

it appears to have been arranged that each Secretary should attempt to dispose of as many copies as possible amongst the friends and supporters of his particular Institution. Knowing what we, naturally, know of printing and publishing, we frankly confess that we wondered where the profits to the Hospitals were to come in, from this scheme, or for whose particular glorification it was being mooted. We soon solved the latter problem, but we feel confident that we shall possess our souls in patience for a considerable time before we learn how much the Hospitals receive from this work of fiction.

That amusing parody on Science, The Scientific Press, Limited — which has immortalised itself by the production of "The Nurses' Dictionary," an epitome of scientific jokes and a comedy of errors—very naturally published this work, and with much appropriateness it is entitled "Suffering London,"—very long-suffering, it might well have been termed. Mr. HENRY C. BURDETT is apparently the originator of the idea, or to use his own harmonious and classical expression, "BURDETT broached it." And as "BURDETT broached" the Scientific Press, Limited—which is the resurrection of the "Hospital, Limited," which "BURDETT broached" also—it is quite in accordance with the eternal fitness of things that "Suffering London" should be scientifically pressed.

But the book being published—and it would be interesting some day, in the dim and distant future, to see the balance-sheet of the expenses and receipts of the publication—we commend to the notice of our contemporaries the way in which it was proposed to "boom" it. *The Charity Record* publishes the following note:—"We have received the following, signed by Mr. H. C. BURDETT: 'Messrs. WALTER BESANT and EGMONT HAKE's book will be on sale on Wednesday next, 25th inst.; and as soon as the newspapers review it, you should send them the letters from the gentlemen you have interested in the subject. Two or three letters a day for several consecutive days would be the best plan to adopt. Of course, the correspondence should be developed as circumstances may render possible or best. I anticipate a great success for the book, and much substantial benefit for the Hospitals. Of course, you will now do your utmost to reap as much of the fruit as possible for your own Institution.'"

So Mr. BURDETT's companions have been collecting letters to the papers from a number of gentlemen who have not even seen the book, but

Early Weaning.—For infants deprived of their natural food, Loeffund's Kindermilch is the most perfect diet; being, in physiological action and composition, a perfect substitute. Sold by Chemists, or apply—Loeffund, 14, St. Mary Axe, E.C.

who have complaisantly written letters to order, expressing their views upon it. And as soon as our guileless contemporaries review the book, a shower of entirely impromptu letters will descend upon their editors' devoted heads, posted promiscuously "two or three a day for several consecutive days." See the pleasant spectacle of a dozen Secretaries each dropping their three letters per diem into different letter-boxes. In their imagination, they doubtless saw that particularly glib individual, the Editor, receiving his thirty-six letters a day concerning Suffering London, and heard him arise and say, "Here is the mighty and omnipotent voice of public opinion shouting in stentorian accents—at the steady rate of thirty-six letters a day—'Shall London suffer'?" They probably expected to see leading articles and letters appearing, and the nation which went wild about Jumbo becoming frenzied over a Charity Boom.

But somehow it has fallen very flat. Editors are not all such fools as Mr. BURDETT seems to imagine. The uninitiated can understand that it may pay the publishers of a book very well to cover it with charity, but even they will be puzzled to know what benefit it will bring to Hospitals. We go further, and say that the book will be of no appreciable good whatever, in this direction. The reasons for public distrust and lack of confidence in Hospitals, at present, go much deeper than hysterical appeals for help will penetrate. Whatever judgment the Lords' Select Committee may deliver upon the half-revealed scandals at the London Hospital, we have good reason to believe that it will take years to remedy the effects which have for years been, and are every day being, produced upon the public mind, by the accounts of the mismanagement of that Institution, which every Nurse, as she leaves the Hospital, carries to her own circle of friends and relations. And the revelations which are generally expected to be made, at the public inquiry, this month, by the Privy Council into the case of the Royal British Nurses' Association will, we fear, do infinitely greater, more widespread, and more lasting harm to some Hospitals than scores of sentimental books can remove or even lessen. Our Hospitals have fallen upon evil counsellors, and the most radical reforms must be carried out before public confidence will be restored. Booming books by transparent tricks will produce nothing but a heavy cheque on the Bank of Public Ridicule.

"WHAT a lot of those dear, charming Hospital Nurses one sees about just now." "Yes; football season's over, so their slack time's coming on."—*The Exchange*.

De Jong's Cocoa.—Dr. Hehner (President of the Society of Public Analysts) says: "Of absolute purity and highest excellence; surpasses in delicacy of aroma and richness of taste the best kinds hitherto offered to the public."

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