

various other explanations of the raid into the Transvaal, Mr. L. J. Maxse offers his own. "The raid was originally organized by the Reform Committee and Mr. Rhodes to bounce the Boers, and was finally employed by Mr. Rhodes to bounce the Reform Committee as well as the Boers." When the Reformers got an inkling of Mr. Rhodes's far-reaching plans they stopped short and refused aid to Jameson. Dr. Louis Robinson gives an amazing answer to the question why change of air is beneficial. Man was once an unsettled hunter, and this wandering period of his history lasted so long that change is still one of the necessities of his being. Mrs. Earle's plea on behalf of amateur painting for girls who have nothing to do certainly has the merit of boldness; one of her points, however, is well worth making—it is, indeed, a mistake that girls who live at home should not be supposed to have "any right to the undisturbed use of any portion of their time." Mrs. Earle says that this inconsiderate and unnecessary interruption of free quiet times is wrong because it hinders the accomplishment of good work. This is to put the affair on a narrow basis—it is a mistake anyhow, work or no work. Principal Grant quarrels with Dr. Goldwin Smith for his pessimistic views on the subject of Canadian loyalty, and quarrels with no little vigour and conviction; the Archdeacon of London points out the impossibility of Reunion; Mr. Leslie Stephen contributes a sketch of Oliver Wendell Holmes, and Mr. D. G. Hogarth his experiences of cycling in the Desert. Mr. St. Loe Strachey shows how in rating rural districts a retired stockbroker worth 5,000*l.* a year may be asked to pay far less than a farmer whose income can only be 1,000*l.* a year and is probably not so much.

"The Evergreen" is as nerveless a piece of pretentiousness as you can meet in a three months' journey along the path of periodical literature. He is but a poor sort of man who has no sympathy with pompousness, who cannot be moved at times by the high-sounding and the full-mouthed, though it be empty and even savour of humbug. But the solemnity that does not impose is only aggravating. The all-embracing garment stitched together from shreds of Buddhism, the worship of Pan, with here a patch of Chivalry, there a frill of Ruskin, or a bit of the New Woman, or anything else that lies handy, this is too large a thing for the wearing of Mr. Patrick Geddes and his colleagues of the Lawnmarket. And apparently they will not content themselves with the position of humble students; unawed, they trip and stumble and entangle themselves in the trailing robe. The impression one gets from their antics is of a number of persons making solemn faces about nothing, and the one quality which could lighten this impression—namely, elegance—is eschewed of set purpose. With the exception of two drawings by Mr. James Cadenhead, the pictures are as pretentious and unconvincing as the thick overloaded writing. It is all very well to be elemental—artists may be anything they like so long as they succeed—but meaningless lines are meaningless the world over. And this Gaelic Revival business becomes broad farce in the drawing by Mr. Robert Brough which he calls "Roses." Any one who wants to get a laugh out of the otherwise sad "Evergreen" should compare this drawing with Steinlen's "Feuilles Mortes" and "Femme de Chagrin" in the supplement of the "Gil Blas" for 27 October, 1895, and 2 February, 1896, respectively. It is really most amusing to see how helpless Mr. Brough is when the necessities of combining two figures from two different drawings make it impossible for him to copy Steinlen line by line. And we cannot even commend his admiration for the master, because it is inconceivable that an artist with one grain of taste in his composition could have had the heart to tamper with fine work in such a thick-headed, mean-spirited fashion. There always was, of course, a close connexion between Scotland and France.

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