

when women noticeably dominated society. There certainly were not hordes of flappers debauching the public taste. The play had extraordinary popularity then, but not any more extraordinary than its popularity now. Dr. Johnson was dubious about it, but Boswell found it entertaining. Edmund Burke disliked it, and Gibbon thought that it probably had the effect of increasing the number of highwaymen, at the same time refining that class, making them less ferocious, more polite, in short, more like gentlemen.' I do not know what women thought of the piece, but I am prepared to find that they liked it rather better than the men liked it. Certainly, women patronise the production at Hammersmith as freely as men do, and if, therefore, my correspondent is right in regarding

'The Beggar's Opera' as the herald of a new civilisation, he must in common honesty award some of the praise for its support to women as well as to men. And how does he account for its failure to make a revolution at a time when men had numbers and, presumably, *morale*?

But what a silly discussion this really is! Taste among women is as diverse as it is among men. There are in the world a great many very silly women, and there are also a great many very silly men. There are also in the world a small number of very wise men and a small number of very wise women. In between these two groups of the very silly and the very wise, there is another group, neither wise nor silly, but fairly sensible, which contrives to keep the world on its feet.

LIFE, LETTERS AND THE ARTS

ART IN EVERYDAY LIFE

POSTERS, jugs, statues, streets, and furniture are all to be made beautiful if the movement now on foot among British artists succeeds. In both England and Scotland organizations exist whose object is to bring art out of the museums and into the life of the people; and the London *Times*, whose art critic recently aroused much interest by an article on this subject, has been consulting some of their members and other well-known English architects, sculptors, painters, and designers for specific suggestions, which range from better tea-pots to better cities.

A member of the London Design and Industries Association, whose name is withheld, demanded more artistic tea-pots, chairs, and shop-

windows. The adaptation of an inexpensive tea-pot to the use for which it was designed furnished his principal text. It must conserve heat, and therefore must be round. It should—though it rarely does—pour without dripping, and have an outlet which the tea-leaves cannot clog. Since beauty comes from the perfect performance of function, the designer of tea-pots must hold these cardinal points in mind and subordinate his design to them. Then his tea-pot will be both beautiful and useful, and may still be as cheap as any of the ugly and impractical ones now available. This artist also pointed out that cheap chairs might be both useful and beautiful if their manufacturers would only refrain from 'faking' them as imitations of mahogany and oak which deceive nobody. Fitness for

use is the principle advocated. Adherence to it would sweep away quantities of ugly and futile articles and open the way for better taste everywhere.

A number of artists found fault with the statues in London, more because of their placing than because of their inherent ugliness. Mr. Carmichael Thomas of the London Society criticized the statues at Waterloo Place, particularly that of Charles I. Mr. Robert Anning Bell, a painter and sculptor, pointed out that the statues of London are 'rather a maligned collection of works,' and suggested that 'in the great majority of cases it is their position or method of erection that is at fault.' Mr. John Simpson and Sir Reginald Blomfield, both well known architects, have also made suggestions for the beautification of the cities.

One of the artistic reforms most generally demanded is in the quality of the posters and advertisements, many of which are still offensive. The decoration of public buildings with frescoes by great artists, as in the Royal Exchange, the Houses of Parliament, and recently in the Hall of the Skinners' Company, has also been received with much approval.

Architects have intimated that improvement in the designs for public houses would offer a sure way of appealing to the people and a recent competition consisted exclusively of such designs.

PROTECTING BRITISH WILD LIFE

BRITISH nature-lovers and sportsmen are making efforts to preserve the wild life of the entire Empire, their endeavors ranging from inviolable reserves for African elephants to a bird sanctuary in Brent Valley as a

memorial to Gilbert White of Selborne upon his two-hundredth anniversary. Two organizations, the Society for the Preservation of the Fauna of the Empire, and the Selborne Society, whose activities are directed to this end, have resumed their work, which was suspended during the war.

As even the most inaccessible jungles are being opened to sportsmen, the danger is increasing that many of the most interesting Asian and African animals may go the way of the American and European bison, the American passenger pigeon, and the 'blue goat' or quagga of the Cape. Endeavors to induce settlers and natives to spare the wild life which surrounds them are rarely successful, particularly when the animals begin to increase in number and commit depredations upon their stock.

The only solution is the establishment of inviolable game preserves, suitably situated with respect to food, water, and range, and protected by an adequate force of forest police. Sites for such reserves are difficult to select, for as the population of the more sparsely settled colonies grows constantly, local pressure for the abandonment of the preserves soon appears.

A year or two ago this happened at the Addo Bush reserve for elephants, which had been established near Port Elizabeth. The territory allotted to the elephants was too small and contained too little water. As settlers began to take up the lands adjoining the jungle reserve, they found that the thirsty elephants did not keep their part of the bargain, but made their way out of the reserve to attack the new water works and destroy their crops. Another reserve on the shores of Lake Chad, in Nigeria, had

to be thrown open because of a famine among the natives. The land within the reserve was so rich and well-watered that it was badly needed for crops. Another reserve has since been established in a locality which is thought to be equally suitable for wild game and practically useless for cultivation.

The members of the Society for the Preservation of the Fauna of the Empire, naturalists, sportsmen, travellers, and officials from all parts of the British dominions and colonies, are somewhat divided in their opinions as to the immediacy of the danger. In Uganda the elephants are becoming numerous enough to annoy the native farmers. In many British territories, however, they do not have full legal protection, and in the other parts of Africa game laws are of little use, perhaps for lack of the British sporting tradition.

Dr. Chalmers Mitchell, who had literally a bird's-eye view of the country in his attempted aeroplane flight to the Cape, found the elephants, whose

bulk made them clearly visible from the air, numerous enough; but he is of the opinion that they may disappear as rapidly as the American bison, whose numbers were even larger in the years immediately preceding their destruction.

British birds, at least, are being well cared for. The Selborne Society founded by a group of admirers of Gilbert White, the author of the *Natural History of Selborne* has recently added a tract of twenty-two acres to its Brent Valley Bird Sanctuary, and will soon secure adjoining church lands which have been promised by the Ecclesiastical Commissioners. Twenty-five acres of timber land which adjoin the sanctuary but are not yet a part of it, will probably soon be added. Compared with the gigantic sanctuaries needed for the African fauna, the refuge seems small, but it is large enough to become a permanent home for all the British land birds, and perhaps also for wild flowers, which are in almost as much danger of extermination.

[*The Spectator*]

WILD SWANS

BY WILL H. OGILVIE.

THERE is seldom a footfall beside our
dark water

That hill shadows bathe in and
bulrushes shroud;

No playmates are here for this lonely
king's daughter

Save the wailing grey gull or the
wandering cloud.

But this morning, where roselight
and opal lay blended,

With musical clangour and wide
spread of wings,

A flight of white swans on the dawn-
wind descended

And breasted the loch into rose-
coloured rings.

What quest do they follow? Where
tends their long journey?

Will they fade with the sunset,
melt out with the moon?

Are they knights with those white
plumes a-toss for a tourney,

Called South to the lists in some
distant lagoon?

Are they elves of the moorland,
heath-folk or hill fairies

That ride through the night-wrack
to rest with the morn?

Have they brought us from sombre
Loch Skene or St. Mary's

Some magic of Yarrow wing-wafted
and borne? .

As I watch them at ease I can think
of them only,

Dim wraiths through the tears that
the dawn mist distils, .

As exiles returned by long sky-ways
and lonely:

The Souls of dead hill-men come
home to their hills.

[*The Athenæum*]

TWO POEMS

BY FREDGOND SHORE.

WHAT I SAW IN A SLUM

Charity at her spinning-wheel
That wove a dress for Faith,
And Mercy with his bleeding feet,
And Love a starving wraith,
And Pity still a little boy,
With sorrow for his only toy.

WHAT I SAW IN A RICH
STREET OF THE CITY

Cruelty in an iron car
With Beauty for his bride,
The seven lusts that carried them,
Over the mountain side;
The coach wherein they drove, was
Hate,
The Coachman's name was Pride.

[*The Nation*]

A SONG

BY MARGARET SACKVILLE.

SHALL you return again?

Yes, some time,

In hawthorn, summer rain,

Or a new rhyme;

Roofs green with weather-stain,

And bells a-chime;

A latticed window pane,

Where roses climb.

How shall we know it's you?

By this and this:

White sand, the gentian's blue,

A song, a kiss.

One ever born anew,

How may you miss,

Who lives the whole year through

In all that is!