CURRENT NEWS OF THE FINE ARTS.

The second volume of the Yellow Book has more amusing illustrations by the British artists who are trying to outdo Rops, Jossoet, Ivels, and other Parisian fantastics. Mr. Wilson Steer has a female model putting on her stockings, and the picture is called "Portrait of Himself."

After gazying some time at this picture, the lower half of a man is discovered in the background. The frontispiece is the Renaissance of Venus by Walter Crane—a picture in the style of Puis de Chavannes, so far as composition and line are concerned, but in no wise especially Renaissance. It is a large nude woman standing in shoal water who appears to be wringing out her hair. The only attribute of Venus is a flight of doves behind her.

A. S. Hartwick has a realistic, but rather anarchistic-looking "Lamp-lighter" and quaint jocose illustrator Aubrey Beardsley has three excruciatingly funny pictures in broad masses of black and white, that resemble caricatures of grotesque drawings of children in our century and a majority of these extravaganzas is open mouths, high cheekbones, and extremities even smaller in proportion to bodies that the figures of Jacques Callot. There is an excellent profile portrait of Mr. Henry James, and the drawing by John S. Sargent.

The Milwaukee Sentinel, speaking of the National Sculpture Society, remarks: "It is to be regretted that Milwaukee has no representative in the National Sculpture Society. Any person who is in sympathy with the objects of this society is eligible to membership. Chicago, Detroit, and St. Louis members are found in the list of Western members, but Milwaukee is not yet represented. Relations with such a society are highly profitable to those in any way connected, directly or indirectly, with sculpture. Those charged with the awarding of public commissions are particularly concerned in its workings. As an auxiliary to the Municipal Art Societies of New York, Boston, and Cincinnati, it has been of great service in enabling them to give to the public rid of feeble productions or even hideous statues and monuments, which have heretofore too carelessly erected about the country. The present Executive Council of the National Sculpture Society, of which John Q. A. Ward, the author of many well-known statues, and Richard M. Hunt, head architect of the recent Columbia World's Fair, is the head two of the leading lights in sculpture and architecture in America—John Q. A. Ward, the author of many well-known statues, and Richard M. Hunt, head architect of the recent Columbia World's Fair.

The sturdy old Queen of Britons and Irishmen, Empress of India, continues to snub the local British artist with all her old cooiness. Now it is a Dane whom she has again chosen, this time to make her a picture of the christening of the baby heir to the throne. The lucky man is Mr. Tuxen, to whom was paid from the Civil List the sum of $5,000 for a picture of the wedding of the Duke of York. The site for the Dane, since he may live to paint the baby Edward's grandchild. But all British journalists do not favor the expenditure of the people's money on foreign artists. One noted member of Parliament and publisher says: "There is something very remarkable and also excessively reprehensible in the manner in which British