

successful *coup d'état* in Sofia would bring about an outburst in Rumania, and with Bulgaria and Rumania Bolshevized, the Soviets would be in a dominant position in the whole of the Balkans.

It is true that Jugoslavia under the Pasitch Government is anti-Bolshevist, but the Croat peasants in that Kingdom are inflammable material, not because they are Communists, but because they

are dissatisfied with their Government, and are therefore open to Soviet propaganda.

A paragraph of the Soviet Constitution describes a world revolution as the aim of the Soviet Government. Zinoviev did not boast when he said: "The Communist International is working on the organization of the world revolution under any circumstances."

Art and Personalities

By LAWRENCE F. ABBOTT

Contributing Editor of The Outlook

THE other day in an hour of leisure, which was also an hour of indecision as to what to read, I picked up with the intent of simply turning over its pages the Life of "William De Morgan and His Wife," by Mrs. Stirling. After looking at the unusually delightful pictures with which the book is illustrated, instead of dipping into the text here and there, I began at the first page and read the volume through, although I had read it when it first appeared.

The story of the De Morgans is now a familiar one to all readers of good English fiction. They were both artists with gifts that amounted almost to genius and were intimate friends of William Morris and Sir Edward Burne-Jones, distinguished figures of the so-called pre-Raphaelite period of English art. The influence of that school is shown in the paintings of Mrs. De Morgan which are beautifully reproduced in Mrs. Stirling's biography. William De Morgan, under the influence of Morris, became a worker in stained glass, tiles, and pottery. Although his work was original and beautiful, it was not successful commercially, and when he was over sixty he found himself in Florence, Italy, ill and in straitened circumstances. To amuse himself on his bed of illness he began to write a novel without any idea of publication. In this pastime his wife steadily encouraged him, and thus was produced the now famous novel "Joseph Vance." On its publication in 1906, in its author's sixty-seventh year, it took the novel-reading public both in England and America by storm. During the next ten years it was followed in quick succession by other novels which, together with "Joseph Vance," were perhaps more widely discussed by critics and readers than any series of books of

fiction since the days of Thackeray and Dickens. During the sudden burst of popularity of this author, who had never tried his hand at writing until he had almost reached the limit of life set by the Psalmist, the London "Times" said: "Mr. De Morgan is a national institution; and one would as soon think of criticising the Bank of England as of criticising one of his novels."

That a man should devote himself to one art during a long life without much recognition, and at its close should plunge suddenly into a totally different art, thus winning, to his own surprise, much fame and money, is one of the most romantic episodes in the history of literature. A revived interest in this episode has led me to take up "Joseph Vance" again, and I am now in the middle of it. It is not easy reading, although it holds unflagging the interest of the reader. I am wondering, however, whether the peculiarities of De Morgan's style and method will deprive him of the literary immortality which Jane Austen and Dickens and Thackeray enjoy. George Meredith and Thomas Hardy are often mentioned in contemporary criticism, but I do not recall to have seen or heard much of De Morgan during the last decade. It would be interesting to know what has been the experience of other De Morgan readers.

There are many amusing anecdotes in Mrs. Stirling's biography, but none more so than the story of a letter found on the beach at the seaside by Mrs. De Morgan which greatly amused the De Morgans and Burne-Jones as a startling example of "English as she can be wrote." The letter reads as follows:

My dearest Marey,—

i be verry well and appety to inform you that i be very well at present and i hope you be the same dear

Marey—i be verry sorry to hear how as you don't like your quarters as i chant be able to look on your dear face so often as i have done dearest Marey pure and holy meek and loly loveley Rose of Sharon. Dear Marey, dear Marey i hant got now Know particler noose to tell ye at present but my sister that marryd have got such a nice littel babey, and i wish how as our littel affare was settled i how we had got such a nice littel dear two.

Dearest Marey i shall not be appy till then Dearest Marey pure and holy meek and loly lovely Rose of Sharon. Sometimes I do begin to despare as i am affraid our not will never be tide but my Master have prommist i how as that when i git ye he will putt ye in the Darey yard to feed the Piggs and ge ye *atin pens* a week Dearest Marey puer and holey meek and loly lovely Rose of Sharon. i be comming over tomorrow to by the Ring and you must come to the stayshun to mete me and bring a pese of string with you the size of your finggar and be sure you don't make A miss take dear Marey.

Father is A going to ge us a beddsted and Granny A 5 lb note to by such as washin stand fier irons mouse trap and Sope, and wee must wayte till we can by carpetting and glass crackery ware and chiney. Dearest Marey pure and holy meek and loly lovely rose of Sharon. i be very appy to say our old Sow As got 7 young uns laste nite and Father is a going to ge us A roosester for our Weding Brakefest Dearest Marey pure and holey meek and loly lovely Rose of Sharon. So no more at present from your fewture and loving husband
WILLIAM TAYLOR

It has been suggested that the ludicrousness of this letter is a work of art instead of ignorance and that there is a justifiable suspicion that De Morgan wrote it himself as a joke on Burne-Jones. They frequently exchanged letters of a burlesque character.

AN English friend, a distinguished scientist of Cambridge University, has written to me protesting that the delightful article by my colleague, Elbert F. Baldwin, on Lord Curzon (which appeared in The Outlook for April 15) did not do that distinguished British statesman complete justice. Lord Curzon was a scholarly and brilliant man, but it cannot be said that he possessed an ingratiating personality. He began his political career as a secretary to Lord Salisbury. When he was forty years old, he was appointed Viceroy of India, but in a few years resigned because he could not get along with Lord Kitchener. At fifty he was chosen Chancellor of Oxford

University. Two years later, in 1910, I saw and heard him preside at the ceremonies at Oxford when the degree of D.C.L. was conferred upon ex-President Roosevelt. His admirable bearing lent dignity to the occasion. The fact that he indulged in some quips and pleasantries in Latin, during the academic ritual of the occasion, and then addressed the candidate in very direct and beautiful English revealed his scholarship. But notwithstanding his many fine qualities of mind and person, he certainly succeeded in rubbing a good many people the wrong way. He was born a commoner, but died a peer; and he appar-

ently thought more of his peer-ness than he did of his common-ness.

A characteristic story about him is told in a remarkable book, "With Lawrence in Arabia," published last year. Thomas Edward Lawrence, a young Oxford scholar—archæology was his forte—performed during the war the almost incredible feat of uniting the warring tribes of Arabia in a successful campaign to drive their Turkish oppressors out of their ancient country. For his success all sorts of honors were offered to him, most of which he tried to avoid. He actually declined knighthood, saying: "If I become a knight, my tailor will

hear about it and double my bills. I have trouble enough paying them as it is." Lord Curzon, however, who was at the time Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, did not wholly approve of Lawrence, largely on account of his unconventionality. In explaining his difficulties with the Foreign Secretary Colonel Lawrence said to a friend: "In order to give you an idea what Lord Curzon is like I must explain to you his outlook on life. Lord Curzon divides all the inhabitants of this earth into two groups, the masses and the classes. The classes are Lord Curzon and the King. Everybody else belongs to the masses."

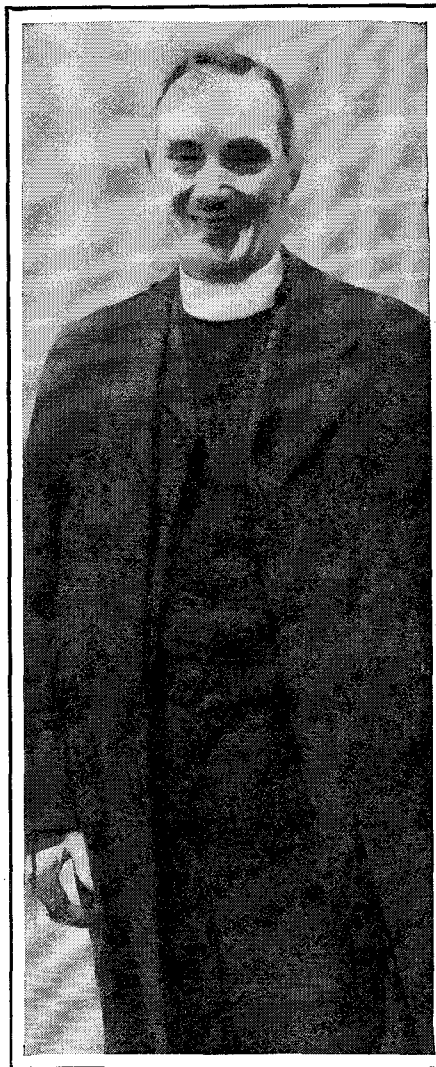
Dean Inge

Fortunate Apostle of Gloom

By P. W. WILSON

ABOUT Dean Inge, who has found a host of friends in the United States, what fascinates one is the epithet which has become his spiritual trade-mark. In this worst of all possible worlds, it is not the joy of the Lord but the gloom that is his strength. At first sight, it would seem as if this most practiced of pessimists had been ill used by Providence. Yet, some of his admirers might perhaps have included him among the favorites of ecclesiastical fortune. He enjoys the inestimable advantage, as it is in England, of birth. For generations his family has been honorable in the Church for its bishops and archdeacons. Eton was his school, and as a scholar of King's College, Cambridge, he studied in a garden of Eden. A brilliant brain enabled him to sweep into his net every academic distinction to which classical learning aspires—fellowships, the Porson Prize, and the Regius Professorship of Divinity; and even Oxford had to invite him into her groves as a don. At both universities he was select preacher, and, finally, he escaped the toil of a bishopric as Dean of St. Paul's Cathedral, where, amid the loveliest music in Europe, he meditates twice daily on the beauties of holiness.

In society his position is assured. His stipend is established by law. And few Englishmen's castles are as well fortified against vulgar intrusion as is his Deanery. Believing, as he does, that cold water is "a dismal drink," he is permitted by courts and custom to retain his cellar. To be frank, there are not a few of his fellow-men who would be ready



Wide World Photos

Dean Inge

on these terms to suffer martyrdom at the Cross of St. Paul's.

Yet, surrounded by these favors of an

approving Heaven, the Dean is apt to be downhearted. If a not unflattering popularity attracts to him the enthusiastic reporters, he murmurs with well-feigned anger against a plague of "human mosquitoes." And if his widely heralded lectures are quoted in the newspapers, he takes it as a personal insult and begs stenographers to desist. Over the spectacle of Yale sitting humbly at his feet he is gratified, but even this landscape is marred by the presence of Italians in New Haven, who suggest to his Platonist mind the spectacle of "a mongrel horde." Even the Cathedral of St. John the Divine is not quite to his taste. He dislikes the columns! And over his shattered finances he moans as if a cruel destiny had assigned to him and his a pauper's grave. He complains that one-fifth of an impoverished nation pays four-fifths of the income tax. The fact that the same fifth draws four-fifths of the national income is no comfort. Indeed, the detail is overlooked.

What exactly is the meaning of this unusual mood? It is, of course, in the seat of Sydney Smith that, not unworthily, Dean Inge now sits. His is a similar wit. He is, in fact, the George Bernard Shaw of the Established Church who charms by a calculated irritability. Dean Inge is Diogenes over again, and from his tub, otherwise a Cathedral, he says to mankind what Diogenes said to Alexander the Great, "The only thing you can do for me is to get out of my light." Alexander was as delighted as are we. And for the same reason. To him in his day, as to mankind here and now, mere