HEROES ALL

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MORE TALES OF REAL DOGS

By
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To
M. P.

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FOREWORD

Man's Good Friend

How and when did dog and man first become acquainted? We can only guess.

Many, many thousands of years ago when the world was much younger, the dog was a wild creature who roamed in packs through forest and over plain with others of his kind, as wolves do today. In those long ago days one of his relatives was the bear. His nearer kin were the fox and the wolf. They came from a common ancestor who was a slender, short-legged creature with a pointed head, large upstanding ears and a long tail, not much resembling the dogs we know today.

Man was then a beetle-browed creature with thick, heavy-set body, who hunted for his food. When he spoke, he gave out gutteral grunts. He was just learning the use of fire and of metal.

Dog and man probably first became acquainted when the wild dog began to follow those early hunters; snatching at the remains of a kill; carrying away to his bed of leaves the broken bits of bone that were left after man had eaten. And the dog may have curled up beside the warm embers of the man's fire, and found it pleasanter than the chilly bed of leaves that he had made for himself. He must have begun to grasp the idea that living with man could be more comfortable and less dangerous than roaming with the pack.

As for the hunter, his days were beset with danger. But his peril was boundless when the darkness of night closed in around him and sharp eyes peered at him from the for-

est, or strange rustlings and murmurs disturbed his rest. The small wild dog, lingering warily about the edge of the campfire, scented more quickly than the man the approach of danger. His growls of alarm must often have warned the sleepy hunter and startled him into action.

Sometimes the hunter may have discovered an orphaned litter of wild puppies in the forest and carried them home to the cave to grow up with his own children. And it could not have been long before the hunter discovered how useful was the dog's keen scent in helping to find and follow the game on which they depended for food.

The dog, used to running in packs, had a sociable nature. He could not have found it hard to adapt his ways to those of his new two-legged friends. He left his own kind and came to live with man. He chose of his own will to live more comfortably and pleasantly. In return he gave willing service and loyalty and obedience. As man became civilized, the dog too became gentler in his ways and continued to share the growing comforts that man created. He was the first animal to do so.

Traces of his friendly association with man are found in all parts of the world. The cave man sketched his outlines on the walls of his gloomy home where they can still be seen. Ages later the dog was pictured in stone on the walls of Egyptian temples and tombs, and in Assyrian palaces, ruined now after seven thousand years. They show that from a wild creature he had come to be a useful member of society, hunting with his master, fighting in battle, guarding flocks and herds, watching the home.

His portrait as guardian of the home appears in mosaic on the floor of a villa of ancient Rome with words that say, "Cave canem!" or "Beware the dog!" The Greeks left paintings of him. The Vikings in their day composed long poems in his honor. By these and numberless other tokens, we know that from the earliest dawn of history the dog has been man's devoted friend.

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TRAINED FOR SERVICE

FLAMBEAU, AN ALPINE POSTMAN

MAJESTIC and silent, the snow-crested peaks of the Savoy Alps tower above the village of Lanslebourg in France, where soldiers of the 99th Regiment of Alpine Infantry are stationed. A road winds from the village up into the mountains. The traveler who follows it in summertime passes first through meadows bright with flowers, then on into the green silence of the Forest of Arc. Still following the road, he comes out of the forest and enters a strange bare land of rocky cliffs, where the air is cold with the breath of snow. After climbing slowly for two hours he arrives at last at the summit. There the tri-color of France waves over the Fort of Sollières, which guards one part of the frontier between France and Italy.

In winter Sollières is buried so deep in

snow that scarcely anything can be seen of it except the smoke that curls up from its chimneys. The soldiers, who are called Alpins, lead a lonely life, one filled with hardship and danger.

Each day someone must make the ascent from the village to Sollières, carrying the soldiers' mail and the reports and orders for the Commandant. The journey is slow and difficult and requires four hours to go and return even in the best of weather. In winter, when the storms sweep through the mountains, there are days at a time when no one can reach the summit.

About a dozen years ago a group of soldiers stood in the yard of the barracks at Lanslebourg idly watching a fight between a young German shepherd dog and several other dogs at the Fort. The shepherd dog was tough and hard-fighting. The odds were against him but he asked no quarter and gave none. He had one of the dogs by the throat when a soldier interfered.

"Stop it, Flambeau!" he shouted. "Let go there!"

Flambeau paid no heed to the command, and the soldiers dragged him panting and growling from the fight.

"You're a *sale cabot,* no good," the men said. "What can we do with you if you keep on fighting like that? You will kill all the other dogs."

The soldiers put him on a leash and held a council of war over him. They all agreed that in spite of his quarrelsome ways Flambeau was clever, intelligent, hardy, and brave. These were such fine qualities that the Alpins thought he should be taught to use them in better ways than fighting other dogs.

At last one of the men offered a plan. Why not train Flambeau to carry the mail between the barracks and the Fort? Life at the Fort would be good for him, there would be no dogs to fight, and he would be using his strength in a good cause.

"How would you like that, Flambeau?" they asked.

He looked at them and wagged his tail. It was enough. They decided that Flambeau's training should begin at once.

That very day a soldier took him up the long road to the summit. It was his first visit to those high regions, and he sniffed the cold air of the snowy peaks curiously as he wandered around the Fort. The soldiers made him welcome and gave him a fine meal of scraps from the mess tables. When he had eaten his fill he was given a clean bed of fresh straw.

"What a life!" Flambeau must have thought. "Far better than living at the barracks."

He did not know that he had just started on a period of hard training. When morning came, his trainer led him down the long rocky road to Lanslebourg. As soon as he reached the barracks he was shut up in a kennel, and for three days he was given no

food. In vain he whined and howled and whimpered, for no one paid the slightest attention to him. Flambeau could not understand it. He remembered the good supper and soft bed and kind treatment he had received at the Fort, and he wished that he were back again. This was exactly what his trainer wanted him to do.

At the end of three days, his door was finally opened. Without waiting to say goodbye, Flambeau left the barracks on the run and made a beeline for the road that led to Sollières. He had been there only once before, but in no time at all he was scratching at the door of the Fort. What a royal welcome he received. Again he was petted and fed and given a bed. But poor Flambeau! On the following morning he was again led down to Lanslebourg.

This procedure was kept up every day for a week, and in this way Flambeau was trained to make the journey from the barracks to the Fort speedily and directly. Soon

he began to know what was expected of him, for the dogs of Flambeau's breed are quick to learn and they make excellent and trustworthy messengers. When the officers decided that Flambeau was ready to be trusted with the mail, a saddler in the village made a harness for him, fastened around his body. On either side of it hung a mail pouch.

It was a great day in Flambeau's life when the harness was strapped on him, the mail was slipped into the pouches, and he trotted off up to the Fort on his first trip alone in the service of the government. For a while he was led down to the barracks each afternoon, but in a few days the dog learned that he must make the entire trip by himself. Flambeau took only forty-five minutes to climb the mountain, whereas it took a human being two hours to cover the same route. Never did human mail carrier perform his duty more conscientiously or proudly than did Flambeau.

That was the beginning of ten years of

faithful service. Except for one time when he was lost in a ravine, he never failed to make the trip. In the dead of winter, when fierce storms howled through the mountains, Flambeau fought his way gamely to the Fort, laden with mail. How can one praise him enough for such courage and faithfulness!

Many times he risked his life, and one time he all but lost it. He had left the barracks with the mail on a day when one of the worst storms of the year was brewing in the peaks. As Flambeau struggled upward through the blinding snow, the trail grew more and more difficult. He leaped through drifts, then stopped to rest, then advanced by further leaps. The wind raged and tore at him. As the brave dog fought his way, he must have had bright visions of the warm fireside in the Fort and the good friends who were waiting for him. He may even have barked desperately, hoping that someone would come to aid him.

At last he was within sight of the summit. One more leap and he would be there. Poor Flambeau! He jumped toward what looked like solid ground. Instead it was an overhanging shelf of hardened snow that gave way with his weight and plunged him into a deep ravine.

For sixty hours Flambeau lay, exhausted and helpless, while the wind heaped a snowy blanket over him. As the first hours passed and he did not appear with the mail the men at Sollières grew anxious. Then, in spite of the storm that was raging about the Fort, a detachment of soldiers went out to look for him. The storm had blown away every trace of his footprints, and they scoured the ground in every direction, thinking he might have been hurled from the road by the force of the wind. For two and a half days the men searched. They would not give up. At last they found him, almost dead, at the bottom of the ravine.

It was no easy task to raise him from the

spot, but they finally succeeded. They carried him back to the warm Fort, where he was given the best of care and very soon was ready to take up his duties again.

Flambeau took his work very seriously, seeming to understand its importance. When on duty, he never let anyone approach him near enough to touch the sacks he carried, and he would make friends with neither dog nor human being while working. After the mail had been safely delivered however, he was willing to play. Sometimes his faithfulness to duty was very amusing.

One time one of the officers was waiting for his pass of leave, which was to be sent him from the barracks to the Fort. Anxious to receive it on a certain day, he decided that he would save time and get the pass more quickly if he put on his skiis and slid down the mountain to a certain place on the road where Flambeau was sure to pass. There he would stop the dog, get the pass from the mail pouch, and go down to the village.

He started down the descent on his skiis. Before long the sturdy, four-footed postman trotted into sight and the young officer hailed him. Flambeau wagged his tail pleasantly, for the officer was one of his friends. When the man tried to stop him, however, Flambeau slipped out of his grasp. Again and again the officer tried to catch him, but each time Flambeau dodged, circling about, and finally went on his way up the mountain.

Crestfallen and disappointed, the officer had to trudge back up the long, steep road to the Fort. His pass of leave was waiting for him there, but it was too late for him to start that day. In spite of his disappointment, the officer could not help but praise Flambeau for doing his duty.

Every day, winter or summer, the Alpins went out from the Fort on expeditions, either for exercise or in military maneuvers. When Flambeau was off duty he accompanied the men on these trips. There were times when they were lost in the fog or in

a storm. Often it was Flambeau's keen intelligence that found their trail for them and brought them safely to the Fort again. Many a soldier owed his life to Flambeau.

One time two of the Alpins from the Fort were buried by an avalanche. For a long time their bodies could not be found, but at last Flambeau found those of both men, and thus made it possible for the soldiers to have a military funeral and the honors that were their due.

After ten years of faithful service, Flambeau began to show signs of age and weariness. He was as willing as ever, but the daily trip up and down the mountain became more and more of a task to him. His friends, the Alpins, looked at him sadly, knowing that even the best of dogs can live only a few years.

Flambeau had several sons and daughters, all fine, well-bred creatures who were as brave and hardy as their father. Frick, Ginette, Fauvette, and Sollières, nicknamed

Sosso, were among them. One was famous at sledge racing, and another for his skill in finding and bringing in equipment lost in maneuvers. The soldiers decided that Sosso would be the best to take up his father's work.

His training began at the Fort instead of in the barracks. Daily his trainer took him down the road, each time a little farther, over the trail where Flambeau had just passed. At last Sosso went the whole distance to the barracks and returned by himself, arriving a half hour after Flambeau. He was young and strong and swift. Once he made the trip in an hour and a quarter—record time.

At last the soldiers knew that Sosso was ready to carry the mail. Flambeau could now have the rest that he so well deserved. They found a good home for him in Lanslebourg and retired him from active duty.

In October of the year 1937, when the trees in the Forest of Arc were brown and with-

ered from the frost and when the chill in the air told that winter would soon be there, Flambeau felt something strange calling to him. He rose and started from the village, walking slowly along the road, over the bridge that spans the River Arc, past the meadows. He went on into the forest through which he had trotted so many times, climbing painfully now toward the peaks of the summit.

This is the way the soldiers tell it, "He grew more and more tired as he climbed. A strange heaviness was in his limbs. How long it took him to make the ascent that day, no one knows, but at twilight a soldier on guard saw him coming slowly up the road. At every step he stopped and rested.

" 'Look! It is Flambeau coming back to us,' he cried. 'O—hé, fellows! It is Flambeau!' "

The soldiers gathered around the old dog. Something was wrong. He lay down, too weary to respond to their words and caresses.

He had come up to the Fort to die, and at their feet he breathed his last, happy to be with the Alpins who had been his friends.

Not one of those hardy soldiers was ashamed of the tears in his eyes. They gave Flambeau a solemn military funeral, with the flag wrapped about him, a bugler playing last call, and a drummer beating out the roll. It was all they could do now for the brave dog who had served them so faithfully.

Soon there will be a monument on the summit near the Fort, showing Flambeau seated beside an Alpin, looking out over the valley. On it will be a tablet telling his story.

It is Monsieur Pierre Gelloy, the postmaster of Lanslebourg, who has made it possible to tell here the story of Flambeau's life.

WHEN PRIDE IS HURT

AMONG the most intelligent, sensitive, and lovable of all dogs are the bird dogs, so called because they are trained to hunt wild fowl. These dogs are spaniels, pointers, setters, and retrievers. Some are trained to hunt only on land; others hunt only waterfowl. Many interesting stories are told about them, but to understand the stories one must know something of the way in which they hunt.

When hunting with his master, the bird dog's first duty is to locate the game. He goes ahead of the hunter, scenting out the birds to discover their hiding places, which are usually in tall grasses and underbrush. He is very quiet, for he knows that the slightest sound will alarm the birds into flight.

The moment the dog's keen nose catches

the scent of game ahead he stops short and points, which is his way of telling the hunter that there is game beyond. When pointing, his motionless body is rigid, his back and tail form a perfect horizontal line from head to tip, and usually one of his forepaws is lifted from the ground. His nose is extended toward the spot where the game lies hidden. Without sound or movement he stands there while the hunter prepares to shoot. When the hunter is ready, the dog moves ahead and flushes the game, that is, he disturbs it into flight, and at that moment the hunter aims and shoots.

Bird dogs are courageous. They have learned not to be afraid of the sharp report of the gun or the shot that whistles over them. After the game is brought down, the dog searches for it, grasps it carefully between his teeth, and brings it to his master. This is called retrieving. A good retriever will carry a bird without even ruffling its feathers.

When two dogs are hunting with their master and one of them scents game, and points, it is the duty of the other dog also to point immediately, but without moving farther. This is known as honoring the point. A dog which has not been carefully trained, or one that is not obedient, will sometimes stupidly refuse to honor the other dog's point. By moving on, he frightens the game and spoils the other dog's work.

A good dog does his work so well that he sometimes becomes disgusted if the hunter is careless or clumsy. The dog seems to feel that his work has been for nothing. A dog has been known to walk away from his master, refusing to hunt any longer, after the hunter failed to bring down the birds which the dog had found for him.

Hunting dogs are not only proud of what they accomplish, but they are extremely sensitive. If they think their work is not fully appreciated, or if they are punished or scolded unjustly, they grieve deeply.

Trésor was a pointer who belonged for a number of years to a Russian gentleman. His story was told to me by that gentleman's nephew who, like his uncle, enjoyed hunting.

When this dog was growing old, his master thought that a younger dog might prove better in the field, so he bought a new pointer and gave Trésor to his nephew. It was a great shock to Trésor to be given away and he took it badly. Although he soon grew attached to the nephew, he could not forgive his old master for giving him up for a younger dog. He showed his grief in a number of ways.

If the older man came to his nephew's room, Trésor refused to notice him. When his old master spoke to him, he turned his head away, gazing blankly into space. Toward his new master, however, he was loving and obedient, and he hunted very well with him.

One day the uncle proposed that they take

the two dogs, Trésor and the new one, out for some shooting. As soon as they started, Trésor, instead of going ahead with the younger dog, fell back. The other dog went on alone. Trésor was ordered to hunt but refused, and remained gloomily at his master's side.

The young dog scented game and came to point. All was quiet for a moment. Suddenly Trésor, paying no heed to the younger dog's point, rushed noisily into the underbrush. He barked and scurried around, frightening and scattering the birds so that shooting in that spot became impossible.

The uncle was angry with the old dog. Never before had Trésor done such a thing. After a little they went on, hoping that the pointer would behave himself if given another chance. They had walked for quite a distance, with the young dog leading and Trésor still sulking at his master's heel, when once more the younger dog came to point. Scarcely had they stopped before

Trésor again rushed ahead. Again the birds went fluttering to the four winds.

The old gentleman was in a rage, for his hunting was quite spoiled. They turned homeward. The following day the nephew went out to hunt alone with Trésor and the old dog performed with his usual skill. There was only one explanation for his strange actions of the day before. Trésor was so grieved at being discarded for the younger dog that he deliberately did all he could to hinder and bother him.

Another hunting story is told about a young cocker spaniel who was naturally keen and very well trained. His master had invited a friend to hunt with him. During the morning's sport they brought down a bird. The spaniel went into the brush and retrieved it, bringing it back and laying it in his master's outstretched hand, just as he had been taught. Instead of putting the bird immediately in his game bag, the dog's owner handed it to his friend to examine.

The dog was watching eagerly, and the moment his master gave the bird to the other man, the spaniel turned and trotted away into the woods. No amount of calling could make him return. They heard him scouting around in the underbrush, apparently having a good time hunting by himself. "All right," he seemed to be saying, "if you don't care enough to keep what I bring you, I won't work for you any more."

The two men went to another field and the spaniel trailed along. His master took him aside and went on alone with him, thinking this would make him happy and willing to work. The dog began to hunt again and apparently all was going well. He raised a bird which his master brought down, and then ran in to retrieve it. Instead of returning with it, however, the spaniel ran away with the bird in his mouth. It was evident that he had decided to do as he pleased for the rest of the day. Their sport ruined, the hunters went home. It was some time before the

little spaniel would hunt properly again. His feelings had been too deeply hurt.

Here is one more story, about an English retriever named Grouse, that makes us smile at these bird dogs and their knowing ways. One day while hunting, the dog's master lost his temper and scolded Grouse and threatened to punish him, although what had happened was not the dog's fault. The man walked on but suddenly realized that Grouse was not following. He went on home, thinking the dog had gone ahead. But Grouse was not there, nor did he ever come home again. He had been a fine dog and his master was sorry to lose him.

Some weeks later, while shooting in a district about fifteen miles away, this man passed near the home of another hunter and was invited to come in. As the two men sat talking of hunting and dogs, the door was pushed open and Grouse walked in. Surprised to find his own dog at home in a strange place, the visitor called to Grouse,

but the dog would not notice him. He asked his host how this dog happened to be there, explaining that Grouse really belonged to him. He learned that his host, while out walking some weeks before, had met a dog who appeared to be wandering about alone. He spoke to the dog, and the animal, pleased at his kindness, followed him home. Since then Grouse had stayed with him, gone hunting with him, and had proved to be an excellent hunter.

Grouse's first master tried to coax his old dog to come home with him. Still angry at the man who had treated him unjustly, Grouse quietly refused to own him and insisted on staying with the new master whom he himself had chosen.

Stories like these show us that intelligent, sensitive dogs are amazingly dependent upon human beings for their happiness.

THE HOUNDS OF IBIZA

WHAT were those dogs like that were pictured in the tombs and temples and palaces seven thousand years ago? If we wish to see with our own eyes we will have to travel to the Balearic Islands which lie east of Spain in the Mediterranean. On the Island of Ibiza in this group of islands, are the Ibiza hounds, the oldest breed of dog in existence. They have not changed in looks or habits for thousands of years. Their blood is a pure strain, because, unlike other dogs, they do not mate with any other than their own kind.

These dogs are friendly and gentle, but fond of liberty and the open country. They are slim and very graceful and light on their feet. Their coats are of tan, or tan and white, and short-haired. Their noses are

pale in color, and their eyes light and bright and very large. They have large pointed ears which stand straight up from their narrow heads, giving them an alert and somewhat alarmed expression.

The Ibiza hounds are splendid hunters. When at liberty, they are so fond of the chase that they will of their own accord gather in packs. In this way fifteen or twenty of them will start off together, chasing a hapless rabbit or other small quarry over great distances. They are so strong and swift and so full of grace, that they will leap high over rocks and clumps of bushes that are in their way, rather than go around as other dogs do. The trait of hunting by themselves in packs is inherited from those early dogs who hunted thus before they were friends of man.

When kept at home, these sprightly hounds are useful about the farm. They will tend the sheep and be of help in other ways. To break them of the habit of running away

and hunting with other dogs, the people of the island strap a puppy's forepaw to his collar for a short time. As hunting on three legs is difficult, the young dog gradually learns to stay at home.

A great lover of dogs, the late Cecil Aldin, an Englishman, wrote about an Ibiza puppy he owned. Its name was Quixote. In his household was a dachshund, a bull terrier, and a Sealyham whose name was Susan. These short-legged dogs were puzzled and shocked by the lively puppy who came to live with them. They were much disturbed when he capered and pranced and leaped in his own fashion.

Quixote made life especially hard for poor Susan. She never knew where he would be from one moment to the next. When the dogs were taken for their evening walk, Quixote would amuse himself by sailing through the air over their heads, back and forth, just beyond their reach. When Susan tried vainly to nip him, his delight knew no

end. The more she was annoyed, the greater he enjoyed himself. As he grew older he learned better manners.

Ibiza hounds are most interesting because they are found only in these islands, and because they are the oldest type of dogs known to man.

A HELPFUL LITTLE NEWSIE

Some dogs seem to know as much as their masters. A story appeared in one of our papers which told of a little Scottie who was accustomed to making the rounds with her master, a newscarrier.

One day her master, who was somewhat elderly, became ill. It was thought that his son might deliver the papers, but when the time came they could find no list of the customers. The Scottie went with the boy, however, stopping at the various places where the dog had gone each night with his master, and the papers were delivered without a single mistake.

ARTFUL DODGER

DODGER, like Peter Pan, lives in a park in the very heart of the city of London. Instead of living in a treetop or in the Never Never Land, as Peter Pan did, Dodger lives in a cabin on the shore of the lake in Regent's Park. He belongs to Mr. Green, the swankeeper of the park, and the cabin is Mr. Green's workroom.

Every day hundreds of people visit the park where Dodger lives. They stroll along its quiet paths or sit beside the lake. Children come to feed the swans and ducks and geese that live on the islands of the lake and paddle about in its waters. There are forty swans, thirty geese, and almost a hundred and fifty ducks and drakes for Dodger and Mr. Green to care for. Dodger is a great help.

The nesting places of the birds are hidden on the islands where it is peaceful and quiet. The birds would be perfectly safe if it were not for the rats that come to catch the baby birds or steal the eggs. Dodger knows all about rats. When he was four months old, Mr. Green caught two rats and gave them to him. He learned how to shake them just as terriers do. After that it was his daily task to go about the islands with the Swan Man and chase the rats away from all the nests.

Mr. Green is very proud of Dodger, who is a white, wire-haired terrier, with a brown head and a black patch on his back. His bright, snappy eyes can spot a rat as quick as a flash. Dodger is a happy, friendly little fellow who likes people. His name comes from an English slang word meaning one who works around boats. It is also a nickname for a person named Green. So Dodger is doubly named. When he first went to live with Mr. Green, the swankeeper used to take

the dog home with him at night. Now, however, when the boats are pulled up and made fast at the end of the day, Dodger goes into the little cabin and lies down. He prefers to stay in the quiet park rather than go through the city. As Mr. Green says, "He is a good little chap. 'Night-night, Dodger,' I say, and he looks up at me as much as to say, 'All right, hop it! And don't be late in the morning!' "

So Dodger goes to bed in the cabin in the park. Bright and early the next day, often at six o'clock, he hears the click of the latch. Then he is ready for fun. Snatching up anything in his mouth, he runs to meet Mr. Green, knowing he is in for a jolly tussle and good play for a minute or two. After that comes breakfast, but the little wire-hair is so impatient to be out that he eats very little. He can scarcely wait until the boat is untied and shoved off.

Dodger knows that the next business of the day is a tour around the islands to see

that the birds are doing well. He and Mr. Green row out to an island and go ashore. Mr. Green goes about lifting up bundles of green stuff, inspecting the nests and looking for rats. Dodger is always just a few steps ahead, his nose burrowing into the grasses the very moment his master touches them. Quick as a wink he is after any unwary rat, seizing and shaking it until he is sure that it will never again bother a swan.

One day when Dodger was chasing a rat on one of the islands, he ran so fast that he could not stop when he came to the shore. Straight ahead he raced and—splash! into the water he went. Getting a sudden bath did not stop him. In a second he was out of the water and after the rat. Falling in the lake is not a new experience for frisky Dodger, for several times he has tumbled off the boat and been fished out again.

Although Dodger is kept very busy scaring rats away from the nests in order to save the eggs, he is not above sampling an

egg once in a while himself. One day when Mr. Green caught Dodger with an egg in his mouth, he said sternly, "Drop it, Dodger!" Dodger let it go, cleverly dropping it so hard that it broke. After that, what could he do but eat it? Mr. Green decided that so willing a helper deserved some pay, so he let Dodger have the egg.

The little terrier runs about so hard all day that sometimes his master thinks he must be tired. "Now, Dodger," he says, "have a lay down. You must be tired!"

Tired? Not Dodger! Obediently he lies down, but with both ears and one eye open. At the slightest sound he is up and off again to see what is going on.

"There's no mistake," says Mr. Green, "he is a proper Dodger. I wouldn't take five or ten pounds for him, much as I might need it."

"Lucky Dodger," say the people who come to the park. Running about in the open, riding in the boats, and working busily—what more could a little dog ask?

BIG BOY

A YOUNG St. Bernard is a prince among puppies. When born he is as large as a full-grown dog of smaller breed. He has great clumsy paws, a soft silky coat of brown or brown and white, gentle and innocent eyes, and the most charming of manners. St. Bernards are very fond of children, but though big and clumsy, the dogs are always good-natured. Such a puppy was Big Boy when he came from Switzerland to live in northern Ohio.

Big Boy came of a breed that is one of the largest of all dogs and one of the finest, with a long history of noble deeds to its name. The dogs were first bred in Switzerland near a spot in the Alps known as Great St. Bernard Pass.

In years gone by this was a very danger-

ous road for travelers to follow. Traveling by foot or horse, they were faced with the peril of being caught in one of the blinding storms that sweep swiftly over the mountains and leave the paths buried deep in snow. Overcome with weariness and cold, many of these wayfarers would have died if not rescued.

Centuries ago a good monk by the name of Bernard built a shelter in this dangerous pass where travelers could stop and rest before continuing their journey. Other monks, good men and kindly, carried on his work. Today, although eight hundred years have gone by, the Hospice of Great St. Bernard Pass is still open to travelers. The need for it is not so urgent as it once was, since good roads and the automobile have lessened the dangers of traveling over this part of the Alps.

Long ago the monks had discovered that dogs could be of the greatest service in finding people lost in the snow. They trained

large strong dogs to go out in pairs during a storm to search for anyone in need of help. When such a person was found, the dogs barked loudly for help, and then lay down beside the traveler to warm him back to life if he were freezing. If he were able to walk, they led him to the Hospice. If not, one dog would return to the Hospice and bring help while the other dog stayed beside the helpless wayfarer.

Because of his great work, the good monk Bernard was made a saint, and the dogs who helped in the work he began were called St. Bernards. Many hundreds of lives have been saved by them. They are bred now in other parts of the world, but the breed has never lost the courage and instinct for saving life that has made the St. Bernard dogs famous.

These were the dogs that were Big Boy's ancestors. The tavern where he lived was on a corner of one of the busiest cross-roads in the state. Day and night cars sped past its

doors. It was very different from the peaceful mountains where Big Boy was born.

While still very young, he reached a size that made him a giant even among St. Bernards. These dogs usually weigh from 160 to 190 pounds; Big Boy weighed 250 pounds. Such a big dog needs a vast amount of food; he is always hungry. The people who owned Big Boy could not provide enough food for his huge appetite. When hunger gnawed at his stomach, he wandered away on foraging trips, stealing food wherever he could find it. From a lovable puppy, he became a dirty, neglected tramp dog.

Then one day something happened to change his ways.

The tavern was sold, and Big Boy with it. The new owners loved Big Boy. They were sorry to see him so neglected and they began to care for him, feeding him well and bathing him and, best of all, giving him the affection that his big heart needed. Now his life was happier. He was glad that someone

wanted and needed him. He stayed at home to look after his new people and guard their property. He became an excellent watchdog. Often his help was needed, and sometimes he gave it whether it was needed or not.

One summer a gang of men was at work near the tavern. On a certain day a rough-looking man entered the place. He was rude and noisy and Big Boy did not approve of him. The huge St. Bernard kept his eyes glued on the unwelcome visitor, at the same time moving closer to his mistress.

Suddenly the fellow reached out and touched her on the arm. That was enough for Big Boy. He leaped across the table and knocked the man down. He stood over him, though not harming him, until he was told to let the man up. After that the fellow was glad to get out and stay away.

There were times when the savory odor of a frying hamburger tickled Big Boy's nose so much that he would go to the counter and bark for a sandwich.

"You can't have one unless you pay for it," they would tell him.

Then he would lumber away to the kitchen where his box of biscuit was kept, take one out, and pay for his sandwich with the biscuit.

Everyone who came to the tavern loved the big woolly dog and he was always friendly with people who behaved themselves. He never forgot, however, that he had made himself guardian of the place. One morning he had a surprise.

At night he stayed on guard in the tavern alone. Early one morning a member of the family came to open up. He had forgotten his keys, so he borrowed a ladder, set it against the building, and climbed to the second-story window. Just as he was entering the window, backwards, he felt himself firmly grasped by the seat of his trousers and held in a vise-like grip.

"Wait a minute, Big Boy!" he called. At the familiar voice, Big Boy let go and backed

away so hastily that he almost skidded down the stairs. Probably he was never more surprised in his life, and perhaps he was also a little disappointed that he had not caught a burglar instead of one of the family.

When Big Boy rescued the baby, however, he became almost famous. A customer had come to the tavern to make a purchase. She had wheeled her baby in his little go-cart and left him by the steps while she went inside.

Big Boy was lying on the ground nearby. Scarcely had the baby's mother gone inside when the baby, a little fellow of a year and a half, began to climb out of his cart. Big Boy was watching him and now he began to bark. The people in the tavern heard him but no one came to see what had alarmed him.

The baby succeeded in clambering out and, delighted at his freedom, toddled straight toward the road where car after car was flashing by.

Big Boy waited no longer. He dashed out into the highway after the baby, snatched him up by his clothes, and carried him back to the sidewalk. There he deposited him gently and lay down beside him, one great paw on either side, guarding him so that he could not get away.

The frightened baby cried loudly and soon his mother came running. She started to scold Big Boy, thinking he had frightened the baby, but a man who had seen the whole incident told how Big Boy had saved the child's life. Then Big Boy received the praise he deserved and everyone was happy.

For twelve years Big Boy lived a useful life, always the same gentle, kindly animal that he had been as a puppy. When he died he was carried to a little cemetery outside the city where dogs are laid to rest. He sleeps under tall beech trees, and on the shaft that stands over his grave are his picture and a few words telling how he saved a baby's life.

EYES FOR THE MASTER

AS a puppy, Bruce must have been a bit tougher, a little rowdier, somewhat more self-willed, and perhaps more clever than the other puppies that whimpered and tumbled at their mother's side. She was a German shepherd dog. Perhaps she was proud of her handsome son. If she could have had the fun of dreaming as human mothers do, she might even have wondered what he would be like when grown. Of course he would be brave, perhaps a hero; possibly one of those dogs who help to save men's lives in wartime; or a messenger dog; or one that helps to fight forest fires. He might of course be just a faithful watch dog or a good family dog. How could one know? There were many fine and useful callings for such a dog as this bold, handsome puppy

promised to be. His mother could not know that one day he would follow one of the finest callings of them all.

By the time he was three years old, this shepherd puppy had grown into a big tawny dog, strong and good-looking. When I first saw him, Bruce was standing with his master on a street corner in a large mid-western city. They were waiting to cross the street. A brass-studded harness circled the dog's body, and attached to it was a leather handle on which the man's left hand rested. Bruce's clear amber eyes were fixed alertly on the street. His ears seemed strained to catch every sound. Above them the traffic light glowed red.

The dog was listening and watching, and the man was listening. The light shifted and traffic changed. The man's hand tightened on the leather handle as he felt for the curb with his foot.

"Forward," he said. Bruce waited until his master had found the curb, then he

moved forward and the two of them crossed the street smoothly and safely. One would scarcely have noticed them, nor detected that the man could not see, so simply had it been done. Bruce was a Seeing Eye dog, one that has been taught to guide the blind.

In 1939 there were four hundred Seeing Eye dogs in the United States who had been trained in the school at Morristown, New Jersey, where Bruce was educated. Although other dogs are also used for guiding the blind, the German shepherds are the most satisfactory. They are strong and healthy and can live well in any climate. Besides being courageous, loyal, and trustworthy, they are eager to work and willing to serve. Long before any school was founded in this country, dogs were being taught this work in Germany and Switzerland.

The first Seeing Eye dog, Buddy, was brought to this country about ten years ago. She lived to be ten years old, and it was her sightless master who aided in

founding the Seeing Eye school at Morristown. On a thirty-acre farm, given by Mrs. Dorothy Eustis, from sixty to a hundred dogs are either in training or waiting to be trained all the time. The dogs are not bred at the school, but are either given or purchased. Not all of them turn out to be good at this work, and only those who pass their tests with high marks are kept. Elliott Humphrey is the chief trainer, and he has trained other men to teach the students with whom the dogs actually work.

When Bruce was about a year and a half old, he was put in charge of a trainer. His first lesson was in obedience. After that he was taught the meaning of "Forward," "Right," "Left," "Sit," and other commands. He was taught to walk at the left side of his trainer with an even gait, neither too fast nor too slow. He learned to go around behind him when called, so as not to trip him, and then to stand or sit at his side. If an article was dropped, he was taught to call

his trainer's attention to it by pressing his head against the man's knee. All these were duties that he would have to perform later for his master. Day after day Bruce and his trainer worked together as the dog struggled to acquire the rules for guiding a sightless person. As time went on the lessons grew more difficult.

At the training farm the grounds are laid out in a way that would seem odd if one did not know the reason for it. Narrow walks turn suddenly at various angles; some of them are blocked by turnstiles; others lead abruptly into flights of steps. There are steps of all kinds, as well as ditches and terraces and steep banks. These obstacles are similar to the situations that a dog and his master will later have to meet alone. Bruce had to learn to guide his trainer safely over these strange pathways.

After his first training at the farm, Bruce was taken to the city to learn the ways of traffic. He was taught to sit whenever he

came to a curb and to wait for the command "Forward." Never, under any circumstances, was he to leave the curb until the command was given. It is the master who does the directing, the dog who does the guiding. The dog's ears and eyes and nose all help him in his one big job of seeing for his master.

Bruce learned to lead his trainer around ditches, puddles, holes, fences, pillars—anything that might lie in the path and cause harm. He learned to become aware of what was underfoot, straight ahead, and above. Low-hanging awnings, signs, scaffolding, and other objects which might strike a person must be avoided. All this Bruce had to learn.

There were lessons in which he was taught how to guide a person to a street car or bus and, on boarding it, to find an empty seat for him. He learned about elevators and how to guide his owner so that he could find the elevator button. The more we see and hear of Seeing Eye dogs the more we mar-

vel at the patient, skillful training which they show. In addition to all this routine training, Bruce was taught to use his own sense when necessary, even to the point of disobeying his master's orders, if a command was dangerous to follow. Only by so doing could he be a real protection.

After four months of school, Bruce and the other dogs in his group were tested. Only those with the highest scores were kept. Bruce was one of them. He was now a Seeing Eye dog, ready for his new master whoever that might be.

Although his education was finished there still remained a month's work for him at the farm, this time with his master instead of his trainer. This might prove to be the most difficult of all. Bruce's master now had to learn to trust himself absolutely to the dog's guidance in everything, and then to let the dog know that he trusted him. As for Bruce, he had to learn to trust and love a new master.

Every few months a group of men and women arrive at Morristown, looking forward hopefully to what lies in store for them. They know that for each of them there is a dog who will, if possible, bring them a freedom and comfort and companionship which they now lack. For the young chaps there are husky, sturdy male dogs. For the older men, for the women, and for any of the young people who prefer a more peaceable dog, there are the gentler, more sensitive females. The height and gait of the dog has to be considered also, for he must be able to walk comfortably beside his owner. Not every sightless person can use a dog. Some people are too old, some too young. Others are nervous or afraid, or not strong enough to take the dog out for the exercise it needs. Those in charge of the farm take great care in assigning the dogs to the owners with whom they are to spend the rest of their lives, so that both of them will be happy.

Meantime Bruce learned to love his train-

er, and the first task of Bruce's new master was to win for himself the affection Bruce had very evidently given to his trainer. This can best be done by praising a dog when he has done good work. The dogs are naturally pleased and will give their love and loyalty to a master who appreciates them.

Those first days together were not easy. It was difficult for the man to trust his dog's judgment. Sometimes he thought that he was right and the dog was wrong. But when things were cleared up it was always found that the dog had been right.

When the month was over and it was time to leave the farm and go to his new home, Bruce and his master had learned to understand and hold each other in affectionate regard. And they had learned that working together was not so difficult as it had seemed in those first days.

In his new home Bruce soon had an opportunity to show his good sense and excellent training. The two were walking along a

noisy street, and suddenly Bruce stopped. His master felt for a curbing but found none, nor could he find any other reason for stopping, although he put his hand up to see if there was an overhead obstacle. Bruce did not move. His master listened, and then in a lull in traffic he heard voices coming from below. He realized then that they were standing on the edge of a hole or trench.

Bruce's master turned and gave the command to take a different direction. The dog led him into the street, around a pile of loose dirt, and back to the curb. They stood for a moment while the man took his bearings. Suddenly he felt his arm clutched by an unknown hand, and a voice cried, "Don't step backward! There's an eight-foot trench just behind you!"

"I know it," laughed Bruce's master, "my dog has just taken me around it."

Bruce guides his master to his office in a downtown building. One day they were waiting on a corner to cross the street. There

seemed to be no traffic, and Bruce heard the command "Forward." Instead, he leaped back suddenly, pulling his master away from the curb. At the same moment there was a rumble of wheels as a truck swung around the corner and something hanging from the truck brushed heavily against the man's shoulder. What it was that had touched him he could not tell, but had he been standing nearer it might have injured him severely. Bruce's alertness had prevented that.

A Seeing Eye dog does not spend all his time on duty. There are times when he can chase a ball or romp about like other dogs, though he knows he must never go far from his master's side. Even in their play these dogs do not forget their training. Only once did Bruce make the mistake of dashing into the street after his ball. Fortunately for him there was no car coming, but he was punished for his carelessness nevertheless. Shortly after that his master was playing ball with him, and someone called to him that

the ball had rolled well into the street.

"Where is Bruce?" he asked.

When he was told that Bruce was standing on the curb, making no move toward getting the ball though watching it with evident longing, he knew that Bruce could be trusted.

Another Seeing Eye dog, Trixie, lives in the same midwestern city as Bruce. She is a slimmer, lighter shepherd dog than Bruce. She also is a naturally friendly soul. And she knows, like Bruce, that she must not be too sociable but save all her attention for her master. She leads him through traffic, on cars and busses, to all parts of the city. If he tells her to take him to the street car, she guides him to the nearest crossing or zone. She finds certain stores for him and knows what he means by "the second door from here." The two go for long walks, and her master has figured that they have gone about two thousand miles in all. They sometimes walk the nine miles that lie between their

home and the center of town. Now and then Trixie takes him one way and brings him home by another route that he does not know. "But she always gets me home," her master declares. Perhaps Trixie enjoys trying new routes.

Trixie's master has a candy and newspaper booth in one of the large city hospitals. When the alarm clock rings in the morning, Trixie's day begins. If her master does not obey that alarm at once, she lets him know that it is time to get up. Sometimes he lectures in the city schools and churches, talking to young people on sight saving. Trixie sits beside him on the platform until after the lecture, when she demonstrates some of the duties of a Seeing Eye dog. One day she caused some laughter by taking a long drink from a glass of water that had been brought to her master and set on the chair beside him. It was not in the line of duty but it greatly amused her audience.

Late one night Trixie was leading her

master home and they crossed the street to a walk that ran beside a long vacant lot. Suddenly Trixie stopped and growled, then again more loudly. There were sounds of hurrying footsteps. Someone of whom she did not approve had taken to his heels.

Not every dog that receives training for Seeing Eye work is fitted for it. Not all dogs can resist the temptation of being led away by the pleasant and interesting sights and sounds and smells that are the delight of more carefree dogs. There can be no chasing after cats or friendly powwows on the street corner when they are on duty. There is a story about a Seeing Eye dog in Switzerland who could not pass a pigeon without giving chase. As likely as not her unlucky master would start for town and end up in a merry chase across field and meadow as his dog dashed after a flock of pigeons. So she proved useless to him.

Now and then it is found that a dog and his new master cannot agree. Usually this

is because the man has not handled the dog properly and has earned its distrust and dislike. The dog is then given to another person. At the time Trixie and her master were training they went out for a walk one day with another man and his dog. The other dog had no affection for her new owner and seemed bent on mischief. She led him through puddles and let him bump into hydrants and posts and awnings, though Trixie and her master followed the same route without mishap. However, she became a faithful guide for another man to whom she was given.

A dog can work only for a master who trusts and loves him. If his owner fears or distrusts him, the dog is quick to sense that feeling and he becomes unsure of himself. Man and dog must work together like one creature instead of two. Sightless persons often have to ask that other people do not fondle or pet their dogs, or even talk to them or try to help them, for it distracts the dog's

attention and breaks the harmony that exists between dog and master.

There are other schools now where dogs of various breeds are being taught to guide the blind. With ten thousand sightless people in this country, there is more and more need for good dogs like Bruce and Trixie, dogs that are, by their training and native intelligence, eyes for the master.

A FRIENDLY ENEMY

During the Revolution, in the year 1777, Washington's army was encamped at a spot known as Pennibecker's Mill. On day a beautiful hunting dog came into camp. He was very friendly and very hungry.

The soldiers looked at his collar to see whose dog he was, and great was their astonishment to see the name of General Howe, the British commander. The dog was given a good meal and sent back to Howe's camp, which was not far away, with a military escort under a flag of truce.

SHEPHERD DOGS IN PEACE AND WAR

GRENZ was a German shepherd dog who lived some years ago. Few dogs excel a good sheep dog in courage and wisdom—traits which they have learned through long centuries of herding flocks and cattle and watching their masters' homes and children.

In that part of Europe where Grenz lived, every foot of ground that can be spared is used for raising crops for food. This leaves very little space for pasture land, and the sheep have to graze in the narrow stretches left between fields and vineyards, closely watched by the shepherd and his dog to see that they do not stray. If a sheep takes a bite from the forbidden crops in an adjoining field his master must pay a fine to the owner of that field.

A dog must be trained for almost two

years before he is ready for this sort of skilled herding, but when he has finished his schooling, he is almost as wise as the shepherd—sometimes wiser.

Grenz had always worked with one shepherd. One day the man was called away to war and a strange shepherd came to take his place. The new man must have been a great puzzle to Grenz. He would take a nip from a jug, then lie down under a tree and go to sleep, leaving Grenz to tend the flock.

One day the shepherd slept far into the afternoon. The sun dropped lower and lower, and the sheep began to turn homeward of their own accord, while Grenz took his place beside them.

Their way led across a railroad crossing. Just as the flock approached the tracks, a shrill whistle sounded, warning the countryside of the approaching fast express. As the gateman dropped the barrier he was horrified to see the flock of sheep advancing steadily toward the crossing without a shep-

herd in charge. He knew how witless sheep are, and that when alarmed they sometimes rush wildly into the very danger that threatens them. He felt sure that nothing could save the flock from being scattered and cut to pieces by the onrushing express. The gateman had forgotten about Grenz. Just as the sheep reached the railroad warning post, Grenz ran ahead and stopped them. They stood quietly obedient, while the train roared over the crossing and disappeared into the distance. When it had passed, Grenz started them on their way again and took the flock safely home.

Dogs like Grenz are trained to serve men in war as well as peace. The dogs which serve in the army are divided into three classes: despatch or communication dogs, patrol duty dogs, and ambulance or Red Cross dogs. Regular officers are assigned to their care and training. Ten weeks of hard training are required to prepare a despatch or ambulance dog for his duties. Dogs for

patrol or guarding duty require less training. Such dogs are assigned to aid in sentry duty at important positions on the borders, at ammunition stations, or where army supplies are kept.

When telephone lines are cut and other means of communication between front and rear lines have been destroyed, the despatch dogs carry messages. Often they must cross the battlefields under fire. They are valuable for this service because they move more swiftly and find their way more directly than a human runner. Although they are a smaller target for gunfire, still they are often wounded. Many stories are told of heroic dogs who, even though crippled, went on through until their messages were delivered. Dogs who recover from their wounds sometimes go back into the same service, apparently as fearless as before.

Despatch dogs are also used for other purposes. They carry homing pigeons to the front lines, where the birds are released with

messages. These dogs also assist in laying telephone cables under fire, and they carry ammunition forward. When there is nothing else to do, the dogs amuse themselves by catching rats in the trenches. Dog rat-catchers are also kept by the armies for this purpose.

The ambulance or Red Cross dogs are of the greatest value in the armies. They work mostly at night, for it is after a battle, when the wounded must be found, that they are most needed. The injured men are often hidden in shell holes, in underbrush, or under other cover where they have crawled for protection. The dogs can find these hideouts more quickly than can the men of the ambulance corps. A dog can carry on in darkness where men need a light, aided by his keen sense of smell. He will work his way through wire entanglements, over shell-blasted ground, through underbrush, marshes and even running water, in his search.

The stretcher-bearers follow the dogs. Whenever a dog discovers a wounded man he either stands on the spot and barks for aid, or he runs back and guides the men to the place. Many thousands of men owe their lives to the Red Cross dogs of the world's armies.

A SMART WATCHDOG

Even the smallest article belonging to his master will be guarded faithfully by a dog that has been trained to watch. Or sometimes a dog loves his master so much that he will of his own accord learn to watch his property. A little dog named Skipper went walking with her master who was a very forgetful man. The man had been walking some distance when he missed his little follower. He returned to look for her and a long way back found Skipper lying in the path, her paws around her master's cap. The man had dropped it without knowing it, and Skipper had remained behind to guard it.

ROGUE DOGS AND HONEST DOGS

A DOG'S eager obedience to his master can be used in harmful as well as helpful ways. His master's word is the only law that a dog knows, and he will do his owner's bidding willingly, be it good or bad. Thus we have stories of dogs who have been used by lawbreakers — thieves, poachers, burglars, and smugglers — to help them in their work.

A burglar will sometimes use a dog to carry stolen goods to an accomplice who waits nearby. Dogs are trained by purse snatchers to seize purses in crowded streets and carry them to their masters. Using dogs for such work has a double advantage for the thief: he does not have the stolen goods upon his person, and his dog cannot talk.

In France for many years the government

was troubled with smugglers who carried on their work with the help of dogs. Smugglers are men who carry goods from one country to another without paying the duty charge that is required by law. The smugglers had trained their dogs to run along certain routes that crossed the border, perhaps between France and Belgium, or Switzerland or Spain. The goods most commonly carried were fine laces, silks, and tobacco. They were wrapped closely around the dog's body.

Each dog was equipped with chest pads and a spiked collar to protect him against other dogs. He ran only at night and under cover of darkness, sometimes making several trips back and forth, circling around villages in order to avoid people and other dogs. His master treated him kindly and the dog worked willingly, knowing that at the end of his night's work he would have a warm bed and a good meal. Only the swiftest, most courageous, and cleverest dogs were trained for this unlawful work.

So great were the losses to business firms caused by these smugglers that the French began to "fight fire with fire" by training dogs to patrol the borders to catch them. Dogs are used by many branches of government service in foreign lands, so this was not an unusual undertaking. As it was known that there were certain places where the smuggler dogs crossed the borders, an officer and a patrol dog were stationed at each of these spots.

A dog's keen sense of smell enables him to catch a scent long before his master can suspect that anything is approaching. The patrol dogs were taught to give warning in a curious manner. Since they must not bark or growl, they were trained to warn the officers by means of a low rumble which could be felt, rather than heard, when the master placed his hand gently on the dog's side.

When a smuggler dog approached the border the patrol dog either attacked or gave chase, depending upon whether the intruder

wished to circle around or fight it out. He might run the smuggler dog until the latter was exhausted, and was even known to drive him to official headquarters.

These smuggler dogs were valuable animals because of their extreme cleverness and courage. Sometimes, after they were captured, they were kept and re-trained for police duty, thus making a good ending to a bad beginning.

It is quite possible to change a rogue dog to an honest dog, as the story of Drack of St. Germain will show. Drack was a pointer and very beautiful, judging by his portrait which is well known. He was white with orange spots, and it was evident that he came of good blood.

When a tiny pup he was stolen, and came into the possession of a lawbreaker who made his living by poaching in the forest of St. Germain, near Paris, where hunting is forbidden by law. His owner trained Drack to work for him. Amid the thickets and be-

neath the ancient trees where the kings of France had once chased the red deer, Drack caught small game, rabbits, and pheasants and carried them to his master.

It is an unheard-of thing for a proper hunting dog to catch the game he stalks, but Drack knew none of the rules of hunting. He merely did as he was told, and his master made an easy living by Drack's skill, selling the game to the Paris markets.

Drack was expert not only at catching game, but in avoiding the officers of the law who patrolled the forest for poachers. At the sound of a footstep he would hide and freeze, remaining motionless as long as there was danger of being caught.

At this time there was a young American artist living in Paris whose portraits of hunting dogs, pointers, setters, and cocker spaniels were becoming famous. One day, while strolling through the forest of St. Germain, he lay down to rest. Suddenly a very beautiful pointer appeared and, quite unaware

of the man's presence, began to stalk a bird. It was Drack himself. The dog worked with such grace and skill that the young artist was filled with admiration and longed to own him.

When Drack went away with his catch, the artist started after him, hoping to find the dog's master. By a lucky chance he did meet him. Without letting the poacher know that he had seen Drack before, he talked to him about the dog and finally offered him a good sum for the pointer. Drack's master was quite willing to sell, since the sum he was offered was more than he could make in a long time at poaching. So Drack left the forest with a new master.

A strange new life then began for the dog. There were many lessons to be learned, and many old ones to be forgotten. His new master, who was a good hunter as well as an artist, taught Drack the rules of proper hunting. Drack must have been not a little puzzled to learn that he must not catch the

game but merely point it out for his master. He learned rapidly however, for his former master had taught him unquestioning obedience, and in a short time he was very skillful. When Drack was entered in a dog show some months later, he was awarded the first prize and after that he captured prizes wherever he was shown.

Drack not only hunted with the young artist, whose name was Percival Rousseau, but he learned to pose for him. Among his many paintings of hunting dogs, those of Drack of St. Germain are unusually fine, especially that one which shows him pointing, nose and tail extended, forepaw raised, every muscle a-quiver but controlled as he stands in a grassy dell. It is said that we cannot teach an old dog new tricks, but when we read of Drack we know that it has been done.

THE FAITHFUL HOUND OF AUBERY

LONG, long ago, men hunted from necessity. Chasing the deer, the wild boar, and even the harmless hare was necessary if people were to have food to keep them from starving through the winter. Whether a household lived well or went hungry depended largely upon the skill of its hunters. Men also hunted the savage beasts of forest and plain—bears and wolves and other wild animals—to protect their homes from dangerous attacks by them.

Although man hunted at first for food, he soon discovered that the pursuit of game was exciting and thrilling in itself. Then he began to hunt for sport as well as to secure food.

He found that dogs, because of their keen sense of smell and their obedience and cour-

age, were a useful aid in tracking and running down game. The dogs of the hound family proved to be better at hunting than any other breed of dog.

During the Middle Ages, the greyhounds, which included the Irish wolfhounds, the Scotch deerhounds, and the powerful staghounds, were the favored companions of kings and nobles. A person of low degree was not allowed to keep a greyhound. These dogs, which were of immense size, were trained to go into battle beside their masters. They were allowed to roam at will through castle and manor house, sleeping near the master's couch and hanging about him in the dining hall to snatch eagerly the choice morsels and juicy bones that were flung to them. They even ambled solemnly into the lofty cathedrals when their master attended Mass. When a nobleman died, the sculptured form of his hound was often carved in stone upon his tomb.

Many years ago, in the year 1406, the

Duke of York wrote one of the first books about dogs, in which he says, "A hound hath great strength and goodness. A hound is a wise beast and a kind one. A hound has great memory and sympathy . . . and is of good obedience for he will learn as a man all that a man will teach him. Hounds are hardy (brave) for they will keep their masters' goods and sooner die than anything be lost in keeping. And to affirm the nobleness of hounds, I shall tell you the tale of the greyhound belonging to Aubery."

This is the story he tells, put into modern language. It is a tale of the days when knights in armor fought in tournaments for the favor of fair ladies; of the days when Chivalry was at its height.

In the reign of Charles the Fifth, who was called Charles the Wise, there was a young squire at his court named Aubery. He owned a greyhound called Dragon, whom he loved greatly. The hound was devoted to his master. At the court there was also a knight

known as Macaire, or Makarie. He was jealous of Aubery's youth and handsome looks and also of the favor shown him by the ladies. Macaire hated Aubery so much that he plotted against his life. One day as Aubery was making his way home alone through the forest of Blondis, near Paris, he was killed by treachery and his body was left in the woods.

As soon as Dragon missed his master, he set out to find him. He traced him to the forest and shortly afterward discovered his slain body. Stricken with grief, the dog clawed earth and leaves about his master's body and then lay down beside him, not leaving him for several days. After awhile the hound became so famished that he left the body and returned to court, where he snatched a piece of meat and hurried off with it. For four days in succession Dragon appeared at the castle, each time taking food and then quickly disappearing. One day as he entered the dining hall he encountered

the knight Macaire. With a savage growl Dragon attacked the knight and would have killed him if those about had not prevented it.

"To whom does this hound belong, and why does he come here on such an errand?" asked the king.

His courtiers told him that the hound was Aubery's but that no one knew what had become of the young squire. The king commanded that the hound should be followed, and Dragon led them to the very spot in the forest of Blondis where lay the body of his young master.

With sadness and wonder, they watched the faithful hound offer the meat to the master he loved, who, of course, lay silent and still. They tried in every way to coax Dragon away, but he refused. Only by taking hold of his collar could they force him to come with them.

The king then ordered that Macaire should offer some of the meat to the hound. When

he did so, Dragon attacked him so savagely that the young knight was filled with fear. The king now felt certain that Macaire had more knowledge than anyone else about Aubery's death. He proclaimed that Macaire and the great hound should be given trial by battle.

It was the custom of those times to prove a person's guilt or innocence by having him fight with the one who had accused him. If he were victorious in this hand-to-hand battle, he was believed to be innocent. Macaire laughed scornfully at the thought of doing battle with a hound, but the king had given command.

Before the combat it was also the custom for each contestant to swear on the Holy Sacrament that he was fighting for a just cause. Aubery's kinsmen offered to take oath for the squire's hound. Macaire then took his oath, and the strange pair, man and dog, were led away to a place in Paris known as Our Lady's Isle. Thousands of people had

gathered there to see the unusual battle.

The knight was armed with a two-handed staff. As soon as the contest began, Dragon leaped at him fiercely, fighting with all his terrible strength. It was quickly seen that the greyhound had the advantage and that the knight could ill defend himself. When it appeared that Macaire would be killed, the king ordered the battle stopped and declared Dragon the victor.

Macaire was then ordered to tell the truth. He confessed that he had killed Aubery by treachery and without cause. The king commanded that the knight should forfeit his life for his wicked deed.

Thus was justice brought about by the devotion of Aubery's faithful greyhound. The story of Aubery and Dragon is pictured in carvings on the chimney piece of the great hall of the Chateau of Montargis, where the old tale has often been told.

UNSUNG HEROES

TIP, THE STORY OF A DOG AND A FIRE

A DOG'S keen sense of smell will detect the odor of smoke long before human beings are aware that anything is wrong. We often hear stories of intelligent dogs who, by barking an alarm, have saved property and lives from destruction by fire; dogs have even been known to enter burning buildings to rescue those they love.

Tip's story is quite different from other stories of dogs and fires, and we think it is one of the finest we have ever heard.

Tip is a handsome, friendly English setter. He is all black except for three white feet and the white tip on the end of his tail, which gives him his name. A short while before this story begins he had the misfortune to have his hip broken when he was struck by a car. His master made him a good bed in

a box under the basement stairs and filled it with straw to make it more comfortable. A furnace pipe which ran nearby gave out a pleasant warmth on winter nights.

One blustery night Tip lay in his bed, quite alone in the house. Before the family had gone out, his master had shoveled coal into the furnace and then opened the draft. The high wind kept the fire burning fiercely and sent sparks flying past the open door of the draft. A piece of cloth, hanging in the basement not far from Tip's bed, caught fire from a flying spark. It must have smoldered and then blazed brightly, dropping down into Tip's straw-filled box.

Some time must have passed before the click of the key in the lock told Tip that his people were returning. When they opened the door he paid no attention to them but hobbled past them on his three good legs and out into the night.

This seemed queer, for Tip was always happy to see them return.

"What's wrong?" said his master, and at the same moment the master's wife cried out, "I smell smoke!"

They hurried to the basement. A cloud of smoke hung in the air, and in the middle of the floor was a piece of charred cloth. It was torn into shreds as though Tip had clawed and chewed it. The straw in Tip's box was partly burned and scattered about on the floor.

What had happened was now very clear to them. The cloth which had been hanging close to the open draft had caught on fire from a spark and had dropped into Tip's straw-filled bed, thus setting fire to the straw. How fiercely Tip must have worked to put out those flames, crippled though he was! He had trampled and scattered the burning straw, he had dragged the blazing cloth out to the center of the basement floor, and he had not left until he had put out the last glowing spark.

Tip's grateful master and mistress went

to the door and called to him. At last the dog hobbled in, still frightened and nervous. They fondled him and told him he was a brave, brave dog. Then they discovered that his whiskers and eyebrows were singed, that the fur on his chest was burned, and that his paws were scorched and smoky. Poor Tip! He had been a one-dog fire department, and a very courageous one. All by himself he had put out a fire that would have spread from his box to the wooden stairway just above, and from there to the rest of the house.

It is no wonder that Tip's master thinks he is one of the finest dogs in the world.

WHEN TOOTSIE PLAYED FIREMAN

TOOTSIE is a small fox terrier, white with tan markings. She is an unusual little creature in several ways. For one thing, she has a bullet which she has been carrying about inside her for eight years. And she also has two medals, which were awarded her for bravery.

One night, when she was two years old, Tootsie lay sleeping in her kennel, which is close to the house where her family lives. At her side snuggled her puppy, a little fellow a few weeks old. Everything was warm and comfortable and very, very peaceful, and they slept without thought of danger.

It was still dark, although almost three-thirty in the morning, when Tootsie was aroused by the sound of stealthy footsteps creeping up the driveway toward her mas-

ter's car. There may have been a low whisper of strange voices and perhaps the clink of metal around the car. Tootsie's small head went up, and her tiny ears twitched forward. The sounds that came drifting in to her told her that something was wrong.

Suddenly she dashed out of the kennel in a burst of excited barking. How astonished the puppy must have been to be awakened so rudely and left alone in the dark. He was no more surprised, though, than the two men who stood in the driveway working over the car. They were thieves who had come to steal parts of the car and carry them away.

Tootsie flew at the intruders, barking and snapping, and the men took to their heels in a hurry. As they ran, one of them turned and fired two shots at the little terrier. Aroused by the noise, her family came hurrying just in time to see the men running down the road.

The family looked about for Tootsie, who usually ran to meet them, but Tootsie lay

near the driveway with two bullet wounds in her small side. Picking her up very gently, Tootsie's master rushed her to a large hospital, where the doctor took out one of the bullets. He could not remove the other, so to this day Tootsie carries it inside her and seems none the worse for it.

Tootsie stayed in the hospital a month, and during this time her puppy had to learn to drink from a bottle, since his mother could not nurse him. After awhile she was well enough to go home to the little kennel beside the house.

Tootsie's courage in defending her master's property aroused a great deal of interest, and two different societies awarded her medals "For bravery and faithfulness." It all happened a long time ago, and Tootsie has probably forgotten it, but her master and mistress will never forget the fearlessness of this plucky little fox terrier.

HOW JERRY SAVED HIS MASTER

JERRY was part spaniel, which made him loving, warm-hearted, and faithful, and part Airedale, which made him strong, alert, and courageous. He was an excellent watch-dog.

Before the baby came, no one knew just how Jerry would feel, for he had been a spoiled and petted darling. For three years he had received all the attention. Would Jerry love the new baby or would he be jealous? None of the family wanted to part with Jerry, so they were hoping for the best.

When the baby came home from the hospital, they held him down, all snuggled in his blankets, for Jerry to see. The dog walked around the precious bundle, sniffed curiously at it, and peered into the tiny red face. The baby made a soft whimpering sound and

Jerry looked surprised, then wagged his tail. It was going to be all right. Jerry liked Billy.

From the very first he was interested in all that concerned the baby. But sometimes, if he thought the newcomer was receiving too much attention, he would lay his head wistfully on someone's knee as though to say, "I'm here, too, you know." A word and a pat would send him away satisfied and happy.

As Billy grew older and playthings were showered on him, Jerry had to learn that they were not his to play with. It was such a temptation to run away with the baby's ball or to chew to splinters the baby's wooden blocks. Jerry saw no difference between Billy's toys and his own array of sticks and balls and bones. He learned in time, however, and after awhile never made the mistake of touching the wrong playthings.

The baby was often wheeled on the porch for an airing, and Jerry made himself

Guardian of the Carriage. Billy's mother knew that he was quite safe, for Jerry never stirred from the baby's side.

Before long the baby grew old enough to be put in a play pen. Jerry was very much interested in the strange contrivance. He walked all about it, inspecting it closely, and finally lay down and poked his nose in between the bars as far as it would go. This was his favorite position whenever Billy was in the pen.

The months passed and the baby learned to walk. Jerry walked beside him as he took his first unsteady steps. He stood patiently as the baby clutched at his fur for support and clung to him.

After awhile a new baby came to the home —Billy's little brother. Then Jerry was a greater help than ever, as he followed Billy around and looked after him when the children's mother was busy with the new baby.

In front of Billy's house a broad lawn slopes down to the sandy shore of Lake Erie.

It is a beautiful and exciting place for children to play, but it can also be a very dangerous place. Billy had often been told that he must not go down to the lake, but when one is only three years old, one sometimes forgets.

During the winter the lake freezes for some distance from the shore. Early one spring, when the warm weather had begun to melt the ice, a bright sun and a gentle breeze tempted Billy down to the beach. He had forgotten that he must not go there alone.

Jerry followed him down the slope. Billy walked out on the ice, just a little way, cautiously; then a little farther. Trying to walk on the slippery ice was great fun. Jerry kept right beside him all the time.

Suddenly there was a warning crack. Then with a crunch, the ice broke beneath Billy's feet and plunged him into the freezing water. As he went down his small fingers clutched at the ragged edges of the ice and

clung there. It was all he could do to hold himself up.

Jerry raced back and forth in a frenzy. What could he do? There seemed to be only one thing to do, and he did it. He raced up the slope, barking loudly, until he found some boys playing in a yard. Then, still barking, he rushed back down the slope to Billy. The boys heard his excited noise and followed to see what was wrong.

When they saw Billy clinging to the edge of the ice, his small body in the water, they rushed at once to help him. One of the boys crawled out on the treacherous ice, grasped Billy's hands, and drew him slowly out of the water.

As soon as Jerry saw that his little master was safe on land again, he was as happy as a dog can be. Everyone agreed that Jerry had saved Billy's life by bringing help to him at once. He was hailed as a hero and the papers printed his picture.

Jerry had always been a favorite with the

neighbors, but from this time on, for the rest of his life, he was the most dearly loved dog in that circle of homes on the lake.

BROWNIE PAYS A DEBT

A PUPPY lay beside the road one winter day. He had come a long way, and he did not know where he was going. Footsore, weary, and lost, he had dropped down to rest. The heat of his body melted the snow around him and he dropped off to sleep. While he lay there the sun disappeared and a raw, cold wind began to blow. Before long the melted snow had begun to freeze, and when the puppy woke up and tried to scramble to his feet, he could not rise. His soft brown fur had frozen fast to the ground and he was a prisoner!

Car after car whizzed by, but no one noticed the plight of the half-frozen little puppy. At last a car slowed down and stopped. A little girl and her mother got out and walked back to where he lay.

"What is the matter, puppy?" said the woman. "Are you hurt?"

He looked at them and tried to wag his tail.

"Look, Mother!" exclaimed the little girl. "He isn't hurt. He's frozen to the ground. That's why he can't get up!" Again the puppy tried to wag his tail at the sound of their friendly voices.

At once the little girl and her mother went to work to free him. They broke the ice that held him fast and loosened his fur gently. At last the puppy struggled to his feet and shook himself. Then he looked at his rescuers and wagged his tail happily to show his gratitude.

"He is so pretty," said the little girl. "Can we take him home?"

"Of course. He must be lost, poor little fellow," said her mother. She picked him up and carried him to the car.

From that moment on, the puppy was one of the family. And what a large and happy

family! There were only two children, Audrey and small Junior, but there were cats and kittens and Boots, the poodle, and later on a monkey. And out in the farmyard there were cows and chickens and horses and ponies.

They named the new puppy Brownie. He was a handsome collie, with soft, golden brown hair, white feet, white collar and chest, and kind brown eyes. His manners were always gentle and dignified, just as a well bred collie's should be. And Brownie had a sense of humor, for he would laugh silently, wrinkling up his face in a most comical manner, when something amusing occurred. He was a fine watch dog, quick-witted and brave.

When the children were small, Brownie watched them as carefully as a hen guards her chickens. If they ventured too close to the road where the cars rushed swiftly past, he would catch at their clothes, jerking them away from danger and onto safer ground.

He was also very fond of the children's mother and often followed her about the farm. One day when the cows had been brought in and put in their stanchions, she was taken ill and dropped to the floor of the barn, unconscious. Brownie stayed close beside her, licking her face and trying to comfort her, until she was able to get up on her feet once more. In every way he could Brownie showed his appreciation of the family's kindness to him. A day finally came when Brownie paid this debt in full.

Among the farm animals there was a bad-tempered horse that had once injured a farm hand. Everyone knew he was vicious and not to be trusted, but no one guessed how really dangerous he was. This horse grazed in the pasture with the other horses, when not at work.

One afternoon, Junior arrived home from school bringing a friend. He had promised the boy that they would ride the ponies. The ponies preferred to stay in the field, however,

and refused to approach when called. Then Junior's mother came out, carrying a pan of oats with which to tempt them.

The mother and the two boys walked into the pasture and began to call to the ponies in a coaxing way, shaking the oats about in the pan to attract them. They did not notice the big work horse watching them intently, nor did they notice as he began to paw the ground. They did not see his ears suddenly flatten, nor catch the wicked look that came into his eyes as he glared jealously at the boys and the ponies.

Suddenly there was a thunder of hoofs. Head lowered and snorting with rage, the angry horse plunged into a gallop and bore down upon the unwary little group. Junior's mother barely had time to throw the two boys out of his way before he had reached her, kicking cruelly with his great hoofs. She was thrown to the ground, her hip broken. Unable to crawl to safety, she saw the horse turn and again charge furiously

toward her. In another second or two she knew she would be beneath those trampling hoofs and yet there was nothing she could do, as she was unable to move.

During this brief time Brownie had been merely watching silently. But when the horse made his second charge, Brownie dashed out to meet him. He leaped at the horse again and again, heading him off and edging him away from the helpless figure on the ground. Snapping, snarling, barking fiercely and shrilly, Brownie headed the horse down to the other end of the pasture. By racing back and forth before the angry horse, he held him cornered until a man came running toward the field. It was Junior's father who quickly picked up his wife and carried her to safety. Then, and then only, did Brownie leave the horse and run back to the house.

Brownie had saved the life of his mistress. What praise and gratitude were poured out upon the faithful collie! A few months later when, at the big city dog show, he received

a silver cup as tall as himself for being the bravest dog of the year, Brownie remained his usual calm and dignified self. People actually came up to him and kissed him! Quietly and pleasantly Brownie accepted their praise. He may even have been thinking to himself, "What's all this fuss about? I didn't do anything much!"

LITTLE SKIPPER

BELGIUM, like The Netherlands, is a land of canals. If the fifty canals which crisscross its lowlands were stretched into one great river, that river would be three thousand miles long. Up and down these quiet waterways low, broad-beamed boats move slowly, carrying cargoes of merchandise from seaport to inland city and town. For many hundreds of years such boats have been gliding along the canals of Belgium. Sometimes the captain and his wife live aboard the boat and their children are born and raised there. On every boat one of the most important members of the family is the dog.

The little dogs on these boats are almost all of the same kind, size, and color. For four hundred years they have looked just the

same. They are very small—not over twelve pounds in weight—coal-black, short-haired, and oddly enough, they seldom have tails.

They are called Schipperkes, which is a Flemish word meaning "little captain" or "little skipper." It is a name of endearment which shows how much their masters have valued their faithful service through the centuries.

These little dogs have a very definite occupation. They keep the boats free from rats, which would otherwise do great damage to the cargoes. They are also excellent watch-dogs. While the little skippers usually live on the boats or around the docks, they are welcome in any home in Belgium because they are clean and watchful and loving.

One seldom sees a Schipperke in this country, although he is gradually becoming known. If we should chance to see a tiny, bright-eyed blackamoor with alert, upstanding ears, glossy coat, soft ruff, very straight legs, and no tail we have seen a sample of

the breed. But he may not respond to a greeting, for he will have little to do with strangers, though he is friendly with people he knows.

Although some of the Schipperkes are born with tails, far more often they have none. The Flemish people have an interesting story to explain this.

Once upon a time, they say, a butcher and a shoemaker were neighbors. Each of them owned a Schipperke. The butcher's dog was well fed, but the shoemaker's dog did not fare so well. He used to slip over to the butcher's stall now and then and help himself to one of the good sausages that hung there. One day the butcher caught him at his thievery. He cut off his tail and sent him home. Ever since then, so the story goes, the Schipperkes have had no tails.

Cinder, whose full name is Cinder Queen, lives in this country. Like all Schipperkes she is curious about everything that goes on. She will run to investigate noises that she

does not recognize. She will pry into corners and poke curiously into anything new that comes into the house. As for a closed door! She wouldn't be a Schipperke if she did not want to know what was on the other side of it. It is their inquisitive ways that make the little skippers such fine watchdogs.

Cinder loves her family with a deep devotion, but most of all she loves little Ginny. She can remember when Ginny was born. Now that the little girl is older and can run about at play, she and Cinder are better pals than ever.

When Ginny was a small baby, playing in her wooden-barred pen, Cinder would lie beside it, with her black eyes fixed on Ginny. If the baby cried, the little dog would begin to leap in and out of the pen. That usually startled or amused the baby so that she stopped crying. But if Ginny's troubles were real and she continued to cry, then Cinder would scurry away anxiously to fetch Ginny's mother.

Ginny's parents owned another little skipper named Jack Tar, who was just as valuable a nursemaid to another baby in the family. When the baby cried, Jack Tar would raise his nose in the air and howl loudly and woefully. Could any baby really cry while such a funny performance was going on just outside his pen? He usually stopped, but if he kept on crying, then Jack Tar, like Cinder, would scamper about until he found the baby's mother and brought her to comfort him.

It is interesting to think that, for hundreds of years, other little black dogs just like Cinder and Jack Tar have watched fat, rosy-cheeked babies, or walked beside small toddlers in wooden shoes, and tried to entertain them when they cried.

A fine Schipperke and splendid watchdog, too, is Kala. An elderly lady lived with the family who owned Kala. One day when everyone was busy—the maid in the basement washing, the mistress on the second

floor sewing—the old lady went into the kitchen. She was taken suddenly ill and clutched at the handle of the oven door to steady herself. It swung open and she fell to the floor.

No one heard the noise but Kala, who came running to see what had happened. When she found the old lady lying on the floor she rushed into the basement barking, trying her best to tell the maid that something was wrong. Then without waiting for the maid to answer, she dashed up to the second floor and by her excited barking let her mistress know also that help was needed in the kitchen.

Wherever he may live—on a canal boat in Belgium or in an American home—a Schipperke serves his family wisely and well. He is always the alert, watchful, loving little friend.

THE DOG NOBODY WANTED

TREMBLING with fright, the little dog lay in a corner of the garage, a homeless stranger. He was so filthy that it was impossible to tell what color he was. When Mrs. Meyer reached out to touch him he bared his teeth and snarled savagely. Someone had treated him very cruelly.

Mrs. Meyer went into the house and returned shortly with a big bone, covered with meat. She called gently to the dog and held the bone out to him. He sprang and snatched it from her hand, then retreated to the dark corner again and began tearing at the bone like a wolf. Poor thing! He was almost starved.

Mrs. Meyer continued to talk to him gently, and he must have felt the kindness in the tones of her voice, for when she dared to pick

him up bodily, he did not utter a sound but clung grimly to the bone she had given him.

When he had finished the bone, she gave him a pan of warm milk, which he lapped up eagerly. By the time it was gone she had made a comfortable bed for him in a box. It was probably the best meal and the softest bed he had ever had in his short, sad life. He lay there watching her, then suddenly, as she spoke to him, he wagged his tail. Her kindness had already changed his fear to trust.

How dirty this little ragamuffin was! His fur was caked with mud and filth. It hung about him, matted and stringy. Mrs. Meyer filled a tub with warm water and coaxed him into it. She covered him from the tip of his nose to the tip of his tail with soft, foamy lather and then the dirt began to stream off his sides. He was rinsed, and rinsed again, and dried, until his golden brown fur was soft and gleaming. He was an entirely different dog from the dirty tramp of an hour

or two before, and now he seemed very young—perhaps about six months old.

"He's going to be handsome," said Mrs. Meyer to herself. "I'd like to keep him."

Her husband objected at first, but finally said that if they kept him, he would have to stay out in the barn. He looked as though he would make a good watchdog.

Clean, well fed, and almost happy, the stranger was given a good bed in the white barn that smelled of fresh, sweet hay. They called him Dick, after an old dog they had lost, and in a few days he was quite happy. He liked the horses—the beautiful sleek riding mounts and the big sturdy plow horses. When they climbed the hill to the pasture, he trotted beside them. If they frolicked and rolled on the turf, he watched them with an anxious air, as though worried at their antics. And when they were working in the field, he walked soberly along the furrows with them.

Dick soon became a warm-hearted and

friendly dog. Best of all, he was obedient and never attempted to go to the house, but stayed about the barn and the pasture. This was not easy for him, because he loved his new mistress so dearly that he wanted to follow her everywhere. When it was time to feed the chickens or milk the cows, he would sit and wait for her to appear. After following her about at all her tasks, he would walk a little way toward the house with her, then sit down and watch until she had disappeared inside the kitchen. How he did want to come and live at the house with them!

It was one of the happiest days of his life when he was finally given a bed on the side porch. Soon after this Dick showed his appreciation by scaring away some thieves who had come to help themselves from the woodpile.

Mrs. Meyer had owned a great many dogs but when Dick came she had only one, a beautiful little collie named Rex. He was gentle, very timid, and horribly afraid of

strange dogs. Dick began at once to look after Rex and protect him, thus making Rex's life very happy. The two dogs roamed about the woods and explored the banks of the creeks, and whenever Rex became frightened he howled for Dick, who came running to his rescue.

One day he was set upon by some strange hounds. "Ki—yi, ki—yi," he wailed.

In a moment Dick appeared from over the hill and planted himself between the strange dogs and Rex. Growling and bristling angrily, he dared them to harm the frightened little collie. The hounds almost fell over each other in their hurry to get away, and Dick's master, who had seen it all, smiled happily at the way Dick took care of timid Rexie.

As time went on the friendship between the two dogs became even stronger, and everywhere that Dick went, Rex trailed close behind.

One bitter March day the two left the house together. A short time later Mrs.

Meyer, who was in the house, heard a dog howling. It was a strange wailing cry, as though the animal were in distress.

The cry came again, and then again. Mrs. Meyer went to the window and saw Dick racing across the fields toward the house. She opened the door and in he rushed, greatly excited, and alone.

"Where's Rexie?" asked Mr. Meyer.

At that Dick dashed out again, running a little way and then returning to look at them with an anxious appeal in his brown eyes that spoke as plainly as words.

His master pulled on his boots and followed Dick. The dog led him across snowy fields and patches of woodland. Now and then the wailing howls reached them. Dick, who had rushed ahead, would stop impatiently and then race on again when he saw his master following. He was leading him toward the creek.

At last they arrived at the banks of the little stream and Mr. Meyer saw what was

wrong. Rexie had fallen through a hole in the ice in midstream. With his forepaws he was clinging desperately to the ragged edges of the ice, in danger any moment of being swept beneath the ice and drowned, for the water was deep and there was a strong current. Mr. Meyer stepped gingerly out on the ice, while Dick watched expectantly, sure that everything would be all right now. Reaching out cautiously, Mr. Meyer grasped the frightened Rexie by his fur and pulled him out.

Dick capered about in joy when his playmate was safe beside him once more. Rexie had been in the water so long that he was almost frozen. He could not even walk. Mr. Meyer carried him back to the house and there Mrs. Meyer wrapped him in one of her best blankets and laid him beside the fire. She gave him hot milk and raw egg, while Dick sat beside him watching with faithful brown eyes.

It was hours before Rexie could drag him-

self about, but after a few days he was as well as ever. Never again, though, would Rex go near the creek.

Dick received an International Diploma of Honor and a great deal of praise. Everyone was happy to think that the homeless waif that nobody had wanted had turned out to be a real hero.

The friendship between the two dogs continued for several years. One sad day Rex dragged himself home with a bullet wound in his side. He was a harmless little fellow, and it is hard to understand why anyone would have shot him. Perhaps it was an accident. He lived for several days, while Dick sat by his side, licking the wound and watching him sorrowfully. He had saved Rex once, but he could not save him now. Rexie died and was buried in the yard under the pear tree. Dick never forgot the timid little fellow that he loved, and day after day he lay on Rexie's grave under the pear tree, grieving in silence for his lost playmate.

PALS

BETWEEN Rex and Spud there is a deep friendship and loyalty that leaves no room for other four-footed companions. The two dogs have made a kingdom of their street, over which they are the sole rulers. Neighborhood dogs have long since learned to pass them by with fear and respect. Strange dogs, once having wandered into their realm, give it a wide berth forever after. With human beings the dogs have no quarrel.

Rex is Bill's dog, and Spud belongs to Bill's pal, Bud. Before Bud moved to Bill's street, Spud had already made a name for himself as a very intelligent dog. Bud's family were then living some distance out in the country, and across the road from them lived a family who owned Spud's sister. She disappeared

one day, and after four or five days was still missing.

Spud, in the meantime, had spent much of his time away from home. When he returned he was always so excited that they finally decided he was trying to tell them something. The next time he started out of the yard they followed him. Spud was greatly pleased. He led them deep into the nearby woods, parts of which were quite wild. When at last he stopped, they discovered before them Spud's sister, caught in a steel trap and unable to free herself. Spud had been visiting her each day, carrying food to her, as was proved by traces of bones on the ground. Now, at last, he had brought the family to her rescue.

When Bud's family moved to Bill's street, Spud took a liking to Rex and appointed himself as the younger dog's teacher. Rex was only a puppy, but was already of immense size and very handsome. Both Rex and Spud were German shepherd dogs, but Spud was

much smaller and also four years older than Rex. He was very wise in all his ways.

In spite of his huge size, Rex was not a fighter, and when drawn into a fight he was more than likely to be the loser. Spud changed that. He became Rex's champion and made Rex's quarrels his own. He would plunge into a fight, tooth and nail, until the other dog howled for mercy.

This had been going on for some time, Spud waging Rex's battles and Rex on the sidelines barking encouragement, when one day the larger dog suddenly grasped the idea. He decided that he too could fight. He stepped in bravely, took a nip at the strange dog, and came out so well that after that he was at Spud's side in every fight. The two became a terror to all dogs, a situation which brought their owners much trouble. They often wished that Spud and Rex did not find these fights so enjoyable.

Rex has a roomy kennel in his yard where he sleeps at night and sometimes rests dur-

ing the day. Spud took a liking to this kennel the first day he saw it. Much as he liked Rex, he liked his kennel even better. If Rex were inside, Spud would walk up to the low entrance and give a short, low, commanding growl.

It was enough. Rex would scramble out in a hurry and give up his warm bed to his visitor. For his own nap he would curl up on the stone just outside. They never quarreled over the kennel because Rex always gave it up without a whimper.

One day Rex's family noticed a change. Spud had stopped ordering Rex out of the kennel, but how or why they never knew. Instead, he waited outside until Rex came out of his own accord, then he slipped in. From that time on, the first dog there occupied the kennel and the other waited patiently outside. Sometimes, though, it was nip and tuck as to who got there first.

Rex and Spud are seldom apart during the day. Bill and Bud have decided that their

dogs plan just what they will do each day. One day they will disappear into the woods and be gone for hours, returning dusty and weary and covered with burrs. Another time they will stay at home together, sitting and barking foolishly at the birds or keeping an eye out for strange dogs.

One morning the two dogs sat on the front lawn waiting for something interesting to happen. And it soon did. The small Scottie who lived across the street came trotting happily around the corner of her house with two yellow chicken feet in her mouth. She dropped them on the grass and slowly made ready to enjoy herself.

The two pals sat watching her. Did Spud say to Rex, "Look at Scottie. Two chicken feet! Wouldn't they taste good?" And did Rex reply, "Wait, I'll see what I can do?"

Perhaps. At any rate, Rex arose and ambled across the street as though interested in anything but chicken feet. He approached Scottie in the friendliest manner. Scottie

stood up to greet him with polite sniffs. She was pleased to have so handsome a visitor, when he seldom noticed her.

The moment her back was turned on the chicken feet, Spud dashed across the street, snatched them in his mouth and raced back, with Rex close behind him.

Spud dropped the choice tidbits, chose one, and allowed Rex to have the other. Each dog began to enjoy a chicken foot, crunching noisily. Scottie watched them in dismay, then trotted across the street. Rex and Spud growled at her rudely and she ran back home, while they finished her dinner with great relish.

There came a winter when Bud's family decided to go to California. They planned to leave Spud in a boarding kennel until their return. Bill's family offered to take the dog, but Spud's owners said that the two dogs would only get into mischief if left together. So one Sunday morning Spud was driven nine miles into the country and introduced

to his new boarding place. After telling him to be a good dog, the family bade him goodbye and then drove away.

Spud had his own ideas about staying in this strange place. Scarcely had the sound of the car died away before he was chewing at the leash that held him. He was frantic in his efforts to escape. On Tuesday morning, the owner of the kennel heard a door bang and looked out just in time to see Spud streaking down the road. He had clawed and chewed the door until at last he had broken it open.

Later in the day there was a sharp scratching at the back door of Rex's home. When it was opened Spud bounded in with a delighted yelp. Rex and Spud pranced about, barking in rapture at being reunited. Naturally, after that, Spud stayed at Rex's house the rest of the winter.

Spud had amusing and clever ways of doing things. One evening the two dogs were given their dinner, each in his own dish. The

tempting stew of vegetables, cornmeal, and meat was poured into the two pans which were placed on the stone doorstep outside. Both dogs were hungry and impatient to eat.

Rex circled around his dish, snatching a mouthful and then backing away when he found it uncomfortably hot. Spud was more practical. After he had sniffed the stew and found he could not eat it at once, he lifted the edge of the dish with his teeth and tipped it over on the cold stone step. He then proceeded to paw it around and spread it out, and in another minute it was cool enough for him to eat. His supper had quite disappeared and he was licking the bare stone while Rex was still waiting impatiently for his stew to cool in the dish.

When Bud was home, the two dogs often went with their masters on long hikes through the woods. Now and then it was an overnight hike, and it would be hard to say which enjoyed themselves more — boys or dogs. The boys' parents were happy about

it because they knew that no one would dare to molest the two young woodsmen while Rex and Spud were with them.

After Bud went to California, Bill sometimes went out alone with the two dogs. One bright day, shortly after Christmas, he called Rex and Spud and started for the woods to try out a new steel sled. The hills were covered with a smooth glare of ice. Coasting was exciting and full of hazards, especially as the new sled was capable of lightning speed. As Bill shot down a slope with terrific swiftness, the sled went out of control and swerved into a tree with a fearful crash. For some time Bill lay unconscious in the icy stillness of the woods. Both of his legs were broken.

The two dogs were aware of his peril. They hovered over him, licking his face. When he became conscious, he placed a hand on each dog's head and shouted with what strength was left in him. The dogs began to bark, loudly and persistently until at last a man,

far on the other side of the ravine, was attracted by their noise and came to see what was wrong. He brought help as quickly as possible.

"It must have been terrible, out there with no one around," someone said to Bill months afterward, when he was still in a plaster cast.

"It was, but it would have been worse without Rex and Spud," said Bill.

BOSS, A DOG OF THE CUMBERLANDS

HIGH on a mountainside in the Cumberland Mountains of Virginia, eighteen miles from a town, there is a tiny cabin. It is built so close to the side of the mountain that its roof touches an overhanging cliff. Trees press closely about it and a corn patch grows up to the very doorstep.

A steep and rocky road leads up the mountain to the cabin where Mr. and Mrs. Baker, their two little boys, and their shepherd dog Boss, live happily.

When the Bakers were married, an uncle gave the young couple a shepherd pup. It was white marked with brown and had one blue eye and one brown. He was a bright little fellow.

"Some day he will make you a fine dog," said Uncle Gen wisely. So they kept him and

named him Boss, and sure enough, Uncle Gen's prophecy came true. Boss made a fine dog and a brave one.

Boss used to lie on the cabin floor near the door, keeping watch over Uni, the baby, when his mother had to get wood and water or work in the garden. When another little fellow came, Boss had two young charges in his care. Uni was three years old and the baby was three months old when something happened that made Mr. and Mrs. Baker more thankful than ever that Boss was a member of the family.

Boss was very busy watching over the household, seeing that no prowlers ventured near the cabin and that no harm came to the children whom he loved. He was often left alone with them and never failed in his trust. Now and then, however, Mrs. Baker would take the children with her. On these trips Boss was a welcome companion along the lonely mountain road. How he loved to dash ahead, making quick excursions into the

woods and then rushing back to see that his two little boys were quite safe.

One day Mr. Baker had gone to work at a place three miles away. Toward noon Mrs. Baker began to pack a lunch to take to her husband. Boss watched her intently. Would she take Uni and the baby? If she did, then the wise fellow knew that he could go along. At last she was ready. She picked up the baby and the basket and, telling Uni to follow, said, "Come along, Boss!"

Crazy with joy, Boss dashed out and was far down the road before Mrs. Baker had yet closed the door. As she turned to leave the house, a dark furry shape came lumbering around the cabin and, growling fiercely, made straight for her. She had often seen small wild animals about the cabin. Sometimes there were deer. But this was the first bear that had ever come so close.

As she moved he made a grab for her feet, clawing at her heavy, thick-soled shoes which were tied on with strips of rag. As

the strips gave way and her shoes were torn off, he continued to claw at her feet, enraged now at the sight of blood.

Uni was screaming in terror. His mother picked him up and dropped him in the huge empty rain barrel that stood beside the cabin. Then, snatching a pole, she tried to beat the animal off. At last in desperation she shouted, "Boss! Boss!"

The bear was now clawing and biting at her hands and arms. With the baby in one arm she fought wildly. Suddenly she heard a challenging bark. Out of the woods came Boss, dashing to the rescue.

Although Boss was a good-sized shepherd dog, he was small compared with the bear. But his courage was great. Springing on the bear's back he attacked it savagely. For twenty minutes the two animals fought. Not finding any place to lay the baby, Mrs. Baker continued to hold him while she beat at the bear with the pole she had picked up. Around and around they tussled and fought, the

shepherd dog and the bear, clawing and biting fiercely.

Twice, from the depths of the rain barrel, little Uni cried out in fright. Each time Boss left the bear and rushed to the barrel to see if the little boy were safe. Then back he dashed, renewing his attack. Suddenly the bear turned, ran up the cliff behind the house, and took refuge on the roof. If he had thought to escape the dog in this way, he was mistaken, for Boss was after him in a second. Soon Boss had crowded him to the highest corner of the roof, where it touched the overhanging cliff, and in another moment he had forced the bear to the ground. The bear had had enough. Weary and bloody, he slumped off into the woods, with Boss snapping triumphantly at his heels.

Mrs. Baker rescued Uni from the rain barrel and went inside. Her clothing was in shreds, and her hands, arms, legs, and feet were badly wounded. She knew she must find a doctor. Binding up her hands and feet as

best she could and gathering her little family together, she set out painfully to find her husband. This time Boss did not dash on ahead but stayed close beside them.

It was some time before Mrs. Baker was able to leave the hospital and return to the little cabin on the mountainside. Meanwhile Boss received all the acclaim that was due him for his courage and faithfulness. Instead of sleeping under the front porch, Boss now sleeps on an old sack close beside the door. Perhaps he is waiting for another bear. If he is, he will be ready for it.

FAITHFUL FRITZ

FRITZ was born when the five Kingsley children were quite young and needed protection. He was half greyhound and half Irish setter. He had a gentle and lovable nature and the children had many reasons to be grateful for his faithful care.

When a dog lives in the midst of a family of lively children, he becomes uncommonly knowing. They were sure he understood all they said, and certainly he did everything but actually talk. If one of the children cried, Fritz cried. When they were happy, he was happy. He was constant in his self-appointed task of looking after the children, especially John, who often got into mischief or embarked on adventures that were likely to end in grief.

One winter day young John decided to go

skating on the reservoir. It was a dangerous place to choose for such sport as the water was deep and the ice none too thick. John put on his skates and glided out toward the middle of the reservoir. When he turned toward shore again, he discovered that the ice had broken away and he was stranded on an island of ice.

The boy began to shout for help, and soon his cries brought his brother Dan, and Fritz. There seemed to be nothing they could do to help, so Dan went to find one of the workmen who was employed on the grounds. He hurried to the rescue with a bit of rope but they soon found, to their dismay, that they were unable to toss the rope across the water to John.

Things were looking pretty hopeless when suddenly it occurred to them that perhaps Fritz could take the rope to the stranded boy.

They gave him one end of the rope. "Here!" cried Dan, "take it to John!"

Fritz seized the rope in his teeth and plunged into the water. It was ice cold but he swam bravely to where John awaited him. John tied the rope securely around his waist and then it was his turn to slip into the icy water of the reservoir. He was pulled ashore to safety and was none the worse for the adventure. Fritz was the hero of the day. He was given an extra good dinner and a great deal of praise for his courage.

The children were seldom out of his sight, especially in the summer, when he could spend the whole day with them. When school began, Fritz was lonely. At first he went to school with the children, following them through the woods and along the road and then slipping inside the schoolhouse and lying down behind the stove. He was very quiet and never bothered anyone. School rules forbade a dog in the schoolroom, however, so the teacher said that Fritz must not come inside. Staying away from school was one of the hardest things for Fritz to learn.

The children's mother would shut him in the house, where he wandered about lonesomely, waiting for the clock hands to swing around to three o'clock. A little before the hour Mother would say, "Time to go for the children, Fritz," and open the door. Then he would dart off to school to meet his young charges.

One day, coming home from school, Fritz was the hero of another adventure and again it was John whom he rescued.

There had been a heavy downpour of rain during the afternoon. When the children raced out of the school building they found the ditches along the road filled with rushing torrents of yellow water. The boys and girls whooped and yelled in excitement, throwing sticks and branches into the water to see them bob and whirl away in the swirling stream. In the midst of this fun John slipped, missed his footing, and rolled down the bank into the swift current. His companions tried to help him, but it was not until Fritz leaped

in, seized him by the arm, and held him up that he was able to clamber to safety. Fritz always seemed to be on hand when he was most needed.

One day a very amusing thing happened. The younger boys had started for school, carrying their lunch in a basket. With so many interesting things to see and examine and discuss, it is no wonder that somewhere along the way one of them set down the lunch basket and forgot to pick it up again. Heedlessly they went on and were almost at the school when they discovered that the basket was missing. A whole school day without any lunch! That was unthinkable. One of the children started back to find the missing basket when, much to their surprise, they saw Fritz trotting down the road, carrying the basket in his mouth. He had picked it up and was bringing it to them. Never was a dog greeted with greater delight.

Hunting was fun for the boys, but Fritz enjoyed it just as much. Sometimes the boys

would shoulder a gun and set out to get a rabbit. Those were the times when Fritz had no doubt that he would be needed, for while the boys never actually got a rabbit they seldom returned home without one! It was lucky for the boys that their dog could not talk, for it was good old Fritz who caught the rabbits that they took home for dinner.

Throughout his life Fritz was faithful always—in sport or danger. No wonder the children liked to call him Faithful Fritz.

SKIPPER'S LOST APPETITE

SKIPPER would not eat. He was deaf to Janey's coaxing as she sat on the floor beside him and told him what a good supper it was, all juicy chunks of meat and carrots and spinach. Even when she said that she might call the kitty and give him Skipper's supper, the little wire-haired terrier refused to taste it. He sat dutifully beside his dish, but his gaze was fixed sadly on the door. This was very strange, for Skipper usually had an extremely good appetite.

"Well," said Janey Brink, "I give up. Are you sick—or what? Maybe you and Mickey have been out hunting and eaten something you shouldn't."

Her brother Bob strolled into the kitchen.

"What's wrong, Skipper? Do your teeth hurt?"

Skipper protested silently but violently while Bob examined his rows of shining white teeth, then he trotted over to the door and looked imploringly at the knob as though he expected it to turn and let him out.

"His teeth are all right. Queer he should act so," said Bob, but was interrupted as the dog broke into a sudden volley of wild barking.

A rap had sounded on the door. Opening it, Bob found Dickie King, a young neighbor, standing outside.

Dick did not wait for a greeting. "Bob," he blurted, "I can't find Mickey anywhere. He hasn't been home all afternoon. I've looked everywhere—down by the drugstore, over at Grandma's, and around school. Have you seen him?"

Bob and Janey both shook their heads. Mickey was a rusty brown cocker spaniel, a lovable pup and Skipper's best pal. When not with the boys and Janey, the two dogs spent much of their time together, trailing

through fields and woods, startling field mice into their holes, treeing squirrels, and catching frogs by the brook.

The moment that Bob had opened the door, Skipper had darted out into the night. Now he had scampered back and was watching them, his bright eyes fixed on their faces, his sharp ears listening for familiar words.

"We'll go out and help look for Mickey," said Bob. "Wait until I get a flashlight and tell Mother."

"Maybe Skipper would help us, too," said Janey, "though he has been acting awfully queer. He wouldn't eat his supper. Skipper, where's Mickey?"

At her words, Skipper gave a sharp bark and darted off again.

The three started out into the frosty starlit night. Before they reached the sidewalk, Skipper had run across the street and into a field. Flashing the light after him they could see that he was following the path that led to the woods.

"He thinks we're going hunting," said Dick.

"Maybe he's just chasing a rabbit," suggested Janey.

They were all afraid to hope. So many things had been running through their minds. Mickey was so friendly, perhaps someone had picked him up, or perhaps he had wandered onto the highway.

"Skipper's pretty bright," said Bob. "Let's give him a chance."

In a flurry of dried leaves, Skipper had come rushing back and was now waiting impatiently for them.

"Okay, lets go, Skipper," agreed Dick.

Skipper turned and ran ahead, and the three children followed. They could see him crashing through tangled weeds and underbrush. Bob kept the flashlight trained on the dog's bobbing white tail. They had been wandering through the woods for perhaps five minutes when suddenly Skipper's voice was raised in a storm of wild yelping.

"Sounds as though he had a squirrel up a tree," said Bob. He sent the light streaming in the direction of the sound.

"If it's only a squirrel he's found—" said Dick, and then stopped. "Look! See those two little lights?" He started to run.

Janey caught at his coat, "Wait, maybe it's a skunk!"

Dick shook her hand from his arm, "Skunk nothing! That's Mickey! Here, Mickey. Here, fellow. Hey, why don't you come?"

Mickey was sitting close to a fence post and Skipper was prancing around him licking his ears and nose, barking joyfully. Mickey just sat there, wiggling his little brown body happily but otherwise not moving.

In that second all three, Dick and Bob and Janey, had the same thought. Was Mickey caught in a trap?

"Look! No wonder he can't move," said Dick. "His collar is holding him to this wire!"

Dick loosened the collar from Mickey's

neck. The skin had been rubbed away in the little fellow's frantic efforts to release himself. Now he raced about in a wild fit of joy, leaping first at one and then another of the trio, then tearing off to run in circles with the delighted Skipper close beside him.

"So that's where he's been all afternoon," said Dick soberly as he pulled the collar away from the wire on which it had caught. "He and Skipper must have been out here hunting and when he tried to go under this fence his collar caught on the wire. If it hadn't been for old Skipper, I might never have found Mickey. Why, he could even have died out here."

Now that his small friend was safe, Skipper had only one thought in his mind: to get home. When Janey and Bob reached the house a few minutes later they found Skipper in the kitchen sitting beside a dish from which every bit of carrots and spinach and meat had disappeared. Skipper's appetite had returned.

JUST FOR FUN

WALDI

ONE day in the city of Berlin, Germany, a little dachshund lay in the corner of a cage in the dog pound. He was broken-hearted, sick, and frightened. With his head resting on his tail he lay, listening for a familiar voice or step. Twelve long, unhappy days had passed since he had been picked up on the street, bewildered and anxious, completely lost. His well-groomed appearance and fine collar showed that he came from a good home. He had been plump, but now his sleek little body was growing thin because he would not eat, and his warm brown eyes were dull and unhappy.

Twelve days had passed and no one had come to claim him. The law said that dogs could not be kept at the pound for more than fourteen days. Then if they had not been

claimed, or no home had been found for them, they must be put to sleep. Waldi had just two short days left in which to live.

On the afternoon of the twelfth day a visitor came to the pound. She had not come to find a lost dog, but just to see the dogs because she loved them. The keeper of the pound was glad to show her about. The visitor had spent all her life in the theatre and the circus. Her father was famous in many countries of the world as a trainer of dogs.

She wandered up and down before the cages, sometimes greeted by excited barking, sometimes by sad little whines. At last she came to the cage where lay the little red dachshund. He looked past her silently. She spoke to him but he did not notice her. He was listening for another voice, one that he knew.

"Poor little fellow. How did you come here?" she said softly.

The keeper answered for the little dog.

"He was picked up on the street, twelve

days ago. He has only two more days here."

"Two days?" Such a short while in which to live.

She looked at the lonely little creature and tears came to her eyes.

"I want him," she said. "May I have him?"

One could not just pick out a dog and take him away from the pound, the keeper explained. Before he let a dog go he must be sure that a dog would have a good home for the rest of his life and that he would never be turned loose to stray or be ill-treated in any way. Also, the costs of his keep at the pound must be paid. In this case the costs were twenty-eight marks, or, in our money, about six dollars.

Nana, for that was the visitor's name, had made up her mind that she would have the little dachshund. She was sure that she could make him happy again, and she told the keeper that she would always give him a good home and good care. She opened her purse and counted out the twenty-eight

marks. There were papers to be signed and addresses to be given, but at last it was all done. She walked out of the pound with the sad little dachshund in her arms.

Not until then did she think of what her father would say. It was best to know at once. She hurried to the Winter Garden, the theater where her father's dogs were performing.

"Look," she said, "I have a new dog," and she showed him the dachshund.

Her father stared. "Another dog! I have already thirty-five poodles! And a dachshund! Don't you know that a dachshund is stubborn and slow to learn? Why, it takes him three times as long as a poodle to learn a trick."

"But I only want him for a pet," she protested. Her father shook his head, "No."

Nana could not bear to take the sad little dachshund back to the pound. She coaxed and begged and finally wept. And at last her father relented.

"Very well, but you will see—"

She took the new pet back to the hotel where they were living. It was a strange home for a dog, but a comfortable one. With the new home came a new name—Waldi (pronounced Val'di).

In spite of love and the gentlest care, it was many weeks before Waldi even wanted to live. Two months went by before he began to show any interest in what went on about him. Gradually Nana could see him growing more contented and even a little happy.

As she watched him, Nana wondered if it were true that dachshunds really were so slow to learn. To amuse herself she began to teach the sad little fellow such simple tricks as sitting up and rolling over. She was surprised when he learned them easily. Working at them seemed to amuse Waldi, too. He was always greatly pleased when she praised and patted him for good work. By doing what she wished, Nana felt that

he was showing his gratitude for his new home.

She began to teach him other, more difficult, tricks. It was true that he was stubborn at times and that he learned rather slowly, but once he had mastered a trick he never failed her. As she watched him, Nana had an idea. Her father had a troupe of performing black poodles. Why could not she have a troupe of performing dachshunds, all red, like Waldi? And Waldi could be its leader!

Everyone said it would be too hard a task and that it would be far too long, years perhaps, before they could all be trained. It takes three times as long, they reminded her over and over, to train a dachshund as to train either a poodle or a fox terrier. But Nana did not care. She was willing to be patient. She was determined to have the only troupe of performing dachshunds in the world. She started at once to find other little dachshunds of the same red color and size as her dear Waldi.

Her quest led her through kennels and pet shops and dog pounds in this country and Europe. As soon as she found a dog she wanted she began to train him with Waldi. Twenty minutes each morning, twenty minutes each afternoon, day after day they worked. After that they could play. They were happy even though it was slow, painstaking work. Waldi often became impatient with the newcomers. When they were slow or stubborn he sometimes grew peevish at having to work with them, over and over, at tasks he already knew well. And as soon as the others learned they, in turn, were cross at times with the newest one. Often enough the lesson ended in a tangle of snapping, growling little dachshunds. But when it was over and each had received a pat and a word of praise, they were all happy together again.

The months lengthened into years, four to be exact, before the little dogs were sufficiently trained to make their bows before the

public. At last Waldi and his fifteen friends were ready for their debut.

The date was set for their first appearance, and Nana could scarcely wait for the day to come. Then—tragedy. One Sunday morning Waldi, instead of trotting down the runway that led from the dog quarters into the garden, jumped to the ground. It was only a matter of two feet, not much of a jump, but in doing it Waldi fell and could not rise again. He had broken his spine. The doctor came, but shook his head. Nana begged him to save Waldi's life. He finally decided to put Waldi in a plaster cast, but said that the little dog would never again be able to perform his tricks.

Nana tended Waldi as lovingly as though he were a child. She was determined that he should live, even though he would be only a companion, not a show dog. For many weeks he lay in the cast. Then one day the doctor said that his spine was healed enough for the cast to be removed. They took it off. Oh,

what a weak little dog! "Never mind," said his mistress, "I will help him to grow strong." She gave him special treatments and he did grow stronger, day by day. After awhile he was able to run around again. One day the plucky little fellow surprised them all by wanting to go through the tricks with the other dogs.

Though he never regained all his former strength, he was able to step once more into his role as leader of the troupe. The plucky little fellow had something in him that just would not give up.

Finally, a year later than had originally been planned, Waldi and his company of trained dachshunds made their first appearance before the public, to the rapturous delight of thousands of children. No wonder audiences were amused. No one had ever before seen such odd little creatures working together perfectly in one act.

They would waltz and pirouette, to the music of the circus band, on their short hind

legs, while Nana waltzed gaily beside them in her scarlet jacket and plumed hat. Waldi would catch the extra-sized frankfurters that were tossed to him from a springboard tripped by Coffee, another member of the troupe. Two of the little dogs could balance themselves on a tight wire, raise themselves to their hind legs, and finally achieve a sitting position, all of which is very, very difficult. Prince, dressed like a colored mammy in red bandanna and full skirts, would walk in, wheeling a little baby carriage in which were three tiny Chiuhuahua puppies. It was part of the show for Prince to be a bad nurse, fall down in a limp heap, tip over the carriage and spill out the babies. When he was picked up he would fall down again, and finally he would be carried off in disgrace, much to the delight of the audiences who love such clowning. The troupe of dachshunds had many other funny antics, such as jumping over barrels, weaving in and out between them, nose to tail, tail to nose, then

jumping atop the barrels at a word and sitting up on their hinders in a long solemn row.

It is interesting to know how the tight wire routine was acquired. First the two little dogs learned to sit up on a table. The table was soon replaced by a narrow board. From time to time a narrower board was substituted and they would learn to balance on that. Finally a wire was stretched in place of the narrow board. What a triumph it was when Rita and Golda, after eight months of patient work, were able at last to climb up on the wire, balance on it, sit down, and finally raise themselves to a sitting position. It is one of the most difficult of all tricks. Small wonder that Rita and Golda were proud and happy each time they accomplished it perfectly.

During all their travels, Nana herself prepared the dogs' meals, to be sure that no harm came to the animals. She cooked their food in a great five-gallon kettle over an electric stove which she carried with her,

Each day she would buy sixteen pounds of meat, eight pounds of spinach, four pounds of carrots, three gallons of milk, and three dozen eggs. Every morning they had cereal for breakfast, and at noon a big dog biscuit on which to gnaw. In the afternoon they each had a big drink of water. Good food not only made the dogs happy and healthy but also kept their coats smooth and silky. Of course they were sleek and handsome with such excellent care.

Just before each performance they were brushed until they shone, and their best collars—bright green to match the green satin covers of the tables on which they performed—were strapped about their slender throats.

Waldi and his friends truly delighted in playing for the public. They knew when they had done well. If one of them misbehaved, or did not do his best work, he was not allowed to appear at the next performance. This made him so unhappy that he was ready to do his best the next time he went on.

Nothing made one of the little dachhunds more unhappy than to see the other dogs go on without him. Sometimes he would pick a quarrel with one of the others, out of sheer jealousy.

Thus with their devotion and their jealousy, their loyalty to Nana and their pride in their work, every one of the little dachshunds was a real trouper. Nana never regretted her visit to the dog pound in Berlin, for from that visit there developed the finest troupe of dachshunds in the world.

BUSTER

Buster was a pit bull, and a great favorite of the family that owned her mother. One day, when Buster was a very young dog, she wandered on to the railroad tracks with her mother. A swift train, roaring down the tracks, trapped the two dogs before they could escape, and killed the older dog. Buster, however, crouched down between the rails, and the train passed over her. Aside from losing her tail, she was unharmed. This was a sad beginning to her life, but it did not seem to affect her.

In the town where she lived, there was a watchman named Al. Every night he made the rounds

of the stores, to see that all doors were locked and all was well. Buster took a great liking to him and appointed herself as assistant watchman. For a few years she made the rounds with Al every night. Then, one rainy night, Al stopped for a few minutes to sit on a bench. Buster jumped up beside him, but she was wet and muddy.

"Get down," Al said sharply, "you are too muddy to sit up here."

Buster got down and walked away. She went home, and never again accompanied the watchman on his rounds. Al loved the dog, and was very sorry, but no matter how much he tried to coax her to go around with him again, Buster would never again have anything to do with him. Her feelings had been injured beyond repair.

PRINCE

PRINCE is Waldi's son. It was his bad luck to be born with a black coat instead of a handsome red-brown one like his father's. When Nana first saw him she shook her head. "Well," she said, "we will have to give him away. There is no place for a black dachshund in the act."

They found a good home for him with some people who were fond of dogs and thought he would be happy there. But as time went by, Prince pined sadly, nor would he eat. He was homesick for the other dogs.

One day when his former mistress came to see him, Prince was beside himself with joy. He was so sure that he was going to be taken back again that Nana was very unhappy about him. At last, when it looked as though he might die of loneliness and un-

happiness, she went to fetch him. So Prince, with his black coat so unlike the others, was taken back home.

He was eight months old, very bright and anxious to learn, but there was nothing for him to do. The poor little fellow could not understand why he was left behind each day when the other dogs trooped merrily out to do their act, dressed up in their green collars and leashes. He whined to go too.

One day his mistress said, "If there were some way of changing that black coat of yours, you could have a part in the act." That started her to thinking. She could not change his coat but she could cover it up.

"I'll make a little costume for him that will be a complete disguise. And he shall have a part to play that will be all his own."

She made a little frock of bright red and blue calico, with very full skirts. When she slipped it over his head, with his short fore-legs through the sleeves, and tied a red bandanna over his small sleek head, no one could

tell whether Prince was black or brown. Nana called him Aunt Jemima and said that he should play at being a mammy. First he had to learn to walk on his funny little hind legs. Next he learned to push a doll carriage in which were three tiny Chiuhuahua puppies. Then to make the act funnier, she taught him to fall down. When she picked him up, he learned to fall down again, and still again. Finally his act ended with Nana carrying him off in disgrace for being so bad.

Now he was happy. In fact he was so pleased at being given something to do that he mastered in one month the routines which another dog would have taken five months to learn. When he was just a year old he made his debut as Aunt Jemima. The children were delighted with his mammy act.

Prince enjoyed playing Aunt Jemima so much that when anything happened to interfere with his appearance, he was distressed and puzzled. One evening they were to play in a theater where the stage was too narrow

to permit Prince and his baby carriage to go on. It was decided that he should not appear that night. All alone, back stage, he howled dismally, feeling sorry for himself. When the other dogs trotted off the stage, wriggling with pleasure because they had given a good performance and had been praised for it, Prince could not endure it any longer. Growling crossly, he pitched into them, one and all. In a second they were in a wild jumble, with their sixteen leashes in such a tangle that it took Nana and her husband almost an hour to straighten them out. Although Prince was punished for his display of temper by being left alone for awhile, he was not cured.

It was some time after this that Waldi and the troupe were playing in the theater of another city. When it was almost time to go on, Prince was buttoned into his calico dress and taken to the wings. There he was tied to a chair to await his turn. Did something frighten him, or was he afraid that he was

going to be left out again? At any rate, just as Waldi was leading the other dogs through their act, there was a bang and a wild clatter. Prince came dashing in on all fours, tripping over his long skirts, dragging the chair behind him. His bandanna was over one eye at a rakish angle. He looked very foolish. The clatter of the chair, bouncing behind him, frightened him and he made a rush across the stage. Before anyone could stop him he had jumped across the footlights. Crash, bang, boom! Prince landed exactly in the middle of the big drum with the chair tumbling down on top of him.

Poor Prince! While the crowd roared with laughter, he was pulled out of the drum, quite unharmed but badly scared. The drum fared worse. Nana had to pay the drummer twenty-five dollars for the damage which Prince had done. Prince had learned his lesson, however, and after that he was always a good trouper.

GOLDA

GOLDA is another member of Waldi's troupe of clever dachshunds. She was purchased in New Jersey, having been chosen from several other puppies because she seemed the prettiest and most lovable of the lot. Nana and her husband soon discovered, however, that she would not be able to learn the routines with the other dogs because she was too timid. They decided to keep her in spite of that for she was charming and amiable even though so timid.

One day while Nana and her husband were traveling to an engagement, they stopped the car to let the dogs have a run in a field. When the dogs were taken out they found to their dismay that Golda was missing, and no one could remember when she had last been seen. When one recalls that there were

sixteen dachshunds, all the same color except Prince, this does not seem strange. But it was sad that it should be Golda, the most timid one of the group, who should be lost. How frightened she must be.

There was no time to turn back. Anxious as they were, they still must go on in order to keep their engagement.

They reached their destination and a day and a night passed. Nana could not sleep for thinking of little Golda, lost and alone. On the second day she decided to send a telegram to the Fair Grounds on the chance that someone might possibly be there to receive it. She wired that a small red dachshund was lost, offering a generous reward for her return. It seemed a hopeless venture, but it was all that she could do.

Imagine her joy when an answer came at once, from a man who had been appointed caretaker. He said Golda had been picked up and was being sent to them. Three days later Golda arrived by express. The re-

union was happy and noisy. Golda was as full of joy to see her people and all the dogs again as they were to welcome her.

Now comes the strange part of Golda's story. During the time she was lost, Golda, who had always been too timid to appear, too frightened even to try to learn anything, had somehow, somewhere, lost all her fear. She had been out in the world, and now had as much confidence as any of the dogs in the troupe. After that she began to take an interest in what the others were doing and before long Nana found that Golda could learn their tricks. From then on she appeared with Rita in every performance of the difficult wire-balancing act. Golda and Rita are the only two dachshunds in the world who can do this feat. Golda, too, had become a real trouper.

THE TWENTY-FIVE CENT PUP

RAGS first saw daylight in a firehouse on West Fifty-seventh Street, in one of the toughest sections of New York City. The earliest sound that came to his small ears was the jangle of alarm bells and the answering wail of sirens as the huge engines roared out of the station.

The fire station was his mother's home, but it was no place for a family of lively puppies. So the firemen gave them away to anyone who came along. The last puppy was given to a bleary-eyed, ragged tramp who shuffled into the station one bitter cold Sunday afternoon. After he had warmed himself, he left with the tiny mop of fur tucked inside his coat. He hoped, as he wandered along the snowy street, that he could sell the puppy for at least the price of a meal.

Soon a man came down the street, head bent against the driving snow, his hands buried in his pockets. He glanced impatiently at the ragged tramp who stopped him.

"Buy a pup?"

The man shook his head.

"Only a quarter."

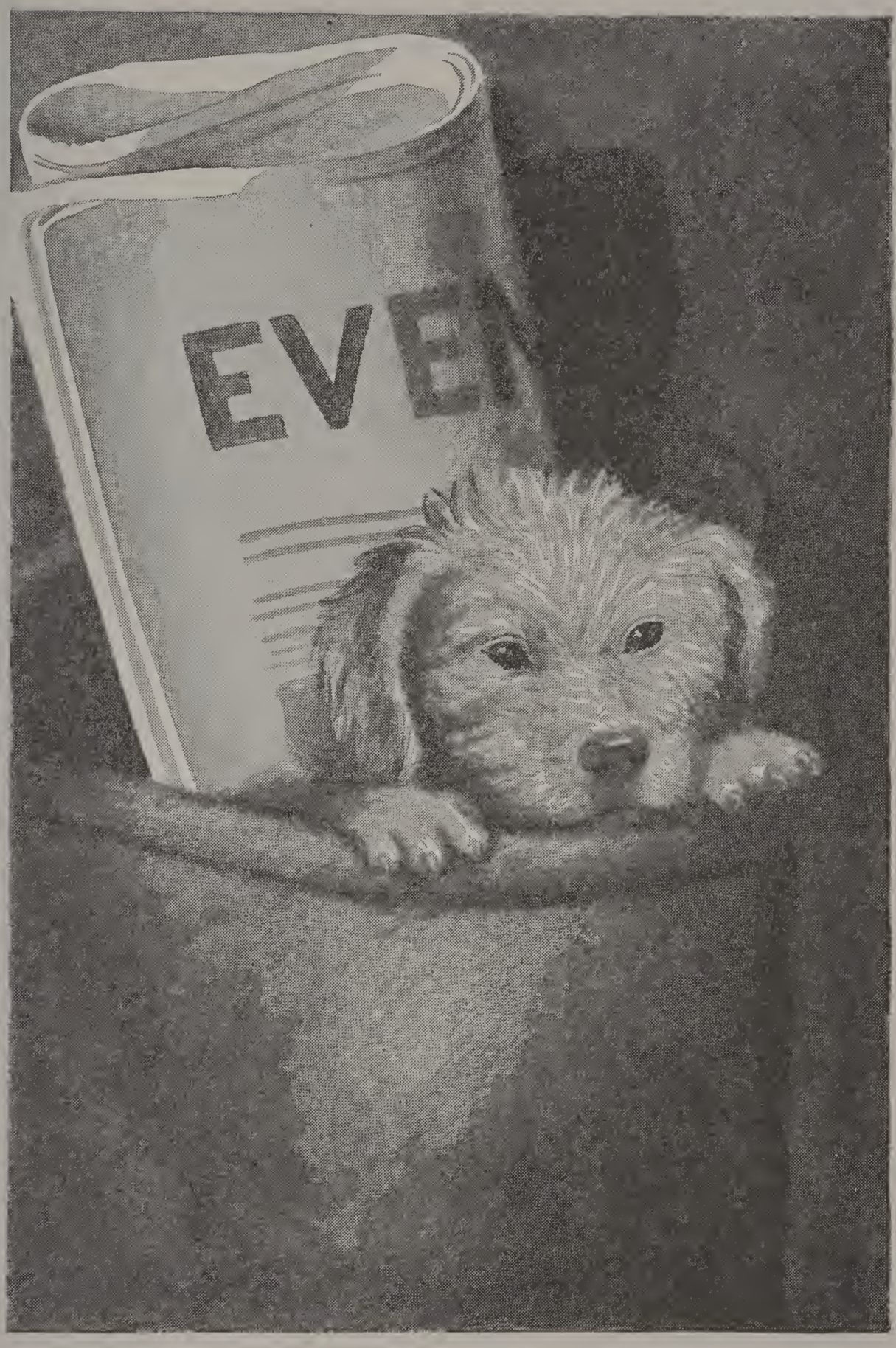
Again he shook his head and started on. Suddenly he stopped. The ragged tramp was pitiful, but the little puppy peering anxiously out from the inside of the tramp's shabby coat, was more so.

"Where did you get him?"

The tramp told him about the dog at the firehouse.

The man didn't want a dog. He had never wanted one. He even wondered why other people wanted dogs. But the homeless puppy was such a sad-looking little object that he reached down for a quarter, handed it to the tramp, and took the shivering puppy in his hands.

He had bought a dog! The joke was on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him. "Well," he thought, "I'll give him away to someone who is looking for a dog."

The two went home, the puppy snuggled in the man's pocket. When he was washed and brushed, the tiny fellow looked much like a lamb, with his snowy curls and gentle eyes. His new master named him Rags. Quite certain that he had found a good home and a kind master, Rags played happily about. But the man was not so certain about the puppy's having found a home. For one thing he was an actor and much of his life was spent in travel.

Each day he thought, "I must give him away. I can't be bothered with a dog. What shall I do with him when I'm on the road?"

But each day small Rags picked up some funny little trick or odd new way to endear himself. Besides, for one so young, he was an unusually intelligent and well-behaved puppy.

At the end of a week the man looked at him and said, "You are just a shaggy little

mutt. You came from a firehouse, and you only cost a quarter and no one knows who your ancestors were, but I'm going to keep you, old fellow."

Rags was not surprised. It was just what he had expected.

For his own amusement Rags's master taught him tricks. Rags learned quickly. With scarcely any effort he was soon able to walk across the room on his hind legs and he was most obliging about showing off. In the rear of the house was a garden where children played. One day Rags's master looked out the window just in time to see Rags pushing a doll carriage across the yard, much to the children's delight. Then and there he decided that Rags had a future.

That Christmas the children of New York saw Rags make his first stage appearance in a show called *Horse Play*. Rags rode a donkey, pushed a baby carriage, climbed ladders, and performed in many other ways. He was very much petted and admired.

In the spring a play came to New York called *Storm Over Patsy*. The play described the troubles of a young couple over a dog named Patsy. Rags was taken to try for the part of Patsy. There were hundreds of other dogs whose owners wanted the role for their pets, but Rags was chosen from them all. His picture was shown in the papers. When he appeared in the play, he won people's hearts.

Soon after this an odd thing happened. People began to want dogs just like Rags for their children or for themselves. Pet shops received hundreds of calls asking for Patsy dogs. The pet shop keepers did not know what to do about it. Rags was of no special breed. He was just himself. They could not find another dog just like him. People who wanted Patsy dogs had to be content with some other kind or else go without.

The little dog from the firehouse was making a name for himself. He posed for advertisements. His picture appeared in illustra-

tions for magazine stories. Though popular and very busy, he was always the same lovable little fellow with wistful, brown eyes.

By now his master, who had once wondered why anyone should bother to keep a dog, began to wonder if there really were people who didn't like dogs. One Sunday he and Rags were walking along the docks where the ocean liners unload their cargoes. They had stopped to look at a giant round-the-world freighter that had just come into port. A man walked down the gangplank with a small terrier in his arms and came over to where Rags was standing beside his master.

He said that he had been watching them and could see that Rags was well cared for and happy. The little dog he was holding was a Welsh terrier who had never set foot on land. She had been born on the ship six months before. Now he was looking for another job and he must find a home for her. Mitzi was her name. Would Rags's master take her? The answer was yes.

Rags accepted Mitzi into the family with his usual gentle friendliness. He took good care of her, watching to see that no harm came near her. Once in a while, after they had been in the yard, Rags would come into the house alone.

"What!" his master would say, "have you left Mitzi out there all alone?" At that Rags always trotted out again to bring Mitzi into the house with him.

A day came when the play in which Rags's master was appearing was sent out on the road. He found a place where Mitzi could stay, but he would not leave Rags. The tousled, lovable pup began a new life that took him on trains, to unfamiliar hotels and new dressing rooms. He learned to wait quietly and patiently for his master's return after the play. He discovered that it was bad manners to bark noisily around the back-stage area, and that dogs, if they are to be there, must behave themselves.

There were three other dogs traveling

with their owners in the same company. When Christmas came the members of the company trimmed two Christmas trees, one for the dogs, and one for the children who appeared in the play. The trees were set up on the stage and hung with tinsel and gay ornaments. On the dogs' tree there were new leashes, rubber balls, dog bones, and boxes of delicious dog candy. Rags had never had a more exciting Christmas.

The company traveled west with the play and arrived in Chicago. While Rags and his master were there, one of the newspapers announced that a great non-pedigreed dog show would be held. Any dog who was a mutt could be entered. A guest of honor for the show was chosen, and—yes—it was Rags, the charming, lamb-like frowsy pup who was born in a firehouse on Fifty-seventh Street, New York City. Rags's master had paid only twenty-five cents for him, but no money in the world could ever tempt him to sell this lovable little mongrel.

SOME FAMOUS MODELS

DOGS have always been a favorite subject with artists. The most famous painter of dogs the world has known was Sir Edwin Landseer, an English artist. He was called the Raphael of Dogs. By his pencil and brush he brought fame to dogs who otherwise would never have become known. Dogs loved him, knowing that he loved and understood them.

Edwin Landseer was born in England in 1802. When he was very young he began to draw. A sketch of a dog which he made when only five years old, can be seen today in the museum at South Kensington, in England.

Edwin's father very wisely put him to study with good teachers. It has always been a great honor for a British artist to have his work hung in the Royal Academy exhibi-

tions. This honor was given to Edwin when he was a lad of thirteen for a painting he had made of a pointer and her puppy. People found it difficult to believe that this painting was done by one so young. His master in art was very proud of his brilliant young pupil and called him his "curly-headed dog boy."

At that time, while walking along the street one day, Edwin saw a beautiful St. Bernard dog being led by a servant. It was an immense animal.

The boy had never seen one like him and was amazed at his beauty and great size. His first thought was, "If only I could paint him!"

He followed the servant and the dog home and there he learned that the dog's name was Lion. Lion had come from the Hospice of St. Bernard in Switzerland, where he had been trained. He was supposed to be the largest dog in England at that time. Edwin found that he measured six feet four inches,

from nose to tail. In spite of his great size and fierce name, Lion was gentle as a lamb. He was also very brave. Shortly after he had come to England, he had saved a woman from drowning.

To young Edwin, he was the most interesting dog he had ever seen. He was happy when he was given permission to paint Lion and the likeness he made of him was very fine.

A few years later, Landseer painted Lion again, this time showing him against a background of his native mountains, and beside him his son Caesar, another splendid dog. The painting represented them as saving an Alpine traveler after he had fallen exhausted in the snow. Caesar is seen licking the traveler to warm him, while Lion, his head held high, is baying for help. Through the storm one sees the dim forms of the monks coming to the rescue of the man. Lion lived to a good old age and was made famous by this painting.

Brutus, Vixen, and Boxer were three little terriers belonging to Landseer, of whom he was very fond. Brutus was a merry little fellow who often posed for his master. When Landseer was eighteen years of age, he painted his dogs in a picture called The Rat Catchers. It shows the three terriers in a barn, hunting busily for rats.

He painted all kinds of dogs, from haughty members of the royalty and aristocracy down to common little street dogs. He found something in each one to make an interesting picture. Many of his paintings were of Scotch collies, showing them at their work of herding the sheep, or in the Highland homes with their masters, the shepherds.

Some of his paintings told amusing stories, others were sad. While he was still a very young man, people were so delighted with his portraits of dogs that they began besieging him to paint their pets. Although he painted quickly, he could not keep up with the commissions that poured in.

A gentleman by the name of Jacob Bell owned a very fine and beautiful bloodhound named Countess. He asked Landseer to paint her. Months passed, then a year and finally two years, and still the artist had not been able to get at the portrait of Countess.

The dog's master went away for a visit. While he was gone she became used to lying on a balcony of the house that overhung the driveway, sleeping there and watching for his return. One night she heard the sound of wheels, and then his voice. She was so delighted that she leaped to her feet but in doing so lost her balance. Countess fell twenty feet to the ground and was so injured that she died shortly after, to her master's great grief.

He carried her body in his arms to Landseer's studio. There he found the artist very busy at his work. Mr. Bell begged him to paint her immediately, so that he might have the picture to keep in memory of his beautiful dog. The artist with kindly sympathy,

put aside his work and told his friend to return in three days.

When Mr. Bell returned at the end of that time, he found that Landseer had made a portrait of Countess, lying as though she were sleeping. This picture is known throughout the world and is called The Sleeping Bloodhound. It hangs in the National Gallery in London, though few of the people who stop to admire it know the story that lies behind it.

Another dog by the name of Lion served as model for Landseer. This dog was also very large, but he was a Newfoundland. He was good-natured, quiet, and very slow. When he posed for his portrait he was so sleepy that Landseer almost gave up in despair. He wanted to paint him while in action, but Lion refused to be active. At last Landseer brought a trap in which a mouse had been caught and was running around, and opened it in the studio very near to Lion. Immediately the big dog gave chase after

the tiny creature. Suddenly it disappeared. The artist was puzzled. Lion also had a puzzled expression on his face for a moment. Then he opened his mouth. Out popped the little mouse and ran away, this time for good. It had taken refuge inside of Lion's great mouth!

As the good-natured Newfoundland was walking along a canal path one day, a barge passed close to the shore. A man on the barge jokingly poked an oar at the dog's broad, shaggy side. Lion did not think it funny. He seized the oar and pulled it so suddenly that the man toppled overboard into the water. Of course he was pulled out to safety, but not by Lion. The Newfoundland, although of a breed which is famous for rescuing people from the water, was not interested in saving his tormentor.

A little dog whose name no one bothered to record, was the subject of another of Landseer's famous paintings. This is the story behind that picture. During the battle

of Waterloo, a soldier whose name was Williams was wounded by a cannon ball, losing a leg. As he lay on the battlefield, a little dog limped to his side and snuggled there. The poor little creature had lost an eye and had one leg shattered by shot. He seemed to have come to the soldier for sympathy, or perhaps to offer it to him.

When Williams was carried away from the battlefield to the hospital, the dog followed and stayed beside him through the weeks that followed. Williams recovered and his government rewarded him with a wooden leg and a pension for his services. He became a familiar sight as he stumped about the streets of London, with the little dog, a veteran of the same battle, close at his side. Landseer liked the dog's story so much that he painted him with his master. This picture aroused the people of the country to a great interest in helping wounded and disabled soldiers.

Dogs always trusted Landseer. One eve-

ning he had gone for a visit at a home where a large and very fierce dog was kept. When the door was opened, the dog rushed at him, alarming everyone but the artist himself. But instead of harming him, the dog began to leap about and lick his hand in the most friendly manner.

"He must know you," said one of the guests.

"No, he never saw me before," the artist answered, to their surprise.

Among the many dogs who sat for him, were those belonging to the Queen, Victoria. One day the Queen asked Landseer how it happened that he understood dogs so well.

"By peeping into their hearts," he said.

THE LOST GOLD PIECE

One of the oddest little stories of dogs who have guarded their masters' property is that of the lost gold piece. An Englishman was traveling through Europe with his dog. One morning he left his lodg-

ings to go out for a day of sightseeing. He left the dog at home. As he went to pay for his breakfast in a cafe, he discovered that a gold piece, which he knew he had, was missing. He searched through his pockets, then decided that he must have lost it.

After being gone all day he returned to his lodgings and asked the servant how his dog had fared in his absence.

"Oh, monsieur! He must be ill. He has not eaten his food all day!"

The Englishman was alarmed and hurried upstairs, expecting to find a very sick dog. He was much surprised, and also very happy, when his dog came running to meet him. After the dog had greeted his master joyfully, he suddenly opened his mouth and dropped a gold coin at his feet.

The Englishman picked it up and saw that it was the very piece he thought he had lost. He had evidently dropped it in his room before leaving, and the dog had picked it up and held it in his mouth to guard it, probably from the servants who had come and gone throughout the day. He had refused to eat rather than lay it aside.

As soon as his master picked up the coin, the dog rushed over to his dish and hungrily gulped down his food.

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