

him, and can do very well without him, having new sets of young admirers of their own.

A novel, a book of poems, or a picture wins him some real recognition—and with it, perhaps, a rise in income. His relations, who have for so long neglected him as a black and errant sheep, discover a pride in him, and want to introduce him to their friends. He is compelled, as it were by circumstances alone, to wear better clothes, and to take what he is told is his place in society. With better clothes comes a snobbish, but pardonable, dislike of being seen with the carelessly dressed. He moves to more convenient rooms, has a napkin on his breakfast table, and is waked in the morning by a maid with hot water, instead of by an alarm clock. Who knows?—he may even rent a cottage in the country. A thousand things combine to take him out of Bohemia.

And it is better so. There are few sadder sights than an old man without any manners aping the boyishness of his youth without the excuse of its ideals, going from tavern to tavern with the young, talking rubbish till two in the morning, painfully keeping pace with a frivolity in which he has no part. Caliban playing the Ariel—it is too pitiful to be amusing. There are men who live out all their lives in Bohemia (to paraphrase Santayana's definition of fanaticism), "redoubling their extravagances when