

The Hospital World.**THE ANIMALS' HOSPITAL.**

The Animals' Hospital in Hugh Street, Belgrave Road, S.W., for sick animals of the poor, is the practical outcome of the work of Our Dumb Friends' League, a Society founded for the encouragement of kindness to animals, and stands as a witness to the fact that there are, in this great city, those who feel that their responsibility as regards the sick extends beyond suffering humanity and includes also the dumb creation, faithful friends of mankind, some of whom, to the day of their death, spend their lives in its service and who deserve well at its hands when temporarily incapacitated for work.

The Hospital is open free to all kinds of sick animals, the only condition being that their owners are too poor to pay for veterinary advice, the only charges are 1d. for medicine bottles, and one for the use of the lethal chamber should this be unhappily called into requisition.

As in an ordinary hospital only those who are seriously ill are admitted as in-patients, many less serious cases being treated in the out-patient department. Since the Hospital was opened on May 16th last, 1,418 patients have been treated. The staff consists of a Resident Veterinary Surgeon, a foreman with two assistants, and the Matron, Mrs. Hartshorne; with a daily average of 30-40 in-patients and 100-130 out-patients it is kept very fully employed.

Mrs. Hartshorne, who has had some insight into ordinary nursing, although not a trained nurse, is a great animal lover, and it is evident that her patients know this and return the affection she bestows upon them.

On entering the hospital one is ushered into a large square hall or yard. Here the new out-patients are seen, and here also is the latest acquisition of the institution, an ambulance for the benefit of horses meeting with street accidents. Inside the van is an inner case, lined with thick cocoanut matting, much on the principle of a padded-room. This case slides out on to the ground level so that an injured animal can easily be placed upon it, and then be removed to the van up an inclined plane. Everything is done to reduce the inevitable discomfort of travel to a minimum; wheels are rubber tyred, good springs ensure ease, and there is also an arrangement by which, by means of a belly band passed under the horse and attached to rollers on either side of the van, support can be given when necessary.

Opening out of the central yard are the

various wards, the name being conspicuously painted over each, "Cats' Ward," "Dogs' Ward," "Horses' Ward," and so on. There are two wards for horses, one being reached up a somewhat steep inclined plane, covered with cocoanut matting; the birds' ward also is on this level.

Each animal has its own compartment, most comfortably arranged and well kept. Outside this hangs the patient's head board, giving the name of the owner, the disease of the animal, diet and treatment, and, in some cases, the pulse and temperature. Temperatures are taken in the rectum, or, in the case of birds, under the wing. And the diseases? Well, the animals come in suffering from much the same illnesses as human beings.

A fine-looking donkey is afflicted with rheumatism; a white rat recovering from an operation for removal of a tumour, looks at peace with the world; a dog and a lizard have recently had abscesses opened; a handsome bird is suffering from laryngeal tubercle—for this patient Mrs. Hartshorne speaks regretfully of the merciful lethal chamber as a possibility of the future—"I fear," she says, "it is too far gone for us to do it any good, and there is, of course, the fear of infection for the others to be considered." One miserable specimen, a cockatoo, has lost nearly all its feathers—"it has only been with us a week or two, and it has been like that for two years," says Mrs. Hartshorne. She is, however, hopeful of a cure. The birds are her special charge, and very proud she is of them.

A dispensary in which patients are seen and treated, is another department of the establishment. Accidents are received at any time.

The hospital is maintained by means of subscriptions and donations and annual subscribers of £1 1s. are entitled to one in-patient or two out-patient letters for distribution to the poor.

The Committee are anxious to obtain 1,000 annual subscribers of a guinea, as this amount is necessary for the annual up-keep. At present the reliable income is only about £600.

Our Prize Competitions.

As this is our last issue in the present month we take the opportunity of reminding our readers that Saturday, November 3rd, is the last date upon which Post Cards should reach us in order to compete for the Practical Points Competition, in which the prize is 10s. The Practical Nursing Articles, competing for the £2 2s. prize, must reach us not later than Saturday, November 10th.

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