

the requisite qualifications are entitled to become University lecturers. Dr. Elizabeth Altmann Gottheiner has the honour of being the first woman appointed as lecturer in a German University. She has made a special study of the conditions of women's work in textile industry, and has been appointed a lecturer on social politics at Mannheim Commercial University. During the coming winter semester she will deliver a course of lectures on the question of working women.

### Book of the Week.

#### A MAN OF GENIUS.\*

Those who like leisurely study of character, the building up, trait by trait, from fundamental causes to ultimate good or evil results will appreciate "A Man of Genius," by M. P. Willcocks. It is not a book to be hurried through or skimmed, for every seemingly unimportant stroke is meant to tell, playing its part not so much in the story as in the development of the people about whom it is. This system is apt to prove disappointing to those who look for a stirring tale, full of exciting episodes. As a matter of fact, there is plenty of material in the book to have made a very rousing story indeed, and yet it all results in a quiet chronicle of emotions and their origins. One is constantly expecting something startling to happen. There is a fire at the hero's home; no one displays very much courage, no one is hurt, only the stable is burnt, and the horses are quite easily saved. Or there is a wild thunderstorm of which nothing comes at all. There are also pages of most artistic description leading nowhere, so far as the plot is concerned. But after awhile it dawns upon one that this is not meant to be the conventional novel made up of thrilling adventures, but just the simple following out of the effect of certain circumstances upon certain temperaments.

Ambrose Velly is the man of genius. Little more than a lad when we first meet him, we find him endowed with the artistic temperament in—considering his position in life—a rather alarming degree. He is musical to his finger tips, but that is not his ruling talent; he is a born architect, and his heart is set on expressing himself some day in stone. But his father has dissipated the family fortune, and it is only in byeways that Ambrose can pick up the necessary knowledge for his purpose. As may be foreseen, the immediate effect of the young fellow being condemned to eat out his heart in semi-idleness is that he gets into mischief and ends by marrying the wrong wife. Thyra Braund, without education or refinement, a very child of Nature, is not the wife for a man of genius—her husband's ideals and ambitions distress and bewilder her—she is jealous of them. Of a letter in which he writes to her of his work she says pathetically: "I like the end where its begins 'little wife' very much. But I don't care much for the rest. There are only three 'dearests,' and not a single 'darling,' though I ordered one."

\* By M. P. Willcocks. (The Bodley Head.)

The real mate for Ambrose Velly was Damaris Westaway, a cultured woman with perceptions as artistic as his own, and more than his equal in strength of character. But this Velly discovers too late. Despite the mistake, however, it is Damaris who is the saving of him and of Thyra. There is another character in the book deserving of high praise, John Darracott, a man of sterling worth, a real "man of Devon," with all the solid characteristics the phrase stands for. He is the nicest person in the book, never priggish as one is sometimes afraid Damaris may be. Never inclined to tedious conversation, as Mr. Westaway frequently is. Never rough above his kindness, as Dr. Dayman elects to be. Never carried away by superficial emotion as Velly seldom fails to be. To John Darracott alone is the true meaning of devotion revealed. He is the real hero of the book, the real man of genius, though his work is never destined to be writ in stone.

E. L. H.

### The Road to Yesterday.

Oh, the nursery is lonely, and the garden's full of rain,  
And there's nobody at all who wants to play,  
But I think if I should only run with all my might  
and main  
I could leave this dreary country of To-day.  
For it can't be far to cross it, since I came myself  
last night,  
When I went to sleep they brought me all the  
way—  
And To-morrow's very near, they say it's almost in  
our sight,  
So I soon could come again to Yesterday.  
Over there my boat is sailing, all alone upon the  
pond—  
I must hurry back before she blows astray;  
And arbutus flowers are trailing in the pleasant  
fields beyond,  
With the other little, lovely flowers of May.  
And the trees are white with blossoms, and the air  
is bright with song,  
And the children all are happy there and gay,  
Oh, I want to go to find them now, and you may  
come along,  
If you'll show me, please, the road to Yesterday.  
*Harper's.*

### Coming Events.

July 23rd.—Meeting, Central Midwives' Board, Caxton House, Westminster. 2.45 p.m.

July 27th.—International Conference on the Blind opens at Manchester (six days).

July 28th.—Universal Peace Congress, Inaugural sitting. Presidential address by Lord Courtney of Penwith, Caxton Hall.

#### A WORD FOR THE WEEK.

"The preservation of national vigour should be a matter of patriotism."

PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT.

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