woman can make a good cup of coffee; it is an impossibility, requiring as it does attention, exactitude, and a nice sense of time. (Strindberg might have added that no woman can be a good Nurse of the sick, for to be a successful Nurse certainly requires as much attention, exactitude and sense of time as is necessary to make a good cup of coffee.)

Strindberg considers it a bad feature of modern legislation that it shows a tendency to rob the wage-earner and father of the family of his daily bread in order to benefit the emancipated female, generally childless. There are many Englishmen who agree with Strindberg in this; but is it not possible that there may be other ways of remedying the defect than that of putting obstacles in the way of women who prefer to be independent?

Doubtless the difficulty of obtaining employment as a clerk and the low wages often paid are both directly due, in great measure, to the number of women who have entered that field of labour. That, however, is only one way of looking at the subject. All wealth is the product of labour; hence, if a number of women work who formerly employed their time in trivialities, the total wealth of the country must be increased. If the distribution of wealth is at fault, why should women be blamed as the cause of it?

Why, says Strindberg, does woman raise these complaints against her lot? When young she has every opportunity of finding an honourable and noble independence as wife and mother, a position in which she can contemplate the future with confidence and equanimity. (Is not this more than most men can hope for?) Necessarily there must be some sacrifices, and it is against these that the so-called emancipated women, who are devoid of any feeling of duty towards humanity, raise their raucous voice.

Notes on Art.

SIR EDWARD BURNE JONES.

It is typical of the times we live in that one of our greatest living painters, Burne Jones, should have consented to design the cartoon that startled us a few mornings since in one of our most advanced daily papers. This cartoon, occupying the centre of a sheet of the paper, was entitled "Labour," and showed us the tree of knowledge, with much fruit waiting to be gathered; its branches fill the background, and one is bent round Eve, who tenderly looks down at Adam, encouraging and inspiring him, while he tills the ground; two little children cling about her knee. The thought, if conventional, is beautiful, the grouping excellent; nothing could better illustrate the dignity of labour; and notice, both are working, for while Adam delves Eve spins. She is only resting from her work. The rough medium of a newspaper must necessarily partly spoil the artistic part of work, but surely even that is worth while if real beauty and high aims can be shown to the people. Our two poet painters, Watts and Burne Jones, have done an incalculable amount of good. Never, during long lives, has an unworthy thought been expressed, or, in the case of Watts, a trivial one. Sir Edward Burne Jones has sometimes used very simple stories to illustrate, but always there has been tender, pure beauty—the childish fairy tales we all know so well are shown with their highest meaning.

Just now may be seen at the galleries of Mr. McLean in the Haymarket, nine pictures illustrating the "Legend of St. George and the Dragon." The first one, "The King's Daughter," is quite charming—so simple and sweet is she. Perhaps the second one, "The Petition to the King," is fuller of artistic merit than any other of the series—stronger in its rich colouring and careful grouping. The remaining seven pictures show us "The Princess Sabbra drawing the Lot," "The Princess led to the Dragon," "The Princess tied to the Tree," "The Fight," and lastly "The Happy Return." These pictures, although very characteristic of much of the work of the artist, do not present to us his best period of work. Glancing at the wall opposite the many portraits of "The King's Daughter," you will see a photograph of one of the finest works of the present century, and by the painter we are considering, Sir Edward Burne Jones. It is the well-known "King Cophetua and the Beggar Maid." Here you will realise how absolutely perfect this great painter's work can be at its best.

A Book of the Week.

A MAN OF GENIUS.*

Mr. Henry Murray's novel, "A Man of Genius," is in many ways a very remarkable study of male character. Its treatment throughout gives one the impression of being more French than English in its remorseless accuracy of patient detail, yet it is just by these small and seemingly unimportant points that a character is built up in this world, and consequently has its influence for good or for evil upon all those with whom it comes in contact. Men of genius are proverbially unpleasant people to live with, the expansion of their brain power in the imaginative and creative organs is more than compensated for, by its diminution in the powers of comprehending other people's feelings and wishes—in a word, most men of genius are more or less egoists.

Walter Menteith was no exception; he began life as so many great writers have done before him, with a high ideal and with a desire not to write "the grammarless, formless, idealess, bloodless trash that floods the libraries," and not to spoil his work by too much care for the proprieties. Of course he very nearly starved. Here is a typical quotation showing Mr. Murray's accurate comprehension of this type of the brilliant decadent writer of the day.

"It is a paradox truer than some others that the habit of suffering begets the love of suffering. There was a fierce, though questionably healthy, pleasure, in being despised by the crowd he despised, which till now had been as wine and meat to Walter Menteith; the bitter draught of literary martyrdom was as sweet to him at moments as the hydromel of fame could have been."

* "A Man of Genius," by Henry Murray. 2 vols. (Ward & Downey.) 1895.

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