

An honorary degree has been conferred on Mrs. Henry Fawcett by the Lord Rector of St. Andrew's University. The gown of a St. Andrew's L.L.D. is black, with a scarlet and white hood, and will no doubt be highly becoming to the wearer.

Balloting for Bills by private members has not brought much luck to women this session. Women's Suffrage is nowhere. Surely it is time this important reform was made a Government Measure.

A meeting was held at 81, Harley Street, by the kind permission of Mrs. Langdon Down, to consider "the most practical means of obtaining the suffrage for women before the dissolution of Parliament"—time honoured resolutions were passed unanimously, and English women were recommended to take courage from the success of women in other parts of the British Empire—one cannot but feel that twaddling on in the rear, year after year, whilst women in other parts of the world have found both the courage and the means to make themselves respected and enfranchised, is not a very dignified position for the women of England to assume. It is to be feared that the large majority of women in the United Kingdom, do not realise their present degraded position, and the justifiable contempt which such a lack of appreciation naturally earns for them. It is all very pitiable.

### A Book of the Week.

#### "THE MAYFAIR MARRIAGE."\*

If anybody is in search of a problem, to him or her may be safely recommended "The Mayfair Marriage." It gives one the idea of being a *roman à clef*—that is to say, a book that may be understood by a certain inner few, who are in possession of details not vouchsafed to the reader. Its full title is "The Mayfair Marriage, a London and Paris Book." And on the next page appears this mystic dedication—"To celebrate the day on which the fairy knight came down among men."

The persons of the story spend only one night in Paris in the course of the narrative, and there is nothing in all the book to elucidate the enigma of the dedication. I confess to having found the last few pages, which apparently contain the point of the story, quite unintelligible; but that is doubtless my own fault and not the writer's. I read them over three times to myself, and once aloud to a companion, but we both remained in complete ignorance of the author's intentions, with a vague added feeling that perhaps we had rather *not* know exactly what was implied by the rows of dots!

This is a great achievement for an author; and when there is added to this fascinating vagueness a quaint turn of humour, considerable ability in dialogue, frequent love-making, of every known temperature, and a wealth of titles, gilding and velvet worthy of the late Lord Beaconsfield, it will be seen that the bill of fare is of a most appetising description.

\* *The Mayfair Marriage.* By Grammont Hamilton. Grant Richards.

The heroine is autobiographical; and, as everyone who sees her, male or female, alike falls in love, and raves of her charms, it will be seen that her position is a difficult one.

She and Julian have married without means, and she is to make his career.

"Everyone was delighted about our wedding, and Lady Edith Saxon whom I was then visiting in Curzon Street, said it seemed to her real life, and not just make-believe, and everybody wanted to be hard-up, like Julian and me, in order to become real."

Well! At first I thought the whole thing was an elaborate satire upon the nature of a woman whose religion was entirely a matter of the emotions. But the end does not fit in with that. Then I thought that it was a study of a woman who, like Una, was so pure that no evil could possibly approach her, and that everyone in her presence must discard their worse selves and rise to the full extent of their possibilities. But the writer must forgive me if I say that the scene in the garden with the Duke of Douglas forbade me to think that any longer.

Here is the feeling of Sappho, the heroine, for her lawful owner, Julian.

"Julian was still sound asleep; that lovely expression about the corners of his mouth, his handsome dark head, with some tiny threads of grey showing here and there, buried in the soft pillows; outside on the eider-down one arm stretched, and his strong hand hung down supine and flexible.

"I began to feel unbearably happy, a flutter of deathless tenderness tugged at my eyelids—Julian, so handsome, so helpless in his unconsciousness!

"I knelt down, and my prayers to God and the angels were tears—tears for the years we suffered apart, tears for the joy of being together at last, each God's sweetest gift in life, the one to the other."

Now hear her sentiments for the Duke of Douglas, those for Julian apparently remaining unchanged:—

"All history, all life, all the past, all my dreams suddenly swept over my heart, as if it had been a harp long disused touched at last by invisible fingers, which called forth great sobbing unearthly chords as of life in death, of bliss in pain, of love in anguish, of heaven amid the lurid flames of hell.

"The hot touch of his lips on mine made me shudder and quiver in inhuman joy. Then his eyes seemed to blaze into mine in the darkness, and fill me with a dreamy intoxication."

What is the character of the woman who narrates these things? Let everyone read and find out.

G. M. R.

### WHAT TO READ.

"The Native Tribes of Central Australia." By Baldwin Spencer, M.A., and F. T. Gillen.

"The Nameless Castle." By Maurus Jokai.

"Idols." By William J. Locke.

"Selam." By Milena Mrazovic Translated by Mrs. Waugh (Ellis Wright).

"The Desire of their Hearts." By Margaret Parker.

"A Stolen Idea." By Elizabeth Godfrey.

"Iva Kildare: a Matrimonial Problem." By L. B. Walford.

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