



roads have been extended. Opium is almost driven out. Graft is rare. And there is honesty in the collecting and administering of the taxes. To meet the full demands of the Chinese in this territory, which has been for ten years governed by General Yen Hsi-shan, would be a matter of but a short time.

There is precedent for thus dealing with the provinces. It was in this way that the country—even though but temporarily—was rid of opium. Britain's agreement with China to cut down importations of opium as China reduced the area cultivated placed the primary responsibility upon the provincial authorities.

Is it not time for the Powers to recognize the hopeless weakness of any so-called national government in China and definitely abandon all pretense that it can ever be held to fulfill its obligations? Does not respect for the Chinese demand that other peoples deal with them as they really are? Should not the Powers deal with the authority which the Chinese themselves recognize?

Skeletons

IN the Belgian Abbey of Neumous-tier, at Huy, which is now a garden, some workmen, digging up the cloisters, have uncovered the skeleton of Peter the Hermit, who has been credited, not too truthfully, with inspiring the first crusades. Riding his sacred ass and exhorting the manhood of Picardy to rescue poor palmers at Jerusalem from the insults of the Turk, Peter was bolder in word than he showed himself in deed. The severities of the siege of Antioch cooled his fervor and, quitting the city by stealth, he fled home—to quote Guibert of Nogent—like “a fallen star.”



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President and Mrs. Calvin Coolidge with Rob Roy, the White House collie, on the lawn at “White Court,” the house in Swampscott, Massachusetts, which is to be the President's summer home

Still the question does arise whether even Peter the Hermit, coward though he was, might not now be permitted to rest in peace. Have we really a right to turn the dead in their graves? Against the unveiling of King Tutankhamen it is said that King George himself has protested—and with reason. Monarchs never know. Revolution sometimes anticipates their resurrection, and only this year the head of Henri Quatre, preserved in glass, was sold by auction for 100 francs. It is true that some of his hair had been used by Jacobins for false mustaches; but the price suggested that in Paris, at any rate, royalty is at a discount. Possibly, London offers a better market for relics. The vest which King Charles the Martyr wore on the scaffold recently fetched 250 guineas. And, unlike the franc, the guineas stood at par.

Rightly does Shakespeare refer to England as “this teeming womb of royal kings.” You never know where your spade may uplift some majestic ankle. In the Abbey Church of Sherborne there are buried no fewer than two kings,

Ethelbald and Ethelbert, brothers of Alfred the Great; and last month Ethelbert again saw the light of day. And not long ago the skeleton of King Richard III was found in the Abbey of the Gray Friars at Leicester and deposited in the town museum. Proud monarchs do not like to think of immortality as a glass case. They do not admit that to their fame there can ever be a statute of limitations. It is true that the crook-backed Richard was accused of murdering King Henry VI; also his brother, the Duke of Clarence, who was drowned inadvertently in a butt of malmsey ale; and, finally, the little princes in the Tower, King Edward V and the Duke of York. But is the town museum at Leicester quite the place in which honor should be paid to an anointed sovereign? After all, the little princes, when discovered in a staircase of the Tower, were replaced in Westminster Abbey. May not an affectionate uncle join them?

The sad case of Peter the Hermit shows that saints are no more immune from a premature resurrection than sovereigns. The latest case affects St. Cuthbert of Durham. Tradition says that he is buried behind the high altar of the Cathedral, but in “Marmion” Sir Walter Scott tells us that, according to Catholic tradition, the Benedictines exhumed their patron and buried him elsewhere in the church, the precise spot being known to three monks of the order only at any given time. Dean Welldon, of Durham, therefore, has challenged the Benedictines to disclose their secret before a jury representing the Roman and Anglican faiths. He will then permit the masons to test the alleged sepulcher with their pickaxes. As St. Cuthbert was buried at Melrose and several other places before he reached Durham, it must be confessed that his posthumous career has been somewhat peripatetic.

With heretics the trouble is that sometimes they are not buried at all. It is true that Darwin sleeps with kings and queens in Westminster Abbey, but that was because, despite evolution, he was a good husband and excellent father! But Lenine is condemned to a perpetual lying-in-state. And even Voltaire is but imperfectly interned in the Panthéon. For when, one day last year, they dusted his bust in the Bibliothèque National, they discovered at its back a silver plate, engraved with the words, “Cœur de Voltaire,” behind which was a wooden box.

In the box was a golden heart which, when shaken, was found to contain liquid! Voltaire's heart was thus preserved in spirits.

To some among the illustrious these post-mortem vicissitudes will suggest arguments for cremation. Bishop Gore has boldly asserted that this rite transgresses no theological dogma, and he states further that the opposition of the Roman Church is based, not on grounds of faith, but of custom only. No one

who has visited the catacombs of Paris, packed as they are with grimly arranged bones taken from the various cemeteries of the city, will feel that respect for the anatomy of an ancestor survives many centuries of social change. After all, it is the soul in man that matters. And it was only the English public school boy who, inspired by Nordic intellectuality, translated *De mortuis, nil nisi bonum* into the words, "Among the dead, there is nothing but bone."

Sex in Art

By LAWRENCE F. ABBOTT

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IN an article on Emily Dickinson, which appeared in these columns about a month ago, I asked the question, Why have women written so little enduring poetry? I mentioned the work of Sappho and Mrs. Browning as an indication that the limitations of poetic genius are not merely limitations of sex. And I suggested that some one might make an anthology of poems by women to be called "A Silver Treasury of Women's Songs and Lyrics," in imitation of Palgrave's "Golden Treasury," which does not contain, if my recollection is correct, a single poem by a woman.

My question and suggestion have brought me several interesting letters. One correspondent objects to the title "A Silver Treasury of Women's Songs and Lyrics" on the ground that it is tautological, songs and lyrics being merely different names for the same thing. Admitting the soft impeachment, and hoping that my correspondent will make the anthology and with it a better title than I have succeeded in inventing, I pass on to one or two other letters.

Gently correcting my ignorance of any existing anthology of poems by women, a friendly lady in Washington sends me nine cards from the catalogue of the Library of Congress recording books all of which deal with the subject of "poetesses" or "female poets" and most of which are anthological in character. There is, for example, a volume entitled "Pearls from the American Female Poets" which were gathered fifty years ago and strung together by one Caroline May, an English spinster who, I happen

to know, adopted this country as her home and was a lover of the poets, especially Dante. The special claim to distinction to which she felt she was entitled was her youthful acquaintance-ship with Gustave Doré, the great French illustrator who furnished the gruesome pictures for a monumental edition of Dante's "Inferno."

Another anthology, earlier than Miss May's, was one published in Boston in 1837. It was "prepared especially for young ladies" by Mrs. Sarah Josepha Hale, with the elaborate and almost anatomical title of "The Ladies' Wreath; A Selection from the Female Poetic Writers of England and America."

In 1857 Thomas Buchanan Read (who was the author of "Sheridan's Ride," declaimed by thousands upon thousands of American schoolboys, and who, although a male poet, was enough of a poet to have known better than to use physiological terms in connection with his art) edited "The Female Poets of America: With Portraits, Biographical Notices, and Specimens of their Writings."

There is also in the Library of Congress an anthology of poems by Indian women translated from Sanskrit, Bengali, Hindi, Tamil, and other Indic languages. Perhaps the most interesting of these nine library cards is that which describes, not a book, but a catalogue of a sale which was held many years ago in a London auction-room familiar, sometimes with associations of happiness and sometimes with associations of despair, to all book collectors. It deserves reprinting in full and reads as follows:

Catalogue of the extraordinary

library, unique of its kind, formed by the late Rev. F. J. Stainforth, consisting entirely of works of British and American poetesses, and female dramatic writers, together with some interesting unpublished manuscripts and autograph letters . . . which will be sold at auction, by Messrs. Sotheby, Wilkinson & Hodge . . . on . . . the 1st, of July, 1867, and five following days . . . [London] Printed by J. Davy & Sons [1867]. Interleaved; prices and purchaser's names in margin.

It is difficult to say which is the more comically offensive term—"poetess" or "female poet." Art is the one domain of life which is and ought to be asexual. Only the grammatically prudish say pianiste for pianist, or songstress for singer, or female painter for painter. Usage gives some sanction to sculptress, and necessity compels us to distinguish the sex in actor and actress because dramatic representation is necessarily sexual while dramatic creation is not. The heroine of a play must be an actress, but the writer of a play, although a woman, is its author, not its authoress. I am not so sure that the title which I suggested for an anthology of poetry by women, tautological as it may be, is not more artistic than those which try to preserve a sex distinction between poets and poetesses.

These observations on the folly of maintaining the differentiation between male and female in creative art quite naturally bring me to another letter from a lady in Montana, who tells me very courteously that I ought not to expect women to write poetry, or compose music, or paint pictures, or carve marble, because they are so deeply engaged in greater creative work—that of perpetuating the race. "Not until the stars have altered their courses and woman-kind has laid down her crown of motherhood will the greatest painters, sculptors, and poets be other than men." There is a great deal of truth in this. Bernard Shaw, in one of the most amusingly satirical but least known of his plays, "Press Cuttings," puts it a little differently. General Mitchener is having an argument with his charwoman at the War Office in London:

Mitchener. When a man has risked his life on eight battlefields, Mrs. Farrell, he has given sufficient proof of his self-control to be excused a little strong language.

Mrs. Farrell. Would you put up