In an interview with Lady Huggins, the wife of the President of the Royal Society, reported in the *Young Woman*, the question was put, "What is the attitude of men towards women scientists?" This is Lady Huggins's reply :—

> I find that men welcome women scientists, provided they have the proper knowledge. It is absurd to suppose that anyone can have useful knowledge of any subject without a great deal of study. Where women have really taken the pains thoroughly to fit themselves to assist, or to do original work, scientific men are willing to treat them as equals. It is a matter of sufficient knowledge.

That there is any wish to throw hindrances in the way of women who wish to pursue science, Lady Huggins does not for one moment believe.

Little Miss Marie Peary, who, with her mother and father, set off a few days ago on their long journey to the North Pole, is truly a child of the Arctic. She was born in the most northerly part of Greenland, Mrs. Peary having accompanied her husband on his second expedition to those regions in 1893-95. In his third expedition of 1898-1902, the wife and daughter remained at home. Marie Peary is now twelve years' old, and declares herself never so much at ease as when wearing her Arctic furs.

Miss Stone, the American missionary who a few years ago was taken prisoner in Macedonia by a revolutionary band and was not released till, after several months' delay, a ransom of £T25,000 had been paid by the Turkish Government, intends to return to Macedonia next month. With the money which she has made by her numerous lectures in America on her captivity and the state of affairs in the Balkans, she proposes to found a grammar school for boys at Monastir.

When one dives deep enough in old records one constantly comes upon evidence of women's intelligence. Writing in the *Westminster Gazette*, "M. B. E." says :—"Limoges, the seat of the famous ceramic industry, owes its fortunes to a woman ; it was not, however, a Princess Parizade who here found the talking bird, the singing tree, and the golden water, but the wife of a poor country doctor. In the manufacture of their hard porcelain the Chinese had long used the beautiful substance called by them kaolin, and in 1760 the above-mentioned lady, whose name was Darnet, discovered large beds of it at St. Yrieix, near Limoges. Whether the family fortunes were thereby enriched local history does not say, but the effect on French ceramic art and the prosperity of the chef-lieu of the Haute Vienne was tremendous. At the present time the porcelain works occupy half the population and represent many millions of francs. Many of the processes are courteously shown to visitors, whilst the museum contains masterpieces of local and other production. These collections and its schools of art and design render Limoges an artistic centre of the first importance."

Messrs. Hutchinson and Co. are about to issue a new novel entitled "The Man Who Won," by Mrs. Baillie Reynolds, author of "Phœbe in Fetters."

A Book of the Week.

THE DAY'S JOURNEY.*

Miss Syrett is much to be congratulated upon a very able and most subtly expressed picture of a bit of life as it is often lived among us now. The story opens with the visit of Rose Summers to her friend Cecily Kingslake, after a separation which includes the whole married life—five or six years—of both young people. Cecily, a brilliant and much admired London girl, has married Robert Kingslake, a novelist. His ardour of passion for her was consuming. He insisted upon taking a house in a remote part of the country, that he might have her all to himself. He was the traditional lover, to whom love should be all and all-sufficing. Such was the start made, when Rose left England. When she returns, she finds Cecily a dull, neglected wife. Robert's straw-fire has flamed itself out. Cecily, in consequence of his neglect, and her baby's death, has lost her looks. The country life has palled, Robert is bored. Nothing but ashes is left of this most promising marriage.

Meanwhile, the emotional, impressionable Robert has met Philippa Burton.

> "Philippa belonged to the eternal 'art-student' class; that class which subsists upon very little talent and no income; the class which includes girls who would be better employed in domestic service, as well as those whom a genuine 'feeling' for art has rendered unfit for any other occupation than that of painfully striving to express themselves—generally in vain. . . . Long ago she had made two discoveries. First, that £70 a year is an inadequate income. Secondly, that infrequent work is not the best means of supplementing it. There are other ways, and Philippa had tried most of them."

This is trenchant; and the scene in which Philippa receives the novelist's confession of his love for her, and replies to him, is quite extraordinarily clever in its grasp of the sophistical cant of the present day, in which there is so much prating of nobility, and high thought, and unselfishness and union of aspirations to cover the nakedness of brute passion. But Kingslake's infatuation has bred in him other baseness, besides that of infidelity to his wife. He has the odious idea to invite down to Sheepcote, Dick Mayne, whom he knows to have been his wife's devoted but unsuccessful lover before her marriage. This touch is among the most acute things in the book. It shows, in one flash, the way in which a guilty passion degrades and falsifies a man's whole outlook. Robert never squarely faces the vile thought which underlay his invitation. But it was there, all the same.

The working out of the not very uncommon story is on quite uncommon lines. Miss Syrett has, to use a colloquialism, "got hold of the right end of the stick." She defends the sanctity of marriage, not upon any conventional maxims, but rather on the ground taken by King Arthur, when he told Guinevere—

> "My love, through flesh, hath wrought into my life
> So far that my doom is, I love thee still."

> "'In the old days, when we were first married,' Cecily tells her husband, 'I never looked upon you as a man to be "managed" like the rest. It would have seemed to me like insulting you—an insult to the love I thought you had for me. . . . Marriage is a very difficult game to play, isn't it? And do

* By Netta Syrett. (Chapman and Hall.)

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