

ture stared him in the face. "It is the greatest picture," said the Temps, "that Paris has seen for several seasons. It reveals a new genius in the world of painting. We welcome him, although he be not a Frenchman. The Republic of Art recognises no frontiers, etc., etc." And the article was signed Maurice Rodillet!

He rose to his feet a little dazed, and walked through the unresting crowd. The constant going and coming troubled him. He was glad to get away to the larger spaces, among the barren trees.

There was nothing like a crush inside the Exhibition building; scattered spectators formed lively groups of two and three. In the second room alone a larger group had gathered, buzzing with that stupidly important interest which accumulates around the ignorant sensation of the hour.

There, stared at by twenty unsympathetic faces—fat, fair, old, foolish, simpering, bored