

multiplication of bacteria in the system, this discovery may prove another reason why sunshine is so necessary to us.

Prof. Marshall Ward demonstrated the effect of light on bacterial life by a series of very interesting experiments at the Royal Institution last Friday. Among these was one in which he covered a vessel containing some bacteria germs in gelatine (the usual material employed for their culture) with a diaphragm, out of which a letter T had been cut. Rays of sunlight were then directed vertically on to this, and where the T was cut had, of course, passed on to the gelatine, while being excluded from other parts of it. In consequence of this exposure, a portion of the gelatine in the shape of a T remained clear, while the remainder was swarming with bacteria. The Professor showed that it was the light and not the warmth which had prevented the growth of the germs, as the same bacteria were not killed by baking at a moderate heat. He also succeeded in taking a very fair photograph of a landscape, employing a glass plate covered with gelatine containing germs, in place of the ordinary sensitised plate. The impression on the plate was not like an ordinary negative, where the highest lights appear black, and the darkest parts light, but more resembled the print from a negative. The parts which received most light remained clear, because they were free from bacteria; the parts receiving least light were the most crowded with bacteria and therefore darkest, while the parts receiving a moderate amount of light were intermediate in their tint, due to a moderate growth of bacteria.

Notes on Art.

THE NEW ENGLISH ART-CLUB AT THE DUDLEY GALLERY, PICCADILLY.

WE are constantly advising Nurses to go to this gallery or to that exhibition in order that they may be interested or find pleasant change of thought and rest. Now the collection of pictures and drawings at the New English Art-Club will certainly effect a change of many thoughts, and possible even amusement.

It can hardly instruct any but young artists who ought to go in order to pick up the few crumbs of very new, but still wholesome, bread which accompany an "intolerable amount of sack." Nurses who really know something of Art may also safely venture thither, for some of the works are by clever brains and hands. For the most part, however, there is much evidence of misuse of talent and of the obliteration of Art by affectation. Mr. Will Rothenstein, for instance, in painting the portrait of a really beautiful woman, *Miss A. Pearsall Smith*, No. 6, has left out all her beauty, and we are confronted with an angular figure of a girl standing in a constrained attitude, clothed in harsh yellow white and black, surrounded by hard green fields, the red tone of the face being particularly unpleasing. Another portrait, No. 66, of *Mrs. von Tunzelmann*, by Mr. W. Sickert, makes it difficult to

believe that vanity can remain in woman, or why do they allow such "counterfeit presentments" to be exhibited at all. In No. 54, *The Sisters Lloyd*, also by Mr. Sickert, there is no question of vanity, for the portraiture, or indeed individuality, is wanting entirely, as no observer could recognize even his own familiar friends in the two blots of orange coloured paint which is all we are offered to represent to us the sisters Lloyd; these two blots of colour are placed in a back ground of dark bluish-red.

There are some charming drawings of cats by Arthur Thomson, *The Two Sisters*, No. 97, and some fresh little studies by Mr. William Estall, Nos. 42 and 48, *A Work Table* and *The Windmill*. It is pleasant, also, to turn to the several studies by J. E. Christie, No. 81 and No. 101, *Tam O'Shanter*, and both ugly but clever and strong.

Old-fashioned Flowers, No. 95, by Miss L. Blatherwick, and No. 63A, *Foggy Weather in Cullacoat Harbour*, by Miss Rose Haig Thomas, have much merit, and the *Nine Sketches and Studies*, by Edward Sullivan, are clever, and so are Nos. 21 and 22, *The Battle of the Frogs and Mice*, by Francis D. Bedford.

But when we have seen the Exhibition, what does it all mean? It claims to be the "New English Art," and, therefore, we must look at it attentively. There is none of the charming dainty realism of Mrs. Allingham, whose work we so recently considered. The impressionist school and work is dominant. Now, the "impressionist," we suppose, paints nature as he thinks he sees it; he seizes the prominent effects left upon his retina, and translates them into colour, and it must be frankly admitted that the Art has its uses in interpreting nature for us. The Japanese are consummate "impressionists." A little study of the full moon rising above a mist of low-lying fog, with trees just indicated, and a pool of water undisturbed, is before us as we write. It is all done by a Japanese artist with a few washes of colour, mostly gray, in a few simple lines, and we feel that no elaboration could have made it more perfect. The *impression* of the scene left on the mind of the artist was all that needed to be recorded. If the artist can offer us in colour what the poet can sometimes give in verse, a picture in a few lines, then it is well. Take, for instance, Browning's lines from *Pippa Passes* :—

"The year's at the spring,
The day's at the dawn;
Mornings at seven;
The hill-sides dew-pearled;
The larks on the wing;
The snails on the thorn;
God's in His heaven;
All's right with the world."

What an "impressionist" picture in a few lines; how completely the whole scene and story is before us. The Japanese can do that with a single brush full of thin colour, if they are representing a fragment of landscape or a line of coast; but if they attempt to give an impressionist portrait they fail as absolutely as the members of the New English Art Club do when they try to represent our dearest and our best with dabs of orange on a bluish ground, and lead us to wonder whether it possibly can be clever, as it certainly is not art.

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