

THE MEN OF THE NINETIES

ceived by these men was doomed to die, as in the case of every movement. What then remains, what is their balance to the good? Who knows? About everything man has loved and fashioned there abides vestiges of the interest of humanity. Only some things are easier to recall than others. They stand out more, so that one is bound to remark them. They have, so to speak, a *cachet* of their own. Among these in this movement there comes the work of the men I have so hastily attempted to realise. Each has about him something of that quality which is indefinable, but easily recognisable. Each has his charm for those who care to come with a loving interest.