

the Leaf," by Edmund Waite, is very calm, very sober, and very sweet; a harmony in greys and golden browns. No. 392, T. C. Gotch, "The dawn of Womanhood" is less satisfactory than its predecessors, yet is enticing, and the accessories, carpets, etc., are very well done indeed.

201, E. Gregory, "Apres"—same lady we saw in the "Inception of a Song," she has done it now, and seems fairly satisfied, draperies equally well painted and expression better than in the smaller watercolor.

Bouguereau sends a replica—or all but—in the "Vierge Aux Lys," exquisite in the painting of the flesh. The virgin's hands are specially lovely. The expression is a trifle conscious. No Frenchman can paint a really modest look. Notice the spiritual difference between Sargent's women and Benjamin Constant's, and even this Vierge of Bouguereau in this present show.

No. 309, Arthur Hacker, "Musicienne de silence" is very curiously worked—notched and scratched. The result, however, is a surface that appeals to artists, but will probably be taken exception to by the general public.

No. 533, "Joan of Arc," by W. Onslow Ford. She carries the sacred banner, dreaming, through a wood. No. 154, Luke Fildes' "Mrs. Kleinwort,"—the best portrait this painter shows here, but not up to very much.

No. 506, "The Denial," by Mary Hunter, attracts the eye by some difference in style to the works round it; it tells out from the ruck, and is well and conscientiously painted.

No. 1049, Gow Hamilton, "Mr. Gladstone editing the Works of Bishop Butler," quite give one a thrill, so like is it, yet so faint and ghost-like, as if one saw into the Purgatory where the statesman, or rather litterateur, sits for ever editing—for his sins.

EMILY CRAWFORD.

(To be continued.)

A Book of the Week.

FROM DOOR TO DOOR.*

Mr. Capes has published a new volume of stories very much in what may be termed his later manner. That is to say, they are studies in style, very finished, very self-conscious, very laboured, and it must be owned often obscure. But through all runs that vein of striking originality which marked the author out for notice the moment he appeared.

Every story is really and truly a story—that is to say, the idea is pursued and worked out and given to the reader in language which however far-fetched, still has the property of arresting the attention, and sometimes of making the hair stand up and the flesh crawl with horror.

The first tale is a variant of the Wehr-wolf myth and the atmosphere of horror is not spared. The Corporal of Napoleon's army who has fallen into the hands of two villains, who undertake to show him the way, passes in their company through the battle-field, where the wolves are busy with the bodies of the dead:

"The gorge was dotted with wolves, ravenous, unclean. Wherever a shapeless bulge of cloth, a hooped flank of man or charger projected, there a bloody snout burrowed and tore, spattering the white with red."

This is realism with a vengeance.

* By Bernard Capes. Blackwood and Sons.

The same horror of the suggested supernatural is in "The Cursing Bell." The same exhibition of the more inhuman side of war, and the same element of sickening realism is in "The Chapter's Doom."

But there is one little story called "The Coward," which is the gem of the collection, though not less horrible than some others.

A man suddenly realises himself to be a coward. An accident reveals the fact; and this is very true to life, because under sheltered conditions, like those of modern society, a man may live long, and not be known for the craven that he is. The suffering entailed by his discovery is great; he fears acutely that again he may be subjected to some such awful test, that again he may be called upon to suffer some agony, some shame, which will be unbearable.

"So he bought a six-chambered revolver in order to the destruction of himself if driven beyond endurance—a last agonised despairing means to escape. He bought a six-chambered revolver; and then, because he was a coward, he loaded it only with a single cartridge, and that he always kept remotest from the barrel. . . ."

And so one day the coward finds himself trapped in a burning bazaar. There is no means of escape; there he must stay, raving, running to and fro in the agony of endeavouring to escape; and finish by the slow torture of being burnt alive. With him, close beside him, is the pretty young married lady whose stall he has been patronising. With her is her little boy, a sweet, golden-haired thing in a white page's suit. The same ghastly doom stares all three in the face. He draws out his revolver; he sees the mother stare at it hungrily. "It is only loaded in one chamber," he says.

And so he rises to the triumph of his despicable life; the triumph that nobody will ever know of in this world.

"He raised his head and gazed one moment with steadfast defiance at the death. It was near enough now to scorch his clothes and wither his hair with the wind of its coming.

"He faced round like a soldier to the order.

"Lift his cheek to yours," he said.

"A glorious smile illumined her features. She stooped and caught up the little boy in her arms.

"'Bo-bo,' she whispered. 'Don't be frightened; we are going home'—and she pressed the round cheek to hers that was freest of blood.

"The heads were in a line.

"He put the muzzle to the woman's temple and pulled the trigger." G. M. R.

Verse.

From Tugela to the Orange, right across the western plain,
'Midst the kopjes, in the krantzies, lie our brown-clad heroes slain;
They are sleeping in the trenches, where they fought and where they fell,
Where the eagle keeps his vigil, where the ox-bells toll their knell.
But not the grandest sculpture in cathedrals old and grey
Can enhance the earthly glory of our lads of yesterday,
And when all wars are ended, amidst peace for evermore,
In the front rank of the angels we shall find our khaki corps.

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