

Our Betters

procession of savants and market gardeners, with a sprinkling of "bucks." The late Lord Salisbury looked like a Viking who had casually strayed into Conduit Street. By the by, it is recorded of that great statesman that on one State occasion he wore the Order of the Garter on the wrong shoulder—a truly lovable touch in a great man. But, of course, we cannot become great by wearing our garters on the wrong leg, any more than we can become geniuses by brushing our hats the wrong way.

How easy it is to be a genius until one has done something! Everybody is a potential genius until he has tried to do something in the world. Woe be to him who does something, for to be understood is to be found out.

As soon as you have done something the noble army of log-rollers who were at your back will be facing you, fiery pen in hand—and then, what an awakening! The process of acquiring a swelled head is a most fascinating and pleasant state. It is only the subsequent shrinkage which hurts. I know these little coteries. I am acquainted with their jargon. They, too, have their little protective trade unions which seek by their intrigues to "down the tools" of the workman who "does." To be peculiar, to be original, is the vain endeavour of their existence. This striving after originality is the greatest con-