

The Royal Academy, 1899.

THIRD NOTICE.

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"They say that through heat and through cold,
Through weald, they say, and through wold,
By day and by night, they say,
She has fled!"—*The saga of King Olaf.*

A beautiful painting, by Minna Tayler (96), a weeping woman wandering among thorns and thistles, that catch and tear her garments and wound her tender feet, as with hidden eyes she goes shudderingly she knows not whither. Aie! Aie! typical, indeed, of woman's life, trained to no end, nor set in any groove, but turned out into the desolate field, to gather figs from thorns and grapes from thistles—if she can! The picture is full of poetry and the colour is very tender and, for once, is happily hung, for above is a particularly delightful Japanese maiden lighting a lantern, her blue-grey kimono the deepest note in the grey-blue twilight, and the tone of this painting harmonises with Minna Tayler's so well, that their corner is really the most pleasing in the show. Sargent's portrait of Miss Octavia Hill (122), is strong and life-like as his work usually is, this is a presentation portrait, an honour better deserved in this instance than in nine-tenths of the similarly destined pictures in this exhibition. "Sisters," by J. Hanson Walker (124), is a pretty group of three pretty women, posed and painted in his graceful manner. "Merry Maids" (20), girls disporting themselves on the banks of a stream, is by Anna Lea Merritt, whose picture "Love locked out" was bought by the 'Chantry Bequest' for the Nation. "The Diver," by Henry S. Tuke (385), an unclothed back of a stalwart gentleman who fears to plunge, mercilessly chaffed, meanwhile, by a bevy of boys, golden, curly-headed rascals, whose young flesh looks rosily transparent in the play of the sunbeams and the water's emerald-green shadows. "Love in the Harvest Field" (390), by H. M. La Thangue, A.R.A., a rustic pair marching hand in hand, is sober to the point of dullness and ugly to the verge of grotesqueness, which is a pity, when such a very few touches might have converted an affected homeliness into a beautiful simplicity. "Ivan Campbell" (378), Mary M. Waller, a charming picture of a delightful child. "Laus Deo!" (437), Solomon J. Solomon, a blatant youth in armour, with a most remarkable sort of cherub (?) on his shoulder, it is as well that he keeps a guardian spirit near at hand, for there is a swaggering offensiveness about him that would too surely prompt every person he met to throw things at him. "The Battle of the Nile" (558), W. L. Wyllie, A.R.A., bought by the 'Chantry Bequest,' is finely put on the canvas. "Baile des seises,"—dance of the choristers (566), Gonzalo Bilbao, represents a number of what to the worldly eye look like gay Pages in white satin and crimson clothes and feathered hats hallooing in a turbulent manner in a chancel of the Seville Cathedral, it is, however, merely a development of what Huxley called "corybantic religiosity"; but it is a good picture for all that, with a glow of colour and the suggestion of stir and sound in it, and is rather a nice example of the less ascetic Spanish School. "Resistless" (593), J. T. Nettleship, an immense cobra is crushing the life out of a

screaming peacock, whose brilliant hues flash with the fierce agony of the moment, the snake's coils glitter with the same colours; it is an effective study of blues, and greens, and golds, essentially a decorative piece. "Mrs. Arthur Strauss" (572), Ethel Wright, is a sympathetic rendering of a charming woman, by an artist who knows how to combine excellent workmanship with the evanescent graces that make for beauty in a delicate personality.

*(To be continued.)***A Book of the Week.****THE NEWSPAPER GIRL.***

This, a bright, well-written story, full of go and life, it has not one dull moment, and never flags from the opening when we make Lulie's acquaintance in the palatial New York Hotel, down to our parting from her as proprietress of *The Evening Record*.

It must be owned that there is some slight straining of probabilities at the outset; and also, that young lady journalists do not often have such an easy time of it as did Lucille, even when they are very pretty. Also, the author is quite funnily modest in her scale of payments, as modern journalism goes. The immense generosity of a cheque for five guineas from the editor of a highly-successful evening paper for a short story, which he admitted to be admirable, rather fails to strike one; and a guinea a thousand was but modest remuneration for a serial in one of the most prominent journals for ladies. But doubtless the author was afraid of being said to exaggerate. Lucille Chandler is a young American millionairess, who is sick to death of the position, and finds herself unable to judge either herself or others by a true standard, owing to the intervening dollars. She persuades a friend, a certain Joan Ames, who is a needy journalist, to change places with her, and they go over to England at the same time, Joan travelling in the lap of luxury in the s.s. "Dunstan," as the heiress, Lucille going over in the "Monnebraska" as the impecunious Joan. It is not until she reaches London that Lucille hears of the loss of the s.s. "Dunstan" with all on board, including her letter of credit upon her bankers: and finds herself in the position of having to own up at once and write to her relations, or of having really and truly to rely upon her wits for her livelihood. The latter alternative is too tempting, and Lucille tries it, with results which form the plot of the book.

We are introduced to a good many rather amusing minor characters, and among them the vulgar Mrs. Ashe-Potts (whose favourite authors are Hall Caine and Marie Corelli), and who, when Lucille comes to interview her on behalf of "Woman's Age," sends in someone to remove all the pocketable articles of value from the room in which she is left to wait.

Then there is Mrs. Devereux Compton, the woman of good birth, driven by her great poverty to make a living out of the sayings and doings of her dearest friends. Also Mr. Bland, whose evenings at home remind one of some others well known in society, and Mr. Curtis Askew, the "damaged Sir Lancelot," and

* By Mrs. C. N. Williamson. Pearson.

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