

two in the middle of them—hangs out so invitingly over the road that no young man can pass it without going in at the door. With memories of the older times, and pictures of the life of to-day, I have done my best to get the spirit of it on paper; and it is clear, now that I have finished, that there is something left unsaid. I have not brought Bohemia into perspective with the rest of a man's existence, nor told what happens when he comes to leave it.

For it is not an uninterrupted succession of artifices to get hold of daily bread, drinking bouts, wedding parties, and visits to the studios and lodging of friends—small meaningless pains and pleasures. These things are not ends in themselves. There is something behind the very extravagance of the costumes that we wear. Our life, our clothes are different from conventional life and fashionable clothes, but they are not different from whim or caprice. People do not make fools of themselves for the fun of the thing, except in France. They never do it in Bohemia. The secret of the whole is a need for the emphasis and expression of individuality. When a youth, brought up in ordinary family life, feels somehow that he is not quite like the others, that he also is one of the prophets, the very sign of his vocation is an urgent need of marking his differences. He may have an overwhelming desire to shock his nearest and