

usurper's daughter should be moved by a sense of the injustice which ordered that patriotism should be rewarded with such punishment, and, becoming heiress to lands and fortune at her father's death, Katya Malkoff sets her heart upon restitution. She can think of only one way in which to achieve this—marriage with one of the deposed man's sons. She has seen neither of them, and knows only that they are of a suitable age, and in great poverty, so she makes her proposal by letter, only to meet with the humiliation of an indignant refusal from the proud Swigellos. Upon which Katya resorts to subterfuge. She is a very beautiful girl, sure of her own charm, and bent upon success. Under an assumed name, Polish for better effect, she manages to fall into the society of the two young men. Their sister is dying of consumption brought on by over-work and deprivation: it is an easy matter for Katya to lodge in the same boarding house and make friends with the suffering girl. It is also natural that the brothers should feel deeply grateful to the kindly stranger who makes so much difference to their sister's grey life. The only unexpected part of it to Katya herself is the fact that, whereas she was prepared to make a great sacrifice, she has fallen hopelessly in love with the elder brother, and wishes so much to marry him that she is terrified to reveal her identity lest he should be too proud to marry her. Katya's fears are not mere shadows, and the difficulties she has to face, her weakness and her strength, are so ably described that it would be a pity to spoil the issue by any further description here. The book is heartily recommended.

E. L. H.

LINES ON A VILLAGE CHURCHYARD IN ONTARIO.

This is the paradise of common things,  
The scoured and trampled here find peace to grow,  
The frost to furrow and the wind to sow,  
The mighty sun to time their blossoming;  
And now they keep  
A crown reflowering on the tombs of kings  
Who earned their triumph and have claimed their sleep.

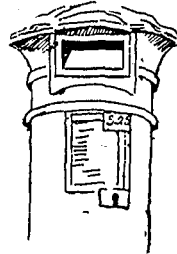
The poor forgets that he was ever poor,  
The priest has lost his science of the truth,  
The maid her beauty, and the youth his youth,  
The statesman has forgot his subtle lure,  
The old his age,  
The sick his suffering, and the leech his cure,  
The poet his perplexed and vacant page.

—DUNCAN CAMPBELL SCOTT.

COMING EVENTS.

July 31st.—National Women's Social and Political Union; Breakfast to released prisoners, Queen's Hall, 9.15.  
August 1st.—Princess Alexander of Teck distributes prizes at the British Orphan Asylum, Slough, 3.30.

Letters to the Editor.



NOTES, QUERIES, &c.

Whilst cordially inviting communications upon all subjects for these columns, we wish it to be distinctly understood that we do not in any way hold ourselves responsible for the opinions expressed by our correspondents.

VERY NATURAL.

To the Editor of the "*British Journal of Nursing.*"  
DEAR MADAM,—How delighted I was on reading the fate of the Nurses' Directory Bill in my *Journal* of the 16th May.

The *Journal* was brought in by the chokrali with my café in the morning, and when I read it I actually performed something resembling a war dance, and my exultant "Hurrah!" sounded over the canefields and lost itself in the Indian Ocean. And it is our own *Journal* we have to thank for this.

Believe me, Madam,  
Very faithfully yours,  
J. H. PENNIE.

Mauritius, June 24th, 1908.

EXPLOITING NURSES' UNIFORM.

To the Editor of the "*British Journal of Nursing.*"  
DEAR MADAM,—Can anything be done to prevent women dressed in nurses' uniform going from door to door asking people to buy soap?

This is really most degrading to the trained nurse and her friends, and I think should not be allowed.

This really happened in Portsmouth the week before last much to my disgust.

Faithfully yours,  
J. A. SMITH,  
Matron.

Kingston-on-Thames.

BABIES' VESTS.

To the Editor of the "*British Journal of Nursing.*"

DEAR MADAM,—On behalf of the many babies who lack soft, woolly vests, and of the many nurses who long to be able to supply them, I crave space to impart to the latter my discovery of a cheap and rapid method of providing them, namely that the thousands of woven wool, or silk and wool, ladies' vests which are sold annually will, when discarded by their adult wearers, cut up into excellent infants' vests, and one can be made up in a couple of hours. Usually it is only the arm-holes of such garments which become worn, while the lower part remains good, and hitherto, even my thrifty mind could devise no better use for such remnants than as chest coverings for old cottagers. Most people would be glad to bestow them on nurses who could turn them into much needed baby vests; and the holidays will provide opportunity for the brief making.

My own plan, which will doubtless be improved upon, is to cut one tiny vest from two, if they are

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