

dearest relatives—even that is excusable—perhaps he will leave “Tom Jones” on his mother’s drawing-room table. The regularity, the routine, the exactness of his homelife will be about his neck like a mill-stone, as he struggles to fly with wings where others walk. He will feel, perhaps without admitting it to himself, the horror of being indistinguishable from among the rest of the human ants about him, and, by growing long hair, and refusing to wear a collar, does his best to strengthen, not others so much as himself, in believing that his is a peculiar species.

And so, when he goes along the road with his manuscripts or his sketchbooks, lonely but very hopeful, and sees that gay sign hanging out, and, looking into the tavern, catches glimpses of a hundred others as extravagant as himself, he tells himself with utter joy that here are his own people, and, being like everyone else a gregarious creature, throws himself through the door and into their arms. There are no Bohemians in the desert.

As soon as he is with his own people, dressing to please himself, and living a life as different as possible from the one that he has known, the whole energy of his need for self-expression pours itself without hindrance into his art. (Only the wasters lose sight of the end in the means, and live the life without thought