

term of five months, for three lessons in the week. All students must first pass an entrance examination. Examinations are held and prizes given for each subject. The pupils at all the branch Schools of Art can compete, and the works are carefully examined by competent judges. The influence of the South Kensington School of Art on "Young England" is already noticeably felt, and will as the years go by be more and more acknowledged as the root of the artistic life of the people. During the last fifteen years the number of lady students at the National Gallery has greatly increased, and now on students' days many a bright young admirer may be found diligently and earnestly copying some "adored" old master. Thursdays and Fridays are students' days, but none may become a student unless possessed of a certain proficiency, and a copy of work must be sent in to and approved by the keeper ere the desired card of admission is obtained. The arrangements for the convenience and comfort of the students have been vastly improved under the care of the present keeper. Many copyists make fair sums by their copies, for a good copy of a great original is more valued now than it used to be, but the splendid engravings now taken of nearly all famous pictures are stumbling blocks in the copyist's profession.

LITERARY book-making is the order of the day. Thus Miss Frances Cobbe has taken the trouble to select and place in one book all the verses ever penned about a dog. The "blind bard of old" is not forgotten, and the book is up to date. The research entailed must have been great, and Miss Cobbe needs must have grown tired of the three letters—D O G. The book is not uninteresting, but a climax will be reached if imitators—and the world abounds with imitators—commence to search for verses relating to their pet animals or idiosyncrasies. We shall be having a poetic book on "cats" or on tigers by the "Sarah," or on monkeys or parrots; or even on the ass, blind worms (the last new toy of fashion), or on toads perhaps, for a lady I knew once had a pet toad to which she was devoted. But, sweet relief, the quotations, spite of all research, will prove too few, and a book cannot consist of empty pages, however bright the cover may be, however tempting the title may sound.

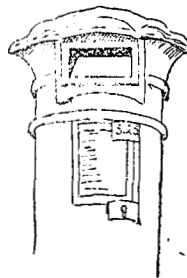
CURIOSITY, thy name is Woman. The experiment tried in America lately of female Inspectors for the Custom House has failed. The ladies did their work too well—so well that complaints arose as to their being over-particular, unduly curious. Poor souls, to inspect the pretty dresses of rich ladies returning triumphant with the newest Paris *modes* must have proved a great tempta-

tion. They would only want to learn the latest style so as to be more in the fashion than their compeers. Anyhow, they have been dismissed, only one or two being retained as special examiners in case of "suspects." The Customs are hated by American travellers on account of the unreasonably heavy dues, and they would naturally prefer the less energetic, more stately, old-fashioned officer who did not see quite so much. Nothing, says the proverb, escapes a woman's eyes.

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A VERY successful lecture was given lately by Miss U. A. Malaban, a Parsee lady and a graduate of Grant College, Bombay, on "The Lungs and their Functions," and the effects of social habits in regard to this organ. This is the first time, says the *Queen*, that a Parsee lady has spoken in public. The times are advancing indeed when the ancient worshippers of the sun approve such a departure from the ways of their forefathers with enthusiasm.

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.

PROBABLE FIELDS FOR MISSIONARY DISTRICT NURSES.

To the Editor of "The Nursing Record."

Sir,—Having in a recent letter of mine had occasion to call your attention to the great existing need for more earnest work, more judicious, and thoroughly well arranged and dovetailed district visitation throughout the British Isles, will you permit me to hand to you a cutting from a recent copy of the *Christian*, as this sad specimen is not, it is to be feared, the only case still extant? It is true that vast strides have been made during recent years in all that concerns nursing the sick. But "the past and the future are nothing in the face of the stern to-day."—Yours, &c., THEODORA.

"A SCANDAL TO CIVILISATION.—If certain recent statements in *The Newcastle Daily Chronicle* are to be trusted, the horrors and evils of overcrowding have been developed by Tyneside to a degree of perfection surpassing anything yet recorded. Case after case is reported in which ten or a dozen persons live and sleep in one room, as many as four, five, and six adults, regardless of sex, occasionally occupying the same bed. Whole rows of streets are described where crowds of tenants herd in underground cellars, scarcely fit habitations for animals, and, what is more, pay 2s. 6d. or 3s. 6d. a week for the privilege. It would only shock my readers to no purpose were I to transcribe the moral and physical ruin resulting from this state of things. Surely there must be philanthropy or public spirit enough in Newcastle to grapple with such a scandal to civilisation.—*Truth.*"

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