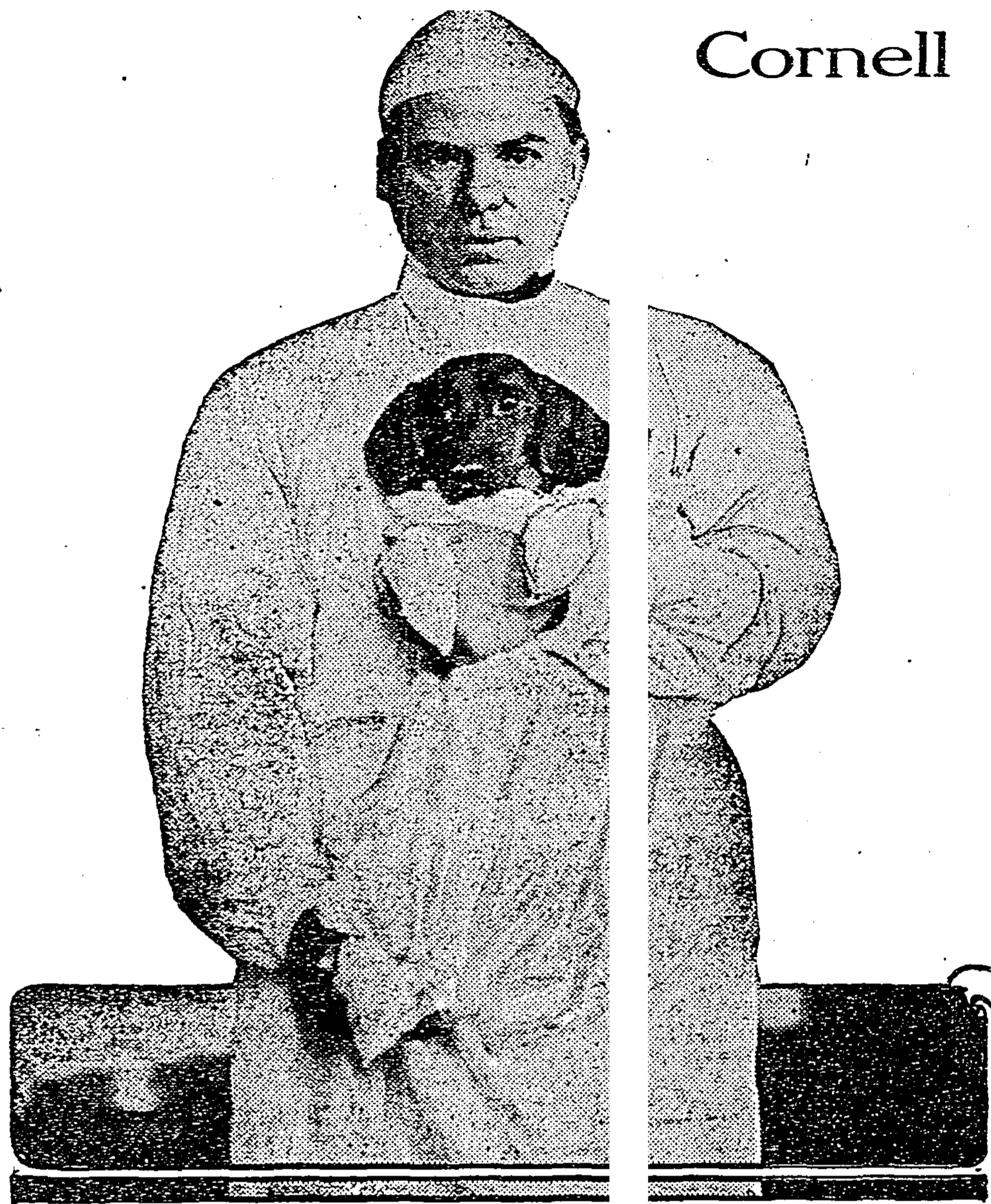


WHERE SICK ANIMALS ARE CARED FOR LIKE HUMANS

Cornell Medical College Has an Animal Surgery and Dispensary Where Pets Are Cured in the Latest Approved Fashion.



A Dachshund in Special Jacket for Operation.

SHE evidently felt very sick indeed, poor little thing, and there were many patients waiting in the doctor's ante-room whose turn came before hers. She was good and quiet—unlike some of the others—but the stout German woman in whose arms she was cuddled was considerably worried.

Presently the woman, half unconsciously, began to rock back and forth and to hum a little song. Gradually the head of her ailing charge dropped on her shoulder and the small sufferer fell asleep. The German caught the eye of her smiling neighbor.

"Joost like a baby," she said, looking down at the sleeper with beaming affection.

It was really a bit of a black and tan terrier, and the hospital was that just opened—or rather reopened—for animal surgery by the Medical College of Cornell University. Ahead of the black and tan was a very unhappy looking black cat, a magnificent wolf hound, and a specimen which, if dogs were politically organized, would have made a good office seeker, inasmuch as he could honestly claim a share of about every known canine race.

Love, the poet assures us, is a most desirable thing to have around, and there is certainly plenty of it at the Animal Hospital. No cur so scraggly, no cat so lank that its owner does not cling to it as his most treasured possession.

"Do, doctor, make him to be well," says the German woman with tears in her eyes as she surrenders her diminutive black and tan, and the doctor assures her that nothing will be left undone to cure her pet.

And nothing is. Upstairs one climbs, guided by an occasional bark and the antiseptic hospital odor, and there is the room where poor doggies are made well by the surgeons, according to the most modern methods. A major operation is going on, and no less than five surgeons, all qualified to treat human beings, are grouped around a table, with attendants and a quickly moving trained nurse.

"It is a very serious operation," explains one of the attendants, coming to the door, and there is nothing about the whole business that differs in any way from a serious operation in other hospitals, except that students are allowed

to watch at nearer range. But they do not operate. That must be understood. They are there to learn, and obviously if anything should be done to an animal that must not be done to a human being the watchers would learn wrong.

The thing is carried on with every attention to cleanliness. The ether is just as carefully administered as if the patient were human. The bandaging is as exact. The only point in which the Animal Hospital is a little different is that its patients have led more rational lives than their two-legged cousins and have a better chance, usually, of recovery.

Being a dog has some advantages. This is not a new idea, but it comes home with especial force to a visitor at the Animal Hospital. Human beings are dreadfully sick and unhappy for several days after they come through such experiences, but animals cheer up rapidly. It is not uncommon to see a dog that has undergone a pretty serious operation standing on his feet four hours after. Dogs don't eat too much or drink too much or smoke too much, and they haven't quite such horribly complicated nervous systems. Some are very sick, and some die, but they pull through what would kill many a man.

Only animals requiring surgical treatment come to Cornell's Animal Hospital. It is rather surprising to the layman to learn that so many things go wrong with animals. Broken legs and the scars of battle one expects to find, but in addition they develop, though not in very large numbers, most of the ills that afflict human beings. They don't exactly catch them from us, but they learn some of our bad habits, and since we make them live in civilization they pay the penalty.

The Animal Hospital can shelter one hundred patients. It has not nearly that number as yet, because it closed a year or so ago, and has just reopened through the donations of interested friends; but the quarters are spacious and the patients are coming in briskly.

It is a regular part of the Cornell Department of Operative Surgery, and Dr. F. W. Gwyer, Professor of Operative and Clinical Surgery in Cornell, is at the head of it. Drs. Grant, Armstrong, Friedman, Spiegelberg, Di Rocco, and French are attending surgeons, and Dr. Thomas G.

Sherwood is the veterinarian in charge. It is all as scientific as scientific can be.

There is only one ward completely equipped as yet, but you can see there a sample of what the work of the institution is, and appreciate its great variety. Around the room are big cages, and in these cages are many dogs, a few cats, and two pigs. Yes, pigs, and sent all the way down from Vermont. They have been scrubbed in the small porcelain tub and anti-septiced generally, and if you want to see a clean pig you have only to go to Twenty-sixth Street, down near the East River, and ring the door bell.

The doctor thinks the pigs are lovely,

ings," said the doctor. "And they all seem to realize that we are trying to help them. We hardly ever have a dog or a cat or any other intelligent animal that will not lie quietly and let us do things we know must hurt. A dog that would undoubtedly snap at a stranger who pulled his tail will let us dress his wound without a suspicion of bad temper. "We had a monkey here the other day which was a great pet. We did not want him to scratch himself, so for some days we kept him rolled up in a bath towel, which he resented bitterly, though he did not wreak his wrath on us. When he was a little better we took him out of

think that fish in the natural state are so afflicted. The fish that have been found to have the disease were in ponds and were fed all sorts of things."

Next to the room which is already filled there is another and larger one, awaiting the arrival of several rows of kennels. Elsewhere there is a small room which is kept for large dogs. There was a Great Dane at the hospital the other day which could have been put into the largest kennel only by a compressing machine, and provision must be made for such monsters.

There is a receiving room, where the animals are examined, and an isolation

"Oh," she exclaimed, stroking his absurd little form, "do save him. We need him. He's such a watchdog—"

"What—that?" queried the doctor, looking with just amazement on the object she was holding on the palm of her hand.

"Oh," she cried proudly, "you should see him try to bite the ice man. Don't you, darling?"

The dog looked as fierce as you can look when you are eight inches long and alarmed by the presence of strangers.

"Well," comforted the doctor, "we will certainly do the best we can," and he added to the visitor: "That's the way

hospital come from the Animal Clinic in Lafayette Street, established by the Women's League for Animals, of which Mrs. James Speyer is the head. In the year that the clinic has been opened over 6,000 cases have been treated, but they have no place for major operations, and are glad to send their patients on to have the benefit of the Cornell surgeons' skill.

All day long the Animal Clinic works. In the morning dealing with horses, and in the afternoon with smaller animals. Dogs, cats, monkeys, guinea pigs, chickens, a ferret with the rheumatism, all the strange array of pets harbored by loving hearts in the tenements come here.

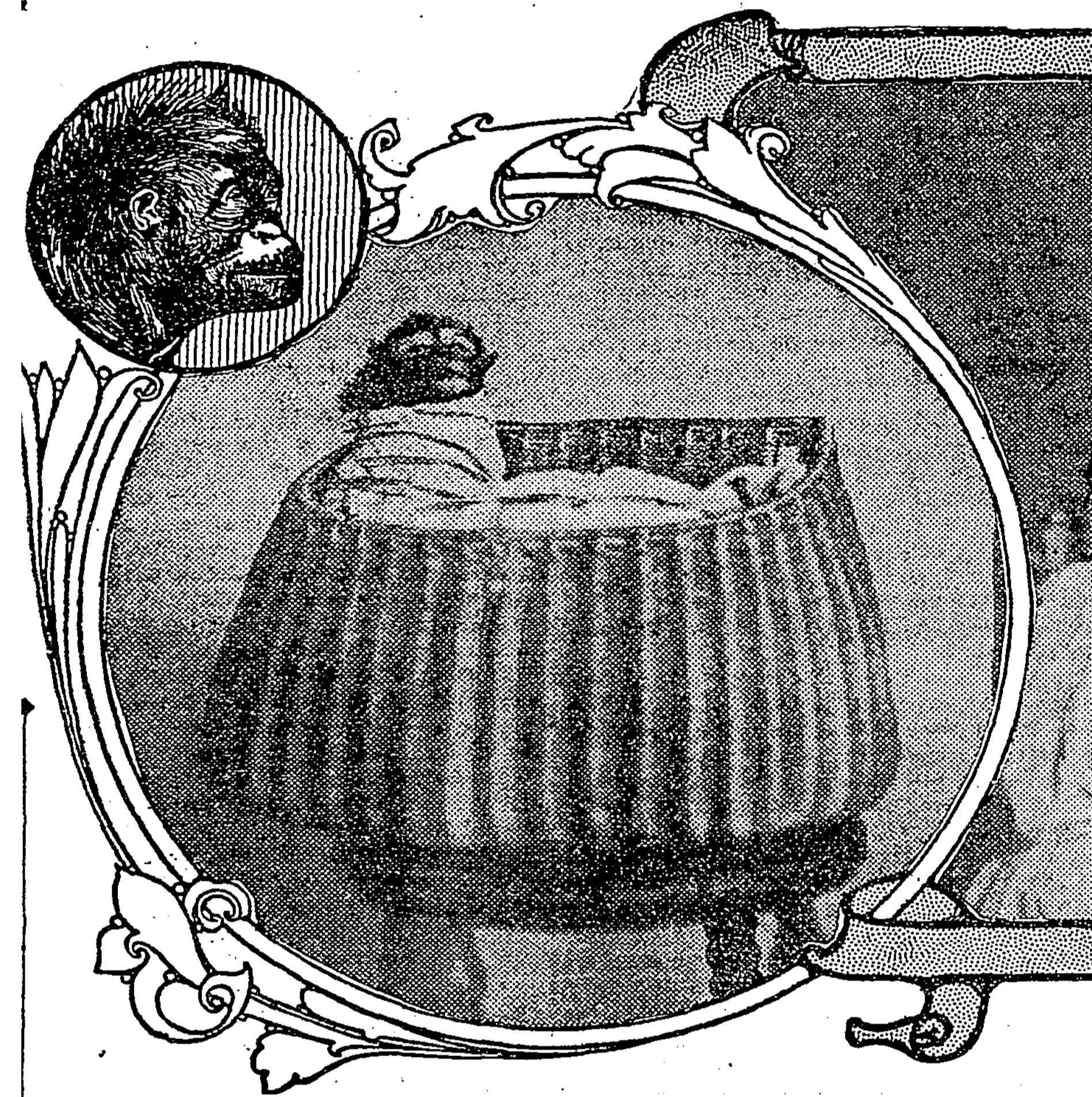
And in the waiting room there is the same story of pride and affection. The owners whisper to one another in hushed tones of the singular virtues of their pets which mark them as innately and pre-eminently superior. Never was there such a collection of superb watch dogs as one can find gathered there every afternoon. And the tricks they can do when well and cheerful—they'd astonish you, they would, honest.

The clinic works in co-operation with the Animal Hospital, though the two institutions are entirely separate. Neither does the work of the other, except that both teach the love and care of helpless things.

In the garden of the Tuilleries in Paris there sits an old man who calls the birds and tames them. He is just an ordinary clerk who is spending his last years in the company of little feathered things, but he wears a ribbon in his coat that has been given by the Government, for no other reason than that the sight of him teaches the love of animals.

How long could a man sit in a park here and feed birds before he would be decorated? That is where the French are wiser than we, with our horrible Anglo-Saxon fear of seeming sentimental.

Mrs. James Speyer thinks that we are in some respects behind other nations in



This Pet Monkey Is Recovering After a Severe Operation.

and picked them up and gazed affectionately at their little white snouts. They had had a very beautiful operation, too, and were making a good recovery. The visitor enthused less, but there is no doubt in the world that they are perfectly white and the cleanest, most hygienically admirable pigs that ever were. The whole tribe may well be fond of them.

Next door to the pigs was a collie, who leaped out of the cage, not lightly but quite sure of himself, and expressed his pleasure at the visit.

"This is rather a prize patient," said the surgeon, taking up the collie's leg. "He had an unrelated fracture of the leg." Perhaps the reporter's memory is incorrect, and it wasn't an unrelated fracture but some other kind; anyway he had had two operations, and it looked for a time as if all was over for doggie. He has been over two months under treatment, and now he can walk and run, though he will always limp.

The next dog lay very quiet. He was probably not suffering, explained the doctor, but he was a meditative dog and of such good pedigree that he was rather shocked at the behavior of his mongrel neighbor on the other side.

Three or four more cages were filled with "good recoveries" which were very enthusiastic at the doctor's call. Sometimes he let a dog out and allowed him to jump a trifle, but at the word of command the patient would obediently go back, regretful but resigned.

"They make good patients?" "Oh yes, a lot better than human be-

the towel and tied his feet and hands in bags. He had a serious operation and just pulled through."

A cat crouched in the corner of the next cage; it felt very much of a stranger, and didn't like it. A curved finger poked through the cage as a suggestion that she could have her back scratched for the trouble of coming nearer met with no response.

"She's new. I don't know what is the matter with her," said the doctor. "I hope she has as many lives as the cat we cured the other day. It was a dreadful case—any human being would have been dead months before—but she was as happy and as well after a week as any cat could be. Our death rate," he added, "is about 12 per cent. The hospitals have from 8 to 10, so we are slightly higher, but that is because we get as a rule only pretty bad cases. Comparing a case for case the animal will recover where the man would die. The comparison can often be fairly made, for the organs are after all much alike. The monkey, for instance, was just like a baby of the same size.

"It is civilization, of course, that tells against us, and it is the contact of civilization that gives the animals internal disorders. I doubt very much if in a wild state they suffer from tumors and cancers. It has been said that such troubles have been found in the animals of the Bronx Zoological Gardens, but after all they are in the Zoo, not actually in a wild state.

"They say that fish suffer from cancer and that whole trout ponds have been desimated by it. I am not inclined to



Dr. Frederick Gwyer Directing an Operation.

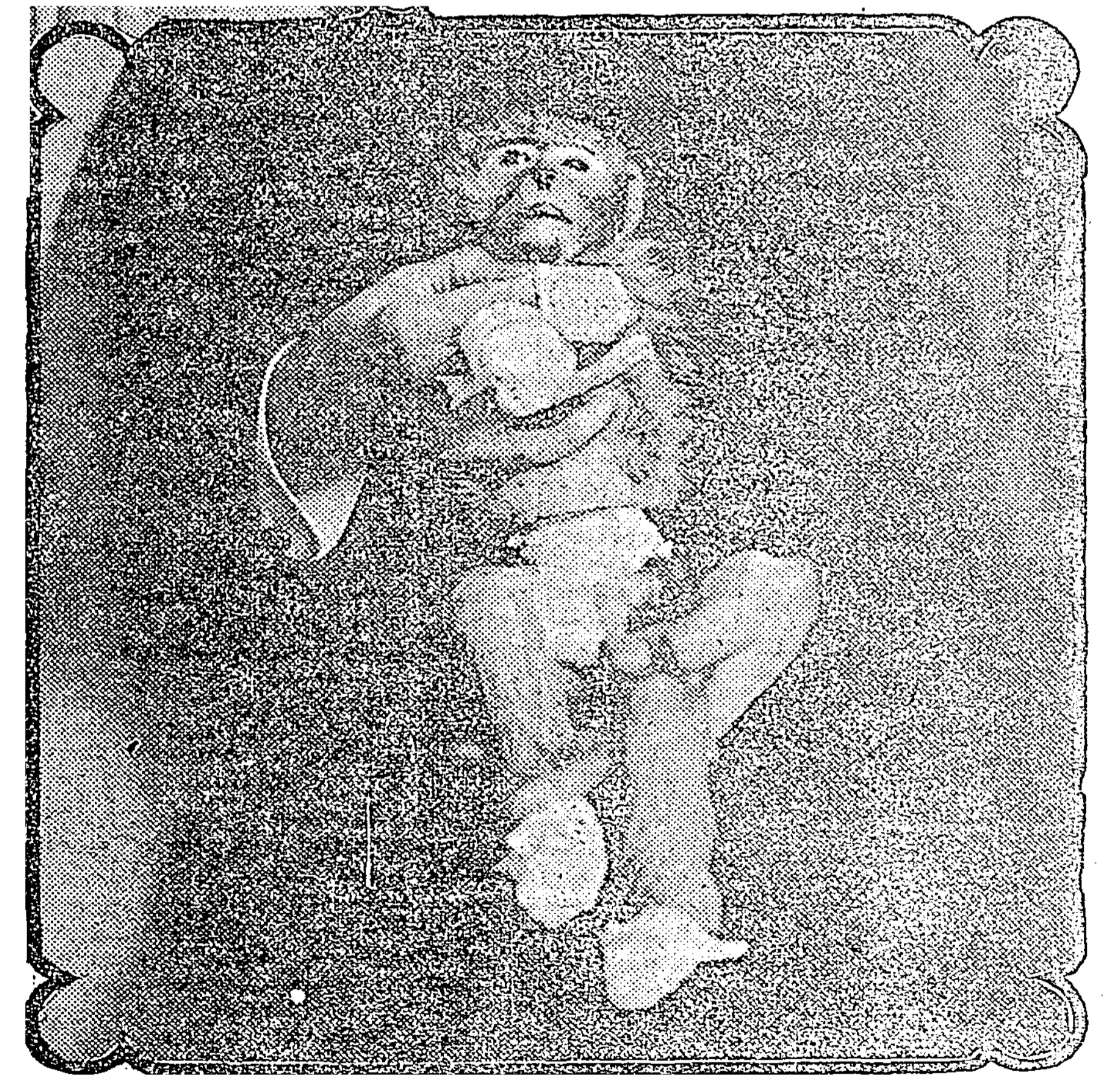
room, where suspected cases of distemper may be kept and the other animals saved from the infection. There is also a bathroom, with a big tub and a little tub for big and little animals, and a cage over a radiator, where they may dry themselves without catching cold.

The hospital's announcement says that in equipping the place the plans for hospitals devoted to man were followed as closely as circumstances would permit, and this is certainly a true word. It isn't quite so pretty to the eye, but any except the most aesthetic animals should be satisfied.

At this stage of the inspection an object clad in a white bag loomed up in the corridor, accompanied by a smell of ether—a very limp object, carefully carried. The patient—an Irish setter—was being brought back from the operating room. It seemed an intrusion on the afflicted to stay longer, and the visitor and the doctor proceeded downstairs.

On the lower floor there waited a girl, holding in her arms the most wretched specimen of a puppy, speaking from the fancier's point of view, that could ever affront a dog show. The size of a black and tan, the color of a pointer, with a round head like a bull dog, and an elongated body like a dachshund, the puppy wobbled uncertainly on a bench.

His legs needed attention, said the girl; and so they evidently did. The doctor looked and decided he would like to consult on the case. The puppy cocked an inquiring eye at this, and signified to the girl that he would like to be taken up.



The Monkey's Paws Are Padded So He Won't Scratch His Wounds.

they all are. There is no specimen of an animal that cannot find its admirer. And when there is no hope for a recovery there are very sincere tears shed. By the way, when a case is hopeless we send for the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, to put it out of suffering. We say that here we cure animals, we don't kill them."

Most of the patients that appear at the the care of animals. There have been clinics for them in Europe this many a long day. Even in countries where dumb beasts have had a sorry history there is an awakening. So now that the clinic and the hospital have been started, they must be kept up if we are not going to drop behind others in our humanity and the friends of animals are rallying to the cause.