

THE HOSPITAL WORLD.

From "London Hospital Illustrated," a pictorial and descriptive sheet, we learn that 1933 is the Quinquennial Appeal Year of Hope in which it must find £200,000 if it is to face the next five years free of anxiety.

Ten million patients have been succoured within its walls since it opened 193 years ago (the first patient was admitted on November 3rd, 1740), and the Hospital's task is still growing. To-day the buildings of the London Hospital—the largest voluntary hospital in England—stretch over an area twice as large as Trafalgar Square. We are glad to know that "London Hospital Illustrated" is being widely circulated, as after studying the great organisation of healing, which is primarily directed to the cure of the patient, and yet inevitably directs its efforts against disease, one cannot fail to realise that those who benefit most from the scientific work of a Hospital such as "the London" are those who never enter its doors—those thousands of person who are protected by vital medical discoveries made within the walls, and who therefore may well realise their duty by subscribing to its support. What would happen might well be asked in this complicated civilization of ours, if the fight against disease broke down.

Those of us who have served the sick in the London Hospital, realise its charm and the deep affection in which it is held not only by the patients, but by the staff of all ranks. There is a reason for this. The London Hospital is a *home*, the comfort and happiness of the patients is the very first consideration—and nothing conduces to healing so effectually as a contented mind. This is woman's work, and at the London Hospital there is a staff of about 750 sisters, nurses and probationers, all taking their part in this work of healing and comforting the sick under the direction of Miss M. Littleboy, A.R.R.C., an example of all those womanly attributes, which are more vitally important in these times of stress than ever before.

We wish the Quinquennial Appeal of the London Hospital, all the success it deserves.

Nottingham General Hospital received £10,000 under the will of Mr. Frederick Acton, of Miramar, Seacroft, Skegness, solicitor, who left £55,397 gross, with net personalty £49,061.

Mr. Acton, in making his bequest, stated that his services for many years on the board of the hospital were "the joy of his life," and gave the money for the endowment of free beds in memory of his late wife and himself.

Mrs. Douglas Joy, of Bentley, near Alton, Hants, has given £500 to Alton Hospital for the establishment of a maternity ward.

The address of King Edward's Hospital Fund is now: G.P.O. Box 465A, 10, Old Jewry, E.C.2. The first meeting of the fund was held at Marlborough House in 1897, under the chairmanship of King Edward VII. Its headquarters were subsequently at the Bank of England, then at the Grocers' Hall, and for the last 26 years in Walbrook. Owing to the termination of the lease new offices have now been acquired in Old Jewry.

"The Hospital Almoner" (cloth 3s., paper 2s.) gives a concise account of this valuable social service which is carried out in connection with the various hospitals.

It is the first account of the work which links up in a common effort the services of doctors and nurses with the patients and their home surroundings. It is published by the Almoners' Association, Tavistock House, W.C.

NIGHTINGALEIANA.

MISS FLORENCE NIGHTINGALE AS ORNITHOLOGIST.

The following remarkable letters proving that Miss Florence Nightingale was a most sympathetic ornithologist adds a new chapter to Nightingaleiana, which will add further lustre, if possible, to her fame.

The letters were addressed to "Uncle Toby" and the Editor of *The Newcastle Chronicle* in February, 1895, and have been secured by the British College of Nurses, thanks to the vigilance of Miss A. M. Bushby, the Chairman of the History Section of the College.

LETTER I.

London.

Feb. 4/95.

"Uncle Toby."

Dear Sir,

You do me the honour of asking me to be "something" to your "Dicky Bird Society."

Good speed to it.

We have had the augury that this will be a severe winter. Now we are in the midst of it, and therefore I take courage to write to you about feeding the "Dicky Birds." I observe it is one of your "pledges" to "feed the birds in the winter."

Do your young members know *how* to "feed the birds"? Does not every child, most servants, every story book, etc., think that it means

"With Crumbs"?

Now, as a general rule sparrows are the only birds that will feed upon crumbs. Robins will eat them if "hard up," and are not all singing birds carnivorous (insectivorous), living upon worms, insects, grubs, etc.? When you feed wild birds in the Winter, should you not feed them with meaty things, speaking generally?

Otherwise you but multiply the sparrows, etc., starve the more delightful birds.

There is an ornithological book which gives the food each English wild bird lives upon at each different season of the year. There is another with two chapters showing the good the birds do us by keeping down the insect world.

There is a true balance in Nature. But people care so little about it that both these books unhappily went out of print—and the "crumbing" went on with even more spirit than before.

Now may we take one or two examples? A lady in a large country place for many years cut up everything left on the plates at breakfast and luncheon—bacon rind, pieces of fat, potato, suet, brown bread and butter, odds and ends with gravy, and put it out of window for the birds. The consequence was that there were 120 sorts of wild birds (some rare), while others' places had no more than 80 sorts.

The consequence was that she had garden fruit, while other places had little or none, because they destroyed the birds that destroyed the insects that destroyed the fruit. The most pitiable sight in bird-life we know is to see a thrush nothing but feathers and bone, trying to feed on the crumbs the good housewife is throwing out to the birds and—dying of starvation.

Yet there is a still more pitiable sight, and that is in a very hard winter the rooks killing the starlings, the starlings the blackbirds; and the poor little finches with their clothes over their heads dying silently, silently, because no one has the sense to give them the food convenient to them. It goes into the kitchen maid's pail and is thrown away, or to the pig who can really spare some. Oh,—what does the Frenchwoman tell us: that there is no limit to an Englishwoman's waste?

[previous page](#)

[next page](#)