

THE MEN OF THE NINETIES

standing opposite a second-hand bookshop, with its scheme of black, green, orange, and salmon pink, advertising Fisher Unwin's *Pseudonym Library*, flashed its colours gaily amid a mass of stupid commercial advertising. *Punch* parodied 'The Blessed Damsel' with a new version of lauds for 'The Beardsley Girl.' A famous tea-shop exploited the type of female beauty.

Oscar Wilde's play *Salomé* was illustrated by the newly arrived young artist. The columns of the papers and magazines spread his fame, or more often belittled it. The new art magazine, *The Studio*, not only raised him to the skies, but had its first cover done by him. And all this happened to a boy who had only been gone from school six years, and whose total age when he became the art craze of London was only twenty-two. But he was not to stop there. After four more years of crowded, feverish work he was to die, after having affected all the black and white art of the world. He was to be at once accepted in Paris. He was to raise a shoal of imitators, and to influence more or less detrimentally dozens of good artists.

Yet all this phenomenal success was not to change his charming personality in the least.