

representatives sit on the business or educational committees of the Co-operative Stores, and by the general activity of the Guild much valuable work is done towards helping labour problems, and the hardships which surround women's employment.

It is a significant fact that the first degree which the new Chancellor (the Prince of Wales) of the University of Wales, has presented, has been conferred on a woman. The presentation of a Doctorate in Music to the Princess of Wales, it is hoped, will have a stimulating influence on the present uncivilised attitude of the Oxford and Cambridge Universities.

At the University of Wales women are placed on an absolute equality with men in regard to all offices and privileges, and degrees may be obtained by them in Arts, Letters, Science, Law and Music. If women would unite to in turn "boycot" those Universities which "boycot" them, and would flock to the wider-minded Universities which recognise their equality, Oxford and Cambridge would soon be brought to a sense of their loss of *prestige* and distinction. This is the kind of co-operation which is needed among women.

An interesting point has been raised by the objection of some medical students objecting to being questioned by Miss Winnifred Jackson, who is one of the examiners in midwifery at the Royal College of Surgeons in Ireland. The Council has answered that the election of this lady as Examiner was made according to charter, and it is impossible for them to interfere.

Japan is distinctly progressive. Recently at a medical "final" examination, 27 Japanese women presented themselves as candidates for the qualifying examination.

The Women's Conference which was lately held in New Zealand concluded its business by passing the following comprehensive and progressive resolution:—"That all disabilities be removed which at present hinder women from sitting as members in either House of the Legislature, or from being elected or appointed to any public office or position in the Colony which men may hold; and with regard to all powers, rights, duties, and privileges of citizens, to declare absolute equality to be the law of the land for both men and women."

Mr. J. S. Wood, who has acted as Honorary Organiser of the Exhibitions and Sales of the Irish Industries Association for eight years past, has just been presented with a handsome Album of signed Photographs as a souvenir of last St. Patrick's Day, when at Londonderry House a record sum was made and sent to the Cottage Workers in Ireland. Among the ladies who added their autograph portraits to Mr. Wood's Album, which was compiled by Lord Arthur Hill, were the Duchess of Abercorn, Duchess of Devonshire, Marchioness of Londonderry, Marchioness of Salisbury, Marchioness of Downshire, the Countess Cadogan, the Countess of Arran, the Countess of Mayo, the Countess of Lucan, the Countess of Kilmorey, the Countess of Fingall, the Countess of Bective, Viscountess Duncannon, Viscountess Castle-reagh, Lady Arthur Hill, the Hon. Lady Ridley, Lady Tweedmouth and others.

A Book of the Week.

"ADAM JOHNSTONE'S SON."*

MR. CRAWFORD has published many novels during the last few years. He is a writer whose work one cannot neglect to read, and yet he is a somewhat disappointing novelist. His books are interesting enough to make one wish to finish them, but they are unsatisfying. For some reason, not over easy to explain, he fails of being as good as he ought to be, for having many of the very best qualities of a novelist, such as the faculty of starting a story seductively, a fluent style, and a power of epigrammatic writing, so that the pages of the best of his books are be-sprinkled with brilliant little sayings and odd little remarks. Yet with all these gifts there is something lacking in this well-known, much-read author which makes his books a disappointment to the fastidious critic. With the exception of "Marzio's Crucifix"—a work of a very high order of merit indeed—none of his books linger long in the memory. We remember that we found "Sarasenesca," "Dr. Claudius," &c., &c., entertaining reading, and that they served us as pleasant companions while we were staying here, or travelling there, but we don't quite remember why we liked them, and it is exceptional for people to recall their story vividly, or remember why they found them absorbing at the time they first read them. Who, for instance, could ever forget the multitudinous reasons why he found "Richard Feverel," "Vanity Fair," "Adam Bede," "Jane Eyre," "David Copperfield," and such like masterpieces absorbing. And the characters of books such as these are more alive in our minds than many relations and people that we have met in the flesh. Nevertheless, Mr. Crawford's novels are exceedingly praiseworthy, and, to me, the reason why they are not more delectable is a somewhat intricate and curious problem.

I was thinking over this question last week, having just finished his last publication—"Adam Johnstone's Son"—when I suddenly remembered that in my youth I used to have just the same sort of baulked disheartened feeling when I had finished a novel of Anthony Trollope's. No one could say of Trollope's characters that they were not vital. "The Bishop and Mrs. Proudie," "Dr. Thorn," and "Lady Glen-cora," besides a host of other creations, were all very much alive indeed, just as "San Ilario Don Orsino," and "Adam Johnstone's Son," are all quite alive. Now to repeat the problem—why with all these endowments do these novels prove so barren in after enjoyment? I mean why is it so difficult to remember them afterwards with delight, and why do we seldom or never want to read them a third or a fourth time? Of course, I am speaking of the generality of readers, as I gather from their expressed opinions; doubtless there may be many exceptions, scattered all over the world, who admire and appreciate both Anthony Trollope and Marion Crawford's novels—buy them, and read and re-read them with the utmost possible appreciation of their quite undeniable merits. I think the reason why they fail to impress the more critical novel reader is that the art with which they are written is too photographic. It is the difference between a picture of Frith's or O'Neil's and a picture of Millet's, or any other great master of the art painting.

* "Adam Johnstone's Son," by Marion Crawford. 6s.

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