

On Wednesday last Mr. Lough drew the attention of the Prime Minister in the House of Commons to the refusal of Oxford and Cambridge to grant women degrees, and asked whether in view of the opening of degrees, fellowships and other offices to women by Dublin University he would take steps, by legislation or otherwise, to induce the Universities of Oxford and Cambridge to grant to women the degrees to which their educational proficiency might entitle them. Mr. Balfour replied that the Government have no power to offer advice to these great and learned bodies, and he certainly would shrink from giving any pledge that legislation would be introduced on the subject.

A Distinguished List.

Among the women who have availed themselves of the opening of degrees to them at Trinity College, Dublin, the "commencements" of last month show a very distinguished list. No fewer than three women have been presented with the honorary degree of "Doctor"—namely, Miss Byers, Miss White, of Alexandra College, Dublin (LL.D.), and the Hon. Emily Lawless, the well-known writer (Litt.D.). It will be remembered a similar distinction has already been bestowed on Miss Jane Barlow. Another distinguished woman who has received this honorary degree of Litt.D. is Mrs. Bryant, D.Sc. Lond., who, in addition to her work as head mistress of the North London Collegiate School, is occupying such an influential position on the Senate of London University, &c., at the present educational crisis. Miss McArthur, Lecturer in History at Girton College, has won a degree of Litt.D.; two other ladies have taken a degree of D.Sc. No fewer than 50 women have taken M.A. degrees. Among the many names familiar in the educational world are noted Miss Burstall, head mistress of the Manchester High School; Miss Dove, of St. Andrews; Mrs. Mumford (*née* Read), who took a double first at Cambridge; and Miss Philippa Fawcett, who so highly distinguished herself at the Mathematical Tripos. Many women have also taken the B.A. degree and one that of Bachelor of Medicine.

A Book of the Week.

TWO MOODS OF A MAN.*

Mr. Hutchinson has made a remarkable achievement—*if*—and here one's hesitation comes in—*if* he has done what he has done intentionally. He has drawn the picture of a blackguard, who does not know that he is a blackguard.

"Oh, that is an ordinary type of character," you cry. But patience! Not only is the man himself unconscious of what a cur he is, but his friend, who relates the story, does not seem fully conscious of it either; and after reading to the end we are not wholly sure as to whether the author himself is conscious of it or not.

The story is essentially modern in treatment—that is to say, it is pathological in structure and in essence. The writer is contemplating not a man, but a ganglion of motives and tendencies. You can no more love the people in this tale than you could love a ground-plan of Westminster Abbey. This would be an interesting study for the expert, but could never touch his emotions. The fate of George Hood must

* By Horace G. Hutchinson,

utterly fail to evoke the emotions of pity, terror, or admiration. He is simply a specimen, whom we have under the microscope, and we can tell his size, shape, and characteristics, but can form no idea of his loveliness or the reverse.

If Mr. Hutchinson really meant to make his book a study of ethics, it is a singularly subtle one. While none of his characters can evoke from us any stronger feeling than an intelligent curiosity, we yet realise the balance, the symmetry of the thing, and the perfect probability of it all. George Hood, and likewise the American woman whom he marries, are both people who, having tossed aside religion, are still desirous of being moral. With what success or failure, we leave the reader of the story to judge. By-the-way, may we venture to doubt whether any really clever woman and brilliant conversationalist would ever have made the idiotically crude remarks attributed to Mrs. Hood on page 180. Doubtless they are put in merely to give the husband the chance to sneer at her, but the point is—are they in character? If we must needs be merely pathological, one's only merit must lie in being absolutely correct. If people who are considered clever really do "chuck" religion on such superlatively ignorant and superficial grounds, one feels that cleverness and imbecility must be practically the same thing.

Hood, the central character of the book, is in somewhat the position of the hero of "Fifine at the Fair." He loves two women with two sides of him.

But as the author is withheld, by the style he has chosen, from allowing us to feel the fascination of either of them—as the fleshly one is absolutely chaste and the intellectual one vulgarly jealous—one's interest in the outcome is a languid one.

The style of the book is good; but one longs for a glimpse at the really personal, the touch that can unlock the flood-gates of our feeling. G. M. R.

Health.

Health dwells amid the sun-kissed hills,
And by the smiling sea;
Her maidens are the laughing rills,
Her pages wild and free.
The shifting winds that bear her train
Of fragrant wildwood flowers,
When skies are blue or mild with rain,
Health rules the morning hours.

Go seek her while the birds are gay
And sing from every bough;
A cooling hand she longs to lay
Upon your fevered brow.

Refreshing is the cup she holds,
That, tasting, you may glean
The joys that rosy Dawn unfolds,
When Health is ruling Queen.

—RUTH RAYMOND.

What to Read.

- "Heartache." By Maxim Gorky.
- "A Jay of Italy." By Bernard Capes.
- "The Parish Nurse." By Mary E. Mann.
- "A Lost Cause." By Guy Thorne (author of "When it was Dark").
- "A Daughter of the Manse." By Sarah Tytler,

[previous page](#)

[next page](#)