

linen bonnet tying down over the ears," as one of the London papers described them, "to a dainty *confection* of real lace and filmy gauze; from a flat little fold of muslin on the top of the head, to a massive arrangement of linen folds falling to the waist."

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BEYOND the Nurses, however, there were a great many celebrities. Many of the leaders of the Medical profession were present to evince once more the interest they naturally take in Nurses. Besides Mr. Savory, who stood at the end of the long gallery receiving the constant stream of guests from nine o'clock till a quarter to ten, I saw Sir Edward Sieveking, Sir Alfred Garrod, Dr. Priestley, Mr. Brudenell Carter, Sir Rutherford Alcock, Dr. Robert Barnes, Dr. Edis, Sir Morell Mackenzie, and many other well-known Physicians and Surgeons. The general public, too, had a few typical representatives, though I hear that many more were anxious to be present, but were unable to obtain cards of invitation. However, the House of Lords was well represented by its chairman, the Lord Chancellor, who, as well as Lady Halsbury, takes the greatest interest in Hospital work. The Bar and the Church, the Army and the Diplomatic services, were, I am told, all well represented.

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BUT more interesting to Nurses was it to see so many of the chairmen of Metropolitan or Provincial Hospitals, as well as the Secretaries of many others. In fact, as far as possible, the professional aspect of the gathering was evidently strictly maintained. When the eleven hundred cards the committee determined to issue had all been applied for and sent out, I am told that extra tickets were issued to a few Nurses and Hospital managers. Mr. Editor tells me he hopes to obtain a description of the dresses worn by the celebrities from a well-known writer, and so I will not say more about the people. I believe that a description of the handsome and most interesting Nursing Appliances Exhibition will appear in another column, and so I need only say that so great was the interest taken in the beautiful models shown, that the crowd was three deep during the whole evening around the tables upon which these were laid.

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It only remains for me to describe, therefore, the programme for the evening. Punctually at 9.45 the ballad concert began, the Prince's Band, from Messrs. Chappell's, which from nine o'clock had been excellently discoursing sweet music, making way upon the platform, at the end of the long gallery, for the artistes. Mrs. Stanley Stubbs, better known in artistic circles as Miss Robertson,

sang, as charmingly as is her wont, Sullivan's "Orpheus and His Lute." Then came for many lovers of music an unexpected treat. Mrs. Hancock gave Cowen's beautiful song, "Because," in a voice and style which commanded universal admiration. No one present seemed, so far as I could learn, to have heard this lady sing before; but I venture to prophesy that before long Mrs. Hancock will have made herself famous. Her method is undeniably artistic, and her voice an unusually pure rich contralto. Next, Mr. Dykes, who is rapidly becoming celebrated for his musical powers, gave a pianoforte recital, "La Campanella," by Paganini Liszt. Then came an exquisite duet, Marzial's "Trip, Trip, Trip," given by Mrs. Stanley Stubbs and her brother, Mr. J. Robertson, whose acting delighted so many tens of thousands of people last winter in "H.M.S. Pinafore." Madame Amaury rendered Meyerbeer's "Robert, toi que j'aime;" and then once more we had the privilege of hearing Mr. Robertson's charming voice in Handel's "Where'er you walk." Each performer was heartily applauded; but it appeared to be understood that no encores were to be given.

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So at 10.15—evidently the minute it was arranged to conclude at—the ballad concert ended, the band remounted the platform, and continued their excellent programme. We once more circulated through the rooms, met old friends, and renewed old acquaintanceships; passed down the handsome staircases, most tastefully ornamented with palms and evergreens; down past the library, into the range of refreshment rooms—all thrown open for the occasion. Everything was of the best, and in unstinted quantity; and Nurses, fresh from the dull monotony of Hospital fare, evidently enjoyed the luxuries provided for them. But soon the news spread around that Mr. Corney Grain had arrived, and upstairs everyone trooped into the long galleries again.

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SHORTLY before eleven, Mr. Grain stepped upon the platform, and when he began to speak there was not a single inch of unoccupied space in the galleries. He had most kindly promised to give one short musical sketch, but evidently the keen appreciation of his audience pleased him, for he went from one subject to another, and kept everyone in fits of laughter for just half-an-hour. Grave judges, learned doctors, placid clergymen, Matrons, Sisters, and Nurses, all seemed to forget everything else, and all alike laughed, and laughed, and laughed again. It is no use to attempt to describe the Suburban Garden Party, or the Modern Drawing-rooms, or Monsieur Achille. They are Mr. Grain's creations, and therefore inimitable.

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