

a day by these young ladies must surely prove fatiguing, very fatiguing; but after all, the Physicians agree in stating that walking is far better for the human frame than idleness. The wages are very low, but in most places, even where the words, "No gratuity is allowed," greet the eye at every turn, presents are often given, and coppers turn to pounds where enough patience is exercised.

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CIVILITY costs nothing, says the proverb; yet civility is a rare curiosity, and never more so than in a shop where "the cup that cheers but not inebriates" is sold for a price which yet proves, although costing much less now than a few years back, that water can be costly at times. Why manners are not included in the qualifications given for these girls, or young ladies as they call themselves, is one of those strange phenomena which perplex the mind of the philosopher. One would have thought it the principal one, but apparently no! There are, I am glad to say, exceptions to the rule, but as a class waitresses are very impolite to the unhappy beings dependent awhile on them for that time which is oft-times also money.

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WOMEN are going ahead in Italy. The City of Turin boasts now of a library from which the sterner sex are restricted, and man haters, free from their enemy's obnoxious presence, are able therefore to enjoy a "quiet read" in peace. I wonder if men's books are equally debarred entrance, and only authoresses are permitted to adorn a tale—I mean occupy a shelf. If so, I fear the library will be restricted in another sense, for until this century such were indeed, like angels' visits, few and far between.

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A CONTEMPORARY states that "a Mrs. Eva Hart, who died near Syracuse, N.Y., recently, at the reputed age of one hundred and thirteen, smoked as far back as her children can remember." Though the age of the eldest of these said children is not given, I conclude she had puffed the "fragrant weed" for many a long year, and that slow poison, tobacco, proved a very slow poison in her case. But the story is American, and cables are not, though dumb, incapable of an untruth, or to use a more polite word, exaggeration.

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I HAVE lately seen, after repeated efforts to find a day, Burne Jones' lovely quarto of pictures, the "Briar Rose." Mr. Editor will enquire gently, "Have you forgotten your heading?" The reply is, if not exactly women's work, yet it is all about women, and I would heartily advise all women to

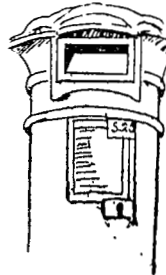
see and judge for themselves. It is the old legend of the sleeping beauty, which the poet, Mr. Morris, has whispered to the world in beautiful verse—verse illustrated by Burne Jones' silent poem of fair form and delicate colouring, the perfect blending of colour being the most superb part of these lovely pictures. First, one beholds the young prince breaking through the briar rose hedge; then the king and his courtiers asleep in the council chamber; next (and loveliest of all), the maidens asleep beside the well, beside the spindle; and lastly, the princess herself asleep beneath the strange spell, awaiting silently the lover's kiss which will awaken her into life and joy and brightness. These pictures, well worth a visit, are being exhibited at Agnew's Galleries, Bond Street.

VEVA KARSLAND.

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SIMPLY to show dislike or displeasure at the lack of anything desirable is not the way to supply that lack; and to give cold looks and hard words to the unsympathetic will never fill their souls with that sweet and tender spirit.

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## LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

(Notes, Queries, &amp;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.*

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## NURSES' SUMMER MEETING.

To the Editor of "The Nursing Record."

Dear Sir,—We are delighted to hear that the British Nurses' Association intend to hold their annual summer meeting at Birmingham this year, and I am writing to say that if any of the Nurses would care to visit our works and inspect the department where all our absorbent dressings, &c., are manufactured, it will be a great pleasure to put as much of our time as possible at the disposal of the Nurses.

We are quite central, only five minutes' walk from the Midland Institute, where I hear the luncheon is to be served.

If, during the afternoon, any of the Nurses have time to call here they need only ask for—Yours truly,

THE LADY MANAGER,

Birmingham.

Messrs. Southall Bros. and Barclay.

[We regret that the above communication arrived too late for insertion in our last issue.—ED.]

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\* \* Owing to pressure upon our space several matters have been this week left over.—ED.

[previous page](#)

[next page](#)