

that are not concerned with the progress of his art. A picture ill painted, a stodgy article (oh, the torments of forcing life into a leaden piece of prose!), these will upset him, make him miserable, dejected, at war with all the world. But penury; why, that is but a little price to pay for freedom; and squalor may be easily tolerated for the sake of an escape from convention.

And, now, to speak of the farewell to Bohemia; for the young man grows older, and perhaps earns money, and takes upon himself responsibilities to another goddess than the white Venus of the arts. It is a long time since "The Lady Anne of Bretaine, espying *Chartier* the King's Secretary and a famous poet, leaning upon his elbows at a table end fast asleepe, shee stooping downe, and openly kissing him, said, *We must honour with our kisse the mouth from whence so many sweete verses and golden poems have proceeded*";* but women have still a fondness for poets and painters, and, not too critical of the value of the vases and pictures, are even willing to marry their authors, moneyless, untidy wretches as they are. But no sooner have they married than they begin to tame them. Even the maddest cigarette-smoking art student, when she has married her painter, takes him away from Bohemia, which is, as perhaps she knows without thinking of it, not the place for

* Peacham's "Compleat Gentleman."