

himself as pleasantly surprised to find that English Socialists, working on scientific lines, had arrived at conclusions similar to his. This the *Chronicle* interviewer (a Berlin Jew) twisted into an expression of unpleasant surprise that any one should have the audacity to make use of his name in Socialist propaganda. The Old Man was quite put out about this, for the thing had got into the German and Danish papers too. While I was with him he received a letter from Vollmar, one of the Socialist leaders in the Reichstag, and a friend of his, asking him what the devil he meant by this seemingly contemptuous disclaimer, not only of Socialism, but of all sympathy with Socialism. Ibsen had already written a letter to Brækstad, intended for the English papers; and he forthwith sat down to write a German translation of this letter for Vollmar.

Fru Ibsen and he had an amusing little scene apropos of this incident. She said, "I warned you when that man came from Berlin that you would put your foot in it. You should have let me see him; women are much more cautious than men in what they say." Whereupon the Old Man smiled grimly, and said that wasn't generally supposed to be the strong point of the sex; adding that since the interviewer was going to lie about what he said, it didn't much matter whether he was cautious or not. Then Fru Ibsen suggested that he ought not to have seen him at all, and I closed the discussion by assuring her that in that case he would have made up the interview entirely from his inner consciousness.

Again, on my return from Oberammergau, I had a long chat with Ibsen at his favourite table in the "Café Max, opposite the Hoftheater, but have kept no notes of what passed. His rooms in Munich, further down the Maximilianstrasse, were lofty and handsome, but still, to my thinking, unattractive. He never seemed really "at home" until I saw him in his flat in Christiania. Of his home life I can only say that at all times I received a most pleasing impression of it. Of the loyal devotion of his wife and son, and their enthusiasm for his ideas, there could not be a moment's doubt.

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In 1891 Ibsen returned to Norway, after an absence (save for brief visits) of more than a quarter of a century. He made Christiania his abiding-place, and seldom left it, settling in the new quarter on the Palace hill, first in Viktoria Terrasse, but ultimately in Arbins Gade. It was there that, in 1898 and 1899, I saw him again and saw him frequently.