

## THE MEN OF THE NINETIES

indeed, hair was worn long, and the ties of the petty homunculi of the Wilde crowd were of lace; but, fortunately, artists like Beardsley and the other men worth while did not cultivate foolishness except as a protection against the bourgeoisie.

But enough of these affectations; the point I wish to bring out here is that the men who drew and wrote for *The Savoy* wrote their art with a difference to that of those others who were their contemporaries but appeared in the first instance as a virile imperialistic movement in *The Scots Observer* and *The National Observer*. The artists of the nineties were more, as we say rather badly in English, of the 'kid-glove school.' A note of refinement, a distinction of utterance, an obsession in Art marked all their best as well as their worst work. But this by no means prevented the two schools having a very salutary influence on each other. Indeed, we find a man like Mr. W. B. Yeats, who really belonged to a third movement, his own Celtic renaissance, publishing first of all lyrics like 'The Lake Isle of Innisfree' under the banner of Henley, and attending a year or two later the Rhymers' Club meetings before he found his own demesne. But to his former comrades of the Cheshire Cheese, the men