

The Dorothy Centre was presented by Viscountess Gladstone, and is the headquarters of the Order. It is pleasantly situated some little distance out of town, and surrounded with sufficient ground to provide a tennis court, vegetable garden, a hen run, and beautiful beds of roses. Cultivation is, however, limited to the supply and price of water. The inside was cool, shaded with green jalousies and a wide stoep—the refreshing perfume from bowls of roses met the tired nurse, and comfortable chairs invited repose. Each nurse has a bedroom, and there is also a cosy sitting-room, besides the Lady Superintendent's room and office. When Lady Gladstone equipped the centre, she presented it with two volumes of Dr. Truby King's book, "Feeding and Care of Baby."

Miss Pritchard is most progressive and is instrumental in establishing the Child Welfare Centre in Kroonstad. Most of the incentive was supplied by her, and most of the actual work of transforming an unused dirty cottage into a charming centre. It is more like a New Zealand Plunket Room than anything yet seen in South Africa—there is no suggestion of clinic, treatment centre, or O.P. department. Stained packing cases form cupboards and bookcases, old gifted curtains have been dyed a charming shade of blue. Walls dented white, bowls full of roses, and easy chairs, encourage tired mothers of all classes to rest and seek advice. Miss Pritchard with broad-minded vision delayed starting the Centre or arranging for patterns of clothes, or literature, till after Miss Paterson's visit, so that till a trained Truby King Nurse can be obtained the centre will be run as far as possible on New Zealand lines.

During her visit, Miss Paterson spoke to the scholars at the girls' school on the Laws of Health; to the mothers on the rearing and feeding of children, and demonstrated New Zealand methods with a beautiful set of clothes, a full-sized baby-doll and a cradle, made to Dr. King's ideas. A lantern lecture on "How to do the Best for Plants, Animals and Human Beings," was well attended, and the following day Miss Paterson met the Committee at the new Centre, and later again the trained nurse who is to run it. Like other nurses she quickly saw the advantage a Truby King training bestows, and hopes soon to obtain leave to train in London or New Zealand.

#### TRUE TALE WITH A MORAL.

OVERHEARD IN A 'BUS.

Two 'lidiés' with paper bags, evidently containing hats.

*First Lidý*: "Well, Tilda, I do think as 'ow you 'ave chose a dowdy 'at; no spikes nor droopers nor nothing."

*Second Lidý*: "That's the reason as I did choose it. It ain't no pleasure ter me to poke a person's eye out every time as I enters a 'bus."

*Old Gentleman in corner, ecstatically*: "Allow me, madam, to congratulate you on your wisdom. (smiling around). Who says woman is not a reasoning animal?"

*First Lidý (sniffing)*: "Sarves yer right, Tilda, to be called a animal cos you ain't in the fashion."

#### BOOK OF THE WEEK.

##### THE LAST OF THE VIKINGS.\*

This wonderful translation from the Norwegian is a valuable contribution to current works of fiction. As its title suggests, it tells of the life and adventures of the northern fishermen, and very moving and stirring their apparently simple life can be.

Johan Boger is a great student of human nature, and knows full well the pathos that underlies the daily life of the humblest, and knows also how to bring it vividly before his public. We venture to think that little has been lost in the translation which seems to have preserved the graphic simplicity of the original.

The first chapter gives the key to the book, with its description of the peasant fisherfolk at work in the fields where they endeavour to supplement the small profits of the winter fishing season.

Marya Myrah, the wife of one of them, had done twice an ordinary day's work, but she wanted to finish the last little bit before she went home; and she dreaded having to stand erect, being ready to drop with fatigue.

The sickle glittered as she cut, and with a red swollen hand drew the damp corn towards a skirt that was long since wet through. There was grace in every movement of the slender figure in the grey dress.

On a heap of straw lay what looked like a bundle of clothes, but every now and then it moved and talked.

The little one had kicked off the clothes that his mother had spread over him, and now he stretched a fat little leg into the air, and tried to get hold of his toes.

There may be a good deal to say about such a proceeding, so he talked all the time, saying "Do-do-do!" and "Ta-ta-ta!" but he was nevertheless very near crying.

Poor little babe! He had early to learn his lesson of patient endurance. "A semi-circle of gold had risen behind the dark hills in the east. It was so very, very bright, and once more he stretched out his hands. He forgot his legs were cold, and stretched them up, too; it was as if his whole little body was ready to fly up there and play. At last the semi-circle seemed to have a face like grandmother's, and when the baby was sure of this he began to laugh."

Marya had passed the seventeen years of her married life close to the sea, but she had never become reconciled to it.

Her husband, Kristavee Myrah, was still the handsomest man in the district, but he was out on the sea the greater part of the year, chaining her to a life on the wild barren shore which filled her with such fear and unrest during the long winter nights that it was all she could do to restrain her impulse to flee from it all. For him and their six children the grey cottage out there was home, but it would never be hers. She was

\* Johan Boger. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

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