

OUR FOREIGN LETTER.

TIMOTHY AND TOMMY:
A MISUNDERSTANDING.

When Tommy, in extreme youth, appeared on the scene, Timothy, a small, intelligent and self-respecting Maltese spaniel, had been in undisputed possession of the house for ten years.

Tommy, so called because he was born on the fateful 4th August, 1914, pleased the mature Tim; he took to him, fathered him and saw him through the perils of puppydom in the kindest way.

Tommy developed into a large, brindled terrier, striped like a hyæna, broad-chested, thin-flanked, with jaws of iron and teeth that closed on rats like a steel trap; the nearest approach to a tamed wild dog I have ever seen. He became the faithful slave and friend of little Tim. The two were inseparable; they shared their mistress' bedroom, they ate from one plate, and Tommy protected Tim from the scrapes into which, in spite of his age, his bold spirit led him. They were canine examples of Damon and Pylædes, until the 4th December, 1918, brought a sudden and violent end to a charming friendship. Both dogs were accustomed to the mild "quakes" to which their home was subject, but on that morning their bedroom began to sway and rock in a most alarming manner, and their mistress rushed through the door into the patio calling to the dogs to follow. Tommy reached safety in two bounds; but, alas for little Tim, hampered by his short legs—and the weight of years! Down came the ceiling and the rafters, down came the walls, down came the wardrobe, sprawling across the bed; the chest of drawers executed a somersault and lay upside down; the chairs careered over the swaying floor until they came to an anchorage amongst the wreckage, whilst among the debris, choked by the appalling dust, lay poor little Tim, pinned beneath a rafter.

After two despairing yelps he lay silent and gave himself up for lost. His mistress was buried elsewhere; the kitchen in the courtyard was a pile of ruins, the bathroom was down; the remaining rooms of the bungalow were swaying to and fro like a ship at sea; walls were falling like pancakes, and the long low white houses of the town were collapsing on every side, burying human beings as they fell; there was no time to attend to a dead dog. But Tim was not dead. Held down by the wreckage, stifled with dust, deserted by those he loved, the whole of his small world in ruins around him—who knows what bitter thoughts surged through his little soul as he lay there, helpless and abandoned. One fact certainly burnt itself into his brain: Tommy was at the bottom of it all. When at last he was brought out alive from the rubbish heap that had been a room, he emerged with a deep and abiding hatred for his old friend and chum. Except for a permanent slight paralysis of his hind legs he was uninjured, and recovered wonderfully from his terrible experience. But that Tommy organised and arranged the earthquake for his special down-

fall he remained and remains to this day firmly convinced. In the face of such abominable treachery and ingratitude, what could a self-respecting and well-bred dog do? Clearly, decline to have any trek with the brute. Therefore, if Tommy dares to come near him Tim growls and bares his old teeth at him, and he refuses to sleep in the same room with him and has to be fed separately. Tommy, who could slay Tim with one snap of his strong teeth, but who is nothing if he is not a gentleman, slinks away when Tim threatens him, or wags an apologetic tail and tries to explain matters. In vain, for Tim refuses to listen to a word; every time he painfully drags the poor old legs along that used to be so nimble, he recalls Tommy's dastardly act anew, rages inwardly and snarls at him. Two years have elapsed since the catastrophe, but the misunderstanding and the one-sided feud continues. All Tommy's well-meant efforts at reconciliation are in vain. I have suggested the lethal chamber for Tim, but am met with a horrified refusal. It seems he is a most potent mascot. What is to be done?

M. MOLLETT

Copiapo, Chili, S. America.

QUEEN MARY'S HOSTELS FOR
NURSES.

Many Nurses who regard the Queen Mary Hostels for Nurses with much affection, will learn with regret that the last of these, the Hostel at 194, Queen's Gate, will close its hospitable doors on March 16th.

UNEMPLOYMENT INSURANCE ACT
(1920) AMENDMENT BILL.

The Unemployment Insurance Act (1920) Amendment Bill passed its second reading in the House of Lords on March 1st. Copies of the Bill may be obtained from His Majesty's Stationery Office, Imperial House, Kingsway, W.C. 2, or through any bookseller, price 2d., and members of the nursing profession, who are affected by the Bill, should procure a copy.

WHICH ARE YOU?

- The two kinds of people on earth I mean
Are the people who lift and the people who lean.
- “ Wherever you go, you will find the earth's masses
Are always divided in just these two classes.
- “ And, oddly enough, you will find too I ween,
There is only one lifter to twenty who lean.
- “ In which class are you? Are you easing the load
Of overtaxed lifters who, toil down the road?
- “ Or are you a leaner, who lets others share
Your portion of labour, and worry and care?”

—Ella Wheeler Wilcox.

PARLIAMENTARY COMMITTEE ON
HOSPITALS.

The Parliamentary Committee on Hospitals has nearly completed its inquiries in London, and will issue an interim report almost immediately.

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