

Outside the Gates.**WOMEN.**

The Society of American Women in London will hold its Annual Dinner on June 7th next. The American Ambassador will be one of the speakers.

Mrs. M'Kinley, wife of the President of the United States, is now happily on the way to recovery. Our congratulations to the people of the United States are sincere that the shadow of a great sorrow is thus removed from their President. Mr. M'Kinley has always been a most devoted husband, and during his wife's recent illness, when the doctors despaired of her life, is described as having been "bowed with sorrow" while he spent every moment which could be spared from his public duties at her bedside.

Commemoration Day was celebrated last week at the Bedford College for Women, York Place, Baker Street, by an "At Home" which was held after the presentation of students for degrees at the University of London. Twenty were presented out of twenty-two who had graduated. Bedford College is the only women's college that has six distinct laboratories for different sciences; it is, moreover, the only women's college representing the two faculties of arts and science as a school of the new university. The guests were received by Miss H. Busk, as a member of the Council of Management, and by Miss Ethel Hurlbatt, the Principal.

At a recent meeting of the Gray's Inn Debating Society, when the subject for discussion was "That in the opinion of this House the time has arrived when women should be admitted into the legal profession," the Hon. Sir John Cockburn, K.C.M.G., argued in favour of the proposition, and was sure that women could move in the highest realms of human activity. The notice board—"Women-trespassers will be prosecuted"—had, he said, been removed from the field of the legal profession in many parts of the world. There were some persons who thought that a woman's life must of necessity be that of a wife and mother. For his own part he thought the woman too good for the man, and she ought not to be driven into matrimony as a means of subsistence. A brighter, more charming, sweeter lot of girls than women medical students he had never seen. But the Bar was the crown of women's intellectual life, and the time had come when they should be admitted to it.

An interesting lecture was given in Paris at the Salle du Journal last week on the works of Mademoiselle Hélène Vacaresco, the Roumanian poetess, the former maid of honour to the Queen of Roumania, Carmen Sylva. Mademoiselle Hélène Vacaresco, who has just received the great distinction of a prize at the Académie Française, writes on Roumanian subjects in the best, purest, and most lyrical French. Her salon is one of the most brilliant in Paris.

The Royal Academy.**SECOND NOTICE.**

The accomplished flaneur, proceeding leisurely through these galleries, can enjoy many a chuckle as he recognises the resurrection (annual) of the old, old subjects; subjects which were perhaps fresh years and years ago, and are still rolling on their weary round, kept in stock and handed out on the "penny-in-the-slot" principle. All but everything in this show can be labelled "as before."

Among the water colours there are some charming "bits," that is to say, as many as can be got into the limited space accorded, and that are up to the (or shall we say down to the?) water-colour ideal of the Sacred Forty, which means that they must be thin, watery in treatment, and not audaciously competing with the "oils" in vigour and brilliancy, as is too often the sinful method of the modern worker in water colour. Hence this room at the Royal Academy suggests the early Victorian style of the art in its general air of washey weakness.

There are one or two things of merit, in a grey way though. No. 1106, "The Dochart in Flood: at Killin," shows the torrent foaming down among great boulders, while over the walled bank can be seen the long line of the village street, which will be in a bad way if the flood rises much higher.

No. 1076, "The Potato Gatherers," has much the same tone and colouring, also size; the reason, probably, why it hangs as pair to the Spate. It is a very pretty picture, most delicate in its twilight tints, and as poetic as can be made by hiding homely faces and disguising clumsy figures in sweet lavender sun-bonnets, and print-gowns.

No. 1033, "Bethankit," a granny and bairns saying grace, is a different *genre*, this is a really good, solid, and well-executed work, albeit the subject is anything but new; still it is perennially interesting, and in this instance, is conscientiously and reverentially given, and the arrangement of the light is natural and effective.

A screen in this room is given up to Herkomer's enamel portrait of Professor Eude, which must be regarded as a sufficiently successful piece of work; the red gown is permissibly rich, but the amount of orders which the gentleman wears gives a slight vulgarity which one could wish away; it was a natural vanity to put them all on, no doubt, but it's bad for the picture.

Another screen displays a great number of miniatures, which seem to attract the multitude mightily, and, indeed, so many are dainty, lovely, and loveable, that it would be invidious to single out a few for notice, and there is not space to demonstrate the merits of all.

The sculpture this year is in the dearest level of dullness; there is absolutely nothing with any pretension to original effort; there are several portrait busts—strictly as usual. Countess Gleichen's head of Miss Burden is as good as, and more pleasing than any of them. Sargent, R.A., sends a huge crucifix of no great merit, and as it includes Adam and Eve and the Tree and Serpent myth, it is distasteful to the scholarly mind.

"Benruth," this is a portion of a frieze in mixed materials, ships of greenish bronze sail against a mother of pearl sky, at intervals are sorts of bronze

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