

PETER MAKES GOOD



FT MEADE
GenColl

BY
GERTRUDE THOMAS



✓

Class PZ10

Book T.363

Pe
Copyright N^o _____

COPYRIGHT DEPOSIT

PETER MAKES GOOD
AND STORIES OF OTHER DOGS

by

GERTRUDE THOMAS

"

With

Twenty Full-Page Illustrations

by

DOROTHY SAUNDERS

BECKLEY-CARDY COMPANY, PUBLISHERS
CHICAGO

c 1929

PZ10
.3
T369
Pe

COPYRIGHT, 1929,
BY
BECKLEY-CARDY COMPANY
All Rights Reserved

Printed in the United States of America

DEC 23 1929

©CIA A 31620

CONTENTS

PETER MAKES GOOD

	PAGE
A DOG FAMILY	5
PETER'S NEW HOME	10
GETTING ACQUAINTED	18
PETER ON THE FARM	31
NEW SCENES	38

THE TATTLERS

PIXIE AND BOB	47
JUDGE AIREDALE	61
PETITE AND BOB TELL THEIR STORIES	76
POLICE DOG STORIES	83
FRITZ, WHO KNEW ONLY GERMAN	90
GYP, THE GARBAGE MAN'S DOG	99
THE LAUNDRESS'S DOG	107
THE DEVOTION OF WHITEY	115
THE RUSSIAN PRINCESS	118
THE MILKMAN'S DOG DAN	121
THE WHIPPETS	125
FIRE-FIGHTING DOGS	133
THE JUDGE'S STORY	144
JACK THE TRAVELER	151
TOM AND DANIEL	173
THE BLIND MAN'S DOG	177

LIST OF FULL PAGE ILLUSTRATIONS

	PAGE
Peter Learns a Lesson	7
Peter Sees Fluff for the First Time	15
Fluff and the Three Aristocrats	24
Peter Tries to Put Out a Fire	29
Peter Helps Bring the Cattle from the Pasture	33
Pixie and Bob	46
“Judge Was Always Being Called Upon to Decide”	59
Petite and Princess	65
Gyp and the Dachshunds	68
The Comical Young Airedale Terrier	79
Fritz Supplied the Wood for the Fire	92
Ted Performed Many Stunts to Entertain the Sailors	95
Simon Peter and Buff	111
Whitey and Her Mistress	114
“They Would Chase Rabbits or Any Game They Could Scare Up”	129
Bill Saves His Master	135
Duke Wins Honors	141
“The Fight Was On”	161
A Battle Between the Two Warriors	175
Job Was “Eyes for the Blind”	180

PETER MAKES GOOD

A DOG FAMILY

The Coleman family were in possession of a roly-poly, fuzzy, brown-and-white pup named Peter, called Pete for short. Peter was a combination of several breeds of dogs. He had good and bad relations on both sides of the house, but his nearest kin, which were, of course, his father, Shep, and his Scotch collie mother, Susie, were very worthy dogs. They were not quarrelsome nor dishonest, lived peaceably with the house cat, and never tortured a rabbit before they killed it. Indeed, in all dogdom Susie and Shep were considered honorable citizens.

It was on account of this excellent record of the parent dogs that these good people were wanting one of their likely offspring. They felt sure that a member of a family so worthy would grow up to be a useful dog.

Susie had tried to train Pete to be polite,

and to observe the Golden Rule in his conduct toward cats and other animals less fortunate than himself. His father had given him a cuff on the side of the head when he found him running off with Betty's shoe, and told him that "dogs who wished to grow up into leading citizens in dogdom didn't steal young ladies' shoes and chew the toes off them." Then he made Pete take the shoe to his mistress, lay it at her feet, and wag his tail in apology.

In this way, these parents tried to instill into their son all the good principles they could before he should go out into the wide, wide world. In Pete's case, this meant being taken in a basket to his new home at Coleman's.

Pete's parting with his home folks was pathetic. All that week he was favored above his brothers and sisters. The day before his departure, his father, Shep, took him slyly aside and whispered in his ear, "Follow me, but do not let even your mother know about it."

So Pete watched his chance and, when Susie was taking her afternoon nap and others



Peter Learns a Lesson

were playing tag, he sniffed about until he took up the trail to the garden. There he saw his dad digging in the ground. Finally Shep unearthed a well seasoned bone. What a treat Pete was to have, in being allowed to dine with his father off one end of that juicy, earth-flavored bone! There was no criticism of his table manners. What if he did fill his mouth too full and make a noise when he ate? Nothing was said about it, which was unusual, for his dad was a stickler for correct eating. Another time Pete would have been sent away from the feast, had he been greedy and asked for a third helping, but to-day, how different! For once he was allowed to put both paws on that sweet bone and to gnaw and gnaw, while his dad stood off smiling approval.

Peter wished there was no wide world to go out into. Why, he was just beginning to get along well at home. His brothers and sisters envied him, and what satisfaction he got out of having them all jealous of him—so nearly human was this little piece of dog flesh. The

other pups' eyes fairly bulged and turned green when they saw Susie tucking him tenderly in, the night before he was to leave his home.

How fondly she licked him, paying particular attention to his ears, to make sure they were clean. Now these very ears were always a source of dispute at other times. Many a cuffing Pete had received when they would not bear inspection. But to-night how gentle was her touch, what pathos in her whine, as she bade him good night! Susie was going through a crisis, such as comes to every mother when her family circle is broken, and one of her beloved ones goes out from the home nest. She wanted him to be an honor to her and his father. Would he?

We shall see.

PETER'S NEW HOME

The next day Peter was transported to his new home. So great was the excitement over making the change, that many things Susie had intended to say to him in the way of good advice were forgotten. With a great lump in her throat, which mothers are apt to have on such occasions, she bade him good-bye forever.

After the thrill of his first ride in an automobile, Pete arrived at his new home, where he was greeted by his new master and mistress. They were a pair of chubby youngsters of four and five years, who looked enough alike to be twins. There being only one year's difference in their ages accounted for this.

Their names were Mabel and Ralph. Both had brown eyes, and their hair was almost the color of Peter's coat. They were delighted to see Peter, with his brown eyes and his coat of brown and tan, so soft and fuzzy. They laughed at his funny little tail. And his silken

ears—as the little girl rubbed one of them against her cheek, Peter gave a sigh of relief because they were clean.

This episode of the ears reminded him of home and his mother, just as other sons who have left home for the first time have had their memories of their mothers jogged. Peter gulped down the lump that came into his little throat; he must be brave. That was one of the things Shep had emphasized in his advice. He had said, “Bravery is the greatest asset for a dog.”

After each of the children had had a good “snuggle” at him, he was given his dinner on a beautiful blue plate, all his own. This was nice, but in all his life he had never before eaten alone. How *could* he eat, with no one to push and crowd him, and no dad to tell him when he had had enough? When he took a mouthful of really good bread and gravy, it almost choked him. Then those wide-eyed youngsters were watching every bite he ate, making him feel so self-conscious that he simply could not remember his table manners. He put his paws

on his plate, and made a noise chewing his food. At home, every scrap was eaten, and the plate cleaned in a tidy way, ready for the next meal. His orderly mother would have been ashamed of him, if she could have seen the mess he was making of this, his first meal in his new home.

A survey of the premises was next in order. He was shown his bedroom, which was a box on the back porch. It was large enough for him to stretch out in and be very comfortable. It looked about right, but it lacked the "homey" odor of his former bed. It was too fresh and clean.

Then Pete had his first touch of homesickness. These youngsters were all right, as youngsters go, but they were not to be compared for company to a family of rollicking puppies. What did they know about a game of tug-of-war with an old sock, or of ball with a lump of coal, and other delightful dog games? With a contemptuous shrug of his shoulders, he went on with his investigations.

Out on the window sill, where the sun shone

warmly, was something that attracted his attention. Going closer to see more clearly, he observed a creature which was something new to him. It seemed to be a bundle of fuzzy fur, with a head at one end, and something at the other end that looked a little like the feather duster the puppies used to play with at home.

The head was loose, too, for now it was turning. It opened two eyes, and then a mouth, and yawned. All at once, something happened. Down the creature pounced, right on Pete's back. He was still uncertain what it was, until it began to spit and snarl. As all cats snarl and spit about alike, Pete knew it must be some kind of a cat, but how different from the cats which he had known. All his former cat acquaintances had worn sleek coats with spots or striped, and they had had long, slim tails, or no tails at all. A Manx cat he had known had no tail.

Fluff, for that was the cat's name, was as much astonished as Peter was, at what she was encountering. This was something unlike any-

thing she had ever seen before. Something told her it was akin to her old enemy, the dog, but how harmless this one seemed! Nothing but the wag of his ridiculous little tail was at all doglike.

They surveyed each other for a while. Then Peter remembered his mother's advice about following the Golden Rule with cats, especially when the cat had the advantage, as was the situation now. Turning, he ran back to his bedroom for a nap, as so much excitement had wearied him.

Hopping into his box, he turned around twice before he lay down. Soon he was asleep. When he awoke, it was dark. Where was he? Nosing around, he could find no bedfellow, nothing that was familiar, and then he realized how homesick he was. He wanted his mother and he began to cry.

Upstairs somewhere, awake in a snug, warm bed, lay a little boy. He heard that pitiful cry, and felt his own little heart ache with pity for the baby dog. He listened for a while. Then,



Peter Sees Fluff for the First Time

unable to stand it any longer, he slipped out of bed. Tiptoeing his way, so that no one would hear him, the boy went out on the cold back porch to the puppy. Taking Pete under his warm bathrobe, he slipped as quietly back to bed. The puppy was "snuggled" in Ralph's arms, and soon dog and boy were fast asleep. Thus a bond of affection was established between these two that proved lasting and true, as we shall see.

The better acquainted Peter got with his new friends, the better he liked them, especially the boy and the girl. With the latter, however, he felt as if he were not in full favor. She seemed to prefer petting that presumptuous, fluffy cat, rather than him. He was not quite sure, but he thought he overheard some such conversation as this between them:

"Fluffy, you must be nice to our new puppy. You know he is *only* a little doggie."

There was considerable emphasis laid on the "only." For some reason which Pete did not stop to analyze, he determined he would show

this pair, the girl and the cat, a few things, when he ceased to be "only a *little* doggie," and became a real dog.

Life at this new home was very pleasant for Pete. The little boy and he had so much fun, that he soon forgot the home he had left. He never knew how his mother missed him, for, although more puppies came to bless and cheer her heart, still she could never forget Pete.

GETTING ACQUAINTED

The Coleman children went to school every day. The maid went with them across the street, and called for them when they were to return. This left Pete and the cat at home together. They were not getting on very well. Fluff was haughty and disdainful, and she was entirely too free with her claws, which Pete soon learned she hid from sight in those soft, insinuating paws of hers.

After a while Peter became more and more venturesome. Peering through the back fence to see what was going on across the way, he saw the home of the aristocratic Boston bull that Fluff feared. Pete would stand with his nose through the fence, watching and learning just how a grown-up dog did act, and he wondered if he would ever grow up to do those wonderful things.

One day he saw that majestic creature catching flies. Sitting in front of his kennel, the Boston bull would wait until a fly would light on his nose. Then, after giving his head a shake

to shoo it off, he would snap it up. This was interesting to Pete. He decided to try it.

He went off and lay down. He waited a while, pretending to be asleep, but keeping one eye open. At last he heard a buzzing sound. Some kind of flying creature was near. It was aiming for a seat on his nose. Now, a shake, a snap—he had it! How thrilling! He would try it again, but it would not be necessary to keep even one eye open. He closed both. Buzz-z-z-z! Another fly was coming. Still as a mouse Pete lay waiting. Then all at once Pete let out a piercing yelp. The fly had proven to be a bee. Pete was stung! After the first shock was over, he thought of something else his father had told him. He had said always to keep one eye on every venture. Pete resolved not to get stung again.

The days sometimes seemed very long to Pete. The cat couldn't or wouldn't play. She liked sunning herself in a lazy fashion on the window sill. He must find some other means of diversion.

When the laundress was hanging up the clothes to dry, he would help by taking the clothespins in his mouth and handing them to her. Sometimes some hidden trait in his make-up prompted him to take toll of the clothespins when the laundress was not looking. No doubt this was an echo from some of those inferior relations on one or the other side of his ancestral house. Still, it was a natural tendency, as all dogs like to chew clothespins. It sharpens their teeth.

Pete was getting braver and braver every day, and was learning more and more about his new home. By keeping his eyes open and watching the behavior of other dogs, he was developing into an intelligent pup. He and Ralph were real pals, and what the dog was not able to find out for himself, the boy would teach him, and Pete's devotion to his teacher was marvelous.

When the children started for school, Pete would follow at their heels until the curb was reached. In the afternoon he would watch un-

til the maid returned with them. Then one morning they had to go alone. When they hesitated at the street crossing, Pete ran out in the middle of the street and barked in front of all the oncoming cars, thus holding up the traffic until Ralph and Mabel were safely across. In the afternoon he watched for them and repeated the performance.

One morning, when he had seen the children safely across, he discovered that Mabel had lost her book. Dodging in front of a big truck, he seized the book in his mouth and ducked just in time to keep from getting struck. Then he raced after the children to deliver the book to its little owner.

The pup grew in grace and charm, as well as wisdom. His fuzzy covering was gone, and with it had vanished many of his puppy ways. He had grown into a fine looking dog. One could scarcely recognize the little woolly pup in this beautiful brown, shading into tan, animal. He had a natty white vest and one white forefoot. His tail curled over his back like a plume; but

his greatest charm was his eyes. They were brown and amber now, and they almost twinkled with intelligence when he was spoken to.

Ralph was very proud of him, and entered him in all the dog shows, although Pete never won any medals, because of his lack of pedigree. Had a prize been given for real worth and good character, he would have carried off the blue ribbon, for Pete was well raised and had good training.

Some pedigreed animals, and some pedigreed people are snobbish and rude. Such was the case with the Boston bull on the other side of the fence, and with some others in this exclusive neighborhood. This was brought forcibly to Pete's attention one morning. After he had piloted the children across the street, on returning to his own curb, he heard loud barking around the corner. Curious to know what was the cause of it all, he ran in the direction of the noise.

Imagine his surprise and indignation at what

he saw! Up a tree, just beyond the reach of their upturned noses, was Fluff, Mabel's cat, driven there by three of the aristocrats, and held at bay by their, to her, bloodcurdling yelps. The Boston bull seemed to be in charge. His confederates were a prize-winning Airedale, with a pedigree reaching back through countless generations, and a German police dog, whose ancestors had been trained to torment French prisoners, away back during the Franco-Prussian war. With murderous motives these three had Fluff surrounded when Pete appeared on the scene.

Without stopping to consider that he was apparently outmatched, Pete sprang at their heels, snapping and biting first one and then another, until he had their attention drawn from the cat. Then he started to run, with the three in pursuit. This was what he wanted. By keeping several jumps ahead of them, he got to his own door just as someone was coming out, and he bounded inside. Meantime Fluff had not let any grass grow under her feet; she had



Fluff and the Three Aristocrats

arrived at the back door first. Once inside, she did a very unusual thing. Approaching Pete, she rubbed her sides against his legs, purring her thanks; and she never forgot this act of gallantry which he had performed for her. There may have been no blue blood in this dog, but this episode proved that there were no yellow streaks.

Ralph was growing into a big boy, and was engaged in the activities and sports that the average boy of his age enjoys. He was a member of the Boy Scouts, and of the "Sand Lot Ball Team"; but his love for Peter was as great as ever. He always wanted his dog with him in his sports, and Pete, appreciating this, proved himself a boon companion.

Any game that Pete did not sanction by a smile and a wag of his tail was not entered into with much zest. When a game with a competing team was scheduled to come off, it was talked over with Pete somewhat in this fashion:

"Well, old pal, what do you think about it? Are we going to win? You know Bud Sanders,

Pete—he's one of their best pitchers; but of course our team can show something just as good. If you say so, we will beat them."

Then Pete would stretch out, yawn, and make a noise that Ralph always knew meant either yes or no; it all depended on the expression of the dog's countenance when he made it. If the prediction were favorable for their team, boy and dog would start for the diamond, full of enthusiasm.

Pete would enter into the spirit of the game along with the boys, and would watch the ball with quivering excitement, when Ralph sent it flying and made a home run. Before Jack could bring it back, Pete seemed to know just where that ball dropped to earth, and would beat the boys to it, bringing it to the pitcher and dropping it at his feet.

Sometimes an argument would start on the field of combat, and Ralph would be surrounded by a loud-mouthed, fist-shaking squad. Pete would edge his way through and take a position near his master, wag his tail

slowly, and listen intently, as if asking what it was all about, and weighing the pros and cons. Ralph would reach down, pat him on the head and ask, "Which way was it, old pal?"

Not always were the other boys willing to take Pete's decision, and the matter might be left to the referee; but always Pete stood valiantly by his master in every matter.

By this time the bull dog next door had learned to have more respect for Peter. A boy about Ralph's age had come to live with his master and mistress. He was a nice boy, and he and Ralph were very good friends. Both were good scouts and, as they were together a great deal, the dogs, after a few encounters, learned to endure, if not to like, one another.

They accompanied the boys on hikes and, one day, when the boys and their two dogs were going gaily through the woods, kicking up the dry leaves, Pete, the younger and more active dog, ran on ahead and out of sight of the boys. Soon they heard a great barking. Hurrying along, they found Pete pawing and stamping

in an attempt to put out a fire that was just starting from a cigarette, which had been carelessly thrown among the dry leaves.

The boys finished extinguishing the fire, and then turned their attention to Pete, whose feet were burned. They knew the burns must be extremely painful. Feeling very sorry for the dog, and full of enthusiastic admiration for his splendid courage, they made a litter for him, such as they would have made for one of their own scout comrades. The boys carried Pete home, and the bull dog kept close to his master's heels, so as not to be left entirely out.

Peter's mother, Susie, would have been very proud if she had known her son was the means of saving the countryside from a destructive fire.

Shep, no doubt, would have said, "I knew Pete would amount to something."

Reaching home, the boys treated Pete's sore feet with a healing salve and made him comfortable.

It is uncertain whether or not dogs can com-



Peter Tries to Put Out a Fire

municate with each other, but, by some means, the news got abroad that Pete was laid up, and every dog in the neighborhood came to call. It was suspected that the bull had something to do with it, as he seemed to be master of ceremonies. His admiration for Pete seemed suddenly to have increased. After each dog had sniffed at Pete's sore paws, they raced off.

PETER ON THE FARM

It was now vacation time and Pete and his master were anticipating a good time. Ralph and Mabel usually spent a part of the time on their grandfather's farm, and Pete was going along. At Grandfather's there were two small dogs, but that would be all right with Pete, who acted in a big-brotherly way toward them, sharing with them whatever he had to eat.

There was just one quarter from which Peter would allow no interference. That was from a goat that roamed at will over the place. Until this visit to the farm, he had never seen a goat. His first encounter with this one had been quite disastrous to Pete's pride; so, having no wish to repeat the set-to, he left the goat with the butting disposition severely alone.

Although Pete, in accordance with his good mother's teachings, was generous with the small dogs, there was one thing he would not permit. That was their following him to the bone cemetery. This was forbidden ground. Out in the

orchard, under the apple trees, where the earth was mellow, was his favorite, exclusive spot.

If Pete observed the others following him to the orchard, he would chase them back and tell them to stay there. Then he would feast and enjoy to his heart's content the gnawing of those delicious, earth-seasoned morsels. This always carried him back to the time when his father and he had gnawed the bone in the garden at home. Thus Shep had revealed to his son the social side of his nature. The small dogs learned to respect Pete's privacy and stayed away.

Peter was trained to help Ralph bring up the cattle from the pasture. On several occasions, when it was raining, he brought them in alone. In the lot was Duke, the king of the herd. Usually he was a safe and docile animal, but one evening something seemed to be wrong. Duke was in an ugly mood, pawing and bellowing at a great rate, and refusing to be lined up with the cows.

Ralph struck Duke with a gad, which was a



Peter Helps Bring the Cattle from the Pasture

great mistake on the boy's part. The animal charged. Ralph ducked and ran for a near-by tree, climbing up before the bull reached him.

Pete did his best to help his master. He barked and snapped at the enemy, but to no avail. He then looked up at Ralph, as much as to say, "What more can I do?"

"Get Grandpa," the boy called to him.

Off Pete ran, over the fence, and on to the house. In a little while, back he bounded with Grandfather and the hired man following, with weapons of defense to liberate the prisoner. And so Peter proved to be the hero of the day.

The summer was one of profit and pleasure both to the dogs and the children. Grandmother knew how to make the most delicious cookies, which Pete shared along with the children. He helped hunt the eggs. Finding a nest, he would stand and wag his tail until they got the eggs. He also assisted in rounding up the young poultry to be shut in for the night.

When the work was all done, the children

and the dogs would go through the woods to the old swimming hole. While the boy and his sister were enjoying the water, the dogs found many things to attract their attention. One of them would stir up a chipmunk or a rabbit. Then all would give chase. If the little creature went into a hole in the ground, it fell to Pete, as the largest and strongest, to dig it out, while the others would stand off, barking their encouragement. When at last he would find it, Pete would permit no torturing of their prey; it must be killed skillfully and at once.

The time passed all too quickly. School soon would open. Mabel and Ralph were entering high school. Pete was now a dignified, full-grown dog, looking like his father, Shep, but having the gentle disposition of his mother, Susie.

Although he was not a quarrelsome dog, and never attacked a dog smaller than himself, still Peter was all dog. In reading these records of this grown-up puppy's doings, we must remember that he was without royal ancestry. He

was not registered as to pedigree, but was just an ordinary, middle-class dog, with a high sense of honor, inherited from honest parent dogs.

The bull dog, whose name was Joe, was growing old and slow of gait. He and Pete had become fast friends. Time had taken some of the arrogance out of his manner. He had been condescending in his attitude toward Pete, but now he showed more interest and some affection. It was pathetic to note Pete's deference for the old chap. Perhaps that had something to do with his change of heart. Were they out for a walk, Pete would run on ahead, and then wait for the old dog to catch up, or run back to him and walk slowly beside him.

The time came when old Joe was unable to go out. He would sit outside his kennel dozing, having not even strength enough to snap at the flies that bothered him. Pete spent a great deal of time with him. He would lie near by sleeping, or would drink in a social way from Joe's drinking pan. He did many other little comforting things to show good comradeship.

One very warm day the dogs were panting with the heat. Their tongues were lolling out of their mouths, and they drank a great deal of water, Pete taking the last drop. Soon poor old Joe, bending down to get a drink, found the pan dry. Pete jumped up and, taking the edge of the pan in his mouth, ran to the screen door, where he scratched until the cook came. Then he lifted the empty pan to her to be filled.

One morning, a short while after this hot spell, Pete came to see his old friend, whom he had learned really to love. The bull dog was missing from his customary place, so Pete looked into the kennel. There lay poor old Joe, dead. This was Pete's first experience with that mysterious condition. His reaction was only normal and doglike, for he proceeded to eat up the remnants of the bull dog's supper, drank all the water, and then ran off to find a live dog to play with. Dogs seldom show grief for their own kind.

NEW SCENES

The years rolled on. At last the children were grown and ready for college, and in the fall Ralph was to go to a university. Mabel was to attend another school.

Pete was conscious that something was about to happen. His master would pat him lovingly on the head, and then slip an arm around his neck. Then he would begin talking about going away, saying, "Well, old pal, how are we going to stand this? Do you think you will miss me?"

Pete would kiss his young master, dog-fashion; then he would lie down at his feet in the most devoted way.

The university to which Ralph was going was not a great distance, sixty miles or a little further, from his home. A trip was taken to make arrangements about entering. Peter much to his delight, was allowed to go with his master in the automobile.

He took an inventory of the place where they

went. Nothing escaped him. There seemed to be some dogs at this school. At least, he saw several following the young men students, and it certainly was an ideal place for a dog to be. Storing all these things in his mind, Pete returned to his home, somewhat more reconciled to have Ralph go from him, as he concluded that all was for the best.

Soon preparations were completed, and Ralph was ready to leave, this time by train. Peter went to the depot with the rest of the family to see his master off. Ralph was very brave, for he wanted to show that he was now a man, and he thought any show of emotion was womanish. He bade everyone farewell. Last of all, he patted his dog affectionately, saying, "Well, good-by, old pal."

All went well for a month or so. Pete would wander around as if looking for something, but he seemed to be taking his loss in a sensible way. Then, one morning, he was missing. Nowhere could he be found. Search and the offer of rewards failed to bring him back. He was given

up as lost. The family came to the conclusion that Pete had either been stolen or struck by an automobile. Then a letter came from Ralph, in which he wrote: "Whom should I see on the campus one day, when I was returning from class, but good old Pete?"

Maybe you think that was not a joyous meeting! Ralph did not tell all in his letter, but his mother read between the lines, and knew there were some tears shed. Ralph was feeling some of the pangs of homesickness that a certain little puppy once had felt, and the dog understood and sympathized.

Ralph by this time was comfortably established in a fraternity house, where there were other boys with their dogs, and Peter was at once made a member of the group. Almost any day Ralph could be seen crossing the campus, his arms full of books, with Pete trotting along at his heels. These were happy days for the dog. The boy, too, seemed to be perfectly contented, now that his faithful friend was with him.

Pete seemed to understand that his remaining at college all depended upon his good behavior, so he carried himself with dignity. He never chased squirrels and never frightened the children who came on the campus to play. He was polite, and moved off the sidewalk to let the ladies pass, showing in many ways that he had come from a good home, where the training had been of the right kind.

Ralph was elected to play on the ball team. Pete had not forgotten the times back home on the sand lot, when he had helped his master win many a game, so he was on hand to do his bit on these occasions. However, he was not so young as he used to be and he was not so agile in bringing back the ball. As the other members of the team who had dogs thought they could get along without his help, Pete had to be tied up when a game was on, much to his chagrin.

Ralph, who had been one of the best players on the high school squad, was given a place on the team when the football season commenced.

All went well until one day, when there was a close game with another university, Ralph was injured. The track was wet and slippery, and Ralph's ankle turned, throwing him and wrenching his back.

This unfortunate accident kept Ralph confined to his room, and on his back for some time. But for Peter, he would have spent many lonely hours before he could again go to classes. The dog would lie on the rug in front of the gas stove, where he could keep one eye on his beloved master.

On the night of the oratorical contest all of the boys were gone, and Ralph and Pete were alone in the house. Having read until he was tired, Ralph closed his eyes, and soon he was sound asleep. Pete was lying in his customary place before the stove. The door leading out into the corridor was open; also one leading onto the fire escape. Suddenly Peter began barking and pulling at the covering on Ralph, who awakened to find himself nearly suffocated by smoke that filled the house.

Ralph realized that the house was on fire, and felt his helplessness, as he was not yet able to walk since his accident; but something must be done, and quickly. Dragging himself off the couch, he managed to get his arm around the dog's neck, and in this way the two of them made their way through the smoke to the fire escape. From there, Ralph gave the alarm and was rescued, just as the walls crumbled. The fire had made such headway that nothing could save the house. Had it not been for this prince among dogs, Ralph's life would have gone out while he slept. Susie and Shep had sown good seed when they taught Peter that bravery was a good trait for a dog to have.

Peter was growing old. There was no doubt about it; he was getting stiff in his joints, and his hearing was not so good. When he was alone, he found it difficult to keep from being struck by the automobiles, whose careless drivers had no regard for life of either dog or child, but would come tearing along at reckless speed.

One day Pete was crossing to the campus,

when a car came in sight. It was one of those that college boys seem to enjoy driving more than any other kind, a rickety old bus, without top and not much else but wheels and an engine. In this semblance of a car were as many boys as it would hold. They were having a hilarious time, returning from a game.

There was so much noise, as they went zig-zagging through the street, that poor Pete became confused and was caught under the wheels of this death trap. Thus a precious life went out. This was the closing of a career of one of the most faithful of God's creatures in the animal kingdom. He was one who laid no claim to anything but ordinary ability, natural instincts, and a reaction to kind treatment that paid a hundredfold.

Ralph felt his loss so keenly that, after laying Peter's broken body away, he conceived the idea of writing a book about dogs. He would depict only the good qualities or instincts, which, if developed, would make even yellow mongrels into decent dogs. To the memory of his be-

loved Peter he would dedicate a collection of really good and true stories, with the hope that other boys would derive, from the companionship and knowledge of dogs, such inspiration as had helped to develop his own character, making him an ardent defender of all faithful creatures.

So this is how *The Tattlers* came to be written.



Pixie and Bob

THE TATTLERS

PIXIE AND BOB

It was a beautiful street where the dogs all lived, lined on one side by stately palms. The lawns were smooth as velvet, and always green, in spite of the fact that it seldom rained in this country. Flowers and clinging vines helped to enhance the beauty. The owners of the homes on this well kept street were rich and could afford every luxury for themselves, as well as everything appropriate to their respective positions.

That anyone or anything could be unhappy in such environment seemed unbelievable. However, one little heart was aching there. It was that of a poor little rich Pomeranian, so tiny that the amount which had been paid for her would cover her nicely, were it in bills.

Notwithstanding the fact that Pixie, for that was her name, was fondled and petted, wore beautiful clothes, slept on a silk pillow at the

foot of her mistress's bed, and won all the prizes at the fancy dog shows, indeed, had every wish gratified, she was very unhappy to-day.

Pixie's owners, who had bought her in London, were proud of her long pedigree, which they never failed to mention, and also that she was registered along with dogs belonging to the King and Queen. This was exceedingly gratifying to everyone concerned, and the awe with which people expressed their admiration for a mite like her that had hobnobbed with royalty, was astonishing.

She was in this lovely home, and had nothing to do but go through a few silly tricks, such as sneezing when she was told to, whether she felt like it or not. To be sure she would be rewarded with some little bit of sweet for performing. But the worst was to have to sit up on her haunches, close her eyes, and say her prayers, in order that her admirers might have a hearty laugh.

Pixie never felt like laughing herself, as something in her made her feel cross at such times. Besides, where did her mistress get that idea of

saying prayers in that way? Pixie never saw her mistress say prayers in that or any other way. If she had, would she have liked to be laughed at?

These were only a few of the things this mite of a dog, who was worth her weight in gold, had to trouble her, for she was possessed as we have seen of a small organ necessary to her existence, called a heart. This, we like to think, was susceptible to emotions similar to those of others of God's creatures.

That this "angel dog," as her mistress sometimes called her, could have a heartache never occurred to that lady, yet just now Pixie truly was troubled. Every morning Celeste, the French maid, whose ancestors came from the same country that was the home of Pixie's, would take her out for exercise and fresh air. Pixie loved going to the park nearby. At the entrance, the maid would take the leash from her collar and allow her her liberty.

Celeste would stop to visit with other maids who had brought either children or dogs with

them. The one with whom she was holding conversation to-day was the Judge's maid, who had a young Airedale pup in tow. This young dog was also allowed to run at large. He was so homely and awkward that Pixie was ashamed to be seen with him, although he, like herself, was supposed to be of blue blood. Yet since he belonged to their set, she felt that she must be polite to him.

He became familiar and this put Pixie on her dignity. They started out together, but the Pom was haughty and disdainful.

"He is so common and ugly," she thought.

Pixie was not wise in her reasoning, or she would have wanted just such a background to show off her own beauty. How her lovely, golden-brown coat glistened in the sun, and how stiff, bristly and fuzzy the Airedale's coat looked in comparison. And such ears! And was there anything more ridiculous than that stub of a tail? Why, that must be why he was called Bob. Such were the observations that Pixie was making to herself.

Still Pixie was trying to be polite, as one in her position in dogdom should be, but she resented the Airedale's friendly advances, and when Bob challenged her to a race, she became very cool indeed. She felt that sometimes one's standing required the toleration of "impossible" dogs, but one did not have to lower her dignity in doing so.

Bob must have sensed something of what was in this haughty lady dog's mind, for he began bragging. "She wasn't so much after all." His master lived in a larger, finer house than hers. Besides, his master was a Judge, who knew about everything and owned two dogs, real dogs—himself and his father—both with pedigrees and family trees planted in the north of England. They were grafted onto an Irish terrier branch, and noted for a lot of things. He failed to say that one of the traits for which they were noted was their quick tempers when they were young and undisciplined.

Bob had some things of which to be proud, too, so he began strutting before Pixie, which

only made matters worse, as far as their ever being friends was concerned.

Then Bob, who, you must remember, was young and thoughtless, began making insulting growls, which meant that he knew a few things. "Hadn't Celeste told their maid that Pixie's great-great-grandmother was a wolf-dog, and that she had one of the largest families? She was known to have had twenty puppies, and she had to leave them to look after themselves while she helped Pixie's great-great-grandfather shoo off the wolves." He wound up by saying, "And my master says it is true. He looked it up in the book."

Now Pixie was a "perfect lady," yet there remained in her blood a taint of the fighting propensity that had enabled her great-great-grandparents to shoo off those hungry wolves, and she was not going to stand for any such unkind remarks from a mere Irish Airedale terrier pup.

She flew at him, snapping and biting his awkward legs, and barking her loudest, which

only made Bob smile, though it is hard to believe that Airedales do smile, so solemn are their countenances. He decided to show her what real barking was like, and the big bass bow-wow that he let out so frightened Pixie that she scampered off to the French maid.

In this way the morning was spoiled for the little Pom, who shed tears when she thought of her poor great-great-grandmother having to leave those dear little puppies to help shoo off those terrible wolves. Looking around at her surroundings, she thought how different was her condition. She had everything to make her happy. She could sit in her mistress's lap and eat off her plate if she wanted to. She would never have a large family of puppies to bother with; and of course there would never be any wolves to disturb her.

As this brought her thoughts back to the happenings of the morning and that dreadful Airedale pup, a shudder went through her small body. "Will I always have to encounter that dog when I go to the park?" she wondered.

There were many dogs at the park, but with most of them Pixie must not play. She could associate with only the dogs in her particular circle, and give these others only a haughty stare when she met them.

The Airedale pup, not used to being snubbed, was taking this slight seriously. After Pixie left him, he felt he was in need of sympathy. That Pixie was a lady and had very sharp teeth prevented him from demanding an apology. Had she been one of his own kind, and of his own size, Bob would have fought it out. He would have had the apology, too; but as it was he must have advice.

Looking across the park, he saw the gleam of a brass-studded collar which looked like the regulation collar for dogs in their neighborhood. Going over there, he found three dogs, all belonging in his set. They were taking the air while their attendants sat on the benches and read the morning papers.

Bob, who was still smarting from Pixie's snub, told them his tale of woe.

“I have been mistreated by a pert little flapper of a Pom, with a ribbon around her neck—and such superior airs she was assuming, when she is only the great-great-granddaughter of a wolf-dog, who, away back there in the old country, raised dozens of puppies and shooed wolves!”

His hearers sat around on their haunches, with their tongues lolling out, and listened intently. Being unable to get an expression from them collectively, Bob questioned them one by one as to what they thought of Pixie, and what he should do about her behavior to him.

All except one expressed opinions. The exception was a young police dog, whose family tree was flourishing over there. If he was not mistaken, there were traditions in his family which bore some relation to the story about the little Pomeranian dogs being able to frighten his own ancestors, when they were hungry and weak, and wanted only a good meal from the poultry pens. Yet he hoped there was some mistake about the story. It did not seem pos-

sible that a mere Pom could frighten a noble wolf. Yet he admired Pixie.

The next dog consulted was a little pug, named Ruby. She was quite well acquainted with Pixie, had met her abroad, and had come home on the same ship with her. Both of them had been prize-winners at a dog show in England. Their respective mistresses had bought them from the same kennels. There had been considerable discussion as to the merits of the two dogs. Both had wanted the Pom, and quite a bit of feeling arose between the two ladies on the subject. In fact, the pug's mistress, in a polite way, claimed the other lady had used questionable methods to procure the coveted dog. However, nothing could be done about it now, as Pixie's mistress was better able to pay the purchase price.

So the pug was taken; but Ruby always felt there was a lack of sincerity in her owner's voice when she declared to Pixie's owner, "No amount of money would induce me to part with my dear little pug. She is the smartest,

brightest dog I ever knew." Then too, Ruby had overheard Pixie's mistress telling some one that pugs were stupid dogs who did nothing but eat and snore.

Considering these facts, it was not difficult for Bob to enlist Ruby's sympathy. Aside from this, Ruby was envious of Pixie's beautiful fur coat. It was so soft and warm. Pixie had no need to wear an overcoat that made her look like a stuffed sausage when she went riding. And she didn't snore when she slept. The pug at once became Bob's ally.

The other one in the group was a little French poodle who was fond of Pixie, because, notwithstanding that one was of German descent and the other of French, they got along nicely together. Though unlike in color, they had many traits in common. Both had ancestors who were valiant and courageous. Having this beautiful French poodle, whose name was Petite, to champion her cause was favorable for Pixie, had she known about it; but Pixie was blissfully unaware of the controversy.

Petite's and Pixie's mistresses were old friends, and both dogs had heard complimentary remarks about each other, so Bob could not count on the French poodle's sympathy. She was decidedly for Pixie. Nothing could be settled with the weight of opinion so unequally balanced.

Bob's pride had had a jolt, and the matter must be adjusted. He would take the case to his father to decide. The elder Airedale was one of those large boned, solemn looking dogs that always look as if they were thinking deeply on some subject of importance. At the same time, there is a comical twist to their countenances that harks back to some trait in their Irish ancestry. Because of these characteristics, and the fact that his owner was on the bench, this old Airedale was called Judge.

Besides being Bob's father, Judge was also a sort of father confessor to all the dogs in the neighborhood. He was always being called upon to decide the rights of the case in the squabbles of the dogs. Was there a scrap over a bone,



Judge Was Always Being Called Upon to Decide

or had some of the dogs mistreated a cat that was unable to defend itself, Judge would administer a cuffing to the offenders. Even his own son was granted no mercy when he was brought into court for some disturbance he had caused, but was given a good cuffing if Judge found him guilty.

JUDGE AIREDALE

With some misgivings, therefore, Bob approached his father on this subject. He decided he would wait until he was sure his dad was in a happy mood. After the noonday meal, when they were both comfortably full, and Judge had had his nap, was the most likely time. Then, cautiously, Bob broached the matter of his wounded pride. Having no mother to smooth the way for him, Bob was at the mercy of his father's candor. Judge, realizing this fact, became interested in learning about the case.

He inquired as to how many families were acquainted with the story, and how much had really been said about the personal appearance of his offspring. This was a delicate subject, as there was a strong resemblance between father and son. Just how far into the family records had Pixie delved? Of course, no one in this neighborhood knew of the family skeleton. That was safe. Bob was very brief about his

part in the encounter. He mentioned nothing about his terrible bow-wows, which had so frightened the pert Pom that she had turned pale under her heavy coat.

Judge, rubbing his chin with his ponderous paw, said, "I will take up the case, but I will defer a decision until more evidence can be procured. Meantime I will investigate."

In the interval each of the dogs that knew about the affair related it to every other dog they met. It was discussed not only in the best families, but the garbage man's dog heard of it, and he told it to the laundress's yellow mongrel, who met the milkman's shepherd collie. As the latter traveled around town, and was an excellent reporter, the news spread and the story grew and grew, until the owners of the dogs were also involved. When at last it came to their ears, they were puzzled to know what it was all about.

Judge, hearing about how the news of this little affair had grown until it was called a scandal, decided he must act quickly to settle

the wagging of those busybodies' tongues. He would hold a session and call the whole neighborhood of dogs into court. The police dog was to summon them. Each one that had a share in this matter, regardless of what was his standing in society, must appear before him to be punished.

It was an outrage that a dog of Judge's high standing should be so maligned, for at last the story had grown until it was unsavory, and a great injustice had been done to the father of such a promising son. Summoning the German police dog, Judge made a list of those who were responsible for the wide spread of the story. Among these were Ruby, the pug, Petite, the white French poodle, and those to whom they had told the interesting bit of news.

In their set was an English bulldog named Bill, who was a distant relative on the terrier side of the Airedale family. Bill felt that it would be disloyal not to support the Airedales in their contention, especially as the matter had been laid before him by Ruby, who gave her

own version of it, adding as much local color as she could.

Bill, in turn, told a friend, a Boston bull, and so it went. Among their select set, everyone who repeated the tale added something to it. It was left to dear little Petite, the fluffy French poodle, who always wore white, to defend the little Pom. With tears in her eyes, Petite told all her friends how that "impossible Airedale pup had insulted her dear friend, Pixie." She wept on the shoulder of a stately Russian wolfhound, named Princess, who had been "over" only a short time, and who was bewildered by Petite's show of emotion. For some time indeed Princess was unable to understand what it all meant.

Expressing her indignation in a dignified and charming way at the effrontery of the Airedale, the Princess promised to call on the little Pom and extend her sympathy. She passed the sad news on to a water spaniel, who just then emerged from the drinking fountain basin, where he had been taking a bath. Although he shook



Petite and Princess

the water from his wet coat all over her, which at another time would have been good cause for a show of temper, even from a lady dog of noble birth, she passed it by unnoticed, so eager was she to enlist all her friends in Pixie's cause.

On up the street these two went to where lived two squatty little dachshunds, whose ancestors, like Pixie's, were real warriors. It was said of them that they attacked badgers, an action requiring great courage. They too had a friendly feeling for Pixie; and then the Princess was so sweet in her manner and so eager to clear her little friend's name of any suspicion, they could not resist her, even though they saw that the chances of the Airedale were growing slim, and that it was scarcely fair for all of his friends to turn against him.

It was through these little, sociable dachshunds that the story spread to the other element of society in dogdom. The garbage man's dog, Gyp, who always accompanied his master on his collection trips, was a good watchdog. He was watching the empty cans while his master

stopped to chat with the laundress. He had his hands full with the dogs who pestered him for a chance at the tidbits left in the cans. Finally, Gyp, being of a practical turn of mind, began bartering with the dogs for an exchange, just as boys do. The dachshunds had something desirable in this story they had heard, and promised they would give the details as an after-dinner speech, if they could come to terms, which they did.

While they were delivering the purchase price of their lunch, the laundress's yellow mongrel listened in. Gyp was emphatically against the Airedale. Once Gyp had fallen into the hands of the law, and had almost been taken to the dog pound, so he was bitter against law, and everyone connected with it. This, of course, included the Judge.

Such was not the feeling of the little yellow mongrel, who was of no particular breed. He was just plain dog, and did not mind it one bit if he was. His mistress gave the Judge two days of her time every week, and he knew the



Gyp and the Dachshunds

Airedale quite well. The Judge's folks had been kind to him, giving him many meaty bones after dinner. Sometimes the boys played with him, too, in the back yard, where it was nice and private. The fence was so high no one could see them. For all of this, he was most grateful, and intended to stand by the Judge. He was not going to say anything about it to anyone, except the milkman's dog, and he must promise not to repeat the story. Anyway, he lived away on the other side of town, where they would probably not be interested.

This is how this contention, which, in its beginning was just a misunderstanding between two inoffensive dogs, grew until friendly relations were strained to the breaking point.

Having arranged for a hearing on a certain evening, when all the dogs were again in the park, Judge impaneled a jury. Then, upon examining the jury, he found that not one of the members was fit to serve, as all had gossiped about the case. There were not "twelve good dogs and true" to be found in the town.

Because of this state of affairs, some other plan must be followed. Judge decided that he would punish all of the worst offenders. The principals, which meant Pixie and Bob, he would talk to privately. Pixie no doubt by this time was very sorry and ready to apologize to Bob.

The gossips he would attend to first. Since they were so eager to tell stories about other dogs, he would require each of them to come, one at a time, and tell him a true story of some brave or clever happening of which they had heard. Perhaps there were family traditions that were worth repeating, as in the case of Pixie and the dachshunds. It would be a good way to train their minds, and to teach them to look for the good and to ignore the bad in all dogs. Besides, it would keep them busy. As their outings were limited to about two hours each day, it would be possible for them to hear no more than one long, or, possibly, several short stories each time.

The police dog, being next in importance to the Judge, was required to begin this series of

punishment. The Judge, after the class in story-telling had paid the penalty and the law was satisfied, was to tell a very interesting story himself—one containing much human interest and moral advice.

Although he was somewhat vain and pompous, the Judge was at heart a good dog. He desired to raise the standard of morals in dogdom, and knew that the only way to do that was to fill the empty heads of the dogs with something besides gossip. A research story-telling campaign he hoped would prove the first step toward reform.

A program was arranged. Each one was, in his or her turn, to tell whatever story he or she knew on a given subject; or they could relate anything of interest that had occurred in their own families. Detective stories would be in the German police dog's line. Also stories of German country dogs. One very interesting story he knew about a large Dane that could understand nothing but German.

All the dogs were so interested, and so eager

to begin, that they ran around in circles. The court session having adjourned, the police dog escorted them out of the park, and requested that all of them be on time promptly the next evening. A happier group of dogs passed out of the park entrance to go their different ways. No haughty airs were assumed by the blue bloods. All were interested in one theme, a common interest—the paying of a court fine, which makes all kin.

So used were the dogs in the beautiful homes on that exclusive street to having everything done for them that they had become mere puppets, and it required considerable effort for them to do any real thinking. Most of them were foreign born and several had peculiar habits, different from those of their American cousins. Although their ancestors originally came from Europe, the latter had become true Americans in every sense of the word, and were losing their love of ease and indolence.

Although the owners of these blue-blooded dogs had them registered and pedigreed, and all

that, what did they really know of their families? It was by mere accident that Pixie heard that bit of history about her great-great-grandmother. Her mistress never spoke of the little Pom's past, except to mention about the dog show in London and Pixie's having associated with the nobility. Now that Pixie knew about her people, she was proud that she had such plucky forbears.

The rest of the dogs, after hearing how Pixie felt about it, were anxious to know something about their own family histories. This story-telling campaign was going to afford them just the excuse they wanted to get the desired information. Surely some members of their breed had won honors for themselves somewhere or somehow. Just how or where were they to hear of these things? Now the chance was to be given, for every dog was to help every other dog with his story. If the shepherd dog knew of a good story about a bull dog, he was to tell it; but it must be such a story as the bull would be pleased to know. Then, if the bull

dog knew anything that would add to the happiness of the shepherd, he in turn would make it known.

Satisfied with this arrangement, the dogs went diligently to work unearthing stories.

It was early, and the Judge was on his bench under a tree at the far corner of the park. It was a quiet place where the children, who were playing in the sand piles or swinging, would not disturb them. The Judge, not needing an attendant, was allowed to roam at will. The others would have to wait to be brought, except, of course, the middle-class dogs, who would presently come romping in.

Had the respective owners of the dogs on the beautiful street been aware of what was taking place, in all probability they would have tried to buy the Judge off; but this one was not that kind of a judge. His belonging to their set would not have influenced him in the least. Back in his own family history were some sterling qualities, chief of which was honesty, that had descended to this offspring, and these,

as well as other admirable traits, were manifest in all of his dealings.

The dogs were assembled at last, even Pixie, who was seen trotting along beside the Airedale pup. The police dog was keeping order and seating the class. When the gavel, which was his left paw, fell, everything was ready.

PETITE AND BOB TELL THEIR STORIES

PETITE'S STORY

The white poodle told her story in a winsome way. One of her sisters had attended the wedding of one of the nobility in France. The bride was so fond of her little pet that she wanted the poodle with her on this, the happiest day of her life.

The tiny poodle was bathed and combed until she looked like a fluff of cotton. Around her neck a pink ribbon was tied and arranged in a smart bow between her ears. She behaved beautifully, never stepping on the bride's train, nor did she blush as the groom did. She made only one little break.

After the ceremony, when the groom kissed the bride, she let out one little growl, which she could never refrain from doing when this occurred. For her nice behavior, she was given a piece of the bride's cake to put under her pillow to sleep on.

As she was a very smart poodle in many ways, she seemed to understand everything that was said to her, and she answered one and all with the tail language. This is the accepted lingo of such favored dogs, especially as they have such fine, feathery tails, that show to advantage when waved in a wig-wag message.

When the poodle was asked if she wanted to go walking, she would hop onto a chair, and look toward the place where her leash was kept and wait for her mistress to put it on her neck. As soon as it was put on, she would jump down from the chair, run to the door and wag her tail, as if to say she was ready.

On the street, she would walk along beside her mistress in a nice way, never running on ahead nor pulling on the leash, as do some rude dogs.

Petite was exceedingly proud because she belonged to such a fine breed of dogs; she waved her beautiful tail in acknowledgment of the applause which was given her.

BOB'S STORY

Judge required even his own son to relate a story, in punishment for his rudeness in barking that terrible bass solo at Pixie, which a well mannered dog should not have done. The father had had Bob rehearse just what he would say, to make certain that nothing in regard to the family skeleton would be disclosed, although almost every family has some such secret to guard. However, Judge thought it best to be on the safe side in regard to theirs.

Right now I will tell you what this great secret was, but it must go no further. Some ancestor of Judge's was killed for slaughtering sheep. That was about the most disgraceful thing of which a dog could be guilty—to be called a kill-sheep dog! Of course younger generations had done honor to the Airedale name, and nobody would hold them responsible for what had occurred in their family so long ago. Still, they seldom mentioned it among themselves, and never, never, to outsiders.



The Comical Young Airedale Terrier

Bob was inclined to be boastful, and was more than anxious to square himself with the little Pom. After asking his father many questions in regard to their family history, he finally succeeded in ferreting out some very interesting facts.

The Airedale family are noted for their ability to look after their own welfare, and as guards for children and for property liable to be invaded by burglars. They are not beautiful, but what is of far more value, they are useful. As they are partly Irish, they have a sense of humor and do many comical things.

As an instance of the cleverness and humor of the Airedale terrier, one that was young liked to dig holes in his master's front lawn. He had been repeatedly punished for this naughtiness. Yet whenever he saw the tracks of a ground mole, he would forget everything and start digging until he had made another large hole. Then he would stop and look at what he had done. Feeling guilty, he would run to the porch, where there was a large door mat. This

he would drag to the place and cover the hole. Satisfied that his guilt was hidden, he would run off to play.

Another of Bob's stories was about a clever dog named King who took care of a baby.

KING

King and Junior, a baby boy, were devoted pals. When Junior was in his pen on the lawn, King would take his place as guard and master of ceremonies. While the baby was good, King would lie quietly by, with one eye always on the child. If the baby got tired and fretted, King would jump up, run around the pen and bark to attract Junior's attention, and would keep it up until the baby would smile.

One day when Junior's teeth were hurting, he was unusually fretful. King did his stunts in vain. Seeing that he must try some other way to comfort his pal, he stood in thought for a moment. Then he bounded off down the street to a place where another family with

children lived. Presently he came dashing back with a woolly dog in his mouth, which he dropped into Junior's pen, much to the delight of the crying youngster.

Bob also told another story about a dog who was fond of scrambled eggs.

SCRAMBLED EGGS

Snappy was a small Irish terrier who was fond of scrambled eggs. As his owners were obliged to buy their eggs at a good price, he did not get one as often as he would have liked. So he would go to the back of the lot and lie there until he heard a neighbor's hen cackle. Immediately he would crawl through a hole in the fence, and presently return with an egg in his mouth. He would carry the egg to the kitchen, lay it very carefully on the floor, and wait patiently by it until some one had time to cook it for him. No objections were made, as the neighbor thought this was so clever of him.

POLICE DOG STORIES

All were eager to hear what the German police dog would have to tell, as they knew he must have been able to gather from his grandparents some thrilling tales, because they went through the war and were at the very center of activities. However, he was unable to get many of the facts from them, as their experiences had been so painful that they had come to America to recover and to forget about them.

One member of the family, however, had been cited for bravery, and they loved to sing the praises of poor old "Marne," of whom they told the story. All of the dogs wept upon hearing about this war hero. After their eyes were dry, they asked for another story from the police dog. This time it was a detective story, with old Tip as the hero.

The police dog was a born story-teller, and his contact with so many different kinds of dogs and men had given him a store of knowledge far beyond his years. So he was applauded

until he responded with a narrative about one of his own country's species, Fritz, who was German through and through.

After this story, the police dog, who had consumed all of the time at this session, was excused and relieved of any more punishment. The Judge was pleased with his conduct through it all.

MARNE, THE WAR HERO

It is a long reach from the battlefields of France to the fashionable dog show at a notable hotel in southern California, but one of the veterans of the World War made it. With sad and solemn eyes, he viewed the scene around him, reminding one of those old men who turn up from retirement to march or to be driven in the parades at the reunions of the Grand Army of the Republic, aged and worn, so far as looks go, but with dear old souls washed white with deeds of bravery.

Thus it was with our war hero, who, surrounded by yelping, barking blue-bloods, was

“sitting in” at the dog exhibit, not “listening in,” for he was almost deaf from his injuries received on the battlefield.

Marne was an ambulance dog who served with gallantry throughout the recent war. He came through, and was accepted and decorated by the French government for bravery, but for his glory he paid a dear price. He had been gassed. This, as many who served in the war can testify, takes something out of the very soul of a man. It had the same effect on Marne, who at ten years of age was an old dog.

He was lying silent and dignified among the other entries, but with an accumulation of wisdom impossible to any of the pedigreed dogs about him.

When he was only three months old, this heroic dog was given to the French government. After six months' training, he was sent to the battlefields to find the dead and wounded. From these trips into “No Man's Land,” he would come back with either a button or a stone on his stretcher. A button meant a

wounded man, and a stone bore mute testimony of one having "gone west."

Both the British and the French are under obligations to faithful dogs for service on the fields of battle. If these dear, brave dogs could talk, what stories they would tell!

Thanks to the gentle heart of a dear lady who appreciates real worth and brave deeds above mere good breeding in a dog, Marne has been given a pleasant home, and his wounds that have never healed are given proper care. Though there is a far-away look in his eyes, and he has the appearance of one who has known sorrow which he cannot forget, this dear old comrade seems contented.

OLD TIP

Tip was not much of a dog, so far as looks go—never had been, even in his young doghood days. There was too much of just ordinary dog in his ancestry. He was part hound, which gave him those floppy, big ears and that long, lean body. His tail, which was not long

enough for a real, honest-to-goodness hound to have, was somewhat like that of his grandmother, who was a mongrel with some shepherd blood. From this tail Tip acquired his name, for on the end of it was a white tip. The rest of his body was brown, shading into yellow, which, had he been of more aristocratic lineage, would have been *golden brown*.

Fate often picks just ordinary men in the lowly walks of life for the laurels. Such was the case with Tip, who was no longer young, and moreover was afflicted with rheumatism, caused by his having no suitable place to sleep on cold, dark nights. He was chosen in his old days to perform the crowning act of his life and to become a hero.

The old corncrib with the leaky roof was Tip's bedroom. He had only one old grain sack to lie upon. On one of those cold, rainy nights in November, it happened. It was just the time of year when every farmer's wife is counting on returns for her summer's work, through the marketing of her nice, fat poultry;

and it was also the season when poultry thieves thrive and are busy plying their unlawful business.

Tip had only that evening helped his mistress round up every stray fowl on the place, and she had shut them securely in the chicken house, to be ready for the buyer who was due in the morning to purchase the fat hens and turkeys. Tip had inspected the premises for the last time. Then, considering it safe to do so, he had turned around twice, as is the habit of all dogs, and laid down to sleep.

After his first nap, he awoke. Did he hear or scent something? Not yet really wide awake, he sat up, flapping back his big ears in order to hear more clearly. Surely that sound was something worth giving attention to. He would investigate. Stretching his long body to awaken it fully, he looked out, and what he saw was a small light on the end of something that looked, to him, like a stick. It was up against the poultry house door.

Now, as I told you, Tip was old and had

gained wisdom with years. A younger dog would have been more rash; but not Tip. He was cautious. Slipping around the corner, he waited to see what would happen. Soon he saw the door open and two men enter the poultry house. Now was his chance for action. Bounding behind the door, he slammed it shut. As he did so, the bolt slipped into place and, as the key, which had been left in the keyhole, fell out at the same time, he had his prisoners secure. Then he did some lusty barking. Such whoops of "bow-wow!" such howls did he set up, that in a short time he had the family aroused.

This action of his was the means of breaking up an organized band of poultry thieves in that neighborhood; and this feat also earned poor old Tip his laurels.

FRITZ, WHO KNEW ONLY GERMAN

(As Told in the Presence of the Police Dog by a Lady)

Once when I was motoring through the middle states with my husband, who had dealings with the farmers of that part of the country, we drew up to the door of a German-American farmer, who, on seeing us, came out to ask what was our business. As he did so, out bounded the biggest piece of dog flesh I had ever seen. At first I thought it was a calf, but when a huge mouth opened and let out a "bow-wow," I saw it was an immense Dane. On the dog came, ready, it seemed, to tear us to pieces; but the farmer caught him by the collar and, talking to him in German, led him back into the house.

As it was a cold, wintry day, the farmer asked me to go inside where it was warm. Wishing to do so, but still remembering that dog, I hesitated. The man insisted, saying his wife would take care of me. I went.

These people, like many of their kind, live most of their cold weather days in the kitchen, where

they can cook and keep warm at the same time. Their cookstove was an old fashioned wood one. The oven, when not used for baking pies and bread, or thawing out the men's feet, was piled full of wood to dry for fuel; I learned that it was Fritz who supplied the wood for the drying process.

I entered and was invited by the wife to take a seat near the stove. I did so, looking around to see where the Dane might be. I spied him behind the stove, pretending to sleep. Soon the stove needed more wood. The wife took some from the oven and replenished the fire. Fritz got up, came around and looked inside the oven to see how much was left. As he was quite near me at the time, I spoke to him and attempted to pet him. The look he gave me was discouraging, but he turned to his mistress, as though inquiring what was wanted of him. She spoke to him in German. Turning around, he wagged his tail, and gave me a genuine dog smile, before returning to his place behind the stove to finish his nap.



Fritz Supplied the Wood for the Fire

Presently the two men came in. The farmer took more wood from the oven. Fritz was watching the oven with evident concern; at last, when only a few sticks were left, he ran to the door, and with his paw unlatched and opened it. Soon he returned with a stick of wood in his jaws. He laid it down by the stove, and repeated the process until the little old oven was full again. This done, he went across to the cupboard, sat down, and barked until he was served with a lunch. His owners explained that they talked to him only in German, although they spoke very good English; and they added that no amount of money would induce them to part with him.

TED THE WATER SPANIEL

Next on the docket was Ted, the water spaniel. When Ted was called to jury duty, he gave his occupation as "mascot." He had sailed the seas, having gone on a cruise around the world on a big battleship. When not on mascot duty, he was engaged in catching rats

that infested the ship's hold. He was an excellent sailor and loved the water. The crew, all of whom were fond of him, enjoyed teaching him many clever tricks.

He was a good sport and would allow the men to throw him into the water, which they did just for the fun of seeing him swim back to them. Also, he was a most comical looking animal when he was wet. He would dive for an egg in ten or twelve feet of water; and would pick a piece of money from a pail of water.

There was not a lazy bone in his body. He was always up to something. It was a laughable sight to see him, with his long ears and topknot, sitting up on his haunches to beg for what he wanted. When he was asked what he would do for his country, he would salute the flag and play dead. Many other interesting stunts he did to entertain the sailors and the officers of the big ship.

When the great guns boomed, he would hide and stay hidden until all the smoke had cleared away, when he would come cautiously out from



Ted Performed Many Stunts to Entertain the Sailors

his place of concealment, looking as if he were asking, "Is it all over?"

Of his ancestral history, he knew nothing whatever, as he was picked up from the street in Liverpool by a sailor. Ever since he had followed the sea; but now he was retired and living a quiet life. Though he missed the companionship of the sailors and the wide ocean, he was happy when he could be taken to the beaches. At other times, he bathed in the fountains, which he was doing on the day when Princess met him.

The next story, which he related, was one he had heard some one telling his mistress.

BLOOD WILL TELL

My friends lived on a farm, which was situated in that part of the country where storms and floods were frequent. A stream, quite a small river, in fact, divided their land, the house being on one side of the stream and the pasture lands on the other. The connecting link was a bridge over the stream.

On one occasion, after a heavy storm, this stream was swollen beyond its banks. It became a seething, rushing torrent, carrying the bridges away, leaving no way, except to make a detour of five miles, by which the cows could come from the pasture to the barn. A council was held, and ways and means were discussed. The question was, how were they to get those milkers across to the other side? Everyone had some suggestion. Their little mongrel dog, within whose veins flowed a strain of water spaniel, sat blinking his eyes, and holding his own council.

When the family had given up in despair and returned to the house, the dog swam across to the pasture. He rounded up the herd and, driving them before him, swam the stream again, keeping the cows ahead of him until they were safe on the other side. Every day he repeated this performance until the bridge was built.

The water spaniel recollected another story about a dog named Prince. This one he had heard a gentleman telling his owner.

PRINCE HELPS HIS MASTER TO GET A JOB

The actions of this smart little dog show that dogs often display a degree of reason.

A young man was searching for a position. He was unsuccessful in finding the one suited to his qualifications. He returned home, tired and discouraged, and threw himself on a couch to rest. His small dog Prince saw with an understanding eye that something was worrying his master. He went off to his own corner in the lower part of the house, where the telephone was located, but he did not go to sleep as did his master. He had to think things over as to the cause of his master's troubles.

Presently the telephone rang. Prince bounded upstairs, two steps at a time, barking lustily all the way. He pulled at the young man's coat to awaken him, and told him as best he could to answer the phone. His master did so, with the result that he learned that a good position was open to him—a place of trust with a good firm—which he readily accepted.

GYP, THE GARBAGE MAN'S DOG

Gyp, the garbage man's dog, was next. He was somewhat sullen, having seen life on its seamy side, and he was as full of experiences as an egg is of meat.

As has been previously related, he disliked all phases of the law, and wasn't enjoying this court scene very much. However, a few more experiences would make little difference in his checkered life.

When he gave his name and address, he was asked if he had ever been in court before, to which he made the humiliating reply that he had, though he was not to blame for it. As Judges in general do not care to listen to excuses about the past, there was no chance for an explanation. Because this was not his first offense, and because he came from the lower ranks of life, although he had good blood; for he was a shepherd dog, and shepherd dogs are related to the great collie family, aristocrats in dogdom. But poor Gyp, being seen daily under the garbage

wagon, was looked upon as a suspicious character.

Now Gyp was not deserving of this opinion from any one. He was as honest and faithful as any of them. More temptation had been thrown in his way, and he had been able to withstand it better than some weaker ones. He would not lie, would not steal nor cheat. But he would fight. And it was due to this failing that he had a story to tell. We will leave it to you, dear reader, to decide if he was not justified at least in this one case.

Gyp said he hoped that all dogs were now taking this course in "higher standards of living." If they did, there might be no further occasion for his having to use his implements of warfare. Nevertheless, he would keep his teeth in good condition, and his claws well whetted. In fact, he thought preparedness was the best policy for all dogs. They need not actually fight, but just threaten to scrap if other dogs disregarded their rights.

His story was a thrilling one about mistaken

identity, and the innocent having to suffer for the sins of others. His master was his idol. For him, Gyp would die if necessary. Neither he nor his master had always been just what they were now, for both had seen better times.

One dark night a crime was committed. Gyp's master, though not guilty, was caught in the meshes of the police dragnet instead of the real culprit, and he was taken to jail to await trial for the crime some one else had committed.

When he failed to return in the morning, Gyp started out to find him. Taking up the trail, he found it led to the jail. Of course he was not allowed in the building, but he hung around, leaving only at night and when he was hungry. At night he had to return home to keep watch over the little boy and his mother. It was his job to take care of them, now that his master was gone.

Gyp had a double responsibility. The wife and little boy must be protected, and he must be on hand at the jail should a need come for him there. With all of this worry, he was

growing very thin. Also he did not have enough to eat, for not many luxuries in the way of meat were brought into the little home now, and he was too busy just watching, to hunt for stray bones and things like that.

At last the day of the trial came, and his master was taken from the jail across the courtyard to the room where the hearing was to be held. That was Gyp's opportunity. Following the crowd into the court room, he slipped in before any one knew he was there. Waiting his chance, he edged his way to where his master was and lay down at his feet. He was hoping he would be allowed to stay right through to the end; but he was disappointed, for hardly had he settled himself when some one took hold of his collar and roughly dragged him out, giving him a kick. Just who was the *dumb brute* in this case? That was the last he saw of his beloved master for some time. Do you wonder Gyp did not like courts and trials?

He returned home, for now he must devote his whole time to the family. The little boy

must be protected when he went to the corner grocery. Gyp would not permit another dog to come near the child. It was at this time that the dog's fighting blood rose. He would go ahead of the boy when he was crossing the street, and the kindly traffic officer, being their friend, would hold back the crowd until they were over.

One day, after having piloted his little charge safely home, Gyp took a walk down the street past some fine houses where a small dog was lying on a nice lawn. He saw a big hound dog come from another direction and go up to the small dog, sniffing and mumbling a war-growl. Gyp stopped to see what would happen. Presently something that gave offense to the small dog passed between the two, and he set his teeth in the left hind leg of the big dog. Then the trouble started. Seeing the small dog was getting the worst of it, Gyp entered the fray, letting the little fellow out of it, and he and the hound rolled over and over on those fine flower beds.

The ladies who lived in the house were screaming over the phone to police headquarters. But in their nervousness they succeeded only in making the chief believe some one was being killed. At once that official dispatched the police wagon. It came, bringing along with the police a newspaper reporter who wanted to get *first* news for his paper. All were disappointed. As the hound had sneaked off, Gyp was left to bear the entire blame. The police summoned the dog catcher.

The only protector of the little family around the corner was about to be taken away, when who should appear but the friendly traffic officer, who knew Gyp and came to his rescue. He testified to the dog's good character and vouched for his keeping the peace. After being patted on the head and admonished by his friend "to be a good dog," Gyp was allowed to go back to his post of duty—watching the little family.

Time dragged around to Christmas. Then the governor learned that a mistake had been made in the case of Gyp's master. The master

was released from prison and permitted to go home.

It was a joyous holiday for them all. The judge who had tried the case, desiring to make amends for the error, offered to help the good master to get work in the city's garbage disposal division. But the poor fellow was so humiliated, and his health so broken, that he decided to go to a warmer climate, where he could be out in the sunshine and regain his strength.

The judge, feeling that an injustice had been done the man, wrote to the mayor of this southern town where Gyp and his master had gone. This recommendation caused the master to be put on the pay roll, so the faithful dog and his beloved owner were now partners in this business of gathering the waste of the city.

It was through those friendly little dachshunds that Gyp had become involved in this mess. Now, however, there seemed to be a better feeling established among all of them, and the story which Gyp told them had the

effect of enlisting their sympathy and admiration, so that things looked brighter for him.

Presently Gyp was not "only the garbage man's dog." He was counted a real hero by the better class of dogs, and if they were free to follow their own natural inclinations, they would be real friendly with him; but there were their owners to contend with, and for their amusement, they would, they supposed, have to go on suppressing their good impulses. At any rate, all of them promised themselves that they would speak to Gyp when no one was watching them. Yes, they would even go out to the garbage wagon when they could, and they would not feel "uppish" toward him any more.

THE LAUNDRESS'S DOG

The laundress's dog was, as everyone said, just a yellow dog. But he was one of those creatures whose "yellow" was all on the outside—there were no yellow streaks under his skin. Being just plain dog has a significance all its own, as, in order to be any kind of a dog, one must have forefathers. It is highly probable that some of those ancestors were worth while in the case of this dog, and had handed down to their offspring some good traits.

Mandy, the colored laundress, had found him one morning, when she was on her way to work. He was a little fellow then, and he was cold and hungry. They lived in the state of Texas where the cotton grows. No doubt, the pup had started to follow some worker to the fields and became lost. When Mandy coaxed him to follow her, he did not hesitate, especially as her clothing was scented with breakfast bacon.

Together they had lived ever since, with Sam, Mandy's husband. Now, Sam had ambitions

above being always a cotton field hand. He had heard there were better chances for colored people in the north. Tales of wealth accumulated by chauffeurs and waiters with nice, fat tips, had filtered through to the cotton field workers, and they were leaving as fast as the price of a Ford car could be saved. Mandy helped by going out as many days as she could spare from her home and church duties, as she was a very devoted church worker.

Buff, as Mandy called him, on account of his pale yellow color, had fallen into a good home. With Sam's ambitions and Mandy's piety, things ran smoothly in this home.

Having purchased a car, they loaded into it everything it would hold, and started north. Buff's quarters were close, but he managed to be comfortable. It was better any way than riding on the running board. The chickens were riding there, while, on the other side, the family goat was enthroned. Sam was a good provider and his family were never in want of something to eat.

Having at last become fairly settled in their new home, Mandy and Buff would go out to work several days each week. One of the houses where they worked was the Judge's, so Buff was quite well known to the Airedales.

Buff's story, while not dealing with his ancestors, was interesting. He knew many stories about clever dogs, with whom he was acquainted, and he had done some fine things himself; but, being a modest dog, and having always been looked down upon in the south, where he came from, he was known only as Sam's and Mandy's "yaller cur." All of this was depressing and made him self-conscious and bashful.

The Judge, understanding how poor Buff felt, drew him out to talk about himself. Buff, too, had his ambitions, it appeared. Always he had desired to be a hunter. How he had longed to accompany Sam and his neighbors on their coon hunting trips! But Sam would not permit it. Buff was too small. It took husky dogs, like the hounds, with their big, floppy ears. Buff must remain at home.

Lying in front of the fire, he would stretch out, fall asleep and dream. His body would tremble; the muscles of his legs would twitch; he would prick up his ears, and go through all kinds of contortions. Then, jumping up, he would run out of the house, and bark in answer to the baying of the hounds, miles away. Back he would come and lie down, with a satisfied look at Mandy, as much as to say, "We got him!" This was as near as he ever came to having his ambition gratified.

The Judge requested Buff to tell about the time little Simon Peter, who lived next door to Sam and Mandy, fell in the water. So embarrassed was Buff at having to face all these eager eyes and lolling tongues, that he stood first on one foot, then on another. In his modesty, he made as little as possible of the part he had taken in the affair.

Simon Peter was a little pickaninny, who would lay his woolly head on the sleeping dog and take his afternoon nap. One day, Simon Peter's mammy was washing, as she too was a



Simon Peter and Buff

laundress, but of the home-loving variety. The pickaninny loved wash day. He and Buff were left in the kitchen, where the laundry work was done, while his mammy hung out the clothes. It gave him an opportunity to get into lots of things which otherwise would be forbidden.

On this particular day, his mother had stopped to hold a bit of conversation with Sister White, who lived at the back of their lot. There were some matters concerning a church festival of which she must know the particulars.

In the house the little brown baby and the yellow dog were having a happy time. With a dilapidated looking Teddy bear in his arms, Simon Peter was investigating everything. Among other things which the laundress had been using, was a candy pail. In it was some water. It was clean water, for, when Simon Peter looked into it, he saw a baby and a Teddy bear. Reaching for the bear, he lost his balance.

Just then Buff, who was busy gnawing a bone, looked up and saw a pair of chubby brown legs sticking up out of the pail. Sensing

what had happened, he climbed up on the side of the pail, and, adding his weight to that of the baby, managed to tip the bucket over, and the pickaninny crawled out.

Buff then ran to where the two "sisters" were in the depth of a discussion about church matters, and commenced jumping up and down, and running back and forth to attract their attention. Sister White took notice and inquired, "What's the matter with that fool dog?" Simon Peter's mammy took the hint. Running to the house, she found her little brown baby sitting in a puddle of water, and she saw that he was dripping wet.

This was such a good story the dogs wanted another from Buff, and he promised that at the next session he would tell them about Whitey, another mongrel of his acquaintance. So when the time came he told his second story.



Whitey and Her Mistress

THE DEVOTION OF WHITEY

Whitey was only a mongrel, a cross between a spitz dog and an English bull.

We can imagine that Whitey had inherited from her gentle, affectionate spitz mother, the devotion which this occasion brought into play. This trait, coupled with the persistence and tenacity of her English bull father, enabled her to enact the part she did.

Whitey's mistress, who was getting along in years, was alone in the world, having only her faithful dog for company. So the two became devoted to each other. When the little old lady went out on errands, Whitey guarded her most carefully.

One day the sun was very hot and the old lady seemed more unsteady than usual. Whitey, looking at her mistress, noticed that she was very pale. Then she saw her mistress sway and fall. The dog was frightened and barked furiously. Seeing a policeman down the street,

she ran barking to him, and then back to her fainting mistress.

Understanding what had occurred, the officer called an ambulance and started with the little old lady to the hospital. Whitey, who was no longer young herself, gathered herself together. She was not invited to ride in the ambulance with her mistress. As a matter of fact, no one noticed the anxious, woe-begone little mongrel. So there was nothing for her to do but follow the ambulance.

As it threaded its way in and out, shrieking and making ear-splitting, frightful noises, Whitey followed. Dodging the traffic as best she could, and dreadfully tired, she followed her mistress to she knew not where.

Arriving shortly after her mistress was carried into the hospital, Whitey stood at the door, sniffing and barking. Finally she heard some one coming out of that door. This was her chance. In she sprang, nearly tripping up the big policeman, but getting in where her beloved mistress was. Yelping joyously, she wagged

her tail with satisfaction. Her happiness was short-lived, however, for, in an instant a rough hand had her by the back of the neck and yanked her out to the street.

Then the English bull portion of Whitey manifested itself. Such scratching and clawing as she did at that door! She begged, she entreated to be admitted, until, finally, she was allowed to go in. All afternoon, she lay on the foot of her mistress's cot, looking her sympathy and love, and hoping she would soon help to take the dear mistress back to their home, where they would again be happy. And indeed it was not long before this hope was fulfilled.

THE RUSSIAN PRINCESS

Princess, having been "over" only a short time, and being unaccustomed to American ways, could tell only of her far-away Russia.

Her story was so sad that all were glad it was not a long one. They hoped that after she had been longer in our beautiful America, she would be able to forget those dark days of her own country. They hoped too that Russia, where these graceful hounds live, would see better times, and that no more cruel wars would wreck her government.

Princess was made acquainted with all the dogs in the park. Each in turn gave her a welcoming sniff, and assured her they would try to make it pleasant for her, so she would forget the tragedies of her native land.

She became a noted figure when led along the paths in the park. No one could look at her without their minds reverting to that terrible war and those helpless princesses of Russia,

and the brave women who took up arms against their enemies during the reign of terror.

The story Princess told was one she had heard in England. When she was a puppy, she was taken by an English sailor, who was returning home from the far East. At the kennel where she was finally left, she looked more like a young sheep than a dog. With her long legs, long tail, long head, small ears, and soft, silky coat, she was entirely unlike such dogs as Pixie or Ruby.

At the English kennels, which belonged to some of the nobility, she was well cared for. They were reluctant to part with her, but being in straitened circumstances since the war, they needed all the money they could get. So, when her present owners were traveling in that country and offered a good price for her, she was allowed to come to America. That was how it came about that she now was telling her story to a group of American dogs.

In discussing the merits of the wolfhounds to prospective buyers, the keeper of the kennels

would tell that Princess was related to the beautiful Russian hounds belonging to the Czar. Often, he would say, before the war, the lovely princesses were seen leading these graceful white creatures through the park around the royal palace at Petrograd. When the royal family was destroyed, these dogs were scattered to the four corners of the earth, as they were sold or carried off by marauding armies. The Princess was fortunate in falling into the hands of the English, who are great lovers of dogs. She could never think of her ancestors, and of how fond they must have been of those sweet princesses, without deep emotion; but, as there were no princesses in this country, she would try to forget.

THE MILKMAN'S DOG DAN

The milkman's dog Dan was half and half, shepherd and collie, his father being a full-blood shepherd, and his beautiful mother, whom he did not remember, being Scotch collie. Shep, his father, lived all his life—and he attained a ripe old age—on the place where he was born and raised.

Dan loved the dairy farm. The fresh, foaming milk that remained in the straining pails was always his, and the cats had all they could drink of it. Also there were lots of rats and rabbits to chase. In fact, it was an ideal place for a dog of his tastes to live. He knew all the cows by name. It was necessary only to tell him to bring up the cows—"all but Bess and Jane," and he would do it. Starting the herd ahead, he would get in front of those two young heifers, and, separating them from the rest, chase them back to the woods pasture again.

The trip into town to deliver the milk—how much fun he got out of that! It was no hard-

ship to be aroused from his comfortable, warm bed in the straw, and to have the driver say, "Come on, old boy, we are ready to start."

Dan would stretch himself, yawn, and indicate by this that he, too, was ready. He would sit beside the driver, and off they would go through the early dawn and the frosty air.

Dan was always pleased when they delivered milk to houses where there were little children, and at the hospitals where the patients were waiting to have it for their breakfasts. At one house the driver would leave a double portion, because there were twin boys there. Dan hoped that some day he would get to see these little boys. Then one day something happened that they were delayed. It was later than usual when they were returning home, and, as they were passing by the house where the twins lived, Dan had his wish, for there they were, sitting on the lawn. Each had a bottle of milk, and they were drinking away as contentedly as could be.

How happy Dan was to think he had helped

in this way to furnish food for those adorable twins!

They drove on down the street and passed the children's hospital. There, out in the sun, he caught a glimpse of wheeled chairs with children in them. On stands beside many of them were glasses of milk, perhaps from Dan's dairy. (At least he felt a proprietary interest in it.) Also at the school-lunch counters, he saw the children drinking milk. Then he got to thinking, what if he did have to work rather hard bringing up the cows and helping around the barn, wasn't it worth while? What would become of all these children if he didn't work?

The other dogs hoped he would keep on at his present occupation, as most of them liked milk themselves. Especially were Pixie and Petite anxious that there should always be milk for making the good things of which they were fond.

Few of them had ever seen the milkman's dog before, as he made his trips before it was their hour for rising. They were eager for him to

tell more about himself and his family, so he promised to tell the story of his grandfather, Sandy, who had been a useful and faithful member of dogdom.

In the days of horse-drawn vehicles, some dogs had a foolish habit of running in front of every horse they saw coming, and barking at their heels. Of course, none of the dogs in this group knew anything about this bad habit. It was before their day. Now, Sandy despised this ill-mannered action, and would stop it every time he had a chance. The young dogs on the place where he lived wouldn't have dared to do it. He had them trained. But some other dogs were not so well raised. Sitting at the corner where two roads crossed, he would watch, and, whenever a dog would start barking at a horse, he would go after the dog and give him what he deserved.

THE WHIPPETS

One evening, while the story-telling class was in session, there came into the park two men and two dogs. All looked tired and dusty, as if they had come a long way afoot.

The men threw themselves down on the grass to rest. The dogs, who were different from the usual park types, were lean and graceful, clean-cut racers. They were whippets, or, as some call them, "snap dogs."

They were indeed tired and had come a long distance to rest. After taking a drink from the fountain, they too stretched out beside the men to take a nap. But, being unable to sleep after the thrilling experiences of the day, they started up and began investigating the park and the people in it. First they visited the different groups and watched the children at play. Then they wandered over to the corner where the dog's court was in session.

The whippets had just come from a country fair, which was being held in an adjoining

county. There, besides the horse races and automobile races, one of the attractions was a whippet race, in which they had taken part.

They approached the court corner, and stood at a respectful distance until Ruby was through with a story she was telling about two little Skyes. During the applause, the whippets drew nearer. In making observations as to the size of the dogs assembled there, they noticed that the Judge was a much larger dog than they were. Also there were others there that would be more than a match for them should any unpleasantness arise. They, however, could get away from the others, with no danger of being overtaken, so swiftly could they run.

As the Judge exhibited only the friendliest feelings toward them in his welcome, they joined the circle. This, thought the Judge, is to be a test of the sincerity of the desire of the dogs in the class "to live and let live," and he was much pleased with their behavior. The good seed he was trying to sow was taking root, and they were losing some of their selfishness.

The story which Ruby had just finished was about two little Skyes, one of whom was vain and jealous; so, if Ruby could realize how wrong it was to permit such feelings to exist in one's nature, it was a good indication that the Judge's plan was a good one, and they would all be better dogs for it.

The dogs all agreed to have the whippets with them during their stay in the park. The Princess recognized in them distant cousins. She too could do some sprinting when occasion called for it.

The whippets, looking the crowd over, and scenting nothing to eat at this picnic, concluded, if these other dogs could have such a gathering in a park without eating, there must be something else very absorbing about it to hold them; so they decided to remain.

When they were asked how they came to be racing dogs, one of them, who was less bashful than the other, told of their being trained when they were puppies for this very thing. They were encouraged to play tug-of-war—which all

little pups love to do—and they were given a strong piece of cloth, or a rubber shoe, and they would pull and pull. This strengthened their muscles. Then a ball was thrown for them to run for, and the one who returned with it was given something to eat. Then two balls would be thrown and they would race after them. The one who had to go the farthest was rewarded. As they grew larger, they were taken on long hikes over the fields and country roads, where they would chase rabbits or any game they could scare up.

Later, they began racing with horses and bicycles, farther and farther each time, until they could run two hundred yards, the handicap distance.

One sorry thing about being a whippet is that these dogs never get to eat all they would like, as their weight must be kept down to fourteen pounds, or they become too heavy to run.

At the Fair it was advertised that the Whippet Brothers, famous racers, were to run and had challenged two other equally swift dogs for the



"They Would Chase Rabbits or Any Game They Could Scare Up"

race. A large purse was made up and the betting became lively. The other two whippets were not brothers, and were unused to team work, but, in every other respect, they were a match for the brothers, being of the same weight and age, and having had the same training and all.

The bout was set for the morning, before the horse racing started. The crowd gathered around the grand stand, from where the dogs were to start. Each dog had been groomed and sleeked and their feathery tails were combed. All were clean-cut, snappy little dogs, ready for the start. The crowd was roped off on each side of the track. Then, one, two, three, the gong sounded, and they were off. Neck and neck they went until halfway to the goal, when one of the odd dogs crossed to the center of the track to get a better footing. This distracted his running mate for one fatal second. His partner leaving him alone on the off side of the road made this dog lose his grip on himself. He, too, tried to change his position, but in doing

so, he tripped and fell head on. Gathering himself up, he came limping after the racing dogs. Of course he lost out, but he was game to the end. The other three kept pace, on and on, until within a foot of the goal, when the odd dog shot across the line, amid the cheers and shouts of the onlookers. The Whippet Brothers lost the race, but it made no difference to them that their backers had lost money on them; they had done their best and had played a clean game.

Running back to where the lame dog was, they both licked his sore leg and showed their sympathy. They were much better sports than their masters, who grudgingly lost to the other men, and took their ill will out on the dogs, kicking and abusing them, and, tired as they were, bringing them the whole distance to this town.

During the description of this race, the group of dogs became so excited that it was all the police dog could do to prevent a small riot. The dogs who had any racing instinct in them,

like the Princess and Gyp, could scarcely make their legs behave during the narration. All were whining and yelping, and jumping up and down. It was useless to think of their quieting down again, so they were dismissed.

All clamored for more from the whippets, who, traveling as they did, knew some very interesting stories; and they agreed, if their masters remained in this place long enough, and if the kind-hearted dogs really desired them to do so, they would tell the story of two setters and a mastiff they knew about.

The whippets did remain over for another day, and they were on hand for the next session of the story-telling class. They were called on to tell their story first. They said it was a sad one, and they thought it was too bad that all dogs could not have the advantages of the good training these dogs were getting. Also, if they could do anything toward making the world better, they meant to try, always keeping their motto in mind.

FIRE-FIGHTING DOGS

JESS THE FIRE COMPANY'S DOG

Jess, who was the fire company's dog, was anxious to get as many of the dogs as he possibly could interested in joining the "Fire Brigade." Membership in this organization was open only to dogs who were brave enough to risk their lives to protect life and property when these were endangered by fire.

Jess had been the first dog to join, having become a member by adoption of the city "Protective League," and a life member of the city Fire Department. Jess had a good record in his home town for courage, and this helped to establish him in this place, and at once he began working for the interests of the Brigade.

He read to the dogs a report of some of the cases he had found among their fellow dogs, saying he felt encouraged that there would be no difficulty in enrolling a large percentage of the dogs.

Only that day he had heard of another case. A big retriever was often left in charge of a large home when the family was absent. He was never confined. He always had the range of the house. On this occasion the folks left early, to be gone all day. Not long after their departure, the neighbors heard the dog barking. Looking toward the house, they saw smoke issuing from the roof. The alarm was turned in, and soon everything was out of the house.

But the dog refused to leave. Returning to the gutted house, he stationed himself on guard until his master came home. The smoke and the excitement, however, were too much for him. He survived the fire, the falling timbers and the heat, but his lungs had become so inflamed from the smoke that he died.

“Such heroism,” said the Fire Brigade’s chief, “gets into our blood and makes all of us want to do something great.”

The only requirement, in order to become a member of this noble order, was to report some act performed in prevention of fire or loss of



Bill Saves His Master

life. All of the dogs agreed to keep their eyes open for opportunities to do something in this line.

BILL BECOMES A MEMBER

The very next day the Boston bull had his chance. He belonged to a young bachelor who lived alone, with only his faithful dog, Bill, for company. Now Bill was a privileged character who had the run of the place, and, during the day, had to receive all comers. His owner was the best of masters, but he had one fault. He would smoke in bed, lighting his pipe and reading until he fell asleep. Bill never approved of this. He was always expecting something to happen, and himself slept with one eye open as long as he could. Then, one night something did happen. The lighted pipe fell out of the sleeping man's mouth. Bill smelled smoke, and jumped up just in time to pull the burning pillow off the bed, thus saving his master's life and home.

Bill became a member of the Fire Brigade.

THE FIRE BRIGADE

We hear many stories of dogs being the means of saving property and lives in times of fire. They seem never to lose their heads, as it were, but generally do the most sensible thing under the circumstances.

Here are some instances of heroic efforts on the part of these little benefactors, in recognition of which they are being enrolled in the Fire Brigade.

Lady, a German police dog, who will be the only member of our company of her sex, is entitled to first place on the list. She put out a fire all by herself in a most heroic manner. Left alone in the house, she discovered a burning paper under a gasoline stove. Drawing the fire to her, she tore the paper to bits, pawing it until the fire was out. In so doing she burned her nose and paws severely. When her mistress returned and sat down, the dog laid her head in the lap of her mistress and whined most pitifully with pain. Needless to say, her injuries were carefully anointed and bandaged.

Another member of the fire brigade won his honors by alarming the family when something from a shelf above fell down on the stove, catching fire from the lighted pilot. He was alone in the kitchen when it happened, and ran barking into the other part of the house, and then back to the kitchen, until he succeeded in getting the family to follow and put out the fire.

THE TRAMP DOG

And here is what was once a tramp dog, but we know he was not a tramp from choice. This dog did a good deed in return for a kindness shown him, in observance of the Golden Rule, which we should all remember.

This poor dog, who was alone in the world and desperately hungry, saw a man come out of a butcher shop with a package of meat. Hunger had made his sense of smell so keen that even at a respectful distance he knew the stranger was a fair prospect. So the dog trotted along behind the man until he reached his home.

The dog, being a tramp, knew his place was

at the back door; so he lay there to wait until he should see some one come out to the garbage can, which soon happened. This person not only gave him the remains of the nice, juicy steak, but also spoke a kind word to him. Feeling that life was, after all, worth living, the dog decided to spend the night with these kindly people. During the night a fire broke out. The tramp, as he was called, ran to the window of the room where the man slept, and awakened him just in time to save his home.

Needless to say, he was no longer a tramp dog.

SMALL BUT BRAVE

A lady was making a call on a neighbor next door, leaving her husband asleep on the bed, and her small dog to keep guard during her absence. She felt that all was secure. However, she had hung some stockings over the gas oven to dry, leaving the gas turned on. The oven became very hot and set fire to the stockings, and the flames spread to the window curtains. The dog, seeing what had happened, ran

to the bed barking, but failed to arouse his master. Then he caught the covers in his teeth and pulled them off the sleeping man, who awoke just in time to save their home from a bad fire.

DUKE

A dog named Duke saved a large factory from being burned by giving the alarm to the watchman. The man and the dog had just made the rounds and had seen that everything was all right. Then, after the watchman had punched the time clock, they left that part of the factory for another. The dog, who was watching every move that his master made, returned with him to the office from where they started. There they settled down to take a nap, until the alarm clock would arouse them to make the next round.

The watchman, who was a sound sleeper, was soon snoring away, but not so with Duke. He seemed nervous and alert to every sound. In a few minutes he sprang up and barked loudly, waking his master, and ran to the door in an excited manner. The watchman, on going out-



Duke Wins Honors

side, saw a bright light at one corner of the factory. Running to this spot, he saw two men hurriedly leaving, with the dog in pursuit.

He turned in the fire alarm, and when he telephoned to the police headquarters, what he heard in reply was, "Men taken. Holding your dog for identification." When Duke was reinstated at the factory, he was given a new brass-mounted collar. He was also given a pension for life for having performed this noble deed. This fine fellow is doubly welcome in the Fire Brigade.

JESS

In one of the smaller cities is a fire company that has a tawny-colored Irish setter named Jess, who is a great favorite with all of the men. Jess knows all the "ins and outs" of the fire-fighting business, and is as helpful as it is possible for him to be. When there is no call for action, he lies contentedly in the sun waiting for the summons to duty.

When an alarm is sent in, Jess is the first to

respond. He runs first to one and then to another of the men, spurring them on to action and haste. Then he jumps into the chief's car and seems to love to go tearing through the streets, having the right of way over everything. The ear-splitting screech of the siren is music to him. Arriving at the fire, he takes a position affording the best view, and where he will be the least hindrance to the firemen. He takes an intense interest in every move that is made.

Once he entered a burning building. Going in by the back door, he ran up the stairs in that part of the building and aroused a man who was asleep, thereby saving his life. It was for this that Jess became a life member of that fire company; he was serving without pay, just for the love of being useful. After a fire is put out, he rides home in triumph on the fire engine, wearing a fireman's hat. Jess will be an honorary member of our "Fire Brigade" if everybody is willing.

THE JUDGE'S STORY

When the other dogs had finished with their stories, and the Judge was satisfied that they had done their best, he thanked them, and said he would now tell them some stories. First he would go back to his own family history, of which Bob was not able to tell a great deal, as he was young and not expected to take much interest in such things.

“The Airedales are a very old and famous family of dogs,” proceeded the Judge. “The name is romantic, having originated from a river in Yorkshire, England, the River Aire. It is something to be proud of, to have a name suggested by a river; and then, to have a dale, which means a valley, attached to it. I close my eyes,” said the Judge, “and imagine I can see that beautiful green valley, with the river winding through it, and my ancestors living so peacefully there, enjoying a free and easy life, chasing rabbits and rascally badgers, with which the hills are infested.

“It is said of the Airedales that they were good swimmers, and how they must have enjoyed a plunge in the River Aire on a warm day. They were trusty, too. Baby could be left in their care with safety. So many good qualities are seldom found in just one breed of dogs.

“While they were not noted for their beauty, nor for the sweetness of their voices, their many other good traits make amends for that. Beauty, after all, is only skin deep, and if there are no virtues below the surface to give it luster, it is not even skin deep. Whatever beauty the Airedale dog can lay claim to, is brought out by his inborn cleverness. Good deeds and good behavior have resulted in making a really homely dog into a world-wide favorite.”

While the Judge was making this modest claim for his clan, little Pixie hung her head and blushed with embarrassment to think that she had ever been ashamed to play with Bob, because of his personal appearance. She then and there resolved to be more courteous to both Bob and his father, of whom she was becoming

very fond, thinking him a wise judge and a good counsellor for all dogs.

The Judge went on to say that it was recorded that one of his ancestors had won the first prize at a great dog show. The people of the country where this happened acclaimed him "King of the ring and King of the country." Because of the fine qualities of the Airedales, he added, one of their number once became a member of the animal family at the White House, and was a favorite of the President of the United States and his lovely wife.

"Were medals to be issued to dogs for bravery in saving lives, the Airedale family would have many souvenirs to hand down to their children. A noted musician tells of his dog, Buster, having saved his wife's life not only once, but five times.

"The almost human instinct of this tribe was manifested when one city was holding its election. One of the amendments to be voted on was the curtailing of the liberty of all dogs. To run at large, they must be muzzled, or they

must be leashed when on the streets. Of course, all dog lovers were opposed to this measure. The dogs themselves, having heard so much discussion on the subject, seemed to sense that something was going to be done which concerned them.

“Such remarks as these were addressed to one Airedale, whose name was Jerry:

“‘Jerry, old pal, they are talking of interfering with your personal liberty, and not allowing you the run of the town, without a string tied to you. Now you must not think we are going to stand for any nonsense such as that. We will go down to the polls, Mother and all of us, and we’ll put this thing over strong, and show those dog haters a thing or two.’

“Jerry would look interested and try to wag his stiff tail, as much as to say he would like to do his bit to help. He had no vote, although there were some who had, who in his opinion were not deserving of it. One man he knew of hated dogs, and when he had something in him—Jerry did not know what—he was abusive to

his dog—and also to the little boy who loved the dog. Yet that man was one of those who wanted all the dogs killed or tied up, and would vote for that cruel measure.

“Jerry slept over the matter, and when morning came, bright and early, he was at the polls. Taking up a position under the table where the workers were, he lay down, to see that everything was properly carried through. There he stayed until it was almost certain the dogs were going to win, when he left, satisfied that he was no longer needed.”

The Judge told the dogs they were all very fortunate to be living in this wonderful country, “where we are loved and well cared for, as there are many places where dogs are despised and mistreated, and even left to run wild, becoming scavengers, just because they are half starved. They fight and quarrel among themselves, and make the nights hideous with their howling. To be unloved and have no friends would be cause enough for howling.

“Then there are the Eskimo dogs. They too

have a hard life, as they have to draw the sledges and do the work that horses and automobiles perform in this country. . They are harnessed together with leather straps made from reindeer skin. There is also a long whip, made of thongs of the same leather, the lash of which is chewed by the women to make it pliable. Then it is braided to make the handle. This is lashed over the dogs' backs to make them draw harder and go faster."

"How terrible!" barked all of the dogs, shrugging their shoulders in pity.

"Probably their masters love these dogs, but this seems a strange way to show it. The people of that country are dependent on these faithful dogs, as they are the only means of transportation. They have no horses, no automobiles, and no airships—nothing but their dogs, so their very existence depends on these brave animals. We, with our loving masters and mistresses, can scarcely realize how differently these other dogs have to live. And how much they must miss being loved as we are!"

So much sympathy was expressed for the other kind of dog life that the Judge felt gratified to see that these getting-together parties the dogs were having were creating a good effect.

Even little Ruby, who seldom thought of anyone but herself, unless it was to envy some one, was becoming less selfish. "Oh, the poor things!" she exclaimed, licking her white fore-paws while she was saying it. She gave those paws particular attention, and the habit was so strong with her that, perhaps, it didn't lessen her sincerity.

The Judge told them he thought that, as not many of them ever had a chance to travel, he would tell them a story about one dog who was a great traveler, and also a very clever fellow. This dog was a setter and his name was Jack.

JACK THE TRAVELER

Mr. Wheeler's home was broken up, for Mrs. Wheeler had passed away, leaving no one but her husband, as there were no children.

Mr. Wheeler was alone but not lonely, for he still had Jack, his faithful setter; and there was a cat, but she had been Mrs. Wheeler's pet.

His dog Jack was a good hunting dog, and hunting was his master's favorite sport. So they two, having similar tastes, were on intimate terms, and at all times were quite congenial.

After disposing of his little shop, Mr. Wheeler decided he would follow the trail to California. He purchased a Ford with money from the sale of his small stock of merchandise; he rented his home and, leaving the cat with the Widow Higgins, who lived next door, was ready to pack for the trip. His gun was cleaned, and his camping outfit made ready. All necessary equipment for an extended trip was gathered up, and a supply of provisions laid in.

How eager Jack was about all these prepara-

tions! He felt very important, too, having been given to understand that he was a partner in this enterprise.

Jack, being a pointer and setter, as most hunting dogs are, would *set* in the evening, after the day's work was done, with his nose pointed toward the setting sun, while he dreamed of the great times they would have when they did finally get started.

The cat was on hand and wanted to go along, it seemed. But Jack saw to it that she was left behind. He chased her up a tree and barked good-by to her.

Dogs of this kind, although loyal friends, are of one-track minds. In Jack's mind was just one idea, and that was to be in the game with his master. He had no regrets at leaving the old home where he was born and raised. The master was all that counted. Home to him meant only to be able to eat out of his master's hand and to lie at his master's feet. That the dogs he was used to playing with would miss him, affected him not in the least.

Finally, Jack was perched on the seat beside Mr. Wheeler; the gun was handy; they were ready to go. Giving everything a final looking over, they started on their trek across the intervening states to California—gun, dog, man and pipe, all essential to each other's happiness.

It was about the first of October, the most delightful time to travel. The days were ideal. The trees were in their most gorgeous fall colorings, yellows deepening into rich browns and tans, vivid scarlets softened to maroons; greens of every shade—one glorious riot of color.

The master's eyes took in these autumnal glories, but most of the time they were fixed straight ahead on the road, to make sure of good going. As for Jack, what did he care for nature's color scheme? The color of a chipmunk or a Jack rabbit meant much more to him.

There were also many other things of interest to look at. Of course the dogs were the chief attraction. Jack had not known there were so many kinds. He saw big dogs and little dogs of every description; and, wonder of wonders,

one small dog was actually being carried along the street in a lady's arms! Another was all dressed up, with some kind of a coat on, and a brass collar. Poor things, to be so hampered!

In one town, he saw a little fluffy white thing coming down the street, with a ribbon bow on top of its head, just like the little Higgins girl wore. A dog dressed up like a girl! Could anything be worse? He tried to pat himself on the back, so glad was he that he was just a common dog.

School was out for the noon recess as they passed a large school building, and Jack was astonished at seeing so many children. He didn't care particularly for children, not having been raised with them. He liked to romp with the little Higgins boys once in a while, when there was nothing more interesting, such as a hunting trip, on hand. Those boys were good sports, who could throw a ball just about right for him to see it stop, so he could get it easily and take it back to them. But this noisy, scrapping crowd—they might be all right, but

he was glad there were none of them in his family.

Now they were leaving the town and, driving up under some trees, they stopped for lunch. Eating lunch in the car with his master was a privilege. Not many dogs enjoyed one like it, but his was an exceptional master.

Once more they were on their way, and there would be no more stops until camping time. He might as well turn around a couple of times, lie down, and go to sleep. After this nap, he felt refreshed and more alert to passing objects. So many automobiles, where were they all coming from, and where were those others all going? Big cars and little cars, of every make and description, all seemed to want to get there first.

How glad Jack was that his master was in no hurry! In fact, Mr. Wheeler never was known to be in a hurry about anything. This jogging along just suited Jack, too, and gave him time to make observations that would be impossible if they were tearing along. In every way his

master was a comfortable person to live with; he would always stick to this good master.

Some of the other cars had dogs in them, and some were loaded with children. One fact that impressed Jack was that the larger, more comfortable, and apparently softer cushioned cars contained the smallest dogs, while the poor old flivvers, with the floppy curtains and wheezy engines, seemed to carry all the tired looking women and children. Also, if a faithful dog were brought along, he was compelled to ride in the most uncomfortable position on the running board, getting dust in his eyes and cramps in his legs.

While Jack pitied these poor unfortunate fellows, he was thankful that such was not his fate.

There was one large car that fairly dazzled his eyes with its shining, silver mountings. A negro was driving, and, as the car passed, Jack noticed that the only person in it was a very fat lady. On a silk pillow beside her was a mite of a dog, no larger than a skinned rat would be,

but it was covered with a bushy coat of soft, silky hair, and looked like an over-grown, woolly worm. Jack was fond of teasing woolly worms, and that was why he thought of the comparison.

They were now approaching a long stretch of open country, and getting further away from familiar scenes. The cornfields, with corn in shocks, and yellow pumpkins strewn over the ground, bordered both sides of the road. Jack rabbits, quail and chipmunks were scampering in all directions, stirring Jack to a quiver of excitement. Wouldn't his master stop and take a shot at them?

Then, just in front of them, sitting in the middle of the road, with its back to the oncoming car, he spied a fine specimen of a jack rabbit. Stopping the car, Mr. Wheeler cautiously took aim, and up in the air went the cottontail. With a bounce, Jack was there to catch it as it came back to earth, and he brought it to the car. Now, they would have fresh meat for supper, and how hungry he was!

They established their camp in a byroad.

While the tent was being pitched, Jack was as helpful as he could be, lying on the loose ends of the canvas to keep the wind from blowing it away; at least, that was his idea of it. To be sure, his master said he was in the way, but masters are sometimes mistaken. Everything being set, and the rabbit browning nicely on the little camp stove, the smell made Jack's mouth water with anticipation.

Then, what should drive up but a rickety old flivver, with a tired looking, thin lady, and a number of hungry children along with a cramped-up dog! They were a sorry lot from "York State," bound for the "land of sunshine," where the thin lady, who was really ill, hoped to regain her health. Jack was wishing they had hastened along.

Mr. Wheeler, being a kind-hearted man, welcomed the newcomers. As there were little children, and the mother looked so ill, his ready sympathy was aroused and he asked them to join him at his meal; and he was glad that he had something nourishing to offer them, in the

way of coffee and rabbit, with plenty of bread and gravy for the little ones. It made him happy to see these hungry travelers eat until they were satisfied.

Jack did not enter with his master into the spirit of this benevolence. Instead he grew sulky, as nothing had been left for him but a few well picked bones. Feeling that Fate had played him an unkind trick, he felt revengeful, and that he must have satisfaction from some source. So he proceeded to take it out on the stiff-jointed dog. Going to the side of the car where the poor fellow was lying, Jack began sniffing contemptuously. All of his virtuous feelings concerning this crowd were gone. The other dog assumed an indifferent air, which only aggravated Jack more.

He began snapping at his victim's heels, and that started it; the fight was on, which showed there was some spunk left in the other dog, even if he did not look the part. Over and over they rolled, snapping and snarling, and biting at one another. Jack, being the larger,

seemed to be gaining on the under dog, when the blood of his adversary, who was part bull, began to boil, and grasping Jack by the neck, he held on with a death grip. At this turn of the battle, the owners of the two dogs came running up. They brought with them pails of water, sticks, and everything at hand that could be used to separate the fighting canines. Each began by beating the other's dog, protesting that if one must be killed, it must not be theirs.

The lady brought an umbrella and helped, notwithstanding her weakened condition. Forcing the umbrella between her dog's jaws, she managed to loosen his hold on Jack's throat, by spreading it enough to break his grip. Jack then, feeling that the victory was his, retreated to have his wounds dressed.

This little unpleasantness was a dampener on the newly formed friendship between Mr. Wheeler and his guests. He felt that no longer did he wish to continue the acquaintance of these people, so he asked them to move on. They refused, and so he decided to break camp.



"The Fight Was On"

Mr. Wheeler made ready to continue on his trip. By this time the moon had risen, and, as there was less traffic than during the day, he decided he would drive on, as he would really make better time by doing so. He felt depressed by the circumstances that had forced an unpleasant ending to a perfect day; but he had learned a lesson from these events that would prove valuable on the rest of the journey.

Jack was trying to sleep on the back seat cushion. His back was sore; his pride was hurt, and, if that dog on the running board had been any stiffer than he felt, he hoped to know it.

The night driving was pleasant. The roads were smooth, and only occasionally Mr. Wheeler had to pull out for a passing car. Soon his spirits rose and, as they went on through the villages, he noticed the lights were cheerful. At some places there was music and dancing, and the ring of merry laughter filled the air.

It was after midnight when our travelers drove into a sheltering clump of scrubby oaks to spend the rest of the night. Mr. Wheeler,

rousing Jack from off the back seat, curled up there himself and went to sleep. By morning, Jack was feeling better. Being in good health, he soon recovered from his skirmish with the strange dog. His throat was still sore, and the skin was torn, but it was healing nicely, and so was his pride.

The next night was uneventful, so they rested and were refreshed. They pushed on toward town for breakfast. Jack was allowed to eat on the back porch of the restaurant, after which he hopped into the front seat beside his master, ready for more observations.

They were now going through the prairie country, and they saw prairie dogs sitting on their haunches, looking like sentinels beside their homes. Jack would have liked a chance at one of them, to give it a good shake, but his wounds would not allow him to attempt it. Two jack rabbits were shot. Even in this sport, he was not feeling "peppy" enough to take part, although by supper time he was sufficiently recovered to enjoy his share of the

good cheer. This time he got real meat. The bones were left, not even buried, which showed he was not really himself yet.

By the time the city of Denver was reached, Jack was fully recovered and very alert. Mr. Wheeler ran the car into a garage for repairs, and they started out to see the sights while waiting. As they were near the Capitol building, Mr. Wheeler thought he would like to go to the top, as all tourists do. Of course, Jack was not allowed to accompany him. An officer gave Jack permission to lie on the lawn and watch the squirrels at play.

Though he did not feel quite right about going without his dog, Mr. Wheeler began the ascent. When he reached the topmost balcony, he looked down to where he had left Jack. Imagine his horror at seeing the dog chasing one of the squirrels up a tree and barking his lustiest at it. He also saw an officer running toward Jack, and then beating him with a club until the dog howled louder and louder. Mr. Wheeler descended as fast as he

could, which, on account of the narrowness of the steps, it was hard to do; and he found that the dog catcher had been called to take Jack to the pound. Nothing would do but that Mr. Wheeler must go along and settle with the chief.

Jack was loaded into a cage with a lot of other dogs. They were all snarling and snapping, but at heart they were very good dogs, who had been guilty only of some thoughtlessness, or some small fault perhaps that they did not know was wrong. Poor Jack!

The waiting room at the chief's office was filled with irate men and women who had come to claim their various pets. All were sure a great injustice had been done; a great mistake had been made in taking up *their* dogs.

Time dragged along for poor Jack. He thought he had been having trouble enough, since he had started on this pleasure trip, without this; and it all came about just because he was following a natural impulse, something for which he was in no way responsible. What a nuisance their old laws were, anyway!

Finally the room cleared, and Mr. Wheeler had a chance to present his case, and get Jack released. How glad Jack was that his beloved master had been watching, and was able to go with him and help him out of his predicament!

The next problem was how to get to the car, as the pound was in the outskirts of the city, and Jack would not be permitted to ride on the street car. Also it was much too far to walk. Something must be done quickly, for it was getting late. Beside the dog pound was a settlement of a certain class of merchants of the street, venders of old clothes, rags and old iron, necessary commodities of a sort, and there the horse-drawn vehicle was the mode of transportation.

While Mr. Wheeler was debating in his mind what to do, along came one of these merchants driving a half-starved horse. Noticing the look of perplexity on Mr. Wheeler's face, he inquired, "What's the trouble, Boss?" Then a bright idea entered Mr. Wheeler's head. He told the man of his desire to get to another part of the

city, but that he had no way to do so, and he wondered if it would be possible for the merchant to take them. The merchant, having had a rather bad day in his business, consented, thinking that here would be a way to make accounts balance. They did some quibbling over the charges, which Mr. Wheeler thought very "steep," for he was asked to pay two fares for both of them. As he could not very well help himself, he agreed to the price, and they started. Thus they returned to their lodging.

Next morning, after both had enjoyed a good breakfast, they set out on the last lap of their journey. Following the old Santa Fe trail, they found the country they were passing through very interesting. Jack kept his eyes open and his ears pricked up.

He was attracted by the Indian villages, where dogs were numerous and all seemed to be living happy-go-lucky lives. Really they looked too lazy to come in out of the rain, if it ever should rain, which it didn't; therefore they were deprived of even this exercise.

For a long stretch nothing much occurred to interest them.

By noon they were nearing another town, a Mexican settlement. More lazy dogs were seen lying under any shelter that afforded shade from the blistering sun. Jack wondered what these dogs lived on. They looked well fed, for Mexican dogs, that never get fat. Seeing strings of something red hanging on fences and from nails driven into the houses, he wondered if it was meat. If so, where did they get it? If only his master would stop long enough, he would have liked to sample some of this drying beef. But Mr. Wheeler was getting very tired, having all the driving to do, and was anxious to get to his journey's end. He would welcome the sight of the green pepper trees he had heard so much about. He was planning on stopping for a long rest at the first tourist camp they came to, and so he did as little stopping on the way as possible.

At last our travelers reached the land of sunshine and flowers. They were tired and travel-

stained, but glad to be at their journey's end. Their first night at the camp was a new experience. It seemed like a neighborhood meeting of some sort, all were so friendly and willing to tell of their experiences. Almost every one Mr. Wheeler met had either been through the town of Woodville, Iowa, or knew some one from there, or some one who had passed through there, so he felt quite at home among them.

Many had brought their dogs along, but Jack, after his experience with the strange dog during their trip, was more cautious about making advances. He had learned that the best policy was "to live and let live," and so he got along very well with these dogs.

After getting rested and learning where was the best place for them to locate, man and dog moved into a pleasant suburb of one of the larger towns, taking rooms with a friendly widow, who was fond of dogs but cared very little for cats, which was agreeable to Jack. Now, he would get plenty of good things to eat and lots of attention. Although Jack was

strictly a man's dog, the arrangement suited him very well indeed.

One of the first things his master had to do was to buy a license for Jack. The dog must wear a collar with a number on the back, or some day the dog catcher would get him again. Jack was not very proud of his new collar, but, since collars were being worn, he must conform and get used to being a city dog.

Jack and the landlady, whose name was Mrs. Weir, became quite good friends, though he refused to be trained to any new habits. His old ones were good enough for him.

Mr. Wheeler, having good prospects of going into business, concluded to return to Woodville, sell his home, and locate permanently in California. Therefore he made preparations for the return trip and was soon ready to start. Jack, of course, was disappointed at not being included in the arrangement. He was left with Mrs. Weir, who was to give him every needed attention. He was tied up till Mr. Wheeler was well on his way, and did some lusty howling,

which he kept up until the neighbors protested, and he was given his liberty.

No sooner was he loose than he took up the trail in pursuit of his beloved master. However, as Mr. Wheeler had several days' start, it was impossible, even if he had made no stops, for Jack to overtake him. Jack did stop many times. He got very tired and hungry, having to depend on his own efforts for food. Most of his nights were spent in prowling around, hunting for a possible loosely covered garbage can, to get a meal. When he was out in the open spaces, he would catch any wild game he could. This all caused delays, so that, by the time he reached his old home town, his master was well on his way back.

Jack was very glad to see all the Higgins family, even the cat, and never once during his stay did he chase her up the tree, nor in any way annoy her. He had seen much of the world since last they met, and travel had broadened and made him more considerate of others, as a well mannered dog should be.

He was not satisfied—the place wasn't the same—and he missed his master. So in a few weeks he was missing. Then, some months later, Mrs. Higgins received a letter from Mr. Wheeler saying that Jack had returned to California. Though very thin in body, he seemed none the worse for his adventures.

All the dogs thought this was a very fine story, and begged the Judge to tell them some more. So, at the next session, he told them a couple of brief narratives, one about a puppy and young turkey, and another about a blind man's dog.

TOM AND DANIEL

“Many of you dogs who have never lived on a ranch or a farm, may not know that a dog and a tom turkey can be just as unfriendly as a dog and a cat,” said the Judge, as he thought of a story which illustrated this point.

“There seems to be a sort of jealousy between them, which manifests itself at a very early age, and develops into bitter hatred as they grow older. This was the case with Tom and the collie I am telling you of.

“The puppy and the turkey came into the world at about the same time, and the little lady who owned them divided her attention between them. Young turkeys are delicate little creatures and require the greatest care to get them started. The puppy was usually at the heels of his mistress when she fed the turkeys, but, instead of pretending to help, as he did with the little chickens, he would bark and snap at them, frightening them.

“In the flock there was one young Tom who

early showed a disposition to defend himself, and his puppyship got many a peck on the nose. Thus began the trouble which led to war, and many a battle royal was fought between them, but there was never any bloodshed.

“Their maneuvering took place around the woodpile back of the house. The turkey would be strutting in all the glory of his brilliant plumage and war paint, arrogant and ready to battle any intruder. Along would come Daniel. With a war whoop of a gobble, Tom would start after the dog, and round and round the woodpile they would go, with Daniel just a few steps ahead of his pursuer, until, tired out, he would hop on to the woodpile and bark insultingly at his enemy. The turkey would puff up his feathers, drop his wings, spread out his tail, and look as if he were bursting with rage.

“When he could stand it no longer, Tom would fly at Daniel, who knew the tactics of the bird, and would dodge to one side, so that his majesty would land on the other side. This was just what Daniel had in mind when he



A Battle Between the Two Warriors

mounted the fort; and now it was his chance to be the pursuer instead of the pursued. Again around and around they would go, until both were almost exhausted.

“The lady decided to sell the young gobbler, and he was taken several miles to a new home, and Daniel was left to his possessions.

“One day, several months after Tom’s departure, the lady had occasion to go to the place where the gobbler was sold. She took the dog with her and left him in the car while she did her errand.

“Returning to the car, she found Daniel gone. Then she heard a familiar bark, answered by a warlike gobble, and she saw that a battle was on between the two warriors, as of old. Instead of the woodpile, a small building was their fortress this time. Not only a dog never forgets, but a turkey gobbler seems to be neither a forgiver nor a forgetter.

“That is all of that story,” the Judge told his audience, “and next time I am going to tell you about a blind man’s dog.”

THE BLIND MAN'S DOG

At his post on the corner, not far from the park entrance, was another little dog, whose occupation would not permit of his attending these gatherings, if he had been invited, which he was not.

As the park dogs went by, either led by their attendants or chasing one another, as some were never free to do, this dog, from his place by the side of his master, would look in wonder at them. Where were they going, and what would they do when they arrived? How strange they all looked! He was anxious to know if he resembled any of them. He looked over as much of his body as he could see without turning a backward somersault.

He had four legs, as they had, and his coat, which was white where it was not black, and black where it was not white, was smooth and sleek. But his tail—there was the difference. None of them had his kind of a tail. Some of theirs were bushy, others were short and stiff.

He wondered how they could ever express their feelings with such tails. One little pom had her tail curled up over her back like a doughnut. No, his tail evidently was not in the prevailing fashion, as none of the park dogs were wearing his kind. Not beautiful, but how useful was this straight, tapering tail of his! How easily he could express his every mood with it!

If he were happy, how fast he could wag that willing little tail. Should any one be harsh or unkind to him, down would go that same little indicator. So, if his tail were not in the popular style for the season, it answered his purposes, as a gauge for his feelings, which was more important.

His ears were small and stuck up on the top of his little head like sentinels, sensitive, alert, always pricked up to hear every sound that came through the air. Then those piercing black eyes—they were his chief asset. There was special use for them, and it was important that they have sharp vision, as he must be “eyes for the blind.”

His beloved master looked to him for protection, as he moved about from one place to another; and the dog had to pilot him to his place of business, where his firm sold papers. The firm consisted of himself, Tony, his partner, and the dog, Job, so named on account of his characteristic patience.

Man and dog were inseparable. They had lived together ever since Job was small enough to go into the blind man's pocket. At that time, Peg, Job's mother, was the pilot, and she had trained her son for the work when she should grow too old and feeble to do it.

Every evening they would start out from the small cottage, where they lived with the blind man's dear old mother. Job would lead on cautiously to the corner. Here they would stop, waiting for the signal to cross. Then Job would lead carefully to the middle of the street, watching the lights, and over to the high curb on the other side. This he would mount, turn around and pull on the leash, so his master would know that the other side of the street was reached,



Job Was "Eyes for the Blind"

when he could measure the height with his cane, as he must step up. On the dog would lead, through the crowd to the soap box on the corner, where his master would open up his business for the night.

Tony would be there already with his supply of papers. Each of the partners had his own kind to sell. Soon the blind man would call, "Morning Times—all the latest morning news!" although it was really early evening. This call would be heard along the street with Tony's clear soprano cutting the air with "Extray—Extray—Evening Herald—Evening News—read the latest, all about the game!" Meanwhile Job, the personification of patience, would take his position near his master, to watch for any stray pennies that might drop from the hands of his master when a purchase was made

Tony kept an eye on the blind man's business to see that no one took advantage of him. This did not often happen, however, for those wonderfully sensitive nerves in the blind man's fingers had become very acute, and the sense of touch

was keen to the value of the coin that was given into his hands. He was not easily fooled. Seldom was Tony called on for anything except to get more change.

The blind man was a youngish looking man, not unpleasing to look at. He was clean, of fair skin, and had all the marks of having been injured while helping to make his country a safe place to live in, which was indeed the fact.

In Tony and Job he had two faithful allies, the former having no claim to such a relationship, other than a fellow feeling of helplessness that Tony was experiencing when they first met, which had been entirely overcome through this partnership. It had helped Tony to forget himself in helping one more unfortunate than himself.

Tony didn't belong to any one in particular. Now, since he had adopted Job and his blind master, he felt he had something to live for, and he ceased to feel the need of *belonging*. He told the blind man when he first met him that his father was dead, and his mother had married a

man with a houseful of children. Tony had been told to get out, and to make his own way.

Small and under-nourished, the lad went forth, his first stop being the corner where the blind man was being harassed by a gang of newsboys, who were trying to drown his feeble voice, and loudly hawking their papers. The confusion and noise were great. Tony came upon the scene just in time to help his present-day friend out, by going to his side and beginning to sing.

It was no classical song that he sang, but it had its effect. As "Yes, we have no bananas to-day," rang out sweet and clear amid the hubbub, everyone passing took notice of the situation; and Tony could sing!

Among those whose attention was attracted was the owner of the building in front of whose premises this all occurred. Driving off the hawkers, so as to give the blind man a chance, he permitted Tony to help him, and in this way the partnership was formed

Tony slept at police headquarters that night. The next day at school arrangements were made

for him to live at a boys' refuge home, with the privilege of selling papers in the evening with the blind man and Job as partners. Now that Tony was not always hungry, his voice was growing stronger. Calling "Extray" had helped to develop his vocal cords.

At school he could be depended upon to lead the choruses. His clear, sweet notes, as they sang "Star Spangled Banner," could be heard above the rest of the singing. One day the choir master from one of the churches came to hear them, with the idea of finding some material for a boys' vested choir for his fashionable church.

After hearing the children sing, he asked that Tony be allowed to sing alone. This the little Italian boy was proud to do, and he sang so sweetly that the choir master engaged him, and asked him to meet with the choir for practice on Saturday afternoon.

This was the beginning of better things for little Tony. The boys' choir was to make its first appearance on Easter morning, and Tony was to be the soloist.

The blind man and Job had heard about it several times, for Tony was full of the subject, so full that he bubbled over. He would start out with "Evening News," and trail off up into high C, ending in "All love excelling," before he came down to earth again.

His partner, too, was fond of music. His beloved violin was his only solace. The sad appealing notes that he was able to produce on that old instrument went straight to one's heart. Then there was Job. Maybe he didn't love music, but he would stand before his master, listening intently, ears pricked to sharpest aspect, body tense, and tail oscillating with measured beat to the rhythm, and when the tension grew too strong, a dismal howl would relieve his pent-up feelings.

The practicing had been going on for several Saturday afternoons. The next Sunday was Easter. The blind man was not in the habit of going to church, although his dear old mother was a regular attendant, but there was an inducement to go this Easter morning that he

had never felt before. Tony was to sing in the choir. He would go just for that.

The church was beautifully decorated for the occasion. The choir boys in their vestments marched to their places, singing a stately procession. Proud mothers filled the pews, each looking with adoring eyes at her own beloved boy. Tony had no one to care. All were strangers to him, so he thought, as he looked over the throng. Then away to one side, in a pew alone, he saw something that made him happy, for there were his partners, Job and his master.

Job paid little or no attention to anything that was being done or said. The choir had sung one song. Other things had been done, but nothing that a dog cared about. Then the organ played the prelude, and a voice, full of sweetness and charm, started out with, "Love Divine, all love excelling." This aroused Job's interest. He sat up and took notice; his body stiffened, his ears twitched. When everyone was enraptured with the little Italian's music,

in the pause after the solo, Job's over-wrought feelings overcame him. One pathetic wail, toning off into a dismal howl, broke the sacred silence.

The Judge, satisfied with this conclusion of the exercises, dismissed the dogs with the feeling that the lessons they had learned from this experience would be beneficial and lasting—that the motto he had given them, “To live and let live,” would influence all their lives. Bidding them a kind good-by, he adjourned the court.

LIBRARY OF CONGRESS



00025592141

