

"When I and the cat went for a rat," she said, "the rat went for the cat, and a man had to come to save the two of us."

One of the guardians suggested that the dog was not suitable for catching rats, whereupon Miss Wilson pointed out that he was half Irish terrier. "I do not see why you should do me out of the dog," she said. "If any member of the Board has a dog he loves, I am sure he would do all that he could to keep it."

The Board decided that Miss Wilson must get rid of the dog, and Miss Wilson declared her intention of defying the order.

Of course, animals should not be permitted in wards, but if one can be kept under healthy conditions there appears no reason why a Matron or Head Nurse should not enjoy such companionship.

The loyal devotion of the canine race is a great lesson to human beings in these days of treacherous self-seeking, and coming of a doggie family we have every sympathy with Miss Wilson. There was once a little pug dog called Jumbo, left at home when we began our hospital training in 1878. If anything could have prevented us entering upon a nursing career it would have been leaving Jumbo, and the news a few days later that he refused food and was grieving himself to death was a disturbing element in our new life. As luck would have it, the Matron openly stated she loved animals far beyond humans, and "Charlie," a lovely "Clumber," ruled that institution with loving benevolence, and being a large-hearted, glorious fellow, he invited "Jummie" on a visit. What he said was, "Just let him see you alive, well, and happy, and he will pick up right away." So "Jummie," lovely black-faced, pink-tongued how-wow, was entrusted to the guard, met at the station, and arriving at the hospital nearly went mad with joy when he saw his "missus." Into the wards he rushed, jumped on or over every cot, to the huge delight of the children, nurses flying after him in hopeless chase, and "Charlie" sedately smiling from ear to ear. If only the medical officer, who was non-resident, had walked in, what a scrap there would have been! But all's well that ends well, and after a week's visit "Jummie" kissed the children "good-bye," returned to his own lovely home, and later took up his abode in a paradise for dogs with our sister, where his dear dust reposes near that of many playfellows, each marked with a Stone of Remembrance. Later we remember a fuss over "Charlie," with his lovely auburn and white curls and blue ribbon

bows. We think it was a Committee matter. "Me and my missus or neither" was the ultimatum. And Charlie won the day. And when "my missus" had a call to the Victoria Hospital for Children, Chelsea, Charlie went along and lived many happy years.

When we went to the "London" in 1879 the first thing we spied reposing on a cushion in the Matron's private room was a fat, sleek little mongrel, who knew a friend right off, and it was the welcome given us by this little favourite which, we feel sure, inclined his austere but kind-hearted mistress to bestow upon us, *sub rosa*, many little favours "unknown."

This little comrade waddled after Matron on her daily round of the wards, and insisted upon a visit to "Charlotte." She knew who loved "dweebies" (dog language).

We have before us ten reports of County Nursing Associations. They are all busy manufacturing village nurses on a short-term training, who can never register. How unfair this is to the young women "trained," especially as the Ministry of Health appears to be bolstering up this wrong system with State money. Time the G.N.C. had the courage to tackle this abuse.

Dr. Thomas Turner, J.P., late of Hereford, who died at the age of ninety-one, left £100 to his nurse, Miss Bertha Mary Williams.

Hospital Sunday, in which many nurses take an interest, has been fixed for June 18th, and as the Jubilee of the Fund will be celebrated a record collection is hoped for. The last report states that the collection last year resulted in £108,880.

### REGISTERED NURSES' PARLIAMENTARY COUNCIL.

A meeting of the R.N.P.C. will be held on Saturday, June 10th, at 431, Oxford Street, W., at 4 p.m. Councillor Beatrice Kent, President, will be in the Chair.

The meeting is called:—

"To consider the false accusations made against Mrs. Bedford Fenwick in the discharge of her Public Duty as a member of the General Nursing Council for England and Wales, and to take such steps as seem desirable to protect her from persistent attempts at intimidation."

[previous page](#)

[next page](#)