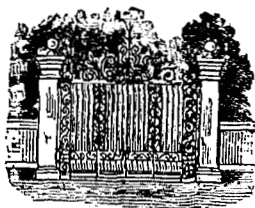


**Outside the Gates.**

WOMEN.

**WAR AGAINST WAR.**

MRS. MAY WRIGHT SEWALL, who is to be with us so soon, has been working valiantly in the great cause of International Peace and Arbitration in the United States. As an American member of the Committee, Mrs. Sewall has requested that the women in all

countries will meet for the purpose of formulating addresses and resolutions in favour of peace, to be forwarded through their Governments to the Conference at the Hague. Mrs. Sewall has also, in the name of the 1,200,000 women of the Peace National Council of the United States, sent a letter to the Tsar, thanking him for the service he has rendered humanity in working for the Peace Conference.

Out of this, a woman's movement in nearly a dozen countries in support of the Peace proposals of the Tsar is now in existence. Lady Aberdeen, Lady Henry Somerset, Lady Knightley, Miss Cons, and Mrs. Hugh Price Hughes are among those who are helping in the preparation for the gatherings in Britain. The address drawn up for approval by the British ladies' meetings is headed "To Our Sisters in Other Lands." Here is an extract:—

"On the eve of the Conference at the Hague, we rejoice to unite with you in affirming simultaneously in every land the devotion of the womanhood of the world to the cause of peace. By uniting, women will for the first time in the history of our race make their advent as a distinct force and factor in international politics. We appeal to you to unite with us in resolving to wage unceasing war against war, and the spirit which makes for war, in order that we may no longer have to bring forth sons to be corrupted in the barrack and slaughtered on the battlefield."

The hope is expressed that the reports of the meetings will be presented to the Peace Conference by the young Queen of Holland.

The St. Petersburg Committee of the Women's National League of Peace has just sent the following appeal to all the chief cities of the Russian Empire:—

"The nations are exhausting themselves under the burden of armaments and the yoke of the necessity to sacrifice their sons, goods, wealth, hopes, and future to war. Russia has this time sounded an appeal for release from the powers of might over right. Russia has raised her potent voice in defence of love, peace, justice, and life. We women, who are forced to look on while our brothers, the men, perish, without being able to share their fate, must be the first to hasten to respond to this appeal, and to support it by a unanimous advocacy of peace. We must imbue ourselves with the idea of peace; we must strive to the uttermost to help to bring about the solution of the great problem which has now been brought to the front."

The committee has, besides, sent expression of its sympathies to the women of all the countries of Europe and America who are pursuing the same object.

**The Royal Academy, 1899.**

SECOND NOTICE.

*(Continued from page 385.)*

Of the "black and blue" school of landscape painting there are many examples sprinkled about the galleries, and wherever they come it is their fateful mission to hopelessly spoil the walls for a considerable radius around themselves. However, the nation will not particularly grieve, nor will many individuals be greatly vexed, for there is little doubt that the British "colour sense" is steadily deteriorating; indeed, speaking of the dwellers in London, it may be said to be practically extinct, and nothing short of the most violent "eye-scratching" enables them to see at all, to which necessity we may attribute the outbreak of virulent posters that smite us from every hoarding, and are very generally admired.

This is the fearful result of living in a low-toned atmosphere, and London City, to a clean vision used to bright skies, has the effect of an old line engraving, so neatly ruled in blackest black is each hard outline, whether of paving-stone or pillar, portico or window-sash, all are drawn in printing ink on a ground of a world-worn yellowish drab; 'twere sin to call it "white."

But there is always a compensation balance for everything hidden somewhere or another, and, as we mused on the middle seat (and thankful to get it) of the long room, a sudden opening in the fluttering crowd revealed a soothing scene, "The Peaceful Highway," by G. D. Leslie, R.A., whose artistic merits it is not fashionable to over-estimate; nevertheless, we ought all to be grateful for this restful, comforting glimpse of happy Nature, mellow and delightful in its afternoon sunshine, quiet and satisfied, as is the boy who rests from his fishing, with his punt moored beside him, on this side of the arching bridge of warmed yellow stone, flecked with soft shadows and reflected deeply in the stream. One seems to hear the dulled thudding of the mill-wheel and the hum of bees, and it is all so droney and delicious, what can Earth offer better than to throw oneself on the thymey bank and drowse and dream? This picture is the only one of that particular tone of colour in the Exhibition, and its old-fashioned golden "Cypness" is wondrous pleasing after the crude and harsh tints that have prevailed of late.

Lucy Kemp-Welch's "Harvesters," is a charming rendering of waggon-horses and waggons stepping leisurely homewards in the last late gleams of the summer sun, colour and subject alike poetic, very real, yet on the beautiful side of realism.

"The Legend of Pandora," by E. Normand, shows our childhood's friend in anything but the illusive light that surrounded her of yore, especially in ye last sytte of the series. This figure is most awkwardly posed and is terribly out of drawing; all the three are horrible in surface, which also means that the brushwork is weak, or rather absent altogether. It's quite an unfortunate tryptich!

*(To be continued.)*

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