nothing about him but paintings."

"I am going to sit on such chairs too," he was happy to think, "and I shall see the paintings, too." He pictured himself between the Baron and the Baroness, marching up to the portals of the castle, flanked on either side by a row of liveried servants, the nervous masses catching sight of the splendour as well as they might. The rear of this procession was being brought up by the young Baron, who had returned home as the penitent Prodigal Son.

"One must have a feeling of personal security," remarked Carovius. He wondered whether the Baron had reached his majority. Eberhard replied that he had just completed his twenty-first year, and that certain things had made him feel that it would be wise to live independent of his family and to renounce his claims to all family rights for the time being. What he really had in mind was the desire to avoid, so far as humanly possible, association with all professional money-lenders.

Herr Carovius felt that this was an extremely serious case.

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

He claimed moreover to understand it perfectly and to be ready for anything, but insisted that nothing must be withheld, that he must be given undiluted wine. He made this remark just as if he were holding a glass of old Johannisberger out in the rain, sniffing as he did with appreciative nostrils.

"I am very discreet," he said, "very taciturn." He looked at the Baron tenderly.

The young Baron nodded.

"The wearer of purple is recognised wherever he goes," continued Herr Carovius, "and if he lays the purple aside he stands at once in need of reticent friends. I am reserved."

The Baron nodded again. "If you will permit me, I shall visit you in a few days." With that he ended the conversation.

He started off toward the Avenue, walking stiffly. It was not hard to see that he was ill at ease. Herr Carovius walked away with mincing, merry steps down toward the small end of the alley, singing an aria from the "Barber of Seville" as he went.

At the end of the first week he was taken down with a disconcerting suspicion that the Baron had made a fool of him. He was filled with a wrath that had to be cooled. One morning, just as he was leaving his apartment, he saw two milk cans filled with milk standing in the outer hall. One was for the first floor, the other for the second. The milkmaid had placed them there for the time being, and had gone over to have a little morning chat with her neighbour. Herr Carovius went to his lumber-room, which also served as the kitchen, took down a jug of vinegar, came back, looked around with all the caution he could summon, and then poured half of the contents of the jug into one can and the other half into the other.

Two days later he decided not to give Cæsar anything to eat, so that he would terrify the neighbours by his howling. This worked. The dog howled and whined and barked night after night. It was enough to melt the heart of a stone. Nobody could sleep. Andreas Döderlein went to the police, but they told him that the case was beyond their jurisdiction.

Herr Carovius lay in bed rejoicing with exceeding great joy over the fact that the people could not sleep. He became enamoured of the idea that it might be possible, through some ingenious invention, to rob a whole city or a whole nation of its sleep. The inventor could then move about conscious of the fact that he was at once the distributor and the destroyer of the world's supply

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

of sleep. If he so elected to exploit his invention, he could revel in the sight of an entire people pining, drying up, and eventually dying from the want of sleep.

After Cæsar had become quite savage, Herr Carovius decided to unleash him. It was just after sunset. He slipped up to the beast from the rear, and opened the chain lock. The dog ran like mad through the court and the hall, and out on to the street.

Just at this moment young Baron von Auffenberg was entering to pay Herr Carovius that promised visit. He jumped back from the beast, but it sprang at his body, and in a jiffy the Baron was lying full length on the pavement. Cæsar left him, made a straight line for the open door of a butcher shop across the street, sprang in, and snatched a fancy cut from one of the hooks.

In order to see just how much damage the dog would really do, Herr Carovius ran after him, hypocritically feigning as he ran an expression of horror, and acting as though the beast had somehow broken his chain and got loose. The first sight that caught his eyes was that of the young Baron as he rose to his feet and limped over toward his host to-be.

The horror of Herr Carovius at once became real. With the diligence of a seasoned flunkey, he stooped over, picked up the Baron's hat, dusted it, stammered all sorts of apologies, gazed at high heaven like a martyred saint, and brushed the dirt from Eberhard's trousers. Then the dog came back, a huge piece of meat in his mouth. The butcher came to the door and shook his fists. The butcher's boy stuck two fingers in his mouth, and whistled for the police. They came, too, and Herr Carovius had to pay for the meat.

He then took the Baron into his living-room, plying him in the meantime with innumerable questions as to how he felt. Having been stunned by the fall, the Baron asked to lie down for a few minutes on the couch. Herr Carovius granted his wish, smothering him with sighs of affection and exclamations of regret.

As the Baron lay on the couch, trying to regain his vital spirits, Herr Carovius went to the piano and played the rondo from Weber's sonata in A flat major. His technique was superb; his emotion was touching.

After the concert the transactions began.

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

INSPECTOR JORDAN AND HIS CHILDREN

I

BENNO JORDAN was now a senior in the *gymnasium* and had begun to play mischievous pranks. He also declared that he was no longer minded to tolerate the tyranny of the school, and that he had not the slightest desire to enter the university. He was a wilful, obstinate boy with a marked tendency to sociability. He paid a great deal of attention to his clothes, and was proud of his handsome face.

After repeated conversations with the seventeen-year old boy, Jordan decided to get him a job as a clerk in the offices of the Prudentia. He discussed the situation with the general agent, and Alfons Diruf gave his consent. Benno began his work at fifty marks a month.

When Jordan would come home of an evening, the first thing he would hear from Eleanore was that Benno had an engagement with some of his friends, and that they were in the Alfas Garden, or in the Wolf's Glen, or in Café Merkur, where the orchestrion, then a new invention, was being played for the first time.

"Lord, what is to become of the next generation?" said Jordan, quite worried. "All they think about is having a good time. Why, I never in my whole life thought of merely amusing myself."

Anxious about Benno's behaviour, Jordan called on the chief of the clerical department. The little man with the waxened, weazened face expressed himself as quite satisfied with the new employé. Jordan took him by the hand; it was his way of displaying gratitude. And he was grateful, though it was hard for him to subdue a feeling of solicitude. He recognised the boy's external amiability, but felt convinced that this merely covered and concealed a decayed soul.

Alfons Diruf was obese and gloomy. His clothes were made in Paris, and on the ring finger of his left hand was a brilliant diamond.

Since the Prudentia had introduced the so-called workmen's

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

insurance, the number of clerks on its payroll had been increased by about twenty-five thousand. Of these eighty-four were under Diruf's direct supervision. They were located in three rooms of a house in Fürther Street. They were pale and they were silent. Diruf himself had a private office which resembled the boudoirs of a woman of the world. The curtains were of blue silk, a bathing nymph by Thumann hung on the wall, and the whole place smelled of musk.

Three times a day he would leave his fair retreat, and, with the mien of disgust, make the rounds of the clerks' quarters. When they saw him coming, heads ducked, hands scurried across the books, feet stopped scraping, and all whispering died out.

He gave the impression of a man who hated his job, but in reality he loved it. He liked the clerks because of their servile docility and their famished faces. He liked them because they came promptly every morning and went away every evening tired as tired could be, and because day after day, year in and year out, they sat there and wrote, wrote, wrote.

He liked the inspectors because day after day, year in and year out, they did a great deal of work for a very little money. He liked the agents and sub-agents who made it possible for the company to issue hundreds of new policies every day. He liked their dirty clothes and tattered boots, their hungry looks, their misleading but effective line of talk, and their sad faces.

The special bait of the workmen's insurance was the small premium, carrying with it a small policy. In this way the man of small means was to be educated in thrift. As a rule, however, the small man realised, when it was too late, that the agent had promised more than the company could do. He became distrustful; his weekly savings were so scant that it was impossible for him to pay his premiums regularly; with the expiration of each week it became increasingly difficult to make up the back payments, and, before he knew precisely what had happened, his policy had been declared void, and the money he had paid in on it confiscated.

In this way the company made millions. It was the pfennigs of the poorest classes that constituted these millions, made the dividends rise higher and higher, increased the army of clerks, and filled the pockets of the agents.

These agents were recruited from the scum of human society. They were made up of bankrupts, decadent students, gamblers, topers, and beggars. They came from the ranks of those who

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

had been pursued by misfortune and who bore the marks of crime. No one was too small or too bad.

Alfons Diruf, however, saw that it would vastly improve the credit of the company if to this list of outcasts he would add a few eminently respectable citizens. He consequently went out on his own responsibility, and looked for help. His quest brought him to Jason Philip Schimmelweis.

"It's a gold mine," he said; "you work for an ideal, and you get something out of it for yourself. Ideals, incidentally, that are not profitable are idiotic." With that he blew the smoke of his Havana cigar through his nose.

Jason Philip understood. It was not necessary to flatter the leader and politican that was admittedly in him. He nearly ran his legs off working for the company. Alfons Diruf loved this socialist book-keeper, after a fashion.

Inspector Jordan saw however that the countless brokers were encroaching on his territory and stirring up distrust on the part of his better clients. He lost his interest. The directors felt obliged to send Alfons Diruf a critical memorandum explaining Jordan's case, and showing that he was no longer as efficient as he used to be.

II

Daniel had grown tired of his room in the attic and the society of brush-maker Hadebusch. He announced that he was going to move. Surrounded by a cloud of smells from boiled cabbage, Frau Hadebusch raged about the ingratitude of man. Her shrieks called Herr Franke and the Methodist from out their warm holes; the brush-maker and his imbecile son also appeared in the dimly lighted vestibule; and before these five Hogarth figures stood the defenceless sinner, Daniel Nothafft.

He looked about in the suburbs of St. Mary, but found everything too dear. He went out to New Gate, but everything was taken. He tried the St. John district, and that pleased him best of all. Late in the afternoon he came to a house in the Long Row, at the entrance to which hung a "To Let" sign.

He pulled the bell cord, and a beautiful servant girl took him into a room. Through the window he could look out on a garden filled with old trees. A spinster came in, and smiled at the pleasure he took in the room and the view.

"I must see my sister," she said, as he asked her about the price,

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

She called out into the hall, and her sister, likewise an elderly and kindly spinster, came in. They held a council, the deliberations of which were conducted in muffled tones, and then agreed that they would have to consult Albertina. She was the third sister. The first tip-toed to the door and, with pointed lips, called the name, Albertina, out into the long hall with as much coyness as had been employed in summoning the second sister.

Albertina was the youngest of the three; she was about forty. But she had forgotten, like Jasmina and Saloma, to erase twenty years from the calendar: all three had preserved the youthful charm of their girlhood.

Albertina blushed as she looked at the young man, and her modesty was contagious; the two sisters also blushed. She told Daniel that they were the Rüdiger sisters. With that she remained silent, and looked down as though she had divulged her entire fate. She informed Daniel that they had decided to rent the room to some dependable young man, because there had been considerable petty thieving in the neighbourhood of late and they would like to enjoy the protection of a man, for they were entirely alone, except for the boy who tended the garden. They told him also that they had had several offers, but that they had declined them because they did not like the appearance of the applicants. In affairs of this kind, indeed in everything, the three sisters were always of like mind.

Fräulein Saloma asked Daniel what he did. He replied that he was a musician. A chorus of surprise greeted his ears, rendered in perfect time by the three female voices. Fräulein Jasmina asked him whether he was a singer or a violinist. He replied that he was neither, that he was a composer, or that he at least hoped to become one. With that an expression of intense spirituality spread over the faces of the sisters, so that they looked like triplets. Aha, a creative artist! "Y-e-s," said Daniel, "if you wish to put it that way: a creative artist."

They hopped into the corner like so many sparrows, and went into serious conference. Fräulein Saloma, as chairman, wanted to know whether a monthly rent of twelve marks would be too much. No, replied Daniel, that would not be excessive. He said it without giving the matter the slightest consideration, and then shook hands with the sisters. Fräulein Jasmina added that he could use the piano on the first floor whenever he wished to, and that it merely needed tuning. Daniel shook her hand again, this

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

time with special warmth. His joy had awakened in him a measure of clumsy familiarity.

Before he left the house he went out into the garden, and stood for a while under one of the trees. A tree to myself at last, he thought. Up in the top a blackbird was singing. Meta the servant looked out from the door where she was standing, astonished at it all.

Fräulein Albertina said to her sisters: "He seems like an interesting young man, but he has bad manners."

"Artists attach no importance to externalities," replied Fräulein Jasmina with knitted brow.

"A great mistake. He always looked as if he had just come out of a bandbox. You remember, don't you?"

The other two nodded. The three then walked down the garden path, arm in arm.

III

Daniel was standing in the vegetable market before the Goose Man Fountain, eating apples.

The sun was shining, and he noticed that the shadow of the fountain was moving slowly toward the church. It made him sad to see that time was passing and how it was passing. When he turned around, however, and saw that the bronze figure of the man with the two geese under his arms was not merely indifferent to the passing of time but confident that all is well, he could not help but laugh.

What made him laugh was partly the calm of the man: he was always waiting for something, and he was always there. He was likewise amused at the thought that two geese could make a man look so contented.

IV

As Daniel was going home one afternoon from a piano lesson, he met Eleanore Jordan. He told her about his new room and the three bizarre creatures in the house in the Long Row.

Eleanore had heard all about them. She said they were the daughters of the geometrician Rüdiger, and that he had left the town some time ago because of a quarrel with the citizens, or rather with one of the gilds. The origin of the trouble was the picture of a certain painter. More she did not know, other than

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

that Rüdiger had gone to Switzerland and lost his life by falling down one of the mountains. The sisters, she said, were the laughing stock of the town. They never left the house except on certain days, when they went out to the nearby cemetery at the Church of St. John to place flowers on the grave of that painter.

Daniel hardly listened to what she said. They were standing at the St. Sebaldus Church, and the chimes began to play. "Magnificent," he murmured, "an ascending triad in A."

Eleanore asked him how he was getting along, and looked with regret at his sunken cheeks. Her virile expression was rather displeasing to him. He was surprised to see how rarely she lowered her eye lids. He said he was getting along quite well. She smiled.

"It's terrible that a man has to have a monster in his body that must be fed," he remarked. "Otherwise one could storm the heavens and steal the songs of the angels. But this was not to be. You have first to flutter your wings until they are wounded and break your chains, and by that time such ethereal power as you may have had is dissipated."

He wrinkled his face until he again looked like the wily ape. "But I am going to see it through," he said. "I want to find out whether God drew me from the urn as a blank or a prize." He could be very eloquent when he talked about himself.

Eleanore smiled. It seemed to her that it was merely necessary to bring a little order into his life. She consequently assumed the responsibility of looking after his room.

In Tetzel Street they met the inspector. As Jordan walked along at the side of his beloved daughter, it seemed to him that the grey walls and weather-beaten stones of the houses were no longer so earthy or weighed down with time. Eleanore looked toward the West into the purple glow of the setting sun. She was not quite herself. There came moments when she suffered from homesickness for a fairer land.

She thought of Italy. She conjured up lovely visions of sunny bays, blooming groves, and white statues.

Daniel however went on toward the Füll. The workmen were coming from the suburbs, and in their tired faces he felt that he recognised his own world. "Oh," he sighed, "I should like to get nearer the stars, to make the acquaintance of more dependable hearts, of hearts that are truer even than my own."

Just then he looked up at Benda's window, and saw his light. He was ashamed of himself.

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

V

The first time Eleanore visited Daniel it was along toward evening. She heard from a distance the piano and the shrill crowing of Daniel's voice. Down in the hall she saw three white figures cuddled up close to each other like hens on a roost.

It was the Rüdiger sisters trying to drink in the creative efforts of the artist. That they were eavesdropping at the fount of art they understood both in the good and the bad sense: their enthusiasm was praiseworthy, their courtesy was deficient. When they caught sight of Eleanore on the stairway, they were terrified, and rustled into the adjoining room.

The three elderly hearts beat impetuously. It was Jasmina's turn to read from Rückert's poems. Jasmina had not the shadow of a desire to perform; her sisters were equally disinclined to listen.

"It is not right," the three kept saying, when they heard of Eleanore's visits. "It is not right." Even Meta the maid was of the opinion that her calls were highly unconventional.

As Daniel played on and merely nodded to her, Eleanore's eyes fell on the mask of Zingarella. She stepped up, took it down from the nail on the wall, and examined it in perfect silence.

Daniel had in the meantime left the piano. A loud cry from him startled her: "What the devil are you doing?" he exclaimed in a tone of immoderate anger. He took the mask, which she was handling so lightly and tremulously, out of her hands, and replaced it on the nail with affectionate care.

The sensitive girl at once began to cry. She turned to one side in order to conceal her tears. Daniel was irritated, but the first thought that occurred to him was how he could make amends for his rudeness. He fetched a worn book, and offered to lend it to her. It was a translation of that beautiful old novel, "Manon Lescaut."

Eleanore came frequently after office hours, but never remained long; she did not wish to make the people at home uneasy. During the short time she stayed she always found a number of things to do, such as straightening up the papers on his table or arranging his scores.

She became acquainted with Benda; he took a liking to her. It did him good merely to be in her presence, and he could not understand why she did not have the same wholesome effect on Daniel. Daniel seemed thoroughly unappreciative of the girl.

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

He was like a man who goes along the street carrying a basket full of eggs: his sole ambition for the time being is to see that not a single egg is lost or broken.

The two would frequently accompany the girl home. Daniel always talked about himself, and Benda listened with a smile. Or Benda talked about Daniel, and Daniel was all ears.

What did people say? That Eleanore was now trotting around with three men, whereas she formerly had only one on her string, the Baron, and that you are going to hear from this affair.

Every now and then a snip of ugly gossip reached Eleanore's ears. She paid not the slightest attention to it. She looked out from her glass case on to the world with cool and cheerful indifference, quite incapable of placing the established interpretation on the glances of calumniators.

VI

Benda could have sketched Daniel's face in the darkness: the round forehead, the little nose, pointed and mulish, the rigidly pinched lips, the angular musician's chin, and the deep dimples in his cheeks.

His ignorance of the musician was complete. Like all scholars, he nurtured an ingrained distrust when it came to the supernatural influence of art. For the great musical compositions which, in the course of time and as a result of the homage of succeeding generations, had come to be regarded as exemplary and incontestable, he had a feeling of reverence. For the creations of his contemporaries he had no ear.

That it was hard to understand and appreciate, he knew. That it was bitter not to be understood or appreciated, he had experienced. That the discipline associated with all intellectual work demands its tribute in the form of sacrifical renunciation needed no proof in his case.

The musician was something new to him. How did he regard him? As a blind man whose soul was on fire. As a drunken man who made the impression of repulsive sobriety on other men. As an obsessed individual who was living an excruciatingly lonely life and was unaware of it. As an unpolished peasant with the nerves of a degenerate.

The scientist wished to find the established and formulated law in the musician—a task that could lead only to despair. The friend surveyed the life of his friend; he allowed the personalities of

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

many young men whom he had met in life to pass before his mind's eye. He looked for the criteria of common interests; he sought a law, even here. He sat in the dusk, and read from the works of the philosopher Mainländer. Then he laid the book to one side, and said to himself: "The youth of to-day are lacerating, devastating themselves. . . . It is a fearful age. Measure, proportion, and balance are gone. Every model becomes a caricature. The individual is absolutely dependent upon himself. The flame is without container, and threatens to burn the hand that would check it."

In Daniel he had found his brother in fate. Music became his brother in torture. On seeing his friend lacerated and devastated, he saw twitch from the eye of Gorgo herself the profoundest of wisdom. But he did not lay bare his own heart.

One night, after unending conversation had brought them both to silence—like ships which, tossed about by the winds, at last drift into the harbour—Benda, taking up with an angry, exasperated remark by Daniel as it echoed back from the other shore of this silence, said: "We must not be vain. We dare not usurp a privilege which has no other basis than our inner task. We must never stand before our own picture. It seems to me that an artist should be of exalted modesty, and that without this modesty he is nothing but a more or less remarkable lout."

Daniel looked up at once. Benda's big teeth were visible under his bushy moustache. He had a habit of pulling his lips apart whenever he was searching for a really incisive word.

Benda continued: "The great majority of what you call talent is ignominious. Talent is a feather duster. All that comes from the finger tips is evil. The man who has a distinct goal and is willing to suffer in order to reach it, that man we can use. And otherwise—how beautiful it all is after all! Heaven is above us, the earth is beneath us, and in between stands immortal man."

Daniel got up, and seized Benda's hand. There was nothing more vanquishing than Benda's handshake. His good strong right became a vise in which he shook a man's hand until it became limp, a perfectly delightful benevolence radiating from his eyes in the meanwhile.

The two men exchanged the fraternal "thou."

VII

Eleanore returned the copy of "Manon Lescaut." When Daniel

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

asked her how she liked it, she never said a word. Since he thought that it was an excellent book, he began to scold.

She said: "I cannot read books in which there is so much talk about love."

He gazed into space in order to allow her voice time to die away. There was a violin tone in her speech, the charm of which he could not escape. When he fully realised what she had said, he laughed a short laugh, and remarked that her attitude was one of affected coyness. She shook her head. Then he teased her about going with young Auffenberg, and asked her whether real love affairs were just as disagreeable to her as those related in novels.

The flaming blue of her eyes compelled him to look down. It was not pleasant for him to admit, by action, that the expression in her face was stronger than his own. She left, and did not allow herself to be seen for a few days.

When she returned, he was naïve enough to renew his banter. She took her seat on the corner sofa, and looked straight into his face: "Do we really intend to remain friends, Daniel?" she asked.

He cast a side glance of amazement at her, not because he was particularly struck by her charming suavity and marked winsomeness, but rather because the violin tone in her throat resounded more strongly and clearly than ever. But it was quite impossible for him to give an affirmative reply to her question without puckering up his lips and putting his hands in his trouser pockets.

She said she had no desire to seem important in his estimation, that she merely wanted him to regard her as different from other girls. She insisted that he concede her one privilege if they were to remain friends: he was not to talk to her about love, either seriously or in jest. She remarked that for months the very word love had called up ghost-like recollections. Why this was so, she said she could not tell him, not now, perhaps years from now when both had grown old. She could not do it, for if she endeavoured to refresh old memories or revive what she had half forgotten, her whole past arose before her, flat, languid, and insipid, easily misinterpreted by the person who heard the story, however clear it might be to her. She repeated that this was the way it was, and she could not help it. Once again she asked that he spare her feelings on this point.

Her face took on a serious expression; it resembled an old picture. There was something dream-like in her words.

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

"Well, if that is all you have on your mind, Eleanore, I am sure that it will be easy for me to respect your wish," said Daniel. There was a manifest lack of feeling in the kindness he displayed. It seemed indeed that the secret to which she was attaching so much importance was far removed from his egotistically encircled world. The little fountain in the garden was rustling. He listened to see if he could not catch the dominating tone in the continual splashing.

Eleanore turned to him now with renewed if not novel candour. She was closer to him in every way—her eyes, her hands, and her words.

VIII

Daniel had just completed an orchestral work which he had entitled "Vineta." He wished to have Benda hear it. One evening about six Benda came in. Everything was ready. Daniel sat down at the piano. His face was pale, his smooth upper lip was trembling.

"Now think of the sea; think of a storm; think of a boat with people in it. Picture to yourself a wonderful *aurora borealis* and a sunken city rising from the sea. Imagine a sea that had suddenly become calm, and in the light a strange phenomenon. Conjure up such a scene before your mind's eye, or conjure up something totally different, for this is a false way of getting at the meaning of music. It is plain prostitution to think anything of the kind. Ice-flat."

He was just about to begin, when some one knocked at the door. Eleanore entered. She whisked across the room, and took her seat on the sofa.

The piece opened with a quiet rhythmical, mournful movement, which suddenly changed to a raging presto. The melodic figure was shattered like a bouquet of flowers in a waterfall almost before it had had time to take shape and display real composure. The dissipated elements, scattered to the four corners of the earth, then returned, hesitatingly and with evident contrition, to be reunited in a single chain. It seemed that the mad whirlwind had left them richer, purer and more spiritual. They pealed forth now, one after the other, in a slow-moving decrescendo, until they constituted a solemn chorus played in moderato, melting at last into the lovely and serious main theme, which in the finale streamed away and beyond into infinity, dying out on an arpeggiated chord.

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

Where the piano failed to produce the full effect, Daniel helped out with his crow-like voice. It was the uncanny energy of expression that prevented his singing from having a comic effect.

Benda's eyes were so strained in the effort to listen intelligently and appreciatively that they became dazed, glazed. Had he been asked he could not have said whether the work was a success or a failure. The feature of the performance that convinced him was the man and the magnetism that radiated from the man. The work itself he could neither fathom nor evaluate. It took hold of him nevertheless because of its inseparable association with the human phenomenon.

Daniel got up, stumbled over to the sofa, buried his face in his hands, and sighed: "Do you feel it? Do you really feel it?" He then rose, lunged at the piano, seized the score, and hurled it to the floor: "Ah, it's no account; it is nothing; it is an abominable botch."

He threw himself on the sofa a second time. Eleanore, sitting perfectly motionless in the other corner, looked at him with the eyes of an astonished child.

Benda had gone to the window, and was looking out into the trees and the grey clouds of the sky. Then he turned around. "That something must be done for you and your cause is clear," he said.

Eleanore stretched out her arms toward Benda as though she wished to thank him. Her lips began to move. But when she saw Daniel she did not dare to say a word, until she suddenly exclaimed: "Heavens, there are two buttons on his vest which are hanging by a thread." She ran out of the room. In a few moments she returned with needle and thread, which she had had Meta give her, sat down at Daniel's side, and sewed the buttons on.

Benda had to laugh. But what she did had a tranquilising effect; she seemed to enable life to win the victory over the insidious pranks of apparitions.

IX

In years gone by, Benda had known the theatrical manager and impresario Dörmaul. He went to Dörmaul now, and took Daniel's new work along with him; for the versatile parvenu, who always had a number of irons in the fire, also published music.

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

A few weeks elapsed before Benda heard from Dörmaul: "Incomprehensible stuff! Crazy attempt to be original! You couldn't coax a dog away from the stove with it." Such was Dörmaul's opinion.

A young man with fiery red hair followed Benda to the door and spoke to him. He said his name was Wurzelmann and that he was a musician himself; that he had attended the Vienna Conservatory, where his teacher had given him a letter of recommendation to Alexander Dörmaul. He also told Benda that Dörmaul was planning to form an opera company that would visit the smaller cities of the provinces, and that he was to be the Kapellmeister.

He spoke in the detestable idiom of the Oriental Jew. Benda was politely cold.

The main point was still to come: "Vineta" had aroused Wurzelmann's profound admiration; he had read the score on the side: "A great talent, Doctor, a talent such as we have not had for a long, long while," said Wurzelmann.

"Yes, but what am I to say about Herr Dörmaul's opinion?" asked Benda. He found it difficult to trust the man before him, and was using the judgment of the man behind him as a foil.

"Don't you know Dörmaul? I thought you did. Whenever he has no authority to fear he becomes very bold. Lay the Ninth Symphony before him without Beethoven's name to it, and he will tell you at once that it is rubbish. Do you want to bet?"

"Honestly?" asked Benda, somewhat concerned.

"Give me the score, and I'll promise you to arouse the least sensitive from their lethargy with it. With a work of that kind you have got to blow the trumpet."

Benda thought it over. He had no use for trumpet-blowing, and no confidence in those who did the blowing. And yet he consented, for he did not feel justified in arbitrarily depriving Daniel of a chance.

It turned out that Wurzelmann had told the truth. A fortnight later Daniel was informed that the Orchestral Union had decided to perform his work in February. In order to provide its hearers with a more elaborate picture of his creative ability, the Union asked him for a second work. His compositions were perfect; others needed revision.

Wurzelmann boasted of having won his way to the seats of the mighty. He had the cordial approval of such professors of music

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

as Wackerbarth and Herold. His masterpiece of diplomacy lay in the fact that he had secured Andreas Döderlein as director of the orchestra.

His store of suggestions was inexhaustible, his plans without number. He mentioned the fact that when the company was on the road they would have to have a second Kapellmeister, since he himself would have to function at times as substitute director: "Leave it all to me, dear Nothafft," he said, "Alexander Dörmaul has got to dance to my tune, and my tune is this: It is Nothafft or nobody for Kapellmeister."

If he began with humility, he concluded with familiarity. Daniel hated red-headed people, particularly when they had inflamed eyes and slobbered when they spoke.

"He is an unappetising fellow, your Wurzelmann," he said to Benda, "and it is embarrassing to me to be indebted to him. He imagines he flatters me when he speaks contemptibly of himself. What he deserves is a kick or two."

Benda was silent. Touched by Wurzelmann's devoted efforts, he had called him *servule*, or the "little slave." It was pleasant to think that there was some one to remove the stumbling blocks from the road, so that the feet of him who had risen from obscurity might find a place to walk. But the little slave was filled with the admiration of the Jew, born in poverty and oppression, for the genius of the other race.

Benda knew this. He was uneasy at the thought of it; for other and no less disingenuous fanatics regarded Wurzelmann's behaviour merely as a racial peculiarity.

X

Summer with its hot August days had come. The two friends took frequent walks out to the suburbs, strolling through the forests of Feucht and Fischbach, or climbing the high hills about the city.

Eleanore joined them on one of these excursions. It was a joy to see her drink in the fragrance of the flowers and the fir trees or study the various cloud formations and the alternating scenes of the landscape. When she did this she was like a bird gliding along on noiseless wing in the upper regions, far removed from the grime of the earth, bathing in the undefiled air of the clouds.

She listened to the conversation of the friends with intelligent attention. A piercing glance or a wrinkle of the brow showed that she was taking sides, and accepting or rejecting in her own

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

mind the views that were being set forth. If she was moved to express an opinion of her own, she generally hit the nail on the head.

As they were returning home, night set in. The sky was clear; the stars were shining. There were a great number of falling stars. Eleanore remarked that she really did not have as many wishes as she could express under these circumstances. The erudite Benda replied with a smile that in these August nights there were frequently so many groups of asteroids that the whole firmament seemed to be in motion, and that one could easily grow tired of so many wishes.

Eleanore wanted to know what an asteroid was. Benda explained it to her as well as he could. Then he told her all about constellations and the milky way, and explained to her that the latter consists of millions of individual stars. He also spoke of the size of the stars; and since he referred to them occasionally as suns and worlds, she became somewhat sceptical, and asked him whether there were any earths among the stars. "Earths? What do you mean by earths?" he asked. "Why, earths, just like the one we live on," she replied. Having been told that there were earths among the stars, Eleanore raised a number of rather cleverly framed questions about the trees and animals and people that might be found on these other earths. She was told that it was highly probable that they were all inhabited about as our own: "Why should this globe enjoy special privileges?" he asked. He added, however, that even if the inhabitants of the other earths did not have the same mental faculties that we have, they were at least beings endowed with reason and instinct.

"Do you mean to tell me that such people as you and Daniel and I may be living up there in those starry regions?"

"Certainly."

"And that there are countless peoples and humanities up among the stars of whom we know nothing at all?"

"Certainly."

Eleanore sat down on a milestone by the roadside, gazed out into space with trembling lips, and broke out crying. Benda took her hand, and caressed it.

"I am awfully sorry for all those peoples up there," Eleanore sobbed, looked up, smiled, and let the tears take their course. Benda would have liked to take Daniel by the arm, and shout into his ear: "Look at her now!" Daniel was looking at her, but he did not see her.

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

XI

One evening in October, Inspector Jordan left his house in Broad Street, buttoned his top coat more closely about him, and walked hastily through a connecting alley that was so narrow that it seemed as if some one had taken a big knife and cut the houses in two. His goal was Carolina Street. It was late, and he was hungry. Doubting whether Gertrude would have a warm supper ready for him, he went to an inn.

He had spent two full hours there trying to get a rich hops dealer to take out some insurance. The man had him explain over and over again the advantages of insurance, studied the tables backwards and forwards, and yet he was unable to come to a decision. Then the waiter brought him his dinner. There he sat, smacking his lips with the noise of human contentment, his great white napkin tied under his chin in such a fashion that the two corners of it stuck out on either side of his massive head, giving the appearance of two white ears. He had offended Jordan's social instincts: he had not thought it worth while to wait for an invitation.

Among other guests in the inn was Bonengel, the barber. He recognised Jordan and spoke to him. He took a seat in the background, picked out the ugliest and greasiest of the waitresses, and ordered a bulky portion of sausage and sauerkraut.

He told lascivious anecdotes. When the waitress brought him his food, she tittered, and said: "He is a jolly good fellow, Bonengel is."

Jordan began to eat rapidly, but soon lost his appetite, pushed his plate to one side, propped his chin on his hands, and stared at the immobile clouds of tobacco smoke before him.

He had a feeling that it was no longer possible to keep at this work day after day, year in and year out. Running from one end of the city to the other, up and down the same stairs, through the same old streets—he could not do it. Answering the same questions, making the same assertions, refuting the same objections, praising the same plan in the same words, feigning the same interest and quieting the same distrust day after day—no, he could not do it. Disturbing the same people in their domestic peace, prodding himself on to new effort every morning, listening to the same curtain lectures of that monster of monsters, the insatiate stock market, and standing up under the commands of his chief, Alfons

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

Diruf—no, he was no longer equal to it. It was all contrary to the dignity of a man of his years.

He was ashamed of himself; and he was fearfully tired.

He thought of his past life. He recalled how he had risen from poverty, and worked up to the position of a highly respected merchant. That was when he was in Ulm. There he had married Agnes, the blond daughter of the railroad engineer.

But why had he never become rich? Other men who were distinctly inferior to him in shrewdness, diligence, and polish were now wealthy; he was poor. Three times he had been threatened with bankruptcy, and three times friends had come to his rescue. Then a partner joined him, invested some capital in the firm, and the business was once more on its feet.

But it turned out that this partner was a stranger to loyalty and quite without conscience. "Jordan is a drag on the business," he would say to his customers, "Jordan is stupid, Jordan cannot make a calculation." And the partner never rested until Jordan was paid a set sum and eased out of the firm.

He then tried his fortune here and there for eight or nine years. "Don't worry, Jordan," said Agnes, "everything will come out well." But it did not. Whatever Jordan took hold of, he took hold of at the wrong end at the wrong time with the wrong people.

He could not get on. Not only because his hand was heavy and his head too honest, but because he had allowed himself to be befooled by a chimera.

Early in life he had had a dream, and all his enterprise and industry were directed toward the fulfilment of this dream. It had been impossible: he had never been able to save up enough money. Every time he discussed his favourite wish with Agnes, and told her about the happy days when he would be able to live his own life and be his own boss, she encouraged him and tried to help him. But it seemed now that she had known all along that he had merely been dreaming, and that her magnanimity had prompted her not to jolt him out of his delusion.

It had always seemed to him that the world of dolls was a world in itself. He had taken an enchanted delight in picturing the types of faces, clothes, and hair he would design for his various dolls, big and little. Dolls of the most variegated charm peopled his fancy: there were princesses of different degrees of proximity to the throne, fisher maids and mermaids; there were shepherds and shepherdesses, Casperls and lusty imps, dolls with

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

heads of porcelain and dolls with heads of wax, all so faithfully imitated that it would require anthropomorphic skill to detect that they were not human beings. Their hair was, of course, to be human hair. Some of them were to wear the costumes of foreign races, while others were to be dressed up like fairy figures, sprites, and gnomes. There was to be a Haroun al Raschid and an Oriental Dervish.

The last time he moved his choice fell on Nuremberg. He was attracted to Nuremberg because it was the centre of the doll industry.

About this time Agnes died, and he was left alone with the three children for whom he had to make a living. He no longer had the courage to hope for success or prosperity; even the doll factory had become a chimera. He had but one ambition: he wished to lay aside ten thousand marks for each of his three daughters, so that they would be provided for in any event after his death. The boy, he thought, could take care of himself.

Up to the present, however, he had not been able to place the half of this sum in the bank. And now, suppose he lost his position; suppose the frailties of old age prevented him from making his own living; suppose he was obliged to draw on the savings of years for his own support. How could he look his daughters in the face in the evening of his earthly life?

"The slag hid behind something in the cellar, and when his wife tried to bring him his pants, she let them fall in the flour bin." This elegant remark emanated from Bonengel the barber.

His auditors gurgled, the waitress roared.

As Jordan walked home he could hear above the wind the voice of Bonengel the barber. It sounded like the rattling of a pair of hair-clippers.

He disliked walking up the steps to his front door; they were so narrow; they creaked as though they were ready to fall down; and he was always afraid he would meet some blind people. An oculist lived on the first floor, and he had often seen sightless persons feeling their way around.

A letter was lying on his table. The cover bore the address of the General Agency of the Prudentia Insurance Co. He walked up and down a while before opening it. It was his discharge papers.

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

XII

Friedrich Benda became more and more dejected. He saw that as a private individual he would have to waste energy that should be going into his profession. It seemed to him that he was condemned to bury his talent in eternal obscurity.

He broke off from the most of his acquaintances; with others he quit corresponding. If friends spoke to him on the street, he turned his head. His sense of honour had been wounded; he was on the point of losing his self-respect.

Daniel was the only one who failed to notice the change that was coming over him. Probably he had accustomed himself to the belief that Benda's life was orderly and agreeable. The plebeian prosperity of the family in which he himself lived probably made him feel that that was the way his friend was living. At all events he never asked any questions, and was never once struck by the fact that Benda would sit before him for hours with his face wrapped in bitter, melancholy gloom.

Benda smiled at Daniel's naïveté; for he felt that his attitude was due to naïveté and nothing more. He harboured no resentment. He decided not to say a word about his condition to Daniel, then all taken up with himself and his music. It was, however, at times impossible for him to prevent his smarting and his desire to put an end to his ineffectual existence from breaking through the coating of reserve in which he had encased himself.

Late in the afternoon of a dismal day, Benda called for Daniel just as he was finishing one of his piano lessons. The two friends decided to take a walk and then dine together at Benda's.

In the hallway they met the Rüdiger sisters as they were returning from their daily stroll through the garden. Benda greeted them with an antiquated politeness; Daniel just barely touched the rim of his hat. The sisters lined up as if ready for a cotillion, and returned the greetings with infinite grace. Fräulein Jasmina let a rose fall, and when Benda picked it up for her, she pressed her hand against her scarcely noticeable breast and gave voice to her gratitude, again with infinite grace.

When they reached the street, Benda said in a tone of compassion: "They are three delicate creatures; they live their lonely lives like vestal virgins guarding a sacred fire."

Daniel smiled. "Yes, a sacred fire? Do you refer to the incident with the painter?"

"Yes, I do; and he was no ordinary painter, either, let me tell

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

you. I heard the whole story the other day. The painter was Anselm Feuerbach."

Daniel knew nothing whatever about Anselm Feuerbach. He was impressed, however, by the name, which, by virtue of a mysterious magic, struck his ear like the chime of a noble bell. "Tell me about him," he said.

The story was as follows: Four years before his death, that is, six years ago, Anselm Feuerbach came to Nuremberg for the last time to visit his mother. He was already sick in body and soul, and was much disappointed in his alleged friends. The incessant torture resulting from lack of appreciation had told on his health. A few of the more enlightened citizens, however, recalled his fame, as it floated about in the heavy air of Germany, somewhat befogged and quite expatriated, and the Chamber of Commerce placed an order with Feuerbach for a painting to be hung in the Palace of Justice. Feuerbach accepted the order, choosing as his theme Emperor Ludwig in the act of conferring on the citizens of Nuremberg the right to free trade. When the picture was completed, there was a great deal of dissatisfaction with it. The merchants had expected something totally different: they had looked for a cheap but striking canvas after the style of Kreling, and not this dignified, classical work by Feuerbach.

Nor was this all. The hanging space was so small that several inches of the canvas had to be run into the wall, and the light was wretched. The Chamber of Commerce proceeded at once to make trouble with regard to the paying of Feuerbach's bill. An ugly quarrel arose in which Rüdiger, the geometrician, who had always been an ardent champion of Feuerbach, took the artist's part It finally reached the point where Rüdiger left the city, swearing he would never return. His daughters had all three loved Feuerbach from the time he lived in their father's house.

"As a matter of fact, if there ever was an amiable artist," Benda said in conclusion, "it was Anselm Feuerbach. Would you like to see him? Come, then."

They were near the Cemetery of St. John. The gate was open, and Daniel followed Benda. They walked along a narrow path, until Benda pointed to a flat stone bearing the name of Albrecht Dürer. After this they came to Feuerbach's grave. A bronze tablet, already quite darkened with age and weather, bore Feuerbach's face in profile. Beneath it lay a laurel wreath, the withered leaves of which were fluttering in the wind.

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

"What a life he lived!" said Benda in a low tone. "And what a death he died! The death of a hunted dog!"

As they walked back to the city, night came on. Daniel had removed his hat, and was walking along at Benda's side looking straight ahead. Benda was as nervous as he had ever been in his life.

"A German life, and a German death," he exclaimed. "He stretched out his hand to give, and the people spat in it. He gives and gives and gives, and they take and take and take, without gratitude, yea, rather with scorn. The only thing they study is their consanguinity table. They make the microscope and the catechism copulate; their philosophy and their police systems live in *mésalliance*. Good demeanour they know not; of human agreements they have never heard. They decide to do something, and they do it. That is all. There is no longer a place for me in Germany. I am leaving."

"You are going to leave? Where are you going?" asked Daniel, in faithful amazement. Benda bit his lips, and was silent.

"Do you see these big white spots here? They have neither mountains nor rivers on them. Those are places that have never been trod upon by European feet. There is where I am going." He smiled a gentle smile.

"Really? When?" asked Daniel, filled with dismay at the thought of losing his friend.

"I have not decided when, but it will be soon. I have work to do over there. I need air, room, sky, the free animal and the free plant."

Benda's mother came in. She was rather tall, walked with the difficulties of age, had sharp features and deep-set eyes.

She looked first at her son and then at Daniel. Then her eyes fell on the atlas and remained fixed upon it, filled with an expression of horror and anxiety.

Daniel did not know what to say. Benda, still smiling to himself, began to talk about other things.

XIII

At the death of her mother, Gertrude Jordan was nine years old. She had crept into the death chamber and sat by the bier for three hours. Perhaps her seclusion from the world and association with people dated from that hour. As she was leaving the

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

death room, the clock on the wall struck, and a cock crowed in the distance.

"Why do you tick, clock?" she asked in a loud voice, "why do you crow, cock?" And again: "Who makes you tick, clock, who makes you crow, cock?"

She had grown up, and no one knew anything about her. It was even difficult for her own father to approach her; how she was constituted, mentally and spiritually, he did not know. She never associated with girls of her own age. Her dark eyes glowed with wrath when she heard the senseless, sensuous laughter of other girls.

The first time she partook of the holy communion she swooned and had to be carried out. Jordan then took her to Pommersfelden to his sister, the widow of the district physician Kupferschmied. At the end of one week she returned alone, completely broken in spirit. She had seen a calf slaughtered; the sight had made her almost insane.

From the time she was fifteen years old she had insisted on having her own bed room. When she was sixteen she demanded that the maid be discharged; she herself did all the cooking and kept house. As soon as she had finished her work, she would take her seat by the quilting frame.

Through her father, Benjamin Dorn had come into the family. Gertrude liked him because Eleanore made fun of him. He did not seem to her like a man; he reminded her rather of the languishing angels she embroidered. He brought her all his religious tracts and edifying pamphlets, but she could not grasp the language. He took her to the Methodist revivals, but the noisy gnashing of teeth at these meetings terrified her, and after a few times it was impossible to persuade her to go back. He also recommended that she read the Bible, but she could find nothing in it that brought her peace of mind. It seemed that she had a wound in her soul that would not heal. Long after she had abandoned Benjamin Dorn and his cheap sanctimoniousness, he imagined that she still loved him and looked up to him. She managed, however, to come into his presence only on the rarest occasions, and then she never spoke to him.

Divine worship in the Protestant church seemed to her like a sort of bargain day on which the people assembled to do business with Heaven instead of on work days. She missed the dignity; the sermons left her cold; the ritual made not the slightest appeal to her.

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

She never heard from any one at any time a single sentence that really enlightened her or remained fixed in her memory. It was the jejune insipidity of an entire age, the stale flatness of the world that she felt to the very depths of her soul. If she wished to make her heart glow, if she became unusually fearful of the empty air and the empty day, she stole secretly into the Church of Our Lady or into St. Sebaldus, where the house of God was more solemnly decorated, where there were more lights burning, where the prayers had a more mysterious sound, the priests seemed to be more affected by what they were doing, and where the worshipper could sense the awful meaning of life and death.

All external beauty, however, was repulsive to her. She hated even beautiful scenery and fair weather, regarding them as temptations to mortal man intended to lead him into some sort of folly. She loved nothing about herself, neither her face nor her voice. She was indeed frightened at the sound of her own deep voice. She did not like her hair, nor had she any use for her hands.

One winter evening she took from her hand the gold ring, an heirloom from her mother, presented to her by her father, and threw it into the creek. Then she bowed down over the ledge, and seemed to feel as if she had relieved her soul of a great burden.

Eleanore tried time and time again to come near her sister, but each time she was thrust back. Though Gertrude never conversed with people, every word that was said about Eleanore reached her ears; she felt ashamed of her sister. She could not bear the looks of Eleanore, took an intense dislike to her, and in the end was obliged to summon all her courage in order to return her greeting. It was impossible for her, however, to reproach Eleanore; for that she did not have sufficient command of language. In truth, her control of words was exceedingly limited. Everything, grief as well as injustice, she was forced to stifle within her own soul. She grieved about Eleanore, and became at the same time more and more nervous and excited. It seemed that something about her sister was tantalising her, drawing her on, worrying her, making her lose sleep.

Her restlessness became so great that she could no longer sit at the quilting frame; in fact, it was no longer possible for her to do any kind of exacting work. Something drew her out of the house, and once she was away, something forthwith drew her back home. Her heart beat violently when she was alone, and yet, if her father or brother or Eleanore came in, she could not

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

stand their presence, and took refuge in her own room. If it was hot, she closed the windows; if it was cold, she opened them and leaned out. If it was quiet, she was filled with fear; if it was not quiet, she longed for peace. She could not say her prayers; she had none to say; her mind and soul were muted, muffled, dumb. She felt the hours following each other in regular order as something terrible; she wanted to skip over years, just as one might skip over pages of a tiresome book. And when the worst came to the worst, and she did not know what on earth to do, she ran to the Church of Our Lady, threw herself prostrate before the high altar, buried her face, and remained perfectly motionless until her soul had found greater peace.

Something made her go to Eleanore; she did not want to do it, but she could not help it. She was naturally vigilant, and she wished to ward off misfortune if possible. She was obsessed with an uncanny feeling, a gruesome curiosity. She dogged her sister's steps in secret. One time she saw from a distance that Eleanore had started off with a man who had been waiting for her. She could not move from the spot; Eleanore caught sight of her.

The next day Eleanore came to her voluntarily, and told her quite candidly of her relation to Eberhard von Auffenberg. Concerning what she knew of Eberhard's fate she said nothing; she merely indicated that he was extremely unhappy. She told her how she had met him the previous winter on the Dutzendteich at the ice carnival, how he ran after her, how glad she was to show him a little friendship, and how much he needed friendship.

Gertrude was silent for a long while. Finally she said, with a voice so deep that it seemed to have burst from being too full: "You two either must get married, or you must not see each other any more. What you are doing is a crime."

"A crime?" said Eleanore astonished, "how so?"

"Ask your conscience," was the answer, spoken with eyes riveted on the ground.

"My conscience is quite clear."

"Then you have none," said Gertrude harshly. "You lie, and you are being lied to. You are sunk in sin; there is no hope for you. That man's evil looks! His ugly thoughts! And the thoughts of the other men! They are all beyond redemption. You are spotted through and through. You don't know it, but I do."

She got up, kicked the chair from her with her heels, and stared at Eleanore with her mysterious black eyes: "Never mention this

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

to me again," she whispered with trembling lips, "never, never!" With that she went out.

Eleanore felt something like actual loathing for her own sister. Filled with an indescribable foreboding, she detected in Gertrude the adversary that fate had marked out for her.

XIV

When the autumn days came on and it began to get cold, Daniel was a frequent visitor at Jordan's. Although he had a warm stove now of his own, he took pleasure in remembering the comfortable corner of a year ago. He had a greater affection for things and rooms than he had for human beings.

It was rare that he came in contact with Jordan, for now that he was no longer with the Prudentia, it was hard to locate him: he was doing odd jobs for a number of concerns, and this kept him more or less on the go. Benno came home after office hours, only to betake himself to his room, where he shaved and made himself as elegant-looking as possible for the social engagements of the evening. He did not like to be alone with Gertrude, so he never came until after six o'clock, when he knew that Eleanore would be at home. Realising that Eleanore was diligently pursuing the study of French and English, and that her evenings were therefore of great value to her, he begged her not to be disturbed by his visits. He said that he found nothing so agreeable as sitting still and saying nothing. After an hour or two, however, he left, murmuring an indistinct farewell as he did so.

At times he would bring a book with him and read. If he chanced to look up, he saw Eleanore bending over the writing table, her hair, bathed in a flood of golden light from the lamp, falling in fine silken threads over her temples, while her mouth was firmly closed, her lips inclined to droop at the corners, but in a lovely fashion. Then he saw Gertrude. She did not wear her hair loose; she put it up in a tight knot above her neck. Her dress was no longer the Nile green; it was made of brown cloth, and on the front was a row of glistening black buttons.

At times Eleanore would make some remark to him, and he would reply. At times the remarks between the two spun out into a verbal skirmish. Eleanore teased, and he was gruff; or he mocked, and Eleanore delivered a curtain lecture. Gertrude would sit with an expression of helpless amazement on her face, and look at the window. She purposely remained unoccupied; she pur-

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

posely postponed her household duties. The thought of leaving the two alone in the room was unbearable.

What Daniel did and said, how he walked or sat or stood, how he put his hands in his pockets and smacked his lips, all this and more aroused a sense of fear and shame in her. She regarded his candour as impudent presumption; she looked upon his capriciousness as malevolent irrationality; his indifferent manners and his disposition to slander she felt certain were of a piece with the scorn of the devil.

On one occasion he dropped a caustic remark about the bigots who contend that God is a moralising censor. Having this phase of ethics under discussion, he also paid his respects to those people who look upon every worm-eaten pastor as an archangel. Gertrude got up with a jerk, and stared at him. He stood his ground; he merely shrugged his shoulders. Gertrude whispered: "Men without faith are worse than contagious diseases."

Daniel laughed. Then he became serious, and asked her what she understood by faith. He wanted to know whether she felt that faith was a matter of lip service. She replied, with bowed head, that she could not discuss sacred matters with a man who had renounced all religion. Daniel told her that her remark was slanderous. He wanted to know whether she had ever taken the pains to find out precisely how he stood in matters of religion, and if not, was this the reason she passed such final judgment on him with such suddenness and conviction. He asked her point blank whether she was quite certain that her so-called faith was better than his so-called unfaith. Not content with this, he asked where she got her authority, her courage, her feeling of security; whether she felt she had evidence to prove that she had carefully examined his soul; and whether she had at any time interviewed God.

He laughed again, whistled, and left.

Gertrude remained motionless for a while, her eyes fixed on the floor. Eleanore supported her chin on her hand, and looked at her compassionately. Gertrude began to tremble in her whole body, and, without raising her head, she stretched out her arms to Eleanore. Though quite unable to interpret this accusing gesture, Eleanore was terrified.

The next time Daniel came, he resumed his seat by the stove, and remained silent for a while. Then, without the slightest warning or apparent motivation, he began to discuss religion. And how? With the old spirit of defiance, as if from an ambuscade

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

from which he could send out his poisoned arrows, with calculating maliciousness and cold rebellion, with the air of a man who has been defeated, who is now being pursued, and who is willing to concede more to the earthly order of things than to the divine. Thus he sat, the incarnation of blasphemy, and once more shuffled the features of his face until he looked like the sedulous ape.

Eleanore felt that he was denying both himself and God, and that with violence. She went over to him, and laid her hand on his shoulder. Gertrude, a death-like pallor playing over her face, got up, passed by her and Daniel, and did not appear again that evening. Nor did she appear the following evening. From that time on she avoided his presence.

For one remarkable second and no longer, Daniel fixed his eyes on the shape of Gertrude's legs. He became suddenly conscious of the fact that she was a woman and he was a man. During this second, one of the rarest of his life, he perceived the outer surface of her body, but without the enveloping clothes. He thought of her as a nude figure. It lasted only a second, but he pictured her to himself as a nude. Everything she had said and done fell from her like so much clothing.

He had a feeling that his eyes had been opened; that he had really seen for the first time in his life; and that what he now saw was the body of the world.

The nude picture followed him. He fought against his disquietude. Nothing like this had ever happened to him before. He conjured up the picture in order to destroy it with coolness and composure; but it would not be destroyed, nor would it vanish. One day he chanced to meet Gertrude by the beautiful fountain. He stopped, stood as if petrified, and forgot to speak to her.

XV

It was a cold, clear day in the middle of December. Eleanore wanted to go skating after dinner. She was known in the entire city for her skill on the ice. An irrepressible vivacity and sense of freedom pulsed through her body. It seemed to her lamentable that she should have to sit down in the overheated, sticky air of the office among all those clerks, and write.

She went, nevertheless, to the office, took her place among the clerks, and wrote as usual. Herr Zittel's eyes shone through the lenses of his spectacles like two poison flasks. But she did not make much progress; time dragged; it dragged even more heavily

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

and slowly than Herr Diruf's feet, as he made his rounds through the room. Eleanore looked up. She felt as if his gloomy eyes were resting on her. Conscious of having failed to perform her duty as she might have done, she blushed.

Finally the clock struck six. The other clerks left, making much noise as they did so. Eleanore waited as usual until they had all gone, for she did not like to mix with them. Just then Benjamin Dorn came wabbling in: "The Chief would like to speak to Fräulein Jordan," he said, and bent his long neck like a swan. Eleanore was surprised: what on earth could Herr Diruf want with her? Possibly it had to do with Benno.

Alfons Diruf was sitting at his desk as she entered. He wrote one more line, and then stared at her. There was something in his expression that drove the blood from her cheeks. Involuntarily she looked down at herself and felt her flesh creep.

"You wanted to see me," she said.

"Yes, I wanted to see you," he replied, and made a weary attempt to smile.

There was another pause. In her anxiety Eleanore looked first at one object in the room and then at another; first at the bathing nymph, then at the silk curtains, then at the Chinese lampshade.

"Well, sweetheart," said Herr Diruf, his smile gradually changing into a sort of convulsion, "we are not bad, are we? By the beard of the prophet, we are all right, aren't we? Hunh?"

Eleanore lowered her head. She thought she had misunderstood him: "You wanted to see me," she said in a loud voice.

Diruf laid his hand, palm down, on the edge of his desk. His solitaire threw off actual sparks of brilliancy. "I can crush every one of you," he said, as he shoved his hand along the edge of the desk toward Eleanore. "That boy out there, your brother, is an underhanded sharper. If I want to I can make him turn a somersault, believe me." He shoved his fat hand a little farther along, as if it were some dangerous engine and his solitaire a signal lamp. "I can make the whole pack of you dance whenever I want to. Can't I, sweetheart? *Capito? Comprenez-vous?*"

Eleanore looked into Alfons Diruf's smeary eyes with unspeakable amazement.

Diruf got up, walked over to her, and put his arms around her shoulders. "Well, if the boy is a sweet-toothed tom-cat who can easily be led astray, you are a purring pussy-cat," he said with a tone of terrible tenderness, and held the girl so tight in his arms

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

that she could not possibly move. "Now be quiet, sweetheart; be calm, my little bosom; don't worry, you little devil!"

Horror, hot and cold, came over her, and filled her with unnamable dismay. Contact with the man had a more gruesome effect on her than anything she had ever even dreamed of. One jerk as though it were a matter of life and death, and she was free. White as a sheet, she nevertheless stood there before him, and smiled. It was a rare smile, something quite beyond the bounds of what is ordinarily called a smile. Alfons Diruf was no longer fat and fierce; he was like a pricked bubble; he was done for. And finding himself alone, he stood there for a while and gaped at the floor. He looked and felt hopelessly stupid.

Eleanore hastened through the streets, and suddenly discovered that she was in the Long Row. She turned around. Benda, then on the way over to call on Daniel, caught sight of her, recognised her by the light of the gas lamp, stopped as she passed by him, and looked after her not a little concerned.

When she reached home, she sank down on the sofa exhausted. To rid her mind of the memory of the past hour, she took refuge in her longing, longing for a southern country. Her longing was so intense, her desire to go south so fervent, that her face shone as if in fever. But the glass case had at last been broken.

The bell rang shortly before eight; she said to Gertrude: "If it is Daniel, send him away. I cannot see any one this evening."

"Are you ill?" asked Gertrude with characteristic sternness.

"I don't know; I simply do not want to see anybody," said Eleanore, and smiled again as she had smiled in Diruf's office.

It was Daniel, to be sure. Benda had told him that he had seen Eleanore out in front of the house; and when he learned that she had not been to call on Daniel, his anxiety increased. "There is something wrong here," he said, "you had better go see her." After they had talked the situation over for a while Benda accompanied Daniel as far as Ægydius Place, in order to make sure that he inquired after Eleanore.

Gertrude opened the iron door. "Eleanore does not want you to come in," she said, with a trace of joy in her eyes.

"Why not? What has happened?"

"She does not wish to see you," said the monosyllabic Gertrude, and gazed into the light of the hall lamp.

"Is she ill?"

"No!"

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

"Then she has got to tell me herself that she does not wish to see me."

"Go!" commanded Gertrude and tossed her head back.

Her gloomy eyes hung on his, and the two stood there for a moment opposite each other, like two racers who have come in at the same goal at the same time but from opposite directions. Daniel then turned around, and went down the steps in silence. Gertrude remained standing for a time, her head sinking deeper and deeper all the while on her breast. Suddenly she covered her face with her hands; a cold shudder ran through her body.

XVI

Before going to bed, Eleanore wrote a letter to Herr Zittel informing him that she was leaving the Prudentia at once.

Lying in bed, she could not sleep. She saw herself on the ice cutting bold and novel figures. The spectators, grouped about her in a wide circle, admired her skill. She saw the sea with fishing smacks and coloured sails. She saw gardens full of roses.

Her father and Benno had come home long ago. She heard the bell up in the nearby church tower strike twelve—and then one—and then two.

She heard some one walking back and forth in the house; she heard some one opening and closing a door. Then the steps died away, and all was quiet. She got up, went to the door, and listened. A deep sigh reached her ear from the next room. She opened the door just a little, without making the slightest noise, and peeped out through the crack.

Gertrude was standing by the open window; she was in her nightgown and bare feet. The moon was shining on the square in front of the house; the glitter of the snow on the roofs made it seem quite cold. The spooky illumination made the girl's face look spooky. Her loose flowing hair looked as black as ebony.

Eleanore ran into the room, and closed the window. "What on earth are you doing, Gertrude?" she exclaimed; "are you getting ready to take your life?"

Gertrude's slender body shivered in the cold; her toes were all bent in as if she were having a convulsion. "Yes," she said with marked moroseness, "that is what I would like to do."

"That's what you would like to do?" replied Eleanore, also trembling with cold. "And your father? Haven't you the slightest consideration for him? Do you want to give him more worry

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

than he already has? What is the matter with you, you crazy girl?"

"I am a sinner, Eleanore," cried Gertrude, fell on her knees, and clasped Eleanor about the hips. "I am a sinner."

"Yes? A sinner? What sin, pray, have you committed?" asked Eleanore, and bent down over her.

"Why am I in that house there, in that prison?" cried Gertrude, and clasped her hands to her breast. "Evil has come over me, evil has taken possession of me. I have evil thoughts. Look at me, Eleanore, look at me!"

Her voice had now mounted to the pitch of a piercing shriek. Eleanore stepped back from her, terror stricken. Gertrude fell head first on the floor. Her hair covered her bent and twitching back.

The door leading to Jordan's room opened, and he himself came in carrying a lighted candle. In default of pajamas, he had thrown a chequered shawl around his shoulders, the fringes of which were dangling about his knees. He had a white-peaked night-cap on his head.

Quite beside himself, he looked at the two girls and wanted to say something; but he was speechless. When much worried he would always smirk. It was a disagreeable habit. In Eleanore it always aroused a feeling of intense compassion. "There is nothing wrong, father," she stammered, and made an awkward gesture which indicated to him that it would be most agreeable to her if he would go away. "Gertrude has pains in her stomach; she tried to go to the medicine chest to get a few drops. Please go, father; I'll put her to bed."

"I will go to the doctor, or I will call Benno and have him go," said Jordan.

"No, father, it is not necessary. Please go away!"

He appreciated Eleanore's impatience and obediently withdrew, shielding the light of the candle with his hand; his gigantic shadow followed along behind him like some unclassified animal.

"Get up, Gertrude, get up and come with me!" said Eleanore.

Gertrude was taken back to her room. After she had been in bed for a few minutes, there was a knock at the door. It was Jordan; he asked how she felt. Eleanore told him everything was all right.

Until the moon had disappeared below the church roof, Eleanore sat on Gertrude's bed, and held her mute hand in her own. Though she had thrown a cloak about her shoulders, she was cold,

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

Gertrude lay with open, lifeless eyes. Every movement of Eleanore's face revealed the changing moods of her soul: she was thinking over an unending series of grave thoughts. When it became quite dark, Gertrude turned her face to Eleanore, and said softly: "Please get in bed with me, Eleanore. If I see you sleeping, possibly I can sleep too."

Eleanore laid the cloak to one side, and slipped in under the covers. The two girls cuddled up to each other, and in a few minutes both were sound asleep.

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

VOICES FROM WITHOUT AND VOICES FROM WITHIN

I

Daniel gradually gained followers. Those whom the "little slave" won over to his cause were hardly to be called patrons: they were patriots. They were delighted at the thought that a *maestro* should have been born and risen to fame in soulful old Franconia. In the actual life of their protégé they took but little interest.

Daniel's followers were young people.

Professor Herold was a strange man. His reputation reached far beyond the boundaries of his native province, and yet, owing to his whimsical peculiarities, he had not the slightest desire to leave home. On such sons and daughters of the natives as were diligent in their pursuit of musical studies, he poured out the whole of his sarcasm. His chief, his darling ambition was to wean them away from their fondness for worthless music and clap-trap performances of it. He did not succeed: you were not considered educated unless you could play the piano, and in the homes of these merchants education was highly regarded.

Enticed by his name, all kinds of people came from a distance to take lessons from Professor Herold. Having read the score of "Vineta," he said to two of these: "Fetch me that fellow dead or alive." And they fetched him.

The two came more frequently to Daniel, and then others, pupils of Professors Wackerbarth and Döderlein. At times he would take luncheon with them in the students' restaurant. We will call them the long-haired, or the pale-faced. Many of them looked like snake-charmers. They were almost without exception hopelessly stupid, but they all had some kind of a bee in their bonnet.

There were some young girls among them; we will call them the dreamy-eyed, or the lost-in-dreams. Daniel had no use for them whatsoever. His patience with the long-haired was equally lacking.

He told "the old man," as Professor Herold was called, of his antipathy to these students. Professor Herold snapped like a

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

vicious dog, brushed the white bristles back over his enormous head, and said: "Well, my young original, you have made a discovery. Don't you know that music cajoles into its magic circle the very riff-raff of any community? Don't you know that music is a subterfuge for the neglect of human duty? Don't you know that the voluptuous fumes it spreads over the cities results in the general corrosion and consumption of men's hearts? Don't you know that of every five hundred so-called artists, four hundred and ninety-nine are nothing but the cripple guard of God above? Therefore he who does not come to music with the holiest fire burning in the depths of his soul has his blood in time transformed by it into glue, his mind into a heap of rubbish."

Whereat he pushed Daniel out of the door, so that he might work undisturbed on his little pictures. Of these the walls of his room were full. He painted them in his leisure hours. They were small in size, and smaller still in merit; but he was proud of them. They represented scenes from country life.

II

On New Year's Eve, Dörmaul, the impresario, gave a dinner in the Little Swan, to which he invited Daniel. Dörmaul was quite well disposed toward Daniel. He said he had recognised the young man's talents at the sight of his very first note. He promised to publish "Vineta" and also the work Daniel had finished in the meantime, entitled "Nuremberg Serenade." He also seemed inclined to consider favourably Daniel's appointment in his newly founded opera company.

Among those present at the dinner were Professors Herold and Wackerbarth, Wurzelmann, a few of the long-haired and a few of the lost-in-dreams. Andreas Döderlein had promised to come in later. He appeared, as a matter of fact, five minutes before midnight, and stood in the wide-opened door as ceremonious as the New Year itself.

He went up to Daniel, and extended him his right hand.

"Look who's here! Our Benjamin and our John, not to mention our Daniel," he said, glancing at the last of the trio. "Congratulations, my young star! What do the annals from Andreas Döderlein's nose for news have to report? Back in Bayreuth, when we used to draw our wine by the flask, he merely had to sniffle around a bit to know just how things were. Isn't that true, Benjamin?"

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

Nobody denied it. Benjamin let right yield to mercy. The mighty man removed his storm-cape from his shoulders as though it were ermine he were doffing before condescending to associate with ordinary mortals.

Professor Wackerbarth had a wife who beat him and gave him nothing to eat: he regarded this as a rare opportunity to eat his fill and have a good time generally. But it was a poor sort of a good time.

One of the long-haired sang the champagne song, and Wurzelmann made a witty speech. Döderlein suggested that now was the time to let the mice dance and the fleas hop. When one of the lost-in-dreams sang David's March, which according to the rules of Bayreuth could not be classed as real music, Döderlein exclaimed: "Give me Lethe, my fair one." By "Lethe" he meant punch.

Daniel drank Lethe too. He embraced old Herold, shook hands with Andreas Döderlein, and tried to waltz with Wurzelmann. He was not drunk; he was merely happy.

Then it became too close for him in the room. He took his hat, put on his overcoat, and hurried out.

The air was warm, mild. A south wind was blowing. Heaven above, heaven below, the houses were standing on clouds. One breath made him thirsty for the next one. There was a bay-window; it was so beautiful that he felt like kneeling before it. There was a fountain; it was so snug and exotic that it seemed like a poem. There were the arches of the bridge; in them was the dim reflection of the water. There were two towers; they were as delicate as a spider's web.

He rejoiced and exclaimed: "Oh world, art thou real? Art thou my world, and am I living in thee? My world, my year, my time, and I in it all, I myself!"

III

He stood on Ægydius Place, and looked up at the windows in Jordan's house. They were all dark.

He wanted to call out, but the name that was on his lips filled him with anxiety. The passionate flutter of his heart almost tore his breast asunder.

He had to do something; he had to speak; he had to ask questions and hear a human voice. Consequently, he hurried out to the Füll, stood under Benda's window, and called Benda's name. The clocks struck three.

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

The blinds were soon drawn to one side, and Benda's stoutish figure appeared at the open window. "Daniel? Is it you? What's up?"

"Nothing. I merely wanted to bring you New Year's greetings."

"Do you think you are bringing me something good? Go home and go to bed."

"Ah, let me come in a little while, Friedrich. Let's chat for a moment or two about happiness!"

"Be reasonable! We might frighten happiness away by our talk."

"Philistine! Well, give me your blessing at least."

"You have it. Now go, night owl, and let the people sleep."

Another window opened on the ground floor. Herr Carovius's desolate nocturnal physiognomy appeared at the window, looked up, looked down on the disturber of the peace on the street, and with one mighty grim, grinning sound on his lips, his revengeful fist swinging in the meanwhile, the indignant man closed the window with a bang.

Something impelled Daniel to return to Ægydius Place. Again he looked up at the windows, this time beseechingly. The storm within his heart became more violent. For a long time he ran through the streets, and reached home at last along toward five o'clock.

As he passed through the dark hall, he saw a light up on the landing. Meta was carrying it. She was already stirring about, ready to begin her morning's work. He hesitated; he looked at her; with three steps he was by her side.

"So late?" she whispered with premonitory embarrassment, and began to finger her dress, which she had not yet buttoned up.

"Oh, what a joy to take hold of a living human being on this glorious day!" he exclaimed.

She offered some resistance, but when he tried to take her into her room, she bent her body backward, and thus pressed about his wrist She was still carrying the light.

"Oh, if you only knew how I feel, Meta. I need you. Hold me tight in your arms."

She made no more resistance. Perhaps she too was not without her fervent desire. Perhaps it was the time of day that made nature more insistent than usual. Perhaps she was suffering from loneliness in the company of the three sisters. It was still night and dark; but for her it was already day; it was the first day in the year, and she greeted it in festive mood. She yielded to him.

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

She was a virgin; she had no idea of the responsibility she was taking upon herself. Man had never been exactly a mystery to her, but now she felt for the first time the congenerous creature—and she gave in to him.

Daniel returned to earth after having knocked at the portals of the gods with tremendous wishes. The gods smiled their profoundest smile; for they had decided to have an especial fate arise from this hour.

IV

A meeting of the Social Democrats was being held in Gosten Court. They had met to discuss the Chancellor's speech on accident insurance.

The first speaker was Deputy Störbecker. But his voice had no carrying power, and what he said died away almost unheard.

Jason Philip Schimmelweis followed him. He presented a fearful indictment of the government. The official representative of the government advised him to be more reserved, whereupon he reinvigorated himself with a draught of beer. Then he hurled the full beaker of that wrathful scorn for which his heart, beating for the people, was noted, at the head of the individual who was first and foremost responsible for the affairs of the Empire. He did not mention Bismarck by name; he spoke instead of a certain bogey. He snatched the halo from his head, swore that he would some day unmask him and show the people that he was a traitor, branded his fame as a tissue of lies, his deeds as the disgrace of the century.

The venemous and eloquent hatred of the pudgy little man inflamed the minds that drank in his oratory. Jason Philip was greeted with a tumult of applause as he took his seat. His face was a bright scarlet red.

The leaders of the party, however, were noticeably quiet. In a moment or two, Deputy Störbecker returned with two comrades eager to enter into a debate with Jason Philip. He followed them into a side room. Exalted at the thought that they had been delegated to express to him the gratitude of the party for his speech, he smiled the smile of vanity and caressed his beard with his fingers.

"What is the matter, gentlemen? Why are you so serious? Did I go too far? I assume complete responsibility for everything I said. But be calm! They are getting afraid of us. The air has a dubious odour. The French are becoming cantankerous again."

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

"No, Comrade Schimmelweis, that is not it. You have got to vindicate yourself. You are a Proteus, Comrade Schimmelweis. Your right hand does not know what your left hand is doing. You are treating us disgracefully. You are ploughing in the widow's garden. You preach water and guzzle wine. You have entered into a conspiracy with the grafters of the town. You are in collusion with the people down at the Prudentia, and you are filling your own coffers in this gigantic swindle. From morning to night you enrich yourself with the hard-earned pennies of the poor. That is sharp practice, Jason Philip Schimmelweis, sharp practice, we say. Now you have got to sever all connection with the Prudentia, or the Party is going to kick you out."

Then it was that Jason Philip Schimmelweis rose to his true heights of eloquence. He insisted that his hands were clean, his left one and also his right one; that he was working in the interest of a good cause; and that threats could not intimidate him. He made it plain that he would bow to no dictatorship operating under the mask of equality and fraternity. He cried out that if the people wanted a scandal they could have it, but they would find him armed to the teeth. And he assured them that wherever he went in this wide, wide world, he would find the doors open to welcome him.

He then made a sudden about-face, and left his comrades standing. On the way home he continued to murmur murmurs of embitterment to himself.

Like a seasoned sailor eager to escape the storms of a raging sea, he steered his good ship toward other and more hospitable shores. Three days later he went to Baron Siegmund von Auffenberg, the leader of the Liberals, and offered him his services. He told him that he was willing to make any sacrifice for the great Liberal Party.

V

For thirty-five minutes, by his own watch, he cooled his heels in the ante-chamber. He made one caustic remark after another touching on the arrested development of the feeling of equality among the rich. Genuine rebel that he was, he did not repudiate himself even when he was practising high treason.

When he was finally taken into the office, he was not blinded in the slightest by the luxuriousness of the furniture, the rugs, or the oil paintings. He displayed not the remotest shimmer of

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

servility on meeting the illustrious Baron. He sat down on one of the chairs with complete equanimity, took no notice of the French-speaking parrot, and never cast a single glance at the breakfast table covered with appetising tid-bits. But he did present his case with all due straightforwardness and simplicity.

"Fine," said the Baron, "fine! I hardly believe that you will find it necessary to make a radical change in your battlefront. A conscienceless agitator you have never been. You have a family, a home of your own; your affairs are in good condition; and in the bottom of your heart you love order and discipline. I have in truth been expecting you for a long while. Nor am I exaggerating when I confess to you that you had to bolt, sooner or later."

Jason Philip blushed with satisfaction. With the bearing of a cabman who has just pocketed his tip, he replied: "I thank you very much, Baron."

"On one point we are wholly agreed," said the Baron, "and it seems to me to be the most important—"

"Quite right," interrupted Jason Philip, "you allude to the fight against Bismarck. Yes, on this point we are, I hope, of precisely the same opinion. I will do my part. Hand and heart on it, Baron. I could look with perfectly cold blood on this knight of obscurantism writhing on the rack."

Herr von Auffenberg heard this temperamental statement with noticeably tenuous reassurance. He smiled just a little, and then said: "Wait a minute, my friend, don't be quite so savage." He reached for his smelling salts, held them to his nose, and closed his eyes. Then he got up, folded his hands across his back, and walked up and down the room a few times.

What he said after this was as familiar to him as the letters of the alphabet. While Jason Philip gaped at his lips in dumb inspiration, the Baron himself thought of things that had not the remotest connection with what he said.

"The very same man who tried to make the new Empire inhabitable, with the aid of a liberal code of laws, and who brought the long-drawn-out quarrel between the Emperor and the Pope to a happy conclusion, is now trying, by word, thought, and deed, gradually to destroy all liberal traditions and to proclaim the Roman High Priest as the real creator of peace. All that the German Chancellor could do to give the final blow to liberalism he has done. The reaction has not hesitated to abandon the idea of the *Kulturkampf* and to work instead in the interests of class hatred

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

and racial prejudice, nurturing them even with deeds of violence. Faced with the crimes they themselves have committed, they will see their own children despised and rejected."

"*Dépêche-toi, mon bon garçon,*" screeched the parrot.

"I am happy at the thought of having snatched a precious booty from the claws of anarchy, and of having won a new citizen for the State, my dear Herr Schimmelweis. But for the time being it will be advisable for you to keep somewhat in the background. They will be inclined to make your change of political conviction the subject of vociferous attacks, and that might injure the cause."

VI

What was the old Baron really thinking about while he delivered this political speech?

There was just one thought in his mind; the same sullen, concealed anger gnawed incessantly at his heart.

He thought incessantly of his son, of the contempt which he had experienced because of him, and was still experiencing daily, even hourly, because of the fact that Eberhard had withdrawn from his power, had repudiated him.

He could not get over the fact that he had heaped up millions, and that Eberhard, so far as it was humanly possible to calculate—and in accordance with the law—would some day fall heir to a part of these millions. He knew very little about poverty; but his poisoned mind could think of nothing else than the satisfaction he would derive from being able, somehow, to deliver this abortive scion of his own name and blood over to poverty. Thus did he wish to take vengeance; thus would he punish.

But it was impossible for him to wreak vengeance on his son as he would have liked to: between the execution of the punishment and himself stood the law. The very thought that his riches were increasing daily, hourly, that the millions he had were creating new millions without his moving a finger, that he could not even stop the flood if he wished to, and that consequently the share of this disloyal, rebellious, and hateful son was becoming larger daily, even hourly—this thought he could not endure. It poisoned his peace of mind, paralysed his powers, robbed him of all natural and legitimate joy, and enveloped his days in a cloud of despair.

A modern Midas, he transformed everything he touched into gold; and the more gold he had the sadder his life became, the more revengeful his soul.

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

The tones of a piano reached his ear; it was his wife who was playing. She played Mendelssohn's "Song Without Words." He shook with disgust; for of all things repulsive, music was to him the most repulsive.

"*Dépêche-toi, mon bon garçon,*" screeched the parrot.

VII

During Jason Philip's absence, poorly dressed people frequently came to the shop and demanded that Theresa give them back the money they had paid in on their insurance.

Some of them became very much excited when Theresa told them that she would do nothing of the kind, that the insurance was the affair of her husband, and that she had nothing whatever to do with it. A locksmith's apprentice had given a sound thrashing to Zwanziger, the clerk, who had hastened up to protect the wife of his employer. A gold-beater from Fürth had created so much excitement that the police had to be called in. A cooper's widow, who had managed to pay her premiums for one year, but had been unable to continue the payment for the quite sufficient reason that she had been in the hospital, fell head-long to the floor in epileptic convulsions when she heard how matters stood.

It finally reached the point where Theresa was frightened every time she saw a strange face. She breathed more easily when a day had passed without some disagreeable scene, but trembled at the thought of what might happen on the day to come.

What disturbed her more than anything else was the inexplicable disappearance of small sums of money; this had been going on for some time. A man came into the office once and laid his monthly premium, one taler in all, on the counter. When he left, Theresa closed the door behind him in order that she might be able to watch the snow storm from the window. When she returned to the desk the taler had disappeared. She asked where it was. Jason Philip, who was just then handing some books up the ladder to Zwanziger, became so gruff that one might have thought she had accused him of the theft. She counted the money over in the till, but in vain; the taler had vanished.

She had forgotten, or had not noticed, that Philippina had been in the office. She had brought her father his evening sandwiches, and then gone out again without making the slightest noise; she wore felt shoes.

On another occasion she missed a number of groschen from her

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

purse. On still another, a spice merchant came in and demanded that she pay a bill of three marks. She was certain she had already paid it; she was certain she had given Philippina the money to pay it. Philippina was called in. She, however, denied having anything to do with it, and acted with such self-assurance that Theresa, completely puzzled, reached down in her pocket and handed over the three marks in perfect silence.

She had suspected the maid, she had suspected the clerk. She even suspected Jason Philip himself; she thought that he was appropriating money to pay his drinking expenses. And she suspected Philippina. But in no case could she produce the evidence; her spying and investigating were in vain. Then the thieving stopped again.

For Philippina, who had been doing all the stealing, feared she might be discovered, and adopted a less hazardous method of making herself a rich woman: she stole books, and sold them to the second-hand dealer. She was sly enough to take books that had been on the shelves for a long while, and not to do all her business with one dealer: she would go first to one and then to another.

The money which she scraped together in this way, as secretly and greedily as a jack-daw, she hid in the attic. There was a loose brick in the wall near the chimney. This she removed; and in time she removed other bricks. And once her treasures were safely stored in the hole, she would replace the bricks and set a board up against them.

When everything had become perfectly quiet and she felt wholly at ease, she would sit down, fold her hands, and give herself up to speechless meditation, an evil and fanatic dream playing over her features as she did.

VIII

One evening in February, Theresa and Philippina chanced to be sitting by the lamp mending the week's wash. Jason Philip entered the room; there was a sheepish expression on his face; he rubbed his hands.

Since Theresa did not consider it worth her trouble to ask him why he was in such a good humour, he suddenly laughed out loud and said: "Now we can pack up, my dear. I see it in writing: The wonder of the age, or the humiliated relatives. A touching tableau presented by Herr Daniel Nothafft of the Schimmelweis family."

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

"I do not understand you; you are talking like a harlequin again," said Theresa.

"Compositions by Daniel are going to be played in a public concert," Philippina informed her mother with that old, harsh voice of hers.

"How do you know?" asked Theresa, in a tone of evident distrust.

"I read it in the paper."

"The miracle is to take place in the Harmony Society," said Jason Philip, by way of confirming Philippina's remark, with an expression of enigmatic malevolence. "There is to be a public rehearsal on Thursday, and there is nothing on earth that can keep me away. The music dealer, Zierfuss, has given me two tickets, and if you want to, why you can come along and see how they make a local hero out of a plain loafer."

"I?" responded Theresa, in a tone of contemptuous amazement, "not one step will I take. What have I got to do with your imbecile concerts?"

"But these gentlemen are going to be disillusioned, terribly so," continued Jason Philip in a threatening tone. "There is still a certain amount of common sense left, just as there are means of proceeding against a common, ordinary swindler."

Philippina raised her head in the mood of a person who has come to a sudden decision: "C'n I go 'long, Pop?" she asked, her ears as red as fire.

It was more than a request. Jason Philip was startled at the intractable expression on the girl's face. "Sure," he said, avoiding as well as he could the mute opposition on the part of Theresa, "but take a whistle along so that you can make cat calls."

He sank back with a comfortable sigh on his chair, and stretched out his legs. Philippina knelt down and took off his boots. He then put on his slippers. Each of them bore a motto embroidered in red. On the left one were the words "For tired father"; on the right one, "Consolation."

IX

Eleanore had not told her father why she had left her position with Alfons Diruf. Nor did Jordan ask her why when he learned that she did not wish to speak about it. He suspected that there was some disagreeable incident back of it, and if he maintained a strict silence it was because he feared his own wrath and grief.

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

She soon found another position. A schoolmate and good friend of hers, Martha Degen, the daughter of the pastry-baker, had married Herr Rübsam, a notary public and an old man to boot. Eleanore visited the Rübsams occasionally, as did also her father; and in the course of conversation it came out that Herr Rübsam needed an assistant copyist. Since it was then impossible to give Eleanore a desk in the office, she was allowed to do all her work at home.

Friedrich Benda had also given her a cordial letter of recommendation to Herr Bock, Counsellor of Archives, who was just then engaged in writing a voluminous work on the history of Nuremberg. It would be her task to arrange Herr Bock's muddled manuscript.

It was a laborious undertaking, but she learned a great deal from it. Her thirsty mind would draw nourishment even from dry and lifeless subjects.

She was seized with a desire to fill up the gaps in her education. She begged Benda first for this book and then for that one. And after having written the whole day long, she would often sit down and read until late at night.

Everything she came in contact with she either assimilated or shook off: she dragged nothing along in the form of surface impedimenta; it became a part of her being, or she threw it to one side.

Daniel had not called for a long while. He was busy with the rehearsals which Wurzelmann was conducting. Professor Döderlein was not to take charge of the orchestra until it had been thoroughly drilled. The programme was to consist of Daniel's works and the "Leonore Overture." Wurzelmann referred to the Beethoven number as "a good third horse in the team."

Daniel also had a lot of business to transact with the impresario Dörmaul: the company was to go on the road in March, and many things had to be attended to. The contract he signed was for three years at a salary of six hundred marks a year.

A few days before the public rehearsal he came to Jordan's with three tickets: one for Jordan himself and the other two for the sisters. The public rehearsal was quite like a regular concert; over a hundred persons had been invited.

Jordan was just getting ready to go out. "That is fine, that is great: I can hear some more music now. I am looking forward to the concert with extreme pleasure. When I was a young fellow I rarely missed a concert. But that was long ago; indeed,

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

when I think it over I see how old I am. The years pass by like milestones on the highway of life. Well, Daniel, I thank you, thank you very much!"

Eleanore's joy was also great. As soon as her father had gone, she remarked that Daniel had looked for Gertrude; but she had left the room as soon as she saw him coming. Eleanore opened the door, and cried: "Gertrude, come in, right away! I have a surprise for you."

After a while Gertrude came in.

"A ticket for you to Daniel's concert," said Eleanore, radiant with joy, and handed her the green card of admission.

Gertrude looked at Eleanore; and she wanted to look at Daniel. But her heavy glance, slowly rising from the floor, barely reached his face before it returned to its downward position, aggrieved and pained. Then she shook her head, and said: "A ticket for the concert? For me? Are you serious, Eleanore?" Again she shook her head, amazed and indignant. Whereupon she went to the window, leaned her arm against the cross bars, and pressed her head against her arm.

Daniel followed her with looks of glowing anger. "You can take sheep to the slaughter," he said, "you can throw thieves in a dungeon, you can transport lepers to a hospital for incurables, but you cannot force an emotional girl to listen to music."

He became silent; a pause ensued. Tortured at the thought that Daniel's eyes were riveted on her back, Gertrude turned around, went to the stove, sat down, and pressed her cheek against the Dutch tiles.

Daniel took two steps, stood by her side, and exclaimed: "But suppose I request that you go? Suppose my peace of mind or something else of importance to the world, consolation, liberation, or improvement, depends on your going? Suppose I request that you go for one of these reasons? What then?"

Gertrude had become as pale as death. She looked at him for a moment, then turned her face to one side, drew up her shoulders as if she were shivering with cold, and said: "Well—then—then—I'll go. But I will be sorry for it . . . sorry for it."

Eleanore was a witness to this scene. Her eyes, wide open when it began, grew larger and larger as it advanced through its successive stages. As she looked at Daniel a kindly, languishing moisture came to them, and she smiled.

Daniel, however, had become vexed. He mumbled a good-bye and left. Eleanore went to the window and watched him

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

as he ran across the square, holding his hat with both hands as a shield against the driving wind.

"He is an amusing fellow," she said, "an amusing fellow."

She then lifted her eyes to the clouds, whose swift flight above the church roof pleased her.

X

It was the original intention to begin the regular evening concert with the third "Fidelio Overture." Döderlein was of the opinion that it offered no special difficulties: the general rehearsal was to be devoted primarily to the works of the novice. He raised his baton, and silence filled the auditorium.

The "Nuremberg Serenade" opened with ensemble playing of the wind instruments. It was a jovial, virile theme which the violins took up after the wind instruments, plucked it to pieces in their capricious way, and gradually led it over into the realm of dreams. The night became living: a gentle summer wind blew, glow worms flitted about, Gothic towers stood out in the sultry darkness, plebeian figures crept into the narrow, angular alleys; it was night in Nuremberg. The acclamation a glorious past with an admonition to the future fell upon the smug complacency of the present, the heroic mingled with the jocose, the fantastic with the burlesque, romanticism found its counterpart, and all this was achieved through a flood of genuine melody in which stodginess played no part, while charm was abundant in every turn and tune.

The professional musicians were astonished; and their astonishment was vigorously expressed in their criticisms. The general admiration, to be sure, was somewhat deafened by the unpleasant end that the rehearsal was destined to come to; but one critic, who enjoyed complete independence of soul, though an unfortunate incident in his life had compelled him to relinquish his influential circle in the city and retire to a limited sphere of activity in the province, wrote: "This artist has the unquestioned ability to become the light and leader of his generation. Nature created him, his star developed him. May Heaven give him the power and patience indispensable to the artist, if he would be born again and become a man above the gifts of men. If he only does not reach out too soon for the ripe fruits, and, intoxicated by the allurements of the lower passions, fail to hear the voice of his heart! He has taken a lofty flight; the azure gates of renown have swung

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

wide open to him. Let him only be cautious about his second descent into the night."

The same connoisseur found the composition of "Vineta" less ingenious, and its instrumentation suffering from the lean experience of a beginner. Yet even this work was strongly applauded. The impresario Dörmaul clapped his hands until the perspiration poured from his face. Wurzelmann was beside himself with enthusiasm. Old Herold smiled all over his face. The long-haired found it of course quite difficult to subdue their jealousy, but even they were not stingy with their recognition.

But how did Herr Carovius feel? His spittle had a bitter taste, his body pained him. When Andreas Döderlein turned to the audience and bowed, Carovius laughed a laugh of tremendous contempt. And Jason Philip Schimmelweis? He would have felt much more comfortable if the hand-clapping had been so much ear-boxing, and Daniel Nothafft, the culprit, had been the objective. The boy who had been cast out had become the leader of men! Jason Philip put his hand to his forehead, shook his head, and was on the point of exclaiming, "Oh, ye deceivers and deceived! Listen, listen! I know the boy; I know the man who has made fools of you here this evening!" He waited to see whether the misunderstanding, the colossal swindle, would not be cleared up automatically. He did not wait in vain.

At the close of the "Serenade," Jordan was struck by Gertrude's feverish paleness. He asked her whether she felt ill, but received no reply. During the performance of the second piece she kept putting her hands to her bosom, as if she were suffering from repressed convulsions. Her eyes were now lifeless, now glowing with an uncanny fire. As soon as the piece was finished, she turned to her father and asked him to take her home. Jordan was frightened. Those sitting next to him looked at the girl's pale face, sympathised with her, and made conventional remarks. Eleanore wanted to go home too, but Gertrude whispered to her in her imperious way and told her to stay. Familiar as she was with Gertrude's disposition, she thought that it was simply a passing attack of some kind, and regained her composure.

Daniel was standing at the door, talking to Benda and Wurzelmann. He was very much excited; his two companions were trying to appease his embitterment against Andreas Döderlein. "Ah, the man doesn't know a thing about his profession," he exclaimed, and scorned all attempts to effect a reconciliation between him and the leader of the orchestra. "What is left of my com-

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

positions is debris only. He drags the time, never even tries to make a *legatura*, scorns a *piano* every time he comes to one, pays no attention to *crescendos*, never retards—it is terrible! My works cannot be played in public like that!"

Gertrude and her father passed by quickly and without greeting. Daniel was stupefied. The lifeless expression in Gertrude's face unnerved him. He felt as if he had been struck by a hammer, as if his own fate were inseparably connected with that of the girl. Her step, her eyes, her mouth were, he felt, a part of his own being. And the fact that she passed by without even speaking to him, cold, reserved, hostile, filled him with such intense anger that from then on he was not accountable for what he did.

The flood of melody in Beethoven's great work was on the point of pouring forth from the orchestra in all its exalted ruggedness. What happened? There came forth instead a confused, noisy clash and clatter. Daniel was seized with violent restlessness. It was hard enough to see his own works bungled; to see this creation with its delicate soul and titanic power, a work which he knew as he knew few things on this earth, torn to tatters and bungled all around was more than he could stand. The trumpet solo did not sound as though it came from some distant land of fairy spirits: it was manifestly at the people's feet and it was flat. He began to tremble. When the calm melancholy andante, completely robbed of all measure and proportion by the unskilled hand of the leader and made to dissipate in senseless sounds, reached his ear, he was beside himself. He rushed on to the platform, seized the arm of the conductor with his icy fingers, and shouted: "That is enough! That is no way to treat a divine creation!"

The people rose in their seats. The instruments suddenly became silent, with the exception of a cello which still whimpered from the corner. Andreas Döderlein bounded back, looked at the mad man, his mouth as wide as he could open it, laid the baton on the desk, and stammered: "By Jupiter, this is unheard of!" The musicians left their places and grouped themselves around the strange man; the tumult in the public grew worse and worse. They asked questions, threatened, tried to set each other at ease, scolded and raged. In the meantime Daniel Nothafft, his head bowed, his back bent, stood there on the platform, glowing with anger and determined to have his revenge.

A few minutes later, Andreas Döderlein was sitting at the table in the musicians' waiting room. He looked like Emperor Bar-

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

barossa in Kyffhäuser. He had well founded reason to express his contempt for the decadence and impiety of the youth of to-day. It was superfluous for him to remark that a man who would conduct himself as Daniel had done should be eliminated from the ranks of those who lay claim to the help and consideration of sane people. The dignified gentlemen of the Orchestral Union were of the same opinion; you could search the annals of history from the beginning of time, and you would never find a case like this. Mild eyes flashed, grey beards wagged. The deliberation was brief, the sentence just. A committee waited on Daniel to inform him that his compositions had been struck from the programme. The news spread like wild-fire.

Who was happier than Jason Philip Schimmelweis?

He was like a man who gets up from the table with a full stomach, after having sat down at it fearing lest he starve to death. On his way home he whistled and laughed alternately and with well balanced proportion.

"There you see it again," he said to his daughter, as she walked along at his side, "you see it again: you cannot get blood from a turnip any more than you can get happiness from misery. A jackass remains a jackass, a culprit a culprit, and loafing never fails to bring the loafer to a disgraceful end. The Devil has a short but nimble tail; and it makes no difference how slovenly he may conduct his business, his recruits have got to pay the piper in the end. This will be a windfall for mother. Let's hurry so that we can serve it to her while it's still hot!"

And Philippina—she had never taken her eyes off the floor the entire evening—seemed to be utterly unconscious of the fact at present that she was surrounded by houses and people. She was a defeated woman; she wanted to be. She had much to conceal; her young breast was a hell of emotions, but her ugly, gloomy old face was as inanimate and empty as a stone.

Herr Carovius waited at the gate. After all the other people had gone, Daniel, Benda, Wurzelmann, and Eleanore came along. Daniel's storm cape fluttered in the wind; his hat was drawn down over his eyes. Herr Carovius stepped up before him.

"A heroic deed, my dear Nothafft," he miauled. "I could embrace you. From this time on you can count me among your friends. Now stand still, you human being transformed into a hurricane. I must say of course that so far as your music is concerned, I am not with you. There is too much hullaballoo in it, and not enough plain hellishness to suit me. But rid this country of the whole

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

tribe of Döderleins, and you will find that I am your man. Not that I would invite you to take dinner with me, so that you could have me make you a loan, not on your life. I am only a poor musician myself. But otherwise I am at your service. I hope you sleep well to-night—and get the hullaballoo out of your music just as soon as you can."

He tittered, and then scampered away. Daniel looked at him with a feeling of astonishment. Wurzelmann laughed, and said he had never seen such a queer codger in all his life. All four stood there for a while, not knowing exactly what to think, and in the meantime it was snowing and raining. Asked by Benda where he wished to go, Daniel said he was going home. But what could he do at home? Why couldn't he go home with Benda? "No," said Daniel, "I can't do that: I am a burden to every one to-day, including myself. Say, little servant, how are you feeling?" he said, turning to Wurzelmann, "how about a drink or two?"

Wurzelmann, somewhat embarrassed, said that he had an engagement. There was something repulsive in the way he declined the invitation.

"Ah, you, with your old engagement," said Daniel, "I don't give a hang where you are going; I am going along."

"No, you're not, Daniel," cried Eleanore. And when Daniel looked at her in astonishment, she blushed and continued: "You are not going with him; he is going to see some women!"

The three young men laughed, and in her confusion Eleanore laughed too.

"How tragic you are, little Eleanore," said Daniel in a tone of unusual flippancy, "what do you want me to do? Do you think that Wurzelmann and I are just alike when it comes to an evening's amusement? Do you think the earth claims me as soon as I see a tear?"

"Let him go," whispered Benda to the girl, "he is right. Don't bring an artificial light into this darkness; it serves his purpose; let him do with it as he pleases."

Eleanore looked at Benda with wide-opened eyes. "Darkness? What do you mean? The fire then was merely a will-o'-the-wisp," she said, her eyes shining with pride, "I see him full of light." Daniel had heard what she said. "Really, Eleanore?" he asked with greedy curiosity.

She nodded: "Really, Daniel."

"For that you can have anything you want from me."

"Well then I beg you and Benda to come over to our house,

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

Father will be delighted to see you, and we will have something to eat."

"Fine. That sounds good to me. Addio, Wurzelmann, and remember me to the girls. You are coming along, aren't you, Friedrich?"

Benda first made a few polite remarks, and then said he would accept.

"You liked it then, did you, Eleanore?" asked Daniel, as they walked along the street.

Eleanore was silent. To Daniel her silence was moving. But he soon forgot the impression it made on him; and it was a long, long while, indeed even years, before he recalled this scene.

XI

Jordan had taken Gertrude home. He was very careful not to ask her any questions that would cause her pain. On reaching the house he lighted a lamp and helped her take off her cloak.

"How do you feel?" he asked in a kindly tone, "are you better?"

Gertrude turned to one side, and sat down on a chair.

"Well, we'll drink a cup of hot tea," continued the old man; "then my child will go to bed, and to-morrow morning she will be all right again. Yes?"

Gertrude got up. "Father," she sighed, and felt around for the tea table as a means of support.

"Gertrude, what is the matter?" cried Jordan in dismay.

She moved the upper part of her body in her characteristic way—as though it were limp and she were trying to drag it along with her—and a faint smile came over her face. All of a sudden she burst out crying and ran to her room. Jordan heard her bolt the door, looked anxiously before him, waited a moment or two, and then crept up to her door on his tiptoes.

He placed his hands under his chin and listened. Gertrude was crying. It was an even and touching cry, not so much filled with grief as her sobs generally were, and seemed to be expiratory rather than the reverse.

As Jordan let the lonely, unhappy, and impenetrable life of his daughter pass by him in mental review, he became painfully aware of the fact that this was the first time in her life that she had ever heard real music. "Is it possible?" he asked. He tried to think of another time that would make him disbelieve the accuracy of his unpleasant observation.

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

He said to himself: Her case is simple; the hitherto unknown sweetness and power concealed in the ensemble playing of the violins, the euphony of the orchestra, and the beauty of the melody with all its fateful directness has made the same impression on her that the sunlight makes on a person from whose eyes a cataract has just been removed. Her soul has suffered from hunger; that is where the trouble lies. She has struggled too fiercely with the incomprehensible and the intangible.

His instinct of love told him that the best thing to do was to let her cry. It will do her good; it will relieve her soul. He pulled a chair up to her door, sat down, and listened. When he could no longer hear her crying, his heart grew easier.

XII

Eleanore was right. Her father was quite pleased to see Daniel and Benda. "I am proud of you," he said to Daniel, "and for your visit to me I thank you. I feel flattered."

"If you had stayed a half hour longer, you might feel differently about it," replied Daniel.

Eleanore gave her father a brief account of what had taken place at the concert. Jordan listened attentively, looked at Daniel, and, with a wrinkle on his forehead, said, "Is it possible?"

"Yes, it is possible; it had to happen," said Daniel.

"Well, if it had to happen, it is a good thing that it is over," was the dispassionate response.

Eleanore took her father's hand; the back of it was covered with big yellow spots; she kissed it. Then she set the table, got everything ready for the meal, went in and out of the room in a most cheerful way, and did not forget to put the water on the stove to boil. She had asked about Gertrude as soon as she came home, but for some reason or other her father seemed disinclined to say anything on the subject, from which Eleanore inferred that there was nothing seriously wrong.

Finally they sat down at the table. Eleanore was quite pleased to see the three men whom she liked so much gathered together in this way. There was a feeling of gratitude in her heart toward each one of them. But she was also hungry: she ate four sandwiches, one right after the other. When she saw that Daniel was not eating, she stepped up behind his chair, bent over him so far that the loose flowing hair from her temples tickled his face, and said: "Are you embarrassed? Or don't you like the way the

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

sausages have been prepared? Would you like something else?"

Daniel evaded the questions; he was out of sorts. And yet in the bottom of his heart the contact with the girl made a pleasing impression on him; it was in truth almost a saving impression. For his thoughts continually and obstinately returned to the girl who had fled, and whose presence he missed without exactly wishing that she were at the table with the others.

Benda spoke of the political changes that might, he feared, take place because of the death of Gambetta. Jordan, who always took a warm interest in the affairs of the Fatherland, made a number of true and humane remarks about the tense feeling then existing between France and Germany, whereupon the door to Gertrude's room opened and Gertrude herself stood on the threshold.

Deep silence filled the room; they all looked at her.

Strangely enough, she was not wearing the dress she had on at the concert. She had put on the Nile green dress, the one in which Daniel saw her for the first time. Jordan and Eleanore hardly noticed the change; they were too much absorbed in the expression on the girl's face. Daniel was also astonished; he could not look away.

Her expression had become softer, freer, brighter. The unrest in which her face had heretofore been clouded had disappeared. Even the outlines of her face seemed to have changed: the arch of her eyebrows was higher, the oval of her cheeks more delicate.

She leaned against the door; she even leaned her head against the door. Her left hand, hanging at her side, seemed indolent, limp, indifferent. Her right hand was pressed against her bosom. Standing in this position, she studied the faces of those who were sitting at the table, while a timid and gentle smile played about her lips.

Jordan's first suspicion was that she had lost her mind. He sprang up, and hastened over to her. But she gave him her hand, and offered no resistance at all to being led over to the table.

Suddenly she fixed her silent gaze on Daniel. He got up involuntarily, and seized the back of his chair. His colour changed; he distorted the corners of his mouth; he was nervous. But when Gertrude withdrew her hand from her father's and extended it to him, and when he took it and his eye met hers—he could not help but look at her—his solicitude vanished. For what he read in her eyes was an unreserved and irrevocable capitulation of her whole self, and Daniel was the victor. His face grew gentle, grateful, dreamy, and resplendent.

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

It was not merely the sensuous charm revealed in the feeling which Gertrude betrayed that moved him: it was the fact that she came as she had come, a penitent and a convert. The sublime conviction that he had been able to transform a soul and awaken it to new life touched him deeply.

This it was that drew him to Gertrude more than her countenance, her expression, and her body combined. And now he saw all three—her countenance, her expression, and her body.

Jordan had a foreboding of something. He felt that he would have to take the girl in his arms and flee with her. Pictures of future misfortune crowded upon his imagination; the hope he had cherished for Gertrude was crushed to the earth.

Benda stared at his plate in silence. Nevertheless, just as if he had other eyes than those with which he saw earthly things, he noticed that Eleanore's hands and lips were trembling, that with each succeeding second she grew paler, that she cast a distrustful glance first at her father, then at her sister, and then at Daniel, and that she finally, as if overcome with a feeling of exhaustion, slipped away from her place by the table lamp, stole into a corner, and sat down on the hassock.

But after they had all resumed their seats at the table, Gertrude sitting between Benda and her father, Eleanore came up and sat down next to Daniel. She never took her eyes off Gertrude; she looked at her in breathless surprise, Gertrude smiled as she had smiled when leaning against the door, timidly and passionately.

From that moment on, the conversation lagged, Benda suggested to his friend that it was time for them to leave. They thanked Jordan for his hospitality and departed. Jordan accompanied them down the stairs and unlocked the front door. When he returned, Eleanore was just going to her room: "Well, Eleanore, are you not going to say good-night?" he called after her.

She turned around, nodded conventionally, and closed the door.

Gertrude was still sitting at the table. Jordan was walking up and down the room. Suddenly she sprang up, stepped in his way, forced him to stop, threw her arms about his neck, and kissed him on the forehead. She had never done that before.

She too had gone to sleep. Jordan felt terribly alone. He heard the street door open and close; he heard some one enter. It was Benno. Jordan thought that his son would come in, for he must have seen the light through the crack of the door. But Benno evidently had no desire to see his father. He went to his room at

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

the other end of the hall, and closed the door behind him just as if he were a servant.

"They are all three in bed," thought Jordan to himself," and what do I know about them?"

He shook his head, removed the hanging lamp from its frame, and locked the room, holding the lamp very carefully as he did so.

XIII

Eleanore had not seen Eberhard von Auffenberg for a number of weeks. He wrote her a card, asking for the privilege of meeting her somewhere. The place in fact was always the same—the bridge at the gate to the Zoölogical Garden. Immediately after sunset she betook herself to that point. It was a warm March evening; there was not a breath of wind; the sky was covered with clouds.

They strolled up the castle hill, and when they had reached the parapet, Eleanore said, gently laughing: "Now listen, I have talked enough; you say something."

"It is so pleasant to be silent with you," replied Eberhard in a downcast mood.

Filled with a disagreeable premonition, Eleanore sought out one of the many hundreds of lights dimly flickering down in the city, fixed her eyes on it, and stubbornly refused to look at any other earthly object.

"If I appeal to you at this hour," the young Baron finally began, "it is to a certain extent exactly as if I were appealing to the Supreme Court. My expectations in life have, with one single exception, been utterly and irrevocably crushed. It depends quite upon you, Eleanore, whether I am to become and remain a useless parasite of human society, or a man who has firmly decided to pay for his share of happiness by an equal amount of honest work. I offer you everything I have. It is not much, but I offer it to you without haggling and forever. You and you alone can save me. That is what I wanted to say to you."

He looked up at the clouds, leaning on his cane, which he had placed behind his back.

"I have forbidden you to speak of this," whispered Eleanore in profound dismay, "and you promised me that you would not say anything about it."

"I gave you my promise because I loved you; I break it for the same reason," replied Eberhard. "I feel that such a promise is

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

the act of a foolish child, when the building up or the tearing down of a human life depends upon it. If you are of a different opinion, I can only beg your pardon. Probably I have been mistaken."

Eleanore shook her head; she was grieved.

"It was my plan to go to England with you, and there we would be married," continued Eberhard. "It is quite impossible for me to get married here: I loathe this city. It is impossible, because if I did my people would in all probability set up some claims to which they are no longer entitled and for which I would fight. The mere thought of doing this repels me. And it is also impossible because . . ." at this he stopped and bit his lips.

Eleanore looked at him; she was filled with curiosity. His pedantic enumeration of the various hindrances as well as the romanticism of his plans amused her. When she detected the expression of downright grief in his face, she felt sorry for him. She came one step nearer to him; he took her hand, bowed, and pressed his lips to her fingers. She jerked her hand back.

"Fatal circumstances have placed me in a most humiliating situation; if I am not to succumb to them, I must shake them off at once," said Eberhard anxiously. "I was inexperienced; I have been deceived. There is a person connected with my case who hardly deserves the name of a human being; he is a monster in the garb of an honest citizen. I have not the faintest idea what I am to do next, Eleanore. I must leave at once. In a strange country I may regain my strength and mental clearness. With you I could defy the universe. Believe in me, have confidence in me!"

Eleanore let her head sink. The despair of this usually reserved man touched her heart. Her mouth twitched as she sought for words.

"I cannot get married, Eberhard," she said, "really, I cannot. I did not entice you to me; you dare not reproach me. I have tried to make my attitude toward you perfectly clear from the very first time I met you. I cannot get married; I cannot."

For five or six minutes there was a silence that was interrupted only by human voices in the distance and the sound of carriages from the streets down in the city. In the compassion that Eleanore after all felt for Eberhard she sensed the harshness of her unqualified refusal. She looked at him courageously, firmly, and said: "It is not obstinacy on my part, Eberhard; nor is it stupid anxiety, nor

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

imagination, nor lack of respect. Truth to tell I have a very high opinion of you. But there must be something quite unnatural about me, for you see that I loathe the very idea of getting married. I detest the thought of living with a man. I like you, but when you touch me as you did a little while ago when you kissed my hand, a shudder runs through my whole body."

Eberhard looked at her in astonishment; he was morose, too.

She continued: "It has been in me since my childhood; perhaps I was born with it, just as other people are born with a physical defect. It may be that I have been this way ever since a certain day in my life. It was an autumn evening in Pappenheim, where my aunt then lived. My sister Gertrude and I were walking in a great fruit garden; we came to a thorn hedge, and sitting by the hedge was an old woman. My father and mother were far away, and the old woman said to my sister, then about seven: Be on your guard against everything that sings and rings. To me she said: Be careful never to have a child. The next day the woman was found dead under the hedge. She was over ninety years old, and for more than fifty years she had peddled herbs in Altmühltal. I naturally had not the vaguest idea what she meant at the time by "having a child," but her remark stuck in my heart like an arrow. It grew up with me; it became a part of me. And when I learned what it meant, it was a picture by the side of the picture of death. Now you must not think that I have gone through life thus far filled with a feeling of despicable fear. Not at all. I simply have no desires. The idea does not attract me. If it ever does, many questions will I ask about life and death! I will laugh at the old woman under the hedge and do what I must."

As she spoke these last words, her face took on a strangely chaste and fanciful expression. Eberhard could not take his eyes from her. "Ah, there are after all fairy creatures on this flat, stale, and unprofitable earth," he thought, "enchanted princesses, mysterious Melusinas." He smiled somewhat distrustfully—as a matter of habit. But from this moment his frank, open, wooing attachment to the girl was transformed into a consuming passion.

He was proud, and man enough to subdue his feelings. But he yearned more than ever, and was tortured by his yearnings to know something more than the vague knowledge he had at present about that glass case, that spirit-chest in which, so near and yet so far, this lovely creature lived, impervious to the touch of mortal hands and immune to the flames of love.

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

"You are rejecting me, then?" he asked.

"Well, it is at least advisable that for the time being we avoid each other's presence."

"Advisable for me, you think. And for the time being? How am I to interpret that?"

"Well, let us say for five years."

"Why exactly five years? Why not twenty? Why not fifty? It would be all the same."

"It seems to me that five years is just the right amount of time, Eberhard."

"Five years! Each year has twelve times thirty, fifty-two times seven days. Why the arithmetic of it is enough to make a man lose his mind."

"But it must be five years," said Eleanore gently though firmly. "In five years I will not have changed. And if I am just the same in five years from now, why, we'll talk it over again. I must not exclude myself from the world forever. My father often says: What looks like fate at Easter is a mere whim by Pentecost. I prefer to wait until Pentecost and not to forget my friend in the meantime."

She gave him her hand with a smile.

He shook his head: "No, I can't take your hand; another one of those shudders will run through you if I do. Farewell, Eleanore."

"And you too, Eberhard, farewell!"

Eberhard started down the hill. Suddenly he stopped, turned around, and said: "Just one thing more. That musician—Nothafft is his name, isn't it?—is engaged to your sister, isn't he?"

"Yes, Gertrude and Daniel will get married some day. But who told you about it?"

"The musician himself was in a restaurant. The fellows were drinking, and he was so incautious as to raise his glass, and, somewhat after the fashion of an intoxicated drum-major, he himself drank to Gertrude's health. For some time there was talk of his marrying you. It is much better as it is. I can't stand artists. I can't even have due respect for them, these indiscreet hotspurs. Good night, Eleanore."

And with that he vanished in the darkness.

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

IN MEMORY OF A DREAM FIGURE

I

One evening Daniel called on Benda to take leave of him for a long while.

Just as he was about to enter the front gate, he saw Herr Carovius's dog standing there showing his teeth. The beast's blood-shot eyes were fixed on a ten-year old girl who was likewise on the point of entering the house, but, afraid of the dog, she did not dare take another step. The animal had dragged his chain along behind him, and stood there now, snarling in a most vicious way.

Daniel took the child by the hand and led it back a few steps, after he had frightened the dog into silence by some rough commands. "Who are you?" he asked the girl.

"Dorothea Döderlein," was the reply.

"Ah," said Daniel. He could not help but laugh, for there was a comic tone of precociousness in the girl's manner of speaking. But she was a very pretty child. A sly, smiling little face peeped out from under her hood, and her velvet mantle with great pearl buttons enshrouded a dainty figure.

"You should have been in bed long ago, Dorothea," said Daniel. "What will the night watchman think when he comes along and finds you up? He will take you by the collar, and lead you off to jail."

Dorothea told him why she was still up and why she was alone. She had been visiting a school friend, and the maid who called for her wanted to get a loaf of bread from the bakery before going up stairs. She related the story of her meeting with the dog with so much coquetry and detail that Daniel was delighted at the contrast between this rodomontade and the quaking anxiety in which he first found her.

"You are a fraud, Dorothea," said Daniel, and called to mind the unpleasant sensation she aroused in him when he saw her for the first time years ago.

In the meanwhile the maid had come up with the loaf of bread; she looked with astonishment at the two as they stood there

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

gossiping, and immediately took the child into her charge, conscious as she was of her own dilatoriness. With a few piercing shrieks she drove Cæsar back from the gate, and as he ran across the street Dorothea cast one triumphant glance back at Daniel, feeling that she had proved to him that she was not the least afraid of the dog.

II

Frau Benda opened the door, closed it without saying a word, and went into her room. She had had a violent quarrel with her son, who had just informed her that he had accepted the invitation of a learned society to come to England and settle down. He was to start at the end of spring. Frau Benda was tired of travelling; she shuddered at the thought of moving. The separation from Friedrich seemed intolerable to her; and in his flight from the Fatherland she saw a final and premature renunciation of all the opportunities that might in the end present themselves to him at home.

She was convinced that the men who had done him injustice would in time come to see the error of their ways and make amends for their miscalculations. She was particularly anxious that he be patient until satisfaction had been done him. Moreover, she knew his plans, and trembled at the risks to which he was voluntarily exposing himself: she felt that he was undertaking a task for which he had not had the practical experience.

But his decision was irrevocable. That he had never said a word about it to Daniel, had not even insinuated that he was thinking of making a change, was due to the peculiar onesideness of their present relation to each other.

Laughing heartily, Daniel told of his meeting with little Dorothea. "She looks to me as though she will give old Döderlein a good deal to think about in the days to come," said Daniel.

"You played him a pretty scurvy trick, the old Döderlein," replied Benda. "The night after the public rehearsal I heard him walking up and down for hours right under my bed-room."

"You feel sorry for him, do you?"

"If I were you, I would go to him and beg his pardon."

"Do you really mean it?" exclaimed Daniel. Benda said nothing. Daniel continued: "To tell the truth, I should be grateful to him. It is due to his efforts that I have come to see, more quickly than I otherwise would have done, that those were two impossible imitations to which I wanted to assure a place in the sun.

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

They may throw me down if they wish; I'll get up again, depend upon it, if, and even if, I have in the meantime gulped down the whole earth."

Benda smiled a gracious smile. "Yes, you die at each fall, and at each come-back you appear a new-made man," he said. "That is fine. But a Döderlein cannot come back, once his contemporaries have thrown him over. The very thing that means a new idea to you spells his ruin; what gives you pleasure, voluptuous pleasure, is death to him."

"Y-e-s," mumbled Daniel, "and yet, what good is he?"

"The spirit of nature, the spirit of God, is a total stranger to such conceptions as harmfulness and usefulness," replied Benda in a tone of serious reflection. "He lives, and that is about all you can say. So far as I am concerned, I have not the slightest reason to defend a Döderlein in your presence." He was silent for a moment and took a deep breath. "I cannot speak more distinctly; somehow or other I cannot quite find the right words," he continued in a disconcerted way, "but the point is, the man has committed a crime against a woman, a crime so malicious, subtle, and naïve, that he deserves every stigma with which it is possible to brand him, and even then he would not be adequately punished."

"You see," exclaimed Daniel, "he is not only a miserable musician. And that is the way it always is. They are all like that. Oh, these bitter-sweet, grinning, pajama-bred, match-making, ninnying, super-smart manikins—it makes your blood curdle to look at one of them. And yet a real man has got to run the gauntlet before them his whole life long, and down through their narrow little alleys at that!"

"Rather," said Benda with bowed head. "It is a tough, clammy poison pap. If you stir it with your finger, you will stick fast, and it will suck the very marrow out of your bones. But you are speaking for the time being without precise knowledge of all the pertinent material, as we say in science. During my study of the cells of plants and animals, I came to see that a so-called fundamental procreation was out of the question. I gave expression to this view in a circle of professional colleagues. They laughed at me. To-day it is no longer possible to oppose the theory I then advanced. One of my former friends succeeded in making certain combinations of acetic acid, crystallised by artifical means. When he made his great discovery known, one of the assembled gentlemen cried out: 'Be careful, doctorette, or your amido atoms will get out of their cage.' That is a sample of the base and treacherous

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

fashion in which we are treated by the very people who we might think were our warmest friends, for they are apparently trying to reach the same goal that we are. But you! The world may reject you, and you still have what no one can take from you. I have to wait in patience until a judge hands down a decision either condemning me or redeeming me. You? Between you and me there is the same difference that exists between the seed which, sunk into the earth, shoots up whether it rains or shines, and some kind of a utensil which rusts in the store because no one buys it."

He got up and said: "You are the more fortunate of us two, it behooves me therefore to be the more merciful."

Daniel could make no reply that would console him.

As he went home, he thought of the fidelity and the constant but unassuming help he had received from Benda. He thought of the refined and delicate consideration of his friend. He thought especially of that extraordinary courtesy which was so marked in him, that, for example, while laughing at a good joke, Benda would stop with open mouth if some one resumed the conversation: he did not wish to lose anything another might wish to say to him.

He stopped. It seemed to him that he had neglected the opportunity to put an especially reassuring, cordial, and unforgettable force into his final handshake. He would have liked to turn back. But it is not the custom to turn back; no one in truth can do it.

III

Daniel did not wish to take the mask of Zingarella with him on his tours. To expose the fragile material to all the risks associated with a fortuitous life on the road seemed to him an act of impiety. He had consequently promised Eleanore to leave the mask with her in Jordan's house during his absence.

Eleanore opened the door; Daniel entered. Gertrude arose from her seat at the table, and came up to meet him. Her face showed, as it always did when she saw him, unmistakable traces of resignation, willingness, submissiveness.

Daniel walked over to the table, took the newspaper wrapping from the mask, and held it up in the light of the lamp.

"How beautiful!" exclaimed Gertrude, whose senses were now delighted at the sight of any object that appealed to one's feelings.

"Well, take it, then, Gertrude," said Eleanore, as she leaned both

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

elbows on the top of the table. "Keep it with you," she continued somewhat tensely, when she noticed that Gertrude was looking at Daniel as if to say, "May I?"

"But won't he give it to both of us?" replied Gertrude with a covetous smile.

"No, no, he simply mentioned me for courtesy's sake," said Eleanore, quite positively.

"Eleanore, I can scarcely tell you how I feel toward you," said Daniel, half confused, half angry, and then stopped with conspicuous suddenness when the fiery blue of her eyes fell upon him.

"You?" she whispered in astonishment, "you?"

"Yes, you," he replied emphatically. "Later I can tell everybody; to-day it is true in a double sense: you seem to me just like a sister."

He had laid the mask to one side and extended his left hand to Eleanore, and then, hesitating at first, he gave Gertrude his right hand with a most decisive gesture.

Eleanore straightened up, took the mask of Zingarella, and held it up before her face. "Little Brother," she cried out in a teasing tone. The pale, sweet stone face was wonderful to behold, as it was raised above the body that was pulsing with life.

And Gertrude—for one second she hung on Daniel's gaze, a sigh as deep as the murmuring of the sea sounded in her bosom, and then she lay in his arms. He kissed her without saying a word. His face was gloomy, his brow wrinkled.

"Little Brother" sounded out from behind the mask. But there was no banter in the expression; it was much more like a complaint, a revelation of anguish: "Little Brother!"

IV

Daniel had left the city long ago. Eleanore chanced to meet Herr Carovius. He forced her to stop, conducted himself in such a familiar way, and talked in such a loud voice that the passers-by simpered. He asked all about the young master, meaning Daniel.

He told her that "the good Eberhard"—it was his way of referring to Baron von Auffenberg—had gone to Munich for a few months, and was taking up with spiritists and theosophists.

"It is his way of having a fling," said Herr Carovius, grinning from ear to ear. "In former times, when young noblemen wished to complete their education and have a little lark at the same time,

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

they made the grand tour over Europe. Now-a-days they become penny-a-liners, or they go in for table-tipping. Humanity is on the decline, my charming little girl. To study the flower of the nation at close range is no longer an edifying occupation. It is rotten, as rotten, I tell you, as last winter's apples. There is consequently no greater pleasure than to make such a young chap dance. You play, he dances; you whistle, he retrieves. It is a real treat!"

He laughed hysterically, and then had a coughing spell. He coughed so violently that the black cord suspended from his nose-glasses became tangled about a button on his great coat, and his glasses fell from his nose. In his awkwardness, intensified by his short-sightedness, he fumbled the button and the cord with his bony fingers until Eleanore came to the rescue. One move, and everything was again in order.

Herr Carovius was struck dumb with surprise. He would never have imagined that a young girl could be so natural and unembarrassed. He suspected a trap: was she making fun of him, or did she wish to do him harm? It had never occurred to him that one might voluntarily assist him when in distress.

Suddenly he became ashamed of himself; he lifted his eyes and smiled like a simpleton; he cast a glance of almost dog-like tenderness at Eleanore. And then, without saying a word, without even saying good-bye to her, he hastened across the street to hide as soon as he might in some obscure corner.

V

One afternoon in the last week of August, the Rüdiger sisters sent the boy who attended to their garden over to Eleanore with the urgent request that she call as soon as she possibly could. Feeling that some misfortune had befallen Daniel and that the sisters wished to tell her about it, Eleanore was not slow about making up her mind: exactly one quarter of an hour later she entered the Rüdigers' front door.

A lamentable sight greeted her. Each of the three sisters was sitting in a high-backed chair, her arms hanging lifeless from her sides. The curtains were drawn; in the shaded light their faces looked like mummies. Nor was the general impression measurably brightened by the "Medea," the "Iphigenie," and the "Roman Woman" that hung on the wall, copies of the paintings of their idol.

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

Eleanore's greeting was not returned. She did not dare leave without finding what was the matter, and the silence with which she was received was broken only when she herself decided to ask some questions.

Fräulein Jasmina took out her handkerchief and dried her eyes. Fräulein Saloma looked around somewhat like a judge at a session of court. And then she began to speak: "We three lonely women, forgotten by the world, have asked you to come to our house so that we might tell you of a crime that has been committed in our innocent home. We never heard of it until this morning. It is such an unexampled, gruesome, abominable deed that we have been sitting here ever since it was brought to our attention, wringing our hands in vain attempt to make up our minds as to what course we should pursue."

Fräulein Jasmina and Fräulein Albertina nodded their heads in sadness and without looking up.

"Can we put the unfortunate girl out of the house?" continued Fräulein Saloma, "can we, sisters? No! Can we afford to keep her? No! What are we to do then? She is an orphan; she is all alone, abandoned by her infamous seducer, and exposed to unmitigated shame. What are we to do?"

"And you," said Fräulein Saloma turning to Eleanore, "you who are bound to that gifted monster by ties the precise nature of which we are in no position to judge, you are to show us a way out of this labyrinth of our affliction."

"If I only knew what you are talking about," said Eleanore, a great burden falling from her heart as she realised that her initial fears were groundless. "By the monster you evidently mean Daniel Nothafft. What crime has he committed?"

Fräulein Saloma was indignant at the flippancy of her manner. She rose to her full stature, and said with punitive lips: "He has made our maid an ordinary prostitute, and the consequences are no longer to be concealed. Do you know what we are talking about now?"

Eleanore uttered a faint "Oh!" and blushed to the roots of her hair. In her embarrassment she opened her mouth to laugh, but she came very near to crying.

Her saddened feelings slowly crept back to Daniel, and as the picture of him rose before her mind's eye, she turned from it in disgust. But she did not wish to allow this picture to remain in her memory: it was too flabby, petty, and selfish. Before she knew what she was doing, she, as a woman, had pardoned him. Then

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

she shuddered, opened wide her eyes, and resumed her accustomed cheerfulness. She was again in complete control of herself.

The court had in the meanwhile examined the silent woman with stern scrutiny: "Where is Daniel Nothafft at present?" asked Fräulein Saloma.

"I do not know," replied Eleanore, "he hasn't written for over three weeks."

"We must request you to inform him at once of the condition of the prostitute, for so long as such a person is in our house, we cannot sleep at night nor rest by day."

"I am sorry that you take the matter so to heart," said Eleanore, "and it is a rather disagreeable affair. But I have no right to mix myself up in it, nor have I the least desire to do so."

The three sisters received this statement with despair; they wrung their hands. They would rather die, they said, then meet this voluptuary face to face again; they would endure all manner of martyrdom before they would have him come in. All three spoke at once; they threatened Eleanore; they implored her. Jasmina told with bated breath how Meta had come to them and confessed the whole business. Albertina swore that there was not another living soul on earth who could help them out of this shameless situation. Saloma said that there was nothing for them to do but to send the wicked creature back to the streets where she belonged.

Eleanore was silent. She had fixed her eyes on the "Medea," and was doing some hard thinking. Finally she came to a conclusion: she asked whether she might speak to Meta. Filled at once with anxiety and hope, Saloma asked her what she wanted with Meta. She replied that she would tell them later what her purpose was. Fräulein Jasmina showed her the way to Meta's room.

When Meta caught sight of Eleanore, her features became at once beclouded in sombre amazement.

She was sitting at the open window of her attic room knitting. She got up and looked into the face of the beautiful girl without saying a word. Eleanore was moved on seeing the tall, youthful figure, and yet it was quite impossible for her to subdue a feeling of horror.

At Eleanore's very first words, Meta began to sob. Eleanore comforted her; she asked her where she was planning to go during her confinement.

"Why, there are institutions," she murmured, holding her apron before her face, "I can go to one of them."

Eleanore sat down on the side of the bed. She unrolled her

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

plans to the girl with a delicacy and consideration just as if she were speaking to a pampered lady. She spoke with a silver-clear vivacity just as if she were discussing some hardy prank. Meta looked at her at first with the air of one oppressed; later she assumed the attitude of a grateful listener.

Pained by the ethereal and inhuman primness of her three employers, angry at the man who had abandoned her to her present fate, and fighting against the reproaches of her own conscience, Meta became as wax in Eleanore's hands, submissive, obedient, and appreciative.

The Rüdiger sisters, all but bursting with curiosity to know what Eleanore had in mind, could draw nothing from her other than that she was going to take Meta away and that Meta was agreed.

VI

It was Eleanore's intention to take the pregnant girl to Daniel's mother at Eschenbach.

She knew of the dissension between Daniel and his mother. She knew that the two avoided each other's presence; that Daniel in his defiance felt it his duty to avenge himself for the lack of love on the part of his mother. Back of the picture of the unloving and impatient son she saw that of an old woman worrying her life away in silent care.

She had often given way to a painful feeling of sympathy when she thought of the unknown mother of her friend. It seemed to her now as if she could play the role of an emissary of reconciliation; as if it were her duty to take the deserted woman here to the deserted woman there; as if she were called to take the mother-to-be to the mother who had just reasons for regretting that she had ever been a mother.

It seemed to her as if she must create a bond which could not even be sundered by crime, to say nothing of misunderstanding or caprice; it seemed to her that Daniel had to effect a reconciliation in the home of the Rüdigers as well as in that of his mother; and that, conscious as she was of doing what was right, she would meet with no opposition, would have no settling of accounts to fear.

She also took the practical side of the matter into careful consideration: Meta would have no trouble in making her living in Eschenbach; she could help Daniel's mother, or she could do day work among the peasants.

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

When the child was born, Daniel's mother would have a picture of young life to look at; it would alleviate her longing; it would appease her bitterness to see a child of Daniel's own blood.

Eleanore told the people at home that she was going on an excursion with a school friend to the Ansbach country. She studied the time-table, and wrote a postcard to Meta telling her to be at the station at eight o'clock in the morning.

Jordan approved of Eleanore's outing, though he warned her against bandits and cold drinks. Gertrude was not wholly without suspicion. She had a feeling that something was wrong, that these unspoken words referred to Daniel, for she was always thinking about him.

If she received a letter from him, which was very rare, she would let it lie on the table for a long while, imagining that it was full of the most glorious declarations of his love for her, expressed in language which she could not command. In a sort of moon-struck ecstasy she made an inner, dreamed music out of what he wrote.

When she read his letter, she was satisfied merely to see the words he had written and to feel the paper on which his hand had rested. She submitted in silence to the laws of his nature, which would not permit him to be excessive in his remarks or unusually communicative. Each of his dry reports was a tiding of glad joy to her, though her own replies were just as dry, giving not the slightest picture of the enraptured soul from which they came.

She felt that Eleanore was lying, and that the lie she was telling was somehow connected with Daniel. That is why she went up to Eleanore's bed in the dead of night, and whispered into her ear: "Tell me, Eleanore, has anything happened to Daniel?"

But before Eleanore could reply, reassured by her sister's astonished behaviour, and angry at herself for having suspected Eleanore of a falsehood, she hurried back to her own bed. She had come to think more and more of her sister every day.

"How she must love him," thought Eleanore to herself, and buried her smiling face in the pillow.

VII

"Wait for me at the fountain," said Eleanore to her companion, as she crossed the market place in Eschenbach at mid-day: "I'll call for you as soon as everything has been discussed."

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

The coachman pointed out the little house of the widow Nothafft.

A woman with a stern face and unusually large eye-brows asked her what she wanted as she entered the little shop, which smelled of vinegar and cheese.

Eleanore replied that she would like to talk with her for a few minutes quite undisturbed and alone.

The profound seriousness of Marian's features, which resembled more than anything else an incurable suffering, did not disappear. She closed the shop and took Eleanore into the living room, and, without saying a word, pointed to one chair and took another herself.

Above the leather sofa hung the picture of Gottfried Nothafft. Eleanore looked at it for a long while.

"Dear mother," she finally began, laying her hand on Marian's knee. "I am bringing you something from Daniel."

Marian twitched. "Good or bad?" she asked. She had not heard from Daniel for twenty-two months. "Who are you?" she asked, "what have you to do with him?"

Eleanore saw at once that she would have to be extremely cautious if she did not wish to offend the sensitive—and offended—woman by some inconsiderate remark. With all the discrimination she could command she laid her case before Daniel's mother.

And behold—the unusual became usual, just as the natural seemed strange. Eleanore pictured Daniel's hardships and rise to fame, boasted loyally of his talents and of the enthusiasm for him of those who believed in him, referred to his future renown, and insisted that all his guilt, including that toward his mother, be forgotten and forgiven.

Marian reviewed the past; she understood a great many things now that were not clear to her years ago; she understood Daniel better; she understood virtually everything, except this girl's relation to him and the girl herself. If it was peculiar that this strange woman had to come to her to tell her who Daniel was and what he meant to the people, it was wholly inexplicable that she had brought some one with her who had been the sweetheart of the very man for whom she now showed unreserved affection.

Eleanore read Marian's face and became a trifle more deliberate. It occurred to her, too, to ask herself a few questions: What am I, any way? What is the matter with me?

She could not give a satisfactory answer to these questions. His friend? He my friend? The words seemed to contain too much

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

peace and calm. Brother? Companion? Either of these words brought up pictures of intimate association, inner relationship. Little Brother! Yes, that is what she had called out to him once from behind the mask. Well then: Little sister behind the mask?

Yes, that was what it should be: Little sister behind the mask. She had to have a hiding place for so many things of which she had only a vague presentiment and which in truth she did not care to visualise in brighter outlines. A subdued heart, a captured heart—it glows, it cools off, you lift it up, you weigh it down just as fate decrees. To be patient, not to betray anything, that was the all-important point: Little sister behind the mask—that was the idea.

Marian said: "My child, God himself has inspired you with the idea of coming to me and telling me about Daniel. I will put fresh flowers in the window as I did some time ago, and I will leave the front door open so that the swallows can fly in and build their nests. Perhaps he will think then from time to time of his mother."

Then she asked to see Meta. Eleanore went out, and returned in a few minutes with her charge. Marian looked at the pregnant girl compassionately. Meta was ill at ease; to every question that was put to her she made an incoherent reply. She could stay with her, said Marian, but she would have to work, for there was no other way for the two to live. The girl referred to the fact that she had already worked out for four years, and that no one had ever accused her of lack of industry or willingness. Thereupon Marian told her she would have to be very quiet, that the people in the neighbourhood were very curious, and that if she ever gave them her family history she would have to leave.

This attended to, Eleanore went on her way. She refused quite emphatically to stay for dinner. Marian thought that she was in a hurry to catch the next coach, and accompanied her across the square. They promised to write to each other; before Eleanore got into the rickety old coach, Marian kissed her on the cheek.

She watched the coach until it had passed out through the city gate. A drunken man poked her in the ribs, the blacksmith called to her as she passed by, the doctor's wife leaned out of the window and asked her who the cityfied lady was. Marian paid not the slightest attention to any of them; she went quietly and slowly back to her house.

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

VIII

Thus it came about that five weeks later a daughter of Daniel Nothafft saw the light of the world under Marian's roof.

As soon as the child was born, Marian took a great liking to it, despite the fact that she had thought of it before its birth only with aversion. It was a fine little creature: its little legs and arms were delicately formed, its head was small, there was something peculiarly human about its first cries and laughter, and it showed quite distinctly that there was something noble in its character.

The people of Eschenbach were astonished. "Where did the child come from?" they asked. "Who is its mother? Who is its father?" The records in the office of the registrar of births showed that Meta Steinhäger was the mother of the illegitimate child, Eva Steinhäger, and that its father was unknown.

It was to be presumed, however, that widow Nothafft knew the details. The old women, and the young ones too, came on this account more frequently now than ever to her shop. They wanted to know how the little thing was getting along, whether its milk agreed with it, whether it had begun to teethe, whether it would speak German or some foreign tongue, and so on.

In order to quiet them, Marian told them that Meta was a poor relative and that she was bringing up the child at her own expense. It was not difficult to make this story seem plausible, for Meta had very little to do with her daughter. Shortly after her confinement, she got a job with a baker over in Dinkelsbühl, and never visited Eva more than once a month. She cared very little for the child. A young fellow in the bakery had fallen in love with Meta, and wanted to marry her and move to America.

At Christmas they were married, and left the country at once. Marian was glad of it: the child now belonged entirely to her.

Though the people soon became accustomed to the existence of their diminutive fellow-townswoman, Eva was and remained the mysterious child of Eschenbach.

IX

The opera company made its rounds through the small cities that lie between the Danube and the Main, the Saale and the Neckar—and there are many of them,—its stay in any one place depending naturally on the interest shown by the public.

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

"The province is the enchanted Sleeping Beauty," said the impresario Dörmaul to Wurzelmann and Daniel, "the province is still asleep, and you must rouse it from its slumbers by pressing the kiss of the Muse on its forehead."

But the impresario was unwilling to open his pockets. The princes who were to release Sleeping Beauty did not have sufficient means to make a presentable appearance, while their retinue was seedy looking indeed.

The tenor had long since passed the zenith of his career. His massive paunch placed deadening strictures on his credentials as the impersonator of heroes. The buffo was an inveterate toper who had often been placed behind bars by the police for his nocturnal excesses. The barytone had a big lawsuit on his hands about an estate; his lawyers were two stars of obscurity from a small village; and at times he became so vexed at the cuts of his opponents that he lost his voice. The soprano was incessantly quarrelling with her colleagues, and the alto was an intriguing vixen quite without talent. In addition to these there were a dozen or so supernumaries and under-studies, who were bored, who played practical jokes on each other, drew starvation wages, and had never learned anything.

The musicians were also a sorry lot. It was not rare that one or the other of them had pawned his instrument. Once a performance had to be postponed because the violinists had stayed over their time at a village dance where they were playing in order to add to their paltry income. The inspector, who was scene-shifter, promoter, ticket seller, and publicity agent all in one, and who was not equal to any of these positions, took French leave in the second year and ran off with one of the chorus girls, taking the box-office receipts for the evening with him.

One time the costumes were sent to the wrong address, with the result that Boieldieu's "La Dame Blanche" had to be played in woollen frocks, patched velvet skirts, filthy cotton blouses, and French wadding.

Another time the mob in "Martha" consisted of a distempered woman, a waiter brought in at the last minute from a herring restaurant, and the door-keeper of an orphanage: the chorus had gone on a strike because their salaries had been held up.

In Karlstadt the final act of the "Merry Wives of Windsor" could not be played, because during the intermission Falstaff and Mrs. Quickly had got into a fight, and the lady had scratched a huge piece of skin from the singer's nose.

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

If these musical strollers, as acting-director Wurzelmann called the company, nevertheless made some money, it was due to the superhuman efforts of Daniel. Wurzelmann was always mixed up in some kind of love affair, introduced in time a ruinous system of favouritism, and became lazier and lazier as the weeks passed by.

Daniel had to pull the singers out of their beds to get them to go to rehearsals; Daniel had to help out with the singing when the chorus was too weak; Daniel had to distribute the rôles, tame down refractory women, and make brainless dilettants subordinate their noisy opinions to the demands of a work which he himself generally detested. He had to drill beginners, abbreviate scores, transpose voices, and produce effects with lamentably inadequate material. And from morning to night he had to wage war eternal against libellous action, inattention, and inability.

Nobody loved him for this; they merely feared him. They swore they would take vengeance on him, but they knuckled under whenever they seemed to have a chance. He had a habit of treating them with crushing coldness, he could make them look like criminals. He had a look of icy contempt that made them clench their fists when his eye fell on them. But they bowed before a power which seemed uncanny to them, though it consisted in nothing more than the fact that he did his duty while they did not.

At the close of each quarter, the impresario Dörmaul appeared on the scene to take invoice in person. His presence was invariably celebrated by a gala performance of "Fra Diavolo," or "The Daughter of the Regiment," or "Frou Frou." On these occasions the buffo did not get drunk, the barytone rested from the torments of his lawsuit, the alto had a charming smile for the sympathetic house, the soprano was as peaceful as a mine immediately after an explosion. Not one of the chorus stayed too long in the café; and since Wurzelmann directed, and the orchestra did not have to feel the burning, basilisk eye of Kapellmeister Nothafft resting on it and floating over it, it played with more precision and produced a more pleasing feast for the ears than ordinarily.

Dörmaul was not stingy with his praise. "Bravo Wurzelmann," he cried, "one more short year of hard work, and I'll get you a position in the Royal Opera House."

"Nothafft will likewise rise to fame and office," he said, "although I was so stupid as to publish his music, and now all this waste paper is lying in my shop like a pound of brick cheese in a sick stomach."

The impresario Dörmaul wore black and white striped trousers

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

of imported cut, a vest that looked like a bit of tapestry made of pressed leather, a massive gold watch-chain from which dangled countless fobs, a blood red tie with a diamond as big as the Koh-i-noor and as false as an April sun, and a grey silk tile hat which he lifted only when in the presence of privy councillors, generals, and police presidents.

To a man of this kind Daniel had the boldness to remark: "Had you eaten cheese you would at least have digested it. Your crowded shops are after all more desirable in my estimation than many a head which would remain empty even if some one stuffed the whole of the 'Passion of St. Matthew' into it."

Dörmaul decided to laugh. "Oho, my good fellow," he said, and pushed his tile hat on to the back of his head, "you are getting all puffed up. Look out that you don't burst. You remember the story of Hänschen: He was awfully proud of his porridge while sitting behind the stove; but when he went out on to the street, he fell into the puddle."

The little slave tittered. Daniel had known for a long time that Wurzelmann was working against him. Quite innocently, to be sure, for half souls can admire and betray at the same time.

"Envy is my only virtue," said Wurzelmann quite openly, "I am a genius at envying."

Daniel was not equal to such cynicism. He was stupefied by Wurzelmann's remark, but he did not break with the little slave; he continued to use him. He was the only individual with whom he could speak of himself and his work. And though he was overburdened, owing to his present position, he nevertheless managed to steal a few hours every day for his own work. And the pressure from all sides fanned the flame within him.

It was then that he staked out his field in order to be master in his own realm; he turned to the song; he chose the clear, restrained forms of chamber music; he studied with unwavering industry the old masters; he deduced from their works the right rules of composition; and he set these up before him like a dam against arbitrariness and æsthetic demoralisation.

He was not unmindful of the fact that by so doing he was cutting himself off from association with men, and renouncing, probably forever, the satisfaction that comes from monetary reward and outward success. He knew, too, that he was not making his life easier by adopting this course, nor was he gaining the popular favour of the emotionalists.

When he would sit in a café late at night and show Wurzelmann

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

one score after another, sing a few bars in order to bring out the quality of a song, improvise an accompaniment, praise a melody, or explain the peculiarity of a certain rhythm, he surprised the little slave, and drove him into an attitude of self-defence. All this was fundamentally new to Wurzelmann. If Daniel proved that the new was not new after all, that the trouble lay in the fact that the deranged and shattered souls of the present century had lost the power to assimilate unbroken lines in their complete purity, Wurzelmann at once became an advocate of modern freedom, insisting that each individual should be allowed to do all that his innate talent enabled him to vindicate.

Daniel remained unconvinced. Was not the whole of life, the rich contents of human existence, to be found in the beautiful vessel that had been proved long ago? Could any one say that he was displaying a spirit of greediness in his love for the classical? And were joy and sorrow, however intense, less perceptible when expressed through a concise, well ordered medium? "What a distorted view a man takes when he becomes so narrow-minded," thought Daniel. "His ambition makes it impossible for him to feel; his very wit militates against clear thinking."

Thus they went from town to town, month after month, year after year. The company had in time its traditions, its *chronique scandaleuse*, its oft-tested drawing cards, its regular patrons, its favourite stands, and its stands that it avoided if humanly possible.

The local paper greeted them editorially; the children stood on the sidewalks to gape their fill at the ladies from the theatre; the retired major bought a reserved seat for the first performance; the barber offered his services; and the faculty of the Latin School held a special meeting to decide whether they should permit their pupils to go to the opera or not. The Young Men's Christian Association voiced its protest against the nude shoulders of the *artistes*; the members of the Casino turned up their noses at the achievements of the company; the police insisted that the booth or hotel lobby in which they performed should be fireproof; the wife of the mining engineer fell in love with the barytone, and her husband hired a number of hoodlums to take their places in the gallery and hoot and hiss when the time came. And those who nag under any circumstances requested more cheerfulness. They found the "Czar and Zimmermann" too dull, the "Muette de Portici" too hackneyed. They insisted on "Madame Angot" and "Orpheus in the Under World."

There was always something wrong.

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

Daniel shuddered at the mere presence of these people; he was repelled by their occupations, their amusements, and the cadavers of their ideals. He did not like the way they laughed; nor could he stand their dismal feelings. He despised the houses out of which they crept, the detectives at their windows, their butcher shops and hotels, their newspapers, their Sundays and their work days. The world was pressing hard upon him. He had to look these people straight in the face, and they compelled him to haggle with them for money, words, feelings, and ideas.

He learned in time, however, to see other things: the forests on the banks of the Main; the great meadows in the hills of Franconia; the melancholy plains of Central Germany; the richly variegated slopes of the Jura Mountains; the old cities with their walls and cathedrals, their gloomy alleys and deserted castles. In time he came to see people in a different and easier light. He saw the young and the old, the fair and the homely, the cheerful and the sad, the poor—and the rich so far away and peaceful. They gave him, without discrimination, of their wealth and their poverty. They laid their youth and their old age, their beauty and their ugliness, their joys and their sorrows, at his feet.

And the country gave him the forests and the fields, the brooks and the rivers, the clouds and the birds, and everything that is under the earth.

X

It was winter. The company came to Ansbach, where they were to play in the former Margrave Theatre. "Freischütz" was to be given, and Daniel had held a number of special rehearsals.

But a violent snow storm broke out on the day of the performance; scarcely two dozen people attended.

How differently the violins sounded in this auditorium! The voices were, as it seemed, automatically well balanced; there was in them an element of calm and assurance. The orchestra? Daniel had so charmed it that it obeyed him as if it were a single instrument. At the close of the last act, an old, grey-haired man stepped up to Daniel, smiled, took him by the hand, and thanked him. It was Spindler.

Daniel went home with him; they talked about the past, the future, men and music. They could not stop talking; nor could the snow stop falling. This did not disturb them. They met

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

again on the following day; but at the end of the week Spindler was taken ill, and had to go to bed.

As Daniel entered the residence of his old friend one morning, he learned that he had died suddenly the night before. It had been a peaceful death.

On the third day, Daniel followed the funeral procession to the cemetery. When he left the cemetery—there were but few people at the funeral—he went out into the snow-covered fields, and spent the remainder of the day walking around.

That same night he sat down in his wretched quarters, and began his composition of Goethe's "Harzreise im Winter." It was one of the profoundest and rarest of works ever created by a musician, but it was destined, like the most of Daniel's compositions, not to be preserved to posterity. This was due to a tragic circumstance.

XI

In the spring of 1886, the company went north to Hesse, then to Thuringia, gave performances in a few of the towns in the Spessart region and along the Rhoen, the box receipts growing smaller and smaller all the while. Dörmaul had not been seen since the previous autumn; the salaries had not been paid for some time. Wurzelmann prophesied a speedy and fatal end of the enterprise.

An engagement of unusual length had been planned for the town of Ochsenfurt. The company placed its last hopes on the series, although it was already June and very warm. The thick, muggy air of the gloomy hall in which they were to play left even the enthusiasts without much desire to brighten up the monotony of provincial life by the enjoyment of grand opera.

They drew smaller houses from day to day. Finally there was no more money in the till; they did not even have enough to move to the next town. To make matters worse, the tenor was taken down with typhus, and the other singers refused to sing until they had been paid. Daniel wrote to Dörmaul, but received no reply. Wurzelmann, instead of helping, fanned the easily inflamed minds of the company into a fire of noise, malevolence, and hostility. They demanded that Daniel give them what was due them, besieged him in his hotel, and finally brought matters to such a pitch that the whole town was busied with their difficulties.

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

One afternoon, a stately gentleman between fifty-five and fifty-six years old entered Daniel's room, and introduced himself as Sylvester von Erfft, the owner of an estate.

His mission was as follows: Every year, at this season, the Chancellor of the German Empire was taking the cure at the nearby Kissingen Baths. Herr von Erfft had made his acquaintance, and the Prince, an enthusiastic landowner, had expressed the desire to visit Herr von Erfft's estate, the management of which was widely known as excellent in every way. In order to celebrate the coming of the distinguished guest with befitting dignity, it had been decided not to have any tawdry fireworks or cheap shouting, but to give a special performance of the "Marriage of Figaro" in a rococo pavilion that belonged to the Erfft estate.

"This idea comes from my wife," said Herr von Erfft. "Some ladies and gentlemen of noble birth who belong to our circle will sing the various parts, and my daughter Sylvia, who studied for two years in Milan with Gallifati, will take the part of the page. The only thing we lack is a trained orchestra. For this reason I have come to you, Herr Kapellmeister, to see if you could not bring your orchestra over and play for us."

Daniel, though pleased with the kindly disposition of Herr von Erfft, could not make him any definite promise, for he felt bound to the helpless, if not hopeless, opera company now in his care. Herr von Erfft inquired more closely into the grounds of his doubt as to his ability to have his orchestra undertake the special engagement, and then asked him whether he would accept his help. "Gladly," replied Daniel, "but such help as you can offer us will hardly be of any avail. Our chief is a hardened sinner."

Herr von Erfft went with Daniel to the mayor; a half-hour later an official dispatch was on its way to the impresario Dörmaul. It was couched in language that was sufficient to inspire any citizen with respect, referred to the desperate plight in which the company then found itself, and demanded in a quite imperious tone that something be done at once.

Dörmaul was frightened; he sent the necessary money by return wire. In another telegram to Wurzelmann he declared the company dissolved; most of the contracts had expired, and those members of the company who put in claims were satisfied in one way or another.

Daniel was free. Wurzelmann said to him on taking leave: "Nothafft, you will never amount to anything. I have been disappointed in you. You have far too much conscience. You

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

cannot make children out of morality, much less music. The swamp is quaggy, the summit rocky. Commit some act of genuine swinishness, so that you may put a little ginger into your life."

Daniel laid his hand on his shoulder, looked at him with his cold eyes, and said: "Judas."

"All right, Judas so far as I am concerned," said Wurzelmann. "I was not born to be nailed to the cross; I am much more for the feasts with the Pharisees."

He had got a position as critic on the *Phœnix*, one of the best known musical magazines.

Daniel found the members of the orchestra only too glad to take the excursion over to Herr von Erfft's. They were put up in a hotel; Daniel himself lived in the castle. The rehearsals were held with zeal and seriousness. Though the name of the Chancellor was still darkened by the clouds of political life, by the enmity of his opponents, by pettiness and misunderstanding, all these young people felt the power of the great Immortal, and were delighted with the idea of meaning something to him, even in the guise of an imaginary world and for only a fleeting hour or two. Agatha von Erfft, the wife of Herr von Erfft, was indefatigable in preparing the costumes, surmounting technical difficulties, and entertaining her guests. The twenty-four-year-old Sylvia had inherited neither the strength of her mother nor the amiability of her father: she was delicate and reserved. Nevertheless, she managed to put a great deal of winsomeness and roguishness into the rôle of the cherub. Even her parents were surprised at the unexpected wealth of her natural ability. Moreover, her voice was velvety and well trained. Accustomed as he had been for years to the mediocre accomplishments of sore throats, Daniel nodded approval when she sang.

The other members of the improvised company he handled with no greater indulgence than he had shown the singers of the Dörmaul troupe. They had to put up with his gruffness and snappishness, and to do it without a murmur. Herr von Erfft attended the rehearsals regularly, observing Daniel at all times with quiet admiration. If Daniel spoke to any one with such seeming harshness that the case was taken up with Herr von Erfft, the latter said: "Let the man have his way; he knows his business; there are not many like him."

Sylvia was the only one he treated with consideration. As soon as Herr von Erfft mentioned her name, Daniel listened; and as soon as he had seen her, he knew that he had seen her before. It

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

was the time he was on his journey; he was standing out at the entrance to the park; some one called to her. It seemed strange to him that he should remember this. Now he was with her, and yet he was just as much of a stranger to her as ever.

But the thing that drew him to the beautiful girl had nothing to do with this chance incident; nor was there the slightest trace of sensuousness in his feelings. It was all a sort of dream-like sympathy, similar to the quest of memory in search of a forgotten happiness. It was a vaguer and more plaguing sensation than the one that bound him so inviolably to Gertrude; it was more sorrow than joy, more unrest than consciousness.

This forgotten happiness slumbered deep down in his soul; it had been washed away by the waves of life. It was not Sylvia herself; it was perhaps a movement of her hand: where had he known this same movement before? It was the way she tossed her head back; it was her proud look, the blue of her eyes—but where had he seen all this before?

Forgotten, forgotten. . . .

XII

Just as everything was in full swing, just as they had decorated the buildings and arranged the Herrenhaus, the news came of the death of King Ludwig of Bavaria. The newspapers bore a broad black margin, and were crowded with details concerning the tragedy at the Starnbergersee. The entire country, including the family of Herr von Erfft, mourned the loss of the art-loving monarch genuinely and for a long while.

Of an operatic performance there could be no thought. The Chancellor cancelled his engagement, and the young men who had assembled for the rehearsals went quietly home. Herr von Erfft gave Daniel a considerable purse with which he might recompense his musicians for their trouble, and, not wishing to treat Daniel himself as though he were an ordinary mechanic, he invited him to spend a few more days on his estate.

Daniel did not decline; he had not in truth given one minute's thought to where he would go when he left.

After he distributed the present from Herr von Erfft among the musicians and discharged them, he took a long walk in the woods. He ate a frugal meal in a village restaurant, and then sauntered around until evening. When he returned, he found his hosts sitting at the table. He neglected to beg their pardon; Frau

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

Agatha looked at her husband and smiled, and told the maids to bring in something for the Herr Kapellmeister. Sylvia had a book in her hand and was reading.

Daniel was a trifle ill at ease; he merely took a bite here and there. When Frau von Erfft left the table, walked over to the window, and looked out into the cloudy sky, Daniel got up, went into the adjoining room, and sat down at the piano.

He began to play Schubert's "Song to Sylvia." Having finished the impetuous, heart-felt song, he struck up a variation, then a second, a third, and a fourth. The first was melancholy, the second triumphant, the third meditative, the fourth dreamy. Each was a hymn to forgotten joy.

Herr von Erfft and Agatha were standing in the open door. Sylvia had sat down close beside him on a tabourette; there was a pleasing, faraway look in her eyes, riveted though they were to the floor.

He suddenly stopped, as if to avoid both thanks and applause. Sylvester von Erfft took a seat opposite him, and asked him in a most kindly tone whether he had any definite plans for the immediate future.

"I am going back to Nuremberg and get married," said Daniel. "My fiancée has been waiting for me for a long time."

Herr von Erfft asked him whether he was not afraid of premature marriage bonds. Daniel replied rather curtly that he needed some one to stand between him and the world.

"You need some one to act as a sort of buffer," said Frau Agatha sarcastically. Daniel looked at her angrily.

"Buffer? No, but a guardian angel if such a creature can shield me from rebuffs," said Daniel, even more brusquely than he had spoken the first time.

"Why do you wish to settle down and live in Nuremberg, a city of such one-sided commercial interests?" continued Herr von Erfft, with an almost solicitous caution. "Would you not have a much better opportunity as a composer in one of the great cities?"

"It is impossible to separate the daughter from her father," replied Daniel with unusual candour. "It is impossible. Nor is it possible to get the old man to tear himself away from his former associations. He was born and reared there. And I do not wish to live alone any longer. Everybody needs a companion; even the miner digs with a better heart, when he knows that up on the earth above his wife is preparing the soup. I must say, however, that I am not so much taken up with the soup phase of married

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

life: it is the dear little soul that will belong to me that interests me."

He turned around, and struck a minor chord.

"And even if everything were different, your great cities would not attract me," he began again, wrinkling his face in a most bizarre way. "What would I get out of them? Companions? I have had enough of them. Music I can study at home. I can summon the masters of all ages to my study. Fame and riches will find their way to me, if they wish to. The dawn is missed only by those who are too indolent to get up, and real music is heard by all except the deaf. God attends to everything else; man has nothing to do with it."

He struck another chord, this time in a major key.

Herr von Erfft and his wife looked at him with evident joy and sympathy. Sylvia whispered something to her mother, who then said to Daniel: "I have a sister living in Nuremberg, Baroness Clotilde von Auffenberg. From the time she was a mere child she was an ardent lover of good music. If I give you a letter of introduction to her, I am quite sure she will welcome you with open arms. She is unfortunately not in the best of health, and a heavy fate is just now hanging over her; but she has a warm heart, and her affections are trustworthy."

Daniel looked down at the floor. He thought of Gertrude and his future life with her, and murmured a few words of gratitude. Frau von Erfft went at once to her desk, and wrote a detailed letter to her sister. When she had finished it, she gave it to Daniel with a good-natured smile.

The next morning he left the castle with the feeling of regret that one experiences on leaving the dwelling place of peace and separating from noble friends.

XIII

The streets of Nuremberg were hung with black banners. It was raining. Daniel took a cheap room in The Bear.

It had already grown dark when he started to Jordan's. He met Benno at the front door. He did not recognise the foppishly-dressed young man, and was on the point of passing by without speaking to him; but Benno stopped, and laughed out loud.

"Whew, the Herr Kapellmeister!" he cried, and his pale face, already showing the signs of dissipation, took on a scornful expression. "Be careful, my friend, or Gertrude will swoon."

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

Daniel asked if they were all well. Benno replied that there was no lack of good health, though some of the family were a little short of change. Then he laughed again. He spoke of his father, said the old gentleman was not getting along very well, that he was having quite a little trouble to get anything to do, but then what could be expected with a man of his age, and the competition and the hard times! Daniel asked if Eleanore was at home. No, she was not at home: she had gone on a visit with Frau Rübsam over to Pommersfelden, and planned to stay there for a few weeks. "Well, I'll have to be hurrying along," said Benno, "my fraternity brothers are waiting for me."

"Good gracious! Do you have fraternity brothers too?"

"Of course! They are the spice of my life! We have a holiday to-day: The King's funeral. Well, God bless you, Herr Kapellmeister, I must be going."

Daniel went up and rang the bell; Gertrude came to the door. It was dark; each could see only the outline of the other.

"Oh, it's you, Daniel!" she whispered, happy as happy could be. She came up to him, and laid her face on his shoulder.

Daniel was surprised at the regularity of his pulse. Yesterday the mere thought of this meeting took his breath. Now he held Gertrude in his arms, and was amazed to find that he was perfectly calm and composed.

In the room he led her over to the lamp, and looked at her for a long while, fixedly and seriously. She grew pale at the sight of him: he was so strange and so terrible.

Then he took her by the hand, led her over to the sofa, sat down beside her, and told her of his plans. Her wishes and his tallied exactly. He wanted to get married within four weeks. Very well; she would get married.

He found her the same unqualifiedly submissive girl. In her eyes there was an expression of fatal docility; it terrified him. There was no cowardly doubt in her soul; her cool hand lay in his and did not twitch. With her hand her whole soul, her whole life, lay in his hand. He wanted to raise some doubt in her mind: he spoke in a down-hearted tone of his future prospects; he said that there was very little hope of his ever winning recognition from the world for his compositions.

"What is the good of recognition?" she asked. "They can take nothing from you, and what they give you is clear gain."

He became silent. The feeling of her worth to him swept like a fiery meteor through the heaven of his existence.

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

The statement that they were going to remain in Nuremberg made her happy, particularly because of her father. She said there was a small apartment for rent on Ægydius Place, three rooms, a very quiet neighbourhood. They went over to the window; Gertrude showed him the house. It was close to the church, right where the Place makes a turn.

Jordan came in, and welcomed Daniel with a long handshake. His hair had become greyer, he walked with more of a stoop, and his clothes showed traces of neglect.

When he heard what Daniel and Gertrude were planning to do, he shook his head: "It is a bad year, children. Why are you in such a hurry? Both of you are still young."

"If we were older, we would have less courage," replied Daniel.

Jordan took a seat, and buried his face in his hands. In course of time he looked up, and said that three years ago he had only eight thousand marks in the bank; that hard times had forced him to draw on this sum to keep the house going; and that to-day there was hardly a third of it left. Two thousand marks was all he could give Gertrude as a dowry; with that they would have to be satisfied, and get along as well as they could.

"We don't need any more," said Daniel; "as a matter of fact I did not expect that much. Now I haven't a care in the world; I am ready for anything."

A bat flew in at the open window, and then quietly flew out again. It had stopped raining. You could still hear the water trickling and splashing down the leaders and in the pipes. There was something heavy, portentous, in the air of this June evening.

XIV

At first Daniel had received small bits of news from England about Benda, but for a year and a half he had not heard a word. When Eleanore returned from Pommersfelden in July, she told him that she had received a letter from Benda in April, and that she had sent him this letter when he was at Naumburg. Daniel, however, had never received it, and the investigations which he made proved fruitless.

Benda's mother was not in the city; she was living with relatives in Worms, but had kept her apartment at Herr Carovius's.

Frau von Auffenberg was at Bad Ems, and did not plan to return until September. Daniel looked up old friends, and rebound the ties of former days. He also succeeded in getting a

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

number of students to tutor, an occupation that netted him a little spending money.

He had to attend to a great deal of business for which he was quite unfit. He had imagined that he could get married just as he might go to a shop and buy something: he would not make any noise, nor would it take much time. He had a hundred moods, a hundred objections, a hundred grimaces. The apartment on Ægydius Place was already rented. It embittered him to think that in order to live with a person you loved, you had to have tables, beds, chairs, cupboards, lamps, glasses, plates, garbage cans, water pails, window cushions, and a thousand and one other foolish objects.

There was a great deal of talk in the city about the marriage. The people said they did not know what Jordan could be thinking of. They were convinced that he was in desperate financial straits if he would marry his daughter to an impecunious musician.

Daniel found everything hard: every day was his Day of Judgment. A melody was gnawing at his heart, trying to take on a pure and finished form. Freedom sounded in his ears with voices from above; his quiet fiancée begged for comradeship. The task to which he had dedicated himself demanded loneliness; then his blood carried him along and away, and he became like wax, but wild.

He would rush to Jordan's house, enter the living room, his hair all dishevelled, sit down where the two sisters were working on Gertrude's trousseau, and never utter a syllable until Gertrude would come up to him and lay her hand on his forehead. He thrust her back, but she smiled gently. At times, though none too frequently, he would take her by the arms and pull her down to him. When he did this, Eleanore would smile with marked demureness, as if it were not right for her to see two people in love.

There was a second-hand baby grand piano in Jordan's living room. Daniel played on it in the evening, and the sisters listened. Gertrude was like a woman wrapt in peaceful slumber, her every wish having been fulfilled, with kindly spirits watching over her. Eleanore, however, was wide awake; she was awake and meditating.

XV

The day of the wedding arrived. At half past nine in the morning, Daniel appeared in Jordan's house. He wore an after-

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

noon suit and a high hat! He was vexed, and villanous to behold, a picture of misery.

Benno, the man of the world, was forced to leave the room. No sooner was he outside than he laughed so heartily that he fell into a clothes basket. He did not approve of this marriage; he was ashamed to tell his friends about it.

Gertrude wore a plain street dress and a little virgin bonnet, then prescribed by fashion. She sat by the table, and gazed into space with wide-opened eyes.

Eleanore came into the room with a wreath of myrtle. "You must put this on, Gertrude," she said, "just to please us; just to make us feel that you are a real bride. Otherwise you look too sober, too much as though you two were going to the recorder's office on profane business."

"Where did you get that wreath?" asked Jordan.

"I found it in an old chest; it is mother's bridal wreath."

"Really? Mother's bridal wreath?" murmured Jordan, as he looked at the faded myrtle.

"Put it on, Gertrude," Eleanore again requested, but Gertrude looked first at Daniel, and then laid it to one side.

Eleanore went up to the mirror, and put it on her own head.

"Don't do that, child," said Jordan with a melancholy smile. "Superstitious people say that you will remain an old maid forever, if you wear the wreath of another."

"Then I will remain an old maid, and gladly so," said Eleanore.

She turned away from the mirror, and looked at Daniel half unconscious of what she was doing. The blond of her eyelashes had turned almost grey, the red of her lips had been dotted with little spots from her smiling, and her neck was like something liquid and disembodied.

Daniel saw all this. He looked at the Undine-like figure of the girl. It seemed to him that he had not seen her since the day of his return, that he had not noticed that she had become more mature, more beautiful, and more lovely. All of a sudden he felt as if he were going to swoon. It went through him like a flash: Here, here was what he had forgotten; here was the countenance, the eye, the figure, the movement that had stood before him, and he, fool, unspeakable fool, had been struck by blindness.

Gertrude had a fearful suspicion of the experience he was going through. She arose, and looked at Daniel in horror. He hastened up to her as if he were fleeing, and seized her hands. Eleanore,

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

believing she had aroused Daniel's displeasure by some word or gesture, snatched the myrtle wreath from her hair.

Jordan had paid no attention to these incidents. Bringing at last his restless pacing back and forth to an end, he took out his watch, looked at it, and said it was time they were going. Eleanore, who had displayed a most curious disposition the whole morning, asked them to wait a minute. Before they could find out why she wished them to wait, the door bell rang, and she ran out.

She returned with a radiant expression on her face; Marian Nothafft followed her. Marian composed herself only with extreme difficulty. Her eyes roamed about over the circle of people before her, partly as if she were frightened, partly as if she were looking for some one.

Mother and son stood face to face in absolute silence. That was the work of Eleanore.

Marian said she was living with her sister Theresa; that she had arrived the day before; and that she wished to return this evening.

"I am glad, Mother, that you could come," said Daniel with a stifled voice.

Marian laid her hand on his head; she then went up to Gertrude, and did the same.

After the wedding, Jordan gave a luncheon for his children. In the afternoon they all started off in two hired coaches. Daniel had never seen his mother so cheerful; but it was useless to ask her to prolong her visit. While this was being discussed, she and Eleanore exchanged knowing glances.

As evening drew on, Daniel and Gertrude betook themselves to their home.

XVI

It is night. The antiquated old square is deserted. The bell in the church tower has struck eleven; the lights in the windows die out, slowly, one by one.

The figure of a woman is seen coming up the alley. She is spying anxiously about, before her and behind her. Finally she stops before the little house in which Daniel and Gertrude live. Is it a living creature? Is it not rather an uncanny gnome? The garments hang loose about the unshapely body; a crumpled straw hat covers the mad-looking face; the shoulders are raised; the fists are clenched; the eyes are glassy.

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

Suddenly there is a scream. The woman hastens over toward the church, falls on her knees, and sinks her teeth with frenzied madness into the wooden pickets of the fence. After some time she rises, stares up once more at the windows with distorted lips, and then moves away with slow, dragging steps.

It was Philippina Schimmelweis. She kept going about the streets in this fashion until break of day.

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

DANIEL AND GERTRUDE

1

THE Reichstag had voted to extend the period during which the Socialist law would be in effect; the passing of a new army bill was also to be expected. These two measures had provoked tumultuous discord in many parts of the country.

The Social Democrats were planning a parade through the main streets of the city in October, but the police had already forbidden their demonstration. The evening the edict was issued the regiments stood at alert in the barracks; feeling ran high throughout the entire city. In Wöhrd and Plobenhof there had been a number of riots; in the narrow streets of the central zone thousands of workmen had stormed the Rathaus.

Every now and then there would come a long, shrill whistle from the silent mass, followed at once by the heavy rolling of drums at the guard house.

Among those who came down from the direction of Koenig Street was the workman Wachsmuth. In the vicinity of the Schimmelweis shop he delivered an excited harangue against the former member of the party; his words fell on fruitful soil. A locksmith's apprentice who had lost some money through the Prudentia violently defamed the character of the book-seller.

The mob gathered before the lighted shop window. Wachsmuth stood by the door, and demanded that the traitor be suspended from a lamp post before this day's sun had set. A stone flew through the air over their heads, and crashed through the window; pieces of glass flew in all directions. Thereupon a dozen fellows rushed into the shop, exclaiming, "Where is the dirty dog? Let us get at the blood-sucker!" They wanted to teach him a lesson he would never forget.

Before Theresa could open her mouth, scraps of books and newspapers were flying in every direction, and pamphlets were being trampled under foot. A forest of arms were reaching out for the shelves, and bundles of books were falling to the floor, like stacks of cards piled up by a child and blown over by the

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

wind. Zwanziger had taken refuge at the top of the ladder; he was howling. Theresa stood by the till looking like the ghost of ages. Philippina came in through the back door, and eyed what was going on without one visible trace of surprise or discomfort; she merely smiled. Just then the policeman's whistle blew; in less time than it takes to draw one breath, the rebellious insurgents were beating a hasty retreat.

When Theresa regained consciousness, the shop was empty; and the street in front of the shop was as deserted as it ordinarily is at midnight. After some time, the chief of police came up; he was followed by a crowd of curious people, who stood around and gaped at the scene of devastation.

Jason Philip, seeing what was coming, had left the shop betimes and hidden in his house. He had even locked the front door and was sunk down on a chair, his teeth clappering with vigour and regularity.

He returned at last to the shop, and with heartrending dignity faced the dispenser of justice, who by this time had put in his appearance. He said: "And this is what I get from people for whom I have sacrificed my money and my blood."

In giving his testimony as an eyewitness, Zwanziger displayed boastful hardiness in his narration of details. Philippina looked at him with venomous contempt from under the imbecile locks that hung down over her forehead, and murmured: "You disgusting coward!"

When Jason Philip came back from the inn, he said: "To believe that people can be ruled without the knout is a fatal delusion." With that he stepped into his embroidered slippers—"For tired Father—Consolation." The slippers had aged, and so had Jason Philip. His beard was streaked with grey.

Theresa took an invoice of the damage the mob had done: she felt that Jason Philip was a ruined man.

As he lay stretched out in bed, Jason Philip said: "The first thing I want to do is to have a serious, heart-to-heart talk with Baron Auffenberg. The Liberal Party is going to take direct action against the impudence of the lower classes, or it is going to lose a constituent."

"How many quarts of beer did you drink?" asked Theresa from the depths of the pillows.

"Two."

"You are a liar."

"Well, possibly I drank three," replied Jason Philip with a

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

yawn. "But to accuse a man of my standing of lying on such small grounds is an act of perfidy such as only an uncultured woman like yourself could be brought to commit."

Theresa blew out the candle.

II

Baron Siegmund von Auffenberg had returned from Munich, where he had had an interview with the Minister.

He had also seen a great many other people in the presence of whom he was condescending, jovial, and witty. His amiability was proverbial.

Now he was sitting with a gloomy face by the chimney. Not a one of those many people who had so recently been charmed by his conversational gifts would have recognised him.

The stillness and loneliness pained him. An irresistible force drew him to his wife. He had not seen her for seven weeks, though they had lived in the same house.

He was drawn to her, because he wanted to know whether she had heard anything from that person whose name he did not like to mention, from his son, his enemy, his heir. Not that he wanted to ask his wife any questions: he merely wished to read her face. Since no one in the vicinity had dared say a word to him about his son, he was forced to rely on suppositions and the subtle cunning of his senses at ferreting out information on this kind of subjects. He did not dare betray the curiosity with which he waited for some one to inform him that his hated offspring had at last come to mortal grief.

Six years had elapsed, and still he could hear the insolent voice in which the monstrous remarks were made that had torn him from the twilight of his self-complacency; remarks that distressed him more than any other grief he may have felt in the secrecy of his bed chamber and which completely and forever robbed him of all the joys of human existence.

"*Dépêche-toi, mon bon garçon,*" screeched the parrot.

The Baron arose, and went to his wife's room. She was terrified when she saw him enter. She was lying on a sofa, her head propped up by cushions, a thick Indian blanket spread out over her legs.

She had a broad, bloated face, thick lips, and unusually big black eyes, in which there was a sickly glare. She had been regarded as a beauty in her young days, though none of this beauty

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

was left, unless it was the freshness of her complexion or the dignified bearing of the born lady of the world.

She sent her maid out of the room, and looked at her husband in silence. She studied the friendly, Jesuitic wrinkles in his face, by virtue of which he managed to conceal his real thoughts. Her anxiety was increased.

"You have not played the piano any to-day," he began in a sweet voice. "It makes the house seem as though something were missing. I am told that you have acquired perfect technique, and that you have engaged a new teacher. Emilia told me this."

Emilia was their daughter. She was married to Count Urlich, captain of cavalry.

In the Baroness's eyes there was an expression such as is found in the eyes of some leashed beast when the butcher approaches, axe in hand. She was tortured by the smoothness of the man from whom she had never once in the last quarter of a century received anything but brutality and scorn, and from whom she had suffered the grossest of humiliations—when no one was listening.

"What do you want, Siegmund?" she asked, with painful effort.

The Baron stepped close up to her, bit his lips, and looked at her for ten or twelve seconds with a fearful expression on his face.

She then seized him by the left arm: "What is the matter with Eberhard?" she cried; "tell me, tell me everything! There is something wrong."

The Baron, with a gesture of stinging aversion, thrust her hands from him, and turned to go. There was unfathomable coldness in his conduct.

Beside herself with grief, the Baroness made up her mind to tell him, for the first time in her life, of the thousand wrongs that burned within her heart. And she did: "Oh, you monster! Why did Fate bring you into my life? Where is there another woman in the world whose lot has been like mine? Where is the woman who has lived without joy or love or esteem or freedom or peace, a burden to others and to herself? Show me another woman who goes about in silk and satin longing for death. Name me another woman who people think is happy, because the devil, who tortures her without ceasing, deceives them all. Where is there another woman who has been so shamelessly robbed of her children? For is not my daughter the captive and concubine of an insane tuft-hunter? Has not my son been taken from me through the baseness that has been practised against his sister, and the lamentable spectacle afforded him by my own powerlessness?

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

Where, I ask high Heaven, is there another woman so cursed as I have been?"

She threw herself down on her bosom, and burrowed her face into the cushion.

The Baron was surprised at the feverish eloquence of his wife; he had accustomed himself to her mute resignation, as he might have accustomed himself to the regular, monotonous ticking of a hall clock. He was anxious to see what she would do next, how she would develop her excitement; she was a novel phenomenon in his eyes: therefore he remained standing in the door.

But as he stood there in chilly expectancy, his haggard face casting off expressions of scorn and surprise, he suddenly sensed a feeling of weary disgust at himself. It was the disgust of a man whose wishes had always been fulfilled, whose lusts had been satisfied; of a man who has never known other men except as greedy and practical supplicants; of a man who has always been the lord of his friends, the tyrant of his servants, and the centre of all social gatherings; of a man before whom all others yielded, to whom all others bowed; of a man who had never renounced anything but the feeling of renunciation.

"I am not unaware," he began slowly, just as if he were making a campaign speech to his electors, "I am not unaware that our marriage has not been the source of wholesome blessings. To be convinced of this, your declamation was unnecessary. We married because the circumstances were favourable. We had cause to regret the decision. Is it worth while to investigate the cause now? I am quite devoid of sentimental needs. This is true of me to such an extent that any display of sympathy or exuberance or lack of harshness in other people fills me with mortal antipathy. Unfortunately, my political career obliged me to assume a favourable attitude toward this general tendency of the masses. I played the hypocrite with complete consciousness of what I was doing, and made so much the greater effort to conceal all feeling in my private life."

"It is easy to conceal something you do not have," replied the Baroness in a tone of intense bitterness.

"Possibly; but it is a poor display of tact for the rich man to irritate the poor man by flaunting his lavish, spendthrift habits in his face; and this is precisely what you have done. The emphasis you laid on a certain possession of yours, the value of which we will not dispute, provoked my contempt. It gave you pleasure to cry when you saw a cat eating a sparrow. A banal newspaper novel

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

could rob you completely of your spiritual equanimity. You were always thrilled, always in ecstasy, it made not the slightest difference whether the cause of your ecstasy was the first spring violet or a thunder storm, a burnt roast, a sore throat, or a poem. You were always raving, and I became tired of your raving. You did not seem to notice that my distrust toward the expression of these so-called feelings was transformed into coldness, impatience, and hatred. And then came the music. What was at first a diversion for you, of which one might approve or disapprove, became in time the indemnity for an active life and all the defects of your character. You gave yourself up to music somewhat as a prostitute gives herself up to her first loyal lover"—the Baroness twitched as if some one had struck her across the back with a horsewhip—"yes, like a prostitute," he repeated, turning paler and paler, his eyes glistening. "Then it was that your whole character came to light; one saw how spoiled you were, how helpless, how undisciplined. You clung like a worm to uncertain and undetermined conditions. If I have become a devil in your eyes, it is your music that has made me so. Now you know it."

"So that is it," whispered the Baroness with faltering breath. "Did you leave me anything but my music? Have you not raged like a tiger? But it is not true," she exclaimed, "you are not so vicious, otherwise I myself would be a lie in the presence of the Eternal Judge, and that I had borne children by you would be contrary to nature. Leave me, go away, so that I may believe that it is not true!"

The Baron did not move.

In indescribable excitement, and as quickly as her obese body would permit, the Baroness leaped to her feet: "I know you better," she said with trembling lips, "I have been able to foreshadow what is driving you about; I have seen what makes you so restless. You are not the man you pretend to be; you are not the cold, heartless creature you seem. In your breast there is a spot where you are vulnerable, and there you have been struck. You are bleeding, man! If we all, I and your daughter and your brothers and your friends and your cowardly creatures, are as indifferent and despicable to you as so many flies, there is one who has been able to wound you; this fact is gnawing at your heart. And do you know why he was in a position to wound you? Because you loved him. Look me in the eye, and tell me that I lie. You loved him—your son—you idolised him. The fact that he has repudiated your love, that he found it of no value to him, the love

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

that blossomed on the ruined lives of his mother and sister, this is the cause of your sorrow. It is written across your brow. And that you are suffering, and suffering for this reason, constitutes my revenge."

The Baron did not say a word; his lower jaw wagged from left to right as though he were chewing something; his face seemed to have dried up; he looked as though he had suddenly become older by years. The Baroness, driven from her reserve, stood before him like an enraged sibyl. He turned in silence, and left the room.

"My suffering is her revenge," he murmured on leaving the room. Once alone, he stood for a while perfectly absent-minded. "Am I really suffering?" he said to himself.

He turned off a gas jet that was burning above the book case. "Yes, I am suffering," he confessed reluctantly; "I am suffering." He walked along the wall with dragging feet, and entered a room in which a light was burning. He felt the same satiety and disgust at himself that he had experienced a few moments earlier. This time it was caused by the sight of the hand-carved furniture, the painted porcelain, the precious tapestries, and the oil paintings in their gold frames.

He longed for simpler things; he longed for barren walls, a cot of straw, parsimony, discipline. It was not the first time that his exhausted organism had sought consolation in the thought of a monastic life. This Protestant, this descendent of a long line of Protestants, had long been tired of Protestantism. He regarded the Roman Church as the more wholesome and merciful.

But the transformation of his religious views was his own carefully guarded secret. And secret it had to remain until he, the undisciplined son of his mother, could atone for his past misdeeds. He decided to wait until this atonement had been effected. Just as a hypnotist gains control of his medium by inner composure, so he thought he could hasten the coming of this event by conceding it absolute supremacy over his mind.

III

When Eberhard von Auffenberg left the paternal home to strike out for himself, he was as helpless as a child that has lost the hand of its adult companion in a crowd.

He put the question to himself: What am I going to do? He had never worked. He had studied at various universities as so

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

many other young men have studied, that is, he had managed to pass a few examinations by the skin of his teeth.

He had had so little to do in life, and was so utterly devoid of ambition, that he looked upon a really ambitious individual as being insane. Anything that was at all practical was filled with insurmountable obstacles. His freedom, in other words, placed him in a distressing state of mind and body.

It would not have been difficult for him to find people who would have been willing to advance him money on his name. But he did not wish to incur debts of which his father might hear. If he did, his solemn solution of an unbearable relation would have amounted to nothing.

He could, of course, count on his share of the estate; and he did count on it, notwithstanding the fact that to do so was to speculate on the death of his own father. He stood in urgent need of a confidential friend; and this friend he thought he had found in Herr Carovius.

"Ah, two people such as you and I will not insist upon unnecessary formalities," said Herr Carovius. "All that I need is your face, and your signature to a piece of paper. We will deduct ten per cent at the very outset, so that my expenses may be covered, for money is dear at present. I will give you real estate bonds; they are selling to-day at eighty-five, unfortunately. The Exchange is a trifle spotty, but a little loss like that won't mean anything to you."

For the ten thousand marks that he owed, Eberhard received seven thousand, six hundred and fifty, cash. In less than a year he was again in need of money, and asked Herr Carovius for twenty thousand. Herr Carovius said he did not have that much ready money, and that he would have to approach a lender.

Eberhard replied sulkily that he could do about that as he saw fit, but he must not mention his name to a third party. A few days later Herr Carovius told a tale of hair-splitting negotiations: there was a middleman who demanded immodest guarantees, including certified notes. He swore that he knew nothing about that kind of business, and that he had undertaken to supply the needed loan only because of his excessive affection for his young friend.

Eberhard was unmoved. The eel-like mobility of the man with the squeaking voice did not please him; not at all; as a matter of fact he began to dread him; and this dread increased in intensity and fearfulness in proportion to the degree in which he felt he was becoming more and more entangled in his net.

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

The twenty thousand marks were procured at an interest of thirty-five per cent. At first Eberhard refused to sign the note. He would not touch it until Herr Carovius had assured him that it was not to be converted into currency, that it could be redeemed with new loans at any time, and that it would lie in his strong-box as peacefully as the bones of the Auffenberg ancestors rested in their vaults. Eberhard, tired of this flood of words, yielded.

Every time he signed his name he had a feeling that the danger into which he was walking was becoming greater. But he was too lazy to defend himself; he was too aristocratic to interest himself in petty explanations; and he was simply not capable of living on a small income.

The endorsed notes were presented as a matter of warning; new loans settled them; new loans made new notes necessary; these were extended; the extensions were costly; an uncanny individual shielded in anonymity was taken into confidence. He bought up mortgages, paid for them in diamonds instead of money, and sold depreciated stocks. The debts having reached a certain height, Herr Carovius demanded that Eberhard have his life insured. Eberhard had to do it; the premium was very high. In the course of three years Eberhard had lost all perspective; he could no longer survey his obligations. The money he received he spent in the usual fashion, never bothered himself about the terms on which he had secured it, and had no idea where all this was leading to and where it was going to end. He turned in disgust from Herr Carovius's clumsy approaches, malicious gibes, and occasional threats.

What an insipid smile he had! How fatuous, and then again how profound, his conversation could be! He took upon himself the impudent liberty of running in and out at Eberhard's whenever he felt like it. He bored him with his discussion of philosophic systems, or with miserable gossip about his neighbours. He watched him day and night.

He followed him on the street. He would come up to him and cry out, "Herr Baron, Herr Baron!" and wave his hat. His solicitude for Eberhard's health resembled that of a gaoler. One evening Eberhard went to bed with a fever. Herr Carovius ran to the physician, and then spent the whole night by the bedside of the patient, despite his entreaties to be left alone. "Would it not be well for me to write to your mother?" he asked, with much show of affection on the next morning when he noticed that the fever had not fallen. Eberhard sprang from his bed with an

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

exclamation of rage, and Herr Carovius left immediately and unceremoniously.

Herr Carovius loved to complain. He ran around the table, exclaiming that he was ruined. He brought out his cheque book, added up the figures, and cried: "Two more years of this business, dear Baron, and I will be ready for the poor house." He demanded security and still more securities; he asked for renewed promises. He submitted an account of the total sum, and demanded an endorsement. But it was impossible for any one to make head or tail out of this welter of interest, commissions, indemnities, and usury. Herr Carovius himself no longer knew precisely how matters stood; for a consortium of subsequent indorsers had been formed behind his back, and they were exploiting his zeal on behalf of the young Baron for all it was worth.

"What is this I hear about you and the women?" asked Herr Carovius one day. "What about a little adventure?" He had noticed that the Baron had a secret; and it enraged him to think that he could not get at the bottom of this amorous mystery.

He made this discovery one day as Eberhard was packing his trunk. "Where are you going my dear friend?" he crowed in exclamatory dismay. Eberhard replied that he was going to Switzerland. "To Switzerland? What are you going to do there? I am not going to let you go," said Herr Carovius. Eberhard gave him one cold stare. Herr Carovius tried beseeching, begging, pleading. It was in vain; Eberhard left for Switzerland. He wanted to be alone; he became tired of being alone, and returned; he went off again; he came back again, and had the conversation with Eleanore that robbed him of his last hope. Then he went to Munich, and took up with the spiritists.

Spiritual and mental ennui left him without a vestige of the power of resistance. An inborn tendency to scepticism did not prevent him from yielding to an influence which originally was farther removed from the inclinations of his soul than the vulgar bustle of everyday life. Benumbed as his critical judgment now was, he went prospecting for the fountain of life in a zone where dreams flourish and superficial enchantment predominates.

Herr Carovius hired a spy who never allowed Eberhard to get out of his sight. He reported regularly to his employer on the movements of the unique scion of the Auffenberg line. If Eberhard needed money, he was forced to go to Carovius, who would stand on the platform for an hour waiting for the Baron's train to come in; and once Eberhard had got out of his carriage, Herr

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

Carovius excited the laughter of the railroad officials by his affectionate care for his protégé. Delighted to see him again, he would talk the sheerest nonsense, and trip around about his young friend in groundless glee.

It seemed after all this that Herr Carovius really loved the Baron; and he did.

He loved him as a gambler loves his cards, or as the fire loves the coals. He idealised him; he dreamt about him; he liked to breathe the air that Eberhard dreamed; he saw a chosen being in him; he imputed all manner of heroic deeds to him, and was immeasurably pleased at his aristocratic offishness.

He loved him with hatred, with the joy of annihilation. This hate-love became in time the centre of his thoughts and feelings. In it was expressed everything that separated him from other men and at the same time drew him to them. It controlled him unconditionally, until a second, equally fearful and ridiculous passion became affiliated with it.

IV

Daniel had hesitated for a long while about making use of the letter of introduction from Frau von Erfft. Gertrude then took to begging him to go to the Baroness. "If I go merely to please you, my action will avenge itself on you," he said.

"If I understood why you hesitate, I would not ask you," she replied in a tone of evident discomfort.

"I found so much there in Erfft," said he, "so much human kindness that was new to me; I dislike the idea of seeing some ulterior motive back of it, or of putting one there myself. Do you understand now?" She nodded.

"But must is stronger than may," he concluded, and went.

The Baroness became quite interested in his case. The position of second Kapèllmeister at the City Theatre was vacant, and she tried to have Daniel appointed to it. She was promised that it would be given to him; but the usual intrigues were spun behind her back; and when she urged that the matter be settled immediately and in favour of her candidate, she was fed on dissembling consolation. She was quite surprised to be brought face to face with hostile opposition, which seemed to spring from every side as if by agreement against the young musician. Not a single one of his enemies, however, allowed themselves to be seen, and no one heard from by correspondence. It was the first time that she

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

had come in conflict with the world in a business way; there was something touching in her indignation at the display of cowardly fraud.

Finally, after a long, and for her humiliating, interview with that chief of cosmopolitan brokers, Alexander Dörmaul, Daniel's engagement for the coming spring was agreed upon.

In the meantime the Baroness took lessons from Daniel. She expressed a desire to familiarise herself with the standard piano compositions, and to be given a really practical introduction to their meaning and the right method of interpreting them.

It was long before she became accustomed to his cold and morose sternness. She had the feeling that he was pulling her out of a nice warm bath into a cold, cutting draught. She longed to return to her twilights, her ecstatic moods, her melancholy reveries.

Once he explained to her in a thoroughly matter-of-fact way the movement of a fugue. She dared to burst out with an exclamation of joy. He shut the piano with a bang, and said: "Adieu, Baroness." He did not return until she had written him a letter asking him to do so.

"Ah, it is lost effort, a waste of time," he thought, though he did not fail to appreciate the Baroness's human dignity. The eight hours a month were a complete torture to him. And yet he found that twenty marks an hour was too much; he said so. The suspicion that she was giving him alms made him exceedingly disagreeable.

A servant became familiar with him. Daniel took him by the collar and shook him until he was blue in the face. He was as wiry as a jaguar, and much to be feared when angry. The Baroness had to discharge the servant.

Once the Baroness showed him an antique of glass work made of mountain crystal and beautifully painted. As he was looking at it in intense admiration, he let it fall; it broke into many pieces. He was as humiliated as a whipped school boy; the old Baroness had to use her choicest powers of persuasion to calm him. He then played the whole of Schumann's "Carneval" for her, a piece of music of which she was passionately fond.

Every forenoon you could see him hastening across the bridge. He always walked rapidly; his coat tails flew. He always had the corners of his mouth drawn up and his lower lip clenched between his teeth. He was always looking at the ground; in the densest crowds he seemed to be alone. He bent the rim of his

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

hat down so that it covered his forehead. His dangling arms resembled the stumpy wings of a penguin.

At times he would stop, stand all alone, and listen, so to speak, into space without seeing. When he did this, street boys would gather about him and grin. Once upon a time a little boy said to his mother: "Tell me, mother, who is that old, old manikin over there?"

This is the picture we must form of him at this time of his life, just before his years of real storm and stress: he is in a hurry; he seems so aloof, sullen, distant, and dry; he is whipped about the narrow circle of his everyday life by fancy and ambition; he is so young and yet so old. This is the light in which we must see him.

V

The apartment of Daniel and Gertrude had three rooms. Two opened on the street, and one, the bed room, faced a dark, gloomy court.

With very limited means, but with diligence and pleasure, Gertrude had done all in her power to make the apartment as comfortable as possible. Though the ceilings were low and the walls almost always damp, the rooms seemed after all quite homelike and attractive.

In Daniel's study the piano was the chief object of furniture; it dominated the space. Fuchsias in the window gave a pleasing frame to the general picture of penury. His mother had given him the oil painting of his father. From its place above the sofa the stern countenance of Gottfried Nothafft looked down upon the son. It seemed at times that the face of the father turned toward the mask of Zingarella as if to ask who and what it was. The mask hung on the other side of the room from the oil painting; its unbroken smile was lost in the shadows.

Gertrude had to do all the household work; they could not afford a servant. In the years of Daniel's absence, however, she had learned to copy notes. Herr Seelenfromm, assistant to the apothecary Pflaum, had taught her. He was a cousin of Frau Rübsam, and she had become acquainted with him through Eleanore. In his leisure hours he composed waltzes and marches, and dedicated them to the princes and princesses of the royal family. He also dedicated one to Gertrude. It was entitled "Feenzauber," and was a gavotte.

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

When Daniel learned of her accomplishment, he was so astonished that he threw his hands above his head. The rare being looked up at him intoxicated with joy. "I will help you," she said, and copied his notes for him.

When they walked along the streets she would close her eyes at times. A melody floated by her which she had never before been able to understand. As she bought her vegetables and tried to drive a bargain with the old market woman, her soul was full of song.

Certain tones and combinations of tones took on definite shapes in her mind. The bass B of the fourth octave appeared to her as a heavily veiled woman; the middle E resembled a young man who was stretching his arms. In chords, harmonies, and harmonic transformations these figures were set in motion, the motion depending on the character of the composition: a procession of mourning figures between clouds and stars; wild animals spurred on by the huntsmen who were riding them; maidens throwing flowers from the windows of a palace; men and women plunging into an abyss in one mass of despairing humanity; weeping men and laughing women, wrestlers and ball players, dancing couples and grape pickers. The pause appealed to her as a man who climbs naked from a deep subterranean shaft, carrying a burning torch in his hand; the trill seemed like a bird that anxiously flutters about its nest.

All of Daniel's compositions came close to her heart; all his pictures were highly coloured; his figures seemed to be full of blood. If they remained dead and distant, her sympathy vanished; her face became tired and empty. Without having spoken a word with each other, Daniel would know that he was on the wrong track. But all this bound him to the young woman with hoops of steel; he came to regard her as the creature given him of God to act as his living conscience and infallible if mute judge.

He hated her when her feelings remained unmoved. If he at last came to see, after much introspection, that she was right, then he would have liked to fall down and worship the unknown power that was so inexorable in pointing him the way.

Spindler had a beautiful harp which he had bequeathed to Daniel in his will. It had remained in Ansbach in the possession of the old lady who kept house for him. Daniel had forgotten all about the harp. After his marriage he had it sent to him.

He kept it in the living room; Gertrude was fond of looking at it. It enticed her. One day she sat down and tried to draw tones from its strings. She touched the strings very gently, and

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

was charmed with the melody that came from them. Gradually she learned the secret; she discovered the law. An innate talent made the instrument submissive to her; she was able to express on it all the longings and emotions she had experienced in her dark and lonely hours.

She generally played very softly; she never tried intricate melodies, for the harp was adapted to the expression of simple, dream-like harmonies. The tones were wafted out into the hall and up the stairs; they greeted Daniel as he entered the old house.

When he came into the room, Gertrude was sitting in a corner by the stove, the harp between her knees. She smiled mysteriously to herself; her hands, like strange beings loosed from her body, sought chords and melodies that were his, and which she was trying to translate to her own world of dreams.

VI

Her command of language was more defective now than ever. She was seized with painful astonishment when she noticed that in matters of daily intercourse Daniel's mind was not able to penetrate the veil behind which she lived.

He said to himself: she is too heavy. He was dumbfounded at her conduct, and displeased with it.

"The gloomy house oppresses you," he said in a tone of ill humour, when she smiled in her helpless way.

"Let us run a race," he said to her one day as they were taking a walk through the country. An old tree in the distance that had been struck by lightning was to be their objective.

They ran as fast as their feet could carry them. At a distance of about ten metres from the tree, Gertrude collapsed. He carried her over to the meadow.

"How heavy you are," he said.

"Too heavy for you?" she asked with wide-opened eyes. He shrugged his shoulders.

Then she slipped out of his embrace, sprang to her feet, and ran with remarkable swiftness a distance that was twice as long as the one he had staked off; she did not fall; she did not want to fall; she dared not.

Breathing heavily and pale as a corpse, she waited until he came up. But he had no tenderness for her now; he merely scolded. Arm in arm they walked on. Gertrude felt for his hand; he gave it to her, and she pressed it to her bosom.

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

Daniel was terrified as he looked into her face, and saw her thoughts written there as if in letters of fire: We belong to each other for time and eternity.

That was her confession of faith.

VII

She lay wide awake until late at night. She heard him go into the kitchen and get a drink of water and then return to his room. He had forbidden her to come to the door and ask whether he was not going to bed soon: she was not to do this, it made no difference how late it was.

Then he lay beside her, his head on his arm, and looked at her with eyes that had lost their earthly, temporal glow. Man, where are your eyes anyway, she would have liked to exclaim. And yet she knew where they were; she knew, too, that it is dangerous to disturb a somnambulist by calling to him.

One night he had found it impossible to do his work. He sat down on the edge of the bed and stared into the light of the lamp for an hour or so, hating himself. Gertrude saw how he raged at himself; how he really fed, nourished his lack of confidence in himself. But she could not say anything.

A publisher had returned one of his manuscripts with a courteous but depressing conventional rejection slip. Daniel spoke disparagingly of his talents; he had lost hope in his future; he was bitter at the world; he felt that he was condemned to a life of unceasing obscurity.

The only thing she could do was look at him; merely look at him.

He became tired of having her look at him; a fresh, vigorous remark would have served his purpose much better, he thought.

She measured her work and his not in terms of reward; she did not seek for connection of any kind between privation and hope; nor did she measure Daniel's love in terms of tender expressions and embraces. She waited for him with much patience. In time her patience irritated him. "A little bit more activity and insistence would not hurt you," he said one day, and thrust her timid, beseeching hands from him.

He saw himself cared for: He had a home, a person who prepared his meals, washed his clothes, and faithfully attended to his other household needs. He should have been grateful. He was, too, but he could not show it. He was grateful when he was

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

alone, but in Gertrude's presence his gratitude turned to defiance. If he was away from home, he thought with pleasure of his return; he pictured Gertrude's joy at seeing him again. But when he was with her, he indulged in silent criticism, and wanted to have everything about her different.

The judge's wife on the first floor complained that Gertrude did not speak to her. "Be kind to your neighbours," he remarked with the air of a professional scold. The next Sunday they took a walk, on which they met the judge's wife. Gertrude spoke to her: "Well, you don't need to fall on her neck," he mumbled. She thought for a long while of how she might speak to people without offending them and without annoying Daniel. She was embarrassed; she was afraid of Daniel's criticism.

On such days she would put too much salt in the soup, everything went wrong, and in her diligent attempt to be punctual she lost much time. She was fearfully worried when he got up from the table and went to his room without saying a word. She would sit perfectly still and listen; she was frightened when he went to the piano to try a motif. When he again entered her room, she looked into his face with the tenseness of a soul in utter anguish. Then it suddenly came about that he would sit down by her side and caress her. He told her all about his life, his home, his father, his mother. If she could only have heard each of his words twice! If she could only have drunk in the expression in his eyes! They were filled with peace; his nervous hands lay in quiet on his knees when he spoke to her in this way on these subjects. His twitching, angular face, weatherbeaten by the storms of life, took on an expression of sorrow that was most becoming to it.

When she had a headache or was tired, he expressed his anxiety for her in touching tones. He would go about the house on tiptoes, and close the doors with infinite care. If a dog barked on the street, he rushed to the window and looked out, enraged at the beast. When she retired, he would help her undress, and bring her whatever she needed.

It was also strange that he disliked the idea of leaving her alone. There was something childlike in his restlessness when he was at home and she was out. He pictured her surrounded by grievous dangers; he would have liked to lock her up and hold her a captive, so as to be sure that she was quite safe. This made her all the weaker and more dependent upon him, while he was like a man who presses what he has to his heart, plagued with the thought

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

that by some mischance it might escape, and yet clings to it also lest he be disturbed by the thought of another more precious possession he loved long since and lost a while.

Once he came to Gertrude while she was playing the harp, threw his arms about her, looked into her face with a wild, gloomy expression, and stammered: "I love you, I love you, I do." It was the first time he had spoken these eternal words. She grew pale, first from joy and then from fear; for there was more of hatred than of love in his voice.

VIII

He felt that association with congenial men would help him over many a dark hour. But when he set out to look for these men, the city became a desert and a waste place.

Herr Seelenfromm came to his house now and then. Daniel could not endure the timid man who admired him so profoundly, and who, in the bottom of his heart, had an equal amount of respect for Gertrude. The young architect who had been employed at the St. Sebaldus Church while it was being renovated, and who loved music, had won Daniel's esteem. But he had a repulsive habit of smacking his tongue when he talked. Daniel and he discussed the habit, and parted the worst of enemies. His association with a certain Frenchman by the name of Rivière was of longer duration. Rivière was spending some time in the city, looking up material for a life of Caspar Hauser. He had made his acquaintance at the Baroness von Auffenberg's, and taken a liking to him because he reminded him of Friedrich Benda.

M. Rivière loved to hear Daniel improvise on the piano. He knew so little German that he merely smiled at Daniel's caustic remarks; and if he became violently enraged, M. Rivière merely stared at his mouth. He had a wart on his cheek, and wore a straw hat summer and winter. He cooked his own meals, for it was an obsession of his that people wanted to poison him because he was writing a life of Caspar Hauser.

When Herr Seelenfromm and M. Rivière came in of a Sunday evening, Daniel would reach for a volume of E. T. A. Hoffmann or Clemens Brentano, and read from them until he was hoarse. He tried in this way to find peace in a strange world; for he did not wish to weep at the sight of human beings who seemed perfectly at ease.

Gertrude looked at him, and put this question to herself: How

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

is it that a man to whom music is life and the paradise of his heart can allow himself to be so enveloped in sorrow, so beclouded by gloom? She understood the smarting pains in which he composed; she had a vague idea of the labyrinthine complications of his inner fate; these she grasped. But her own soul was filled with joyless compassion; she wished with all her power to plant greater faith and more happiness in his heart.

She meditated on the best means of carrying on her spiritual campaign. It occurred to her that he had had more of both faith and happiness at the time he was going with Eleanore. She saw Eleanore now in a quite different light. She recalled that Eleanore was not merely her sister but the creator of her happiness. Nor was she unmindful of the fact that through the transformation of her being, love and enlightenment had arisen to take the place of her former suspicion and ignorance.

She ascribed to Eleanore all those powers in which she had formerly been lacking: general superiority and stimulating vigour; an ability to play that lent charm to drudgery and made the hard things of life easy; brightness in conversation and delicacy of touch. In her lonely broodings she came to the conclusion that Eleanore was the only one who could help her. She went straightway to her father's house to find out why Eleanore so rarely came to see her.

"I don't like to come; Daniel is so unkind to me," said Eleanore.

Gertrude replied that he was unkind to everybody, including her herself, and that she must not pay any attention to this; for she knew full well that Daniel liked her—and perhaps he himself was offended because she never called.

Eleanore thought it all over, and from then on visited her sister more frequently. But if it did not look as though Daniel did everything in his power to avoid her, this much was certain: he never said a word to her more than human decency required, and was an expert at finding reasons why he had to leave the room when she was there. Eleanore was painfully conscious of this; it hurt her.

IX

One morning Gertrude returned from the market, carrying a heavy basket full of things she had bought. As she came in the front door she heard Daniel playing. She noticed at once that he was not improvising; that he was playing a set piece, the tones of which were quite unfamiliar to her.

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

As she came up the steps, the basket no longer seemed like a burden. She went quietly into the living room and listened. Something drew her closer and closer to the piano. Daniel had not noticed that she had entered the room and sat down. He was wholly lost in what he was doing; he never took his rapt and wondering eyes from the music before him.

It was his draft of the "Harzreise im Winter." For a year and a half, since the time he had composed it in Ansbach, he had never again thought of it; it had lain untouched. Suddenly the fire of creation had flamed up in him; he could once more bind the incoherent, and make what had been merely implied or indicated take definite shape.

He would play a movement again and again, trying to connect it with what went before or came after; he would take his pencil and write in a few notes here or there; then he would try it again, and smile to himself in a strange, confused, and yet enchanted way, when he saw that the motif was complete, perfect. Gertrude was drawn still closer to him. In her awe-struck admiration she crouched on the floor beside him. She would have liked to creep into the piano, and give her soul the opportunity it sought to express itself in the tones that came from the strings. When Daniel had finished, she pressed her head to his hips, and reached her hot hands up to him.

Daniel was terrified; for he recalled instantaneously another occasion on which another woman had done precisely the same thing. His eye involuntarily fell on the mask of Zingarella. He was not conscious of the connection; there was no visible bridge between the two incidents; Gertrude's face was too unlike that of its momentary prototype. But with a feeling of awe he detected a mysterious liaison between then and now: he imagined he could hear a voice calling to him from the distant shores of yonder world.

He laid his hand on Gertrude's hair. She interpreted the gesture as a visible sign that his promise had been fulfilled; that this work belonged to her; that he had created it for her, had taken it from her heart, and was returning it to the heart from whence it came.

x

Zierfuss, the music dealer, had sent out invitations to a concert. Daniel did not feel like going. Gertrude asked Eleanore if

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

she would not go with her. Daniel called for them after the concert.

Eleanore told him on the way home that she had received a letter for him that afternoon bearing a London stamp.

"From Benda?" asked Daniel quickly.

"It is Benda's handwriting," replied Eleanore. "I was going to bring it to you when Gertrude called for me. Wait out in the front of the house, and I'll go in and get it."

"Take dinner with us this evening, Eleanore," said Gertrude, looking rather uncertainly at Daniel.

"If it is agreeable to Daniel. . . ."

"No nonsense, Eleanore, of course it is agreeable to me," said Daniel.

A quarter of an hour later Daniel was sitting by the lamp reading Benda's letter.

The first thing his friend told him was that he was to join a scientific expedition to the Congo, and that his party would follow almost exactly the same route that had been taken by the Stanley Expedition when it set out to look for Emin Pascha.

Benda wrote: "This letter then, my dear friend, is written to say good-bye for a number of years, perhaps forever. I feel as if I had been born anew. I have eyes again; and the ideas that fill my brain are no longer condemned to be stifled in the morass of imprisoned colleagues, loyal and inimical. To labour in nature's laboratory will make me forget the wrongs I have suffered, the injustice that has been done me. Hunger and thirst, disease and danger will of course have to be endured; they are the effects of those crimes of civilisation that spare the body while they poison the mind and soul."

Further on Benda wrote: "I am bound to my home by only two people, my mother and you. When I think of you, a feeling of pride comes over me; every hour we spent together is indelibly stamped on my heart. But there is one delicate point: it is a point of conscience. Call it, so far as I am concerned, a chip; call it anything you please. The fact is I have had a Don Quixotic run in, and I have got to defend myself."

Daniel shook his head and read on. Benda knew nothing of his marriage. He did not even seem to know that Daniel and Gertrude had been engaged. Or if he had known it he had forgotten it. Daniel could hardly believe his own eyes when he came to the following passage: "My greatest anxiety always lay in the fear that you would pass Eleanore by. I was too cowardly

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

to tell you how I felt on this point, and I have reproached myself ever since for my cowardice. Now that I am leaving I tell you how I feel about this matter, though not exactly with the sensation of performing a belated task."

For Heaven's sake, thought Daniel, what is he trying to do to me?

"I have often thought about it in quiet hours; it gave me the same feeling of satisfaction that I have in a chemical experiment, when the reactions of the various elements take place as they should: what Eleanore says is your word; what you feel is Eleanore's law."

He is seeing ghosts, cried Daniel, he is tangling up the threads of my life. What does he mean? Why does he do it?

"Don't neglect what I am telling you! Don't crush that wonderful flower! The girl is a rare specimen; the rarest I know. You need your whole heart with all its powers of love and kindness to appreciate her. But if my words reach you too late, please tear this letter into shreds, and get the whole idea out of your mind as soon and completely as possible."

"Come, let's eat," said Gertrude, as she entered the room with a dish of pickled herring.

Eleanore was sitting on the sofa looking at Daniel quizzically. He was lost in thought.

Daniel looked up, and studied the two women as if they were the figures of a hallucination: the one in dark red, the other in dark blue; minor and major keys. The two stood side by side, and yet so far removed from each other: they were the two poles of his world.

XI

"What has Benda got to say?" asked Gertrude hesitatingly.

"Just think, he is going to Africa," replied Daniel, with a voice as if he were lying. "Curious, isn't it? I suppose he is on the ocean by this time."

With an expression on his face that clearly betrayed the fact that he was afraid the sisters might somehow divine or suspect the parts of the letter he wished to keep to himself, he read as much of it as he dared to them.

"Why don't you read on?" asked Eleanore, when he paused.

She bent over the table, filled with a burning curiosity to know the whole contents of the letter, and while so doing her hair

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

became entangled in the metal bric-a-brac of the hanging lamp. Gertrude got up and liberated her.

Daniel had laid his hand over the letter, and was looking at Eleanore threateningly. His eye and that of the captured girl chanced to meet; she struggled between a feeling of amusement and one of annoyance. It gave Daniel an uncomfortable feeling to have her eyes so close to his.

"Don't you know that that is not polite?" he asked. "We have some secrets, probably, Benda and I."

"I merely thought that Benda had sent me his greetings," replied Eleanore, and blushed with embarrassment.

Daniel then held the letter above the chimney of the lamp, waited until it had caught fire, and then threw it on the floor, where it burned up.

"It is late, and father is already waiting," said Eleanore, after they had eaten in great haste.

"I will take you home," declared Daniel. Surprised by such unusual gallantry, Eleanore looked at him with amazement. He at once became moody; she was still more surprised. "I can go home alone, Daniel," she said in a tone of noticeable seriousness, "you do not need to put yourself out for me."

"Put myself out? What do you mean? Are you one of those people who can't keep a tune, and step on the pedal when their sentiment runs short?"

Eleanore had nothing to say.

"Put your great coat on, Daniel," said Gertrude in the hall, "it is cold and windy out."

She wanted to help him on with it, but he threw it in the clothes press; he was irritated.

He walked along at Eleanore's side through the deserted streets.

She had already put the key in the front door, when she turned around, looked up in a most unhappy way, and said: "Daniel, what in the world is the matter with you? When I look at you, a feeling of anguish and distress comes over me. What have I done that you should act so disagreeably toward me?"

"Oh, forget it, think about something else, don't mention the subject any more," said Daniel, in a rough, rude voice. But the glance she fixed on him was so stern and unpitying, so testing and so un-girl-like, so strong and so bold, that he felt his heart grow softer. "Let us take a little walk," he said.

For a long time they paced back and forth in perfect silence. Then she asked him what he was working on now. He made

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

cautious, non-committal replies, and then suddenly he was overwhelmed with a flood of words. He remarked that he felt at times as if he were struggling with goblins in the dark. What gushed forth from the deepest depths of his soul, he said, was somehow or other too noisy and blatant, and died in his hands while he was trying to create an appropriate form for it. He said he had no success with anything unless it was something disembodied, incorporeal, the melody of which had thus far found an echo in no human breast. Therefore he seemed to be groping around, without anchorage, after sprites from the land of no-where. And the more domineering the order was to which he subjected his mind and his fancy, the more lost and hopeless his earthly self seemed to be as it drifted in the chaos of the everyday world. He remarked that heaven was in his dreams, hell in his association with men. And how dead everything about him seemed to be! It was all like a cemetery; it was a cemetery. His doughtiest life was gradually transformed into a shadow and lacerated into a monstrosity. But that he was aggrieved at men he felt full well; for they lived more innocent lives than he, and they were more useful.

"But you have some one to hold to," said Eleanore, realising that she was skating on thin ice, "you have Gertrude."

To this he made no reply. She waited for him to say something, and when she saw that he did not care to make a reply of any kind, she smiled at him as if in a last attempt to get him to tell her what was the matter. Then all peace of mind vanished from her soul—and her face. Every time they passed a street lamp she turned her head to one side.

"She is after all in the presence of God your wife," said Eleanore gently and with remarkable solemnity.

Daniel looked up and listened as if greatly abashed. Speaking out into the wind he said: "The over-tone, Eleanore; a bird twittering in the bush. In the presence of God my wife! But in the roots the bass is howling; it is an infernal tremolo; do you hear it?"

He laughed as if mad, and his face, with his spotted teeth, was turned toward her. She took him by the arm, and implored him to straighten up.

He pressed her hand to his forehead, and said: "The letter, Eleanore, the letter . . .!"

"Now you see, Daniel, I knew it all along. What was in the letter?"

"I dare not tell you, otherwise my sweet over-tone will take a

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

somersault, become mingled with the gloomy bass, and be lost forever."

Eleanore looked at him in amazement; he had never seemed so much like a fool to her in her life.

"Listen," he said, putting his arm in hers, "I have composed a song; here is the way it goes." He sang a melody he had written for one of Eichendorff's poems. In it there was a tender sadness. "While everything is still and everybody asleep, my soul greets the eternal light, and rests like a ship in the harbour."

They had again reached the front door; they had been strolling back and forth for two hours.

He had an unpleasant feeling when he went up the steps of his apartment.

Gertrude was sitting where he had left her: by the clothes press. She had wrapped his top coat about her legs, her back was leaning against the wall, her head had sunk on her shoulder; she was asleep. She was not awakened by his coming. Beside her stood the candle, now burned down to the edge of the metal holder; it was spluttering. The light from it fell on Gertrude's face, lighting it up irregularly and lending it a painful expression.

"In the presence of God my wife," murmured Daniel. He did not waken Gertrude until the candle had gone out. Then he did; she got up, and the two went off in darkness to their bed room.

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

THE GLASS CASE BREAKS

I

Daniel wished to see Eleanore skate; he went out to the Maxfeld at a time he knew she would be there.

He saw her quite soon, and was delighted when she glided by; but when she was lost in the crowd, he frowned. High school boys followed her with cowardly and obtrusive forwardness. One student, who wore a red cap, fell flat on his stomach as he bowed to her.

She ran into two army officers, or they into her; this put an end for the time being to the inspired grace of her movement. When she started off a second time, drawing a beautiful circle, she saw Daniel and came over to him. She smiled in a confidential way, chatted with him, glided backwards in a circle about him, laughed at his impatience because she would not stand still, threw her muff over to him, asked him to throw it back, and, with arms raised to catch it, cut an artistic figure on the ice.

The picture she offered filled Daniel with reverence for the harmony of her being.

II

They frequently took walks after sunset out to the suburbs and up to the castle. Gertrude was pleased to see that Daniel and Eleanore were good friends again.

One time when they walked up the castle hill, Eleanore told Daniel that there was where she had taken leave of Eberhard von Auffenberg. She could recall everything he said, and she confessed with marked candour what she had said in reply. The story about the old herb woman Daniel did not find amusing. He stopped, and said: "Child, don't have anything to do with spirits! Never interfere with your lovely reality."

"Don't talk in that way," replied Eleanore. "I dislike it. The tone of your voice and the expression on your face make me feel as if I were a woman of worldly habits."

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

They went into the Church of St. Sebaldus, and revelled in the beauty of the bronze castings on the tomb of the saint. They also went to the Germanic Museum, where they loved to wander around in the countless deserted passage-ways, stopped and studied the pictures, and never tired of looking at the old toys, globes, kitchen utensils, and armour.

Eleanore's greatest pleasure, however, was derived from sauntering through the narrow alleys. She like to stand in an open door, and look into the court at some weather-beaten statue; to stand before the window of an antique shop, and study the brocaded objects, silver chains, rings with gaudy stones, engraved plates, and rare clocks. All manner of roguish ideas came to her mind, and around every wish she wove a fairy tale. The meagrest incident sufficed to send her imagination to the land of wonders, just as if the fables and legends that the people had been passing on from hearth to hearth for centuries were leading a life of reality over there.

The tailor sitting with crossed legs on his table; the smith hammering the red-hot iron; the juggler who made the rounds of the city with the trained monkey; the Jewish pawnbroker, the chimney sweep, the one-legged veteran, an old woman who looked out from some cellar, a spider's nest in the corner of a wall—around all these things and still others she wound her tale of weal or woe. It seemed that what she saw had never been seen by mortal eyes before. It seemed that the things or people that attracted her attention had not existed until she had seen them. For this reason she was never in a bad humour, never bored, never lazy, never tired.

There was something about her, however, that Daniel could not understand. He did not know wherein the riddle lay, he merely knew that there was one. If she gave him her hand, it seemed to him that there was something unreal about it. If he requested that she look at him, she did so, but it seemed that her glance was divided, half going to the left, half to the right, neither meeting his. If she came so close to him that their arms touched, he had the feeling that he could not take hold of her if he wished to.

He struggled against the enticement that lay in this peculiarity.

Her presence ennobled his ambition and dispelled his whims. She gave him the beautifully formed cloud, the tree covered with young foliage, the moon that rises up over the roofs of the houses—she gave him the whole earth over which he was hastening, a stranger to peace, unfamiliar with contentment.

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

He cherished no suspicion; he had no foreshadowing of his fate. And Eleanore was not afraid of him; she, too, was without a sense of danger.

III

One Sunday afternoon in April they took a walk out into the country. Gertrude had been suffering for weeks from lassitude and could not go with them.

Eleanore was a superb walker. It gave Daniel extreme pleasure to walk along with her, keeping step, moving hastily. The quick movement increased his susceptibility to the charm of the changing landscapes. It was quite different when he walked with Gertrude. She was slow, given to introspection, thoughtful, and not very strong.

In the course of an hour clouds gathered in the sky, the sun disappeared, big drops began to fall. Eleanore had taken neither umbrella nor rain coat along; she began to walk more rapidly. If they tried, they could reach the inn beyond the forest, and find shelter from the storm.

Just as they slipped through the crowd that had hurried up the road to the same refuge and entered the inn, the sluices of heaven seemed to open, and a cloud-burst followed. They were standing in the hall. Eleanore was warm, and did not wish to remain in the draught. They went into the restaurant; it was so full that they had considerable trouble to find seats. A working man, his wife, and four sickly-looking children squeezed up more closely together; the two youngest boys gave them their chairs and went to look for others.

The clouds hung low, causing premature darkness. Lamps were lighted, and their odour mingled freely with the other odours of this over-crowded room. A few village musicians played some unknown piece; the eyes of the workingman's children shone with delight. Because they sat there so quietly—and because they looked so pale—Eleanore gave each of the children a sandwich. The mother was very grateful, and said so. The father, who said he was the foreman in a mirror factory, began to talk with Daniel about the troubles of the present era.

All of a sudden Daniel caught sight of a familiar face at a nearby table. As it turned to one side, he saw in the dim, smelly light another face he knew, and then a third and a fourth. It was all so ghost-like in the room that it was some time before he

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

knew just where to place them. Then it occurred to him where they came from.

Herr Hadebusch and Frau Hadebusch, Herr Francke and Benjamin Dorn were having a little Sunday outing. The brush-maker's wife was radiant with joy on seeing her old lodger. She nodded, she blinked, she folded her hands as if touched at the sight, and Herr Hadebusch raised his beer glass, eager to drink a toast to Daniel's health.

They could not quite make out who Eleanore was; they took her for Daniel's wife. This misunderstanding, it seemed, was then cleared up by the Methodist after he had craned his neck and called his powers of recognition into play. The demoniac woman nodded, to be sure, and kept on blinking, but in her face there was an expression of rustic disapproval. Her mouth was opened, and the tusks of her upper jaw shone forth uncannily from the black abyss.

The swan neck of the Methodist was screwed up so hardily and picturesquely above the heads of the others that Eleanore could not help but notice his physical and spiritual peculiarities. She wrinkled her brow, and looked at Daniel questioningly.

She looked around, and saw a great many people from the city whom she knew either by name or from having met them so frequently. There was a saleswoman from Ludwig Street; a clerk with a pock-marked face from a produce store; the dignified preceptress of a Kindergarten; an official of the savings bank; the hat-maker from the corner of the Market Place with his grown daughter; and the sergeant who invariably saluted when he passed by her.

All these people were in their Sunday clothes and seemed care-free and good natured. But as soon as they saw Eleanore a mean expression came over them. The fluttering of the lights made their faces look ghastly, while partial intoxication made it easy to read their filthy, lazy thoughts. Full of anxiety, Eleanore looked up at Daniel, as if she felt she would have to rely on his wealth of experience and greater superiority in general.

He was sorry for her and sorry for himself. He knew what was in store for him and her. When he looked over this Hogarthian gathering, and saw, despite its festive, convivial mood, hidden lusts of every description, crippled passions, secreted envy, and mysterious vindictiveness spread about like the stench of foul blood, he felt it was quite futile to cherish delusions of any kind as to what was before him. To spare Eleanore and to defend her,

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

to leave her rather than be guilty of causing the child-like smile on her lips to die out and disappear forever—this he believed in the bottom of his heart he could promise both her and himself.

The working man and his family had left; and as it was no longer raining, most of the other guests had also gone. Up in the room above people were dancing. The lamps were shaking, and it was easy to hear the low sounds of the bass violin. Daniel took out his pencil, and began writing notes on the table. Eleanore bent over, looking at him, and, like him, fell to dreamy thinking.

Neither wished to know what the other was thinking; they entertained themselves in silence; inwardly they were drawn closer and closer together, as if by some mysterious and irresistible power. They had not noticed that it was evening, that the room was empty, that the waiters had taken the glasses away, and that the dance music in the room above had stopped.

They sat there in the half-lighted corner side by side, as if in some dark, deserted cavern. When they finally came out of their deep silence and looked at each other, they were first surprised and then dismayed.

"What are we going to do?" asked Eleanore half in a whisper, "it is late; we must be going home."

The sky was clouded, a warm wind swept across the plains, the road was full of puddles. Here and there a light flashed from the darkness, and a dog barked every now and then in the distant villages. When the road turned into the forest, Daniel gave Eleanore his arm. She took it, but soon let go. Daniel stopped, and said almost angrily: "Are we bewitched, both of us? Speak, Eleanore, speak!"

"What is there for me to say?" she asked gently. "I am frightened; it is so dark."

"You are frightened, Eleanore, you? You do not know the night. It has never yet been night in your soul; nor night in the world about you. Now you appreciate perhaps how a being of the night feels."

She made no reply.

"Give me your hand," he said, "I will lead you."

She gave him her hand. Soon they saw the lights of the city. He took her to her house; but when they reached it, they did not say good-bye: they looked at each other with dazed, helpless, seeking eyes; they were both pale and speechless.

Eleanore hastened into the h[illegible], but turned as she reached the stairs, and waved to him with a smile, as if the two were separated

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

by a hazy distance. As he fixed his eyes on the spot where he saw the slender figure disappear, he felt as if something were clutching his throat.

IV

Without the slightest regard for time, without feeling tired, without definite thoughts, detached from the present and all sense of obligation, Daniel wandered aimlessly through the streets. A low dive on Schütt Island saw him as a late guest. He sat there with his hands before his eyes, neither seeing nor hearing nor feeling, all crouched up in a bundle. Dirty little puddles of gin glistened on the top of the table, the gamblers were cursing, the proprietor was drunk.

The fire alarm drove him out: there was a fire in the suburbs of Schoppershof. The sky was reddened, it was drizzling. It seemed to Daniel that the air was reeking with the premonition of a heart-crushing disaster. Above the Laufer Gate a sheaf of sparks was whirling about.

Just then the melody for which he had waited so long throughout so many nights of restless despair arose before him in a grandiose circle. It seemed as if born for the words of the "Herzreise": "With the dim burning torch thou lightest for him the ferries at night over bottomless paths, across desolate fields."

In mournful thirds, receding again and again, the voices sank to earth; just one remained on high, alone, piously dissociated from profane return.

He hummed the melody with trembling lips to himself, until he met the nineteenth-century Socrates with his followers in the Rosenthal. They were still gipsying through the night.

They all talked at once; they were going to the fire. Daniel passed by unrecognised. The shrill voice of the painter Krapotkin pierced the air: "Hail to the flames! Hail to those whose coming we announce!" The laughter of the slough brothers died away in the distance.

Gertrude was standing at the head of the stairs with a candle in her hand; she had been waiting there since twelve o'clock. At eleven she had gone over to her father's house and rung the bell. Eleanore, frightened, had raised the window, and called down to her that Daniel had left her at nine.

He took the half-inanimate woman into the living room: "You must never wait for me, never," he said.

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

He opened the window, pointed to the glowing sky beyond the church, and as she leaned her head, with eyes closed, on his shoulder, he said with a scurrilous distortion of his face: "Behold! The fire! Hail to the flames! Hail to those whose coming we announce!"

V

The following morning Eleanore had no time to think of why Daniel had not gone home.

Jordan had just finished his breakfast when some one rang the door bell with unusual rapidity. Eleanore went to the door, and came back with Herr Zittel, who was in a rare state of excitement.

"I have come to inquire about your son, Jordan," he began, clearing his throat as though he were embarrassed.

"About my son?" replied Jordan astonished, "I thought you had given him three days' leave."

"I know nothing about that," replied Herr Zittel.

"Last Saturday evening he went on a visit to his friend Gerber in Bamberg to celebrate the founding of a club, or something of that sort; we are not expecting him until to-morrow. If you know nothing about this arrangement, Herr Diruf must have given him his leave."

The chief of the clerical department bit his lips. "Can you give me the address of this Herr Gerber?" he asked, "I should like to send him a telegram."

"For heaven's sake, what has happened, Herr Zittel?" cried Jordan, turning pale.

Herr Zittel stared into space with his gloomy, greenish eyes: "On Saturday afternoon Herr Diruf gave your son a cheque for three thousand seven hundred marks, and told him to cash it at the branch of the Bavarian Bank and bring the money to me. I was busy and did not go to the office in the afternoon. To-day, about a half-hour ago, Herr Diruf asked me whether I had received the money. It turned out that your son had not put in his appearance on Saturday, and since he has not shown up this morning either, you will readily see why we are so uneasy."

Jordan straightened up as stiff as a flag pole: "Do you mean to insinuate that my son is guilty of some criminal transaction?" he thundered forth, and struck the top of the table with the bones of his clenched fist.

Herr Zittel shrugged his shoulders: "It is, of course, possible

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

that there has been some misunderstanding, or that some one has failed to perform his duty. But in any event the affair is serious. Something must be done at once, and if you leave me in the lurch I shall have to call in the police."

Jordan's face turned ashen pale. For some reason or other he began to fumble about in his long black coat for the pocket. The coat had no pocket, and yet he continued to feel for it with hasty fingers. He tried to speak, but his tongue refused to obey him; beads of perspiration settled on his brow.

Eleanore embraced him with solicitous affection: "Be calm, Father, don't imagine the worst. Sit down, and let us talk it over." She dried the perspiration from his forehead with her handkerchief, and then breathed a kiss on it.

Jordan fell on a chair; his powers of resistance were gone; he looked at Eleanore with beseeching tenseness. From the very first she had known what had happened and what would happen. But she dared not show him that she was without hope; she summoned all the power at her resourceful command to prevent the old man from having a paralytic stroke.

With the help of Herr Zittel she wrote out a telegram to Gerber. The answer, to be pre-paid, was to be sent to the General Agency of the Prudentia, and Eleanore was to go to the main office between eleven and twelve o'clock. She accompanied Herr Zittel to the front door, whereupon he said: "Do everything in your power to get the money. If the loss can be made good at once, Herr Diruf may be willing not to take the case to the courts."

Eleanore knew full well that it would be exceedingly difficult to get such a sum as this. Her father had no money in the bank; his employer had lost confidence in him because he could no longer exert himself; what he needed most of all was a rest.

She entered the room with a friendly expression on her face, and remarked quite vivaciously: "Now, Father, we will wait and see what Benno has to say; and in order that you may not worry so much, I will read something nice to you."

Sitting on a hassock at her father's feet she read from a recent number of the *Gartenlaube* the description of an ascent of Mont Blanc. Then she read another article that her eye chanced to fall upon. All the while her bright voice was ringing through the room, she was struggling with decisions to which she might come and listening to the ticking of the clock. That her father no more had his mind on what she was reading than she herself was perfectly clear to her.

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

Finally the clock struck eleven. She got up, and said she had to go to the kitchen to make the fire. A maid usually came in at eleven to get dinner for the family, but to-day she had not appeared. Out in the hall Eleanore took her straw hat, and hastened over to Gertrude's as fast as her feet could carry her. Daniel was not at home; Gertrude was pealing potatoes.

In three sentences Eleanore had told her sister the whole story. "Now you come with me at once! Go up and stay with Father! See that he does not leave the house! I will be back in half an hour!"

Gertrude was literally dragged down the steps by Eleanore; before she could ask questions of any kind, Eleanore had disappeared.

At the General Agency Herr Zittel met her with the reply from that Gerber, Benno's friend. It bore Gerber's signature, and read: "Benno Jordan has not been here."

Benjamin Dorn stood behind Herr Zittel; he displayed an expression of soft, smooth, dirge-like regret.

"Herr Diruf would like to speak to you," said Herr Zittel coldly.

Eleanore entered Herr Diruf's private office; her face was pale. He kept on writing for about three minutes before he took any notice of her. Then his plum-like eyes opened lazily, a rare, voluptuous smile sneaked out from under his moustache like a slothful flash of heat lightning; he said: "The sharper has gone and done it, hasn't he?"

Eleanore never moved.

"Can the embezzled money be returned within twenty-four hours?" asked the pudgy, purple prince of pen-pushers.

"My father will do everything that is humanly possible," replied Eleanore anxiously.

"Be so good as to inform your father that to-morrow morning at twelve o'clock the charge will be preferred and placed in the hands of the police, if the money has not been paid by that time."

Eleanore hastened home. Now her father had to be brought face to face with the realities of the case. He and Gertrude were sitting close to each other in terrible silence. Eleanore revealed the exact state of affairs; she had to.

"My good name!" groaned Jordan.

He had to save himself from disgrace; the twenty-four hours seemed to offer him a sure means of doing this. He had not the

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

remotest doubt but that he could find friends who would come to his aid; for he had something of which he could boast: a blameless past and the reputation of being a reliable citizen.

Thus he thought it over to himself. And as soon as he made up his mind to appeal to the friends of whom he felt he was certain, the most difficult part of his plan seemed to have been completed. The suffering to which he was condemned by his wounded pride and his betrayed, crushed filial affection he had to bear alone. He knew that this was a separate item.

He went out to look up his friends.

VI

The first one he appealed to was the brother-in-law of his sister, First Lieutenant Kupferschmied, retired. His sister had died six months ago, leaving nothing; the lieutenant, however, was a well-to-do man. He had married into the family of a rich merchant. Jordan's relation to him had always been pleasant; indeed the old soldier seemed to be very fond of him. But hardly had Jordan explained his mission when the lieutenant became highly excited. He said he had seen this disaster coming. He remarked that any man who brings up his children in excessive ease must not be surprised if they come to a bad end. He remarked, too, that no power on earth could persuade him to invest one penny in Jordan's case.

Jordan went away speechless.

The second friend he appealed to was his acquaintance of long standing, Judge Rübsam. From him he heard a voluble flow of words dealing with regrets, expressions of disgust, one lament after the other, a jeremiade on hard times, maledictions hurled at dilatory creditors, infinite consolation—and empty advice. He assured Jordan that yesterday he had almost the requisite sum in cash, and that he might have it again some time next month, but to-day—ah, to-day his taxes were due, and so on, and so on.

Oppressed by the weight of this unexpected humiliation, he went to the third friend, a merchant by the name of Hornbusch, to whom he had once rendered invaluable assistance. Herr Hornbusch had forgotten all about this, though he had not forgotten that he had vainly sounded in Jordan's ears a warning against the ever-increasing flippancy of young Benno. He told Jordan that he himself was just then in urgent need of money, that he had only last month been obliged to sacrifice a mortgage, and that his wife had pawned her diamonds.

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

Thus it went with the fourth friend, an architect who had told him once that he would sacrifice money and reputation for him if he ever got into trouble. And it was the same story with the fifth and sixth and seventh. With a heart as heavy as lead, Jordan decided to take the last desperate step: He went to Herr Diruf himself. He asked for a three days' extension of time. Diruf sat inapproachable at his desk. He was smoking a big thick Havana cigar, his solitaire threw off its blinding fireworks, he smiled a cold, tired smile and shook his head in astonishment.

When Jordan came home that evening he found Daniel and Gertrude in the living room. Gertrude went up to him to support him; then she brought him a glass of wine as a stimulant: he had not eaten anything since breakfast.

"Where is Eleanore?" he murmured, but seemed to take no interest in the reply to his question. He fell down on a chair, and buried his face in his hands.

Gertrude, who saw his strength leaving him as the light dies out of a slowly melting candle, became dizzy with compassion. Her last hope was in Eleanore, who had left at five o'clock simply because she found it intolerable to sit around, hour after hour, doing nothing but waiting for the return of her father. At every sound that could be heard in the house, Gertrude pricked up her ears in eager expectancy.

Daniel stood by the window, and looked out across the deserted square into the dull red glow of the setting sun.

It struck seven, then half past seven, eight, and Eleanore had not returned. Daniel began to pace back and forth through the room; he was nervous. If his foot chanced to strike against a chair, Gertrude shuddered.

Shortly after eight, steps were heard outside. The key rattled in the front gate, the room door opened, and in came Eleanore—and Philippina Schimmelweis.

VII

Everybody looked at Philippina; even Jordan himself honoured her with a faint glance. Daniel and Gertrude were amazed. Daniel did not recognise his cousin; he knew nothing about her; he had seen her but once, and then he was a mere child. He did not know who this repulsive-looking individual was, and demanded that Eleanore give him an explanation. As he did this, he raised his eyebrows.

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

Eleanore was the only one Philippina looked at in a kindly way; in Philippina's own face there was an expression of curiosity.

Philippina's whole bearing had something of the monstrous about it. Even her dress was picturesque, adventuresome. Her great brown straw hat, with the ribbon sticking straight up in the air, was shoved on to the back of her head so as not to spoil the effect of the fashionable bangs that hung down over her forehead. Her loud, checkered dress was strapped about her waist with a cloth belt so tightly that the contour of her fat body was made to look positively ridiculous: she resembled a gigantic hour glass. In her rough-cut features there was an element of lurking malevolence.

After a few minutes of painful stillness she walked up to Daniel, and plucked him by the coat-sleeve: "Eh, you don't know who I am?" she asked, and her squinty eyes shone on him with enigmatic savagery: "I am Philippina; you know, Philippina Schimmelweis."

Daniel stepped back from her: "Well, what of it?" he asked, wrinkling his brow.

She followed him, took him by the coat-sleeve again, and led him over into one corner: "Listen, Daniel," she stammered, "my father—he must give you all the money you need. For years ago your father gave him all the money he had, and told him to keep it for you. Do you understand? I happened to hear about it one time when my father was talking about it to my mother. It was a good seven years ago, but I made a note of it. My father spent the money on himself; he thinks he can keep it. Go to him, and tell him what you want; tell him how much you want, and then go help these people here. But you must not give me away; if you do they'll kill me. Do you understand? You won't say a word about it, will you?"

"Is that true?" Daniel managed to say in reply, as a feeling of unspeakable anger struggled with one of indescribable disgust.

"It is true, Daniel, every word of it; 'pon my soul and honour," replied Philippina; "just go, and you'll see that I have told you the truth."

During the conversation of the two, of which she could hardly hear a single syllable, Eleanore never took her eyes off them.

VIII

Since the day Philippina had made her little brother Markus a cripple for life, she had been an outcast in the home of her parents.

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

To be sure, she had had no great abundance of kindness and cheerfulness before the accident took place. But since that time the barbarous castigation of her father had beclouded and besmirched her very soul. From her twelfth year on, her mind was ruled exclusively by hate.

Hatred aroused her; it gave birth to thoughts and plans in her; it endowed her with strength of will and audacity; and it matured her before her time.

She hated her father, her mother, her brothers.

She hated the house with all its rooms; she hated the bed in which she slept, the table at which she ate. She hated the people who came to see her parents, the customers who came into the shop, the loafers who gathered about the window, the tall lanky Zwanziger, the books and the magazines.

But the day she overheard her father and mother talking about that money, a second power had joined the ranks of hate in her benighted, abandoned soul. With her brain on fire she stood behind the door, and heard that she was to be married to Daniel. This remark had filled the then thirteen-year-old girl with all the savage instincts of a bound and fettered woman, with all the crabbedness of an unimaginative person of her standing.

In her father's remark she did not see merely a more or less carefully outlined plan; she heard a message from Fate itself; and from that time on she lived with an idea that brought light and purpose into her daily existence.

Shortly after his arrival in Nuremberg, she saw Daniel for the first time as he was standing by a booth in the market place on Schütt Island. Her father had pointed him out to her. She knew that he wished to become a musician; this made no special impression on her. She knew that he was having a hard time of it; this filled her neither with sympathy nor regret. When she later on saw him in the concert hall, he was already her promised spouse; he belonged to her. To capture him, to get him into her power, it made no difference how, was her unchanging aspiration, in which there was a bizarre mixture of bestiality and insanity.

The thieving, which she decided upon at once and practised with perfect regularity, netted her in the course of time a handsome sum. She did not become bolder and bolder as she continued her evil practices, but, unlike thieves generally, she grew to be more and more cautious. She acquired in time remarkable skill at showing an outwardly honest face. Indeed she became such an adept at dissimulation that the suspicion of even Jason Philip,

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

aroused as it had been during the course of a careful investigation, was dispelled by her behaviour.

Her plan was to gain a goodly measure of independence through the money she had stolen. For she always felt convinced that the day would come when her parents would debar her from their home. She was convinced that her father and mother were merely waiting for some plausible excuse to rid themselves of her for good and all.

Moreover, she had two pronounced passions: one for candy and one for flashy ribbons.

The candy she always bought in the evening. She would slip into the shop of Herr Degen, and, with her greedy eyes opened as wide as possible, but twenty pfennigs' worth of sweets, at which she would nibble until she went to bed.

The ribbons she sewed together into sashes, which she wore on her hat or around her neck or on her dress. The gaudier the colour the better she liked it. If her mother asked her where she got the ribbons she was forced to lie. Although she had no girl friends, as a matter of fact no friends of any kind, she would say that this or that girl had given them to her. When her wealth became too conspicuous, she would leave the house and not tie her sashes about her until she had reached some unlighted gateway or dark corner.

She never dared go to the attic more than once a week; she did this when her brothers were at school and her parents in the shop. The fear lest some one find her out and take her stolen riches from her made her more and more uneasy, lending to her face an expression of virulent distrust.

She would go up the thirteen steps from the landing to the attic with trembling feet. The fact that there were exactly thirteen was the first thing that awakened her superstition. As the months crept on, she resigned to this superstition with the abandon of an inveterate voluptuary. If she chanced to put her left foot first on the bottom step and not to notice it until she was half way up, she would turn around, come down, and relinquish the pleasure of seeing her treasures for the rest of that week.

She was afraid of ghosts, witches, and magicians; if a cat ran across the street in front of her, she turned as white as chalk.

Theresa did not keep a maid; Philippina helped in the kitchen; this ruined her complexion, and made her skin rough and horny. Frequently she got out of washing dishes by simply running away. On these occasions Theresa would create such an uproar that

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

the neighbours would come to the window and look out. Philippina avenged herself by purposely ruining the sheets, towels, and shirts that lay in the clothes basket. When in this mood and at this business, she made use of a regular oath that she herself had formulated: it consisted of sentences that sounded most impressive, though they had no meaning.

She cherished the odd delusion that it lay in her power to bring misfortune to other people. The time Jason Philip complained of poor business she felt an infernal sense of satisfaction. His change of political views had driven away his old customers, and the new ones had no confidence in him. He had to go in for the publication of dubious works, if he wished to do any business at all. The result of this was that when people passed by the Schimmelweis bookshop, they stopped before the window, looked at his latest output, and smiled contemptuously. The workman's insurance no longer paid as it used to, for the credit of the Prudentia and its agents had suffered a violent setback.

The rise and fall in bourgeois life follows a well established law. In a single day the honesty and diligence of one man, the tricks and frauds of another, grow stale, antiquated. Thus Jordan's affairs started on the down grade, and Jason Philip's likewise.

Philippina ascribed their failure to the quiet influence of her destructive work. Every bit of misfortune in the life of her father loosened by that much the chain that prevented her from complete freedom of movement. In her most infamous hours she would dream of the hunger and distress, bankruptcy and despair of her people. Once this state of affairs had been realised, she would no longer have to play the rôle of Cinderella; she would no longer have to be the first one up in the morning; she would no longer have to chop wood, and polish her brothers' boots: she would have a fair field and no favours in her campaign to capture Daniel.

IX

At times she thought she could simply go to him and stay with him. At times she felt that he would come and get her. One thing or the other had to take place, she thought.

One Sunday afternoon—it chanced to be her eighteenth birthday—a junior agent of Jason Philip, a fellow by the name of Pfefferkorn, came to the house, and in the course of the conversation remarked rather casually that the elder of the Jordan sisters

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

was engaged to the musician Nothafft, that the engagement had been kept secret for a while, but that the wedding was to take place in the immediate future.

"By the way, I hear that the musician is your nephew," said Pfefferkorn at the close of his report.

Jason Philip cast a gloomy look into space, while Theresa, then sipping her chicory coffee, set her cup on the table, and looked at the man with scornful contempt.

Philippina broke out in a laughter that went through them like a knife. Then she ran from the room, and banged the door behind her. "She seems a bit deranged," murmured Jason Philip angrily.

Then came that June night on which she did not come home at all. Jason Philip raged and howled when she returned the next morning; but she was silent. He locked her up in the cellar for sixteen hours; but she was silent.

After this she did not leave the house for months at a time; she did not wash or comb her hair; she sat crouched up in the kitchen with her long, dishevelled, unwashed hair falling in loose locks down over her neck and shoulders.

A feeling of consuming vengeance seethed in her heart; the patience she was forced to practise, much against her will, petrified in time into a mien of hypocritic sottishness.

Suddenly she took to dressing up again and sauntering through the streets in the afternoon. Her loud ribbons awakened the mocking laughter of young and old.

She had learned that Eleanore Jordan was attending the lectures in the Cultural Club. She went too; she always crowded up close to Eleanore, but she could not attract her attention. One time she sat right next to Eleanore. A strolling pastor delivered a lecture on cremation. Philippina took out her handkerchief, and pressed it to her eyes as though she were weeping. Eleanore, somewhat concerned, turned to her, and asked her what was the matter. She said that it was all so sad what the old gentleman was saying. Eleanore was surprised, for nothing the speaker had said was sad or in any way likely to bring tears to the eyes of his auditors.

At the end of the lecture she left the hall with Eleanore. When the ugly, disagreeable creature told her of the wretchedness of her life, how she was abused by her parents and brothers, and that there was not a soul in the world who cared for her, Eleanore was moved. The fact that Philippina was Daniel's blood cousin made

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

her forget the aversion she felt, and drew from her a promise to go walking with her on certain days.

Eleanore kept her promise. She was not in the least disconcerted by the queer looks cast at her by the people they met. With perfect composure she walked along by the side of this strapping, quackish young woman dressed in the oddest garments known to the art of dress-making. At first they strolled in broad daylight through the park adjoining the city moat. Later Eleanore arranged to have the walks, which were to take place two or three times a month, postponed until after sunset.

This was quite agreeable to Philippina. She threw out a hint every now and then that there was a mysterious feud between the Schimmelweis family and the Nothaffts, and implored Eleanore never to let Daniel know that she was taking these walks with her. It was painful to Eleanore to have Philippina make such requests of her. The lurking manner in which she would turn the conversation to the affairs of Daniel and Gertrude had an element of offensive intrusiveness in it. She wanted to know first this, then that. She even had the impudence to ask about Gertrude's dowry; and finally she requested that Eleanore bring her sister along some time when they went walking.

Eleanore came to have a feeling of horror at the sight or thought of Philippina; she was dismayed too when, despite the darkness, she noticed the shrewish look of incorrigible wickedness in Philippina's face. An ineluctable voice put her on her guard. In so far as she could do it without grievously offending Philippina, she withdrew from further association with her. And even if she had not promised her absolute silence, a feeling half of fear and half of shame would have prevented her from ever mentioning Philippina's name in Daniel's presence.

She never once suspected that Philippina was spying on her. Philippina soon found out just when, how often, and where Daniel and Eleanore met; and wherever they went, she followed at a safe distance behind them. Why she did this she really did not know; something forced her to do it.

What she had succeeded in doing with Eleanore she now wished to do with Gertrude. She would bob up all of a sudden in the butcher shop, at the vegetable market, in the dairy, anywhere, stare at Gertrude, act as though she were intensely interested in something, and make some such remarks as: "Lord, but beans are dear this year"; or "That is a nasty wind, it is enough to give you the colic." But Gertrude was far too lost to the world and much

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

too sensitive about coming in contact with strangers to pay any attention to her awkward attempts at approach.

"Just wait," thought Philippina, enraged, "the penalty of your arrogance will some day descend upon your head."

X

On that Monday so fatal for the Jordan family, Philippina had another violent quarrel with her mother. Theresa was still shrieking, when Jason Philip came up from the shop to know what could be wrong.

"Don't ask," cried Theresa at the top of her shrill voice, "go teach your daughter some manners. The wench is going to end up in jail; that's what I prophesy."

Philippina made a wry face. Jason Philip, however, was little inclined to play the rôle of an avenging power: he had something new on the string; his face was beaming.

"I met Hornbusch," he said, turning to Theresa, "you know him, firm of Hornbusch heirs, bloody rich they are, and the man tells me that young Jordan has embezzled some money from the Prudentia and left the country. I went at once to the Prudentia, and Zittel told me the whole story, just as I had heard it. It is almost four thousand marks! Jordan has been requested to make good the deficit; but he hasn't a penny to his name and is in a mighty tight place, for Diruf is threatening to send him to jail. You know, Diruf is hard-boiled in matters of this kind. What do you think of that?"

Theresa wrapped her hands in her apron, and looked at Jason Philip out of the corner of her eye. She guessed at once the cause of his joy, and hung her head in silence.

Jason Philip smirked to himself. Leaning up against the Dutch tiles of the stove, he began to whistle in a happy-go-lucky mood. It was the "Marseillaise." He whistled it partly out of forgetfulness and partly from force of habit.

He had not noticed how Philippina had listened to every syllable that fell from his lips; how she was holding her breath; that her features were lighted up from within by a terrible flame of fire. He did notice, however, that she got up at the close of his remarks and left the room with rustling steps.

Five minutes later she was standing before Jordan's house. She sent a small boy in with the request that Fräulein Eleanore come down at once. The boy came back, and said that Fräulein Eleanore

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

was not at home. She took her position by the front gate, and waited.

XI

Driven by the torment of her soul, Eleanore had gone to Martha Rübsam's only to hear that her father had been there three hours earlier. From the confused and embarrassed conduct of her friend she learned that her father had made a request of Judge Rübsam, and a fruitless one at that.

Then she stood for a while on one of the leading streets, and stared in bewilderment at the throngs of people surging by. It was all so cruelly real.

She thought of whom she might go to next. A wave of purple flashed across her face as she thought of Eberhard. Involuntarily she made a passionate, deprecating gesture, as if she were saying: No, no, not to him! The first ray of this hope was also the last. Her conscience struck her; but she was helpless. Here was a feeling impervious to reason; armed ten times over against encouragement. Anyhow, he was not at home. She thought of this with a sigh of relief.

Would Daniel go to the Baroness? No; that could not be thought of for a minute.

She could no longer endure the city nor the people in it. She walked through the park out into the country. She could not stand the sight of the sky or the distant views; she turned around. She came back to The Füll, entered the Carovius house, and rang Frau Benda's bell. She knew the old lady was away, and yet, as if quite beside herself, she rang four times. If Benda would only come; if the good friend were only sitting in his room and could come to the door.

But there was not a stir. From the first floor the sounds of a piano floated out the window; it was being played in full chords. Down in the court Cæsar was howling.

She started back home with beating heart. At the front gate she saw Philippina.

"I have heard all about your misfortune," said Philippina in her shrill voice. "Nobody can help you but me."

"You? You can help?" stammered Eleanore. The whole square began to move, it seemed, before her.

"Word of honour—I can. I must simply have a talk with Daniel first. Let's lose no time. Is he upstairs?"

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

"I think he is. If not, I will get him.
"Let's go up, then."
They went up the stairs.

XII

Jason Philip had been invited to a sociable evening in the Shufflers' Club. He was now enjoying his siesta after his banquet by reading an editorial in the *Kurier*. One of Bismarck's addresses had been so humorously commented on that every now and then Jason Philip emitted a malevolent snarl of applause.

He had brought a lemon along home with him; it was lying on a plate before him, sliced and covered with sugar. From time to time he would reach over, take a piece and stick it in his mouth. He smacked his tongue with the display of much ceremony of his kind, and licked his lips after swallowing a piece. His two sons gaped at his hand with greedy eyes and likewise licked their lips.

Willibald was groaning over an algebraic equation. In his pale, pimpled face were traces of incapability and bad humour. Markus, owing to his physical defect, was not allowed to study by artificial light. He helped his mother shell the peas, and in order to make her angry at Philippina, kept making mean remarks about her staying out so long.

Just as the last piece of the lemon disappeared behind Jason Philip's moustache, the door bell rang.

"There is a man out there," said Markus, who had gone to the door and was now standing on the threshold, stupidly staring with his one remaining eye.

Jason Philip stretched his neck. Then he got up. He had recognised Daniel standing in the half-lighted hall.

"I have something to say to you," said Daniel, as he entered the room. His eyes gazed on the walls and at the few cheap, ugly, banal objects that hung on them: a newspaper-holder with embroidered ribbons; a corner table on which stood a beer mug representing the fat body of a monk; an old chromic print showing a volunteer taking leave of his big family as he starts for the front. These things appealed to Daniel somewhat as an irrational dream. Then, taking a deep breath, he fixed his eyes on Jason Philip. In his mind's eye he looked back over many years; he saw himself standing at the fountain in Eschenbach. Round about him glistened the stones and cross beams of the houses. Jason Philip was hurrying

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

by at a timid distance. There was bitterness in his face: he seemed to be fleeing from the world, the sun, men, and music.

"I have something to say to you," he repeated.

Theresa felt that the worst of her forebodings were about to be fulfilled. With trembling knees she arose. She did not dare turn her eyes toward the place in the room where Daniel was standing. She did not see, she merely sensed Jason Philip as he beckoned to her and his sons to leave the room. She took Markus by the hand and Willibald by the coat-sleeve, and marched out between the two.

"What's the news?" asked Jason Philip, as he crossed his arms and looked at the pile of beans on the table. "You have a—what shall I say?—a very impulsive way about you. It is a way that reminds me of the fact that we have a law in this country against disturbing the peace of a private family. Your stocks must have gone to the very top of the market recently. Well, tell me, what do you want?"

He cleared his throat, and beat a tattoo on the elbows of his crossed arms with his fingers.

Daniel felt that his peace was leaving him; his own arm seemed to him like a shot-gun; it itched. But thus far he could not say a thing. The question he had in mind to put to Jason Philip was of such tremendous import that he could not suppress his fear that he might make a mistake or become too hasty.

"Where is the money my father gave you?" came the words at last, rolling from his lips in a tone of muffled sullenness.

The colour left Jason Philip's face; his arms fell down by his side.

"The money? Where it's gone to? That your father—?" He stuttered in confusion. He wanted to gain time; he wanted to think over very carefully what he should say and what he could conceal. He cast one glance at Daniel, and saw that it was not possible to expect mercy from him. He was afraid of Daniel's bold, lean, sinewy face.

He nearly burst with anger at the thought that this young man, for whom he, Jason Philip, was once the highest authority, should have the unmitigated audacity to call him to account. In this whole situation he pictured himself as the immaculate man of honour that he wished he was and thought he was in the eyes of his fellow citizens. At the same time he was nearly stifled with fear lest he lose the money which he had long since accustomed himself to regard as his own, with which he had worked and specu-

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

lated, and which by this time was as much a part of his very being as his own house, his business, his projects. He buried his hands in his pockets and snorted. His cowardly dread of the consequences of fraud forced him into a half confession of fraud, but in his words lay the feverish pettifogging of the frenzied financier who fights for Mammon even unto raging and despair.

"The money is here; of course it is. Where did you think it was? My books will show exactly how much of it has found its way over to Eschenbach in the shape of interest and loans. My books are open to inspection; the accounts have been kept right up to this very day. I have made considerable progress in life. A man who has lived as I have lived does not need to fear a living soul. Do you imagine for a minute that Jason Philip Schimmelweis can be frightened by a little thing like this? No, no, it will take more of a man than you to do that. Who are you anyhow? What office do you hold? What authority have you? With what right do you come rushing into the four walls of my home? Do you perhaps imagine that your artistic skill invests you with special privileges? I don't give a tinker's damn for your art. The whole rubbish is hardly worth spitting on. Music? Idiocy. Who needs it? Any man with the least vestige of self-respect never has anything to do with music except on holidays and when the day's work is done. No, no, you can't impress me with your music. You're not quite sane! And if you think that you are going to get any money out of me, you are making the mistake of your life. It is to laugh. If a man wants money from me, he has to come to me at least with a decent hair-cut and show me at least a little respect. He can't come running up like a kid on the street who says: 'Mumma, gif me a shent; I want to buy some tandy.' No, no, son, you can't get anything out of me that way."

The smile that appeared on Daniel's face filled Jason Philip with mortal terror. He stopped his talk with incriminating suddenness. He decided to hold in and to promise Daniel a small payment. He hoped that by handing over a few hundred marks he could assure himself the desired peace of mind.

But Daniel never felt so certain of himself in his life. He thought of the hardships he had had to endure, and his heart seemed as if it were on fire. At the same time he was ashamed of this man and disgusted with him.

He said quietly and firmly: "I must have three thousand seven hundred marks by ten o'clock to-morrow morning. It is a question

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

of saving an honourable and upright family from ruin. If this sum is handed over to me promptly, I will waive all rights to the balance that is due me, in writing. The receipt will be filled out ready for delivery in my house. If the money is not in my hands by the stipulated time, we will meet each other in another place and in the presence of people who will impress you."

He turned to go.

Jason Philip's mouth opened wide, and he pressed his fist to the hole made thereby. "Three thousand seven hundred marks?" he roared. "The man is crazy. Completely crazy is the man. Man, man, you're crazy," he cried in order to get Daniel to stop. "Are you crazy, man? Do you want to ruin me? Don't you hear, you damned man?"

Daniel looked at Jason Philip with a shudder. The door to the adjoining room sprang open, and Theresa rushed in. Her face was ashen pale; there were just two little round red spots on her cheek bones. "You are going to get that money, Daniel," she howled hysterically, "or I am going to jump into the Pegnitz. I'll jump into the Pegnitz and drown myself."

"Woman, you . . ." he gnashed his teeth, and seized her by the shoulder.

She sank down on a chair, and, seizing her hair, continued: "He is everywhere, and wherever he is, our dear Gottfried, he is looking at me. He stands before the clothes press, at the cupboard, by my bedside, nods, exhorts, raises his finger, finds no peace in his grave, and does not let me sleep; he has not let me sleep all these years."

"Now listen, you had better think of your children," snapped Jason Philip.

Theresa let her hands fall in her lap, and looked down at the floor: "All that nice money, that nice money," she cried. Then again, this time with a face distorted beyond easy recognition and at the top of her voice: "But you'll get it, Daniel; I'll see to it that you get it: I'll bring it to you myself." Then again, in a gentle voice of acute lamentation: "All that nice money."

Daniel was almost convulsed. It seemed to him as if he had never rightly understood the word *money* before, as if the meaning of *money* had never been made clear to him until he heard Theresa say it.

"To-morrow morning at ten o'clock," he said.

Theresa nodded her head in silence, and raised her hands with outstretched fingers as if to protect herself from Jason Philip.

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

Willibald and Markus had crept under the door. The gate must not have been closed, for just then Philippina came in. She had come over with Daniel, but had remained outside on the street. She could not wait any longer; she was too anxious to see the consequences of her betrayal.

She looked around with affected embarrassment. Was it merely the sight of her that aroused Jason Philip's wrath? Was it the half-cowardly, half-cynical smile that played around her lips? Or was it the cumulative effect of blind anger, long pent up and eager to be discharged, that made Jason Philip act as he did? Or did he have a vague suspicion of what Philippina had done? Suffice it to say, he leapt up to her and struck her in the face with his fist.

She never moved a muscle.

Indignant at the rudeness of his cor.duct, Daniel stepped between Jason Philip and his daughter. But the venomous scorn in the girl's eyes stifled his sympathy; he turned to the door, and went away in silence.

"All that nice money," murmured Theresa.

XIII

When Daniel told the Jordans that the money would be there the next morning, Jordan looked at him first unbelievingly, and then wept like a child.

Eleanore reached Daniel both her hands without saying a word. Gertrude, who was lying on the sofa, straightened up, smiled gently, and then lay down again. Daniel asked her what was the matter. Eleanore answered for her, saying that she had not felt well since some time in the afternoon. "She must go to bed, she is tired," added Eleanore.

"Well, come then," said Daniel, and helped Gertrude to get up. But her legs were without strength; she could not walk. She looked first at Daniel and then at Eleanore; she was plainly worried about something.

"You won't care, will you, Father, if I go home with them?" asked Eleanore in a tone of flattery.

"No, go, child," said Jordan, "it will do me good to be alone for a few minutes."

Daniel and Eleanore took Gertrude between them. At the second landing in their apartment, Daniel took Gertrude in his arms, and carried her into the bedroom. She did not want him

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

to help her take off her clothes; she sent him out of the room. A cup of warm milk was all she said she wanted.

"There is no milk there," said Eleanore to Daniel, as she entered the living room. He stopped suddenly, and looked at her as if he had awakened from a fleeting dream: "I'll run down to Tetzel Street and get a half a litre," said Eleanore. "I'll leave the hall door open, so that Gertrude will not be frightened when I come in."

She had already hastened out; but all of a sudden she turned around, and said with joyful gratitude, her blue eyes swimming in the tears of a full soul: "You dear man."

His face took on a scowl.

There was a fearful regularity in his walking back and forth. The chains of the hanging lamp shook. The flame sent forth a thin column of smoke; he did not notice it. "How long will she be gone?" he thought in his unconscious, drunken impatience. He felt terribly deserted.

He stepped out into the hall, and listened. There hovered before him in the darkness the face of Philippina. She showed the same scornful immobility that she showed when her father struck her in the face. He stepped to the railing, and sat down on the top step; a fit at once of weakness and aimless defiance came over him. He buried his face in his hands; he could still hear Theresa saying, "All that nice money."

There were shadows everywhere; there was nothing but night and shadows.

Eleanore, light hearted and light footed, returned at last. When she saw him, she stopped. He arose, and stretched out his arms as if to take the milk bottle. That is the way she interpreted his gesture, and handed it to him in surprise. He, however, set it down on the landing beside him. The light from the living room shone on it and made it look sparkling white. Then he drew Eleanore to him, threw his arms around her, and kissed her on the mouth.

Merely a creature of man, only a woman, nothing but heart and breath, all longing and forgetting, forgetting for just one moment, finding herself for a moment, knowing her own self for a moment —she pressed close up to him. But her hands were folded between her breast and his, and thus separated their bodies.

Then she broke away from him, wrung her hands, looked up at him, pressed close up to him again, wrung her hands again—it was

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

all done in absolute silence and with an almost terrible grace and loveliness.

Everything was now entirely different from what it had been, or what she had formerly imagined it to be; there were depths to everything now. She lost herself; she ceased to exist for a moment; darkness enveloped her much-disciplined heart; she entered upon a second existence, an existence that had no similarity with the first.

To this existence she was now bound; she had succumbed to it: the law of nature had gone into effect. But the glass case had been shattered; it was in pieces. She stood there unprotected, even exposed, so to speak, to men, no longer immune to their glances, an accessible prey to their touch.

She went into the kitchen, and heated the milk. Daniel returned to the living room. His veins were burning, his heart was hammering. He had no sense of appreciation of the time that had passed. When Eleanore came into the room, he began to tremble.

She came up to him, and spoke to him in passionate sadness: "Have you heard about Gertrude? Don't you know, really? She is with child—your wife."

"I did not know it," whispered Daniel. "Did she tell you?"

"Yes, just now."

Digitized by Google

Original from
UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

TRES FACIUNT COLLEGIUM

I

The habitués of the reserved table at the Crocodile were all reasonably well informed of the events that had recently taken place in the homes of Inspector Jordan and Jason Philip Schimmelweis. Details were mentioned that would make it seem probable that the cracks in the walls and the key-holes of both houses had been entertaining eavesdroppers.

Some refused to believe that Jason Philip had made restitution for the money young Jordan had embezzled. For, said Degen, the baker, Schimmelweis is a hard-fisted fellow, and whoever would try to get money out of him would have to be in the possession of extraordinary shrewdness.

"But he has already paid it," said Gründlich, the watchmaker. He knew he had; he knew that the wife of the bookseller had gone over to Nothafft's on Tuesday afternoon; that she had a heap of silver in a bag; and that when she came back home she took to bed, and had been ill ever since.

Kitzler, the assistant postmaster, felt there was something wrong here; and if there was not, you would simply have to assume that Nothafft, the musician, was a dangerous citizen, who had somehow managed to place the breast of his uncle *vis-à-vis* a revolver.

"And you know, Nothafft is to be made Kapellmeister at the City Theatre," remarked the editor Weibezahl, the latest member of the round table. "His appointment is to be made public in a few days."

"What! Kapellmeister! You don't say so! That will make Andreas Döderlein the saddest man in ten states."

Herr Carovius, whose mouth was just then hanging on his beer glass, laughed so heartily that the beer went down his Sunday throat; he was seized with a coughing spell. Herr Korn slapped him on the back.

It was a shame that such a bad actor as Nothafft had to be endured in the midst of people who lived peaceful and law-abiding lives. This lament came from Herr Kleinlein, who had been

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

circuit judge now for some time. He was anxious to know whether all the tales that were circulating concerning Nothafft were true.

Well, he was told, a great many things are said about Nothafft, but it is difficult to get at the truth. They appealed to the apothecary Pflaum, on the ground that his assistant knew the musician and might be able to give them some definite information.

Herr Pflaum took on an air as if he knew a great deal but was under obligations not to tell. Yes, yes, he said rather perfunctorily, he had heard that some one had said that Nothafft was running a pretty questionable domestic establishment; that he had a rather unsavoury past; and that there was some talk about his neglecting his wife.

The deuce you say! Why, they were married only a short while ago. Yes, but there was a rumour to the effect that there was a woman in the case. Who could it be? Ahem! Well-ah, it would be a good idea to be cautious about mentioning names. Good Lord, why cautious? Why not straight out with the information any one chanced to be fortunate enough to have? Is it not a question of protecting one's own wife and daughters?

And so this slanderous babble rattled on. There was something unfathomable in their hatred of the musician. They were just as agreed on this point as they would have been if Daniel had broken open their strong boxes, smashed their windows, and betrayed their honour and dignity to public ridicule.

They did not know what they should do about him. They passed by him as one would pass by a bomb that might or might not explode.

II

When Herr Carovius was alone, he picked up the paper, and read the account of a mine explosion in Silesia. The number of killed satisfied him. The description of the women as they stood at the top of the shaft, wept, wrung their hands, and called out the names of their husbands, filled him with the same agreeable sensation that he experienced when he listened to the melancholy finale of a Chopin nocturne.

But he could not forget the expression on Herr Pflaum's face when he told how Nothafft was neglecting his wife. It had been the expression that comes out, so to speak, from between the curtains of a sleeping room: something was up, make no mistake, something was going on.

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

For quite a while Herr Carovius had harboured the suspicion that there was something wrong. Twice he had met Daniel and Eleanore walking along the street in the twilight, talking to each other in a very mysterious way. Things were going on behind Herr Carovius's back which he could not afford to overlook.

Since the day Eleanore had disentangled the cord of his nose glasses from the button of his top coat, the picture of the young girl had been indelibly stamped on his mind. He could still see the beautiful curvature of her young bosom as she raised her arm.

A year and a half after this incident, Herr Carovius was going through some old papers. He chanced upon an unfinished letter which Eberhard von Auffenberg had written to Eleanore but had never posted. Eberhard had come to Nuremberg at the time to transact some business connected with the negotiation of a new loan; he had left his hotel, and Herr Carovius had had to wait for him a long while. This time he had spent in looking over the unsealed documents of the incautious young Baron.

Then it was that he discovered the letter. What words! And oh, the passion! Herr Carovius would never have believed that the reserved misanthrope was capable of such a display of emotion. He felt that Eberhard had disclosed to him the most secret chambers of his heart. He was terrified at the voluptuousness revealed to him by the unveiling of the mystery of his soul. They are human beings after all, those members of the nobility, he exclaimed with a feeling of personal triumph. They throw themselves away; they meet some slippery imp, and fall; they lose control of themselves as soon as they hear a skirt rustle.

But what concerned the Baron in this case concerned also Herr Carovius. A passion that had taken possession of the Baron had to be guarded, studied, and eventually shared by Herr Carovius himself.

Herr Carovius's loneliness had gradually robbed him of his equanimity. Suppressed impulses were stifling his mind with the luxuriant growths of a vivid and vicious imagination. The adventures into which he had voluntarily plunged in order to make sure of his control over Eberhard had almost ruined him. The net he had spread for the helplessly fluttering bird now held him himself entangled in its meshes. The world to him was a body full of wounds on which he was battening his Neronic lusts. But it was at the same time a tapestry with bright coloured pictures which could be made living and real by a magic formula, and this formula he had not yet been able to discover.

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

At the insinuations of the apothecary his fancy took on new life: he was not a man in whose soul old emotions died out; his lusts never became extinct. Lying on the sofa, taking his midday siesta, he would picture the figure of Eleanore dancing around him in diminutive form. When he sat at the piano and played an *étude*, he imagined he saw Daniel standing beside him criticising his technique—and doing it with much show of arrogance. When he went out of evenings, he saw Nothafft displayed on all the signs, while every *demi-monde* bore Eleanore's features.

It seemed to him in time that Eleanore Jordan was his property; that he had a right to her. His life, he felt, was full of lamentable privations: other people had everything, he had nothing. Others committed crimes; all he could do was to make note of the crimes. And no man could become either satiated or rich from merely taking the criminal incidents of other people's lives into account.

At midnight he put on his sleeping gown, took a seat before the mirror, and read until break of day a novel in which a man fifty years old has a secret and successful love affair with a young woman. As he read this novel he knew that something was going on. And he knew that out there in a certain house on Ægydius Place something was also going on. Make no mistake, something was up.

He saw trysts on unlighted stairways. He saw people coming to mutual understandings by a certain pressure of the hand and adulterous signals. That is the way they did it; that is the way Benda and Marguerite had done it. His old hate was revived. He transferred his hate, but also his hope, to music. Through music he was to build a bridge to Daniel and Eleanore. He wanted to give them the advantage of his insight, his tricks, his experience, simply in order that he might be on hand when they committed the gruesome deed; so that he might not be cut off from them by an impenetrable wall and be tortured in consequence by an incorporeal jealousy; he wanted to be one with them, to feast his eye and reach forth his empty, senescent hand.

"I am," he said to himself, "of the same flesh and blood as that man; in me too there is Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart. I have, to be sure," he said to himself, "despised women, for they are despicable. But let some woman come forward and show me that she is fit for anything more than to increase by two or three the number of idiots with which the world is already overcrowded, and I will do penance, whole and complete, and then offer her my services as a knight."

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

He no longer slept or ate; nor could he do anything that was in any way rational. In a belated sexual outburst, a second puberty, his imagination became inflamed by a picture which he adorned with all the perfections of both soul and body.

He heard that one of Daniel's works was to be played before invited guests at the home of Baroness von Auffenberg. He wired to Eberhard, and asked him to get him an invitation. The reply was a negative one. In his rage he could have murdered the messenger boy. He then wrote to Daniel, and, boasting of what he had already done for him, begged Daniel to see to it that he was among the guests at the recital. He received a printed card from the Baroness, on which she had expressed the hope that she might be able to greet him on a certain day.

He was in the seventh heaven. He decided to pay Daniel a visit, and to thank him for his kindness.

III

"The only thing to do is to leave the city, to go far, far away from here," thought Eleanore, on that evening that was so different from any other evening of her life.

While she was combing her hair, she was tempted to take the scissors and cut it off just to make herself ugly. In the night she went to the window to look for the stars. If it only had not happened, if it only were a dream, a voice within her cried.

As soon as it turned grey in the morning, she got up. She hastened through the deserted streets, just as she had done yesterday, out to the suburbs. But everything was different. Tree and bush looked down upon her with stern reproachfulness. The mists hung low; but the hazy grey cold of the early morning was like a bath to her. Later the sun broke through; primroses glistened with gold on the meadow. If it could only have been a dream, she thought in silence.

When she came home, her father had already received the news about the money: it had been paid to Diruf; Daniel had taken it to him.

Jordan remained in his room the whole day. And on the following day he kept to himself except while at dinner. He sat at the table with bowed head; he had nothing to say. Eleanore went to his door from time to time to see if she could hear him. There was not a sound; the house sang with solitude.

Jordan had requested the landlord to sublet the house before

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

his lease had expired: he felt that it was too large and expensive for him in the present state of his affairs. The landlord approved of the idea. In the house where Daniel and Gertrude were living there were two vacant rooms in the attic. Gertrude suggested to her father that it would be well for him to take them. Jordan agreed with her.

Eleanore began to think the situation over: if Father moves into those rooms, I can leave him. She learned from Gertrude, who came now to see her father every other day, that Daniel had received the appointment as Kapellmeister at the City Theatre. Eleanore could carry out her plans then with a clear conscience, for her brother-in-law and her sister were getting along quite well at present.

She recalled some conversations she had had with M. Rivière, who had advised her to go to Paris. Since Christmas, when he was invited to be present at the distribution of the presents, he had been coming to Jordan's quite frequently to talk French with Eleanore. This was in accord with her express desire.

One afternoon she went to visit M. Rivière. He was living in the romantic place up by the gardener on Castle Hill. His room had a balcony that was completely overgrown with ivy and elder, while in the background the trees and bushes of the city moat formed an impenetrable maze of green. The spring air floated into the room in waves. As Eleanore made her business known, she fixed her enchanted eyes on a bouquet of lilies of the valley that stood on the table in a bronze vase.

M. Rivière took a handful of them, and gave them to her. They had not been cut; they had been pulled up by the roots. Eleanore laughed happily at the fragrance.

M. Rivière said he was just about to write to his mother in Paris, and as she was so familiar with the city, she could be of great help to Eleanore.

Eleanore stepped out on the balcony. "The world is beautiful," she thought, and smiled at the fruitless efforts of a tiny beetle to climb up a perpendicular leaf. "Perhaps it was after all merely a dream," she thought, and thereby consoled herself.

When she returned, Daniel was at her father's. The two men were sitting in the dark.

Eleanore lighted the lamp. Then she filled a glass with water, and put the lilies of the valley in it.

"Daniel wants to know why you never visit them any more," said Jordan, weak and distraught as he now always was. "I told

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

him you were busy at present with great plans of your own. Well, what does the Frenchman think about it?"

Eleanore answered her father's question in a half audible voice.

"Go wherever you want to go, child," said Jordan. "You have been prepared for an independent life in the world for a long while; there is no doubt about that. God forbid that I should put any hindrances in your way." He got up with difficulty, and turned toward the door of his room. Taking hold of the latch, he stopped, and continued in his brooding way: "It is peculiar that a man can die by inches in a living body; that a man can have the feeling that he's no longer a part of the present; and that he can no longer play his rôle, keep up with his own people, grasp what is going on about him, or know whether what is to come is good or evil. It is fearful when a man reaches that stage, fearful—fearful!"

He left the room, shaking his head. To Daniel his words sounded like a voice from the grave.

They had been silent for a long while, he and Eleanore. Suddenly he asked gruffly: "Are you serious about going to Paris?"

"Of course I am," she said, "what else can I do?"

He sprang up, and looked angrily into her face: "One has to be ashamed of one's self," he said, "human language becomes repulsive. Don't you have a feeling of horror when you think? Don't you shudder when you reflect on that caricature known as the heart, or the soul, or whatever it may be called?"

"I don't understand you, Daniel," said Eleanore. She would never have considered it possible that he would look with disfavour on her contrition and the decision that had sprung from it. Then it had not after all been the flash of a solitary second? Had she not hoped and expected to hear a self-accusation from him that would make her forget all and forgive herself? Where was she? In what world or age was she living?

"Do you believe that I merely wanted to enjoy a diverting and momentary side-step?" Daniel continued, measuring her with his eyes from head to foot. "Do you believe that it is possible to jest with the most sacred laws of nature? You have had a good schooling, I must say; you do your teachers honour. Go! I don't need you. Go to Paris, and let me degenerate!"

He stepped to the door. Then he turned, and took the lamp, which she had removed from the holder when she lighted it. Holding the lamp in his right hand, he walked close up to her. Her

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

eyes closed involuntarily. "I simply wanted to see whether it was really you," he said with passionate contempt. "Yes, it is you," he said scornfully, "it is you." With that he placed the lamp on the table.

"I don't understand you, Daniel," she said softly. She looked around for some object to rest her eyes on.

"So I see. Good night."

"Daniel!"

But he had already gone. The hall door closed with a bang. The house sang with solitude.

The green threadbare sofa, the old, old smoke stains on the whitewashed ceiling, the five rickety chairs that reminded her of so many decrepit old men, the mirror with the gilded angel of stucco at the top—all these things were so tiring, so irksome, so annoying: they were like underbrush in the forest.

Little brother! Little brother!

IV

Three evenings of the week were devoted to opera, the others to drama.

The first Kapellmeister was a middle-aged man whose curly hair made him the idol of all flappers. He was lazy, uncultivated, and his name was Lebrecht.

The director was an old stager who referred to the public about as a disrespectful footman refers to his lord. At Daniel's suggestions for improving the repertory, he generally shrugged his shoulders. The operas in which he had the greatest confidence as drawing cards were "The Beggar Student," "Fra Diavolo," "L'Africaine," and "Robert le Diable." The singers and the orchestra were not much better than those of the lamented Dörmaul-Wurzelmann troupe. The possibility of arousing them to intensified effort or filling them with a semblance of intelligent enthusiasm for art was even less. Privileges based on length of service and the familiar traditions of indolence made æsthetic innovations unthinkable.

Wherever careworn Philistines and slothful materialists occupy the seats from which art should raise her voice, advancement, progress born of sacrificial application, is out of the question: the most it is reasonable to expect is a bourgeois fulfilment of inescapable duties. In such cases the flower droops; the dream van-

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

ishes; the free-born spirit has the choice of fighting day in and day out against the collective demons of pettiness and mediocrity, or of going down in admitted defeat.

"Stuff the people can easily digest, my dear boy, that is the idea," said the director.

"What are you so excited about? Don't you know these people haven't a musical muscle in their whole soul?" said Lebrecht.

"For nine consecutive years I have been singing F sharp at this opera house, and now here comes a *musicien* from the backwoods and demands all of a sudden that I sing F!" This was the commentary of Fräulein Varini, the prima donna whose outstanding bosom had long been a source of human merriment to pit, stall, and gallery.

"Ah, he is a greasy grind determined to arrive," said the first violinist.

"He's a spit-fire," said the lad who beat the big drum, when Daniel threatened to box his ears for a false intonation.

The Baroness had secured a publisher in Leipzig for his cycle of sixteen songs; the compositions were to be brought out at her expense. That did not have the right effect: it was not something, Daniel felt, that he had fought for and won; it was not a case where merit had made rejection impossible. He had the feeling that he was selling his soul and was being paid to do it. Moreover, and worst of all, he had to express his gratitude for this act. The Baroness loved to have somebody thank her for what she had done. She never once suspected that what Daniel wanted was not benefactors, but people who were stirred to the depths of their souls by his creations. The rich cannot sense the feelings of the poor; the higher classes remain out of contact with the lower.

His excitability saved him. In his magnificent solicitude for the mission that is at once the token and the curse of those who are really called, he shut himself off from a world from which the one thing he wanted was bread; bread and nothing else.

After the publication of the songs a review appeared in the *Phoenix* which had a remarkably realistic ring to the ear of the layman. As a matter of fact it was merely an underhanded attempt at assassination. The thing was signed with a big, isolated "W." Wurzelmann, the little slave, had shot from his ambush.

Other musical journals copied this review. A half dozen people bought the songs; then they were forgotten.

It was no use to hope. The trouble was, he needed bread, just bread.

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

V

It was often difficult for him to find the peace and quiet necessary for effective work. May brought cold weather; they had to make a fire; the stove smoked; the potter came in and removed the tiles; the room looked like an inferno.

Gertrude was pounding sugar: "Don't be angry at me, Daniel; I must pound the sugar to-day." And she pounded away until the hammer penetrated the paralysed brain of the listener by force of circumstances.

The hinges of the door screeched. "You ought to oil them, Gertrude." Gertrude looked high and low for the oil can, and when she finally found it, she had no feather to use in smearing the oil on. She went over to the chancellor's, and borrowed one from her maid. While she was gone, the milk boiled over and filled the house with a disagreeable stench.

The door bell rang. It was the cobbler; he had come to get the money for the patent leather shoes. The wives of Herr Kirschner and Herr Rübsam had both said that Daniel must not think of appearing at the coming recital at the Baroness's without patent leather shoes.

"I haven't the money, Gertrude; have you got that much?"

Gertrude went through her chests, and scraped up five marks which she gave the cobbler as a first instalment. The man went away growling; Daniel hid from him.

Gertrude was sitting in the living room making clothes for her baby-to-come. There was a happy expression on her face. Daniel knew that it was a display of maternal joy and expectation, but since he could not share this joy, since indeed he felt a sense of fear at the appearance of the child, her happiness embittered him.

Between the fuchsias in the window stood a robin red-breast; the impish bird had its head turned to one side, and was peeping into the room: "Come out," it chirped, "come out." And Daniel went.

He had an engagement with M. Rivière at the café by the market place. Since he no longer saw anything of Eleanore, he wanted to find out how her plans for going to Paris were getting along.

The Frenchman told of the progress he was making in his Caspar Hauser research. In his broken German he told of the murder of body and soul that had been committed in the case of

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

the foundling: "He was a mortal man *comme une étoile*," he said. "The bourgeoisie crushed him. The bourgeoisie is the *racine* of all evil."

Daniel never mentioned Eleanore's name. He tried to satisfy himself by the fact that she kept out of his sight. He bit his lips together, and said: I will. But a stronger power in him said, No, you won't. And this stronger power became a beggar. It went around saying, Give me, please, give me!

The billiard balls rattled. A gentleman in a red velvet vest had a quarrel with a shabby looking fellow who had been reading *Fliegende Blätter* for the last two hours; he would begin over and over again at the very beginning, and break out into convulsions of laughter every time he came to his favourite jokes.

Daniel was silent; he insisted somehow on remaining silent. M. Rivière wished, for this reason, to hear something about the "Harzreise." By way of starting a discussion he remarked quite timidly that *sans musique la vie est insupportable*, "There is something about music that reminds one of insanity," he remarked. He said there were nights when he would open a volume of Schubert's or Brahms's songs, leaf through them, read the notes, and hum the melodies simply in order to escape the despair which the conduct of the people about him was emptying into his heart. "*Moi*, I ought to be, how do you say? stoic; *mais* I am not. In me there is *trop de musique, et c'est le contraire*."

Daniel looked at him in astonishment. "Come with me," he said suddenly, got up, and took him by the arm.

They met Eleanore in the hall. She had been up in the new flat with the whitewasher. Her father was to move in the following day.

"Why was all this done so quickly?" asked Daniel, full of a vague happiness that drew special nourishment from the fact that Eleanore was plainly excited.

"Mere chance," she said, and carefully avoided looking at him. "A captain who is being transferred here from Ratisbon is moving in our place. It is a pity to leave the good old rooms. The second-hand dealer is going to get a deal of our stuff; there is no room for it up there in those two cubby holes. How is Gertrude? May I go up and see her for a minute or two?"

"Yes, go right up," said Daniel stiffly; "you can stay and listen if you wish to. I am going to play the Harzreise."

"If I wish to? I almost have a right to; you promised me this long ago."

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

"She thinks after all that I want to catch her," he thought to himself. "It will be better for me to drop the whole business than to let the idea creep into her stupid skull that my composition is going to make propaganda for our private affairs." With bowed head he ascended the stairs, M. Rivière and Eleanore following along behind. His ears were pricked to hear anything they might say about Paris; they talked about the weather.

As they entered the room Gertrude had the harp between her knees; but she was not playing. Her hands lay on the strings, her head was resting on the frame. "Why haven't you lighted a lamp?" asked Daniel angrily.

She was terrified; she looked at him anxiously. The expression on her face made him conscious of many things that he had kept in the background of his thoughts during his everyday life: her unconditional surrender to him; the magnanimity and nobility of her heart, which was as dependent on his as the mercury in the thermometer is dependent on the atmosphere; her speechless resignation regarding a thousand little things in her life! her well-nigh supernatural ability to enter into the spirit and enjoyment of what he was doing, however much his mind might presume to write *De profundis* across his creations.

It was on this account that he recognised in her face a serious, far-a-way warning. At once cowardly and reverential, conscious of his guilt and yet feeling innocent, he went up to her and kissed her on the hair. She leaned her head on his breast, thus causing him to feel, though quite unaware of it herself, the whole weight of the burden she was placing on him.

He told her he was going to play. He said: "I have lost my picture again; I want to try to find it in others."

Gertrude begged him, with a pale face, to be permitted to stay in the living room. She closed the door only partly.

VI

In Goetne s verses entitled "Harzreise im Winter," thoughts lie scattered about like erratic strata in the world of geology, and feelings that are as big and terrible as the flames from burning planets. In Daniel's work the whole of Goethe's prodigious sorrow and solemnity seemed to have been transformed automatically into music.

When, in the second half, the motif of human voices was taken over, when these voices pealed forth first singly, one by one,

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

from the surging sea of tones, and then gathered with ever-increasing avidity, longing, and candour into the great chorus, one had the feeling that without this liberation they would have been stifled in the darkness.

The effect of the pianissimo moaning of the basses before the soprano set in was overwhelming: it was like the vulture which, resting with easy wing on the dark morning cloud, spies around for booty. So was the song meant to be. The trombone solo was a shout of victory: it imparted new life to the sunken orchestra.

Daniel had infinite trouble in making all this wealth of symbolic art clear through song, word, and gesture at the same time that his music was being played.

The work abounded in blends and half tones which stamped it as a child of its age, and still more of ages to come, despite the compact rigidity of its architecture. There was no bared sweetness in it; it was as rough as the bark of a tree; it was as rough as anything that is created with the assurance of inner durability.

Its rhythm was uniform, regular; it provided only for crescéndos. There was nothing of the seductive, nothing of the waltz-fever in it. It was in no way cheap; it did not flatter slothful ears. It had no languishing motifs; it was all substance and exterior. The melody was concealed like a hard kernel in a thick shell; and not merely concealed: it was divided, and then the divisions were themselves divided. It was condensed, compressed, bound, and at the same time subterranean. It was created to rise from its depths, rejoice, and overwhelm: "But clothe the lonely one in thy clouds of gold! Enshroud with ivy until the roses bloom again, oh Love, the dampened hair of thy poet!"

The work was written a quarter of a century before its time. It was out of touch with the nerves of its contemporary environment. It could not hope to count upon a prophet or an interpreter. It could not be carried further by the benevolence of congenial champions. It bore the marks of mortal neglect. It was like a bird from the tropics left to die on the icy coasts of Greenland.

But for those who are near in heart there is a fluid in the air that intercedes for the higher truth. M. Rivière and Eleanore scarcely breathed during the recital. Eleanore's big eyes were still: they opened and closed slowly. When Daniel finished, he dried his hot brow with his handkerchief, and then his arms fell limp at his sides. He felt as if the brilliancy of Eleanore's eyes had reached the tips of his hair and had electrified it.

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

"Enshroud with ivy, until the roses bloom again, oh Love, the dampened hair of thy poet!"

"It is impossible to get an idea of it," murmured Daniel; "the piano is like an instrument of torture."

They were struck by peculiar sounds coming from the living room. They went in, and found Gertrude pale as death, her hands folded across her bosom, sitting on the sofa. She was talking to herself, partly as if in a dream, partly as if she were praying. It was impossible to understand what she was saying. She seemed distant, estranged.

Eleanore hastened to her; Daniel looked at her with a scowl. Just then the bell rang, and M. Rivière went out. There was the sound of a man's voice; it was disagreeable. The door was opened and—Herr Carovius entered.

VII

Herr Carovius bowed in all directions. He wore tan shoes with brass buckles, black trousers, a shiny green coat, and a white cravat that could no longer be called clean. He laid his slouch hat on a chair, and said he would like to beg their pardon if he had called at an inopportune hour. He had come, he said, to thank his dear young master for the aforementioned invitation.

"It seems—yes, it seems," he added, with a droll blinking of his eyes, "that I have in all innocence interrupted the performance of a most interesting production. There is a crowd of people gathered out in front of the house, and I could not forego the pleasure of listening. I hope you will not stop playing the sacrificial festival on my account. What was it, *maestro*? It wasn't the symphony, was it?"

"Yes, it was the symphony," replied Daniel, who was so amazed at the appearance and conduct of the man that he was really courteous.

"It cost me money to be sure—believe it or not. I had to get an afternoon coat that would do for a Count—latest cut, velvet collar, tails that reached down to my calves. Aristocratic, very!" He stared over Gertrude's head into the corner, and tittered for at least a half a minute.

Nobody said a word. Everybody was dumb, astounded.

"Good lord, social obligations," continued Herr Carovius, "but after all you can't afford to be a backwoodsman. Music is supposed to ennoble a man even externally. By the way, there is a

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

rumour afloat that it is a symphony with chorus. How did you happen upon the idea? The laurels of the Ninth will not let you sleep? I would have thought that you didn't give a damn about classical models. Everybody is so taken up now with musical lullabies, *wage-la-wei-a*, that kind of stuff, you know. But then I suppose that is only a transition stage, as the fox said when he was being skinned."

He took off his nose glasses, polished them very hastily, fumbled for a while with his cord, and then put them on again. Having gained time in this way, he began to expatiate on the decadence of the arts, asked Daniel whether he had ever heard anything about a certain Hugo Wolf who was being much talked about and who was sitting in darkest Austria turning out songs like a Hottentot, made a number of derogatory remarks about a fountain that was being erected in the city, said that a company of dancers had just appeared at the Cultural Club in a repertory of grotesque pantomimes, remarked that as he was coming over he learned that there was an institution in the city that loaned potato sacks, and that there had just been a fearful fire in Constantinople.

Thereupon he looked first at Daniel, then at M. Rivière, took the snarls of the one and the embarrassment of the other to be encouraging signs for the continuation of his gossip, readjusted his glasses, and sneezed. Then he smoothed out the already remarkably smooth hairs he had left on his head, rubbed his hands as if he were beginning to feel quite at home, and tittered when there was any sign of a stoppage in his asinine eloquence.

At times he would cast a stealthy glance at Gertrude, who would draw back somewhat as the arm of a thief who feels he is being watched. Eleanore did not seem to be present so far as he was concerned: he did not see her. Finally she got up. She was tortured by the interruption of what she had just experienced from the music and by his flat, stale, and unprofitable remarks. Then he got up too, looked at his watch as if he were frightened, asked if he might repeat his visit at another time, took leave of Gertrude with a silly old-fashioned bow, from Daniel with a confidential handshake, and from the Frenchman with uncertain courtesy. Eleanore he again entirely overlooked.

Out in the hall he stopped, nodded several times, and said with an almost insane grin, speaking into the empty air before him: "*Auf Wiedersehen*, fair one! *Auf Wiedersehen*, fairest of all! Good-bye, my angel! Forget me not!"

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

In the room Eleanore whispered in a heavy, anxious tone: "What was that? What was that?"

VIII

Philippina Schimmelweis came to help Eleanore with the moving. At first Eleanore was quite surprised; then she became accustomed to having her around and found her most helpful. Jordan took no interest in anything that was going on. The last of all his hope seemed to be shattered by the fact that he was to move.

Philippina gradually fell into the habit of coming every day and working for a few hours either for Eleanore or for Gertrude, so long as the latter had anything to do in the kitchen. They became used to seeing her, and put up with her. She tried to make as little noise as possible; she had the mien of a person who is filling an important but unappreciated office.

She made a study of the house; she knew the rooms by heart. She preferred to come along toward sunset or a little later. One day she told Eleanore she had seen a mysterious-looking person out on the hall steps. Eleanore took a candle and went out, but she could not see any one. Philippina insisted nevertheless that she had seen a man in a green doublet, and that he had made a face at her.

She was particularly attracted by the rooms in the attic. She told the neighbours that there was an owl up there. As a result of this the children of that section began to fear the entire house, while the chancellor's wife, who lived on the ground floor, became so nervous that she gave up her apartment.

There was no outside door or entrance hall of any kind to Jordan's new quarters. You went direct from the stairway into the room where Eleanore worked and slept. Adjoining this was her father's room. People still called him the Inspector, although he no longer had such a position.

He sat in his narrow, cramped room the whole day. One wall was out of plumb. The windows he kept closed. When Eleanore brought him his breakfast or called him to luncheon, which she had cooked in the tiny box of a kitchen and then served in her own little room, he was invariably sitting at the table before a stack of papers, mostly old bills and letters. The arrangement of these he never changed.

Once she entered his room without knocking. He sprang up, closed a drawer as quickly as he could, locked it, put the key in

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

his pocket, and tried to smile in an innocent way. Eleanore's heart almost stopped beating.

He never went out until it was dark, and on his return he could be seen carrying a package under his arm. This he took with him to his room.

At first Eleanore was always uneasy when she had to leave. She requested Philippina to be very careful and see to it that no stranger entered the house. Philippina had a box full of ribbons in Eleanore's cabinet. She set a chair against the door leading into Jordan's room; and when her hands were tired from rummaging around in the ribbons and her eyes weary from looking at all the flashy colours, she pressed her ear to the door to see if she could find out what the old man was doing.

At times she heard him talking. It seemed as if he were talking with some one. His voice had an exhortatory but tender tone in it. Philippina trembled with fear. Once she even pressed the latch; she wanted to open the door as quietly as possible, so that she might peep in and see what was really going on. But to her vexation, the door was bolted on the other side.

For Gertrude she did small jobs and ran little errands: she would go to the baker or the grocer for her. Gertrude became less and less active; it was exceedingly difficult for her to climb the stairs. Philippina took the place of a maid. The only kind of work she refused to do was work that would soil her clothes. Gertrude's shyness irritated her; one day she said in a snappy tone: "You are pretty proud, ain't you? You don't like me, do you?" Gertrude looked at her in amazement, and made no reply; she did not know what to say.

Whenever Philippina heard Daniel coming, she hid herself. But if he chanced to catch sight of her, he merely shrugged his shoulders at the "frame," as he contemptuously called her. It seemed to him that it would be neither wise nor safe to mistreat her. He felt that it was the better part of valour to look with favour on her inexplicable diligence, and let it go at that.

Once he even so completely overcame himself that he gave her his hand; but he drew it back immediately: he felt that he had never touched anything so slimy in his life; he thought he had taken hold of a frog. Philippina acted as if she had not noticed what he had done. But scarcely had he gone into his room, when she turned to Gertrude with a diabolic glimmer in her eyes, and, making full use of her vulgar voice, said: "Whew! Daniel's kind, ain't he? No wonder people can't stand him!"

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

When she saw that Gertrude knit her brow at this exclamation, she wheeled about on the heels of her clumsy shoes, and screamed as if the devil were after her: "Oi, oi, Gertrude, Gertrude, oi, oi, the meat's burning! The meat's burning."

It was a false alarm. The meat was sizzling quite peacefully in the pan.

IX

Late in the afternoon of a stormy day in June Daniel came home from the last rehearsal of the "Harzreise," tired and out of humour. The rehearsals had been held in a small room in Weyrauth's Garden. He had quarrelled with all the musicians and with all the singers, male and female.

As he reached Ægydius Place a shudder suddenly ran through his body. He was forced to cover his eyes with his hands and stand still for a moment; he thought he would die from longing for a precious virginal possession which he had been so foolish as to trifle away.

He went up the steps, passed by his own apartment, and climbed on up to the apartment of Inspector Jordan and his daughter Eleanore.

His eye fell on the board partition surrounding the stove and the copper cooking utensils that hung on the wall. There sat Eleanore, her arm resting on the window sill, her head on her hand: she was meditating—meditating and gaining new strength as she did so. Her face was turned toward the steep fall of a roof, the century-old frame-work, grey walls, darkened window panes and dilapidated wooden galleries, above which lay stillness and a rectangular patch of sky that was then covered with clouds.

"Good evening," said Daniel, as he stepped out of the darkness into the dimly lighted room. "What are you doing, Eleanore, what are you thinking about?"

Eleanore shuddered: "Ah, is it you, Daniel? You show yourself after a long while? And ask what I am thinking about? What curiosity! Do you want to come into my room?"

"No, no, sit perfectly still," he replied, and prevented her from getting up by touching her on the shoulder. "Is your father at home?"

She nodded. He drew a narrow bench from which he had removed the coffee mill and a strainer up to the serving table, and sat down as far as possible from Eleanore, though even so they

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

were as close together as if they were sitting opposite each other in a cab.

"How are you making out?" she asked with embarrassment, and without the remotest display of warmth.

"You know that I am beating a perforated drum, Eleanore." After a pause he added: "But whatever people may do or fail to do, between us two there must be a clear understanding: Are you going to Paris?"

She dropped her head in silence. "Well, I could go; there is nothing to prevent me," she said, softly and with hesitation. "But you see how it is. I am no longer as I used to be. Formerly I could scarcely picture the happiness I would derive from having some one there in whom I could confide and who would be interested in me. I would not have hesitated for a moment. But now? If I go, what becomes clear from my going? And if I stay here, what will be clear? I have already told you, Daniel, that I don't understand you. How terrible it is to have to say that! What do you want now? How is all this going to come out?"

"Eleanore, do you recall Benda's last letter? You yourself brought it to me, and after that I was a different person. He wrote to me in that letter just as if he had never heard of Gertrude, and said that I should not pass you by. He wrote that we two were destined for each other, and neither for any one else in the world. Of course you recall how I acted after reading the letter. And even before that: Do you remember the day of the wedding when you put the myrtle wreath on? Why, I knew then that I had lost everything, that my real treasure had vanished. And even before that: Do you recall that I found that Fräulein Sylvia von Erfft had your complexion, your figure, your hair, and your hands? And even before that: When you went walking with Benda in the woods, I walked along behind, and took so much pleasure in watching you walk, but I didn't know it. And when you came into the room there in the Long Row, and caressed the mask and sat down at the piano and leaned your head against the wood, don't you recall how indispensable you were to me, to my soul? The only trouble is, I didn't know it; I didn't know it."

"Well, there is nothing to be done about all that: that is a by-gone story," said Eleanore, holding her breath, while a blush of emotion flitted across her face only to give way to a terrible paleness.

"Do you believe that I am a person to be content with what is

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

past? Every one, Eleanore, owes himself his share of happiness, and he can get it if he simply makes up his mind to it. It is not until he has neglected it, abandoned it, and passed it by, that his fate makes a slave out of him."

"That is just what I do not understand," said Eleanore, and looked into his face with a more cheerful sense of freedom. "It wounds my heart to see you waging a losing battle against self-deception and ugly defiance. We two cannot think of committing a base deed, Daniel. It is impossible, isn't it?"

Daniel, plainly excited, bent over nearer to her: "Do you know where I am standing?" he asked, while the blue veins in his temples swelled and hammered: "Well, I'll tell you. I am standing on a marble slab above an abyss. To the right and left of this abyss are nothing but blood-thirsty wolves. There is no choice left to me except either to leap down into the abyss, or to allow myself to be torn to pieces by the wolves. When such a being as you comes gliding along through the air, a winged creature like you, that can rescue me and pull me up after it, is there any ground for doubt as to what should be done?"

Eleanore folded her arms across her bosom, and half closed her eyes: "Ah no, Daniel," she said in a kindly way, "you are exaggerating, really. You see everything too white and too black: A winged creature, I? Where, pray, are my wings? And wolves? All these silly little people—wolves? Oh no, Daniel. And blood-thirsty? Listen, Daniel, that is going quite too far; don't you think so yourself?"

"Don't crush my feelings, Eleanore!" cried Daniel, in a suppressed tone and with passionate fierceness: "Don't crush my feelings, for they are all I have left. You are not capable of thinking as you have just been talking, you cannot think that low, you are not capable of such languid, ordinary feelings. The over-tone! The over-tone! Think a little! Can't you see them gritting their teeth at me? Can't you hear them howling day and night? Can you possibly say that they are kind or compassionate? Or are they willing to be good and great when one comes? Do you have confidence in a single one of them? Have they not even dragged your good name into the mire? Are any of the things that are sacred to you and to me sacred to them? Can they be moved the one-thousandth part of an inch by your distress or my distress or the distress of any human being? Is not the slime of slander thick upon their tongues? Is not your smile a thorn in their flesh? Do they not envy me the little I have and for

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

which I have flayed myself? Don't they envy me my music, which they do not understand, and which they hate because they do not understand it? Would it not fill them with joy if I had to make my living beating stones on the public highway or cleaning out sewers? Do they find it possible to pardon me for my life and the things that make up my life? And yet you say there are no wolves? That they are not wolves? Tell me that you are afraid of them, that you do not wish to turn them against yourself; but don't tell me that you are committing an evil act when I call you to me, you with your wings, and you come."

His arms were stretched out toward her on the top of the kitchen table; they were trembling to the very tips of his fingers.

"The evil deed, Daniel," whispered Eleanore, "hasn't anything to do with these people; it was committed against the higher law of morals, against our feeling of right usage and established honour. . . ."

"False," he hissed, "false! They have made you believe that. They have preached that to you for centuries and centuries; your mother, your grand-mother, your great-grand-mother, they have all been telling you that. It is false; it is a lie; it is all a lie. It is with this very lie that they support their power and protect their organisation. It is truth on the contrary that fills my heart, fills it with joy, and helps me along. What nature offers, obedience to nature, that is truth. Truth lies in your thoughts, in your feelings, girl, in your choked feelings, in your blood, in the 'yes' you speak in your dreams. Of course I know that they need their lie, for they must be organised, the wolves; they must go in packs, otherwise they are impotent. But I have only my truth, only my truth as I stand on the marble slab above the abyss."

"Your truth, Daniel," said Eleanore, "*your* truth. But your truth is not my truth."

"No, Eleanore? No? Not yours? What then is the use of my talking with you? And even if everything else were falsehood and error, I am as convinced as I can be that my truth is also your truth."

"You can't stand out against the whole world," said Eleanore in anguish, "you are after all in the world yourself."

"Yes, I will take my stand against the whole world," he said, "that is precisely what I have made up my mind to do. I will pay them back in their own coin. Just as they have all stood against me, just so will I stand against them. I am no compromiser, no treaty-maker, no haggler, no beggar. I live according to my

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN