

love to her by explaining the principles of Public Ownership of Metropolitan Utilities. Their baby had been conceived in Single Tax and had run away from home at the age of four rather than hear more about Redistribution of Unearned Capital. It was harsh to think, but dear Lister was suffering from hardening of the Trade Arteries.

Then there was Trevor. Trevor was a sweet lover. Melisse could not deny that. But he *did* talk Socialism when he should have been talking ways and means. Funny! That Trevor had — and here Melisse upset the sugar bowl — oh, well! Trevor *had*, that was all. Thinking was tosh. Tosh — and rather dreadful.

And now Napin. He had walked into the room, said how-do-you-do, and had asked her to run away with him. Nothing about Germany's debt. Nothing about the Merchant Marine. Nothing about taxation. Simply, "Pack your things!" It was stupendous. And terribly exciting. Why not? Or perhaps rather — why?

The telephone was over there. Melisse took her hand out of the hot tea and went to it.

"Can I speak to Mr. Hoag, please? . . . In the Board Room . . . Mrs. Hoag speaking . . . Lister, dear . . . How is the Bill of Rights coming on? . . . Bully! . . . And the Swedish Disenfranchisement? . . . Sweet! . . . And do you still feel the same way about taxing indeterminate inheritances? . . . Ducky! . . . Well, then, Lister dear, please do something for me. . . . Take them all, the Bill of Rights, the Swedish Disenfranchisement, and the Inheritance Tax and roll them up in one big bundle. . . . Have you done that? . . . Righto . . . What are you to do with them now? . . . You know very well, my dear. . . . I'm off for Innsbruck with young Napin. . . . Yes. N-a-p-i-n. Care of General Delivery, Innsbruck . . . Cheerio . . . "

Whang climbed up on the tea table and pushed his nose into the sugar bowl. At last he was alone.

## PROTEST

By S. Foster Damon

**B**UT do not sneer, pout, thrust your lip  
Out such a way! for you will see,  
Some day soon, from your balcony,  
The madman, bound, without his whip,  
Conveyed in a well guarded cart,  
And funeral music in his heart.

I wonder if, on that last day,  
I'd turn my head to look your way;  
Or if, intense to be released,  
I should forget our loves and lies,  
Anticipating with my eyes  
The stair, the gallows, and the priest.

## SOME YOUNGER ENGLISH NOVELISTS

By Hugh Walpole

TIME passes and nothing stands still; the literary procession reminds one of the last act of the pantomime when, in the reception hall of a palace of ivory and gold, down a magnificent marble staircase, come groups of the nations or the virtues or the vices, just as it may happen to be, and one band of ladies after another, stout or otherwise, march to the front of the stage, wave a little vaguely with their arms, move to the right and the left, instantly to be followed by another eager group.

In England since 1890 this movement has been especially apparent. First, the Yellow Book band, poets and artists and writers of the supposedly French conte, the whole a little foreign, a little affected, an important but frustrated impulse. Then in 1895 the creeping forward of certain men, Conrad, Bennett, Wells, Galsworthy, who in another ten years were to stand once more, as other groups had so frequently stood before, for the emancipation of the novel. Then when they were nicely settled and everybody, having accepted them, was anxiously scanning the horizon for the new group, up there popped that now almost notoriously prewar group of young men whom Henry James pontifically blessed, and Katharine Gerould complained of as a syndicate — Beresford, Swinnerton, Lawrence, Cannan, Mackenzie, George, and the rest. In this case the novel might have jumped into some quite new costume, had the war not caught it by the throat.

But suddenly in 1918 and 1919 “les jeunes” were producing nothing but poetry. The Mackenzies and the Swinnertons were pushed aside by the Sassoons and the Nicholsons. Everybody wrote poetry, either bitter or idealistic, either democratic or patriotic, and by 1920 there were so many thousands of small volumes of verse that there might have been several large bonfires in the centre of Trafalgar Square, the poets burning the works of one another, without anyone alive perceiving the loss of anything. The novel seemed for a moment to take a back place. Then the women rushed forward and saved the situation. Saved it or lost it, who knows?

It is of course far too early to say at this moment what they intend to do with it. I don't suppose that they themselves know. All I can say is that it is now, in this year of grace 1925, quite definitely in their hands. One can name half a dozen women who have all come forward in the last five years, whose personalities are now quite firmly recognized by anyone who has any interest in contemporary literature. The curious thing is that against these half dozen can be set no new men writers with the definite exception of Michael Sadleir, the author of “Privilege”, the famous Michael Arlen, and of course David Garnett. Six names of women novelists that occur at once to the mind are Rose Macaulay, Romer Wilson, Clemence Dane, Virginia Woolf, V. Sackville-West, and Dorothy Richardson. To these there