

able to restore to their parents, or save from entering houses of ill fame; of homeless babes they have succoured until adopted into a family; bewildered emigrant women who have come in search of some long-lost husband, whom they vainly imagined they would meet directly they landed on American soil. They always attend the court when any special case is on, otherwise they remain in their apartments.

Miss Balgarnie gives a graphic description of a Chicago police station:—"I was allowed to spend a Saturday night at Harrison Police Station, in the heart of the very worst part of Chicago. It is impossible that I could ever descend deeper into hell than I did that night. The courage of the women in undertaking police matronship is more marked here than in any other city, but it will never accomplish all it is well fitted to do until the whole police system of Chicago is cleansed from top to bottom. All night through a professional 'bailer-out' (a publican) was in almost constant attendance, and the evil effects are so great that I saw a girl arrested at 10 p.m., bailed out half-an-hour later, and brought in a second time that same night, about 2 a.m. Humanity, however, demands this bailing out, for the accommodation provided was so limited that the three or four women's cages would have been completely crowded out had not many been allowed to depart; and as for the sanitary arrangements, all that was provided was one open sewer with running water passing through the line of cells. In the midst of these horrible surroundings, a positive scandal to the Corporation of Chicago, these matrons do not hesitate in the performance of their duty to spend eight hours, and at all the other stations twelve hours, out of the twenty-four. The work is so arduous that they are compelled at this station to work on eight hour shifts. In Chicago preference is given in the appointment of Police Matrons to women who have been trained as nurses."

Notes on Art.

"OLD MASTERS" AT DOWDESWELL'S.

LONDON is full of side-shows: as you walk up Bond Street, you are confronted at every turn by the "sandwich-man," with announcements of a tempting description. Messrs. Dowdeswell in particular, with names like Constable, Romney, Hoppner, and Gainsborough, seem to make an infallible bid for popularity.

The reality is disappointing. Romney is altogether *non est*; there is only one of his works on the catalogue, and that has presumably been sold. The Constables would doubtless be very interesting to a connoisseur, but they are all small sketches—most of them mere studies, with one most beautiful exception—the "Hampstead Heath" exhibited at the Burlington House Winter Exhibition a year or two back. This is a marvellous example of Constable's magic as a painter of atmosphere. The fleecy white clouds really seem to move over the wide breezy down, and the distance is beautiful.

There are some most exquisite tree studies by a master who is now little known except among good judges. Old Crome (Nos. 8 and 9) are particularly fine examples of his style, especially the view of a village

in a valley. There is one small Copley Fielding, which does not give anything like an adequate idea of the artist's power, though it is delicate and truthful. An old house, by Cotman, contains a good deal of the romance of landscape (No. 65), but it is possessed by the curious yellowness which sometimes disfigures his work. In his view of Norwich Castle, for instance, all the trees are quite brown and remind one of the forgotten days when Beaumont asked of a young painter who brought his work for criticism, "And where is your brown tree?"

The landscape I admired most was by J. Stark, "Near Cromer" (No. 23). The effect of light in the middle distance was most telling. There are several Morlands, which are of special interest now that a new life of this much-written-of artist has just appeared. If the story of his career of sottish drunkenness with intervals of work to earn funds for the next carouse be true, it is surprising how much careful work he managed to produce, for he was by no means an old man when he died.

His studies of pigs lying in straw reminded me of a tale I heard Mr. Seymour Lucas tell at an artists' supper. He—Mr. Lucas—was sketching in a remote part of the country with a party of friends; they were in a picturesque farmyard, and were sitting in various attitudes of considerable discomfort, greatly to the amazement of the villagers who assembled in groups to look on. At last one old woman, leaning over a gate, gave vent to her feelings in an exclamation "Good Lord!" she said. A man who stood beside her, grunted sarcastically, "Bless yer!" said he, "there's another of 'em in the pigstye!"

There is a series of pictures by a once popular artist, Francis Wheatley. When we reflect that he was an Academician we turn more hopefully to the art of the present day. I had never seen any painting of his before, though I have seen some charmingly graceful coloured prints of his work, done in the very early days of coloured prints. In colour he is wofully disappointing, never rising above the pretty-pretty, and sometimes falling most obviously short in the matter of drawing.

Hoppner's Madlle. Hilsberg, which was at the Grafton Exhibition of "Fair Women," is here. There is a clever portrait of a Mrs. Merry, by Beechey, one of those which make you exclaim, "That must have been exactly like her!" It is somewhat marred by the atrocious painting of the little dog against her knee. A portrait of Dorothy Duke of Otterton, makes you feel sure that the New Woman has not the monopoly of feminine brains; this is the face of a woman who was of a mind both strong and broad, or physiognomy is no guide.

A Book of the Week.

"LONELY PEOPLE."*

HAUPTMANN is the German Ibsen; his works have a great and daily increasing reputation in Germany. He is more logical than his Norwegian contemporary, and to my mind a great deal more tragic, because all the personages in his dramas are more or less good people,

* "Einsame Menschen; Drama." Gerhart Hauptmann. (Tischer, Berlin.) 2 marks.

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