

THE HOSPITAL WORLD.

On Saturday, July 1st, one of the principal events in the "intensive fortnight" of the combined appeal for the hospitals of London will be a procession before the King at Buckingham Palace representative of the graduates, staffs and students of the hospitals.

The Times has opened its columns to the depression in Harley Street, and many reasons are advanced for empty consulting rooms. To walk down this "long unlovely street" gives cause for thought. Five or six plates on the majority of doors has earned for these handsome mansions the nickname of the "Monkeries." Well, one good suggestion is put forth by way of constructive policy. A "Medical Director" states that to save expense a committee of doctors has been discussing for some time a scheme to provide consulting rooms, X-ray department, laboratories, &c., all in one building. The advantage is obvious, as all expense for rent, attendance, telephone, secretary, and apparatus will be reduced to a minimum. The difficulty has been to find a suitable building, but during the last week the opportunity has occurred to secure the right premises in a very good neighbourhood and the scheme will probably be launched in the autumn. The founders of this plan are convinced that similar medical office buildings will spring up in many directions, and that it is the only rational method of conducting medical practice nowadays. The doctor and his family can then live where they like in town or country.

COMING EVENTS.

May 5th.—Royal British Nurses' Association Club, 194, Queen's Gate, S.W. Lecture under the auspices of the Napoleon Coterie on "The Autopsy of Napoleon." 4.30 p.m.

May 5th.—Guy's Hospital Past and Present Nurses' League. Dinner, the Nurses' Home, 7 p.m. Tea and coffee, 7.30 p.m. Annual Meeting, 8 p.m.

May 5th.—National Union of Trained Nurses. Meeting of London Branch, 117, Sutherland Avenue, Maida Vale. 7.30 p.m.

May 6th.—National Union of Trained Nurses: Annual Meeting of Council, 46, Marsham Street, Westminster, S.W. (by kind permission of Miss Carson). 2.30 p.m.

May 10th.—Nurses' Missionary League: Annual Conference and Meeting, University Hall, Gordon Square, W.C. 10.15 a.m. to 9.30 p.m.

May 16th.—Royal British Nurses' Association Club, 194, Queen's Gate, S.W.: Miss Cattell "At Home." 3.30 to 6 p.m.

May 17th.—East-End Mothers' Lying-in-Home, Commercial Road, E. Annual Meeting. Mansion House, E.C. The Lord Mayor will preside. 3.30 p.m.

BOOK OF THE WEEK.

"THE PRISONERS OF HARTLING."*

We are glad to have such an unusually intriguing book to recommend to our readers, and we can promise a very absorbed hour or two to those who will have the opportunity of its perusal.

A young doctor's assistant, growing weary of the monotony of general practice in Peckham, decides to abandon this particular mode of earning his living, and to spend his modest savings in making a fresh start in Canada.

He had become unsettled on coming across some wealthy connections of his mother's, from whom he had received an invitation to spend a week end.

Discussing this invitation with his chief, Dr. Somers asks him why it had unsettled him, as so far it was only anticipatory.

"I don't know," said Woodroffe, "I suppose if one analyses it, the thing set me thinking of the difference between Kenyon's position and mine. Here am I, with no decent clothes to my back, and no money, sweating myself thin over a dirty job like trying to mitigate the sickness of Peckham, while Kenyon's got more money than he knows what to do with!"

Woodroffe's handsome face had taken on the expression of a sulky schoolboy.

The upshot of the conversation was that Somers seeing his discontent, though loath to part with him, arranges for his immediate release; advises him as a start to accept the invitation and to provide himself with suitable new togs out of his capital—"treat it as an investment."

In the next few days he indulged in a perfect orgie of spending. Here was one of his fantasies coming true, he would have everything new and clean.

He had served five years in the R.A.M.C. The world owed him five years of youth, that was his true defence of his action in leaving Peckham.

He set out for his week-end visit in an exalted mood. He was beginning life again. Everything was coming right. He had visions of some delightful, improbable enlargement of his condition. Old Kenyon might take a fancy to him. Someone in the house, some special favourite of the old man's, might be taken ill, and Arthur Woodroffe, the brilliant young practitioner from Peckham, would work a miracle at the eleventh hour.

A car was waiting for him at Hartling Station, but neither his aunt nor any of his connections had come to meet him.

The chauffeur informed him that Dr. Kenyon was a wonderful old gentleman—"ninety-one last October, Sir."

As he gave his keys to the butler, Arthur realised the splendid support of his expensive outfit. It made a difference, a sense of being at home in these surroundings. It would have been absolutely rotten to have spent his whole time in trying to live down shabby clothes.

There seemed to be a perfect crowd of people in the room into which he was shown, after having

* By J. D. Beresford. Collins & Co.

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