

## Reflections

FROM A BOARD ROOM MIRROR.



SIR JOSEPH LISTER was appointed President of the British Association for next year's Congress at Liverpool, and the invitation of Canada to hold the meeting of 1897 at Toronto has been accepted.

A sum of nearly £11,000 has been received at the Central Offices of the Hospital Saturday Fund. This has been derived from collections in the various metropolitan business houses and workshops, and the ladies' street collection of July 13th.

Colonel R. S. Liddell, who has received an important appointment at Netley Hospital, was born in 1840, and entered the 15th Foot in 1858. He distinguished himself in the Soudan campaign of 1884, being present at the battles of Teb and Tamai.

A correspondent in the *Manchester Guardian*, commenting on the deficiency in the income of their St. Mary's Hospital of £400, makes a somewhat novel suggestion for increasing the funds. It would appear that a large percentage of the neighbouring towns and districts, although furnishing due contingents of patients, contribute not one farthing towards the hospital funds. "Now," says the correspondent, "the thing to do is to compel every town to send subscriptions by a persistent refusal to admit patients from the districts which at present do not subscribe."

This is certainly a new rendering of "your money or your life," and one that leaves no alternative. Either the towns must pay or lose their citizens. It is difficult to believe that we shall see such a Hospital "boycot" established, although in the present condition of finance, sooner or later our Hospitals will have to adopt some method of "no pay, no cure."

By way of rivalling the vaunted Keeley cure for drunkenness what is called a "new, open, and cheap cure" for the liquor craving is announced from the United States. It is said to be very successful. The directions are:—"Get a bowl of ice-water and a raw potato, peel and cut down one end of the potato to a size convenient to take in the mouth; dip the potato in the ice-water and suck it every time you think you must have whisky." But the salient point is this: When you had sucked up the nauseous compound of raw potato and ice-water, would you *feel* as if you had had the whisky, and would so mildly a flavoured drink fill up the cup of gladness of an experienced toper? If so, the cure of inebriety is a more simple matter than it has hitherto been supposed.

A curious story of a premonition of death being fulfilled was told at an inquest held at the Bermondsey Workhouse, on the body of James Giffen, aged sixty-two years. Louisa Attrick, a daughter, said that deceased enjoyed very good health, and on Saturday last was at work as usual. When he got up the following morning he remarked "that he had a strange presentiment something was going to happen to him, but what it was he couldn't say." After returning from a walk he partook of a good dinner, and again spoke about a strange presentiment. He then went to lie down on the bed. About tea-time witness went to call him and discovered that he was dead. The coroner commented upon the strange nature of the case, and the jury returned a verdict according to the medical testimony of death from syncope.

In consequence of the increase of cholera at Tangier, the Spanish authorities have adopted additional precautionary measures to prevent the introduction of the disease into Spain.

Some few years ago a paper edited by an official of the Stock Exchange, caused much amusement in medical circles by heading an article attacking the then President of the Royal College of Physicians, "Sir Andrew Clark taken to Task." A little later the same periodical defended the London Hospital from various criticisms made against its management. The whirligig of time has now led our contemporary to perform another of the *voltes-face* to which its readers are accustomed, and it is busily engaged at present in praising the late Sir Andrew Clark, and in roundly abusing the authorities of the London Hospital for the manner in which the memorial to Sir Andrew has been "mismanaged." By a coincidence, which is not difficult to understand, an anonymous letter on the same subject, and drawing attention to our contemporary's attack, immediately appeared in the *Times*; the writer, who states he is a subscriber to the Memorial Fund, roundly accusing the Committee of the London Hospital of mismanagement. This was followed by a lofty letter from the Chairman and Treasurer of the Hospital, who state that "the Committee appointed to collect subscriptions to the Sir Andrew Clark memorial by the aid of wide advertisement and much canvassing succeeded in raising a sum of £3,000, of which about one-half was promised at the time of the Princes Hall meeting in May, 1894. The total reached in May, 1895, was unfortunately much below the sum required to carry out the full plan. It was accordingly decided by the House Committee to submit to the governors a proposal that, in addition to the sum of £3,000, a further sum of £1,500 should be expended by the governors with a view to the putting in the foundations and to the building of servants' rooms, of which there is pressing need, so that above these the suggested wards should be built for £3,000, and be made as complete as possible as a memorial to the distinguished physician whose life was so intimately connected with this Hospital."

"A Subscriber" returned to the attack on Wednesday last and pertinently asked whether it is the case that many hundreds of pounds were spent in advertising the Memorial Appeal, and whether the Hospital has not in consequence received an unusually large number of donations and legacies. Experience shows that the Committee of the Hospital are adepts in the art of ignoring awkward questions, and "A Subscriber" will probably gain little satisfaction in his quest for information.

If the London Hospital can afford to spend, as it is now about to do, a second amount of £10,000 in the extension of the Nursing Home it certainly should be able not only to provide proper accommodation for its porters—who bear the highest reputation for civility, carefulness and efficiency—but also to evince some practical gratitude for the immense services rendered to the Institution by the late Sir Andrew Clark.

Each autumn we have the fear of cholera and the presence of the disease as a more or less near neighbour. But fortunately, our health conditions are such that we suffer only from the "scare." The reading of reports on the conditions prevailing among the Polish and Russian immigrants in the East-end of London arouses some wonder that the insanitary and inhuman habits of these undesirable aliens in our midst, does not give rise to epidemics not only of cholera, but of typhus.

A medical man, in speaking of this foreign Jew population and their housing to a Committee of Guardians of the White-chapel Union, said:—"Their health is necessarily impaired, first, from the want of sufficient cubic feet of air space for each individual, and, secondly, from the habits of the people themselves. The air they are compelled to breathe, espe-

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