Hans Christian Andersen And His Fairy Tales

BY PROF. GEORG BRANDES.

IT IS not possible to imagine a more animated and ever-changing face than was that of Andersen. This mobility and the everlasting movements of his nervous eyes showed the extreme sensitiveness of his soul. But his creative faculty was seen in the thousand grimaces of his face, in the flashes of humor that suddenly shot across and beautified his rather ugly features, in the changing intonations of his voice. He was a "causerie," but he liked story-telling better than "causerie," and he was even more fond of reading than he was of telling stories.

From his cradle to his grave Andersen remained a child of the people; poor, for a long time in actual need, a thousand times humiliated, having been able to succeed only through benevolence, he was during his childhood and youth always forced to fall back on his benefactors. He preserved the impression of this in his whole being; even when he had become recognized everywhere, when he had acquired some worldwide experience and had become a great man. For a great man he unquestionably was, but a man never. In his temperament he had neither a germ of virility nor manly courage. His character was absolutely devoid of means of offensiveness; never for a single moment did it occur to him to attack the mighty nor to champion a good cause. He handled arms only in defense and he defended himself only in some poetic form.

Tender and affectionate, easily saddened and still full of humor, easily deceived and easily conquered, he was a man of a kind heart dominated by a insatiable ambition, to which he owed all his happiness and all his sorrows.

His Goal Was Fame.

To achieve fame, glory and adulation was ever his dream. It was the hope which night and day chimed in his ears, first during the long years when he was unknown, when he was being discussed and had only a rather slender literary reputation to lean on. To be famous and admired was his only joy in his high old age, though he trembled at the slightest breath of wind that might disarrange a single leaf of his laurels.

Even after his triumph he remained very sensitive to anything that was written about him. A Norwegian friend was once sitting with him in a cafe at Copenhagen. Suddenly he saw Andersen turn pale, while his face expressed the keenest anguish. Following the direction of Andersen's eyes, he found that he was reading a sensational paper in which some obscure writer was making some insulting remarks about him.

"But why a man of your standing should care about what is written about you in a sheet like that is more than I understand."

"Oh, I worry a little over everything," said Andersen, and the tears ran down his cheeks.

He had a strong desire to rise above the crowd, but this desire was of a peculiar kind. He did not wish for power. All he wanted was to be eulogized. With surprising frankness he writes himself. "My soul is happy only when I am admired by everybody. If I meet anybody who does not admire me, no matter how insignificant that person may be, it makes me sad." He enjoyed being praised even by the most stupid people, and felt hurt by slights from even the most ignorant. He bowed deeply to the most insignificant persons if he thought they were in a position to write a praising article about him in the most obscure papers.

Courted People of Rank.

This was the reason also why he courted people of high rank and why he was anxious to be received at the various courts. This added to his reputation, the only treasure he hoarded. Toward the end of his life he became convinced that this reputation was a national treasure.

One day he rushed up to me in the street and cried: "Do you know what they are writing about me in Portugal?" And he told me that his tales had been translated and that several papers had praised him highly. Then he rushed off.

The sarcastic comments made on him by some of his countrymen had made him suspicious. He lived in a constant fear of being poisoned by people who were jealous of his fame, though he was quite aware that that was most unlikely.

Once he received a parcel of preserved fruit from the Danish West Indies, but he dared not taste it, so he sent a couple of jars to one of his most intimate lady friends. The next day he went to see her and asked the maid who opened the door: "Is your mistress quite well? Has she not been sick at all during last week?"

The answer was in the negative.

In the course of conversation he asked: "Did you taste any of the preserved fruit I sent you?"

"Certainly. Pardon me for not having thanked you before."

"And they did not make you feel unwell?"

"Not at all."

"How fortunate. I was afraid the fruits were poisoned so I said to myself: My dear friend has more courage than I have, I will send her a sample. Now I will certainly taste some myself."

His desire always to be treated kindly made himself kind towards all and though he was frequently invited to the houses of the mighty he was always kind and considerate toward the most humble, and when he found anybody who showed due admiration of his genius he was particularly pleasant.

In the letters he wrote to me and which have since been published, Andersen, who was then sixty-four years of age, always called me "My dear friend," in spite of the great difference in age, for I was only twenty-seven. Around 1870 I very often met him in society. He was pleasant toward all, and when he warmed up to a subject in conversation his eloquence was most charming. Occasionally, when you happened to touch one of his sensitive points his bad humor came to the surface. A short time after the appearance of Henrik Ibsen's Pretender he found himself at a party where new literature was discussed. At the table much was said about the new drama and its still rather unknown author. Andersen was sitting next to a lady who had the impudence to ask him what he thought of Henrik Ibsen.

The only answer she received was the question uttered in his most impatient tone: "Did you ever hear of a Danish poet named Hans Christian Andersen, madam?"

He was never more pleasant than when he occasionally came to see me in the ridiculously small room I occupied on a sixth floor. He came in, sat down on the small settee which was the only seat I had to offer him, looked around to see if the windows were closed, for he was very sensitive to draughts, and took a manuscript from his pocket. In a few words he prepared me for what was in store for me. He had already read the tale aloud to two or three important personages who had been exceedingly delighted with it. After the introduction a young listener like myself could not help knowing that all I was expected to do was to grip the poet's hand too deeply moved for words. He read as if in the presence of a great audience and in my little den in the garret there was just room enough for his big body and bigger gestures, but he was just as anxious in his efforts to produce the desired effect as if he had been facing hundreds of people in a big hall. When you had expressed your delight with the whole tale he did not object to discuss details.

The most charming memory I have of Andersen were his visits to my mother in 1872. He did not call on her to read aloud, but to spend a pleasant hour or two and never have I heard him tell his memories as well as then.

How He Wrought Revenge.

Among these stories is one that has not been published in his biography, but which is very characteristic. Toward the end of the year 1844, he was several times invited to visit the Danish royal family in the Island of Foehr. As a youth he had been deeply humilitated. The minister who was to prepare him for his first Communion thought him too poor and sent him to his vicar. Andersen happened to hear that this minister had been transferred to Foehr. "Then I asked the King," he said, "to let me have the use of the royal carriage with coachman, outriders and footmen in the royal scarlet livery. The King replied "with the greatest pleasure" and so I rode in the royal carriage to the minister's house, and during my whole visit the carriage was waiting outside. That was my revenge."

This little anecdote gives a vivid idea of Andersen, his bitterness toward those who had once humiliated him and his almost childish ambition.

Unfortunate in Love.

He was not fortunate in his love affairs. The women with whom he fell in love during his youth did not return his feelings. They were repelled by his ugliness, preferred his rivals and caused him much suffering. One of them carelessly left the letter in which he proposed to her in a book belonging to a public library. Another, the famous singer, Jenny Lind, offered to be a sister to him. But one, the most beautiful of all, an immortal, whom he loved longer and more passionately than any mortal creature, was called Glory. She cared nothing for his appearance, her voice reached farther than that of Jenny Lind and it made the name of Andersen famous all over the world.

DAILY FASHION HINTS BY MAY MANTON

7703 Semi-Princesse Gown, 34 to 44 bust.

A SMART AND SERVICEABLE GOWN.

The semi-princesse gown continues to be a favorite. In this illustration an excellent model is shown. Here it is made of serge with trimming of satin and banding and a chemisette of lace, and the effect is extremely attractive. Charmeuse with trimming of velvet would make a very pretty gown. Royal blue with black velvet, tan colored wool velours with brown velvet, white broadcloth or serge with black satin or velvet would all be attractive combinations of materials and colors. Later in the season the model will be found a good one for linen with trimming of embroidery. The skirt is cut in three pieces and the blouse is a simple one with set-in sleeves. The trimming portions on the blouse, sleeves and skirt are distinctly new and smart and the big collar is pretty. If the long plain sleeves are not liked, those of three-quarter length with fancy cuffs can be substituted.

For the medium size the dress will require 6¾ yards of material 27, 5¼ yards 36 or 4¾ yards 44 inches wide with 1⅛ yards of satin, ⅜ yard of banding and ⅝ yard of allover lace 18 inches wide for the chemisette. The width of the skirt at the lower edge is two yards.

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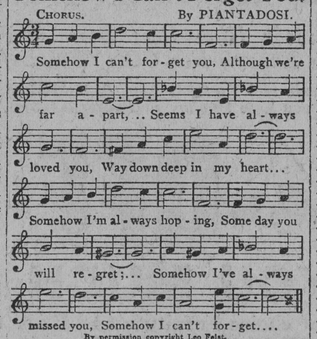
ANOTHER NEW SONG CRAZE IN TOWN

New York Sends Baltimore a Very Odd Ballad.

New York has another new love ballad which is stirring quite a sensation with the fair sex. It is a sad, foolish affair to be sure, but everybody is singing and whistling it, and even the dancing academies are waltzing it. Here are a few bars clipped from a copy of the music just received.

Somehow I Can't Forget You.

CHORUS. By PIANTADOSI.



By permission copyright Leo Feist.

The song was written by Piantadosi, the man who wrote "That's How I Need You" which became quite a craze about town. Some say this new affair is even more alluring. The music certainly seems to have a very catchy tune.

The few copies that reached the ten cent stores in Baltimore yesterday were snapped up by the fair sex like the pattern of a new dress.

The Spirit That Denies.

[From the Atlantic Monthly.]

Sallie and I were discussing an acquaintance, and I gave my opinion in emphatic terms not wholly complimentary. Sallie's "nevertheless" inaugurated a rose-colored list of our acquaintance's virtues, each item strengthening by opposition my casual views. Next day I overheard Sallie using my argument to a caller and getting well drubbed for it; while I, trying Sallie's views on a fourth person, listened to my original opinion on our much-discussed friend. Now could anything have been more diverting? None of us cared; nobody was hurt. Our minds took contrary flexures as automatically as we "sit light" when driving over a bump in the road, or lean in when the train curves out, or hurry our steps round the far side of Pisa's tower.

Having an invalid in the family and being asked day after day how he was, I adopted one rule of reply. When the query was couched with smiles and cheerful tones I replied that my patient was not so well. When the interrogation came dolefully, my patient was rather better. He himself was at first shocked at such levity; but, testing it, found it so provocative of amusement that I was condoned if not applauded.

A Famous Bone Cave.

[From the Wide World.]

An extraordinary "bone cave" may be seen in the Island of Teneriffe. It is situated near the summit of a lofty sea-cliff near Orotava, close to the small plain of Le Paz, where peace was finally made between the conquering Spaniards and the Guanches, the original inhabitants of the island. Here the Guanches made their last stand, and this cave formed a shelter for the small remnant left of the tribesmen after the Spanish had finished with them. In former times the place had evidently been a burial ground of the Guanches, and when first discovered a number of mummies were found in it; now, however, only a huge pile of bones remains. Access is obtained by descending a rope through a hole dug in the roof, but the original occupants must have had a difficult and dangerous scramble down the face of the almost perpendicular cliff to the natural entrance.

Girl Horsewhipped Highwayman.

Confronted by two masked highwaymen, each armed with a revolver, five girls were saved from being robbed shortly after 6 o'clock a mile beyond the end of the Manitou car line when Miss Katherine Langelohs, aged 19, who was driving the buggy in which they were riding, slashed one of the outlaws across the face with her whip.

The highwayman cringed under the blow and fled into the brush. His companion shouted to the girls to cease calling for help and then followed his pal into the brush.

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Is The New Woman a Danger To The Home?

BY JEAN FINOT.
Editor of the French Review of Reviews.

WOMAN as bygone days know her has gone. Those who feel sad at this fact as well as those who rejoice are unable to change this implacable and inevitable phenomenon.

Time, the greatest revolutionizer of human affairs and conditions, has caused woman to lose her old qualities and has endowed her with new virtues. Tradition has, as always, been forced to give way to economical and historical changes.

Having entered the precincts of the life of man, woman has acquired new ways of thinking and new habits. She has put aside her previous state of inactivity and has taken up in an admirable way the same work which occupies the minds and hands of man. Resulting from an unavoidable economic necessity this invasion of woman into the domain of the world's work is constantly increasing and growing stronger. When we talk of the new changes in the life of woman, we generally think of the still restricted number of woman lawyers and doctors and we find consolation in the thought that the woman lawyers will probably get only very few cases and that the woman doctors have only supplanted the midwives. We somewhat resemble the strange spectator in the fable who entered a large museum of natural history, and noticed only the flies and other insects, but overlooked that there were also elephants, lions and tigers in the collection. For behind the liberal professions there is the vast industrial and commercial life which althgether escapes our notice.

Women Workers in France.

Let us merely take France as an example. According to the census of 1906, made public last year, French commerce, which in 1866 gave employment to only 241,000 women, employed 577,000 in 1896, and 779,000 in 1906. In agricultural employment there were 1,878,000 women in 1866, 2,760,000 in 1896 and 3,330,000 in 1906.

When you study the same census by occuations you are stupefied by the rapidity of this invasion of women. The effective force of women is eight times larger than that of men in the textile industries.

Woman today takes active part in all forms of national production. Nothing scares her, nothing discourages her. Industries that are considered too unhealthy or too heavy for feminine muscles, have never ceased to attract women. They have refused to consider for a moment the danger to their health. We see them employed in the weaving mills and chemical factories, in the metal factories, in the foundries, the chain works, the paper mills, the bookbinding works, even in the factories where explosive materials are made. They help to produce everything we use, even glass bottles, an occupation considered the most unhealthy of all.

The figures quoted in France are so much more significant as our population has remained almost stationary during this period, the loss of Alsace Lorraine having been counterbalanced by immigration and an insignificant increase by births. But the industries of France are not to be compared to those of the United States or Germany. The facts which have been shown in France are far more striking in other countries.

Now here is a fact which silences all argument: While the female industrial population of France has increased nearly 100 per cent. the male has only increased 56 per cent.

An irresistible force is evidently driving woman onward into competition with man and every hope of checking this tendency is absolutely futile. We are witnessing a new phase of the evolution of woman. Treated like a domestic animal, then as a mere slave or servant, she has risen towards the end of the eighteenth century to the position of a minor, tenderly loved, or outrageously despised and neglected.

Another century passes and she is recnized as being of age because of her matured thought and centuries of endless sufferings. She is considered an equal in the field of work and then she claims her rights and privileges as being of age, in every competition where she comes in contact with men, that is to say, in domestic, social and political life.

Feminism No Longer Dependent.

Feminism has reached its proper position in life. It is no longer dependent on any regime, any political or social dogma.

After having obtained the right to receive the same education, after having shouldered the duty of working at the side of man in all branches of his activity, after having given up all the pleasant idleness and inferiority of former days, after having forced through her individual and social emancipation, woman now demands, with irresistible logic, absolute equality in politics. This is like the roof of a new building she has erected with, but very often without, the consent of man.

When she shall have accomplished this work of many centuries, woman will undoubtedly refuse to shrink from the definitive crowning of her efforts. Is it not to be her house? And may she be expected to stop before the inevitable effect of so many united causes, which will soon prove far stronger than her own possible hesitation or the declared hostility of man.

Ponderous minds here indicate an imminent danger. To enter into political life, they say, woman will have to give up the home. This fear is merely illusory. On the contrary, she will feel much more attached to the home after having won her decisive victory. She will beautify it, she will make it more attractive, for she will want it to be more durable. She will find charms that were overlooked and neglected, where before she saw only constraint and duties imposed by force.

Public activity, the future of society will get closer to her heart, which will learn to think of and care for the vast dominions of life, its sorrows and its duties. She will love it and defend it with zeal and intelligence. Her personality broadened by the proofs of her enlarged existence will hold high the standard and colors of home. Having become an individuality herself, she will respect still more the individualities of her husband and children. She will take a higher view of the aim of her existence.

Will Glorify the Home.

The feeling of responsibility enlarges the mind. Woman, who on her shoulders bears the destinies of humanity, will soar to heights never suspected. There will be fewer misunderstood husbands and more understanding wives. The home, far from suffering, will gain in every way. For we must forget that everything that degrades the soul of modern woman does so only because she has been denied occupation and responsibility. Put into her soul the images of greater duties and the images of frivolities will disappear. True love can only be benefited through this. Having become used to think and act, to look forward towards the same ideals and to discuss the differences of opinion with man, woman will soon make the union between the two sexes more spiritual. She will be less sensual, but her personality will gain. Love will soar higher, fed by thoughts and aspirations, which, if they are not always mutual, are at least always elevated and directed toward happiness.

Modern marriage will be purified. Common thought and action will soften the brutal cravings of the senses.

New moral principles will modify woman's soul.

She will understand and put into effect George Sand's ideal of true chastity, which says that "you must never deceive the soul with the senses, nor the senses with the soul."

What kills love is, first of all, the rupture of the union of thoughts, the mutual lack of understanding.

The moral occupations that we have in common are often worth more than the ideal which lies dead or dormant within our souls.

It is not differences of opinion on social or political questions which are dangerous to the home, it is the absence of any higher common intellectual interests.

Father and Son.

John D. Rockefeller, Jr., says that in a great crisis in his life he always prays, but it will be recalled that John D., Sr., always hires a smart 'awyer.—Washington Post.

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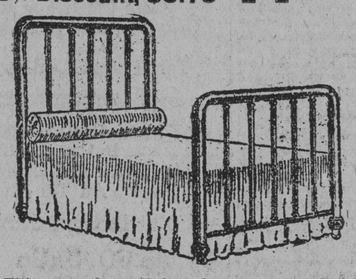

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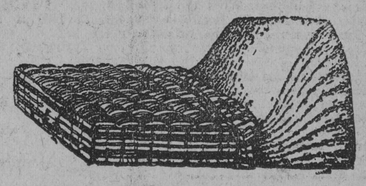

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