

LOUISA, Lady Goldsmith, lately gave a "sumptuous" tea to the members of the Working Women's Literary Society, a Society "composed of the secretaries and members of the different women's trades unions, who meet together once a month for tea and dramatic readings." Shakespeare is prime favourite with the members of this Society, who can, and do, thoroughly appreciate "the sweet Swan of Avon." But according to the Librarians of the free libraries the majority of the sex and class prefer silly novelettes to the works of great authors. This is due, I expect, partly to want of education (one must understand before one can appreciate), but doubtless also to the fact that a tired body reacts on the brain, and these women are often too weary to make the mental effort to think out the words their eyes peruse. Some ladies—I wish I could say many—have lately started the sensible plan of reading aloud, and explaining while they read, the works of men of letters to the poor women and girls who frequent these libraries, and they find interested if not always very intelligent listeners.

"LADY HILLINGDON" (states the *Daily Telegraph*) "opened a Convalescent Home for Children at 'The Wilderness,' Lord Hillingdon's place in Kent." Here the little pale-faced City children are to be sent to find a colour beneath the touch of Nature's paint brush, the reviving breeze, and will delight meanwhile in the glorious beauty of the "Garden of England," and revel in gathering the fragrant flowers mother earth yields as gladly to the children of the poor as to the children of the rich. The bright little rosy faces will prove no intrusion in the eyes of the kind-hearted master and mistress of the mansion, but will, instead, seem to add yet additional beauty to the grounds. Might not many of our nobility "go and do likewise"?

MRS. LANGTRY is very successful in her personification of Rosalind in "As You Like It" at the St. James's Theatre, which she has rented for the next few months. This celebrated beauty considers her peerless complexion is to be attributed much to her fondness for that simplest, yet most potent cosmetic, water. She is a devotee to the bath, and spends many hours in that luxury of luxuries, "a Turkish." She never misses her daily tub—a tub, it is stated, of solid silver. Is the water purer for its contact with the precious metal, and will baths *à la* Langtry become the fashion? I trow not.

"NELLY BLY shut her eye." Thus commenced a comic negro melody of Moore and Burgess' palmiest days, when the Christy Minstrels were

fashionable. Miss Nelly Bly, the American journalist (the name must surely be a *nom de plume*), certainly keeps hers wide open instead, and causes other folk to open theirs also at times. This enterprising young lady has just returned from racing round the world as fast as steam would let her, and accomplishing the feat of throwing into the shade the hero of Jules Verne's "Round the World in Eighty Days." By-the-bye, what a capital living advertisement she must have proved for the lines she travelled by—worth a hundred "posters" at least. She is now about to turn lecturer, and I suppose she will hereafter write her experiences of the platform as she has already of the asylum and the gaol, into both of which she contrived to get herself confined. No second-hand evidence did for her. VEVA KARSLAND.

"NURSING RECORD" BENEVOLENT FUND.

SPECIAL NOTICE.

WE want to assist, by the united efforts of the readers of the *Nursing Record*, Trained Nurses who may be in need of temporary or permanent aid, and for this purpose donations, whether small or large, will be thankfully received, as the Fund has already many demands made upon it.

HELP WANTED HERE ALSO.

Mrs. Sarah Duyck, aged 48, is a widow, and has broken her leg so badly, that she will probably be a cripple for the rest of her life, besides dislocating one shoulder some years ago, so that she is even unable to use her crutches for long at a time.

Mrs. Duyck wishes to obtain an annuity of £20 a year from the British Home for Incurables. To do this at least 1,000 votes must be procured from subscribers to the Institution. Lists of subscribers can be obtained by sending eight stamps to the offices, 73, Cheapside, E.C.

Will every reader of this journal please do what she or he can to obtain votes for this sad case—to assist, in however small a measure, to bear another's burden? Such help will be gratefully welcomed by the Editor, *Nursing Record*, St. Dunstan's House, Fetter Lane, London, E.C., and all subscriptions, &c., will be duly acknowledged.

Proxies will also be thankfully received by the Editor for the British Home for Incurables on behalf of a most deserving candidate for an annuity of £20 from the above Institution. Votes for other Charitable Societies will also be gladly received as they can be exchanged. Candidate's name, Ann Thompson; single; aged fifty-one; who has been suffering from spinal injury and paralysis for more than six years past. She is now quite unable to earn her living.

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