

long, and can therefore visit several, she ought to be able to do very well when once she becomes known as an established necessity.

\* \* \*

"WHO steals my purse steals trash." So declares immortal Shakespeare, and, in his opinion, he who steals another's name steals a far more valuable property. Therefore, surely, if the former gets six months, the latter ought to get six years at least. But why should anyone steal so useless a thing as a name—a quite unpawnable article of commerce? Surely he were worthier of Colney Hatch than of Pentonville! A well-known lady is, however, just now complaining loudly that someone has stolen hers, even though—surely an Irishism—she possesses and uses it still. The lady novelist, Miss Braddon (by-the-bye, can she prove her name is Miss Braddon, seeing she is in reality Mrs. Maxwell?), is sad at heart, for the Americans have out-Americaned themselves, and an American paper has advertised a forthcoming serial novel by Miss Braddon, entitled, "Tiger-head; or, the Ghost of the Avalanche." The authoress of "Just as I am," "The Day Will Come," &c., denies the fact, and complains that this title is too sensational even for her. But who knows? Maybe an American Miss Braddon has arisen who will out-Braddon Mrs. Maxwell—Miss Braddon that was. There is something in a name after all, for any young lady bearing that nomenclature would be bound to try her hand at novel-writing, and her books would be accepted surely for her name, whatever trash she might have written. Poor Miss Braddon! There are drawbacks to popularity after all, and it is well to be one of the humble mediocrities, and not at the "top of the pole." At present, at least, my name and yours are safe from being appropriated without a "by your leave, or with your leave."

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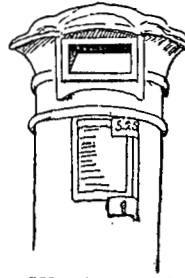
ANOTHER royal authoress! It is stated the ex-Queen of Servia, the famous Nathalie, is about to publish her opinions with regard to her divorce case, and the differences between her and her husband. It is sure to be read, being a true romance, if a sad romance, in real life and in high life also; but the reader will not be benefitted by the reading thereof. There must be faults on both sides, and it had been well if Queen Nathalie had not had such an autobiography to publish. Blessed is the nation, men say, which has no history. Surely, also, blessed is the woman.

\* \* \*

ANOTHER woman, of a very different type and history, is also about to write a book. Louise

Michel, according to the *Queen*, is now in England, ever the home of the refugee, and "during her stay here she intends to write a realistic novel." I suppose in it she will promulgate her theories with regard to the needlessness of money, and tell us how she proposes to live "if all the money was at the bottom of the sea."

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.*

### WHO IS THEODORA?

*To the Editor of "The Nursing Record."*

DEAR MR. EDITOR,—Such was "Theodora's" conceit that she fancied everybody knew her, or at least the name that she goes by at home. But as this question has been asked of her by several of the readers of the *Nursing Record*, and she has no likeness of herself to give, she ventures respectfully to hand you this missive. If some benighted friend does not then know who "Theodora" is, let her behold her handwriting and doubt no more.—Yours very heartily,

*Sarah Clayton.*

6, Magdalen Street, Cambridge.

P.S.—"Every one of us," saith the *Quiver*, "but especially those who are busy in any good work with a view to benefit others, should earnestly watch and take care lest self-importance and love of praise become our secret and ruling motive. The architect who built the Watch Tower of Pharos for the Egyptian monarch ages ago, was ordered to put the king's name on it. As the architect, he wished his *own name* prominent, but dared not disobey so despotic a ruler, so he put the king's name boldly in letters of stucco and gilt, but underneath, on the *granite*, he cut his own. The stucco lasted for a time, but gradually the waves washed away the king's name and revealed the architect's and his selfishness."

MORAL.—Beware of selfishness and imperfect work! All our work, be it remembered, one day will stand equally revealed; "for there is nothing covered that shall not be revealed, and hid that shall not be known." The selfishness in our work will be made conspicuous, and our true character will stand out in indelible letters cut into the very fibre of our being.

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