

nursing and hospital management to be present at the Conference, it has been arranged that free tickets of admission can be obtained by application to Miss M. Breay, Hon. Sec., 46, York Street, Portman Square, W.

SPECIAL HOSPITALITY FOR NURSES.

Miss Isla Stewart, Matron of St. Bartholomew's Hospital, has issued invitations to the Trained Nurses, and will also invite other Members of the Congress interested in Nursing and Hospital work, to Tea at St. Bartholomew's Hospital, on Wednesday, June 28th, at 4 p.m.

The Royal Academy, 1899.

THIRD NOTICE.

(Continued from page 425.)

"Ferdinand and Ariel" (616), Herbert J. Draper, is a sufficiently weird idea of the subject; the two figures manage to take up a good deal of landscape or sea-scape of an eerie sort. "The Golden Hour" (640), Arthur Hacker, A.R.A. In a golden greenery, with arching boughs above them, sit lovely ladies, graceful but vague, light and filmy as a summer-day's dream, their florentine garments and assortment of musical instruments to match seem to have been got together to make a pleasant fooling: those who have donned the one and use the other for the nonce, do not look of the period they indicate. "The Court Belle" (900), Talbot Hughes, a simpering personage in an enormous crinoline; what a very curious craze it was, seen from a distance! another development of the longing of the human forked radish to fill itself out, as it were, and put itself on a level with the big things of the universe, this instinct is at the root of all costumes, be they what they may, whether soldiers' busbies, or judges' immense wigs and petticoats, or what not: the human feels small and mean and bare without them. "Love the Conqueror," by Byam Shaw (906), is a composition reminiscent of many an opera bouffée: as a beauty show it is inferior, very, to those our late only Augustus accustomed us to. The public seem to enjoy it, and it attracts attention by the constant ripple of laughter that pervades its vicinity. "The Garden of Armida" (925), John Collier, represents the modern youth severely refusing to look upon the wine when it is red, or any other colour, from *that* Firm. Well, well, perhaps he was right.

"Diana and Callisto" (Ovid's metamorphosis) (927), Henrietta Rae, is not so charming a picture as her "Psyche in the house of Venus," nor is the subject so well chosen; it is, of course, graceful, and the colouring and technique exhibit this clever artist's usual skill.

"The Colors, Advance of the Scots Guards at the Alma" (912), Elizabeth Butler; the last battle of the old order; full dress, colours flying and bands a-playing. How childish it sounds to us now! The old order passeth—and what a very good thing that is! The picture has all the human interest in it that Lady Butler alone—of all the war painters—makes the prominent feature.

Mr. Fildes has painted a blue girl—"Beryl, daughter of Thomas Ausdell, Esq."—a different sort of blue to that of Gainsborough's "Blue Boy"; however, it is a

worthy attempt at overcoming the most difficult colour of the palette, although it remains somewhat crude and harsh; the bluff child, herself, is honest and sturdy, and very agreeably healthy: a frank little Briton, of the best national type. (197.)

Madame Starr Canziani sends a most sweet portrait of a little girl coming through a wood—"Stella" (252). All is harmony in this composition, and the colouring is soothing. It will be a pleasant object to live with, which is more than can be said of most of the portraits exhibited, unless they are put through a mollifying process before being delivered to their unhappy owners. Taken 'by and large' the portraits this year seem less interesting than ever, in spite of the rush of clerics, provincial Mayors, Masters of Hounds, etc. It really appears that everyone has made a spasmodic effort to get his picture presented to himself (or his wife), or has made an un-birthday present of it to himself (if he couldn't find other presenters)—it's disastrous for the Exhibition, but a god-send for the painters, for portraiture is almost the only remunerative order left them nowadays, when the general public invests solely in autotypes and photogravures, and processes and chromos flourish and increase, and builders provide less and less wall-space for the hanging of great works, and no light at all in which to see them. We are probably within measurable distance of an epoch when the acquiring of oil pictures will be the exclusive privilege of 'Bodies' and 'Bequests' (these will naturally all be portraits), and they will all be relegated to the appropriate mausoleums—pardon, museums—where none will ever go to see them; nay, not even if the tickets of admission were handed to them with the customary pound of tea. It is a terrible thought!

(To be continued.)

A Book of the Week.

THE AWKWARD AGE.*

THIS is a typical example of Mr. James, both as regards his excellencies and his defects. There is the same wonderful word portraiture, the same exhibition of the entire human economy, turned inside out for the delectation of the reader; the same exhaustive analysis of motive, and the same wonder, when it is all over, as to whether anything so sordid and small, and limited and mean and deplorable, repays the careful study one must perforce give to such a minute and complicated essay.

From the opening page to the last sentence you cannot skip one line without doing an injustice to your author, and the central idea is a very striking one.

Mr. Longdon, a man of five-and-fifty, who has passed his life solitary and in the provinces, because of his inability to secure the woman he loved, suddenly comes to London. He is invited to dinner by the daughter of this old love of his, now herself the mother of Nanda, a young girl of nineteen, upon whom Mr. James has lavished all his love of complexity. Mr. Longdon is by no means satisfied with his first impressions of "Mrs. Brook," as Mrs. Brookenham is known to her intimates. He sees even at the first dinner—at which he does not meet Nanda—that Mrs. Brook's intimates are very, very intimate.

* By Henry James. Heinemann.

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