

instead of all the stitches being exactly in the middle, each stitch is taken a little at the side of the last. Work from side to side, and never put two stitches or more on one side, and not the same number on the other, but carefully alternating each stitch.

In Fig. 6 I have shown how common herring-bone can be utilised to form a pretty stitch, very little of the material being taken up by the needle.

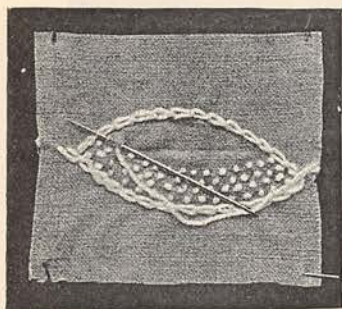


FIG. 8.—POINT SABLÉ.

Loops are placed at the top of the stitches, as shown in the illustration, if for a border, and on both sides of the herring-bone if for an insertion. French knots are placed, as you will see, in the spaces; and, though described in the former article, I have left the needle in one of the knots, in case the worker has not that article before her. After taking your needle up through the material, twist your cotton once or twice, according to its thickness and the size of the knot you wish to make, and then put the needle in again close, but not into where you drew it out in the first place.

Cable-plait-stitch (Fig. 7) is not easy to learn. Having put your needle behind the cotton, you give it a twist and bring it up to the edge. This twist forms the loop. Then bring your needle out as you see in the illustration, and then proceed, after withdrawing it, by making your twist close to the work.

In Fig. 8 is a leaf outlined in ordinary chain-stitch,

and filled up with what is called *Point Sablé*. Now, this stitch is easy to do, and is more knack than anything else. It is just like a simple back-stitch, but is not that in reality, because a back-stitch is taken perfectly straight in exactly the same line of the material—the thread, I might say—as the one out of which your cotton comes. But in *point sablé* you take the stitch at an infinitesimal angle (just the difference of one thread, perhaps), and that makes it round and like a grain of sand—hence its name—and not flat like a seed. When well done it is very pretty, but when flat it is very ugly. Always see that your stitch comes between two others and not under those you have worked, excepting when you fill up an awkward corner of where the leaf slopes, and then you have to manage, perhaps, one stitch above three, and not between two, on account of the space not permitting you to do it. But even then you must try and not get stitches close to each other, though, possibly, one would have to be above another to start the row, as you will see would have to be the case when beginning the fifth row in the leaf before you.



FIG. 9.—CABLE-STITCH.

Cable-stitch (Fig. 9) is the last which I shall describe. Make a chain, and then, putting your needle under the cotton you have withdrawn, give it a twist, and place your needle as you see in the illustration. The little twist makes the link between the chain loops. It is a useful stitch for stems, filling in surfaces, tendrils, etc.

A TALK WITH SIR GEORGE REID, P.R.S.A.

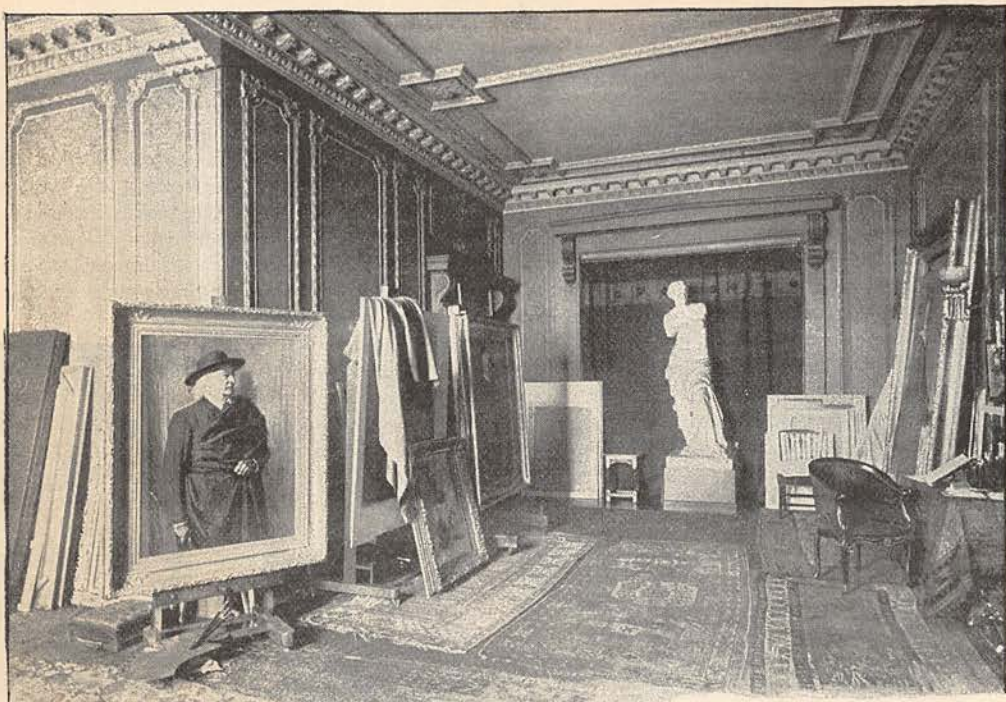
BY RAYMOND BLATHWAYT.



SIR GEORGE REID, the President of the Royal Scotch Academy, is distinctly one of the most interesting artistic subjects of the day; and Scottish art, which to a very recent period lagged far behind that of all other countries, has become at a single bound the most remarkable in Europe. The Charter of 1838, by which a number of clever men had tied themselves up so tightly that they had no power of movement, has been recently revised. Sir George Reid has become the President of the Academy; there is no limit now to the number of Associates; and the elections in the early part of last year have brought the hitherto hostile New Glaswegians—the passionists of

the North, as I have heard them called—pouring into the Academy. The old-fashioned traditions of the old-fashioned Scottish school—and no school on earth was ever more hide-bound, convention-tied—are fast passing away, and with a not unnatural reaction, everything is new, daring, exaggerated, eccentric, but yet full of hope, promise, and rare ability.

And at the head of this Academy, calmly, quietly watching the wondrous revival, stands Sir George Reid, a man with a fine past, a bright present, a brilliant future. A tall, handsome, grey-bearded man, in the very prime of life, with strong original ideas, to which he gives expression in a slow quiet voice: a man utterly without self-consciousness or conceit, and full of consideration for and helpfulness concerning the work of the rising young artists of the day: Sir



SIR GEORGE REID'S EDINBURGH STUDIO.

George Reid is very naturally one of the most popular, as well as one of the most prominent, figures in Scotland to-day.

"Ah!" said he, as he handed me a long clay pipe, on which the maker had stamped the legend "Carlyle's Pipe," "Scottish art has undergone a great change of late years, and even more remarkable is the way in which art and the artist are regarded by Scottish society of to-day. Fifty years ago it was hardly respectable to be an artist. Scott's 'Dick Tinto' was a fair specimen of the artist of his day, who was regarded by the strict Presbyterian as 'pretty sure to come to a bad end.' But the change in Scottish art itself is even more remarkable; and though, perhaps, the new Glasgow school thinks rather more of itself than foreigners think of it, yet it is a great advance on the old Scotch traditions of the Wilkie order. The men of that generation looked at Teniers, Poussin, Salvator, or Claude, not at Nature; and though that school undoubtedly produced clever men, yet now it is quite dead. The new school goes to Paris, stays a few months in some *atelier*, picks up the *blague*, the slang of the French studio, learns superficial tricks, and many of the vices but few of the virtues that you see in the French painting of to-day."

"Quite what Sir Frederick Leighton once said to me," I replied. "They come back with a French accent in their work."

"Yes," said Sir George; "but yet it is very clever work; what they want is a longer training. And what



SIR GEORGE REID, P.R.S.A.

(From a photograph by Mr. Alexr. A. Inglis, Edinburgh)

our Academy ought to do is to supply them with that training. Here we have no assistance, no money, and we charge no fees. We have a life school, but we ought to have an antique school also, and then we could deal with our men properly. In fact, our men when they leave us are not half trained. Art should be a handicraft as well as an art. An artist must know how to use his hands and materials. Our young Glasgow men, who call themselves impressionists, are just feeling their way, and when they are able to walk on their own feet there will be some fine results. Hitherto the Scottish artist has been as a pagan 'suckled on some creed out-worn.' What they want is *thoroughness* and patience. My own training has been a very thorough one," continued Sir George, in reply to a question I put him, as he refilled his churchwarden and stretched himself at full length on his sofa. "At twelve and a half years of age I was apprenticed to a lithographer in Aberdeen. I came to Edinburgh in 1861, and entered the Board of Trustees' School of Painting at the Royal Institution on my twentieth birthday. I started my artistic career as a landscape painter, and would have scouted the idea of painting portraits. However, I gradually came to the realisation that, as a rule, the *drawing* in landscape was very faulty and weak. I felt that a landscape painter should go in for a good *figure* education, and so be able to draw *anything*. I therefore went in carefully for that branch of art, returned to Aberdeen, and began landscape painting and occasional portraits. Gradually my portraits elbowed my landscapes out of the field. Which shows how little command a man has over destiny," thoughtfully remarked my host. "I don't regret it. Portrait painting has been most interesting to me, and has brought me many friends. Take some of them, for instance. There is George Macdonald. He used to be a thorough Aberdonian; and even now, when he goes North, he forgets his cosmopolitan existence, and relapses into the fine old Doric of his early days. He told me that he was always Scotch when he wanted to be humorous or pathetic in his writings; he couldn't be so in English.

"He is frequently as much of a mystic in his talk as in his books. I used to live with him in the house which William Morris now occupies at Hammersmith. It was then called 'The

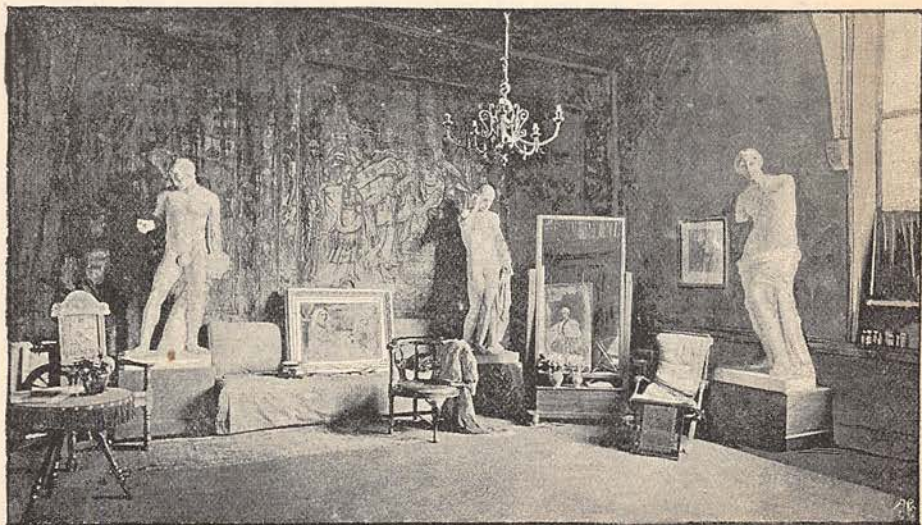
Retreat.' Then there was that grand fellow Tulloch, of St. Andrews. He suffered from nervousness and depression, but he was always interesting. A noble character! Dear old John Brown—the author of 'Rab and his Friends,' you know. Do you know how he came to write that book? It arose from a lecture which he delivered to some young men. I painted my last portrait of him in four hours; he could give me no longer time. Froude, too, I knew well. Carlyle died at the very time I was painting him, and Froude told me some time afterwards that the very things in his 'Life of Carlyle' which have been most decried had actually been read over and revised by Carlyle himself. I remember once Froude and I were playing tennis in the square, when Carlyle came in to look for him. Froude, who was enthusiastic about the game, hid in the bushes as soon as he saw Carlyle coming. The old philosopher looked round the square, grunted, and went away. He and Froude had a hearty laugh about it afterwards."

"I suppose," I remarked, "that portrait painting helps a man to become a good reader of character?"

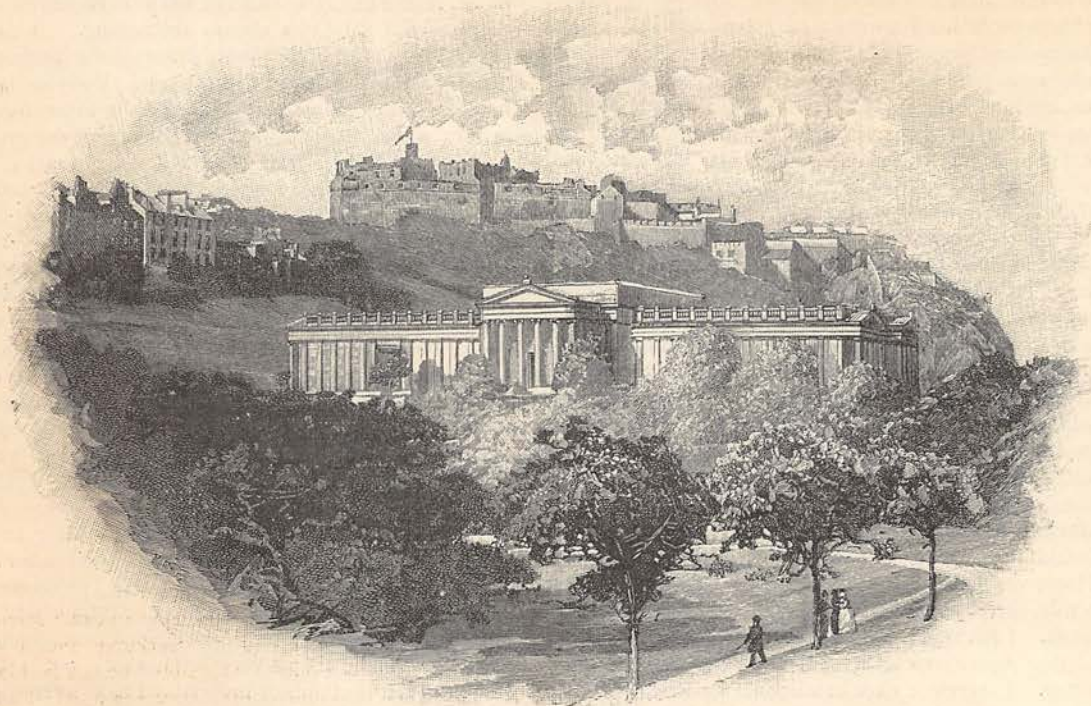
"Certainly," replied Sir George. "I am becoming quite an expert in judging of a face. Still, I would say this: that phrenology is far from being an exact science; and I have noted it as a very remarkable and a very delightful fact that almost invariably I have a far higher opinion of my sitter when the portrait is finished and I have learnt to know him than I had formed on a first sight of him. Take my word for it, there is a wonderful lot of good in human nature."

"And what do you think of portrait painting nowadays, Sir George?"

"It is decidedly promising, and you see much that is really good. But, oh dear!" he continued, as he rose from his chair and began to walk up and down the room, "who can excel that wonderful Velasquez?"



THE ABERDEEN STUDIO.



THE ROYAL SCOTTISH ACADEMY, EDINBURGH.

(From a photograph by Mr. Alexr. A. Inglis, Edinburgh.)

No man of to-day can come up to him. I would rather go to him than to anyone else. But you'll never understand him till you go to Madrid, and see him there. Sixty of his finest paintings. There you have him in his early, his middle, and his late period. The early is tight and hard, violent in light and shade. In his middle period you begin to feel a new sort of idea: there is more Nature in him, but he is still hard, there is no looseness. But gradually towards the end how he softens and tones down, and yet what intense reality there is! Can't you *feel* how *actual* his people are?" cried the now fairly excited artist, as he pointed to the wall upon which hung some splendid photographic reproductions of Velasquez's finest works.

And then, branching off for a moment, Sir George turned to me, and said—

"Why do Whistler's portraits attract so much? Because," he continued, replying to his own question, "they are ghosts, they are shadows. It is as if you went into a crowded drawing-room, and saw a ghost flitting here and there amongst the actualities of warm flesh and blood. That is why Whistler's portraits are so remarkable; they are not people, but ghosts. And now to come back to our friend Velasquez. Notice the wonderful landscape in that 'Peter and Paul' of his; look up that valley, away up, the distant mountains and the nearer ridges running down towards the stream, that, though it is in the foreground, he has dared to paint so very thinly and slightly. But you

see in that picture all the quality of infinity that you see in Turner's work."

By this time I stood in a vast studio beneath a fine replica of the *Venus de Milo*; opposite me was a portrait of Professor Blackie, very characteristic, a charming work of art.

"Was he a good sitter?" I asked, recalling my visit of the previous day to the stalwart old Scotchman, who had paraded his study singing and talking the whole time.

Sir George fairly laughed.

"He is a delightful man, but a dreadful sitter. As old Lady — said to me the other day, 'It's just like trying to catch a flea in a blanket.'"

I noticed with great appreciation some exquisite groups of flowers which Sir George had painted in the past summer: roses thrown together in one vast tumbled mass of colour, upon which a splash of golden sunlight fell, revealing the beautiful tints and throwing the flowers out distinct and clear against a dim shadowy background. As Sir George that night saw me to the door, through which a soft wet wind was blowing from the west, where far off twinkled the mystic warning lights of May, and Fiddra, and Inverkeith, he said laughingly to me—

"Many young fellows come to our Academy, but they do not stay in old Scotland; for, as the old woman said, it is ever true, 'Train up a child, and away he do go.'"