

Lionel Borden

THE BULLETIN

OF THE
SANDON STUDIOS SOCIETY



NOVEMBER, 1913.

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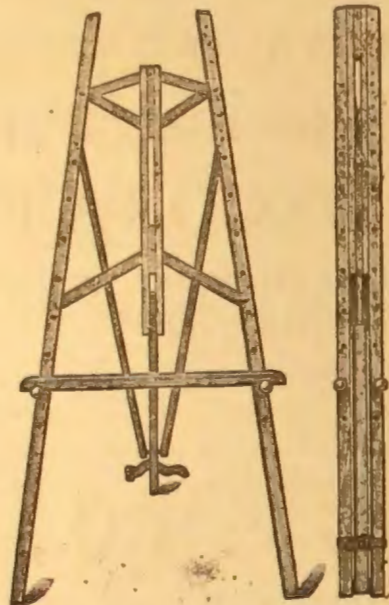
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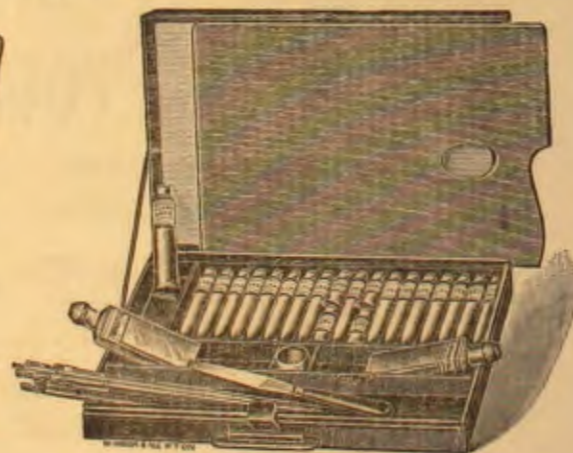
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THE BULLETIN

THE BULLETIN OF THE SANDON STUDIOS SOCIETY.

QUARTERLY—No. 7.

NOVEMBER, 1913.

AT DAWN.

THE warrior sun, the mists of morning
cleaving,
Flaunts the bright banner over the
the eastern height,
And faint with vigil, the pale stars are
leaving
Their watchtowers on the battlements
of night.
Chill with night dews, the pallid lily
rises,
Stretching her pale hands to the glowing
morn,
And stealing through the trees, a gleam
surprises
The shadow bathing in the mists of
dawn.

Across the silver sky a bird comes winging
Out of the west, with silent heavy flight,
While, in the shadows' train, shy dreams
flee clinging
With trembling hands about the skirts
of night.

DAVID.

* * *

TALES FROM THE CELTIC.

BY LEIGH HENRY.

I. THE INCOMING DAY.

THE light from my candles flickered
restlessly as the wind filtered through
the loose panes in the old leaded
casement. I put my book from me; my
eyes wearied of the intertwining dance of
dim lights and shadows on the yellow
pages.

I put my chair back from the table and
looked vaguely about me.

Before me, through the misty panes of
the window, the pale lights of the town
shone like a nebulous dream.

Behind me, in the room, the shadows
stood solid and menacing, as though filled

with evil, silent life. As I looked at them,
grotesque shapes seemed to flit among them
like dancers reflected in a dark mirror. It
seemed that at times I could see myself,
all the evil in me peering out from the
darkness. There was something sinister
in that room. I would have gone out, only
the town, with its chill lights and grey
stones, was even more appalling. So I
sat and gazed through the window. Seen
from a distance all the evil was purged
from the light of the street lamps: they
shone with an almost audible light, like
the sound of silver harps. Their dim gleam-
ing lulled me; almost I slept, and seemed
to drift out of the world.

But suddenly a soft knocking at the door
of the room rent the curtainlike silence.

I sprang dazedly to my feet, and went
to answer the summons.

As I opened the door I became aware
of a faint subtle scent, which seemed to
bear with it some dim, half-forgotten mem-
ory.

A tall woman stood in the passage, just
on the threshold of my room.

She was veiled in a long, filmy blue
mantle, which covered her hair over, and
fell to her feet, hiding her face.

But although I could discern no outline
of her form or features, yet I had a strange
sense of having seen and known her inti-
mately at some time.

I held out my hand and said, "You wished
to see me? I am sorry that I forget your
name, but I seem to know you from a
memory of some distant times."

"It is possible that you dream," she
answered. He voice was slow and rich,
albeit somewhat weary, and although I
could not see her face, I could feel that she
smiled sadly.

"I am surely right," I said, "Will you
not come into my room?"

"It is not yet time," she said, with a
strange note in her voice, and at her words
a vague unrest came over me.

I gazed at the veil through which her eyes
shone. "You are a strange woman," I
said, "By what name do men call you?"

A distant clock sounded the first stroke of midnight.

She put back the veil from her face, "I am named To-morrow."

But as the light fell on her pale, sad features, a sudden knowledge came to me. "Surely you mistake," I said, "Is not your name 'Yesterday?'"

"Pob dydd sydd yr un rhai edrychant am tragnyddol." WELSH PROVERB.

("All days are the same to him who seeks the Infinite.")

II.

THE COMING OF TALIESIN.

THE night came down blackly over the little mining town in the valley between the high hills.

Yellow lights glimmered from the cottages where the men rested after the weary day.

From the open door of the Red Dragon Inn a sound of blended singing floated into the narrow street, mingled with laughter and the sound of high-pitched voices raised in hot argument. In the little town, this night was no different to any other in its aspect. But in the distance, above the peaks of the dim mountains, a dull, faint glow rested like the drooped wings of a great luminous bird. One would have thought it was the last gleaming of sunset, only that the hour was too late.

At a corner of the market-place a lonely boy leaned, his hands thrust deep into the pockets of his ragged knickers, his hatless, untidy head sunk on his chest, his eyes on the ground.

Avaon Wynne was the scapegoat of the town, a permanent example to reproofing parents, and an outcast from all the youth of the town, who feared the disgrace of being seen in his company, and hated his abstract, brooding moods.

His father was a widower, a deacon and prominent member of the community of Zion,—the Methodist Chapel where most of the townsfolk went.

Avaon was the source of a continual grievance to him, for the boy was a dreamer, with no inclination for practical things, and with a deep hatred of the drear, white-washed edifice whereto he was driven with a merciless strap each dismal Sabbath. For Dean Wynne was a firm believer in the utterance of Solomon, and his Pharisaical pride rebelled against his son's behaviour.

All Zion Chapel held Avaon before him as a continual reproach, which gross injustice caused him to take unceasing pains to lead the boy with a firm hand into the path of righteousness.

But this night there was a men's prayer-meeting to which the deacon had gone, leaving the boy alone in the house, from which he had escaped as soon as his father turned the street corner.

And now he was out in the night air which he loved, and free for a few hours from the stifling odour of sanctity which oppressed all his days at home.

It was getting late, but he still lingered, knowing that the strap awaited him in any event, and determined, therefore, to make the most of his short space of liberty.

So he loitered in the darkest corner of the empty market-place, and dreamed.

And as he dreamed, the red glow over the mountain-tops widened, and grew in intensity.

And then, suddenly, a sound of distant singing came faintly down from the hillside, and crept through the quiet streets.

Very faint it was at first, but wonderfully clear through the night air: a solitary voice, singing a strange song which seemed to have been made in some place beyond the world.

And as Avaon heard it, his eyes rose to the hills, and he saw the strange glow, which had commenced to take on a golden hue.

Others had also seen the light and heard the strange singing, which every moment drew nearer, as though the singer was coming towards the town.

The streets began to fill with people, all excitedly discussing the unusual happening.

But Avaon stood motionless against the wall, listening tensely, for it was borne in upon him that the hour of his dreams was come.

In the streets and the now crowded market place, the clatter of hurrying feet and clamour of excited voices grew every moment.

And upon the mountains the glow broadened and grew brighter, till the town was flooded with more than noonday light.

And the people began to cry out in terror, and many fell upon their knees and began to pray loudly, while others ran about, wringing their hands.

But Avaon stood like one in a trance, watching the road which led from the market-place, past a deep ravine, to the mountains.

Someone began to laugh hysterically, and a woman shrieked out for help in an agonized voice.

But the voice of Pastor Hughes of Zion broke through the clamour, crying, "Pray ye now to the Lord, for the coming of the Messiah is at hand."

Then did the trance fall from Avaon, and he sprang out before the cowering crowd, a boy in years, but in soul a man grown mighty with a sudden wonderful knowledge.

And he called out in a loud voice which pealed above the babel of voices, saying:

"Listen! All of you, listen!
Do you not hear the singing?
I tell you this is no Messiah!"

This is Taliesin the Bard come again to waken the Cymri.

Let us go out, all of us, to welcome him."

And because of the glory of his eyes, the people rose and followed him silently down the street toward the singing, which now sounded close at hand. As they reached the end of the street where the town ended, and the open road began, a figure came in sight in the distance, round the turn of the road, singing.

And Avaon bowed his head in his hands and waited, and all the people with him did likewise.

So they stood and waited, and the singing drew near, and the sound of the footsteps was heard.

Then the singing ceased, and the footsteps stopped, a few feet away from the crowd, and a gentle voice spoke, the words sounding strangely clear in the great hush that hung over the waiting crowd.

"Why do the Cymri hide their faces from me" said the voice, and the people looked up.

A few feet away stood an aged man, clad in very ragged clothes, leaning on a stick, and regarding them with a wondrously gentle smile.

And Avaon fell upon his knees and cried out "O, you have come at last, Taliesin! You have come at last!"

But a threatening murmur swelled up in the crowd and angry voices broke out in abuse and threats. A howling pandemonium seemed suddenly broken loose, denouncing the old man as a beggar and imposter. And as the stranger heard their words, the smile went from his face, and he turned and fled swiftly down the road away from them. The whole crowd, save only Avaon, gave chase immediately, but the stranger ran at a pace marvellous in one so aged.

Every step he gained on them until the turn of the road hid him from their view.

They followed hotfoot after him, but when they rounded the turn he had disappeared entirely, and the light suddenly died down to a dim glow behind the mountains. A sudden panic seized them, and they rushed back along the road to the town.

Of the stranger, some said after that he must have fallen into the ravine by the road, and been washed away by the torrent which flowed beneath.

But no one can say for certain.

As for Avaon, he got the strap, to teach him the error of his heathen blasphemies.





LITTLE MISS LIVERPOOL AND MADAM MUNICIPAL PATRONAGE.

LITTLE MISS LIVERPOOL AND MADAM MUNICIPAL PATRONAGE.

THE Dame unto the Damsel said,
 "The Autumn Show entralls,"
 Invited works from Londoners, from Ger-
 mans and from Gauls,
 And two late Modern Master's oils adorn
 our classic walls!"

"O, let the Dead cremate their dead,—I
 speak not to deride—
 But I propose," the Maiden said, "That
 Living Art be tried."

"It wouldn't bring the 'jimmies' in, the
 knowing Dame replied.

"Besides, a quarter of the space I freely
 give to you"

(The staircases, a cellar, and perhaps a
 screen or two).

"Your kindness, ma'am," the Flapper cried,
 "Is just a bit too-too!"

"A ticket for the Raffle?" here she
 gave a little screech,

"The Union's doing very well despite the
 prudes who preach.

One book, my little lady? Take a dozen,
 I beseech!

"You never know your luck, my pet. The
 prizes must be won.

By artful games like these we gain the Best
 Place in the Sun,—

It won't enrich the Scotsmen. No. They're
 doing it for fun!"

GRINGOIRE

* * *

EVE.

In the beginning Allah took a Rose, a
 Lily, a Dove, a little Honey, a Dead Sea
 Apple and a handful of clay. When he
 looked at the amalgam it was Woman.

THE BULLETIN

Suggested Poster for the Autumn Exhibition:
PICTURES TO BURN! WHERE?
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Liverpool Premier Picture Store
 (near Rushworth's)
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A FEAST OF ART!

THE PAINT WET.

NO OBSOLETE OLD MASTERS.

GO AND SEE

The Luscious Leighton. No. 82.
 ("What pigmies we moderns are." *Vide Daily Paper.*)

The Tumultous Tadema. No. 1037.
 ("Tadema's marbles are the best." *Tailor and Cutter.*)

The Frolicsome Fuchs. No. 355.
 ("Fuchs, m. fox; bay horse; sly person." *German Dictionary.*)

The Hall-marked Hall Neale. No. 929.
 ("The Velvet is so real, you could stroke it!" *Remark made by intelligent spectator.*)

**THOUSANDS OF SQUARE FEET
 COVERED WITH ART.**

SPECIAL ATTRACTION: At a forthcoming Soiree, George Moore's celebrated article from *Modern Painting* entitled "THE ALDERMAN IN ART," versified and set to music by Mr. E. R. Dibdin, will be sung with great effect by Messrs. JOHN LEA and F. J. LESLIE. Accompanists: the "Art" critics of the *Liverpool Daily Courier, Post and Mercury.* Tympanist: the critic of *The Porcupine.*

POETS AT BAY.

BY C. L. GRAVES AND E. V. LUCAS.

A PAMPHLET by Mr. Edmund Gosse, C.B., on "The Future of English Poetry," has caused so much disturbance in the best poetic circles that a mass meeting was recently called to debate the great critic's conclusions. Objection was principally taken to his contention that the poets of the future will disdain the ordinary forms of speech and will refrain from celebrating natural objects on the ground that everything that can be said about their obvious beauty has been said. "Future poets," says the gifted Librarian of the House of Lords, will seek to analyze the redness of the rose [not "nose," as in an unfortunate misprint], and will scout,

as a fallacious observation, the statement that the violet is blue. All schemes of art become mechanical and insipid, and even their *naïvetés* lose their savour. Verse of excellent quality, in this primitive manner, can now be written to order by any smart little boy in a grammar-school."

The meeting was held over the Poetry Shop in Devonshire Street, W.C., where the modern bard may be found, of an afternoon, declaiming his latest effusions to admiring audiences; and the chair was taken by Mr. Eddie Marsh (by kind permission of Mr. Winston Churchill). There were present a number of distinguished poets, some looking strangely like ordinary persons, a large contingent of ladies, and, at the back, two rows of smart little grammar-school boys.

A phonograph on the table was, it was understood, intended to convey a report of the meeting to Mr. Gosse, who was week-ending with one of his peers.

Mr. Marsh, in his opening remarks, said that he was, he supposed, peculiarly qualified to take the chair since he was the editor of *The Book of Georgian Verse*. (Loud applause.) It was called Georgian, he said because all the poets in it were born in the reign of Victoria and educated in the reign of Edward VII., and most of the poetry was written before George V. came to the throne. None the less, Georgian was a good title, especially as the word had no eighteenth-century connotation. (Renewed cheers.) He had made a close study of modern verse, he continued, and was satisfied that a return to simplicity might occur at any moment, and that when it did, smart little grammar-school boys would have no hand in it (riot on the back benches.) Rather would it be an affair to be managed by certain long-haired friends of his own. (Tremendous excitement.)

The chairman then proceeded to read a letter from Dr. Robert Bridges, the Poet Laureate, whose name was received with supernatural delight. "Mr. Gosse," said the writer, "is clearly wrong in his suggestion that one poet can be checked in his raptures by the fact that another poet has anticipated him. Any little grammar-

school boy, smart or otherwise, could have told him that it is part of the nature of the poet to admit no predecessor and to believe his discoveries original." (Hear! Hear!)

A letter from Mr. Thomas Hardy followed. "Mr. Gosse," he said, "is always industrious and often ingenious, but not even Commanders of the Bath are invariably right. Mr. Gosse has decided that, 'the natural uses of English and the obvious forms of our speech will be driven from our national poetry'. That may be so; but for my part I believe that upon the arrival of a great poet great and simple poetry will follow, and that the combination of old-fashioned words is no more exhausted than the combination of the notes of the piano. (Loud enthusiasm.) In my opinion," the letter concluded, "there are few less profitable tasks than the attempt to forecast the trend of the arts, since a genius may at any moment appear, to blow conjecture sky high." (Renewed applause, and not a little self-concious enthusiasm among the younger men.)

Mr. John Masefield, who wore a sou'-wester and was imperfectly heard owing to a large quid in his starboard cheek, said that he—well, agreed with everything that Mr. Gosse had said. There was no doubt whatever that mere—pettiness had had its day. What the poet of the future needed was a hard-bitten vocabulary drawn from experience of rough-and-ready life, no matter how squalid. Realism was the thing. "Give your readers—," was his advice to the young. (Sensation.)

Mr. Rupert Brooke said he was one of the young guard. His particular line was emotion. He had in fact written a volume chiefly of love poems, but he was bound to confess that his interest in love was principally the conviction that it was certain to end. He defied any little boy in a grammar-school to write anything that would naturally fall into place in his, the speaker's, volume. (Cheers.)

A slight hitch now occurred, brought about by a little misunderstanding as to whether Mr. Ezra Pound or Mr. Lascelles Abercrombie should speak first, which was

settled by Mr. Pound, who comes from Arkansas, in the ready manner of his country. Mr. Abercrombie's body having been removed, Mr. Pound remarked that obviously Mr. Gosse was right, since he, the speaker, had already begun to employ a jargon of his own and to avoid the obvious. No one should ever be able to lay a "Psalm of Life" to his conscience. (Applause.)

No doubt other speakers would have risen but for the circumstance that the chairman at this point received a cablegram from his chief, requesting his immediate presence at Kiel. The meeting thus terminated without anything very definite having been arrived at except renewed respect for the genius of the Sainte-Beuve of the House of Lords.

From "Punch," September 10th, 1913.

* * *

MODERNITY.

A SESTINA.

THIS for a song, O Modern Times and Ways,

A song to hail your glory and your might,

To chant your tumult and your strenuous days.

Your clamorous toil and nervous fierce delight,

I bring this pæan of homage and of praise

To feed your flame against the Past's dark night.

Sleepless and all unwearied, day and night
Through spanless space and labyrinthine ways,

Hour upon hour, with stern resistless might,

You wring new knowledge from the conquered days,

Enshrining Man in god-like sheer delight
Beyond the waste of superstitious praise.

Each moment builds new monuments to praise

The Sun of Science that dispersed the night

Of mediæval darkness, and black ways

When gloom and death bereft all joy of night.

Year after year, above the glaring days,
Life climbs to potency and new delight.

O thunder out your chorus of delight
With steel and steam! What voice shall sing the praise

Of progress tireless through the day and night?

The wonder of the first untrodden ways
Urges us on. Time reels before the might
Of strength that wearies not through countless days.

Climb on! Climb higher over heaped-up days

O Human Knowledge! Life gains in delight

New discords and new harmonies to praise
In fiery psalms the shatterer of night.

Climb on, O Conqueror of hampering ways
Eternity grows radiant with your might.

Scream in your triumph, riot in your might,
Clang iron and steel and deafen all the days.

Roll, rumbling wheels, and with your rude delight

Seethe steam and shriek aloud your sounds of praise

As each achievement, rending through the night

Streams floods of light upon the unknown ways.

Till past dim ways, spurred on with restless night,

In strong delight Man reigns above his days,

Glorious past praise or blame—where is no night.

L.H.

THE BULLETIN

THE ORIENTAL DANCE.

THE Sandon has excelled itself, and general opinion will probably pronounce the dance of November 7th the most successful of many successful entertainments which have roused the echoes of the old Bluecoat School. More attention than usual was paid to the scheme of dress suggested, and most of the dancers were garbed in harmony with the oriental setting of the festivities. Mr. Harris painted a most effective scene which was hung at one end of the room, and he arranged a really wonderful starlight effect by means of electric lights concealed behind the canvas. When the ordinary lights of the room were put out, the gay throng appeared to be dancing in the open square of some mysterious eastern city. Shadowy mosques and cupolas rose to right and left, strange pathway trees peered from the shadows over great garden walls, and above all was spread the canopy of a deep blue eastern night pierced here and there by the orange glow of starlight. Fumes of incense curled their way out of little clay censers and made the air heavy with mystery.

Saracens, Egyptians, Turks, Infidels and Christian Martyrs mingled without signs of hostility, and a cordial welcome was afforded even to some grotesque apparitions who had obviously escaped from the nightmare bag of the Genie of the Lamp. Mrs. J. Macleay and Mr. Budden won the prizes, the former being a most fascinating Turkish lady and the latter a wonderful representation of a Priest of Isis. Under the awe inspiring exterior of

Sennacherib, Professor Adshead was, we believe, concealed. Mrs. Frimston was a picturesque representative of Turkey in Paris, and both Mr. Abercrombie's Priest of Fo and Mr. Lipcinsky's Persian knight were striking features in the scene. Miss Emmett and Miss Mona Smith were charming Egyptian girls, and one of the most beautiful dresses at the dance was worn by Miss Brayton who was a Kismet "creation." Mr. Rawdon Smith defied identity as a Chinaman and conspicuous among the "cunning drapers of shawls" were Miss Ziegler and Miss Kearns.

Shortly after the dance began the spirits of the company were raised by the entrance of an obstreperous young elephant, whose gambols were directed by Mr. Henry Carr in the capacity of "Mahout." It may seem out of place to descend to anatomical details, but one cannot refrain from congratulating Messrs. Herbert Smith and Kenneth Burrell on their efficiency in their respective roles of fore and hind quarters.

Brown's Band won general approval, and the appearance of two Tangos on the programme justified the claim of the club to support or at least tolerate any fresh departure in the domains of Art. The reactionary element of the gathering was pacified by a strenuous set of lancers shortly after midnight.

The illusion of the magic city must have been doubly strong for anyone who chanced to see, during Friday afternoon, the desolate confusion of rags, tin tacks and other oddments that littered the unadorned ball-room. The thanks of the many are again due to the few, whose unflinching

THE BULLETIN

energy and labour raised from this most unpromising material, a veritable pleasure dome of Kubla Khan.

* * *

THE CONTEMPORARY ART SOCIETY.

It is our intention, during the month of February, 1914, to hold an Exhibition of works lent by the above named Society. Many beautiful examples of John, Lamb, Sargent, Orpen, Lavery, Rothenstein and other outstanding painters of the day will be seen in Liverpool for the first time.

Speaking about the array of brilliant artists of the present "*The New Statesman*" (Nov. 8th) says: "There is really cause for the cheerful feeling that the Contemporary Art Society have got plenty of material to work upon, and that the Chantry Trustees don't really so very much matter. British Art may be ceasing to be British, as the term is understood in wealthier suburbs, but it is beginning to be Art. The "City Gent" will before long be buying in other than Academical markets, and the back stairs of many a well ordered mansion in the Home Counties will be enriched with the "massive oil paintings" that now adorn the reception rooms and billiard saloon, so as to give place to what is more in keeping with a reputation for knowing what is the right thing. In the fastnesses of the smaller and more remote Municipal Galleries the old order will be longer in giving place to the new, but when—or at least, if ever—it becomes known upon the Slugby Borough Council that Snailford is attracting more visitors by virtue of its

unheard of expenditure on the latest and most startling efforts of the younger painters, the town band and the Royal Academician will possibly be left to console each other in a less conspicuous position than they occupy at present. The interment of Sir Lawrence Alma Tadema alongside Reynolds and Nelson may possess an entirely different significance from that which is attached to it in the popular mind, as with the pompous closing of one epoch in painting we may be able to recognise the auspicious opening of another."

* * *

THE DEATH OF AUTUMN.

THE wild winds are moaning,
The bare branches groaning;
All await Autumn's death
In the chill icy breath
And they shudder "Pass by."

The starved leaves are falling,
The sea mews are calling
"Come away, come away;
Ere the dawn of the day
The fierce storm will be high
And will mock at our cry."

The dead leaves are scattered,
The bare rocks are battered
By waves, 'mid whose roar
On the wreckage strewn shore
Sounds a deep warning bell
From the reef, like a knell.

DAVID.

OBITUARY.

On October 28th, at his residence Basil Grange, West Derby, in his 84th year, James Lister, J.P. (formerly of Belfield, Windermere) passed away.

NOVEMBER, DECEMBER, 1913,
JANUARY, 1914.

The attention of Members is called to the fact that the club will be open until 11 o'clock on alternate Monday evenings, Nov. 17th, Dec. 1st, and 15th, Jan. 5th and 11th.

It is hoped that certain ladies and gentlemen may offer to provide some informal entertainment, as has hitherto been the case—in which event they should kindly notify the Secretary—or failing this that members who are present will get up some impromptu form of amusement.

Dress: Either morning and evening.
Refreshments at the usual prices.

N.B.—No further intimation as to these evenings will be given, except that if any Members should kindly offer their services, a notice to this effect will be posted on the board in the Club.

It is hoped that the attendance at these open Club Evenings will be as large as possible.

* * *

NEW MEMBERS.

- *BESWICK, Miss Jessie, 68 Watergate St., Chester.
- BRIGHT, Miss Edith, Windy Gap, Formby.
- „ Miss M.L., „ „ „
- COHAN, Miss May, Wynnstay, Aigburth Drive, Sefton Park.
- DICKINSON, Fryer, 25 Lord Street
- DOD, H. A., 24 Liverpool Road, Birkdale.
- HENDERSON, Miss H. G., 27 Prince Alfred Road, Wavertree.

- *HILES, Miss Barbara, Blakeway, Sunningdale Road, New Brighton.
- HOWROYD, Mrs. R., White Cottage, Helsby.
- *MACLAREN, Donald G., 71 Canning St.
- POWELL, Miss Phœbe, M.D., The Vicarage, Knotty Ash.
- SHUTT, Cecil, Halewood House, Gateacre.
- WYATT, Miss D., Beechlawn, Waterloo.

*Studio Members.

* * *

THE following ladies and gentlemen are in charge of various departments and maybe addressed at the Sandon Studios Society, Liberty Buildings, School Lane, Liverpool.

- Hon. Sec. General Committee, Mrs. Calder
- Hon. TreasurerMr. Sewell Bacon
- Hon. Sec. Executive Committee,
Miss Lilian Allen
- Hon. Sec. Entertainments Committee,
Mr. E. Rawdon Smith
- Hon. Sec. Artists and Exhibition CommitteeMr. Noel Irving
- Hon. Sec. House Committee,
Mrs. Abraham
- Life Class StewardsMiss Page and
Mr. Henry Carr
- Enamellers' StewardMr. Shepheard

Extra copies of THE BULLETIN (price threepence each) may be had from the Housekeeper, Sandon Studios Society, Liberty Buildings, Liverpool.

Pictures, prints, and publications by members, may always be obtained through the Society.

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HANDLEY BROTHERS, 146, Breck Road, Everton,
Liverpool, November, 1913.

PRIZES ! PRIZES ! PRIZES !

Why should the Walker Art Gallery, with its Art Union Raffle, have it all its own way ?

JOIN

Our "Limerick" Competition

and win one of the following VALUABLE AWARDS,

- 1st Prize : Season Ticket for One Month to New Brighton,
- 2nd „ A Lunch on the Promenade.
- 3rd „ A Bucket and Spade,

All you have to do is to fill in satisfactorily the last line of the following "Limerick."

A great business man named A * * * * *
Who ought to desist, but who doth not,
Inspired by Van Goch,
Paints pictures that shock,

.....

A knowledge of Prosody is not required. Even professional poets are as ignorant of the Iambus, the Trochee, the Dactyl, the Ambibrach, and the Anapæst, as professional artists are of perspective and sciagraphy. The supersensitive ear may twitch in agony at the rhyming of "Goch" with "shock." We don't appeal to the supersensitive, but we do to the loyal and patriotic (and there are four hundred in the Club) who can sing without the tremor of an eyelash :

"Happy and glorious,
Long to reign over us . . ."

The adjudicators will not object to faulty scansion. Your line may be measured by a foot rule or a ten-yard pole. It may sound like turnips rolling over a barn floor. Don't be deterred. Send it in.

EXAMPLE I.

Beautiful ball-dancing Bill
Has a heart that's not easy to fill;
His flirting is torrid,
His method is horrid :
Of course, he's a bachelor still.

EXAMPLE II.

That eminent suffragist J
Had an excess of madness and folly,
In an overwrought state
She broke Werner's best plate
With a poker (it wasn't a "brolly").

EXAMPLE III.

That elegant architect, B
Was commissioned to plan out a tower,
He said "I've a failing,
I've got to go sailing,"
So he rushed the dam thing in an hour.

EXAMPLE IV.

There was a young lady named K
Who spends all the money she earns
On learning the Tango,
Cachucha, Fandango,
And other quaint nonsense by turns.



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