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**NOT
ABANDONED.**
BY
HALLIWELL SUTCLIFFE.



1910



RHN/FU/2/3/16

NOT ABANDONED.



By
HALLIWELL SUTCLIFFE.

The Royal Hospital for Incurables,

PUTNEY HEATH, S.W.

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A Foreword.

THE name of Mr. HALLIWELL SUTCLIFFE is so well known in thousands upon thousands of homes as that of one of the foremost living novelists, that no introduction is necessary. The following Appeal has been written by Mr. SUTCLIFFE as a labour of love, for he knows the Royal Hospital for Incurables so well and counts among the patients there many admiring friends; surely no one can read this little book without having his heart warmed and his sympathies widened. The object of this Appeal is, of course, the winning of still more practical supporters of this National Charity.

We, on behalf of the responsible Board of Management, shall indeed be grievously disappointed if Mr. SUTCLIFFE'S touching words of faith and sympathy do not move the hearts of many to become subscribers to the Institution, which needs **£35,000 yearly** for the maintenance of its great and noble work.

NORTHAMPTON,

President.

H. J. ALLCROFT,

Treasurer.

CHARLES CUTTING,

Secretary.

Christmas, 1910.

City Offices - 4, St. Paul's Churchyard, London, E.C.

Charity's Song.

NOW come and listen, gentlemen, if gentles true ye be.
A Lady comes this once a year for any man to see.

A Lady sits your neighbour, good Christian folk and warm.
This Lady craves a respite from bitter wind and storm.

*Her eyes are wide with pity, her face is like the stars.
Her voice is soft and urgent, its peace no tumult mars.*

A Lady sits beside you. Whate'er your sins may be,
This Lady does not chide you, though She's of High Degree.

*Her tongue is sweet and silver, her hands are stretched for gifts.
She pleads for those whose hunger stalks naked through the drifts.*

A Lady sits your neighbour. How snug so'er your home,
This Lady claims a hearing for hungry folk who roam.

*Her eyes are deep with pity, her call is a command.
She only asks for Christian pence, though you have pounds in hand.*

Now come and listen, gentlemen, if gentles true ye be.
A Lady comes this once a year for any man to see.

HALLIWELL SUTCLIFFE.



THE

**Royal Hospital for Incurables,
*PUTNEY HEATH.***

By HALLIWELL SUTCLIFFE.

THE Hospitals of a nation are the measure of its civilization, as a discerning Frenchman has pointed out; and the work that has been entrusted to me is to plead, with all the strength at my command, for one hospital whose claims are singularly urgent, and whose working is intimately known to me.



THE NEW DE LANCEY LOWE ROOM.

My aim is not to describe in detail the daily suffering, the hourly need for courage, patience in face of heavy odds which are so sadly intimate a part of the life at the Putney Hospital. I have little faith in the power of an appeal that seeks to drive the public into giving by harrowing its feelings. I prefer instead to take the broad road of charity and human pity which, in philanthropy, leads to the big and lasting results. I rely on the power these patients of the Putney Hospital themselves have given me to feel and pity—the greater power of a deep and sincere wish to help them practically. And practical help is summed up, so far as this appeal is concerned, in the one word “money.” The effect upon myself of contact with these stricken folk is not of interest to the public who have money to give; I mean that it would be easy to lapse into a fine rhapsody on pity, on the beauty of resignation, on the signs evident in every ward that courage is not the property of strong men only—easy to take that side of the picture, and leave it there, when I am here, not to write a moving story, but to insist that in sheer money, for a purpose such as this, there is a beauty of its own.

Every hospital has its claims; but of all such claims the Incurables' appeal is surely paramount.

You cannot neglect it; it is direct, simple, admitted by every instinct of our Western civilization. It is the cry of the helpless to the strong. It is the call, never loud, or pestering, or wheedling, of the weak who cannot help themselves, of those who, never to be cured in this world, are waiting for their chance of care and shelter at the Home on Putney Hill. They have to wait long, mind you, some of them, simply because the accommodation for new patients is limited. They have to wait, tended lovingly enough (such of them as have friends), but not tended with that skill and knowledge which are given them at Putney.

They need none of them wait unduly, if their appeal to the rich and the moderately well-to-do could only once be understood—understood to the depth and height of its loneliness, its helpless pity. Money—just everyday pounds that change hands lightly enough—would place them in the Retreat they need.

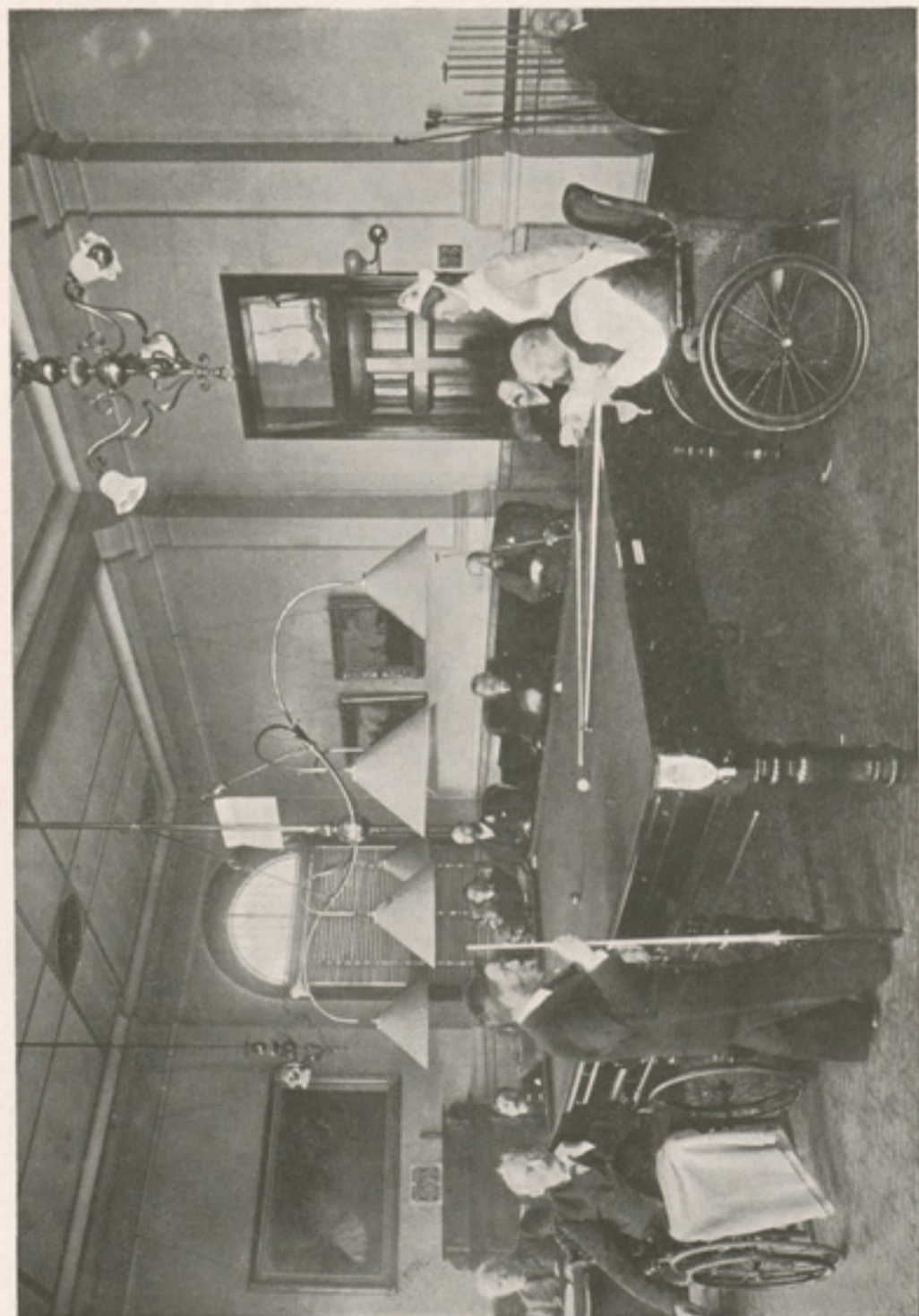
The sum of £35,000 a year is needed, year by year, to maintain a beneficent foundation that is not rich in invested capital.

There is plenty of heart in England here, plenty of money to be spared for the purpose of helping this

noble and National Charity, if only I could reach these good folk with the heart and money. The appeal stands apart from creeds and politics; its claims could be urged in any public meeting whatsoever, and find only applause and sympathy. It is a cause, indeed, that in itself should gather all of us together in one pleasant, charitable brotherhood.

If I had my way, this would be an appeal directed chiefly to men. If I could meet them in the street—or on the links, or in the cricket-field—and explain the need, they would respond, I know, with cheeriness. The stockbrokers, who are adepts at giving freely; the actors, and their warm-hearted comrades of the halls; the journalists, the novelists, the painters—I would appeal to these specially because, more than any other class of men, they know life's ups and downs, know the quick change from success to keen disaster, from disaster back again to prosperity.

In one sense, there is no change from disaster—physical disaster—to those patient folk at Putney Hill. And it is particularly for this reason that their plight would appeal to the men I have named. They give freely, every day or so of their lives, to friends who are hard hit with a muttered "better luck



THE RECREATION ROOM, WHERE THE MALE PATIENTS MAY SMOKE AND PLAY BILLIARDS.

to-morrow, old chap." Better luck! But their friends are not Incurable.

And now to clear the air. I have hammered at this cry of "Give" until probably the cautious giver suspects me of greed. We'll go round the wards and day rooms, and see them as they are; and the most surprising aspect of them is their cheerful airiness, the absence of all gloom in the wards themselves, in the faces of the patients and of the men and women nurses. I am not speaking of a full-dress day, mind you, when visitors are expected, but of a usual routine day on Putney Hill. For I took them by surprise, because I needed to learn just how the life went on at usual times in this Retreat for tired wayfarers.

The first man I saw, walking briskly down the corridor in the direction of the Recreation Room, was a brother Yorkshireman, who is as well-known in the billiard world as, say, Taylor of Mid-Surrey is known to golfers. We followed him by-and-by, and found him playing a game of "five hundred up" with a patient. He was conceding some apparently hopeless start, and he was setting a keynote of cheeriness that was singularly pleasant to hear. His laughter was infectious. His play was a thing to marvel at. He was here, quietly and from sheer good will, to give of

his best ; and it was only one of many visits to this Home, which is always the richer for his coming. The room was crowded with male patients looking on. Some could move about ; others were in their wheel-chairs ; but all were keen.

It was here in the Recreation Room that I renewed some old acquaintanceships, made in previous years when the Hospital was temporarily *en fête* for its Annual Bazaar. It was here that—not long ago—without any holiday feeling at all, I came first in contact with something fine, arresting, that would enlarge the outlook of most aggressively healthy folk, I think.

There was a soldier, crumpled up by India. But his head and shoulders were still the soldier's, resolute, square-set, cheery against odds. He, too, was a Yorkshireman ; and we talked of the good county, and perhaps we were extravagant in praise of it. For my part I like loyalty in any form—loyalty to one's regiment, to one's country, to one's homestead—and I saw the clear, tender home-light in his face as we spoke of the unalterable hills, the rugged climate, the watered dales where prim-roses abound. And then, by some grace of chance, I spoke of Devon, and said that the West country

and the North were always friendly to each other. And my soldier laughed, and introduced his neighbour.

“ He's from Somerset—and we're thick as thieves together,” he said.

Through all the hospital, ward after ward, room after room, men's or women's, I found the same answer to the love I have for many out-of-the-way nooks and corners of our pleasant England. In times of hardship, in times of sickness, it is always the county of his upbringing that returns to a man—its hills, or its sleepy levels, its scents and rains and sunshine, its haymows and its cattle, geese and ducks.

I left my cronies—Somerset and Yorkshire—with reluctance. There seemed to be so much left unsaid between us. My next acquaintance was a man blind and helpless seemingly ; but there was a clear brain, and an ear that was singularly sensitive to harmonies.

“ I met you last summer ; do you remember ? ” I asked.



THE WORK ROOM.

"Yes, I knew your voice—and another voice came with you that day. That other voice—it was like running music."

He remembered my companion's voice, as others recall faces. And one was met again by that law of compensation which even here is operative. Give blindness to a man, and he hears melodies that workaday ears miss utterly. It may be—and here I am on ground which all of us must tread reverently—it may be that in this home of physical disaster and faces cheerful for the most part, there are voices heard, things seen and understood, which lie beyond the veil—a veil light as thistledown, if the vigour and the hurry of our work-a-day lives would only let us see it so. I am not here to talk of that. I am here, in this world, to fight with my whole strength for the practical, insistent needs of the Incurable.

There's no glamour about this cause of mine, and that is my difficulty. If the guns were sounding, and a comrade were lying between two lines of fire, wounded and crumpled up, most of us would run to his assistance: but there is no uproar, no keen, eager sense of hazard, about this battle-field on Putney Hill. They are mortally wounded; and, for that reason, I ask all healthy men to be eager in the giving.



A GROUP OF MALE PATIENTS.

Christmas Appeal.

REMITTANCE FORM.

Date _____ 19__

From* _____

Address _____

Sir,

Enclosed you will find a _____ for £ _____

which _____ send you as† $\left\{ \begin{array}{l} \text{a Christmas Donation} \\ \text{an Annual Subscription in aid of the funds of the} \\ \text{a Life Subscription} \end{array} \right.$

Royal Hospital for Incurables.

(Signed) _____

The Secretary,

Royal Hospital for Incurables,

4, ST. PAUL'S CHURCHYARD, E.C.

*Please write your name as it should be printed in the list of Governors and Donors. † Be good enough to strike out the words not applicable.

Kindly Cross Cheques "Messrs. Glyn, Mills, Currie & Co."

Address _____

Date _____

Sir,

I have read the Christmas Appeal issued by the Board of Management of the Royal Hospital for Incurables, Putney Heath, and it is possible that if you were to post a copy of it to my friend,

Name _____

Address _____

that you might secure a New Subscriber.

Yours faithfully

THE SECRETARY,

Royal Hospital for Incurables,

4, ST. PAUL'S CHURCHYARD,

LONDON, E.C.

And, touching this question of glamour, I ask you to think, too, of the nurses—men and women. They, too, need room and recreation, if they are to do their duty by the high calling that has brought them to minister to the needs of these afflicted folk. I ask all nurses, all doctors, of the ordinary general hospitals to remember that, when a patient is admitted, they have a definite hope to hearten them—the hope that in a week, or two, or six, their work will find its answer. Their aim is to dismiss the patient, cured, and to turn to a new case. Here at Putney there is no such stimulus. The men and women who come in are here for life; there's no eagerness of hope on the nurses' part, but just a settled purpose to do their best each day, not looking to the morrow, of a quiet unromantic service.

I ask much? Yes, but my faith is big, for I am privileged to have my home of work among the big, everlasting hills whose gospel is strength and pity for the fallen. On that faith I stand resolute, and on that faith I know, beyond doubt or surmise, that I am sounding the true note.

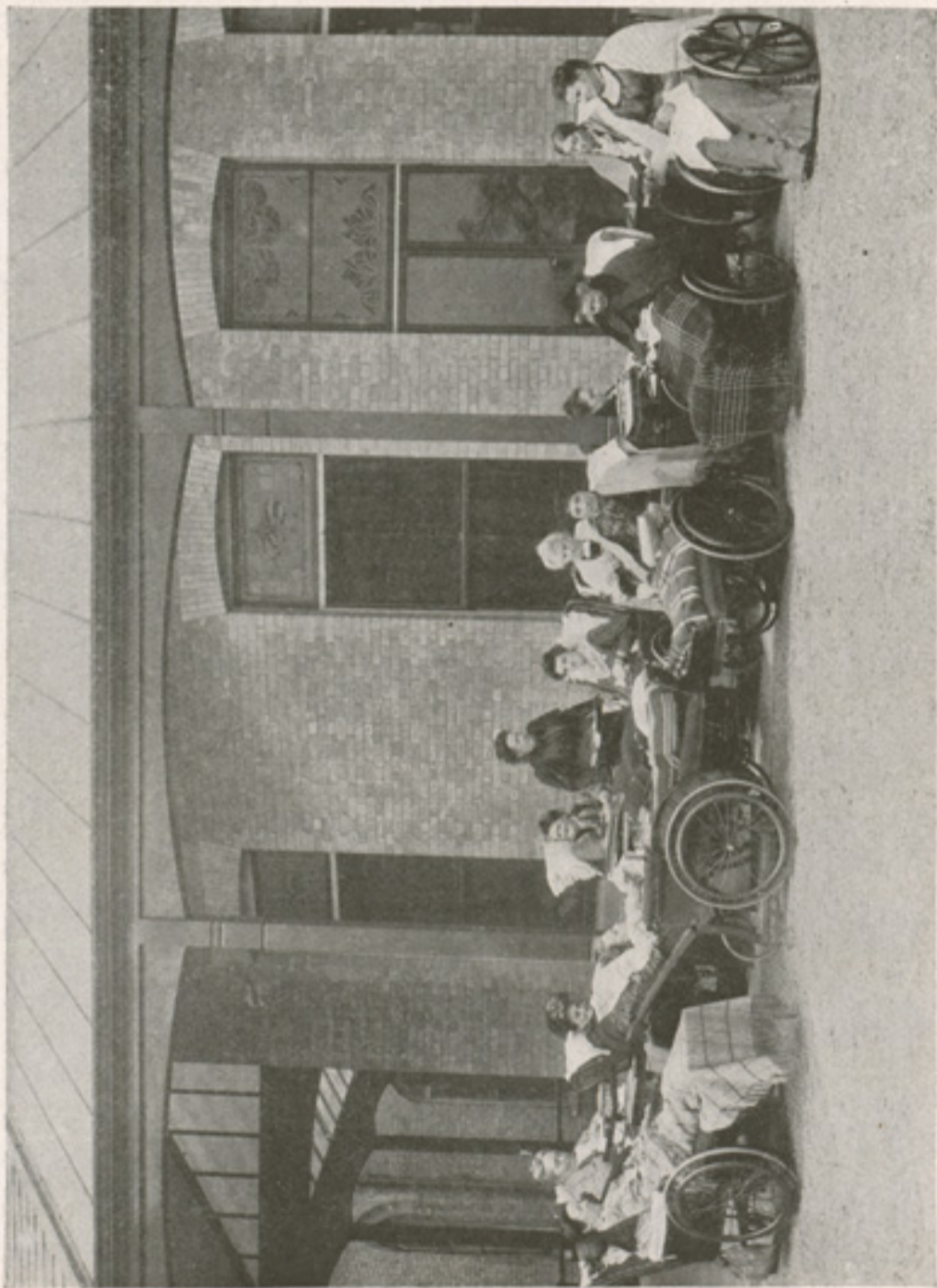
Come with me to the women's wards. There's a dame there who has known the hospital almost from its start. She had known it for fifty-three



TAKING THE AIR ON ONE OF THE VERANDAS.

years, and when she knew it first it gave shelter to no more than twenty-five patients, and it lay at Carshalton, in the heart of the good Surrey country. And what does she remember, this incurable, who might surely be excused for peevishness at the end of a half-century's suffering? She recalls, with a smile on her brave, contented face, that there were fields and fields of lavender at Carshalton in those days—lavender that would be hawked about the London highways to the cry of "Who'll buy, who'll buy my lavender!"—and she tells me that the scent of it, through the open windows of the hospital, "was something to be grateful for."

There was another of life's step-children. She had been here forty-five years, and such folk do not talk lightly, or for effect. From their faces, from the intonation of their voices, you know what they have been thinking, feeling, all these years. And this new acquaintance made me feel, somehow, that it is chiefly in the outer world of healthy, vigorous people that one hears the note of discontent and cowardice. She had been in pain, year after year—was in pain, maybe, at the moment—but her summing up of life was masterly in its completeness. "God measures the shoulders before he sets a



THE DE LANCEY LOWE ROOM VERANDAH.

burden on 'em," she said simply. "None of us is overtaxed, if we could only see it so."

So had my soldier spoken in the recreation room—my Yorkshireman broken up by sunstroke when bullets could not maim him—though he had phrased it in the man's way, not the woman's. But the gist of their faith was the same.

In another ward was one who had worked to the death on behalf of crippled children. The doctor who had shared her untiring devotion is known to most of us by name, and is rightly honoured. And she is here on Putney Hill, the victim of sheer zeal and over-work. She does not regret! She interests herself in all the doings of the hospital. She asks me to appeal, with the strength she had in other days, for these bigger children in whose welfare she is interested now—the children who are waiting for the last Rally Call.

And after that I met a Norfolk woman. She was keen to know how Cromer was looking when I saw it last—and Holt and Stiffkey and Sandringham, and Norwich, and Wells clustered round the front of its small quay—and I could give her fairly recent news of them.

It is good, I think, that we of the outer world—we who have heard lately the lapping of the sea, the call of song-birds in the open country, the piping of the hale and pleasant winds—should bring some of our riches, just time and time, into this sanctuary on Putney Hill. For riches of any kind—health, experience, money—were never meant, surely, to be hoarded in an old stocking, after the miser's fashion, but to be kept in busy circulation.

It is all so simple, so clear to me, this appeal to healthy folk. We who golf and shoot and fish—we who are able to get about the fields and hear the litany of dawn, and noon, and sunset—we who, in busy streets, are successful along the ways of merchandise and money-coining—we are each of us, in a little or a bigger fashion, the rich man with the power to give.

There is one aspect of the Royal Hospital for Incurables on which I can scarcely lay too great stress—and that is the intelligence, the keen wish to neglect no detail that makes for the patient's comfort, the service, loyal, unselfish, thorough, that is given by the members of the Board of Management, the Matron, the Medical Officer, the Chaplain, the Steward, and the whole of the necessarily large

staff. Routine and Rules there must be, but there is also the liveliest wish to give liberty, a sense of personal freedom, wherever possible. You find no hard-and-fast grouping of the patients, as if they were merely items in a general scheme. If a man or woman has a hobby, and is active enough to pursue it, every help is given. In the workshop I found one man busy making straw hats—and they were good straw hats. Another was at his carpenter's bench. A third was copying pictures with the one sound hand left to him. And the work is remunerative, for it finds a place each year on the stalls of that annual Bazaar which brings so many helpful guests to the Home on Putney Hill.

My appeal here is for the large sum of money needed to carry on the coming year's work. Another result of it will be, I hope, that many of the subscribers will find their way to the Hospital. They will find sickness there and pain; they will stand face to face with certain realities of life that are half forgotten at usual times; but, if they have the courage, they will not regret an hour or two of the discipline which these other luckless ones are undergoing every hour of every day, and every day of every year. And they will find how surprisingly light and



ANOTHER GROUP IN A SHELTERED CORNER.

cheerful is the air of this place, how complete the arrangements are for securing the fullest measure of liberty to those who find a refuge here. They will find, too, many by-ways along which simple gifts may be made—not the big gifts asked by me just now, but everyday trifles that mean so little to the donor, so much in the aggregate to those who receive.

Another aspect of the wards that struck me repeatedly was the care with which each separate bed was made a home in little, full of personal, intimate touches, such as photographs, and pictures, and cherished knick-knacks. The whole work of the nursing staff is framed on this fine ideal—the giving to each patient as complete a sense of home and friendly surroundings as is possible in the space at the Hospital's command.

And this brings me to an aspect of the Hospital's usefulness which I have left to the last, perhaps because its sphere of action covers the cases which appeal to me more strongly, even, than those who are lodged on Putney Hill. Many incurables are tended in the Hospital itself, but very many more are scattered up and down the country, living in little country cottages by the help of the pension fund which permanently gives each of them £20 a year.

There are seven hundred of them. Some of these live in towns, others in the country; and, if I have these latter most clearly in my thoughts just now, it is because, from my own feeling and experience, I know their needs so well. They are men and women to whom the call of the country is insistent. In health they would need the homestead placed in the middle of green fields; in sickness they need it still more urgently.

I know that need of theirs. Every instinct that I have calls each day for the country life, for the lowing of the kine, for the sight of farmers going uncomplainingly about their business. I need the free air of the hills, and I happen to have strength to get up into the heights where men, if they seek it quietly, find understanding of life's seeming muddles.

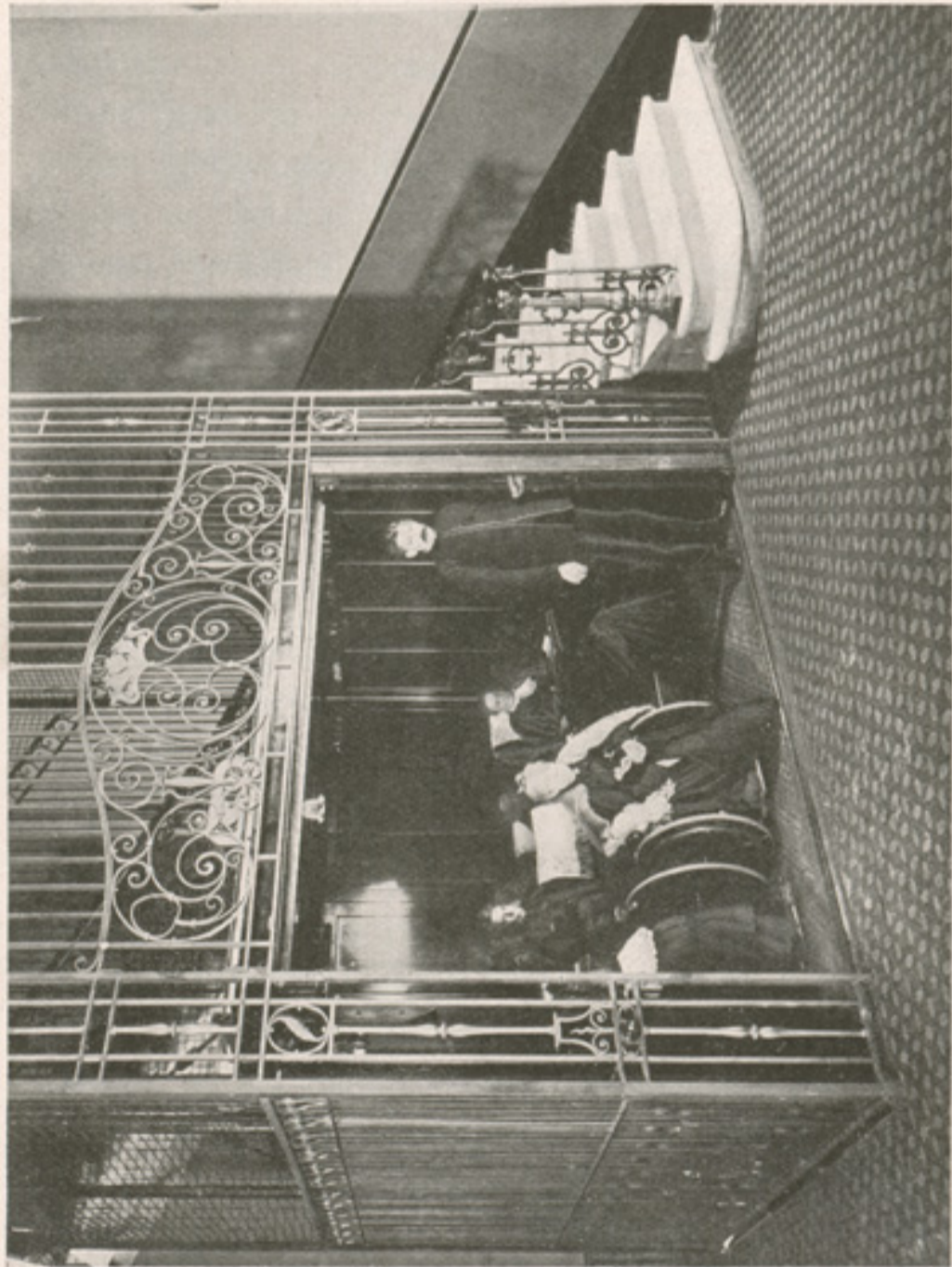
I know some of these pensioners, know their thankfulness that they are allowed to face their troubles in that country stillness which gives them room for courage. And because my sympathy is broad, and understanding, and vastly simple, it cannot fail of the answer I expect.

Again I appeal to those who fish, and hunt, and shoot. These crippled lovers of the country are

your pensioners—hunting-men and shooting men, to whom I talk. If they were hale, as you and I are for the moment, their need would not cry out to you for help. If they were hale, you would not be privileged to give, and the open air you love would lose something of its relish, surely, if the chance passed you by.

And now, to sum up, I ask you to remember that the assured income of the Hospital is barely £6,000, and that its yearly expenditure is about £35,000. Year after year it carries on its work, trusting, with a confidence that commands respect, that the £29,000 will be made up by contributions coming in to answer the year's needs. And that, I take it, is faith—faith, cheerful and unswerving—faith that has not once failed of its answer.

This appeal has caused me weeks of effort—I have slept with it o' nights, and worked at it by day. I've schooled myself to be temperate in the statement of my case, chary of sentiment, seeking always for some right way of bringing money out of pockets. Let me relax a little from hard work. Let me be passionate in my call to you, on behalf of these brave friends of mine who suffer day by day. They have no chance to plead with you; that chance is



ONE OF THE NEW ELECTRIC LIFTS.

mine, because I have been given health to fight their battles ; and my responsibility is great. Your own responsibility is great, you who have health and money. You can answer my appeal for fifty different reasons of your own—as a thank-offering for health, from an impulsive wish to help the down-trodden, from a settled policy of Charity—I care not what your motive is, so long as you give freely—more freely than you can afford, or think you can afford—to my friends of the Royal Hospital for Incurables, Putney Heath.

We shall be glad to get the year's necessary income in. Or, rather, we shall say that we are glad. But I, for one, shall be chilled and disappointed if you do not help me nearer to that dream of mine—a still larger number of pensioners allowed to end their days in country cottages—fewer stricken folk compelled to wait their turn until money—just sheer, workaday money—unlocks the gate of Charity to them.

I plead for the Incurables, brave under disaster. And your answer—do not let it wait. We need cheerful givers. And cheerful givers are those who give with both hands, and give quickly.

You say that the word "appeal" is scattered too freely up and down these pages, that I am out on a campaign of sheer greed. I admit it; for greed in the right place is a rather pleasant virtue. When I settled to this work six weeks ago, I had no illusions as to the nature of my business. I was a beggar on life's highroad—a stalwart beggar, pleading, not for my own pocket, but for the folk who are too proud and weak to beg. These six weeks have left me a little tired and footsore; that is my concern. At the end of them I know, beyond doubt or surmise, that I have been treading the broadest and most catholic highway in the kingdom—the road of simple human pity, lined, if you will, with folk who have fallen by the way—but lined, too, with such opportunities for mercy as seldom come to us with so direct, so simple an appeal.

I end as I begin. Give, my friends. Just give, and pretend that your right hand has no inkling of what your left hand is about.

