

marked are the deer, the wild ass, and the horse. We can agree with Dr. Bonavia so far, and admit that the majority of animals show spots or stripes more or less distinct. He goes on to prove, or to attempt to prove, that spots are the older form of marking. "Rows of spots coalesced into beady bands, and ultimately became the sharp-edged bands we see in the zebras." What, then, is the origin of the spots? According to Dr. Bonavia they are the prints of bony armour, such as we know in the armadillo, the tortoise and the crocodile, as well as in numerous extinct animals.

Plate armour of this kind was more common formerly than it is now, and Dr. Bonavia suggests that its reduction was brought about by a failure in the supply of carbonate of lime in plants and in water. What can be more probable, therefore, than that all our soft-coated animals are descended from bony-plated ancestors, and show in their markings the nature of their descent?

In spite of the author's belief that any unprejudiced evolutionist cannot fail to agree with him, the *Pall Mall Gazette* prefers to speak of his work as "a little skit on modern comparative anatomy," and regrets that "unhappily only the narrow circles of zoological students can appreciate at its proper value the fun of this deliciously solemn-looking volume. . . . From cover to cover the book is admirable fooling."

Notes on Art.

ART AT HOME.

THE reproach which could be so successfully levelled at England thirty years ago, of not being able to produce a spoon, a ewer, a table, a chair, even a house, of any artistic merit, or elegance of design, is ours no longer. It is not now necessary to procure silver of the date of George III., or Queen Anne, in order to have grace and symmetry and good workmanship, in a teapot or a ladle. Doulton ewers have superseded the ponderous bedroom crockery of the "sixties," Mr. Morris has revolutionised wall-hangings, and we have almost forgotten the awful days of dearth when a woman of Charlotte Brontë's intellect could put on record the remark that the prettiest carpet she could conceive would be a small neat pattern of green and black, spotted with red!!

Personal culture is beginning to show itself in the direction of more individuality of arrangement in our dwellings. It is odd, now, to enter what was the orthodox drawing-room of our mother's youth, with its stereotyped furniture and aspect—the card-table, the large round rosewood table on one foot, laid out with albums, the rosewood piano, faced with fluted silk, the steel fireirons, the crochet mats, the glass lustres, ormolu clock and ornaments protected from the dust by glass shades. Nowadays we travel and we do not hesitate to place our spoils of travel in our homes, laden to us with memories, and to our friends perhaps suggestive of what manner of people we are. Our tiger-skins, or assegais, or Vallauris pottery, or birch canoe, our Norwegian spoons, cinque-cents bureau, our statuette, or perchance even an "Old Master,"

such as Browning always felt sure was waiting for him in some forgotten corner of Italy, there they all are and we lovingly recall the difficulty with which we brought them home, and feel them redolent of Fiord, or pine forest, or mediæval city.

But, as nothing is an unmixed good, so this free play which public opinion now allows to individual taste, is fraught with certain dangers. For there are still those among us, whose taste is incurably faulty, and these are no longer restrained by the once all-potent consideration of what is, or is not, suitable.

The result is, a tendency to strew rooms with odds and ends of frippery, things which are meaningless, which are worse than rubbish, things made of unseasoned deal and twopenny muslin, eye-sores when new, dust-traps in their premature decay. Ironical "cosy corners,"—oh! the mockery of the word! We all know them. Inverted packing cases, sheathed in cretonne or bilious muslin, which is nailed to the wall behind, to convey a totally false impression of warmth and padding! Curtains that will not draw, unworthy shams, *nailed* above the windows, useless and effete, since they do not fulfil the great mission of a curtain. These are some of the worst developments, and to these add the pyramids of photographs, heaped and piled upon corner tables, dusty, unprotected, fly-blown, fading, arranged for the most part, as visiting cards used to be, for the purpose of showing the extent of your acquaintance!

Let us have two things in our home art—reality and self-restraint. The woman who fills her rooms with pretentious rubbish, will also fail in reticence and in truth where other things than furniture are in question.

A Book of the Week.

"THE TIME MACHINE."*

THE greater part of the history of the Time Machine first appeared in the pages of the *New Review*. It is there related how the Time Traveller invented a wonderful machine by first discovering that what is meant by the Fourth Dimension is only another way of looking at time, and that "*There is no difference between Time and any of the three dimensions of space except that our consciousness moves along it.*" From this ingenious and fairly plausible theory the Time Traveller evolves his truly marvellous machine, and exhibits a tiny model of it to an expectant, and incredulous audience of friends, the levers are turned on, and to their bewilderment the little model disappears on its interminable voyage into the future. From the experience gained over the model, the Time Traveller constructs a larger machine, and one day invites his friends to dinner to hear the history of his travels. He arrives late, in an amazing plight, dusty, dirty, faded, disordered and exhausted, and after he had been revived by food and champagne tells his experiences.

He described how he had mounted upon his

* "The Time Machine: an Invention," by H. G. Wells. 1s. 6d. (Heinemann.) 1895.

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