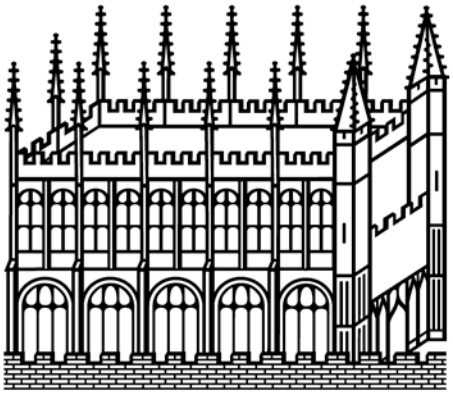
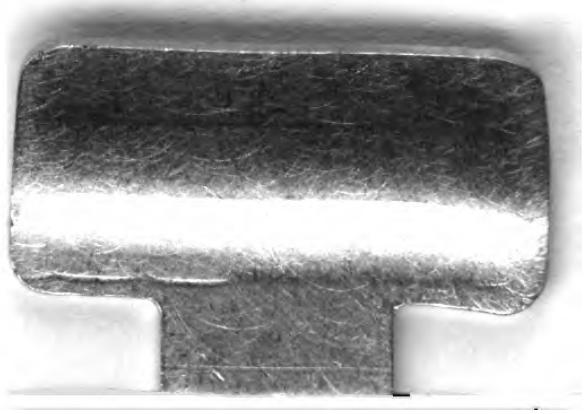
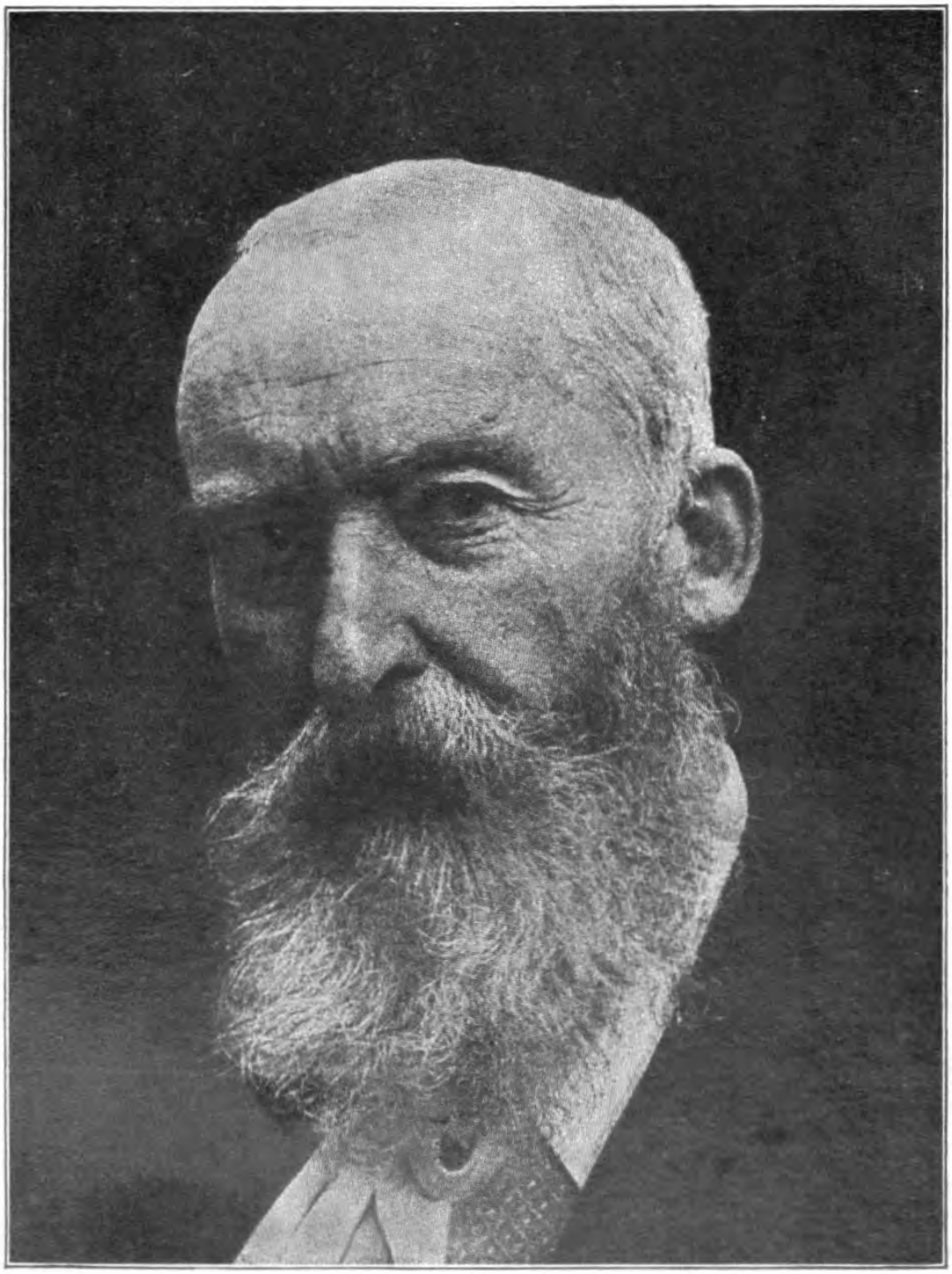


Edwards Dream

Wilhelm Busch





WILHELM BUSCH.
From his last photograph taken at Mechtshausen, July, 1906.

EDWARD'S DREAM

THE PHILOSOPHY OF A HUMORIST

TRANSLATED AND EDITED
BY DR. PAUL CARUS FROM THE GERMAN
OF

WILHELM BUSCH

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INTRODUCTION.

A GERMAN HUMORIST.

Wilhelm Busch was born April 15, 1832, in Wiedensahl near Stadthagen in the kingdom of Hanover, as the son of a small merchant. Having passed through the preparatory schools, he attended the Polytechnic Institute of Hanover to study engineering, but he changed his mind and decided to become a painter, whereupon he visited the art academies of Düsseldorf, Antwerp and Munich. In the latter place he worked for some time in the studio of Professor Lenbach. But nature had not intended him for an artist, and he was not successful with his paintings.

Wilhelm Busch had views of his own which seemed to incapacitate him for a career on any of the traditionally prescribed lines; and it was not easy for him to find his proper place in the world. He was neither an engineer nor an artist. He

disliked the exactness needed for a draftsman, and he lacked the love of beauty that would enable him to become a distinguished painter. He was easy going; and yet he was talented, full of original wit and thought, and he felt that he could accomplish something in the world, if he would only understand his own nature.

At last, in his twenty-eighth year, he began to become conscious of the possibilities that were slumbering in him.

In 1859 he was engaged for the "Fliegenden Blätter," and here he found a field for his talent which consists of a peculiar combination of caricature and satire. His work found admirers, and so he was at once encouraged to write comic books of verses with illustrations of rough humorous drawings executed in his own ingenious style.

The best known works of his hand are "Max und Moritz," "Schnurrdibur," "Der heilige Antonius," "Hans Huckelbein der Unglücksrabe," "Die fromme Helene," "Pater Filucius," and "Plisch und Plum." But he has also written unillustrated

books such as "Kritik des Herzens" and "Zu guter Letzt," both containing poems filled with humorous contemplations of various incidents in life.

The value of Busch does not so much consist in the details of his stories, nor their plots, not even in his drawings, but mainly in the contemplative comments which are incidentally thrown in by way of moralizing. They characterize Busch and are evidence of the good nature of his misanthropy.

We quote a few instances culled from his books at random.

Of bad people Busch says with reference to Fipps the monkey:

"Auch hat er ein höchst verrucht Gelüst,
Grad' so zu sein wie er eben ist."

"The bad one maliciously listeth, you see,
Just such a one as he is, to be."

But the evil doer who succeeds rises in the estimation of those whom he has worsted. So Busch says of Fipps after having exhibited a proof of his superiority over the dog and the cat:

"Seitdem war Fipps bei diesen zween
Als Meister verehrt und angesehn."

"Since then Fipps was by both these two
Respected as master and honored too."

When the pious Helen drowns her misery in drink, Busch suggests:

"Es ist ein Brauch von Alters her,
Wer Sorgen hat, hat auch Likör."

"An ancient rule 't is and still true,
Who worry has, takes liquor too."

How humorous is the following observation:

"Ein guter Mensch giebt gerne acht,
Ob auch der Andre was Böses macht."

"A good man loves indeed to guess
That others too sometimes transgress."

Busch wrote in the album of one of his friends this terse saying:

"Die Welt, obgleich sie wunderlich,
Ist gut genug für dich und mich."

"The world, though passing strange it be,
Is good enough for thee and me."

Wilhelm Busch was never married, and it almost seems that only a confirmed bachelor could be so satirical and at times almost frivolous as he. His muse does not care for dignity or decorum. He himself speaks of her as a country lass who carelessly dances in wooden shoes and does not stop to apologize when she now and then steps on the toes of one of the spectators;—such is the custom at rustic merry-makings.

Concerning his way of presenting things he says: "Nothing looks as it is, and least of all man, this leather bag full of tricks, not to mention caprioles and masks of vanity."

Though Busch did not idealize life but brought out in his caricatures the follies of mankind, and though he himself has not felt the influence of family life, we know from one or two of his poems that the softening influence of a woman's soul was a steady guide in his life. The last poem of his "Kritik des Herzens" shows this feature of his character, and if Busch appears to the world as a crusty old bach-

elor we should bear in mind the tender background of the history of his heart as characterized in this verse which is well worth translating into English:

"O du, die mir die Liebste war,
Du schläfst nun schon so manches Jahr.
So manches Jahr, da ich allein,
Du gutes Herz, gedenk ich dein.
Gedenk ich dein, von Nacht umhüllt,
So tritt zu mir dein treues Bild.
Dein treues Bild, was ich auch thu,
Es winkt mir ab, es winkt mir zu.
Und scheint mein Wort dir gar zu kühn,
Nicht gut mein Thun,
Du hast mir einst so oft verzieh'n,
Verzeih' auch nun."

O thou, of all to me most dear,
Thou sleepest now full many a year.
While many a year alone I've pined,
Thee, dear good heart, I bore in mind.
When thee I bear in mind, by night
Thy faithful face appears so bright!
Whate'er I do, thy faithful face
Will warn me or approve in grace.
And if my word thou wouldst deplore
Or blame my deed,
Hast oft forgiv'n me! I once more
Forgiveness plead!

The only work of Busch that can be called philosophical is a fantastic exposition of his world-conception in the shape of a reverie call "Eduards Traum," which proves that the great humorist was more of a thinker than might appear at first sight.

Wilhelm Busch's fame spread rapidly all over Germany, and it seems that he might have enjoyed the respect and honors which were justly paid him by his innumerable admirers; but he hated publicity and perferred a life of retirement among the peasantry of a sequestered village in the Harz mountains. No wonder that in the opinion of many he was a misanthropic pessimist and a "Sonderling," an odd fellow. He lived in solitude and succeeded well in keeping out of sight. In spite of his fame he was little molested by the curious and his private affairs remained unknown and unheeded. He died in his hermitage at Mechtshausen in the Harz on January 11, 1908.

Rumors have gained currency that Wilhelm Busch became pious in his old age,

but it is not impossible that he was never impious as his satires made him seem to be. Many a jovial visitor who expected to find a jolly, perhaps even a frivolous, witticist was surprised to find a man of unusual earnestness of life and their reports ought to be interpreted in the light of their disappointment, for we shall see that the humor of Busch had its serious background.

THE SIGNIFICANCE OF HUMOR.

Humor is a rare treasure which we need not hesitate to prize most highly among the very best things of life. It is none of the ponderous gifts of heaven, such as the serious religious ideals; it is not a virtue in the narrow sense of the word; it is not a sister of that noble trio, Faith, Hope and Charity; it is not sublime and lofty, nor is it grand and noble; it does not keep aloof from the common people in the humble walks of life; on the contrary it mingles freely with all and in its democratic judgment even seems to pre-

fer the association of the lowly. And yet the roots of humor go down into the most secret recesses of the human heart and are nourished by thoughts of a broad and profound comprehension of life.

The more we investigate the nature of humor, the more shall we understand that this its substratum—we may call it the philosophy of humor, or if you prefer the religion of humor, or the serious background which unnoticeably gives humor its setting—is an indispensable part of it. Without it humor would be stale and unprofitable; it would fall flat, be like a joke that has no point, it would be trite like words without meaning, like a game without a purpose; it would merely be nonsense.

Humor as a rule appears frivolous and flippant to the narrow-minded bigot who glories in vinegar, and scowls at the silver ring of a laugh as an impious demonstration; but experience will teach us that humor is the child of grave, often sad, experience, that it originates through the wholesome reaction of a strong heart

against all the host of sorrows and cares of life, which vampire-like suck from out our souls all vitality and the very joy of life, and would leave us moral wrecks sicklied over with melancholia, pessimism and misanthropy.

Humor has a great task to perform, for to humor we owe the silver linings of the clouds of life. Humor offers us the invigorating tonic that restores our spirits and buoys us up when fatigue threatens to overcome us. But in order to be effective humor should be the expression of a conviction; it ought to reflect the world-conception of a thinker, it must be backed by moral purpose. This serious element of humor need not, nay it should not, be in ostentatious evidence, but it can not be missing, and I would even go so far as to insist that no humorist has ever been successful unless he was at the same time consciously or unconsciously a philosopher.

Humor comes to us as a liberator. When we meet with reverses, or are perplexed by untoward circumstances, we

are annoyed and suffer bitterly. It is as if a poisonous infection had gained entrance into our psychical system, but we are cured as soon as we can laugh at our own faults and follies. Our laugh proves that humor has entered our soul, and humor comes only to the man who can rise above himself. Humor is the reward of a philosophical attitude in life. Yea, we might say it is the triumph of a moral victory we have won.

In my childhood I once met a carpenter who did odd jobs around the house. He was humor incarnate for he seemed to be able to elicit smiles wherever he went. His eye beamed with mirth and he saw quickly the funny side of everything. People said of him: "How happy he is! He must never have seen misfortune." But when the question was put to him he grew very serious and answered: "I wish it were so, but I would better forbear to tell the tale of my sorrows." This incident made a deep impression on me, for it proved that his gaiety merely reflected the ills of adversity.

It is not necessary that the background of humor should always be misfortune or sad experiences, but it seems to me that it will always be a recognition of the serious aspect of life, either in thought, sentiment or in action. And that this is so may be seen in the humor of Wilhelm Busch, the greatest humorist of modern Germany.

Wilhelm Busch's humorous writings are the expression of a world-conception which teaches us to smile at the ills of life, and the author has reached his point of view by rising above himself and by looking down upon the world from a standpoint of good-natured and sympathetic irony.

SOME PERSONAL REMARKS,

I myself have never been an enthusiastic admirer of Wilhelm Busch. I read his productions as they came out, but never paid any special attention to them. His wit is not of the style in which I would indulge if I were a humorist. Never-

theless I recognize in him a genius of uncommon originality and his fame is not due to accident.

A friend of mine, a university professor and a man of high scientific standing, finds more in Wilhelm Busch's works than idle jokes or droll pleasantries. As good Christians fall back on the Bible, he quotes pertinent lines from Busch in all the diverse situations of life, finding in them consolation, or advice, or helpful suggestion, as the case may be, and I was surprised to note how well my friend's method worked. Certainly he accomplished the same purpose in spite of the fact that the authority to which he resorted was different from the Psalms or the Gospels. How quickly did he recover from a mishap through reference to a doggerel from "Hans Huckelbein"; how mild was his judgment of an all too human villainy after the recitation of a rhyme from "Plisch und Plum," and when one of his dearest hopes remained unfulfilled, how much comfort he took in a line from "Max und Moritz"! Thus I had an op-

portunity to observe that any book may serve us as a Bible if we only learn to quote from it according to our needs.

Wilhelm Busch's satirical works have not been rendered into English so far as I know, nor should they be translated into any language. They can only lose thereby. The flavor of his wit and the finest shades of his sarcasm would be gone. Much that is quite unobjectionable in German would appear improper or even coarse in English, and so we believe that the best translation would be unfair to the author and would not do justice to the original.

For this reason we are satisfied with a presentation of merely the main ideas of Busch's little book, "Eduards Traum," which ought to be better known.

Let us glance through its pages, and I will offer in a free translation those passages which appear to me noteworthy; and if my readers understand German, they may find delight in reading the original. The perusal of these eighty-five pages will fully repay the time spent on them. The book is worth having in one's

library and its place is among the philosophers.

* * *

In one of his satires Horace praises the art of smilingly speaking the truth, and Wilhelm Busch has accomplished the task in his little book, "Edward's Dream." The plot of the little narrative is simple enough. It is a dream, and in this dream the author presents to the reader a number of philosophical problems which he either solves in an aphoristic way, or, only touching upon them, passes on to other problems. He concludes his booklet with the remark: "A book is not an "organ with which the organ-grinder "mercilessly tortures our ears. A book "is even more unobtrusive than the pic-"ture on the wall, which still looks down "with a certain desire to be noticed. A "book when it lies before us shut, is a "bound, sleeping, and harmless animal-"cule which hurts no one. He who does "not rouse it, at him it does not yawn, "nor will it bite the man who does not "put his nose between its jaws."

EDWARD'S DREAM.

EDWARD FALLS ASLEEP.

It is bedtime. Edward is still up. His litte boy, Emil, is in bed. Elise, his wife, bids him good-night and retires. But Edward, in complacent rumination, still loiters on the limits of the inconceivable. He yawns, throws away the stump of his cigar, takes the last swallow of his evening drink (for we must suppose him to be a Bavarian) and decides to retire too. Having stared awhile into the light of the candle he blows it out and goes to bed. Before his eyes the image of the flame still remains, and he begins to contemplate it attentively. Then he experienced a feeling as if his spirit, his soul, or whatever you may call it, began to shrink. His ego became smaller and smaller; first like a potato, then like a pill, then like a pin's head, then still smaller, and at last it was a point. But he was a thinking

point and active he was too, moving about in all directions, manufacturing his demand of time and space quite "en passant" as a by-product. In this shape he makes several excursions.

I. THE WORLD OF PURE FORMS.

Edward describes his journey into the land of mathematics as follows:

"With telegraphic swiftness of thought I switched directly through the wall and found myself in friendly surroundings. It was the domain of numbers where a pretty little arithmetical township lay.

"Strange! in a dream even flourishes have life.

"Morning dawned. Several peasants in the fields were husbanding their multiplications at an early hour. These people live and multiply honestly; they do not prosper greatly but they are frugal.

"More pretentious are the officials of the town. They were talking about a certain naught which had blocked the way of many an honest fellow, and when one had been advanced beyond his deserts, as they thought, then it was certainly rumored,

that as sure as twice two is four, the old intriguing naught was behind him.

"In the fashionable quarter live the gentry who can trace their lineage to the oldest primers. A certain Mr. X is the most sought-after person of all. But he makes himself so scarce that almost daily there are a thousand fools who ask for him, before a wise man can point him out. Other algebraical numbers are very impertinent. Two fellows whom I met in the park promenade introduced themselves to me twice; first as Mr. A and Mr. B; then again as Mr. B and Mr. A; and they asked me conceitedly whether it wasn't all the same, for $A+B=B+A$. 'Tis all the same to me,' I said courteously, although I knew that the proposition in one respect had a hitch. But even in a dream we allow such little inaccuracies arising from politeness to pass unchallenged.

"I went to the market where the concrete numbers conducted their business. Suddenly a sausage came running in hot haste, and its price was marked ninety-

three cents. Seventeen young tailors came running after her with open shears and open mouths trying to catch her. 'We have paid our money,' they shouted, 'and now snip snap we will divide.' 'That won't do,' gasped the sausage, which perspired fatty drops in her agony, for the tailors had already pricked her with their shears and had made thirty-four holes.

"At this moment an expert accountant came. He wore yellow pants, forty-five cents a yard, a hired dress suit, and unpaid-for stove-pipe hat; he made a false equation and brought the sausage on his side; but the tailors did not like the joke. They cut off the tails of his evening dress, ripped the buttons from his pants, and had he not speedily withdrawn, leaving the sausage behind, they would have dissevered him. Before they could again attack the sausage, the wife of the butcher, two hundred and fifty-seven pounds living weight, appeared and caused great consternation, for she said she had seen no money and to give up ninety-three

cents for nothing was against her human shortage.

"At once all the clattering shears were turned against the round sum of the buxom butcher's wife, and the tumult was great. The crowd was swelled by fifty salted herrings, two score and ten eggs, three dozen cheeses, one bottle of whiskey, three-quarters of a pound of table-butter, six pounds of cooking-butter, fifteen ounces of snuff, and numerous dittos. Endangered by the points of the shears the butcher's wife retreated. She stepped into the three-quarters of a pound of table-butter, fell down upon the six pounds of cooking-butter, and while falling she drew two ounces of snuff up her nostrils and began to sneeze, in consequence whereof she turned a somersault, squeezing three cheeses, and breaking the bottle of whiskey. When she alighted on the ground her heavy heels smashed two herrings so that their poor souls fled out of their salted bodies.

"But when the complication was at its height, the crowd dispersed, for a new

and superior magnitude, the town police, appeared upon the scene. The tailors made themselves as thin as they could, and the butcher's wife raised the sausage in her right hand, exclaiming: 'There is no justice left in the town; that's what I say.' But the town police understood his duty, noted down the two herrings who had lost their souls, kept the cheeses, the butter, and the glass splinters in his head, added the woman and the sausage, put them in brackets, transported them to the town scales, where one was found too heavy and the other too light, and subtraction was inevitable. The sausage was subtracted for the exchequer. The remainder was canceled crosswise thrice three times in ink for contempt of court, and the brave town policeman was raised to the third power on the very same day by the infinitely great mayor of the town. Several other cases were attended to before the treasurer with the same promptitude."

The town contains beautiful parks and orchards full of golden percentages, and

the dividends go up and down on paper ladders. Some of them were seen dropping to the ground, and they stroked their bruised parts and limped drearily home.

There is also enough grief and misery displayed on all corners of the streets. One can see fractured numbers, swollen denominators who carry small numerators on their backs. How pitiful they look! "But," adds Edward, "I remained cool. I had no money with me, and if I had had some I would not have given them anything. I had changed my character. For wherever there is need of it I do not mind a few pennies; that you know, my friends."

* * *

Edward now came among the points, a buoyant people who were just practising sharp-shooting. "The smaller these folks," he tells us, "the greater is their pleasure." They were crawling and squirming like merry infusoria in an old barrel of rain-water.

"Like mosquitoes, the thinking-points

were dancing with their beloved little ideas, and I myself engaged one, and waltzed around a few times. Still nimbler than they and windier in the terpsichorean art were the purely mathematical points, but they were so bashful that they became smaller and smaller the more one looked at them. One of them disappeared entirely when I looked at him very closely.

"Queer fellows, this sort of points. Old Brennecke, my mathematical professor, used to say: 'Whoever cannot think a point is simply too lazy.' I have often since tried, but just when I think I have it, I have—nothing. And we have the same experience with all things; as soon as we look at them more closely, when we are about to seize them with the tenderest comprehension, they secretly withdraw into the corner of the incomprehensible and disappear without leaving anything behind, like the enchanted rabbit whom the hunter can never hit.

"There were also some critical points making mischievous faces and impeding every one wherever they went. One of

them, an impudent fellow, stepped upon the train of a beautiful young idea and at the same time upon the corn of her partner, the thinking-point; this insolent behaviour interrupted all his arguments, and he began to scream. That was the signal for a lively scandal, for all the points of dispute and the points of honor interfered, to the great delight of the spectators."

* * *

Continuing his journey, Edward came to the atoms, who were just beginning a square dance.

"With great assurance they danced their complex molecular figures, and when they were through, all had grown pretty warm. They are not quite so stupid as one is inclined to believe, and are quite interesting, as well as interested themselves, for tender love-affairs are not rare among them.

"One of the ladies among the atoms seemed familiar to me. I must have seen her, and, really! I remember, at Leibnitz's! It was the old monad, and she

had grown quite young again. She approached me, shook hands, and held me with her unsubstantial affinities, and pressed a kiss upon my lips, saying: 'My dear friend, let us be eternally united.' But I was repelled. With great rapidity I shot through the roof and hastened away to distant spheres. When I looked round I was not quite alone, for right near I heard a cough. It was the mathematical point whom I had tried to look at, and he said: 'At home I cannot get on; now I'll see what I can do in the geometrical plane.'"

* * *

The geometrical plane lay before our romantic traveler in the splendor of the sinking evening sun. No tree, no bush, no chimney loomed up. All was flat as a pan-cake; nay, a thousand times flatter. And they were standing at the entrance of an industrious city which lay flat on its side. The door through which they passed had only breadth, no height. "It was so low," says Edward, "that my pate was grazed, and even my tiny companion

could just pass through. He got an appointment that very same evening with an able geometer who took him at once into his drawing-pen in order to transfer him to the place of his future activity. I wished him all success, but I myself went to the hotel, where the waiter appeared as a straight mathematical line. Nothing could be more slender, and I thought of what my little nephew, Peter, once said. 'Uncle Edward,' he said, 'a ghost must be real slim for one doesn't see it at all.'

"How ridiculously thin such a mathematical line is! In the room next to me there were thirty in one bed, which was not broader than a cigar-case, and yet there was plenty of space left. At first they were quarrelling, for there was a Pole among them who suffered from nightmares and was very restless until he was nailed tight by two points; then he became quiet. I tried to pronounce his name, Chr—rrr—rrrr, but at that moment I heard a voice saying, 'Edward, do not snore.' It was the voice of my wife,

I awoke for a moment but soon fell asleep again."

Edward slept in the hotel and when he awoke the next morning in the geometrical plane, he found that everybody had to crawl around on his stomach. "High and low are difficult to distinguish at first sight, and if one has cause to be polite one must look out with great circumspection, for as there is no height, there are no shadows, and everybody, even the most square fellow of great contents appears as a simple line. The absence of shadow makes photography impossible, and the people of this city have to forego the ornament of pictures in their rooms. But they do as well as they can. They call in the carpenter, they measure their friends, and make a proportional figure in the album, noting the real square contents together with the year and date, and the memorial is ready.

"Some of the inhabitants told me that a few postmen had become so thin by constant crawling on their stomachs that in their old age they were only half as thin

as possible. This seemed to me remarkable on account of congruence, for if the report was correct an actual congruence of equal figures which appeared to me at this highly depressed locality impossible, did not seem to be excluded under all circumstances. I inquired for the congruence office, an institution which is similar to the county clerk's office where marriage licences are given. As no one could give me any information I went to the mayor and was told, 'We have no such nonsense; any one anxious for such an experience, especially if it be a case of symmetrical congruence, will please go to the third dimension.'

"As the atmosphere in the mayor's office was very close I bade him good-bye and went through the ceiling into tridimensional space where stereometric liberty prevails and where spatially sympathetic couples have the licence of marriage relations. But even here no exceptions were allowed.

"I just saw two spherical triangles, one the exact reflected image of the other.

They returned in tears from the congruence office where they had been refused. A pair of infinitely delicate gloves, one left one and one right one, were groomsman and bridesmaid, and they comforted the unfortunate couple, saying that they were in the same predicament and if there was no other hope they could after all elope into the fourth dimension where nothing was impossible. 'Alas!' sighed the bride, 'who knows what the fourth dimension is like?' One might have pitied the poor people but we must not be too quick with our sympathy, for the inhabitants of this unsubstantial country are hollow, sun and moon shine through them, and any one who stands behind them can easily count the buttons on their vests in front. They look through one another, and yet these people who have as little contents as a cleaned-out sparrow's egg, talk about the noble aspirations of their souls and carry on conversation in the most refined phraseology. I got sick of this conceited world of empty figures and hurried away.

"When about to leave I was addressed in a deep sonorous bass by a gentleman who was so round and thick that he almost took up the whole space of the exit. It was my former companion, the mathematical point. By a clever turn in the plane he had become a circle, and on emigrating into tri-dimensional space he had, by another turn, developed into a sphere. He was now on his way to a spiritualistic medium for materialization, intending to go as a globe to a high-school. The unimportant little fellow had become a regular snob who began to treat me condescendingly. That was too much for me. I did not intend to suffer it from a puffed-up point, for such are all these people. I turned and went through the wall where I supposed that the complete world of reality lay, but even this was only in parts."

Having accompanied the sagacious dreamer through the land of pure forms, let us follow him into a more real realm; but here still he finds existence in parts only.

II. EXISTENCES THAT ARE IN PART.

Edward first visits the community of heads. These live in nests in a high mediæval place, and behind their ears they have wings which are an appropriate adaptation of their neck muscles. Some sit around marshes; they are the water-heads. They blink drowsily with their eyes and let the sun shine into their mouths. Then, there are the head-strong who possess the vanity of their own opinion in spite of argument, wrangling and quarreling in the air. Almost every one of them had bruises, black and blue. They live on wind and earn their living as stump-orators and singers in dime-museums.

In a place that looked somewhat like the agricultural department of Washington, Edward saw an ugly old man with a large face and a tiny body, busying

himself with a large hotbed in which a kind of asparagus grew. "What are you doing here?" asked Edward, and the little man with the big face said: "I am raising heads. These are the best I have. They will be used as heads of the different departments in the government service. I deliver them in good condition, but when they have been used awhile they are no longer good. Some turn tough, others become regular loggerheads! But they are very valuable, for they make much noise in the world and are sought for by collectors of historical curios."

There were further all kinds of events coming to a head but they looked very ugly and Edward passed them by.

Lower down, on a mountain-range, hands were living as scribblers, scrubbers, stocking knitters, stringed-instrument musicians, and other trades. The feet are at home in the valley.

Leaving the land of separate limbs, our tramping dreamer visits a village and describes its still-life. There were three merry flies swarming over a pond, three

joyous little fish caught them. A moment later three ducks came along; each duck snatched a fish and swallowed it. The farmer's good-natured wife appeared in the door of the house and with a few crumbs of bread enticed the three ducks into the kitchen. Then she seized them and cut their throats, but being too hasty she cut her finger at the same time.

The hatchet was rusty and the finger began to swell. There were symptoms of blood poisoning; the doctor came. He understood the case. He cut off her finger, but it wouldn't do; he cut off her arm, but it wouldn't do; he cut off her head, but it wouldn't do; he cut off her waist, but it wouldn't do; he cut off her knees, but it wouldn't do; and when he came to her sensitive corns a shriek was heard and she was dead.

The farmer would not be comforted, for the doctor's fee was $53.75. The doctor put the honorarium into his pocket-book and the farmer sighed. The doctor put the pocket-book into his pocket and the farmer fainted upon a chair, staring

into emptiness. The doctor was a man of the world. Slowly he rode away, nor did he begin to trot until he was out of sight. He was wholly unaware that his pocket had a hole in it. The disconsolate widower went to the pig-pen and looked at the pigs. There were thirteen of them, each worth $11.25. His tears began to dry and when he came out again he had become a new man.

Edward now left the farm house and went to one of the neighbors. It was the uncle of the farmer. Having just returned unsteadily from a long sitting at the inn he entered the room where his numerous family awaited him in dread. The old man threw his hat upon the ground and shouted, "He who takes that hat up will be thrashed; he who lets it lie, will be thrashed, too." He was a very reliable man and he kept his word.

Having witnessed this sad spectacle, the pensive traveler sighs and says: "Alas! my dear reader, how often does fate throw before us his tragic hat, and whatever we do we shall have trouble."

Continuing the story of his travel, our dreamer finds himself confronted by a philosopher whose greatness consists in creating problems where there are none. Edward says: "I went to the neighboring farm. A thoughtful old man stood in the cow-stable which he had just cleaned, and he closed the barn-shutters. 'Strange,' he said, resting his chin upon the dung-fork. 'Strange, very strange! Indeed, extraordinary! If I close the barn-shutters it grows dark!' And so he stood for a long time and thought and thought. As if there were not worries enough in the world without that! And it was very dark in his mind and also in the cow-stable."

In another farm-house our all-observing dreamer finds the dainty little daughter of the farmer sitting at the piano. There is a knock at the door. "Is your father at home?" asks the man who buys sheep. "No, sir," she replied, in a lady-like way, "papa is hauling dung." What a pleasant instance of increasing culture,

which still has something of the strong odor of the soil from which it sprang!

We pass over a number of pictures of Edward's dream, which show us an incendiary firing his barn; several topers, one of whom pays the bill with counterfeit money; a broom-maker who finds the doctor's pocket-book, and, having hidden it in his boot, meets the doctor returning on his horse in full speed. "Did you find anything?" asked the doctor. "No, sir," replied the broom-maker with composure, and as the doctor hastens on, thinks to himself, "that will be a lesson to him." In this way a wise man had given to an inexperienced fellow a valuable lesson wtihout bringing him into the painful situation of expressing his thanks—a good deed, which is the more remarkable as he never bragged of it.

Wherever Edward goes he finds the world interesting, not less so than the refined farmer who met him on the way, and had just been looking at his potatoes, which were doing splendidly. The sun shone through his transparent ears, and

he was happy, shouting in ecstasy: "O, how beautiful is the world, how beautiful!"

* * *

After some other excursions, Edward visited the temple of science. There he saw the high-minded investigators sitting among their microscopes, retorts, and guinea-pigs. Considering the use, the enhancement, and all the other advantages which mankind owes them, and also their own well-deserved pride, he left their sanctum with suppressed reverence. But he overheard a critic—for flies are everywhere—say to another critic who passed him: "There are numbers in their heads, and bacilli in their hearts. They grind everything to powder—God, spirit, and Shakespeare, and then the broom-guard, those sages who sweep together the offal from the back-doors of centuries"—Here the critic interrupted himself and exclaimed: "Do you see that milk-cart? The billy-goat that draws it looks as proud as if he produced the milk himself."

In the art-museum the old masters had

been newly varnished. Among the new artists were the naturalists, one of whom protested that he preferred one natural peasant-girl standing knee-deep in the mud to eleven thousand embalmed princesses dancing upon wires. "Nature," he began to sing, "nothing but naturrrre!" The other naturalists fell in and Edward joined the chorus. "Naturrre," he sang, "Naturrre!"

The dreamer was poked again by his wife who said: "Dear me, Edward! How terribly you snore!"

Edward did not allow his dream to be disturbed. At the art-museum he saw an old ruffian who looked at the pictures and was morally disgusted with them. His name is The-man-with-the-dirty-spectacles, for the dirt that he finds he brings with him.

In the world of politics Edward observed that Bismarck had just left the driver's box and resigned the reins of the world. Surely that would create a commotion! But no, the world is like a pot of porridge. If you take the spoon out,

and be it the largest, the whole business will close up again, and be as if nothing had happened.

While still moved in thought, Edward, after having seen many marvelous and glorious things, greatly desired to see once in his life a really good man. He said to himself: "I am not especially anxious to see him; it is only for the sake of completeness."

Now our dreamer was told that there was a kind philanthropist whose possessions weighed upon him like a burden, and distributing them was his greatest pleasure. Edward went to see him.

The philanthropist had just gathered up five tramps from the street. "Brethren," he said, mildly, "make yourselves at home. We will all be equal." The tramps were satisfied. They ate together, they drank together, they smoked together, and they decided that on the next morning they would shine their shoes together.

The case was so remarkable that Edward stayed until the next morning. On

the next morning the six gentlemen met at the breakfast table, and when the philanthropist saw his five brethren decently dressed in good clothes like himself a tear was in his eye, and shaking hands with them he expressed his joy that every one was now satisfied. Then one of them, formerly a mason, cleared his throat and said: "Well, that is so; however, as you, my brother, have had so much more spare time for being satisfied than we, it would be but reasonable that we should now have a correspondingly better time than you." The philanthropist was a just man, and another tear came to his eye. He nodded his consent. So everybody took his mocha, except the philanthropist; everybody took a cognac, except the philanthropist; everybody smoked his Havana, except the philanthropist; and after breakfast no one shined the shoes except the philanthropist. When he now saw his five brethren better dressed than himself, a third tear stood in his eye, and embracing them, he expressed his joy that at last everybody was satisfied.

Then the mason again cleared his throat and said: That may be so, but he should now step under the window, for they wanted to spit on his head and see whether their brother was still proud. The philanthropist had a fourth tear in his eye, and he declined. When his five brethren observed that he objected, they seized him by the collar of his coat and made him "walk proudly," as they called it. They carried him down into the hall, whipped him one, two, three times, still keeping him suspended, and at three threw him out of the door of his house into the yard where he frightened a cow; and while the poor fellow was lying in the mud, the four tears which had gathered in his eyes broke out at once and he began to swear. What a disappointment to Edward who now clearly recognized that at the bottom of his heart the philanthropist was not really a good man. He who wants to follow equality through thick and thin must have high boots.

But after all Edward in his dream did not give up finding a good man. He fol-

lowed into a stately residence a collector who had a list of names in his hands. The owner gave him a quarter for foreign missions and a dime for home missions, and having done so, fell a-dreaming when the collector had left, saying, "I am too good, I am much too good." So much was he overcome with the almost criminal kindness of his heart.

Now Edward was satisfied. He had seen a good man, a man who was even more than good.

* * *

Having taken a trip into vacuity in order to see whether or not the world had an end, and having returned along the heavenly axis at the polar star, the restless wanderer came back to our little earth and reached a place where everybody was in a state of indolent happiness. The people had invented great burning-glasses to collect the sun-heat sufficient for all the machinery, stoves, lamps, and kitchens that were needed in the country, and in addition enough power for pur-

poses of amusement, and everybody was taken care of by the national administration. There were no thieves, for there was no need of stealing. And if on account of weakness of mind somebody took some such thing as a cigar from his neighbor, he was treated in an asylum and cured by kindness and benevolent treatment. All troubles were done away with; death alone could not be banished.

"That is all very fine," thought Edward, "but are not the stupid people envious when comparing themselves with clever folks, and the ugly with the beautiful?" —"Well," replied one of the people, "formerly it was bad enough and we had much trouble. But now all that is past since the competition gland has been discovered." Then he explained that this injurious organ has its seat deep in the brain behind the ear, and its extirpation is obligatory. The success justifies the method. There was no envy, no pride, no ambition; and the good Lord and the ten commandments had become redundant. It was only a pity that all laughter

had ceased. True, there were laughing-clubs, but the laughter which they practised was wooden and hypocritical, it was not natural. The genuine joy in manifesting our abilities which make us strong to endure competition could not obtain under these well-regulated conditions. There was a certain soft monotony which it appears even the inhabitants of this country could appreciate only with difficulty, for on almost every tree of their fine parks hung some one who had grown sick of life. The people, to be sure walked through the parks and did not mind, but Edward could not stand it. He left and went to see a philosopher.

* * *

In the next episode of Edward's dream-experiences Wilhelm Busch ridicules the materialist's world-conception which reduces all processes of the world to matter and motion, forgetful of the fact that in sentiments, thoughts, and ideal aspirations, the material and mechanical aspect of an event is its most unessential feature.

Ideas cannot be explained by, or classified under, the categories of matter and motion. And Busch is right, for in the spiritual world another and more subtle element enters, which, although it appears to a materialistic conception as non-existent, is after all the most important reality of life.

* * *

Edward entered the philosopher's study and was courteously received. Three parrots were swinging on perches. The philosopher wore a red cap with a green feather, a gown of moleskin, trousers of buckskin, and slippers of crocodile skin. He had several remarkable curiosities in his collection which he was kind enough to show. The three parrots swung themselves on perches in his study and repeated every word he said.

"Now look," the philosopher began, "at this automatic piece of art." It was a crane standing in a dish full of water containing an eel. The philosopher wound the mechanism and the crane bowed down, caught the eel, lifted him up and

swallowed him. While still standing in thought as if satisfied, the eel glided out at the next moment from behind, and again with unfailing certainty the long-billed bird caught him, swallowed him, and waited for further consequences. The eel returned to the water in the same way to be devoured again in the same fashion, and thus the circle continued. "This," said the master, "is the circuity of things."

The philosopher now took an insignificant looking utensil from his cabinet. It was a blowing-mill. He dusted it and said with importance: "This, my friend, is the thing-in-itself which before me no one has understood." He pressed a button and the mill began to fan, producing upon Edward a pleasant feeling as if some one was tickling him behind the ears. The philosopher pressed the button a second time and a palatable dinner appeared. He pressed a third time and an agreeable odor arose. He pressed a fourth time and fine music was heard; a fifth time and fire-works began to play. "Thus," the polite host explained, "every-

thing that happens between us and the things is nothing but motion, now quicker, now slower, now in a medium of ether, now of air which may be thicker or thinner."

"But how is it with thoughts?" Edward asked the master. "It is the same with thoughts," replied he. "You will see at once." He put his blowing-mill away and handed Edward a wind-mill. It was small and built after the pattern of those little instruments which are fastened to cherry-trees to keep the sparrows away—only smaller and with wings of paper. Placing this mill before Edward he said: "Well, my friend, now think deftly." Edward began to think and thought as much as he could, and the more sturdily he thought the brisker the paper wings of the mill turned round and they clattered so that even an old experienced sparrow would not have dared to approach. "The more wind the more noise," said the sage in explanation.

"But the joys and the pains of our heart," the inquisitive visitor retorted,

"are they nothing but motion also?" "Certainly," the wise man said, "only they turn in the screw fashion." Then he took from his shelf a dainty holder in which lay horizontally a corkscrew that could be turned by a crank. "Well?" queried Edward, expectantly. "Sit down here," said the philosopher, considerately; "I notice your constitution is a little abnormal. Take a seat here, this is a chair of higher sensitiveness."

It was a softly upholstered easy-chair, and the master approached his visitor screw in hand, turning it forward. What a painful sensation pierced his innermost being! He felt like screaming aloud. It was as if his old great-aunt had died. "Pain is positive," said the master, "but now we will turn the screw backwards." The pain disappeared, and an unexpected happiness streamed through Edward's whole system. It was as if the good deceased aunt had left him a fortune of half a million. "Joy is negative," explained the philosopher, and returned the soul-screw to its former place.

Not to exhaust the patience of his host, Edward thought it time to take his leave. But the philosopher said: "One thing more," and conducted him to his desk. There, in a big glass of alcohol, he produced a strange creature, which greatly resembled a rotten pumpkin, with a few fibres which looked like undeveloped limbs. "This," said the sage, "is man as he was a thousand million years ago, before he degenerated into 'amphioxus lanceolatus,' from whom we have started up again, so that we can hope in the next future to attain something extraordinary."

"Beautiful he is not," Edward said disappointedly.

"But clever," replied the sage; "I have searched his head. Those doubtful distinctions of here and there, of to-day and the day after to-morrow, which involve us in so many difficulties, did not exist at that time. The question whether twice two is four and everything else remained undecided, and as to the principles of geometry, I can assure you that in those

days the crookedest line was the shortest path between two points."

Here the philosopher paused in order to leave his guest time to express his admiration, and to propose further questions.

"Honored sir," Edward said, "may I ask another little question?"

The philosopher nodded kindly.

"What do you think of ethics? What must man do so that he may prosper once for all?"

Without hesitation the sage opened a drawer, took out a flute, put it to his nose, closed his mouth, and, blowing up his cheeks, began to play as adroitly as a skilled canary-bird, that had received the first prize at the World's Fair.

"Understand me? Are you convinced?" he asked when stopping.

"Not quite," Edward said.

Then the philosopher began to sing:

"Upon the man who does refuse,
Tweedle dee!
Our logic, and rejects our views,
Tweedle dee!

We turn our backs to slink away,
And mind not what he think or say,
Tweedle dee!"

When he had finished his song, he blew the flute again, turning his head complacently now to this side and now to that. At last he stopped abruptly, replaced the flute in the drawer, and turned his back upon Edward.

Without taking further notice of his visitor, the philosopher wrapped his gown tightly around him, whereupon, crouching down on the floor, he crowed like an old Cochin-China rooster, and disappeared in the next room. The parrots crowed also.

Edward for a moment stood aghast and then left the philosopher's study in great haste.

III. THE DOMAIN OF MORAL ASPIRATIONS.

Having escaped from the philosopher's study, Edward in his dream entered another world. He found himself in a pleasant valley, the roads fringed with fruit-trees, and saw at a distance mountains rising higher and higher, to disappear finally in the clouds. The broad high-road was crowded with merry people, all traveling in the same direction. One man only could be seen running back. He looked wretched, was covered with bruises and ill at ease. He jumped over the fences and ditches without looking behind him. "Tommy has gone crazy," said the people, laughing, and went on.

Edward soon observed whither the people were going. Where the highway approached the rocks, near a dark tunnel, there stood an inn called "The Cloven

Hoof," a spacious old mansion newly furnished, and for ages very popular as a pleasure-resort. The host, a jovial fellow, limped slightly. People say that in his youth he had been in a brawl in which he got the worst of it. His seven daughters, who were jokingly called the "Seven Deadly Sins," contributed greatly to increase their father's business. From the porch they threw kisses to the arriving guests.

In the basement Edward saw the cook standing in the kitchen,—an old, wrinkled hag, the grandmother of mine host, the landlord. All the guests at the inn were extremely merry. There was music and dancing, and no one thought of going home.

Among the guests Edward found many old acquaintances. As is usual in dreams, he was not at all astonished; but there was one thing he could not make out; he saw the really good man who had contributed his share to the collection for foreign and home missions sitting in a corner

with one of the daughters of the host, drinking champagne.

At midnight the hotel 'bus came to the rear door. Its color was black, and it had silver trimmings. It was not arranged for sitting, but for lying; and was not opened behind, but above. It did not bring newcomers, but took them away. The driver, with his black coat, looked much pleased, but he was pale and thin, like Hunger personified. Shouting to the horses "get up," he drove into the tunnel. But the dance went on as before.

As the morning dawned our pilgrim in dreamland approached the mountains and came into the company of four travelers. They were called "The Four Good Intentions." The name of the first was "I-Had-Better," of the second "Shouldn't-I," of the third "However," and of the fourth "Never-Mind." Mr. I-Had-Better had a red nose; Mr. Shouldn't-I had a round belly; Mr. However had big black spectacles; and Mr. Never-Mind was a sleek little fellow, who knew best himself how pleasant he was. They inquired

about Edward's affairs and asked his name, whereupon he answered:

"I come from naught,
I am full of thought,
I'm not easily caught;
But my name I won't tell you."

"Then we'll call you Spirlifix," pleasantly shouted Mr. Never-Mind. The three others laughed so heartily that Mr. I-Had-Better's nose became blue, three buttons of Mr. Shouldn't-I's vest sprang off, and Mr. However's spectacles became hazy with tears of laughter. Edward was not very much pleased with the joke and flew about three yards above the company.

Chatting humorously they walked on, and the sun rose higher. Mr. Shouldn't-I took off his coat and hanging it on his stick carried it over his shoulder. Mr. Never-Mind began to whistle, Mr. I-Had-Better said "Move slowly, for I've got a blister on my heel," and Mr. However observed, "It is sultry. We may have a thunderstorm."

When the sun rose still higher Mr. I-Had-Better stood still, took out a bottle

and said, "What do you think of this?" Mr. Shouldn't-I took out a big sausage, saying, "What do you think of that?" Mr. However stopped also, beginning slowly, "If we are only not—" but before he could finish, Mr. Never-Mind took out his knife, and shouting: "Come old blade," proposed to cut the sausage. Then they looked for a cool place, sat down and took lunch.

Edward seated himself upon a withered branch and looked at them.

"Spirlifix, come down," shouted the good-natured Shouldn't-I, showing his sausage, and I-Had-Better offered the bottle.

"No, thank you," said Edward, for he felt above these trivialities.

After a while the four travelers continued their march, and the sun shone down almost perpendicularly. Their steps became slow and their talk disconnected. First, Mr. I-Had-Better remained behind. He sat down under a big tree, took off his shoe and rubbed his foot with tallow; then Mr. Shouldn't-I stopped too and sat

down behind another tree. But their comrades did not notice the absence of the two. They came to a place where they could look down into the valley, and they saw at the foot of the mountain the jovial establishment from which they had started in the morning. The sound of pleasant music came up to them and Mr. Never-Mind stood still, took out his opera-glass, when he became aware of the many pretty girls sitting in the garden he went to the slope and slid down. Mr. I-Had-Better saw where Mr. Never-Mind had started and also began to slide down. Mr. Shouldn't-I was at once inclined to do the same and followed suit.

Mr. However, who was deep in thought and did not notice the absence of his companions, continued his march alone. "Boys," he began, "the more I consider it, the more I find that our project is a very doubtful enterprise; what do you think?" Turning round he saw no one and said, "My spectacles are hazy, I have perspired." And having wiped his glasses he at last discovered his companions slid-

ing down the hill. Mr. However was always given to reflection, but as soon as he had made up his mind his decision was firm. So was it now; he went down hill too and arrived at the end quicker than his comrades.

* * *

In the meantime our dreamer continued on his way. Before him walked a pedlar carrying a wicker-basket full of glassware. He was very careful, and passing the stump of a tree placed the basket on it. Relieved of his burden, he sat down in the grass to rest. "Alas," he sighed, "how troublesome is life." Suddenly a gust of wind came and blew the basket to the ground, so that all the glass broke. "Woe is me!" said the pedlar, "I have scarcely uttered a word of complaint and this accident happens!" He was very much crestfallen and went to the sandy slope, placed himself in the empty basket, used his stick as a rudder and slid down hill. There he met the four Good Intentions and was merrily welcomed by them. He must have been an old acquaintance

of theirs. The music was just playing a splendid pot-pourri and the fun was great.

* * *

Continuing his upward journey the migratory dreamer came among the rocks and found that unfortunate man of whom Plato tells us tied to his seat in a cave, with his back turned towards the light and his face towards the wall; he has by this time been reborn ten thousand times and yet knows nothing of the things which pass by at the entrance of his cave, recognizing only the shadows which they throw upon the wall. Edward stood still a few seconds at the opening of the cave. The Platonist thought it was a black fly-speck on the wall and greeted his visitor as such, who left him with a smile.

As our hero approached the next corner of the rocks he heard a noise similar to that which a cook makes when pounding meat. Coming near he saw a man who was whipping his naked back mercilessly. "What are you doing, good friend?" asked Edward. "Life is a blunder," the man

said, busily continuing his work, "I am scourging it."

Edward went higher and arrived in a desert place where he saw a bald-headed man looking fixedly at one and the same spot. "What are you doing, old chap?" Eward asked him. " Life is an error," the bald-headed man said, " I think it away." He had thought away all his hair and continued to think.

Again our dreaming wanderer went higher and reached a hermitage where a hoary hermit sat motionless on a mossy stone without stirring a limb. "What are you doing, my friend?" Edward asked. "Life is a sin," said the hermit, "I do penance for it;" and he continued to sit quietly.

* * *

Rising higher and higher, Edward came to a green, flowery meadow in the middle of which rose a mighty castle. It had neither embrasures, nor chimneys, nor even windows, but only one firmly locked gate with a drawbridge. It appeared to be built of smooth steel, so that no one, not

even the hero of this story, although he was a mere point, and a dreaming point, too, could enter.

Edward made several attempts to penetrate through the walls of the castle, but in vain. It was a painful sensation to him, for either the liberty of unimpeded motion which he had always imagined he possessed had noticeably disappeared, or there must be things which were too strong for him.

Edward addressed himself to an old forester who stood at the edge of the woods, but he seemed deaf, for he placed his hand behind his ear and began to draw smoke from his pipe with greater vigor than before.

"Old graybeard," said Edward, "can you not tell me what that castle is good for?"

"Little imp," he replied, "I too belong to those who do not know, but my grandfather told me often that he didn't know either, and as to his grandfather he had told my grandfather that its existence was beyond recollection, and people sup-

posed that a secret tunnel exists between the castle on the mountain and the inn down in the valley."

"What!" thought our dreamer, "does he call me little imp?" Edward turned his back upon the old fellow and looked at the castle. In the moat a number of little pitch-black devils were sporting. They were trying to catch butterflies with nets, and when they had caught one they fastened it with pins.

Now the gate of the castle opened and a long procession of rosy babies thronged out over the bridge to the meadow. They began to play merrily, and the little devils mixed with the children, teasing them and wrangling with them. But the color of the little devils rubbed off, and the children looked as if they had been playing Old Maid, where the possessor of the unlucky card is besmeared with burnt cork.

Upon the trees which stood round the meadow there were numerous stork-nests, and in every nest stood a stork upon one leg thoughtfully observing the children's

games. Suddenly all of them flew down upon the meadow, every one took a little boy or little girl in his bill, and away they went high above the woods. The children screamed, but the little devils turned somersaults and shouted merrily:

"Stork, thou red-legged twister,
Bring us a little sister.
Stork, fly to my mother,
Bring us a little brother."

The narrow pathway which led to this place turned to the left into the forest, and our wanderer came to a torrent which roared down the hill. Thick thorns obstructed Edward's view and when he had worked through the thistles he saw before him another country and a path leading ever higher and higher. The path was very narrow, and a few quiet pilgrims, each patiently carrying his burden, were walking thereon. "Move slowly, my friend, and take me along," said Edward to one of them.

The pilgrim viewed the speaker with a compassionate look and said: "Poor stranger, thou hast no heart."

Edward was amazed even in his dream, and he paused. He followed the pilgrims with his eyes as they modestly continued their journey. They passed over the torrent on a plank which served as a bridge. On the other bank there was a wall with a narrow door. The pilgrims entered, and the door shut upon them. Our little adventurer tried to get in, but the door had no keyhole, and the walls to the right and the left appeared impenetrable.

At last Edward climbed up and looked over the wall, and there he saw a glorious temple city built of precious stones and illuminated by a transcendent light, much more beautiful than sunshine. He tried to fly over the wall, but a strong shock repelled him. Beyond the first wall there was a second wall—one which he had not noticed—infinitely higher and of the purest transparent crystal. He buzzed for a while up and down, like a fly at a window-pane, until he fell down exhausted.

Suddenly a shadow passed over him and when he looked back, one of the little

black devils whom he had seen in the meadow stood before him. "What are you doing here, you rascal?" the ugly creature shouted, and opened his grinning mouth so far that Edward began to perspire with fright, and he stammered, "I am not so bad." "What do you say?" replied the black fellow. "I will catch you," and he put out his long, red tongue, raised his butterfly net, and tried to catch poor Edward, who speedily hastened away.

In order to escape Edward went up high into the air; the devil followed. He ran round a tree several hundred times; the devil was close at his heels, and would certainly have caught him, had Edward not happened to see a big giant with his eyes shut and his mouth open, a stately fellow, who lay asleep, and Edward thought, "I must know this big man." Dead with fright and in the last moment of emergency, our dreamer's pursued soul jumped into the giant's open mouth and escaped into a kind of attic with two windows.

We let Edward finish the story of his dream in his own words: "The morning was dawning. There were pictures on the walls which were not very faithful portrayals of what they represented. The hand of the clock pointed to half-past six. The room was not yet put in order. An odor of coffee came to me. I went downstairs and opened the door—there was a dimly lighted reception room with red curtains. Upon a little golden throne sat the most beautiful of women, a portrait of my wife, Elise. She smiled, opened her lips, and said: 'Edward, get up; coffee is ready.' I awoke. My good Elise, with our little Emil in her arms, stood before my bed. I had recovered my heart and that of Elise, and that of our little Emil, too. All jesting aside, my friends, if one only has a heart he will feel and confess from the bottom of his heart that 'he is no good.' All else will take care of itself."

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NINETEEN HUNDRED AND NINE