

MISS EDNA LYALL, the well-known author of "Donovan," "We Two," &c., has subscribed "her mite" to the fund in aid of the scheme proposed by General Booth, having given the sum of £100 towards an Eastbourne fund, raised as a practical protest against the severe criticisms of Professor Huxley with regard to the dream of poverty curing the General *hopes* to realise.

MARRIAGE is assuredly woman's particular sphere, but surely one can have too much of even a good thing. So, however, apparently Mrs. Charles Green, of Kentucky, America, does not think, for she can boast of having been married six times, although even now she is not twenty-five years of age. Here is a new puzzle in arithmetic. How many times will she have married by the time she is fifty if she continues at the same ratio, and if before then a Bill forbidding widows to marry has not been passed?

TEA and women are generally in close connection, for the gentler sex loves "the cup which cheers but not inebriates," and "tea and gossip" delight the feminine soul. It is not, however, so generally known that many women are employed in the tea trade—in the lighter portions of the work, that is. According to the *Pall Mall Budget*, as many as thirty women are employed by the Tower Company. "The hours," so runs the paragraph, "are comparatively short, and the work is well paid for. They are allowed as much tea as they can drink." Oh, happy women! But how much tea can a reasonable woman drink? I once heard of one—but she was unreasonable, surely—who was found in a state of intoxication from tea, having drunk several pounds during one day! Poor Poet Cowper, his most popular line was proved untrue in this instance, but then there is reason in all things!

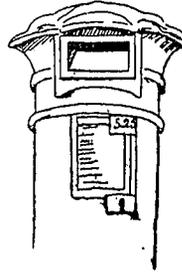
It is said that the reason the cross saddle has been abandoned after all the *furor* it has created is due to the fact that Royalty, in the person of H.R.H. the Princess of Wales, interfered, our future Queen considering it to be immodest and undignified to ride in this fashion, and expressing, as did her husband, her views on the subject in Court circles freely.

MISS MARY ABELL, the richest woman in Baltimore, is, according to one of our American contemporaries, "going to renounce the world," and yielding her enormous wealth to the Roman Catholic Church, enter most likely a nunnery.

MRS. SHAW, the lady whistler, who is "doing a tour," received quite an ovation at St. Peters-

burg, on her first appearance there in public. She was subsequently presented with a diamond necklace by several of her admirers. Surely it is anything for novelty now-a-days! When I was young I used to be told whistling was rude, but evidently Mrs. Shaw's mamma did not think so.

VEVA KARSLAND.



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.*

*We shall be happy to answer, as far as we can, all questions submitted to us.*

*Communications, &c., not noticed in our present number will receive attention when space permits.*

To the Editor of "The Nursing Record."

Sir,—As a late member of the London Hospital Nursing Staff, I must congratulate you upon your most able, powerful, and yet temperate criticism of the evidence in the Blue Book, and the so-called "Report" put forward by the Committee of that unfortunate Institution by way of refuting the statements made *on oath* by ladies who have lately worked there, who, being free and independent, have had the courage to expose the system of tyranny and slavery under which they attempted to perform their duties, for, from personal experience, I have no hesitation in stating that the standard of Nursing in the Wards of the London Hospital is exceedingly low. Take, for instance, a few every-day habits and customs, remnants of barbarism which have been banished from every well-conducted Ward ten years ago. Each patient's milk is served out to him about eight a.m., and stands in a wide-necked, *uncovered* quart jug on his locker for the space of twelve to twenty-four hours, a ready recipient of dust and germs; this even in Wards where it is not uncommon to have half-a-dozen typhoid fever cases dotted about. Again, there is very little official inspection in the London Hospital, and many of the Sisters being very inexperienced, cleanliness and order were not always strictly maintained. As a Probationer I was taught to wash the dirty mackintoshes *in the patients' bath*, and the soiled dressings, &c., which were often most offensive, were kept in a rounder in this same bath-room, and only *casually* emptied once in twenty-four hours. With the exception of those patients who were permitted to take an occasional bath, the helpless patients were *never thoroughly washed*. When on night duty I received directions to wash about fifteen patients in an hour, and give warm water to about ten more. All that possibly could be done was to wash the hands and face; the feet in *some* Wards had a weekly scrub. With the exception of washing an occasional back, where bed-sores were feared, I was never directed to wash the patients—one of the greatest comforts to sick persons confined for any length of time in bed.

I must again thank you for so generously championing the cause of Nurses and patients at the London Hospital, and shall be obliged if you will forward fifty copies of the last issue of your valuable paper to me. I enclose my card, but for obvious reasons wish to sign myself—Yours faithfully,

A NORTH COUNTRY MATRON.

[previous page](#)

[next page](#)