

Our Betters

vention in the world. The really strong man is unconscious of his originality; he does what he does because he must. We only do well what we cannot help doing.

The other day I found myself in the Paris Salon looking upon the display of Post-Impressionist or Futurist and Cubist pictures.

I am only too ready to appreciate any new phase of Art, so long as it is "truly new" or "newly true"; but I am bound to say that this latest development of the new art seems to me frankly insincere where it is not obviously unhealthy.

After a time I turned from the pictures to watch the faces of the spectators, and while in some cases the look was that of humorous tolerance, it was mostly one of set bewilderment. The public went about silently, as though wandering among the inmates of a madhouse. The word of critical wisdom was, of course, uttered by a child. A boy of seven years old stood before a picture and, clapping his hands, turned to his mother and said, "Oh, mamma, I have never seen a green dog before!"

In referring as I did to a University education, do not imagine that I undervalue the tremendous importance of such intellectual training as our Universities afford to all those who