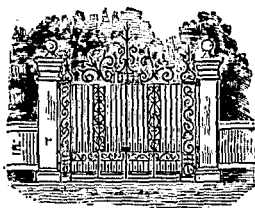


Outside the Gates.**WOMEN.**

The ex-Empress Eugénie has presented to the city of Paris the cradle of Napoleon IV. It is at the Exposition de L'Enfance, in the Little Palace. The body of the cradle is of rosewood, decorated with enamels, framed in antique silver and bronze. A silver statue representing the city of Paris is suspended over the pillow, holding an imperial crown of gilt bronze. The pillow is of white satin, and on it is embroidered a golden "N."

Comparisons between the habits and customs and dominating forces of different countries are becoming more and more popular. In the compass of an interview, Mrs. Ella Wheeler Wilcox, the charming American poetess, favours *Great Thoughts* with her views on the contrasts presented between England and America in journalism, literature, manners, the religious spirit, and notably the position and influence of women. She considers that American women influence life more generally than English, and become, owing to the reverence with which men regard their mental endowments, "a seemingly silent but strong force in politics."

Mere physical beauty is an all powerful element in the English woman's attraction for men. She governs through animalism, the American through spiritual forces. The whole American nation is on a much higher spiritual plane than we are.

A Bill to resettle the succession to the Grand Duchy of Hesse has been introduced into the Legislative Chamber at Darmstadt, under which the Princess Elizabeth, only child of the Grand Duke Ernest, will be proclaimed heiress to the throne. The reigning Grand Duke is the last of the male line of his family. This little Princess is reported to be a very forceful child. Let us hope that she has inherited the sterling qualities of her great grandmother, Queen Victoria.

An English lady reported to be "trained" has arrived at Rome to fill the important post of governante to the Royal baby, so eagerly expected by the Italian people. Her duties will be to superintend the "balia" or wet nurse, to look after the wardrobe, and to exercise a general control of the nurseries, which communicate with the apartments of Queen Elena.

Miss Maude E. Fendick, L.S.A., London, has been appointed assistant house-surgeon at the North Riding Infirmary at Middlesbrough, in spite of opposition on the part of medicos of the other sex. The applicants included two lady doctors and one gentleman, and the latter had the fewest votes of all.

Mr. Brynmor Jones, M.P., gave notice in the House of Commons on Tuesday, "That on this day four weeks he would call attention to the political disabilities of women, and move a resolution."

The Royal Academy.

It seems to be the fashion, this 1901, to call the present—one hundred and thirty-third—Exhibition of the Royal Academy, as bad a one as ever was presented to a long suffering public, yet remembering many that are past and gone, I do not altogether endorse that opinion—an opinion, moreover, that has been formulated with unflinching regularity as long as the present generation can recollect the show, and which dates back in ancient chronicles to the second anniversary of the same, but such is human nature.

The first "event" is, naturally, the great portrait of "Her late Majesty, Queen Victoria," which is set out to fill one entire end of the Great Gallery, made out with dulled tones of blue and dimmed red, draped to right and left. It is a fine and even a poetic work. The arrangement of the golden light splashing on to red on the ground is well considered, and when one sees the whole composition the somewhat vague and misty painting falls into place, but when the ground in the picture is hidden by the heads of the sightseers the perspective is lost and the painting looks weak and faded. This is the fault of the hanging, and as it quite spoils the effect it is a serious one. The big crown, too, is not a shapely addition to the Chair of State—it suggests the sitter has grown tired of it and hung it up to be out of the way.

There is the usual plethora of portraits of Personages and Nobodies. Henrietta Rae sends Lord Dufferin—a dignified and solid piece of work—about as good as can be—masterly in technique, and with no nonsense or "smartness" about it—an admirable likeness, too.

The Sargents are smart—too smart, without being delightful, like his "Sisters" of last year—a little more thussness and he will topple over into caricature. This comes of too much haymaking while the sun is shining.

I fancy there are as many interesting pictures this year as there ever have been, and the average level is certainly higher. Albert Goodwin sends a charming canvas, "The Flying Dutchman." The effect of the lights and colours on the sailors who race to see the phantom ship scudding by is wonderfully true, and somehow the thrill of the moment is conveyed to oneself as the weird white thing speeds past, ghastly against a wild and fiery sunset.

Lucy Kemp-Welch sends a dashing "Relief of Ladysmith." The "bustle" of the horses is given with immense "vim," and their action is rendered with what we now know to be anatomical correctness, consequently it is extremely different to movement as depicted a few years ago. The colour of this canvas is very good too.

Miss M. Dicksee sends a capital "genre" picture, Sir Thomas Lawrence when a boy, taking a portrait of a smart lady, stopping at his father's inn, on her way to Bath. It is a pretty scene and very thoroughly painted, excellently drawn, and the accessories carefully done, neither smudged nor shirked, as they too often are nowadays.

Edgar Bandy sends the episode of John Evelyn finding out Grinling Gibbons. The John Evelyn is good, but the theatrical pose of Gibbons is not up to the rest of the picture. Still, on the whole, a worthy work, and so to leave, very tired.

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