

IRISH NURSES' ASSOCIATION.

The members of the two Ambulance Classes which have been held at the Hostel of the I.N.A., at 34, St. Stephen's Green, Dublin, have lately gone up for the St. John Ambulance Brigade's Examination, and the result is awaited with much eagerness. Classes, on Wednesdays and Saturdays, are now being started, at which Dr. Crawford has kindly consented to lecture. As enrolled members of the St. John Ambulance Brigade, successful candidates will be ready to give their services either for Home or Foreign work.

The Executive Committee of the County Dublin Branch of the British Red Cross Society and the St. John Ambulance Association recently decided to invite some representative members of the Nursing profession in Dublin to join their Committee.

The Irish Nurses' Association have nominated the President, Miss Cunningham, Miss M. Huxley, and Miss Sutton, Matron of St. Vincent's Hospital. Miss Cunningham and Miss Huxley have already accepted.

BOOK OF THE WEEK.

"THE HOUSE IN DEMETRIUS ROAD."*

Although we should not select the subject of a dipsomaniac for a novel, we cannot deny that this is a very interesting story, and it is written with considerable skill of portraiture.

Martin Bond was seeking the post of secretary, and an introduction had brought him to Demetrius Road, in a London suburb, where a brilliant young Scotchman required his services for a book on Socialism. His first impression of the house nearly caused him to turn on his heel and come away. It was drear and neglected-looking, and the Scotchwoman who answered the door informed him that "Mr. Greig'll no be in."

But Martin decides to wait and see the man, and in the depressing drawing room he falls in love or something like it with the pictured face of a woman that adorned the mantelpiece. Two minutes later Robert Greig came blundering into the room. His indeterminately coloured hair was ruffled, and one tuft stuck up in a small plume at the top of his head. His collar was crumpled, and the band of his flat tie had worked up at the back. He tells Martin: "I'm a widower, you see, but my sister-in-law is comin' in a week or two to look after the place, and ye could very well come then, if it suited your plans. I've a wee bairnie. She'll be in presently to her tea." He seemed to remember that he had ordered tea some few minutes before, and rang the electric bell impatiently, first pressing the button steadily, and then giving it a succession of vicious dabs.

"I can do nothin' with these wummin," he

explained, smiling again at Martin, "bletherin' about the place."

Maggie arrived on the scenes shortly after Martin's arrival, and by that time he had begun to wonder at the strange rude brusqueness of his employer.

She was smiling nervously, her head bent a little forward. She was wearing a long straight coat of rough cloth, and had a brown fur stole twisted twice round her neck. On her head was a little round cap. Both stole and cap were damp and draggled, and she herself looked wet, cold, and rather piteous.

"Och, for Heaven's sake come in, Maggie, and shut the door," said Greig. "I'm clemmed."

"Robin," she said, "you haven't introduced us."

"Och," exclaimed Greig, "this is Mr. Bond, and you're just Maggie, I suppose. Come into the study, woman, and let's get warm."

Before long Maggie confides in Martin the real state of the case, and between them they persuaded Greig to take a drug that would allay his craving. This succeeds for a time, but Greig soon relapsed. In one of his diabolical moods he informs Martin that Maggie had consented to marry him; and that they were only waiting for the passing of the Deceased Wife's Sister Bill. Maggie confesses that this is true, and her reason was that she believed that ultimately she would effect his complete cure. Needless to say, she and Martin in spite of this understanding, are very much in love with each other, and we consider that Maggie was really very unnecessary when she insisted on keeping to her engagement.

But happily for the lovers, Greig took a violent dislike to both of them, and ordered them from the house.

"What's to the point," he said, "is that this is my house, and I'll thank ye and Maggie to get out of it."

"But—" began Martin.

"Och, for Heaven's sake go, boy," snapped Greig. "I'm sick of ye."

Martin rose deliberately from his chair and went out.

We are left to infer that Greig proceeded to drink himself to death, and that Maggie and Martin got married.

Not a pleasant subject, but quite an interesting tale.

H. H.

COMING EVENTS.

October 9th.—Meeting of the Matrons' Council of Great Britain and Ireland. 431, Oxford Street, London, W. 3.30 p.m. Tea.

October 22nd.—Meeting Executive Committee Society for the State Registration of Trained Nurses, 431, Oxford Street, London, W.

October 26th.—Next examination of Central Midwives Board in London and the Provinces.

WORD FOR THE WEEK.

As one lamp lighteth another nor grows less, so nobleness enkindleth nobleness.—Lowell.

*By J. D. Beresford. London: Heinemann.

previous page

next page