

quality of the thought is deepened by its expression, and is more than a mere outburst of woman's illogical mind.

Women have often been credited by men with an intuition of moral worth. Is it not rather an intuition of beauty, in inferior cases an intuition of prettiness, that they possess, depending for its value on a dark, unexplored connection between outward and inward loveliness?

Besides the illogical and ardent cult of beauty, besides the passionate sensuality that it accompanies and suggests, the other startling characteristic of such women as Laurence Hope loves to describe is the passivity that accompanies their passions and is in love with the most relentless brute force:

Over the rocks he would swing me, to and fro,
Where the white surf foamed a thousand feet below,
Would smile and murmur, "I will not loose thee—quite."

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He pinned my lower lip to the lip above,
"Lest thou in thy absence utter words of love."
With pointed shells he pricked on my breast his name,
"That thou may'st keep the stamp of thy love and shame."

And it is indeed a curious ideal of manhood set before us in two earlier lines of the same poem, for she says of this same desert prince:

Strange and sweet were the ways where his fancy trod,
A panther's fierceness linked to dreams of a god.

Poems like this may justly be called hysterical, but even granted that the hysteria is due to the strain and turbulence of modern life, yet does it arise from old innate convictions; it is not mania, but exaggeration.

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