The Fake's Progress.

THE STORY OF AN ARTISTIC TEMPERAMENT.

TRIALS OF A LONDONER.

On Nerves and Noises.

· By D. Donaldson.

WHEN first I met him he had just left the Academy. He had brains, and he did not lack friends to tell him so. He played the plano charmingly, with the natural facility that is worth all the practised expertness in the world. He was radiantly young, he knew no sorrow, and seemed always to five in the sun. His soul was transparent and responsive to every impulse for good or ill. He was full of enthusiasm, expansive and undirected; he was ready for anything, and did nothing.

I liked him and he knew. He came to me when he thought he was ill, but was really down with Brizae's malady was really down with Educe's matady—
the congestion of ideas. He had an
extraordinary capacity for feeling, and
no real experience to help him. He
would play to me, at these times, anything I asked him. He forgot, or affected, to forget, his aversions; he played
Brahms as readily as he did Chopin,
and taok up the Beethoven sonatas
without derisively crossing himself as he
did on more public occasions. He without derisively crossing himself as he did on more public occasions. He complained, as hoys will that Brahms was a hore and Beethoyen a preacher; but I knew he really did not think so for at this stage he was innocent of thought. He posed a good deal whom others were watching him, but with me he was generally natural. I knew him, and I saw that he had stuff which would last.

h would last. lost sight of him for two years. I lost sight of him for two years, and twell remember our last evening together before he went to Germany. He staved with me until long after midnight—playing and talking and trying to drink whisky. He was then in a high state of fever about Tchuikovsky. high state of fever about Tchnikovsky. He had mighty conversions every now and then: very sudden they were, and short lived. He had only a week or two hefore staked his life on Palestrina; but now it was the Russians, and, more than them all, Tchnikovsky. The dear boy thought he knew what the Russian outlook really was but he had never been in frontile.

When he left me early in the morning I felt that it was the last time I should see him. Not that I thought he would die or that I expected him never to come back to Eugland; but I knew that whon he returned he would be altered and I should never see him as he was. .

He did come back, and he had changed. He had assumed, for how long I could not guess, the airs of a decadent, after the nanner of The street rather than of Hontmartee. His trappings were fearfully and wonderfully made, and he seemed all soft and velvety. Physically he had mattucel; and although he tried his best to appear menotic, I could see he was as healthy as ever. His face, which often amid derision I have produced heautiful, was as clear as ever it yeas; and his eyes, in spite of his efforts to keep them half closed, were as bright as when I first knew them. His impulse on meeting me was, I saw, to take both my lands in his and wring them, as he used in the old days; but He did come back, and he had changed

to take both my lands in his and wring them, as he used in the old days; but he checked binself in time and, barguidly turning his eyes upon me, marmured with half a sight.

"So you remember me? How charming of you?" I was rather sickened at first, but I know him better than he know himself, and I was certain that this new infatuation would be but a places.

While in Germany he had learned that Osens Wilds was a great writer and a still greater prophet of art; that Aubrey Beardsley was a supreme artist and still greater prophet of art; that Aubrey Beardsby was a supreme artist and Ernest Bowton the very part of poets. The stagy Helicon of the middle himetics seemed to him the very Land of From se-so resily me the porcest things hal-lowed by time and distance. He had secepted the creed of the fantastic Irish-man without question, and supremely facile periography of Beardsby he found irresistable. The beauty of Wilde's

language and the luxury of his thought an instant appeal. Moreover, just then young Englishmen in Gerto show that they were free from the narrow prejudices which led to the persecution of the un-happy author by their fathers. The pathos of poor Wilde's downfall touched them, and served to quicken their interest in his work, and, in no small degree, to raise their estimate of his greatness. He seemed to them the spirit of Petronius speaking with the lips of Christ. They admired Wilde's writing and liked the things he praised. They took as gospel his brilkant misinterpretations of Gautier of Bandadies. of Baudelaire, of Barbey D'Aurevilly; they aped his misbegotten mediavalism and his spurious aesthetic postures. Their talk was much brocaded, and

and his spurious aesthetic postures. Their talk was much brocaded, and they thought in terms of decoration. Of course they missed the real man: the Dandy so sorely misplaced, and so hideously out of his day, that his tragedy was as certain as death. There is something fascinating in the gorgeous danger of the last days of Wilde's success: something of the grand manner in his brazen attitude under fire. The personality was everything: the writings but its withered slough. Young England in Gernary held the creed but England in Germany held the creed but missed the prophet: learnt the gibberish missed the prophet: I but lost the tragedy.

And so he came back an seathete. He found sweet-sounding names for his laziness, and hid belind a veil of elegant langour the insincerity of his pose. Like all conscious revivalists he was just a all conscious revivalists he was just a little ridiculous. It was then they first called him "the Fake": but they were quite wrong. I knew him better than they did; and I was content to wait.

I did not see much of him for some months, and when we met we spoke but little. I think he felt uncomfortable with me. He went out a good deal and played lazily and very badly to stuffy, sham-aesthetic crowds in fash-lonable houses. His clean, boyish face fascinated—even though it appeared and a celectle scheme of tailoring in velvet and soft felt. It was of the type strong women like and most men distrust: the face of a pure uranian, he talked airily of "strange scarlet things" by Dvorak, and "delicious indiscretions" of Chopia. He yawned charmingly over Brahms and Bectloven; but of Mozart he never spoke. For this I liked him: it proved that the capacity for reverence was only dormant.

After some months of a kind of half-estrangement he sent for me suddenly. His telegram bade me come to him at one because his wife was fill. I had no idea that he was married. I went, and found him walking up and down outside the house in Chelsea where he had rooms. . . . He fold me that he lioped it would be a girl.

I pitied his wife instinctively: I wondered whether sine had renched his standard as a decoration. I tried to imagine her, and something he had once said in commendation of "unsulfied dairymaids" gave me a clase: I wondered how they could live under the same roof.

He was manifestly uneasy and he had over the last or the pose. He was as a schoolbor suddenly called. did not see much of him for some

same root.

He was manifestly uneasy and he had forgotten the pose. He was as auxious as a schoolhoy suddenly called, for reasons unknown, into the presence of the Head. He had a susption that she was in pain, and pain was a thing he disliked.... We waited.... Presently the doutor came out, full of professional optimism that masks a forlorn hope.... We two looked at each other for a moment: it was more than I could bear.... He went up to her room and the floctor followed; but I walked home slone.

When I saw him next day he had sged ten years. He asked me to go, for I knew that he had passed the night with death... He is no longer the Fake: he has found himself. And now he can play Beethoven. roos.
was manifestly uneasy and be orgotten the pose. He was as

he can play Beethoven.

By D. Donaldson

CRS is the day of ferrig activities and frenzied motion. All our machinery is driven at top speed and our nerves are always in dangerous tension. We have wondrous-tly sharpened our senses and quickened our sympathies. We are so delicately our sympathies. We are so delicately strung, and so nicely poised, that every breath from without can sway us. We breath from without can sway us. We are supremely sensitive recording instruments and our stability is as easily disturbed as that of the magnetic needle. We have developed our capacities both for pleasure and for pain; we can enjoy more than our ancestors, but we can suffer more also.

Among the means of agenty made age.

Among the means of agony made ac-cessible to us by the over-development of nervous sensibility, not the least distressing is our increased susceptibility to tressing is our increased ansceptionity to noise. Schopenhauer eloquently expressed the anguish of the super-impressionable brain of his day; but, compared with the sufferings of the "second-rate sensitive minds" of our time, his troubles are negligible. We have become accusate that the sensitive transfer that the sensitive transfer the sensitive transfer that the sensitive transfer the sensitive minds are not sensitive transfer to the sensitive transfer to the sensitive transfer to the sensitive transfer that the sensitive transfer the sensitive transfer that the sensitive transfer the sensitive transfer to the sensitive transfer that the sensitive transfer the sensitive transfer to the sensitive transfer transfer to the sensitive transfer tra are negligible. We have become accustomed, it is true, to much that would indubitably have alarmed our grandfathers; the hiss of turbines, the drone of dynamos, the roar of railways and the tangle of tongues. We live with these, and we have ceased to notice them; they have, moreover, a rhythm that is not unrestful in its constancy. The rough average produces a feeling of balance and rest. Continuous noises, no matter how hideous in themselves, are sporific how hideous in themselves, are sporific so long as they are uninterrupted. It is to the spusmodic and unrhythmical cassura that we owe most of our pain. cassing that we dwe most of a pair.
The fitful allences burt us more than the
continued din. There is something infinitely restful in the regular pulse of
the wheels of a railway carriage; but the jegged chirping of a sparrow, though perhaps essentially more beautiful, is as salt in our wounds. So, also, the janging "treble bob" is less exasperating than the irregular vocalism of the domestic cat. The little smarting tents of quiet try us more than the thundrous

cannonade.

Noises in the open air, and when we are moving, have a vagueness that exalts them almost to the dignity of sounds; a kind of barbarian music which would crumble before analysis, but has in its very evanescence a charm. The rustling of trees and the splashing of pebbly attempted attempts we find in them. of trees and the spassing of peoply streamlets, although we find in them neither books nor sermons, cause us no pain; but the least sensitive must know the cruel potentialities of a creaking door. A kindly wind will often served us from the more fearsome fruitations of us from the more tearsone trutations of a shunting-yard, and distance dilute the acid of a fife band until it becomes almost soothing. Few things can so increase the amoyance of a steepless bed as the cooing of doves; v.t., in a country ramble, we welcome whole choirs of shrill voices. The petty affects us more than the noble; our senses are all for detail. We have complicated the mechanism of complicity and for this as for all dahors. our minds; and for this, as for all claboration, we must pay; we are more sensitive than our ancestors, but we are also

more frail.

The daily increasing ugiiness of human the daily increasing agmission of nonan expression, including that attained in the fine arts, is shown most startlingly in our new noises. At home we have substituted for the kind crackle of coal first the sickly oozing of hot water pipes; for the happy swishings of the carpet beater. the happy swishings of the carpet beater, the hungry suckings of vacuum elemers. Domestic emphony is further endangered by the changes due to electricity; in-stead of the crisp sound of match-strik-ing we hear the saick of little buttons on the wall, and our meals are an-nounced by shrill electric noises in place of the pleasant human summons. The nonneed by shrill electric noises in place of the pleasant human summons. The soothing sneech between man and beast, until lately to be heard in any livery stable, yields to the horrid grating of steel rods: the coachman's cheery "clurk" is supplanted by the hootings of infamous chauffeurs. The bracing tones of the post-horn have died, to reappear as something new and strange; and the pleasant patter of hoofs has censed with the coming of the petrol engine. The

countryside that echoed, but a few years ago, all the beloved noises of farm and meadow, is now but a sounding-board for the already hideous belchings and backare arready indeous belchings and back-ings of motor drivers. The lurid care-phones in use on all our high roads if they are to be read as indices to the souls of their owners, make one look to Hell for relief.

Hell for relief.

It may be that we of to-day are too puny for our environment; our conditions of life, perhaps, have outrum our powers of accommodation. We may be exotice in this age of steel, and the eginess and noise we so fretfully hammy may be but the idious of tomorrow. We may lack insight, and our feeble complaint may serve only to ansuse our chiral may be degenerate, but only an in seal. We may me a dying rate but we will have our swan-song.

SHOOTING SCIATICA.

Tortured by sharp, hot pains in Hip and Legs.

This man crippled till he had to give up athletics. Tells how he was cured.

In the case of Mr Arthur J. Grice, a prominent Tasmanian athlete, living at Duffield-street, Queenstown, he was com-pelled to shandon football and sport by recurring attacks of Scintica. After long suffering Mr Grice was completely cured by Dr. Williams' Piak Pills. As Sciatica, like Neuralgia, is a disorder of the nerves. the direct treatment to cure the cause sims at restoring the nerves to their proper state of tone. Hot applications cannot de fluis. As Dr. Williams' Pink Pills make new blood and tone the nerves, they have achieved great success in curing Sciatica, and Mr Grice's case is a striking instance. He said: -

"Up to the age of 23 I was always strong and healthy and a well known athlete. From that time forward I was compelled to give up all sport, such as running, football, etc., owing to repeated attacks of Sciatica in the right hip, extending to the right knee. I consulted served doctors who prescribed for me some medicine to take; some blistering me and giving me lotious. The blistering was so severe that it took all the skin off my hip to the know-The pain at times was well migh unbear day. It was very sharp, like needles being pushed into the flesh. I used to be worst working in water. The sciatic nerve was very tender to the touch. The attack us d vary, cometimes lasting for a week of move, and at other times for a day or 80. It was always a burning pain; walkies would irritate it. The muscles wastel away. I had been in this satte for shour ten years, and whenever it came on I used to consult the doctors, but without receiv Ing permanent relief, and had come to the conclusion that it would come and go when ever it liked. Eventually a fellow work-man who had been cured of Solidion affect being bedridden for three weeks, advised me to give Dr. Williams' Disk Pills 4 trial, as they had cured him. I got a box. strial, as they had cured him. I got a box, and henefited as much from their was I key's on with them, and by the time I had taken four boxes. I felt completely cured. The's is nearly two years since, and I am happy to say I have never had a twinge or any sign of the complaint since, and I can conscientiously recommend Dr. Williams' Pink Pills to anyone suffering as I did, or for any other complaint arising from a disorder of the bolod, as I have known several who have henefited by their use.

who have lenefited by their use.
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