

One of the busiest lawyers in Zurich is Miss Anna Mackenroth, who is still in her twenties, who opened the legal profession to women in Switzerland.

Miss Nora Stanton Beach, the grand-daughter of Mrs. Elizabeth Cady Stanton, is the first woman to graduate from the engineering department of Cornell University. Mrs. Cady Stanton, who fifty years ago tried to enter the different colleges and was refused, always declared that she expected her grand-daughter to take up her work. Miss Beach was recently elected President of the newly-organised Sage Political Equality Club.

The profession of librarianship is one greatly in favour with women in America. The "attendance summaries" for the recent Niagara Conference of the American Library Association show that out of a total of 684 representatives at the Conference 447 were women, of whom 106 were chief librarians, 205 assistants, 11 trustees and commissioners, and 26 library school students. The first English woman librarian of distinction was the late Miss James, who was librarian at the People's Palace for some years.

### A Book of the Week.

#### THE LUCK OF BARERAKES.\*

Having passed five weeks in one of the most romantic of the Yorkshire Dales, the reviewer took up the present book with feelings of the strongest sympathy. The Dales are at present unexploited—without their Thomas Hardy, notwithstanding the Brontës, and one of Blackmore's painstaking chronicles.

There is more than a suggestion here that Caroline Marriage may be the appointed prophetess. There is much in her favour. She knows the Dalesmen—not sentimentally; intimately. She knows the nature of the land. The bold, heathery Nabs, the mossy becks, tracing a green, fern-marked course down the zig-zags of the bottoms—the wild, purple undulations of untamed land, carrying plainly marked upon its face traces of a people that was old when Cæsar came—all these she has felt and understood.

The pity of her work is that, by choosing a wholly sordid theme, she has deprived herself of the chance of pleasing any public beyond that extremely small one which can distinguish the manner from the matter.

Her style is extraordinarily good: terse, pointed, vigorous, the model of most things at which a writer should aim. But she narrates a tale she has probably heard—a tradition of some portion of the Dales—the murder of a Scotch drover, by men who owed him money and saw a chance to escape payment. Here is all. The low standard of morals which undoubtedly ruled a hundred years back among the Dales, and to which Mr. Atkinson alludes in his forty years' reminiscence of his Moorland Parish, is here in strong evidence.

The Heseltynes of Barerakes, father and son, the murderers of the drover, bear an evil reputation even before that deed. Jane Harker, daughter of really good, respectable parents, has succumbed to the dare-devil charms of Tony; and, in terror for her good

name, marries him some four or five months before the birth of her child. But it is doubtful whether Tony would have consented to shed over her the extremely dubious mantle of his protection, had she not chanced to be a witness of the murder of the Scot.

On this horrible foundation is Jane's marriage built; and the resulting structure is dreary, sordid, revolting, without one break.

One's chief feeling is of wonder how any of the persons concerned could possibly endure their lives. In face of the masterly putting together, and strong presentment of character, this is to be distinctly regretted. Critics have objected to the unalloyed gloom of "The Master of Ballantrae." It might almost pose as a cheerful and agreeable romance when compared with "The Luck of Barerakes."

G. M. R.

### A Type.

Patience and abnegation of self and devotion to others,  
This was the lesson a life of trial and sorrow had taught her;  
So was her love diffused, but like to some odorous spices,  
Suffered no waste nor loss, though filling the air with aroma.  
Other hope she had none, nor wish in life but to follow  
Meekly, with reverent steps, the sacred feet of her Saviour.  
Thus many years she lived as a Sister of Mercy; frequenting  
Lonely and wretched roofs in the crowded streets of the city,  
Where distress and want concealed themselves from the sunlight,  
Where disease and sorrow in garrets languished neglected.  
Night after night, when the world was asleep, as the watchman repeated  
Loud, through the gusty streets, that all was well in the city,  
High at some lonely window he saw the light of her taper;  
Day after day, in the grey of the dawn, as slow through the suburbs  
Plodded the German farmer, with flowers and fruit of the market,  
Met he that meek, pale face, returning home from its watchings.

Then it came to pass that a pestilence fell on the city,  
Presaged by wondrous signs, and mostly by flocks of wild pigeons,  
Darkening the sun in their flight, with naught in their claws but an acorn.  
And, as the tides of the sea arise in the month of September,  
Flooding some silver stream, till it spreads to a lake in the meadow,  
So death flooded life, and, o'erflowing its natural margin,  
Spread to a brackish lake, the silver stream of existence.  
Wealth had no power to bribe, nor beauty to charm, the oppressor;

\* By Caroline Marriage. Heinemann.

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