

her. When the Patrols came into sight the group about them raised a cry of "Here are the Police" and the man took to his heels, as did all the rest, except the woman on the ground, who was too severely hurt to get up until the Patrols—one of whom was a trained nurse—had attended to various cuts and brought her to herself.

Girls stranded for the night, cases of sudden illness, girls excited by drink and ready to come to blows have all been saved by the timely intervention of the police; many of the last-mentioned without it would have found themselves in the Police Court.

Examples might be multiplied of the good work done, but enough has been said to indicate a very useful avenue of work, not sufficiently well known, now open to women. M. B.

SCOTTISH NURSES' ASSOCIATION.

At a meeting held recently it was agreed that members of the National Union of Trained Nurses should be accepted as Hon. Members of Scottish Nurses' Association, and should have the use of the Club Rooms at 103, Bath Street, Glasgow, and be permitted to attend educational and social meetings, but should not be allowed to vote at any meeting. As we reported last week the Irish Nurses' Association have agreed to act in the same way, so that each Society can co-operate for professional purposes and mutually support one another.

"Close up and stand firm" is now the motto of the organised Nurses' Societies, and their solidarity will be put to the test at an early date.

INGRAM'S SATINETTE BED SHEETINGS.

We have received from Messrs. J. G. Ingram & Son, the London India Rubber Works, Hackney Wick, London, N.E., samples of their acid-proof "Satinette" Aseptic Bed Sheetings, which are supplied in both red and drab. As their name implies the sheetings are delightfully smooth and fine, as well as soft in texture. They are also guaranteed to resist the action of urine, ammonia, carbolic acid, blood, and chloroform. Having regard to the quality, the prices are very moderate; thus a sheeting of ordinary substance, double faced, in red, varies from 3s. to 4s. 3d. per yard, and may be had in drab at 2s. 5d. and 3s. per yard. In extra stout (red) it varies from 4s. 3d. to 7s. per yard, or in drab from 3s. 4d. to 5s. We feel sure that Matrons of hospitals and infirmaries, and Superintendents of nursing homes, would be very pleased with these sheetings, both for their appearance and their durable qualities.

We may also mention that the firm make a speciality of, and undertake the complete upholstering and rubbering work in connection with walls, floors, doors, &c., of padded rooms.

BOOK OF THE WEEK.

"THE GARMENT OF IMMORTALITY."*

A pathetic interest is attached to this book inasmuch as it is the last work of Major Askew and Mrs. Askew, who for so long collaborated in their writings. It will be remembered that a short time ago the ill-fated author and his wife were drowned by the torpedoing of the boat in which they were travelling. "The Garment of Immortality" is the interesting romance of a Boer farmer's family.

Paul Vanderheld and Christian Krant lived like brothers on a big farm in the Transvaal, but the farm was the actual property of Anna Vanderheld. Christian was the son of Tant Anna by her first marriage, and Paul was the son of Tant Anna's second husband by a former wife, so there was no blood relation between the two young men, but they had dwelt under the same roof ever since they were children, and were as devoted a pair as David and Jonathan.

Paul was a handsome young blonde giant, but Christian, though not so tall or so finely made, had a curiously interesting face. Things went happily enough from day to day until the little cousin Keturah came to take up her abode with them after the death of her grandfather on a neighbouring farm.

Two women got out of the wagon, a bulky woman, whose age could not be less than fifty, and a tall, slight girl. Tant Anna bustled forward; she looked very hot, beads of perspiration glistened on her forehead, but her broad, good-natured face expressed the liveliest satisfaction at getting home again; she wagged her head cheerfully at the two young men.

"Well, well, here we are but what a journey it has been—the heat, the flies—and I've brought Keturah back as I said I would. The poor child has no one to turn to now but Tant Anna; but Keturah knows well enough she can make her home here as long as she wants to—yes, the little one knows that."

Both the men fell victims to the charm and beauty of Keturah, but it was tall, handsome Paul who was the successful suitor. Christian pours out his heart in his diary.

"I am scribbling in my diary when I ought by rights to be dancing in the big barn—footing it merrily—but I have stolen away from the crowd, and I have hidden myself for half-an-hour in my room. The dance is at its height, the musicians are playing with a will, and no one is thinking of that dull student fellow, Christian Krant.

"I caught a glance of the bride just before I left the barn. Dear Lord, what a fine couple they make. I should think it would be difficult to find a handsomer or better matched couple all the world over.

"Keturah is wearing white—and she looks

* By Alice and Claude Askew. (John Long, Haymarket.)

[previous page](#)

[next page](#)