

presentation, without any melodramatics. André is in civilian garb, which brought him within the category of a spy, but his dignity is inborn. His three captors may possibly be a little idealized, but the effect of the whole is convincing.

But those who faithfully pictured the uneventful every-day life about them were just as much historical painters. They told the history of the plain people. This spirit in American art, this human interest in home subjects, was brought to a large public through the engravers who reproduced the painters' works.

People, ideas, and ideals changed with the times. To-day genre art is not in vogue. Our painters are not concerned with the details of the life about them. They do not paint from the point of view of the pictorial reporter, who catches social history in the making, as did Mount and the others. When we and our times have receded into the domain of history, our descendants will study the works (what will be left of them) of our illustrators to see how life looked in these days. No doubt it will seem quaint enough to them.



## Rhapsody

By MARTIN ARMSTRONG

As when trees are shrouded in December,  
Men recall the perfumes of the flower-time;  
So we sing a life we half remember:  
How we heard in some primeval shower-time  
Liquid song of rain upon blue rivers;  
Dreamed on isles, in windless oceans planted,  
Where a dim-green twilight, bird enchanted,  
Under domes of drooping leafage quivers;  
How we climbed on many a hidden planet  
Eagle heights stirred by a starry breeze;  
Watched by confined kings in tombs of granite,  
Where the darkness hangs like boughs of trees,  
Glimpsing in the reddening light of torches  
Ghosts of somber vaults and looming porches,  
Cyclopean faces, giant knees;  
How we anchored in a violet haven,  
Seeking under light of unknown stars  
Mountains paler than the moonlight, graven  
Into shapes of pinnacles and scars;  
Where our boat set all the lilies swinging,  
Sailed up rivers hushed and leafy-arbored,  
And, in caves of hanging blossom harbored,  
Heard the sound of an immortal singing.

As when breathed upon, the ashen ember  
Blossoms into fire again and fades,  
So bright Junes flame up through our December,  
And at random whiles we half remember  
Sudden gusts of an immortal singing,  
Ancient visions of remote crusades.

# William and Mary

By MAX BEERBOHM

Illustrations by George Wright



MEMORIES, like olives, are an acquired taste. William and Mary (I give them the Christian names that were indeed theirs—the joint title by which their friends always referred to them) were for some years an interest in my life, and had a hold on my affection. But a time came when, though I had known and liked them too well ever to forget them, I gave them but a few thoughts now and then. How, being dead, could they keep their place in the mind of a young man surrounded with large and constantly renewed consignments of the living? As one grows older, the charm of novelty wears off. One finds that there is no such thing as novelty—or, at any rate, that one has lost the faculty for perceiving it. One sees every newcomer not as something strange and special, but as a ticketed specimen of this or that very familiar genus. The world has ceased to be remarkable; and one tends to think more and more often of the days when it was so very remarkable indeed.

I suppose that had I been thirty years older when first I knew him William would have seemed to me little worthier of attention than a penny-halfpenny postage-stamp seems to-day. Yet, no: William really had some oddities that would have caught even an oldster's eye. In himself he was commonplace enough (as I, coeval though I was with him, soon saw). But in details of surface he was unusual. In them he happened to be rather ahead of his time. He was a socialist, for example. In 1890 there was only one other socialist in Oxford, and he not at all an undergraduate, but a retired chimneysweep, named Hines, who made speeches, to which nobody, except perhaps William, listened, near the Martyrs' Memorial. And William wore a flannel shirt, and rode a bicycle—very

strange habits in those days, and very horrible. He was said to be (though he was short-sighted and wore glasses) a first-rate "back" at football; but, as football was a thing frowned on by the rowing men, and coldly ignored by the bloods, his talent for it did not help him: he was one of the principal pariahs of our College; and it was rather in a spirit of bravado, and to show how sure of myself I was, that I began, in my second year, to cultivate his acquaintance.

We had little in common. I could not think Political Economy "the most exciting thing in the world," as he used to call it. Nor could I without yawning listen to more than a few lines of Mr. William Morris' interminable smooth Icelandic Sagas, which my friend, pious young Socialist that he was, thought "glorious." He had begun to write an Icelandic Saga himself, and had already achieved some hundreds of verses. None of these pleased him, though to me they seemed very like his master's. I can see him now, standing on his hearth-rug, holding his MS. close to his short-sighted eyes, declaiming the verses and trying, with many angular gestures of his left hand, to animate them—a tall, broad, raw-boned fellow, with long brown hair flung back from his forehead, and a very shabby suit of clothes. Because of his clothes and his socialism, and his habit of offering beer to a guest, I had at first supposed him quite poor; and I was surprised when he told me that he had from his guardian (his parents being dead) an allowance of £350, and that when he came of age he would have an income of £400. "All out of dividends," he would groan. I would hint that Mr. Hines and similar zealots might disembarass him of this load, if he asked them nicely. "No," he would say quite seriously, "I can't do that," and would read out passages from "Fabian Essays" to show that