

and general anæsthetics in treating animals. By their use pain is reduced to a minimum, and serious injury very seldom results. Then it is usually due to haste and want of proper consideration for the animal's general temperament. There is not an anæsthetic, local or general, in use in human medicine, the value of which has not first been fixed by its action upon lower animals. Certain local anæsthetics are, indeed, of much greater value on animals than on men, for obvious reasons. There is absolutely no valid argument to be made to-day in favour of operating upon dumb animals without using some one of these great humanizing agents, which are on every hand.

"It seems too bad that New-Yorkers do not take enough interest in their animals to build a proper hospital for their care. A hospital to be a safe place for valuable animals must of necessity be even more expensive than one which is devoted to the treatment of the human subject. Many of the diseases from which domestic pets suffer are very infectious. In some of the so-called animal hospitals now in this city two animals die from disease caught after being admitted to the hospital for every death that occurs from disease for which the animal has been admitted. It is evident that the greatest care and interest in sick animals will be observed by those to whom they are dearest, and I strongly insist that the animals brought to me be treated in the owners' homes. When this is impossible I billet them about, one or two in each place, with women who have comfortable homes in the suburbs and are willing to give careful attention to such animals at suitable remuneration."

This suggests possibilities of remunerative employment for women with a genuine love of animals whose home duties prevent them seeking outside work.

### Legal Matters.

#### A NURSE COMMITTED ON A CHARGE OF LIBEL.

At the Dawlish Police Court a woman, stated to be a trained nurse, was recently committed for trial, bail being allowed, for publishing libels concerning Dr. Charles Newton Lovely, a medical man of that town. Mr. Crompton prosecuted on behalf of the London and Counties Medical Protection Society. The solicitor for the defence admitted that the defendant had written about fifty anonymous letters containing the libels complained of, but maintained that she was suffering from hallucinations. He further asked the plaintiff to be satisfied with an undertaking to send the defendant away, as although no one in Dawlish thought it necessary, Dr. Lovely had completely cleared his character. Mr. Crompton, however, refused to withdraw from the case.

### A Staffordshire Superstition.

A correspondent writing from Staffordshire to the "St. Bartholomew's Hospital Journal" gives an instance of local superstition which he has recently met with. It brings to mind the charming popular song with which those of us who can carry our minds back over twenty years are so familiar:

"My grandfather's clock was too tall for the shelf,  
So it stood ninety years on the floor;  
It was taller by half than the old man himself,  
Though it weighed not a pennyweight more;  
It was bought on the morn of the day that he was  
born,  
And was always his treasure and pride,  
But it stopped, short, never to go again, when the  
old man died."

The story as told to our contemporary runs:—

In 1894 Mrs. S—, of D—, a village two miles from here, was very ill, and on going to see her one morning I found herself and her daughter quite prepared for, and resigned to, her immediate dissolution—the old clock had "run down" in the night (*i.e.* the striking weight of the old "grandfather"). Much to her surprise, and to a certain extent her disappointment, she recovered, and consequently lost faith in her old clock, "which had never told a lie before." She later told me the following story, which I will try to give more or less in her own words:—"That old clock has only run down four times before—once when my grandmother died, once for my father, once for my mother, but the strangest of all was one morning, when I was working in the kitchen, it run down. Well, I knew it was not for me—I was all right; I went to our Liz in the garden—she was all right; so I knew it must be for my old man, who was gardener to the late Lord F.—then. I went and fetched him home, although he said he was all right, put him to bed, gave him some gruel, and sent for Dr. F—. Dr. F— came, and said there was nothing the matter with him; so I sent for Dr. H—, and he said there was nothing wrong; so then I sent for Dr. T—, who also came and said he was quite well, but I knew he wasn't; so I kept him in bed and fed him on gruel, and, d'you know, in three months' time he was dead. All the doctors said there was nothing wrong with him, but I knew the old clock was right."

### The Small-Pox Outbreak.

Fresh cases of small-pox continue to be received on the hospital ships *Atlas* and *Endymion*. Some 150 cases are now under treatment. A serious fact is that they are come from various parts of the metropolis.

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