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Stories of Clever Dogs



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“Bum” may not be a very nice name, but it is the name of a brave dog, just the same. Bum lives near the East River in New York, and makes it his duty to save lives. He jumped in to rescue a four-year-old girl the other day. One time he pulled out a goat and a bag of kittens that some one had thrown in. Bum came from France with a soldier.

✓
Stories of
CLEVER DOGS

Old Stories and New

Retold by Ernest Lloyd ✓
,"

REVIEW AND HERALD PUBLISHING ASSN.

WASHINGTON, D. C.

SOUTH BEND, IND.

PEEKSKILL, N. Y.

Printed in U. S. A.

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REVIEW AND HERALD PUBLISHING ASSOCIATION
Washington, D. C.



E. J. Hall

Boston terriers are intelligent dogs, dependable, and also good fighters. By the shape of their heads you can see that there is room for brains.

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FEB 27 1924

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E. J. Hall

This fine big collie took a prize. Wouldn't you like to have him for your own?

Preface

DEAR BOYS AND GIRLS:

Here is a little dog book for you. The dog is the most intimate and affectionate friend that boys and girls and men and women have among animals, and he is worthy of our study and care. In many ways the horse and the cow and the sheep are more useful and necessary to us, but they do not come so close in friendship generally as the dog does.

In the Far Eastern countries, and in the days when the Bible was written, dogs were despised and ill-treated. The different kinds of dogs, such as we see today, were

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not found in that part of the world. And the dog mentioned in the Bible was quite a different creature from your pet spaniel, or your wise little terrier, or your faithful Newfoundland. The beautiful greyhound, the strong mastiff, the noble St. Bernard, were all unknown in the Far East.

In those lands the dogs were nearly all of one kind, and they were hungry, half-starved, savage, and cowardly, and were more like wolves than dogs. Nobody owned them, nobody cared for them. It is much the same today. Travelers tell us the Eastern dogs still roam about just as dogs did centuries ago, finding their food as best they can, howling in the streets at night,

fighting among themselves over a dead carcass, and are generally regarded with disgust by the people.

But with us the dog is a very useful animal, and when properly treated, he shows the noblest qualities of all the dumb creatures. It seems that no one knew at first how much there was in the dog; and when they did find it out, it took years and years to educate him, until by degrees the dog family branched out into the useful varieties we now see.

Wherever the dog is despised, he grows mean and cruel; but where he is loved and trusted and trained, he becomes the intelligent and faithful friend we know him to be. From this we learn that kindness

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and care are never lost upon either human beings or dumb animals.

I hope the stories in this little book will help each young reader always to treat his dog friends in a sensible and kindly manner, and to remember the lessons they teach us in intelligence, courage, affection, and faithfulness.

ERNEST LLOYD.



Maybe you have tried this? Remember, though, that dogs get tired as well as boys.

Jack's Tail

I USED to be afraid of Jack;
Such teeth he has, so sharp and white.
The biggest bones he loves to crack;
And what of me, if he should bite?

Besides, I never knew when he
Was full of fun and glee, or when
His barks and growls came angrily,
Just as they do to ragged men.

But now I'm not afraid, unless
His tail stands out quite firm and
straight;
For, oh! it's easy then to guess
'Tis best to run away and wait.

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But when his tail is wagging fast
 (So mother says, and she knows best),
Then all the danger's safely past,
 And all his growls are but in jest.

O, how I wish that grown-ups, too,
 Had each a tail, to let me know
If they would play, before they grew
 So cross with me, and scolded so!

— *Selected.*



The Dog That Brought a Little Child Down a Fire Ladder

THIS is the story of a brave dog who lived in a small New England village. His name was Carlo, and he was loved by his master and all who knew him. Carlo was very fond of attending fires. Whenever any building was on fire, in the night or in the day, Carlo would be seen right there with the good firemen. He learned to climb the fire ladder, and help the brave men in their noble work.

One afternoon the bells of the churches began to ring very loudly,

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as they always did in that little town when there was a big fire. Carlo had been sleeping lazily on his master's lawn. As soon as he heard the bells ringing, he knew that there was a fire.

Jumping up quickly, Carlo gave two or three loud barks to arouse his master, and then started off as fast as he could run to the fire. When he arrived at the burning house, he went to work at once, and made himself very useful all the time. With great speed and care he would bring down all kinds of small household articles from the rooms upstairs. The firemen were glad for Carlo's help, and the brave dog seemed to know perfectly that he was helping, too.



K. & H., N. Y.

Dogs quickly learn to climb ladders and rescue folks, even as Carlo did. This Irish terrier is being taught to protect people, and to chase away or capture burglars and wrong-doers.

As the last house in the row was burning, the cry of a little child was heard on the upper floor. It was impossible for any one to make his way up the stairs, and expect to get back safely. Carlo had heard the child's cry, and seemed to understand at once just what he ought to do.

Knowing in his dog mind that the lower floors were all in a blaze, Carlo rushed to the ladder, climbed up till he reached the third floor, and then jumped in through the window. The fire and smoke soon drove him back to the ladder.

Just at that moment his master saw him, and shouted to Carlo to try again. And the people cheered him loudly.

The noble dog understood what his master said. He entered the window again, and disappeared for some time. The anxious people down on the street began to give up hope for Carlo and the child. But finally a loud shout announced his reappearance at the window, and they saw the brave fellow bringing the little child out with him. He managed to get on the ladder, but was badly burned and very weak. Before reaching the ground, he fell exhausted, but still holding on with wonderful firmness to his little human bundle.

The child was not much hurt; but poor Carlo was quite overcome. His strength was gone. He had given his best to save that baby. His kind

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master carried him home, and loving hands tenderly cared for him.

What a splendid example of courage was this, shown by a dog when he saved the life of a dear child!



H. F. Blanchard

Wonder what he thinks of the chicken? And what does the chicken think of him?

The Dog That Schemed to Save More Children So He Could Have More Cookies

THE Newfoundland dog is one of the largest and most intelligent of the dog family. Many interesting stories are told about Newfoundland dogs saving persons from drowning. The one I will tell you is amusing as well as interesting.

One afternoon a group of children were playing on a pier which ran out into the water of a deep lake. While playing about on this pier, one of the children stepped over the edge and fell into the water.



His little friends were not able to help him out, but they cried loudly for assistance. No one came. But just as the boy was sinking for the third time, a noble Newfoundland dog rushed down the pier, jumped into the water, and pulled the little boy out.

The children then divided into two bands. One took the child home to his father and mother. The other band led the dog to the bakery shop, where he was fed on cookies until he could eat no more.

Well, the next afternoon the same group of children, strange to say, were again playing on the pier. The brave dog came trotting down to them with many friendly wags and barks. The children stroked and

petted him, but had no cookies to offer him.

“Why do they give me nothing to eat?” the dog seemed to ask himself. “Ah, I see! it is because I have pulled no little child out of the water today.”

And then what do you suppose that fellow did? He went up to a little girl who stood near the edge of the pier, and gave her a gentle push into the water. Then he sprang in after her, and carefully brought her to the shore. Of course, he was treated to cookies again.

But on the next day the children were forbidden to go near the pier, and so the dog had no further chance to earn a cooky lunch in that way.





© Keystone

Just a regular, hard-working shepherd dog; ready for a frolic or a lot of hard work.

The Dog That Shared His Happiness

SOON after the marriage of a certain young lady, she went back to her father's home for a little visit. Her father was a farmer. He had kept a great many sheep, and three fine shepherd dogs had helped to care for them. But after the daughter's marriage, he gave up sheep raising, and so he parted with two of the dogs, keeping one whose name was Ponto. This was the one his daughter had loved the best.

When Ponto met his young mistress on her return to the farm, he was greatly delighted. This pleased her very much. But the affection-



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ate feelings of old Ponto led him to do something else that was quite remarkable.

One of the other dogs that used to live on the farm with him was now living on another farm about seven miles away. This dog's name was Carlo. He was old and quite blind, too. Ponto had always been very fond of him, and now he felt sure that his old friend Carlo would be glad to meet their young mistress once more. So he made up his mind to go over and tell him about her coming home, and invite him to come and see her.

Ponto went over to Carlo's place, and brought him back with him, and the next morning, when the young woman went out on the porch

of her father's house, there were the two dogs waiting to greet her with wagging tails and happy barks. She was delighted, too.

Well, Carlo spent the day with his friend, and in the late afternoon Ponto led him back to his own home.

In thus showing his love for his mistress and his friend Carlo, Ponto had to travel twenty-eight miles! Do you not think he acted in a very generous manner? Have you also discovered that we get more happiness for ourselves by sharing our pleasures and joys with others?



© K. & H. N. Y.

No, sir! Not all dogs chase kittens. Some of them play together. Bob, here, wouldn't go into the dog show in San Francisco unless his little pals went along too.

The Dog That Was Polite

DOGS and cats are not always the best of friends, you know; sometimes they are bitter enemies of each other. Let a strange dog come into the yard, and in a moment the mother cat is ready for battle, and woe to the dog who does not turn and run away!

But I want to tell you of a dog and a cat who were the dearest of friends and companions.

Rob was a fine, noble dog, strong and active; and Sib was a sleek little Maltese kitten, with an innocent look, but oh, so full of pranks!

From her first appearance in the house, Rob seemed fond of her, and

showed her some kindnesses that quite won her heart. Afterward, whenever Sib was in disgrace for any of her misdeeds, she would run straight to Rob, and creeping under his neck, as he lay on the rug, would cuddle down and purr her troubles into his kind and patient ear.

At mealtimes, food was prepared for Rob and Sib on the same dish. They never quarreled over it, but on the contrary, Rob always insisted on Sib's eating first; and seating himself near by, he would watch the kitten with interest and pride, as she daintily helped herself to the most delicate bits. He looked as if he would say, "I am a rough old fellow, and anything will do for me; but she is a dainty little miss, and

ought to have the best there is, so I can wait awhile.”

When Sib had finished her meal, she always waited near the dish, washing her face with her paw while her friend Rob contentedly ate the remnants she had left for him. Do you wonder that the cat was fond of such a kind and affectionate dog?

The best way to make friends, you know, is to make ourselves friendly. Rob and Sib seemed to understand that, and by their treatment of each other they showed to the boys and girls who knew them how lovely it is to be courteous.



E. J. Hall

That Teddy Bear is perfectly safe. And he almost acts as if he knew it, with his head turned around toward his protector. It's a fine thing to protect some one who needs it.

The Dog That Was Locked in the Pantry

ONE morning after breakfast the servant girl in a large farmhouse locked up the pantry to keep things cool and nice. But in doing this she also locked in the big dog belonging to the farm. Of course she did not know that he was in there.

At the close of the day, when she opened the pantry door, she was quite frightened to see the big dog come out. Then she expected to find that some mischief had been done by the dog. There were large pans of milk and cream there, and loaves of bread, and cake, and other good things to eat.

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But the dog knew that he had no right to help himself to these things until they were offered to him. And so, hungry and thirsty as he was, he spent the whole day in that pantry without touching one of those tempting dishes.

What a lesson in self-control and faithfulness this little story teaches!



The Dog That Cheered His Sick Mate

Two dogs, Dick and Cluff, belonging to the same owner, had become much attached to each other. One day Cluff's leg was broken, and he had to stay near the house. Dick did not say to him in his dog language, "Dear me, I'm so sorry; well, I hope you will soon get better," and then scamper off to the woods or go and play with other dogs. No, he sat down by Cluff's side, and tried to show his sympathy.

After a time, Dick started up as if exclaiming, "Cluff, I am sure you must be hungry; it is pretty dull



E. J. Hall

Do you wish this were your picture? The little lad certainly should be happy, with all these bright-faced little puppies to play with. Maybe the boy is worrying for fear he is going to lose some of them. Do you suppose so?

for you lying there with nothing to do." And so, without waiting for Cluff to reply, he set off on a hunt, and soon brought back a meaty bone for his friend.

"There, old fellow, munch away," he seemed to remark, as he put the bone under his friend's nose. After watching poor Cluff gnaw away until the bone was almost clean, Dick set out in search of another. After he had brought in several, he lay down by his friend's side, and played with one of the bones to keep Cluff company.

In this way, day after day, Dick continued to cheer and comfort his injured friend until the kind master removed the bandages and the dog was all well.



E. J. Hall

Do you like these hairy fellows? Wonder how they keep the hair out of their eyes,
so they can see real well.

The Dog That Seemed to Know an Earthquake Was Coming

MENELIK was a poodle dog belonging to two little Italian boys who were brothers. In December of the year 1908 the boys, Alfredo and Michele, and their dog Menelik, went to the city of Messina, on the shores of the blue Mediterranean Sea, to give little entertainments during the holiday season. Menelik was to take part in the entertainments, too, but the part he really did take was beyond the greatest expectations of his young masters.

In the early dawn of the 28th of December, when all the people in the old city of Messina were sleep-



ing, Menelik suddenly jumped up and began running to and fro between the boys' bed and the door, tugging at the bedclothes, and whining and barking so loudly that not only Alfredo and Michele were awakened, but every one else in the little hotel.

All the people rushed out of their rooms, feeling sure they would find thieves breaking into the house and stealing their things. But no robber was to be found, and when they all followed Menelik out into the street, he still continued his barking and whining. Some of the people were angry at being aroused from their sleep for nothing, as they thought, and began to scold and beat poor Menelik.

But suddenly the ground under their feet began to roll and heave as if they were on a ship tossed by the waves! There was a cry from the people as they saw the walls of the hotel sway and then fall with a great crash. Every one ran for safety into the open squares of the city, and as far as possible from the falling houses.

Many were killed in that earthquake, but all in the hotel where Alfredo and Michele had roomed were spared because of Menelik, the wise poodle dog.



E. J. Hall

A real police dog. Police dogs are related to the old timber wolves. You can see by his jaws that he would be a fighter.

The Dog That Found the Lost Boy

THERE was once a farmer living in the western part of the State of Pennsylvania, who had a large family of children. The youngest child in this family was a little boy about four years old, and his name was Eric. One day he wandered into the woods near his father's place and got lost. This was, of course, a great grief to his father and mother, for they loved their little boy.

The father and some of the older children and a few of the neighbors went into the woods to try to find the lost boy. They spent the rest

of the day looking for him, but with no success. When night came, the neighbors went home, but the father refused to go home. He got a lantern and lighted it, and said he would spend the night in hunting for his little son.

Well, the night passed slowly away, and the morning came, but the child was not found. Then the father went home to get something to eat before starting out again on the search.

Just as he was getting ready to leave the house, an Indian who lived in that neighborhood called to see the farmer. The farmer knew the Indian very well. This good Indian had his hunting dog with him. They were known to be great chums.

When the Indian learned about the lost child, he asked the farmer for the shoes and stockings which little Eric had last worn. They were brought and given to the Indian. He held them out to his dog, and said, "Rover, I want you to smell these, and then go into the woods, and try to find the child who has worn them."

The intelligent dog looked at his master a moment, as if to say, "I know what you want, and I'll see what I can do to help you." Then he took two or three good smells of the shoes and stockings, and started into the woods on the run, with his trusty nose close to the ground. A dog's keen sense of smell, you know, is a wonderful help to him in finding things.

The farmer and the Indian knew they could not keep up with the dog as he ran through the woods, and so they remained on the porch of the house until he returned. As they sat there, they could hear the good dog barking every little while. In about an hour from the time he left, he came running back, wagging his tail, and looking very bright and happy.

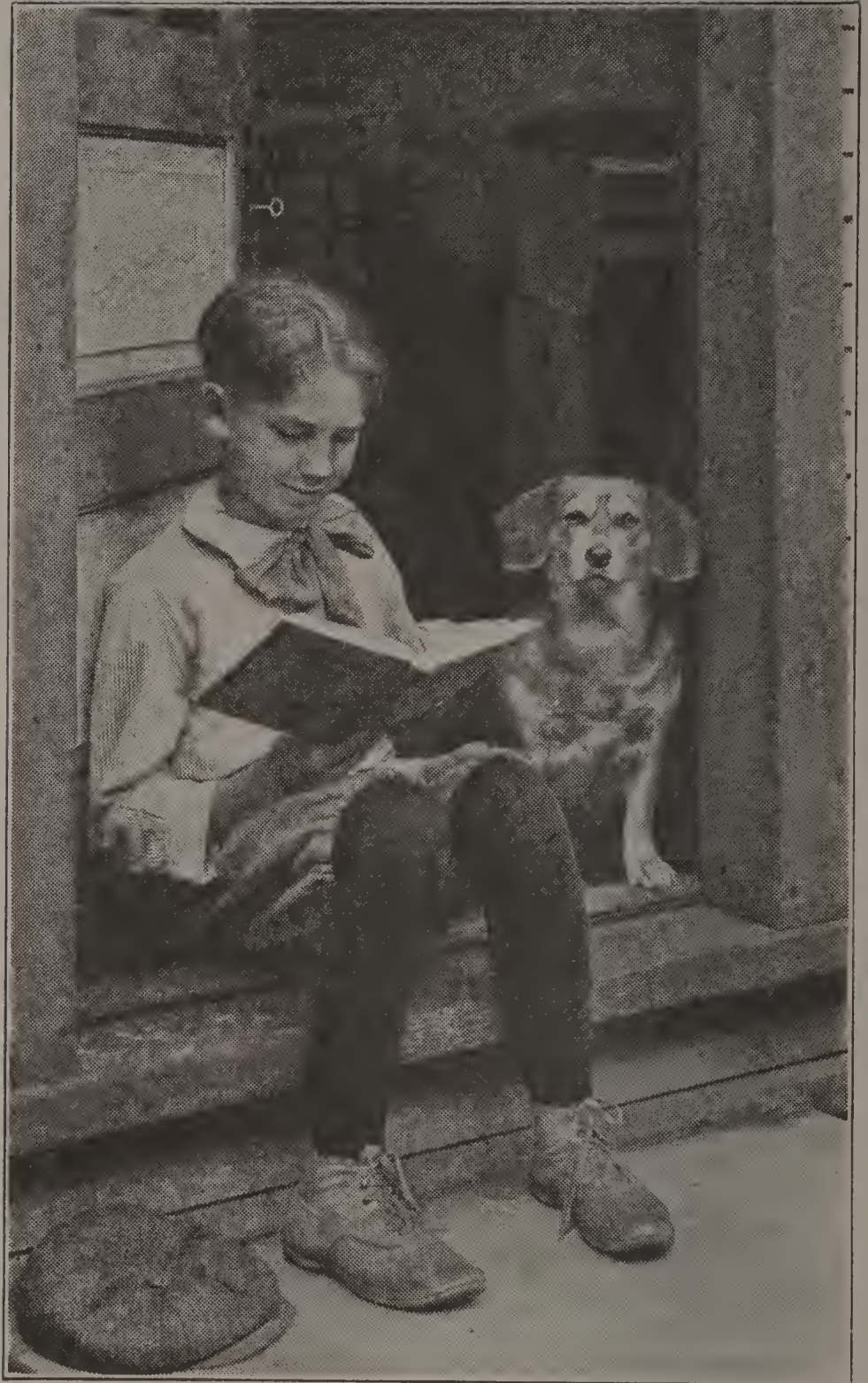
“There!” said the Indian, “he has found the boy. Let us go with him.”

They went, and soon found the poor little lad, almost dead from cold and hunger, lying at the foot of a great tree.

What a happy day that was to the farmer and his wife and chil-

dren! And how much they felt they owed to that intelligent dog for the great kindness he had done!





Rover loves Johnnie, and wants to be with him wherever he is. Wouldn't you like to get acquainted with them both?

The Dog That Returned Good for Evil

I REMEMBER hearing about a farmer who had a dog that had been very useful to him. But the dog was getting old, and his master had made up his mind to drown him. So one day he took the dog with him, and getting into a boat, he rowed out into the middle of the stream that ran near his farm.

The farmer had a heavy stone tied to a cord. He fastened this round the dog's neck, and then threw him into the water. The poor dog sank, but the cord broke. Then he rose to the surface, and tried to get into the boat again. But his

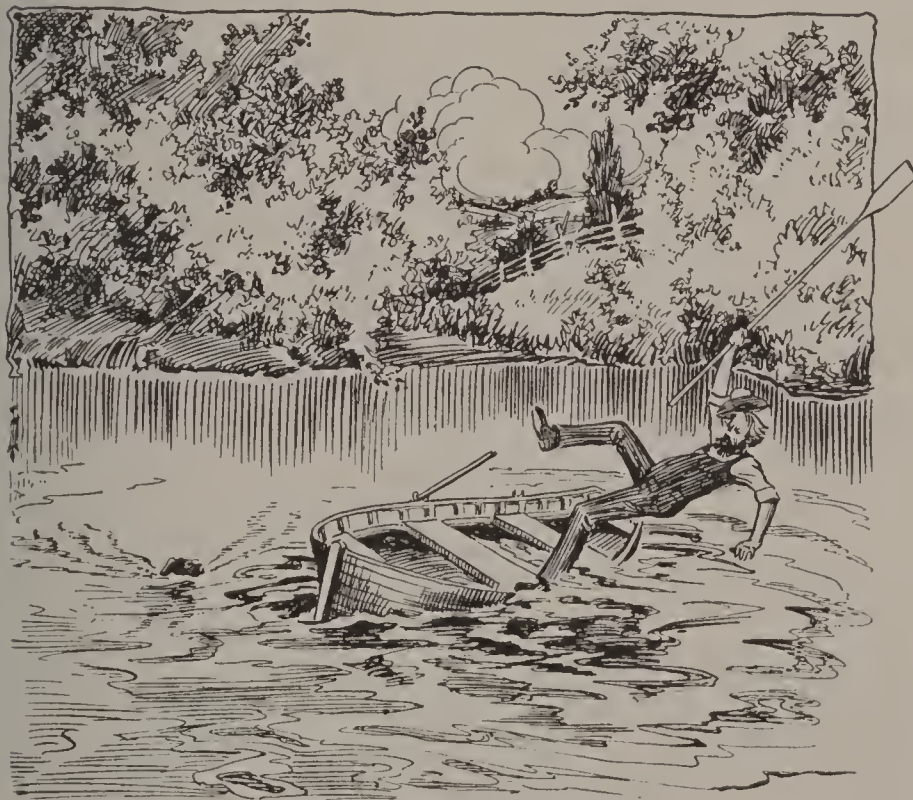
master pushed him off with the oar a number of times.

At last the man stood up with the oar in his hands, intending to strike a blow that would send the dog to the bottom. But in trying to do this, he lost his balance, and fell into the water himself. He could not swim; and when the dog saw his master struggling in the water, he swam to him, caught hold of his coat, and brought him safe to land.

What a noble dog! In spite of the unkind treatment received from his master, this wonderful dog returned good for evil, and saved the farmer's life. Surely that was a faithful dog.

I think the farmer must have been especially kind to the old dog

after that experience. This dog actually did a Christlike deed. If more human beings were as kind as he was, this would be a better world. You and I will try to make it better with our deeds of kindness, won't we?





H. F. Blanchard

They have had their romp. Now they are ready to say, "Good night."

The Dog That Saved the Horses

NERO once belonged to a tin peddler who sold his goods to the farmers. Such a forlorn-looking group they were,— the peddler in his dusty wagon, driving an old, thin horse, and poor, shaggy Nero limping several rods behind.

But in spite of his limp, Nero had a bright look in his eyes. A farmer's little girl took a great fancy to Nero, and begged her father to buy him. The father did so, and then Nero had a good home, and was taught many tricks.

Nero learned to lift the latch of the barn door, and lead the horses out to drink. This duty he per-



formed every day regularly, and it once proved of great value, as you will see.

One cold, wintry night, when all were asleep, the family were roused by a loud barking from Nero. Running to the windows, they saw the barn in flames. You can imagine how quickly they dressed and hurried out. How surprised they were when they found the barn door open, and Nero inside barking madly behind the last horse, in order to chase him out! When the fire was finally put out, there was little left of the barn, but, thanks to the courageous Nero, the horses were all saved.

When the fire started, Nero, who sleeps "with one eye open," must

have seen it and opened the barn door. The horses in their fright had broken their halters, and brave Nero, who seemed to know their great danger, had driven them out.

How glad Nero was to see the family come running out to the barn that night! He seemed to know that he had done a brave deed. They thought of the time when they first saw him limping behind a peddler's wagon, and now he had saved their horses! How glad they were that they had cared for him and taught him useful tricks!

Nero now wears a silver-mounted collar, and all who know him are proud of him.



International

Do you suppose she is thanking that big fellow for pulling her along on her sled? Isn't it splendid that most big dogs are friendly, and like boys and girls?

The Dog That Rescued the Sailors

A GENTLEMAN in charge of a fishing station on the coast of Newfoundland had a large dog who was both wise and brave. One day a boat with some sailors in it was seen approaching the harbor. But just outside that harbor was a long line of breakers,—low, partly hidden rocks, over which the big waves were dashing and roaring in great fury. The danger of passing through this line of breakers was very great, and though the sailors were brave men, they did not dare attempt it.

Soon a crowd of people gathered on the shore to watch the sailors.



They were anxious for them, but did not think of anything they could do to help them. The time passed, and the danger increased every minute.

Among the people on the shore was the intelligent dog I want to tell you about. He seemed to understand what the danger was. Presently he ran to the water, jumped in, and swam out toward the boat. He soon made his way through the surf, and the men in the boat saw him coming to them. At first they thought he wanted to get into the boat, but it soon became clear that that was not his purpose. The dog did not touch the boat, but kept swimming around it. While doing this, he looked earnestly at the men,

and whined every little while. The men wondered what he wanted. At last one of them cried out, "Give him a rope; that's what he wants!"

The rope was thrown; the dog seized the end of it with his teeth, and then turned around and swam toward the shore. The men waiting there took hold of the rope and began to pull it, and in a short time the boat with the sailors was hauled through the dangerous surf and landed safely on the shore. So the lives of those men were saved by that wise and noble dog.



H. F. Blanchard

I don't believe this chap really intends to
use this whip, do you?

The Dog That Jumped Off the Ocean Liner

AN American vessel called the "Washington," once made a trip to China. On board this vessel, among the many passengers, was an army officer with his wife and little boy. This little lad was about five years old, and he had a fine, big Newfoundland dog named Bob.

Every one on the ship liked Bob because he was so good-tempered and frolicsome. The boy was the dog's constant companion. He was a merry little fellow, and as fond of Bob as Bob was of him.

One evening, when it was growing dark, and the little boy and the dog

were romping on the deck together, the vessel gave a sudden roll, and the boy fell over the low railing into the ocean. The alarm was quickly given. Bob sprang over the railing into the ocean, and swam rapidly toward the stern of the vessel. The little boy's father leaped with some others into the lifeboat, but it was too dark to see much ahead of them. All gave the child up for lost.

At last they heard a little splash near them, and in a moment Bob was seen coming alongside the lifeboat, and holding the little boy in his teeth. Oh, how happy the men were to have the boy and the dog with them as they went back to the big ship! The parents were filled with the greatest joy to see their

Jumped Off the Liner 61

little son brought back, and Bob was patted and caressed by every one. The next day the little boy was seen hugging his favorite, and every man on the ship loved the dog as a father loves his child.





H. F. Blanchard

“Look pleasant, please!”

The Dog That Scared Away the Robber

A CHRISTIAN woman was returning to her home one night from a visit with a friend living a short distance in the country. She noticed a large dog following her as she started home, and tried to drive him away, but he appeared anxious to follow her. Soon they came to a dark and narrow lane. Just then a robber rushed out of a hedge toward the woman. At the same time the dog darted forward like an arrow, and seized the bad man.

The robber cried for help, but the woman ran toward her home as fast as she could. She had not gone far before her faithful dog friend



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came running up to her side, and remained with her until she reached home.

The woman wanted the noble animal to go inside with her so that she might reward him with a nice meal, but, strange to say, he at once darted back in the direction from which they had come. She made efforts the next day to find him, but did not succeed. She never saw him again.

I think God sent that dog to protect the lady, don't you?

The Dog That Brought Joy to His Mistress

A YOUNG lady living in England once owned a handsome brown terrier whose name was Minto. He was a great pet with the young lady and all her family. One day Minto's mistress was much troubled because she had lost a gold locket. It had been given to her by a very dear friend, and she valued it highly. She remembered having the locket with her that day as she walked across a field on her father's place where the grass was quite high.

After hunting everywhere else for the lost treasure, the thought came to her that she might have dropped it in the long grass while taking

her morning walk. So she went at once to the field, followed by Minto, her faithful companion.

The young lady was in the habit of talking to the dog just as she would to any friend who was with her. In her distress she turned to the dog and said, "Minto, can't you find my locket for me?"

Minto looked at her for a moment, then suddenly leaving her side, he ran on in front of her along the narrow path which led through the field, with his nose to the ground, sniffing as he went.

Presently the dog came to a tuft of coarse grass. He suddenly stopped, thrust his nose in the grass, and then lifting up his head, gave a long howl. At first his mistress

did not notice him, but after a while his strange conduct attracted her attention. On going to the spot where Minto stood, he gave her a pleased look and laid the locket at her feet.

This dog, you see, had understood what his mistress said to him, and went at once to obey her. To listen and to obey are two fine things that every boy and girl can do to make home a peaceful, happy place.





American Photo

I wonder what the girl is saying. And why is the boy holding the dog's paw? What story does the picture tell you? It tells me that they are all having a good time.

The Dog That Worked as a Detective

SOME years ago there was a real, four-legged detective in the State of Maine. He was a very ordinary-looking dog, and his name was Skip.

Though Skip was small and looked quite like a common cur, yet he had very bright eyes and very sharp ears. He was owned by one of the game wardens, whose duty it was to examine certain trains coming down from the game regions of the State. All strange and suspicious-looking packages were examined, because there is a law that forbids any one's taking out of the State any game birds at all, and many people try to smuggle the birds through.

As the people alighted from the train, few of them ever noticed the little dog Skip dodging about, sniffing at this hand bag or that bundle. But soon the dog's master would hear a little bark. He knew what that meant, and quickly found Skip nosing about the heels of a passenger. The warden would then quietly invite the person into the baggage-room, and ask him about the birds he had hidden in his baggage or about his clothing. Skip never made a mistake in his detective work. He had a wonderful nose for "pointing" game.

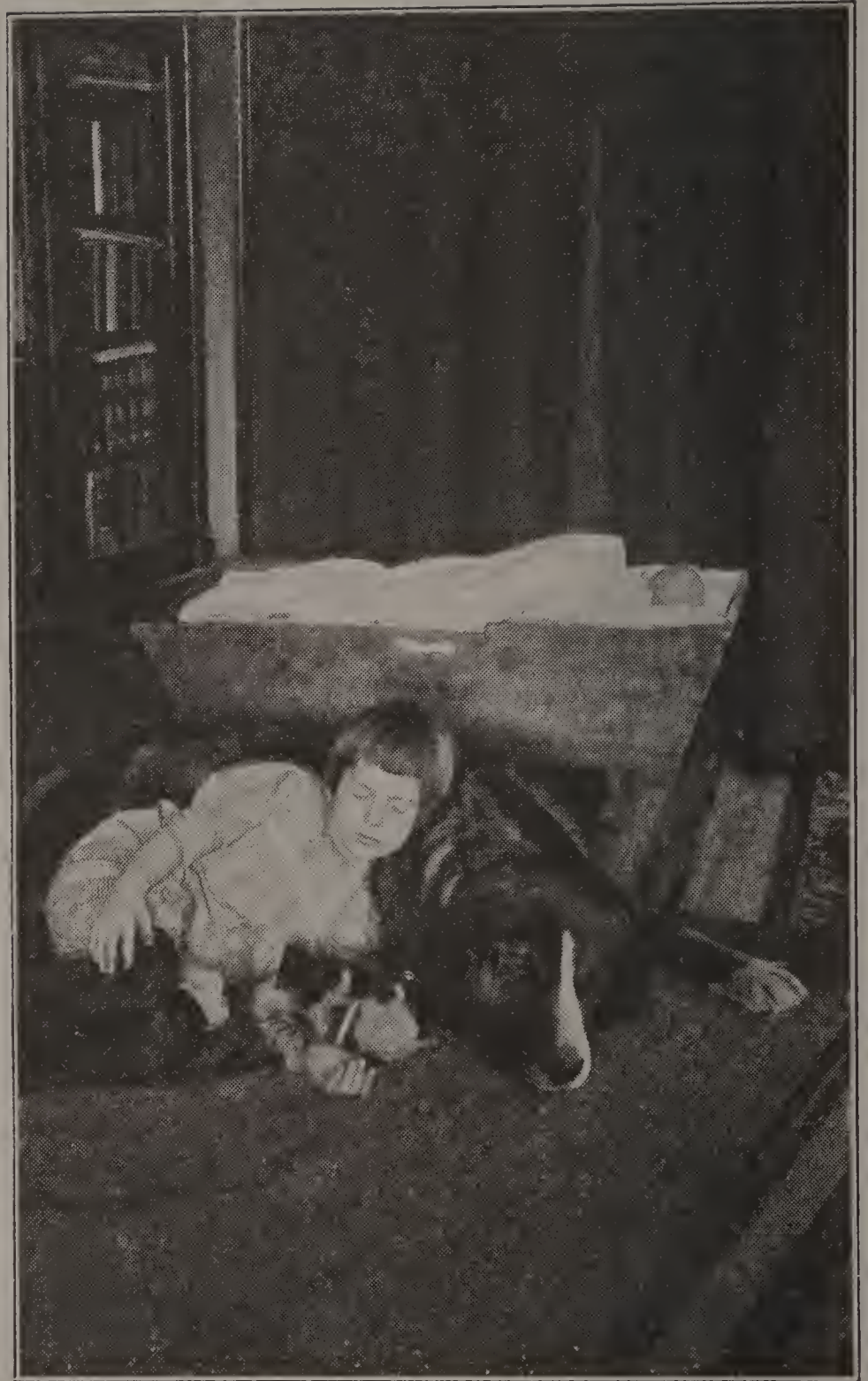
While making his usual inspection in an express car one day, Skip found a barrel containing fish. He sniffed at it, and went on, and then

came back and sniffed again. Round and round the barrel he went, whining and dancing as though it had been filled with rats. With faith in the little dog, born of long experience, the officer opened the barrel, and found the fish, but in the center of it were several dozen plump partridges!



© Keystone

This dog, like Skip, is learning to work. You know dogs like to work. Sometimes they like to work more than boys do. The policeman is giving him instructions what to do.



H. F. Blanchard

All through play, and fast asleep.

The Dog That Stopped the Runaway

A BRAVE dog once lived in a town in New Jersey. In one of the streets of that town a horse, pulling a wagon, became frightened in some way, and started off on a wild run. The driver was thrown from his seat, and was left lying in the dirt. But he was not much hurt. The horse went galloping along, going faster every moment, until he reached the corner of the next street.

Just then a large Newfoundland dog made his appearance. He looked at the horse for a moment, and then rushed toward the horse's head. The dog sprang up several times to grasp the bridle with his



teeth; but he failed each time, and fell to the ground, narrowly escaping injury from the horse's feet. But the brave dog kept on trying, and at last, making an extraordinary leap into the air, he grasped the bridle firmly in his teeth, and pulling down the horse's head, stopped his running. Then some men took charge of the horse, and the good dog started to walk away.

But the people standing by, who had seen the dog's heroic action in stopping the horse and preventing some great injury, spoke words of praise to him for his brave conduct. It was the greatest act of courage they had ever seen a dumb animal perform.

The Dog That Was Faithful unto Death

A FRENCH merchant was riding home on horseback one day. He had a large bag of money with him, tied to the saddle. The merchant's faithful dog was making the trip with him.

After riding quite a long distance, the merchant decided to stop and rest, and eat a little lunch. He got off his horse and sat under a shady tree, laying the bag of money down by his side while he rested. When the merchant mounted his horse again, he forgot to take his bag of money with him.

The dog saw the mistake his master had made, and tried to take the



“If you want it, you’ve got to speak for it!”

bag to him, but it was too heavy for him to drag along. Then he ran after his master, and tried by barking to remind him of his mistake. But the merchant did not understand what the dog meant. Then the dog ran in front of the horse, and kept jumping up at him and barking very loudly. The merchant called to him to be quiet and stop his jumping. But the dog would not stop.

His master became alarmed. He began to think that the dog must be going mad, and as the dog went on barking and jumping in a still more angry fashion, the merchant felt sure he was right. He said to himself, "He must be going mad, and he may bite some one. The

only safe thing to do is to kill him.”

Then he took a pistol from his pocket, and pointing it at the dog, fired at him. The poor dog fell, and his master, unable to bear the sight, rode rapidly on. “I am very unfortunate,” he said to himself; “I would rather have lost my bag of money than my good dog.”

Just then he felt for his bag, but it was not there. In a moment he saw what it all meant. The dog had seen that his master had left the bag of money behind him, and was trying the best he could to get him to go back after it. Oh, how sorry that merchant felt! His heart ached as he turned his horse and rode back to the place where he had sat under the tree.

And what do you suppose he found when he got to the tree? Why, there on the ground by the bag of money was that faithful dog! He had crawled back to the spot, and laid down by his master's money to protect it as long as he had breath! The merchant began to cry. He kneeled down by his dog, petted him tenderly, and spoke very kindly to him. The dog looked lovingly into his face, licked his hand, and then turned over and died.

The merchant had the body of the dog carried home, and buried it in his garden. Over the little grave he had a stone slab set up, with these words engraved upon it, "In memory of a faithful dog."





Gilliams, N. Y.

Lost in the snow! But not lost, after all, when the noble St. Bernard stands guard over him, and shows the way for the rescue party.

The Dog That Lived to Save the Lost

ONE of the largest and most interesting of all the dog family is the St. Bernard. He stands first among the animals in his deeds of mercy and kindness.

Many years ago a good man built a house away up in the mountains of Switzerland, where the snow is very deep in the wintertime, and many travelers lose their way. At this large house, which is called a monastery, quite a number of St. Bernard dogs are kept.

When the snow is deep on the mountains, these dogs, together with the good men who live there, go out in search of travelers who have lost

their way. Sometimes the keen-scented St. Bernard dogs find persons who are buried fifteen or twenty feet under the snow, and so they are valuable helpers in the search for the lost.

A traveler in the Alps may lose his way, and wander about for hours in the blinding snowstorm, trying to find the path again, and then sink down exhausted to die in the snow, which soon entirely covers him. As quickly as one of the dogs discovers him, he will dig him out and try to revive him by licking his face and hands, and then bark long and loudly until some one comes to help.

Every year these dogs do faithful service in this way. About their

necks is usually fastened a tiny barrel of food or drink for the lost traveler.

One of these noble fellows was called Barry, the saint among dogs. Barry was known as the noblest of all the dumb animals, the most Christianlike dog that ever lived. He had a warm heart for the suffering, and seemed to have a real passion for life-saving work.

With his little flask of nourishing drink fastened to his neck, Barry would leave the monastery day after day, in snowstorms and in thaw, to search for travelers who had lost the path or become buried in the drifting snow, to dig them out, or, if he could not do so, to run home and bring men to help him with their shovels.



E. J. Hall

Perhaps he is silently begging to be released from that rope, for who likes to be tied up? Neither collies nor boys, that's sure.

Once this noble dog brought a little boy back to life who was nearly frozen to death, and by kind caresses encouraged the lad to get onto his back, when he carried him to the big house. When he arrived at the door with his precious burden, he pulled the bell cord to call his kind masters, and after they took charge of the little child, Barry was off again to continue his search.

Every success made this wonderful dog more joyful and more compassionate. And that, dear boys and girls, is the blessing that comes from doing a noble deed,—it goes on producing more nobility.

Barry lived to be twelve years old. During those years he saved *sixty - eight persons from death.*

What a wonderful record for a dog!
And what an example for a dog to
set before all boys and girls, and
grown-up folks, too!

The St. Bernard dogs seem to possess almost human intelligence, and if it is possible for dogs to have an ambition, it seems that those dogs living in the high Alps of Switzerland make it their one ambition to rescue poor, lost travelers, and thus save many lives. What a noble mission for a dog! And it should be our ambition — the ambition of every boy and girl — to save people, too.

The St. Bernard dogs on the mountains in Switzerland help to save the *lives* of people, and that is wonderful and noble; but God can

use you to help Him save their *souls*, as well, by your Christian influence, your words, your deeds, your prayers, your gifts. And so your mission in the world is greatest of all; and if you are true and faithful where God places you, then joy and peace will crown your life.





American Photo

Poor little wayfarer! Poor little traveler! Looks as if he had just poked his head out to ask how much longer he had to stay cooped up in that box. You write a story about it all. What does the picture tell you? What's his name? and did he get there all right? and why did he go on the journey? and what is he saying now?

Things to Remember

A DOG can go longer without food than he can without water, so his water pan should always be kept filled. Wise men tell us that water is tenfold more necessary to a dog than to a man.

One meal a day for a grown dog is considered sufficient. His food may consist of dog biscuit or the scraps from the table. You do not need to buy meat for your dog.

If you want your dog to look best, and to show the most intelligence, he should be neither fat nor lean, but just sleek.

Do not forget a bone for your dog. Gnawing on a bone keeps the



II. F. Blanchard

Don't you think both of them are enjoying
the sailboat?

dog's teeth clean and sharp, and forms part of his amusement, too.

Fleas worry dogs more than anything else, perhaps. You can get flea powder from the druggist that will kill the fleas and bring comfort to the dog. See that he gets into the water frequently, too.

A dog perspires through his tongue. This is why he pants. He is not out of breath when he pants. That is his way of perspiring. If your dog *must* wear a muzzle in the hot season, be sure it is nicely adjusted so he can pant easily. A tight muzzle is a cruel thing.

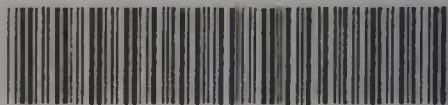
Do you know why a dog howls when he hears certain musical instruments played in a high key? His hearing is far keener than ours,

and the high-pitched notes often cause him pain, sometimes agony, and so he howls.

Dogs do not understand all we say to them, but they do understand the *way* we say things. That remarkable sense of hearing in the dog tells him of the least change in his master's temper and spirit. He reads the face and understands the tone of the voice. It pays to be kind to your dog.

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