

Mrs. Langdon-Down was a brilliantly clever woman, and a staunch supporter of women's suffrage; it is right that the cause she had so much at heart should be supported by her son, and her old London house continue to be the centre of liberal and progressive thought. Those who dwell in "moribund Marylebone" are the more grateful.

Mdlle. Chauvin, the lady barrister, pleaded lately before Judge Magnaud, known as the "Good Judge," at Château-Thierry, in Champagne, and, says the *Daily News* correspondent, a curious exchange of compliments took place. Addressing her as "Madame," the Judge said: "The Women Barristers Act has not been received with equal enthusiasm by all your male colleagues. The Court of Château-Thierry has rejoiced over it, and will always rejoice with all its heart at every measure calculated to emancipate women. I hope and trust that the day is not distant when an Act will be passed enabling women to sit on the Judge's Bench. I am happy to welcome the first lady barrister to appear at this bar, who graces her calling with her intelligence, knowledge of law and talent." Mdlle. Chauvin warmly thanked the judge before opening her case.

Imagine a legal luminary in this country expressing such sentiments. Is it not sad to realise how far behind in generosity of feeling and common sense we are compared with the "despised foreigner" ! In this connection read Miss Margaret S. Hall's paper in the *New Liberal Review* for March. If we don't wake up and "make tracks" we shall find ourselves out-distanced by the whole civilised world. As it is, we are being maliciously described as the "spoon-fed" by the wide-awake peoples who provide us with our daily nourishment—in return for our billions of gold, which should circulate through the pockets of our own people if they were not so lazy and obtuse. But what is to be expected from a nation whose disfranchised womenkind bleat "Britons never, never, never shall be slaves" !

## The Forty-Ninth Exhibition of Women Artists.

(Continued from page 137.)

Before passing on to examine the handicrafts' section, we must pause a moment to notice the drawings of Mrs. Bisschop (Kate Swift). Number 68, "New Playmates," shows a young mother holding her baby to see some kittens in a basket. The drawing is remarkable for its vigorous breadth of treatment, as well as for its sober and dignified colour. For the rest, there are any number of delightful "bits" here—small mementoes of every kind of subject—landscape, seascape, boats, barns, woods, gardens, downs, rocks, horses, sheep, flowers, "still" life, and very much moving life, many quite exquisite, and all up to a high level of excellence, in sizes ranging from five to fifteen inches. The fashions in pictures tend to small sizes more and more, as the "wall-space" of the buying public diminishes—as people live more and ever more in low-roofed flats, and architects cut up the tiny rooms into cosy corners and all the rest of it, and every wall is divided with dado and frieze. Where are decent-sized pictures to be hung? Verily the "Trades" are murdering the "Arts," and it would

seem as if the end were in sight, and picture-buying will be confined to "Bodies," Corporations, and Companies, who will present retiring "Heads" with their "oil portraits," which, thereafter, will be no more seen of men. It's a funny prospect.

Among the arts and crafts there are a number of carved oak panels, pilasters, oak picture frames, letter boxes, &c., &c., of great merit. Anyone who is fitting up a house should go and see the specimens here, as they are not only better but about a third of the shops' prices. The same may be said of the hammered metals, as worked up into fire-screens, dishes, flagons, sconces, palm pots, or clamps, and hinges for coffers. There is a charming "trunk" in reddish worked leather, bound with copper and hinged with the same that is a joy—besides being just the thing to hold music, or those odds and ends of unframed things that are such a trouble to keep uncrumpled. There are some very choice specimens of bookbindings, delicious and delicate boxes, wonderfully embroidered knick-knacks of every description, also some clever and most artistic enamels, as applied to ornaments for wearing, buttons, clasps, necklets, and ornaments for wearing in the hair, which might be relied on to give that cachet of originality which is indispensable to the really well-dressed woman, whose last word of "mépris" is "You can get that in the shops."

There is very little sculpture in this exhibition, but the little silver head "Study of a child's head" (Helen Langley) is simple, sweet, well-modelled, and altogether enviable. EMILY CRAWFORD.

## A Book of the Week.

### THE MONSTER AND OTHER STORIES.\*

This is a weird collection of stories, by a writer who knows how to give the full value to his horrors.

By far the longest and most important story is that which gives its name to the collection.

Henry Johnson is a negro in the employ of Dr. Trecott. The doctor has one little boy, Jimmie, who is very fond of said negro, a vain but harmless specimen of his race. The doctor's house takes fire, and a great portion of the tale is devoted to a minute description of the alarm of the town, the arrival of the fire hose from the various districts, and so on. The faithful Henry, arriving on the scenes to find the house blazing, and the doctor away, is informed by the frantic mother that Jimmie is still within. He promptly goes in to save the child, and manages to carry him as far as the surgery, where the various chemicals have taken fire, and the result is awful. The negro falls, stupefied by the fumes, and some burning acid drips from the table under which he lies and eats away his face. He is presently found by the doctor, who rescues Jimmie; but of the life of the negro no hope is entertained. The grateful doctor, however, devotes his very life to saving the unfortunate man, and ultimately does succeed in preserving bare existence to a creature whose mind is hopelessly deranged, and whose very features are blotted out, leaving him a monster so awful that everyone flees in horror at his approach.

The doctor, with what seems a very Quixotism of sentimentality, utterly declines to have the poor creature cared for in an asylum. As the negro has not sense enough to know where he is, one rather fails to

\* By Stephen Crane. Harpers.

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