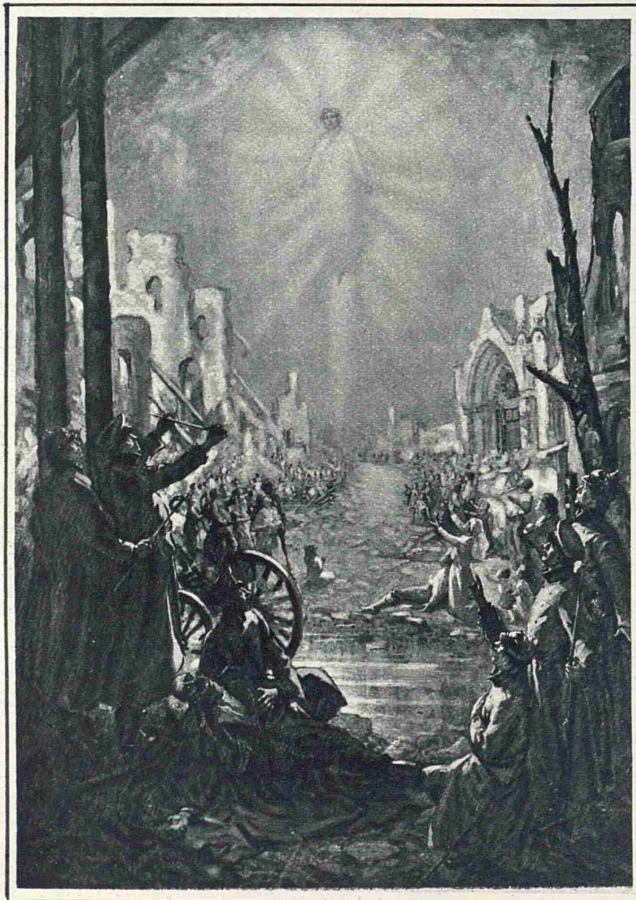


AN increasing satisfaction is to be derived in these days from picture-shows—real pictures, you know; not battle, murder, and spots before the eyes, in the sense in which the expression "picture-shows" is used in Police Courts, when Rupert the Reckless (aged eight) and Young Alf, the gonfalonier of the Black Hand Gang, are charged with a misdemeanour involving the miscarriage of half-a-pound of apples and moral and intellectual damages for shock to the old lady who keeps the shop—and put in the statutory plea that they were misled by The Pictures. "Fanny's False Step," "The Blood-Letter," and "Muffled Shrieks" are all very well in their way. But they are not, in the sense which one is driving at, pictures.

Yes; there is advancingly more kick in pictorial art in these times, now that most of the conscientious paint-pushers have coughed up their *Kriegspiel* in order to satisfy the children as to what Daddy did in the Great War. The output of "Festubert: 2 a.m." and "The Ghost of Ypres" is dwindling, and reproductions of them are going the way of "Scotland for Ever" and "The Thin Red Line." Meanwhile, the oil and colour merchants who do it in studios rather than grocers' shops are left in peace with rapidly increasing opportunities to get back to the normal subjects (or objects) of their attention.

Grafton-wards, if you can pull yourself past the Medici window display, there is the Twenty-Ninth annual beanfeast of the Portrait



TO BE SOLD FOR ST. DUNSTAN'S: AN IMAGINATIVE PICTURE BY MISS DOROTHY VICAJI.

This remarkable picture by Miss Vicaji has been given to St. Dunstan's Academy by the artist. It is called "Le Roi est Mort; Vive le Vrai Roi." The dying Kaiser, supported by the late Crown Prince, is seen in the foreground, while Hindenburg and other German Generals are giving up their swords to the Divine Presence.

Painters (Royal Society of). In halls where the light-minded are vespertinally habituated to propel the neither particularly light nor conspicuously fantastic toe in the mazy dance you may pace

majestically past the profiles, the full-faces, the three-quarters, and the altogetherers of the Great and Good. There is Lord Grey as seen by Mr. Fiddes Watt, in Garter robes, and looking a shade like Brutus in a rather over-dressed production of "Julius Cæsar." There is Lord Carisbrooke (*per Eves*, as they say in the Law Reports), efflorescent with vague amiability and a general air of being pleased to meet the people who stop and look at his canvas. General Monash presents to the public a Cyranotic fierceness; and Sir Johnston Forbes Robertson gives, *via* Mr. George Harcourt, a graceful farewell performance. General Ponsonby, with the most stimulating company on his left in the Centre Gallery, seems to be about to undertake a Spanish campaign—another side-show, but even the Old Army was hardly in the Peninsular War.

The family pride of Mr. J. J. Shannon, the President of the Society, must be responsible for the galaxy of little decorations by Mrs. Keigwin (*née* Miss Kitty Shannon) which adorn odd corners of the wall. Her work is coloured and misdrawn with that perfect modernity which apes the struggles of a primitive, and she has portrayed—it was a happy inspiration such as occurs to few—the Lady Diana Duff-Cooper, whose walls have also been bared for this show of her portrait by Shannon, J. J. Mr. John Collier has eschewed the primrose path of problems for the narrow way of portraiture, and shows us with one hand a gorgeous piece of heraldic colouring attached to a very retiring old gentleman, unspeakably embarrassed by his blatant clothing; whilst his other portrays—the picture seems to have been painted to music by Bizet—the Blue Carmen.

Anyway, it is a brisk show, with well-covered walls and lots of funny faces to laugh at. And isn't that enough in these coal-haunted, meat-ridden times? A portrait show is always amusing because of the pathetic efforts of the portraitees to be identified with their pictures. But, of course, the gifted painters of them generally see to that all right, and nobody would dream of taking the lop-eared, mousy little man in the green Homburg hat and nasty check overcoat to be the grave but ferocious Brigadier-General in full gents' brass-hattings with two air-raids and a gas-attack in the background; and the depressed-looking Sibyl in green gauze and an Old English Garden will never kid us that she was painted from that woman over there—no, not the lady with the misfit tortoiseshell spectacles; the other one—the one with the pug-nose and jolly cross-eyes. No. Art, my brethren, is a Great Power.

And a greater, in this material generation, is cooking. How it gladdens the heart of the quiet, contemplative person to see those busy financial courts round about the Throgmorton-cum-Copthall *Industriegebiet* empty their industrious contents into the Ritz of a Saturday forenoon for to take their ease and their lunch and their pipe and their bowl, what time that fiddlers three, kindly provided by a thoughtful management, discourse sweet noises imported from the United States of America. Their proud port, their stately mien, their rolling, financial eye (one or more, as the case may be), and their sumptuously upholstered ladies are a Lesson to All of Us. Quiet people go home and are found reading Smiles's "Self-Help" after the mere sight of them, and they help to make us all kinder and better, don't they?



TO BE REPRESENTED IN ST. DUNSTAN'S ACADEMY: MISS DOROTHY VICAJI.

Miss Dorothy Vicaji is one of the many well-known artists who have presented paintings and sculpture to the St. Dunstan's Academy. These gifts will be on view and sale at the Windsor Gallery, Baker Street, from Nov. 24.

Photograph by Bertram Park.