

THE ONLY WAY: A TRUE DOG STORY.

To the Editor of the "British Journal of Nursing."

DEAR MADAM,—May I also tell a story of a dog which proves them to be inspired (even if they have no souls) with great sagacity and extraordinarily instinctive nobility of mind. Many years ago I was nursing a little child, a charming little fellow of four, heir to great wealth; his illness was very mysterious, and to this day has never been diagnosed, except by a little dead dog, and suspected by myself.

You must know that the child had a stepmother, the mother of a baby son—not born his father's heir. This lady, long since dead, lavished great devotion on my little patient, and would constantly relieve me of duty, so that I might go out or rest. The child returned her affection, the only matter of contention between them being his intense love for, and her great antipathy to, an ugly fox-coloured little Scotch terrier with pale unconquerable eyes.

When I was off for a walk she would never forget to say, "Oh! do take Foxie; he needs a trot." But this was easier said than done, as nothing would induce him voluntarily to leave his master's rooms, and when turned out, often after showing fight, he would return persistently and lie on the mat until the door was open and he could again slip in. Owing to constant sickness, my little patient lived principally on milk, which I peptonised and prepared myself.

Nothing would induce Foxie to touch milk in the sick-room. Though, queer little chap, I have seen him lap it eagerly in the kitchen.

Family duty called me home for a week. Upon my return I observed a marked change for the worse in my little patient; he had endured great suffering and more or less sickness, and Foxie had distinguished himself by one day flying savagely at his mother and biting her hand to the bone just at the inopportune moment when she was handing a glass of milk to little Tony.

That settled it, poor wee dog; he had been banished to the farm, and Tony was inconsolable.

A week later the noble creature was dead, and his little master on the high road to recovery.

One evening upon returning from my walk I found Tony alone, and seated on the bed was Foxie, with his queer red-green eyes fixed devouringly on the face of his sleeping master. As I entered he turned those eyes on me, and soul or no soul, what agony of mind shot forth. Turning to Tony he licked his pale little hand, sprang from the bed and scratched passionately at a cupboard door, which only contained the peptonised milk.

I took it out, but little remained; the dog sprang at the jug.

"Thirsty old man," I said: "but you won't drink peptonised milk," yet I poured it in the soap dish, and with evident repulsion he lapped it to the dregs, for I noticed that *there were dregs*.

Then this heroic little hound looked contemptuously in my face and conveyed the tragedy without a sound, "The only way—my life for his. Fool, fool, surely now you understand?"

I did.

The dog went out and died horribly; he was found

a week later a mere mass of maggots in a wood near by.

The child lived.

I compounded a felony.

Perhaps, and possibly, saved myself a term of false imprisonment.

E. C.

HAVE ANIMALS SOULS?

To the Editor of the "British Journal of Nursing."

DEAR MADAM,—To those of your readers who are sufficiently interested to seek explanation on the subject of "A Superstitious Tale," or to wish to find more reasons for their opinion that animals have souls, may I point out that they would find such in "The Astral Plane," by C. W. Leadbeater, price one shilling, from the Theosophical Publishing Society, 161, New Bond Street, W.

I am,

Yours faithfully,

MENA BELBY.

Cranford.

Comments and Replies.

Sister A. C., Sheffield.—Never travel on the continent without a pound of tea and a small tin of biscuits. The new Quaker Oat Biscuits are crisp and nourishing. One is always missing meals, and good tea cannot be procured.

Matron, Dublin.—We regret we have not space to deal with the matter. The *Women's Tribune*, 2d. weekly, 18, Buckingham Street, Strand, has been started to deal with all public questions specially interesting to intelligent women. You should order it for the nurses' library. Am glad you have got Miss Dock's "Materia Medica for Nurses." It is invaluable, and no nurses' library should be without it.

Q. O. S., London.—The next examination, Central Midwives' Board, will take place on August 1st at the Examination Hall, Victoria Embankment, W.C. See our advertisement columns, under the heading of Midwifery. If you cannot stand London in the summer, try Brighton. Write the Matron, Brighton Lying-in Institution, 76, West Street, Brighton; first-rate, practical work.

Private Nurse, Edinburgh.—We do not know of any co-operative movement amongst Scottish nurses; the Private Nursing Co-operations are managed by medical men and laymen; no nurse is permitted to hold office, although they earn all the money. We think the best way of keeping in touch with your training school is to ask the Matron to initiate a League of Nurses. In England, these Leagues are proving to be very educative, elevating, and humanising agencies, from which the members derive an immense amount of pleasure and profit.

Notices.

OUR PRIZE PUZZLE.

Rules for competing for the Pictorial Puzzle Prize will be found on Advertisement page viii.

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