

Swiss women have "captured" some of the most important official posts in the country of recent years. Mdlle. Brustlien has just been appointed to the important post of "Greffier" at the cantonal court of Zurich, and is the only one of her sex in the world who occupies such a post. Mdlle. Nelly Favre recently passed her examinations as a solicitor, and has already a large practice in that town; and Mdlle. H. Buticaz, of Lausanne, is a qualified engineer. Zurich boasts of a woman professor at its university, and a woman war correspondent who went through the Russo-Japanese war representing several Swiss and German papers.

Miss Nora Stanton Blatch has been elected to membership in the American Society of Civil Engineers, the first woman so distinguished. She is a granddaughter of Mrs. Elizabeth Cady Stanton, and was the first woman to win the degree of civil engineer in Cornell University.

Book of the Week.

THE LADY OF THE DECORATION.*

This anonymous story is attracting a good deal of attention just now, and in a light way, it is very pretty.

It is, the reader should be warned, extremely American, but none the worse for that. It is also handicapped by being written in the restricting form of letters, letters from a woman to her woman friend, whom she addresses as "Mate."

Like many modern books, we are not permitted to know the names nor the circumstances of any of the characters. The young person who writes the letters is a widow with golden hair of a conspicuous kind, a description which has a somewhat fatal sound to English ears. But she is not without her good points, even if she does cherish the idea that every man she sees falls in love with her. Having trained in her widowhood as a teacher in a Kindergarten, she determines to go out to Japan as a member of some American sectarian mission. She signs for four years and departs, and the first letter gives the account of her homesickness.

It is not easy for English readers to fancy the kind of person with whom she finds herself associated—excellent, narrow, canting and conventional—teaching, as Ruskin said of Joshua Reynolds, all error by their precept and all excellence by their example.

"As to Karuizawa, it has a summer population of about four hundred, three hundred and ninety-nine of whom are missionaries. Let us all unite in singing, 'Blest be the Tie that Binds.'

"Everybody at our table is in the Mission Field. A long-nosed young preacher who sits opposite me looks as if he had spent all his life in some kind of field. He has a terrible attack of religion. I never saw anybody take it harder. He told me he was engaged to be married, and for three days he had been consulting the Lord about what kind of a ring he should buy."

This extract will give a very fair idea of the

* Hodder and Stoughton.

character both of the Mission and of the lady who chronicles its doings. In spite of her fashionable hats and pretty gowns, she does yeoman service for the Mission, and founds free Kindergartens for the children of the very poor Japanese in several directions. Then the war breaks out and she varies her proceedings by nursing for the Red Cross Ambulance. She does all this in between positively alarming attacks of homesickness, she having left behind in America a gentleman with whom she is in love but did not know it. This gentleman waits with exemplary patience, not even writing to her, for four or five years, until she has realised that she really is pining for him, when he appears suddenly and marries her the same afternoon, thus demonstrating that the American knows just when to get a hustle on.

The descriptive parts of the book, about Japan and so on, are well done, and the book will take a hold of some of us as showing that a girl can dress well and enjoy admiration and yet be a good sound working article at the bottom. It should be stated that she was called the Lady of the Decoration because the Japanese children thought her little jewelled watch, which she wore pinned on her gown, was a medal, and that the Emperor had decorated her.

G. M. R.

An Idolater.

The baby has no skies
But mother's eyes,
Nor any God above
But mother's love.
His angel sees the Father's face,
But he the mother's, full of grace;
And yet the heavenly kingdom is
Of such as this.

What to Read.

- "Life and Work of Susan B. Anthony." By Ida Husted Harper.
- "The Treasure of Heaven: a Romance of Riches." By Marie Corelli.
- "Thalassa." By Mrs. Baillie Reynolds.
- "The Confessions of a Princess."
- "A Queen of Queens and the Making of Spain." By Christopher Hare. Illustrated.
- "Traitor and True." By John Bloundelle-Burton

A Word for the Week.

Thank God every morning when you get up that you have something to do which must be done, whether you like it or not. Being forced to work, and forced to do your best will breed in you temperance, self-control, diligence, strength of will, content, and a hundred other virtues which the idle never know."—*Charles Kingsley.*

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