

grave and mystical, with wonderful eyes — and dark-brown coils of hair; quite perfect, except that she does not think Jimmy [Whistler] the only painter that ever really existed — she would like to bring Titian or somebody in by the back door.

However, she knows I am the greatest poet — so in literature she is all right; and I have explained to her that you are the greatest sculptor — art instruction cannot go further.

We are, of course, desperately in love. I have been obliged to be away nearly all the time since our engagement — but we telegraph to each other twice a day; and the telegraph clerks have become quite romantic in consequence. I hand in my messages, however, very sternly, and try to look as if 'love' was a cryptogram for 'buy Grand Trunks,' and 'darling' a cipher for 'sell out at par'; I am sure it succeeds.

Still another letter from Whistler offers an amusing contrast to Wilde's raptures by its curt comment: 'Oscar is awfully fat and is to be married on Wednesday.'

#### BOLSHEVIST SCIENCE

A SCIENTIFIC expedition sent out by the Soviet Government has just returned to Sevastopol after having secured, according to *Izvestia*, much interesting data on the fauna of the Black Sea. According to Mr. Skvortsov, director of the marine observatory, the maximum depth of the Black Sea as established by this expedition is 2200 metres. The temperature of the water at a depth of 200 metres is between 46° and 48° F. Where the depth of the sea is 500 metres or more, the temperature almost never changes, remaining about 34° F. The saturation of the water with salt, and consequently its density, increase rapidly with the depth and this prevents in the Black Sea any vertical circulation, such as usually exists. Vertical circulation is possible in the Black Sea only

at depths not over 200 metres, and therefore marine life is impossible below that depth, the water being heavily impregnated with toxic matter produced by submerged organic remains, which cannot be carried to the surface and there oxidized in the ordinary way.

#### PROTECTING THE WHITE RHINOCEROS

SIR HARRY JOHNSTON, the famous traveler, administrator, and authority on African wild life, joins the New York Zoölogical Society in its effort to protect the gorilla and the white rhinoceros. At first thought it seems a trifle ludicrous to talk about protecting such formidable creatures. Surely the gorilla and the rhinoceros may be left to protect themselves.

According to Sir Harry, however, they need aid — especially the harmless white rhinoceros, which in five years has been reduced from some three thousand specimens to about twenty in the government game-preserve in Natal. In the Sudan the number has been reduced to less than a hundred. Recently the Natal Government granted a permit to a hunter who shot four of the twenty specimens still left to unappreciative Natal.

Under the heading, 'One of Our Elders,' the *Manchester Guardian* comments editorially on the extermination of the white rhinoceros: —

A branch of one of the oldest families in the animal world is in danger of extinction through the murderous stupidity of one of the newest. For the last survivors of the white rhinoceros are being wantonly killed off by men. Against these beasts, it seems, there is nothing whatever to be said. While his black brothers in Africa do not scruple to stab and gore with their nasal horns and his other brothers in Asia use sharp lower tusks with similar effect, the white rhinoceros lives up to his color. He is no whitened sepulchre, and he does not even, we

learn, exhibit 'petulant ferocity when attacked.' At one time this interesting beast was protected by the Sudan Government, but recently nothing has checked 'sportsmen' from exercising their prowess upon it, and so it is rapidly being exterminated. While a hundred or so still survive, concerted action should be taken by the officials of the various nations, ourselves, the French, and the Belgians, who have colonial territory where the white rhinoceros makes his home.

#### THOMAS HARDY AND THE NOBEL PRIZE

THE *Westminster Gazette* lifts once more the familiar English voice of protest against Swedish failure to appreciate Thomas Hardy. There has long been dissatisfaction in literary England over the continued neglect of Hardy by the Nobel Prize Committee, and this feeling has been intensified by the award to William Butler Yeats. Only a few, even of the irreverent younger writers in Great Britain, venture to contest the Hardy supremacy, although every now and then some flippant youngster pokes fun at the most vulnerable of Hardy's verses, or goes searching for flaws — which can be found — in his prose.

The plain truth is that Hardy's pessimism and the general gloom of his writings militate against his chance of winning the Swedish prize—odd as this may seem when we remember the high esteem in which his Swedish countrymen hold Strindberg. Undeterred by this, however, Mr. John Galsworthy and the English P.E.N. Club have unanimously resolved to support the suggestion of the international convention of the Club, proposing Mr. Hardy's name for the next prize. The *Westminster Gazette* says editorially:—

There is a very odd selection of English literature abroad. Perhaps it is no stranger than our own capricious preferences among

the writers of other countries. It is not many years since it seemed almost better for an English writer to be unknown in certain parts of the Continent, since one's company had to be so eclectic. But most critics of reputation in England would maintain that an inability to appreciate Hardy could only be explained by an inability to appreciate good literature altogether, or by sheer ignorance. We cannot admit that he is lacking in the sustained imaginative impulse, and for sheer power of conveying an atmosphere he is unsurpassed. Indeed, so high, so indisputed are his claims to the recognition that the Nobel award would confer, that English people have tended to minimize the value of any selection which has so long ignored him.

#### HOW STENDHAL GOT HIS NAME

M. HENRI D'ALMERAS ventures an interesting suggestion in the *Journal des Débats* to account for the origin of the name Stendhal. As everybody knows, this *nom de plume* was a very thin veil for the personality of the novelist Henri Beyle, and there have been as many efforts to account for it as to account for the famous American pseudonym, O. Henry. A letter of M. Beyle to his friend, Louis Crozet, dated 1816, still exists which shows that at that time the French writer was reading the French versions of Winckelmann. Now this German author was born in a little Brandenburg town named Stendal or Steindall, of so little importance that it is impossible to believe the French writer had ever heard about it before reading Winckelmann. The very next year, in 1817, he adopted the pseudonym of Stendhal, on the republication of his *Histoire de la peinture en Italie* and also in his book, *Rome, Naples, and Florence*. The evidence appears fairly convincing, or at least as convincing as evidence on such matters is ever likely to be.