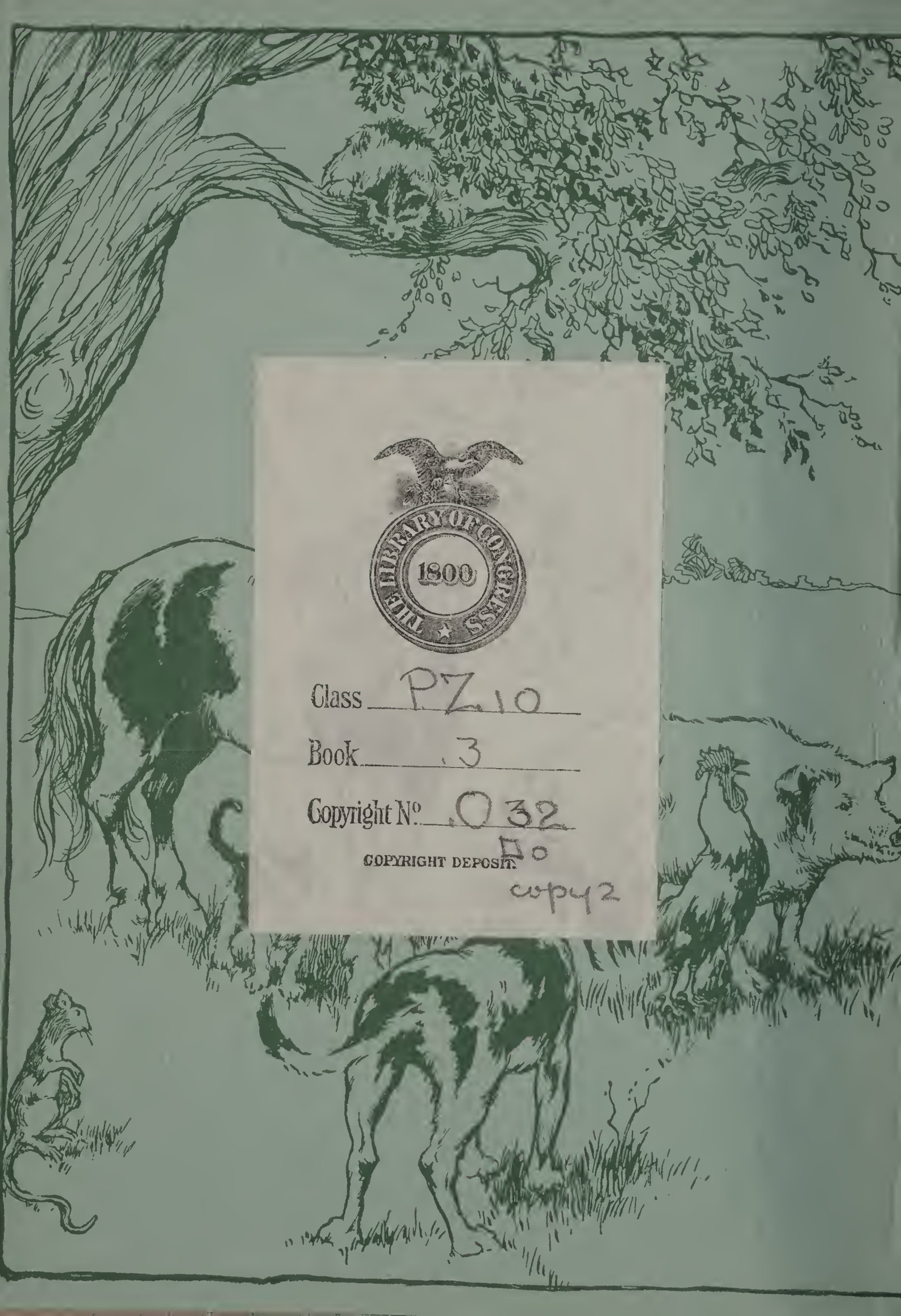
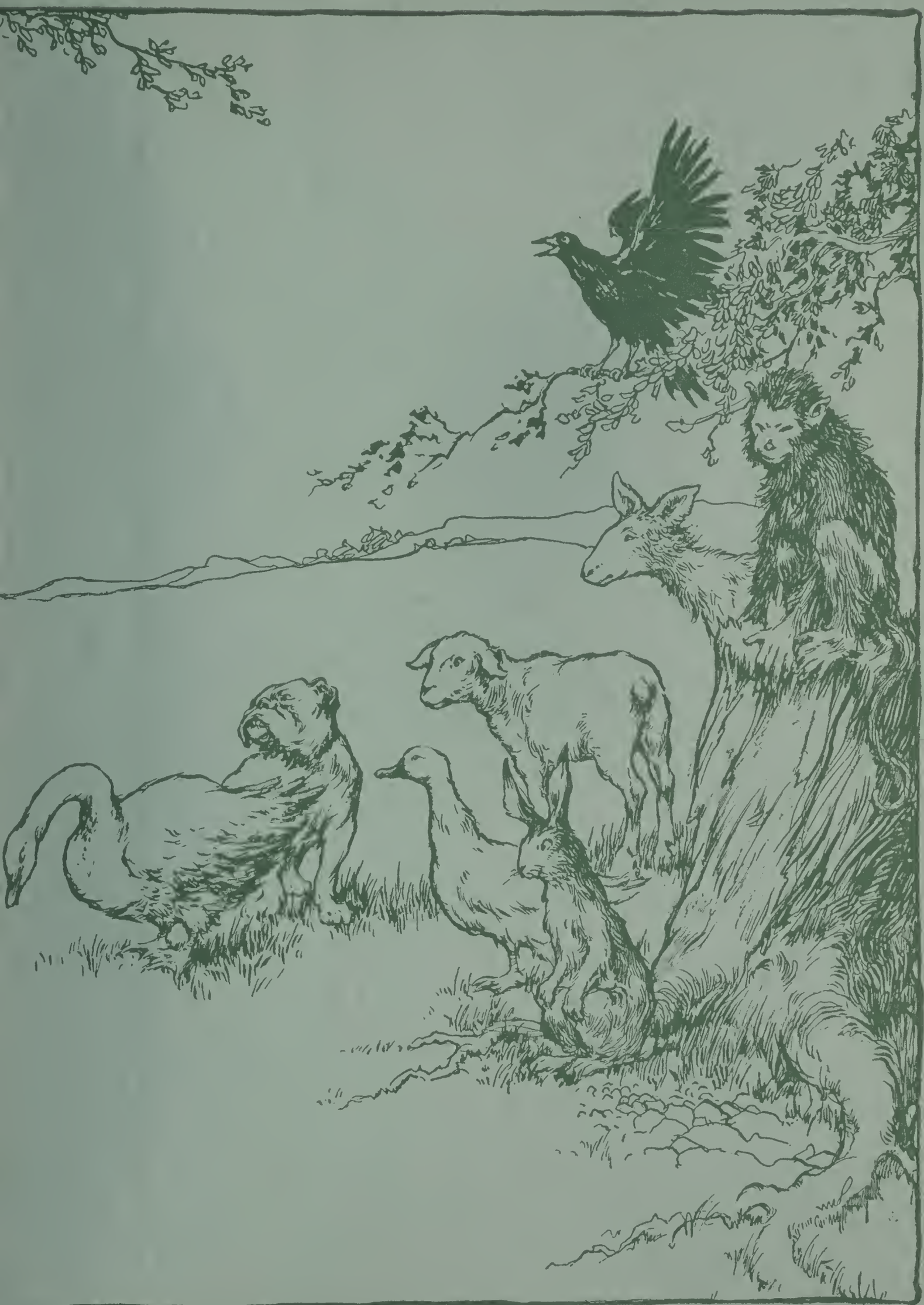
THE DOG THAT WENT TO THE DOCTOR

C. GERALDINE O'GRADY





THE DOG THAT WENT TO THE DOCTOR

AND OTHER TRUE STORIES OF REAL ANIMALS

"There sat poor little Paddy."

THE DOG THAT WENT TO THE DOCTOR

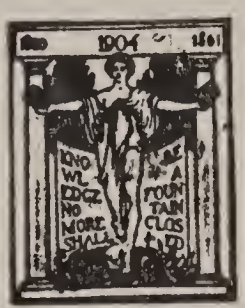
AND OTHER TRUE STORIES OF REAL ANIMALS

BY

C. GERALDINE O'GRADY

ILLUSTRATED BY

W. M. BERGER



BOSTON

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The Dog That Went to the Doctor

Printed in U. S. A.

To

EMILIE POULSSON,

and to the
grown-up, child, and animal friends
that look at me pleasantly
from the pages of the book that
would not have been written
without them.

CONTENTS

ILLUSTRATIONS

TO THE CHILDREN WHO HAVE ANIMAL FRIENDS

I have written these true stories about animals, not because they are strange or wonderful—perhaps each of you could tell me something as strange about your pets—but because if we compare many different stories, we notice animals more, and we understand them better.

Notice how animals do things; whether they can see and hear and smell as well as we can, or better; how they learn, and what they find out for themselves; and how much their friendliness to us depends on our being kind and patient—never teasing them nor making them afraid of us.

Of course, they must be trained to behave well and to be clean, but as soon as you have made friends with them, they will nearly always try to do what you want, if they understand it.

Remember not to try to make friends too quickly with any animal. If they don't understand what you mean, they may hurt you. It is best to wait until they are used to seeing you, hearing you talk, and smelling you. They depend much more on their ears and noses than on their eyes for knowing people. We depend more on our eyes and ears. I hope yours will tell you much about animals.

Nearly all these things about which I have written happened with animals that belonged to my family or to people I know. A few that happened in other

countries were written in letters to magazines by people who gave assurance that the stories were true.

C. GERALDINE O'GRADY.

Winnetka, Ill.

THE DOG THAT WENT TO THE DOCTOR

AND OTHER TRUE STORIES OF REAL ANIMALS

CHAPTER I

THE DOG THAT WENT TO THE DOCTOR

PADDY was sick. When a little dog is sick and doesn't know what is the matter with him, he wants his master. Paddy would have gone a long way to find his master, if he had known where to go. But his master was a soldier and had gone far away over the sea.

But Paddy found he still had friends.

There were kind people to look after a lonely little dog, and when his master's brother found that Paddy was sick, he quickly took him to the best dog doctor he could find. It didn't seem pleasant at first, to be kept in a kennel and to be obliged to take medicine, but the doctor was kind, and in a little while Paddy was able to go home again, quite well.

Still, he was restless and liked to go trotting about the city streets when he was let out. Perhaps he was looking for his master.

He had not seen the doctor, and the doctor had not seen him, for a long time. But one day, about three months after his illness, there was a noise of scratching and whining at the doctor's office door. "See what that noise is," he said to his assistant. "Our dogs are all shut up."

The man opened the door and there sat poor little Paddy, holding up a crushed and bleeding paw. Quickly they brought him in, washed and bandaged his paw, and then telephoned to his home.

"How did the dog come to be with you?" asked Paddy's mistress. "We didn't take him. We did not know he had met with any accident."

"Go out and see if you can find the blood-trail from the dog's paw," said the doctor to his man. "Follow it up and see if you can find out how he came here."

The trail led to the corner of a street, two long blocks from the doctor's office, where a man was working on a building.

"Did you see a little dog get hurt near here?" the doctor's assistant asked him.

"Yes, I did," said the man. "The little fellow was running across the street when a delivery-wagon came out of the alley-way and knocked him down. He sat up in a minute or two, but he seemed a bit dazed. Then he began looking about him, and suddenly he started off down the street up which you came, going as fast as he could on three legs."

Little Paddy had picked out the right door to go to for help in his trouble. His paw was made well again, and his friends did their best to see that he had no more accidents.

CHAPTER II

THE CAT'S NEST

THE farm was a lovely place—there was no doubt about that. It was a good place for a cat, too, even if she had no tail, and couldn't have fun chasing it. Tip had no tail—I think her mother had had no tail, and must have come from the Isle of Man where all the cats go without tails. But as Tip had never had one, she didn't mind much. And so many things were nice at the farm: there was Anna, the little girl who petted Tip and gave her a saucer of milk every night; there were birds to chase and field-mice to catch, and some-

times a spool of cotton or a ball of wool on the floor to play with—until somebody took it away. There was another cat to play with, too, Blackie, that was always ready for a game. But there was one horrid thing—there were two, in fact—the dogs, Mollie and Chip, that chased poor kitty until she had to run up a tree to get away from them.

But the orchard truly was a nice place, with many trees—trees with short trunks that Tip could climb quickly. So Tip became an "orchard cat." There are house-cats and store-cats, and warehouse-cats and alley-cats, but I never knew an orchard cat till I saw Tip.

That was Tip's first year of life; and by next spring, she knew so well how to catch field-mice and to take care of herself, in the orchard, that she only came to

the house once a day for her saucer of milk.

One day when I was at the farm, Anna and I followed her down to the the orchard, and we saw Tip run up a very old tree, that had a vine climbing over it. We peeped under the vine, for we heard mewing—ever so much of it. What did we see? A real nest—a cat's nest—in a hollow at the top of the trunk. The nest was full of dry leaves, and on the leaves were four nice things that we had not seen before at

A CAT'S NEST

the farm. Four kittens! And Tip had found this safe place to keep them in until they were old enough to run away from the dogs.

Three of them had tails, and one was just like Tip and had no tail. After that, the dogs were not allowed to chase Tip. And her kittens were soon old enough to come up to the farmhouse.

CHAPTER III

TAXI

"TAXI," said Mrs. Sanders to her little dog, "we have been for a long ride, and I believe you're hungry. If you want a biscuit, you must show me where they are."

Taxi looked hard at his mistress, and she said again, "Want a biscuit, Taxi?"

Taxi was sure now, for he had heard "biscuit" twice over. He ran to the cabinet and reached up as high as he could to touch the drawer where his biscuits were kept. Now he got a nice biscuit, but when he had eaten it, his mistress wanted him to do more tricks, for a friend had

come to see her, and she was very proud of Taxi's cleverness.

"The postman has just whistled," she said. "Taxi, go to the head of the stairs, and call Anna." Anna was the maid.

Taxi ran to the head of the stairs and gave two little sharp barks, that sounded like "Na, na."

The maid came into the hall, and then his mistress called out, "Taxi, go down-stairs and bring me the letters."

Taxi trotted down-stairs, and Anna took two letters out of the mail-box and gave them to him to carry up-stairs. He laid them at his mistress' feet and stood wagging his tail. "He does so like to be petted and praised," she said laughing, and he got a good petting and patting.

"Can he do any more tricks?" asked the visitor.

TAXI OPENED HIS MOUTH AND GAVE A HOWL

Mrs. Sanders had a merry look as she said, "Don't you think I'm a good dog-trainer? Taxi, go to the closet and bring my slippers."

Off trotted Taxi to the closet, and came back with one slipper, seeming quite proud.

"Taxi, Taxi," said his mistress, "what a foolish little dog you are! I can't wear one slipper. Go and bring the other." He looked at her feet, then ran to the closet and brought back the other slipper.

"Now, Taxi," she said, "will you go and sing us a little song?"

Taxi climbed on the piano-bench and put his paws on the keys, then he opened his mouth and gave a howl.

"No, oh, no, Taxi," said Mrs. Sanders, "I don't like that noise. Sing a little

soft song." So then Taxi made a soft little whining noise, as he strummed the keys. Don't you think he was clever? Where did he live? In Chicago.

CHAPTER IV

A SQUIRREL STORY

MY friend, the Boy Scout, says that, at home in the woods, a squirrel has two nests: a winter and a summer one. The winter one is large and placed in a hollow tree, or in a crotch of the branches; the summer one is made on a high bough to keep the young ones safe. It does not need to be large, for, in summer, the squirrels pick up food anywhere, and do not need the nuts that they store away for the winter. They are very quick to make friends with any one who feeds them, and soon grow bold enough to come close.

"Chitter chatter, chitter chatter, chitter chatter," said little Red Squirrel in a rage. I think he meant: "What do you mean by coming down for my food?" He was clinging to the trunk of a big tree near a summer cottage, and talking to his little wife up above in the branches.

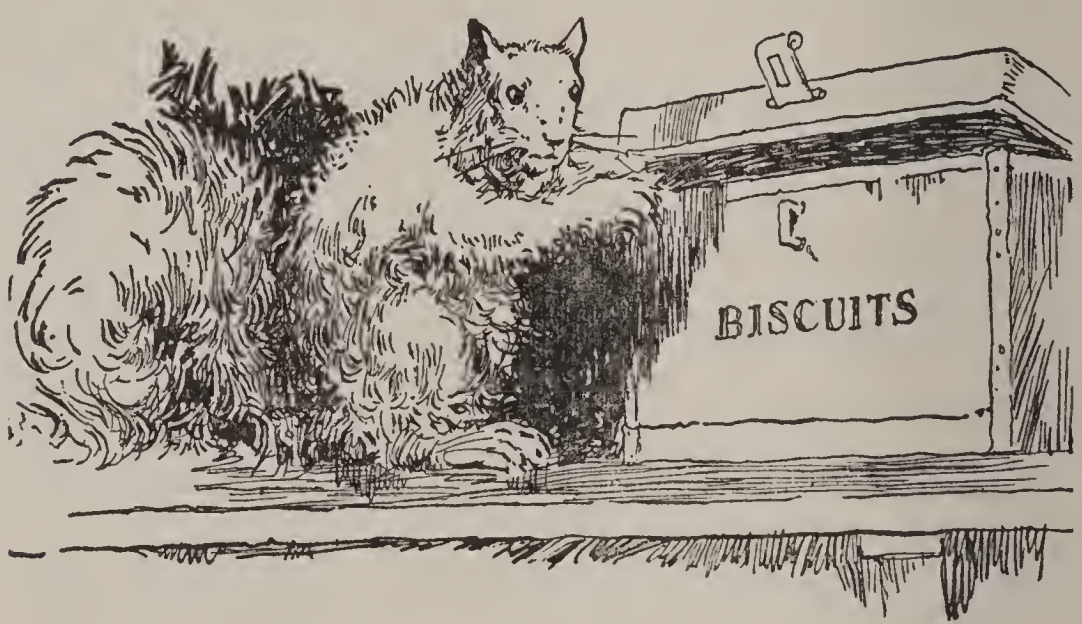
In the cottage my friend, Miss Frances, lived, and she had made friends with little Red Squirrel. Every day she put pieces of bread or nuts on the steps of the cottage, and every day he came for them; but when little Mrs. Squirrel wanted to come for some, too, he scolded her and chased her back to the nest where their babies were. One day, Mother Squirrel thought it was time to come down and bring her three small squirrels with her. They had never been out of the nest before, and she

showed them how to come down the tree-trunk, moving very slowly herself, and coaxing them on.

They crept down, clinging tightly to the bark, and no doubt the poor little things wished themselves back in their safe nest. When they reached the bottom of the tree-trunk, they put out their little feet, and felt the grass. They drew back their paws and then felt it again before they would run on it; but they quickly got used to the outside world, and soon were running down every day, for the biscuits Miss Frances put out for them.

As the summer went on, Father Squirrel grew very bold. One morning Miss Frances' nephew, who was sleeping on a couch in the living-room, awoke with a start, as he felt something run over him.

Father Squirrel had found out where the biscuits were kept! He jumped down from the sideboard with one in his



FATHER SQUIRREL HAD FOUND THE BISCUITS!

mouth and scurried out of the window. The little rascal came early in the morning, before people were up, and he had even found out how to open the biscuit-box.

CHAPTER V

NIPPY, THE CHIPMUNK

ONCE upon a time I tamed a chipmunk, and it was really quite an easy thing to do. Squirrels and chipmunks are friendly fellows, and only want encouragement. I was living in a tent at a summer camp in the woods, and the funny little chippies were all around in the trees. They were quite bold, and came down on the ground to examine any of my things that they thought looked interesting. Sometimes they slipped under the tent flaps and raced across the floor. I put some peanuts on the ground near a tree and,

when I kept far enough away, the little chipmunks came down and got them. One little fellow grew very bold and came nearer and nearer to me. At last I put his peanuts on the floor of the tent and he came in for them. Then, one day, I sat on the floor and put a peanut chocolate on my knee. He sat with his bright little beady eyes fixed on it for some time, while I talked softly to him. Suddenly he jumped to my knee, snatched up the candy, and raced away with it.

After coming through that daring adventure safely, he soon grew so tame that he would eat biscuits or nuts sitting on my knee, my hand, or my shoulder. I called him Nippy. The tamer he grew, the greedier he became. If I thought he had had enough and put away the nuts, he sat on the floor and scolded me fu-

riously. He ran in and out of the tent quite freely, and I often awoke, in the early morning, to feel his little feet scampering over me.

HE WOULD EAT SITTING ON MY SHOULDER

One afternoon when I was lying on one of the cots, Nippy came in and nosed about. I lay quite still and watched to see what he would do. A box of nut candies was lying on another cot. Nippy went

over to it, sniffed at it, and set to work to get the lid off. I expected he would nibble a hole in the box, but no! He pushed and pushed with his teeth under the edge of the lid. At times he stopped to rest, then patiently went back to his work. It must have taken him quite ten minutes to get at the sweets he wanted.

Very soon after, I had to leave Nip and his friends, and return to the city, or I might have seen him do more funny tricks.

CHAPTER VI

CURIOUS THINGS ABOUT CATS AND DOGS

MOST cats and dogs like meat, but some will eat things you would not expect them to like.

A Mr. Ramsden writes about a cat he has which eats like a rabbit. Apples, carrots, cabbage, corn, and cucumbers are part of its food; and it likes a plate of green vegetables better than milk.

A little girl I know has a cat called Lulu, that eats cake and jam.

I know dogs that will eat strawberries, gooseberries, and raw potato. A bulldog that belongs to a friend of mine found

a basket of plums which had been left standing on the floor, and ate about half the basketful before any one noticed him.

SOME CHICKS CUDDLED IN HIS LONG HAIR

Another curious thing is that cats and dogs will often choose to take care of young ones that are not their own. A cat at Port Arthur, in Canada, has taken care of three baby foxes that had lost their mother; another cat has been tak-

ing care of five baby chicks whose mother strayed away and left them alone. The chicks run about the yard in the daytime, but at night they come to the cat and nestle in her fur. I have seen a picture, too, of a dog, a spaniel in Kansas City, that took care of some chicks that cuddled in his long hair. And I know an old mother-hen, in Colorado, that takes care of some very small kittens, when the mother-cat is away from them.

CHAPTER VII

THE STRAY PUSSY

IT was a very stormy winter night. Miss Anne was cold, walking from the street-car to her New York boarding-house; and she felt rather lonely, as she thought of spending a long evening in her room. Yet it was too stormy for her to go out again.

"Meow!" said something at her feet, as she went up the steps. She saw a small grey kitten, very wet and shivering. How good it seemed to think of having a pet for company! She picked it up, carried it up to her room, and went to ask the mistress of the house if kitty could stay.

Luckily, the mistress was very good-natured, and the kitten was soon in a box that Miss Anne made warm with a bit of cloth for her to lie on.

What fun the kitten and Miss Anne had together! Some people think cats don't learn fast, but this kitten did. She learned to play games, her favorites being "hide-and-seek" and ball games.

If Miss Anne went and stooped down behind the cupboard door and called, "Cats! Cats!", Pussy ran around the room, and then would suddenly jump on her mistress' back. Then Miss Anne would sit down, and Pussy would hide behind the chair until her mistress looked round it and called her. She liked to chase and fetch a ball, whenever it was thrown for her, and learned to pat it with her paw and roll it back.

Miss Anne gave her milk in the morning, but at night she brought little bits from her own dinner, so that Pussy learned to eat very odd things. Miss

PEGGY LIKED TO CHASE A BALL

Anne liked corn so much that she often brought up an ear of it to eat cold at night, and Pussy always had a share of it, and of other things as queer.

CHAPTER VIII

A FAITHFUL FATHER

OPPOSITE our house lived a handsome white tom-cat named Jimmy.

One morning, his young mistress, Jean, went out to the garden before breakfast. Presently she ran into the house greatly excited, calling: "Oh, Mother, come quick; there's a strange tabby-cat in our garden that won't go away; I chased her over to the hedge and found she had four little kittens hidden there."

They went out to look at the kittens together. "See, the two little

white ones are very like Jimmy," said Jean, "and the other two are like the mother! Do you think Jimmy has brought home his family in the night?"

"I believe he has," said her mother. "Their eyes are open, but they are not strong enough to walk any distance; Jimmy and the mother must have carried them in their mouths."

The strange cat and kittens settled down and made themselves quite at home, but Jean's mother said that the cat must be taken away as soon as her babies were a little older, and that homes must be found for the kittens.

The mother-cat was sent away, but Jean begged hard to keep the kittens longer, though she wondered how they

THE STRANGE CAT AND KITTENS SETTLED DOWN

would get on with no mother to bring them up.

Jimmy must have felt that the care of the kittens depended on him, for he filled the mother's place as far as possible. When they quarreled, mewing, and scratching one another, or when one tried to get more than his share of food, Jimmy cuffed them and set them to rights very soon.

It was very funny to see him wash the babies. He seized a kitten and held down the squealing little animal very firmly on its back, and went over it thoroughly with his tongue. The little thing had a more violent washing than it would have had from its mother, but it seemed quite clean when its bath was over.

The clean, pretty little kittens pleased Jean's friends, and they all found good homes.

Note: We could not tell whether "Jimmy" was the real father of the kittens or only adopted them. We did not even know where they came from. But he acted like a good father to them.

CHAPTER IX

FUSS AND JET

FUSS and Jet lived together. Fuss, a Scotch terrier, was a rather slow and stupid little dog; and Jet, a black and tan, was as bright as a button.

When the dogs' food was put down, Jet always secured the best of it, while Fuss was still poking about for titbits. By gobbling twice as fast as Fuss, Jet managed to make away with twice his share.

When afternoon tea was served in the living-room, Fuss and Jet were always on hand, eager for goodies; but Fuss got

very little of the cake that was given to them, for, the moment it was put down, Jet made a dash for the nearest corner. There he crouched, seeming to quiver with excitement, scratching and sniffing as if he smelt a mouse. Fuss dashed after

FUSS GOT VERY LITTLE OF THE CAKE

him, determined not to be too late for the hunt. As soon as Fuss reached the corner, back Jet ran to the cake; he had bolted the bit meant for Fuss and was quietly eating his own when Fuss returned, disappointed, from the supposed mouse-hole.

Time and time again, Jet repeated the trick, and Fuss was always deceived. When Jet rushed to the wall, Fuss would look at the cake and then, not able to resist, follow Jet, only to find that that greedy little fellow had tricked him.

CHAPTER X

JANE WOOD-BOX

IN a small western town lived a little girl of eight. She was very fond of the chickens in the barnyard; the ones that came out in the spring were such attractive little balls of yellow and brown fluff, and it was such fun to feed them and have them come running to her and tumbling over one another in their hurry to get to the pan of cornmeal dough that she brought.

But chickens, like little girls, will grow up; and by the fall, there were no more little ones. Her pets were fully dressed in feathers, and she could not

pick them up in her hand any more. But, one morning in November, when Effie —that was her name—ran out to the chicken-house to look for eggs, one of the hens got off her nest—and—what a surprise! She had a wee, fluffy yellow chick under her wing. Effie ran to tell her mother and to ask if the new chick might be hers.

"Dear me," said Mother, "what a stupid hen to hatch it at this time of year! If I had known, I would have chased her off the nest, for the chicken will never grow up. The snow will be here in a week, and the cold will kill it."

"Oh, don't let it die!" cried Effie. "Let us bring it into the house."

"There's no place to keep it," said her mother. "It would be under everybody's feet and get trodden on."

Effie looked about. Her bright eyes spied a large empty wood-box behind the stove. They had burned wood in the stove until this year, but now they had a new coal-stove, and the wood-box was no longer used.

"Mother dear," she coaxed, "please let me keep it in the wood-box. It can't get out, and I will take such good care of it."

"Well," said her mother, "it will be some trouble for you to keep the box clean, but you may try it."

In another week, the snow lay on the ground and the chicken was carried into the house. Some sawdust on the floor of the box made it a good home for Effie's pet, and she was careful to give it food and water every day.

"I shall call her Jane Wood-box," said Effie.

Jane Wood-box lived happily through the winter, and grew so fond of her little mistress that Effie could take her out of the box and Jane would stay quietly beside her. Sometimes Effie would dress her in the big doll's cape and bonnet, and Jane would sit in a rocking-chair looking like a tiny old lady, with a beak for a nose.

But a surprise was coming. One day, Jane sat on the edge of the wood-box—and crowed—just like a rooster!

Effie, who was in the kitchen, picked up Jane in her arms and ran into the other room to her mother. "Mother," she cried, "Jane can crow!" And, as if to show her powers, Jane crowed again.

"It's a rooster after all," said Mother. How father laughed at the crowing hen!

Soon spring came and Jane was let

out, to run in the yard with the other fowls. But one morning, when the door stood open, in walked Jane with a little white hen. Now began a funny scene. Jane had made up his mind that the white hen was to go into the wood-box. He hopped up on the edge and down again, pushed her towards it, and made funny noises. At last the little hen did hop up. Jane hopped after, and pushed her, so that she had to hop in. Effie was much pleased. She ran to get food and water for them, and they came to be so much at home there that they came in from the chicken-yard every night at sundown.

One morning, there was another surprise. The little white hen laid an egg in the wood-box; and, of course, Effie had that for her next breakfast. But whenever Jane's mate was in the wood-box

SOMETIMES EFFIE WOULD DRESS HER IN THE DOLL'S CAPE AND BONNET

and Effie brought people to look at her, Jane sat on the edge and scolded them, till they went away again. Mother said she couldn't have chickens in the kitchen in hot weather, so the box was put out in the chicken-house. But Jane and the little hen still went into it at night, and Effie brought them their own dishes of food and water every morning.

CHAPTER XI

THE ROBIN THAT LIKED MILK

A FRIEND of mine, Mrs. Bligh, spent much of her time working in the garden. She was very fond of the birds that came for the fat worms which she turned up in breaking the earth. She used to talk to them as she worked, and threw crumbs on the ground for them. Some of them soon became very friendly and returned every day. One little fellow actually had courage to follow her through the back door; he came into the kitchen and perched on the furniture, chirping happily. He must have enjoyed his visit, for

not only did he repeat it every day, but he came back to the garden for five summers, always tame and friendly. She called him Johnny.

This robin, that often hopped after Mrs. Bligh, chirping in answer to her whistle, was a greedy little chap that sometimes got more than his fair share of crumbs. One day Mrs. Bligh thought she would play a little trick on him, so she put his crumbs in a twist of paper and threw it to him. He pecked and pulled at the paper till he got it open, and ate the crumbs. Then she put worms in a paper, and he pulled those out and swallowed them.

One morning she set down a doll's cup of water which the little bird seemed to enjoy. The next day, she put out the doll's cup of water, and one of milk, to

see what he would do, and then he did give her a surprise! He sipped the water, hopped over and sipped the milk—returned to the water cup, and knocked it over. Then he finished the milk!

THE BIRD ALWAYS PUSHED OVER THE WATER

Mrs. Bligh put out the water and milk several times, but that saucy little bird always pushed over the water, twittering angrily, as much as to say, "No, indeed, if you try to pass this off on me, you must think I am a stupid fellow!"

CHAPTER XII

CANARIES

WHY do we have canaries in cages? For one reason, because they do not belong to this country and are not wild birds here. Our wild birds learn to know where to find food, where to build their nests, and of what to make them. They are born in nests, and the father-bird and mother-bird teach them what to do.

But canaries come from a far-away land and, even if they are born and bred here, they are born in cages. If one makes pets of them, one must be very careful about giving fresh food and

water every day, and giving the right kind of food, for the poor little things cannot care for themselves or look for food. They would not know where to find food, as the wild birds do.

The cages, too, must be kept very clean, or the birds will get ill and be unhappy. Then they will lose their sweet song and, perhaps, even die.

The reason we like to keep them is for their lovely song. The best singers have learned their songs from older birds. They sometimes learn to imitate notes that they hear from other birds that are not canaries.

Where do you suppose they came from? First of all, from islands called the Canary Isles in the Atlantic Ocean. A long time ago, some people from Eu-

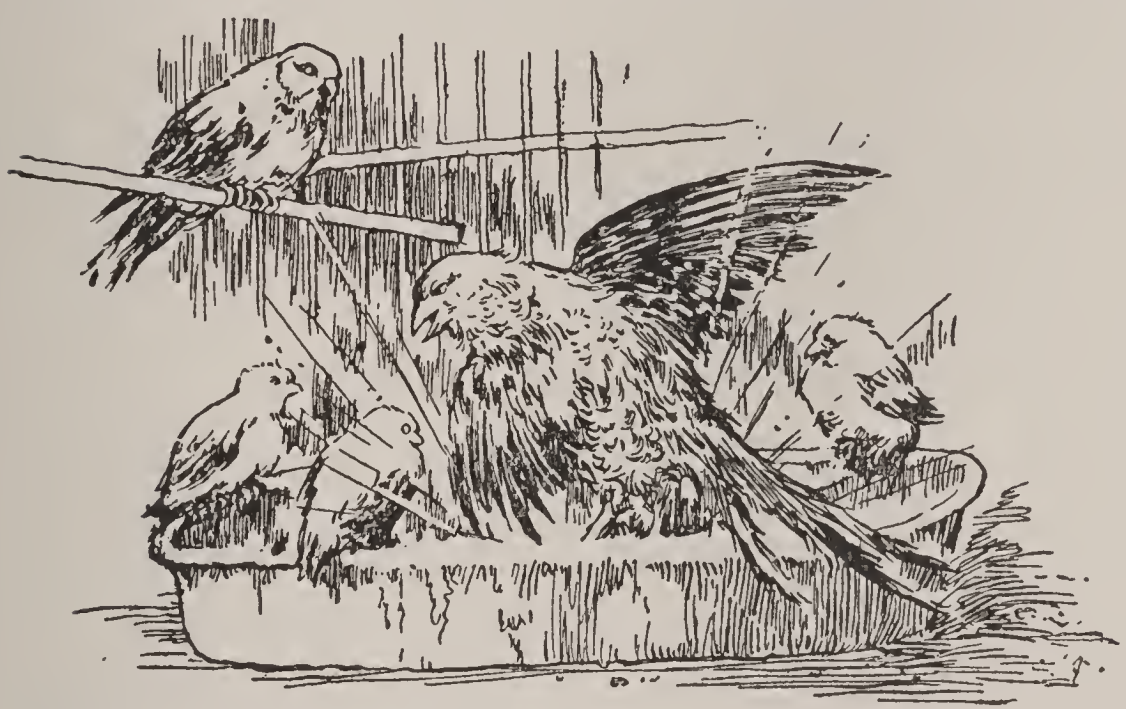
rope were shipwrecked on these islands. No one had ever been there before, as far as we know, at least, not from Europe. They found some large wild dogs there, and they called the islands "Canaries," meaning Dog Islands, or the Place of Dogs. But there were many trees also, and, in these trees, were little yellowish-green birds that sang very sweetly.

When a ship came along and took the wanderers home, they took with them some of the birds. These birds were taken to Germany, and cared for there, so that they settled down, as if it were their home. The best singing canaries are still brought from there. Some canaries now are green, and some are yellow. Birds and animals often change their coats a

little, or their looks, when they change their place of living, though it usually takes a long time.

Now I will tell you a story about some canaries. A pair were kept in a cage by a Mrs. Barlow who lived in the south of France. She gave them some wool and other things of which she thought they would like to make a nest. Very soon, they did make one. The mother-bird laid eggs in it and, in a few weeks, hatched out three little ones. The father seemed very pleased. He was most devoted to the mother and the little ones, bringing them food; and one day, the first time they were old enough to leave the nest, he took the three little fellows over to the tub, where he had his bath, which he liked very much. I don't know how he planned out his way of bathing himself

and the little ones, but it was quite clever. He put them on each side, and one at the end of the tub. Then he hopped into it and splashed until they, as well as he, became quite wet. He fluffed up his



HE SPLASHED UNTIL THEY BECAME QUITE WET

feathers, and then did more splashing. After that, he got out, pushed the little fellows over to the corner of the cage, and gave them a real lesson in drying their feathers. That went very well. The

young ones began to imitate him, and learned fast.

Next day, however, the little mother went over to the bath and jumped in. The biggest of the young birds seemed to think he wanted a bath, too, and hopped after her. He could not get in, but he stood beside the tub cheeping and chirping. No answer from his mother; she took no notice at all. At last he pulled her tail to make her attend to him. This made her so angry that she jumped out, pushed him into the corner, knocked him about, and gave him a severe beating. After that, he was willing to let his father bathe him.

CHAPTER XIII

ANIMAL FRIENDSHIPS

ONE of the oddest things to notice about animals is the friendships they make. It does not seem odd that dogs should make friends with other dogs, but sometimes a dog and a cat will be great friends, and for a horse to make friends with a pig is strange.

Another odd friendship I know of is between a dog, a big retriever, and a pigeon. A retriever is trained to follow hunters and to bring back the birds they shoot, so it was very strange that he should be friends with a pigeon. His

owner kept many pigeons, and Carlo did not like them, for they were always flying down from the roof, and carrying off bits of his dinner. He chased them away, but it made him very cross to be

ONE DAY A PIGEON CAME TO HIS PLATE

disturbed when he was enjoying a nice dinner and to lose some of it to those saucy birds.

But, one day, a pigeon that had been hurt and was dragging its wing, came

to his plate. Carlo looked at it and seemed to understand that it was hurt. He did not drive it away, but let the pigeon eat as much as it wanted. After that, the bird came every day, and he and the dog had dinner together for a long time.

CHAPTER XIV

PIGGY AND HIS CHUM

WHAT a large field it was! Or, what a large field it seemed for Piggy's short legs to cross, backwards and forwards, all morning! And why did his friend, the big farm-horse, go on crossing it so many times? Little black-and-white Piggy could not answer this question, could not even put it into words, only in squeals; but the people who watched him trotting after his friend, Big Joe, as he drew the plough across the fields, wondered at Piggy's patience in following.

PIGGY MUST HAVE COVERED MILES IN A DAY, FOLLOWING JOE

He did not seem to care to grub in the yard with his brothers and sisters when he could follow Joe, for he loved Joe. From the time he was a small pig, he followed Joe all over the farm.

Sometimes, while the horse was ploughing, Piggy would smell something to eat at the side of the field, and begin to grub for it, or an apple would fall where he could reach it, from the tree outside the fence. When he looked up again, Joe would be far off at the other end of the field. Off Piggy would scamper to him, as fast as his short legs could carry him, squealing and grunting in distress. Pigs are not given to much running, but little Piggy must have covered miles in a day, following Joe. He grew quite thin from so much

exercise, but this gave him a longer life, as only fat pigs are good to eat, so the two friends were together for a long time.

CHAPTER XV

TWO DOG FRIENDS

"COLONEL" was big, and "Toby" was little. Colonel was old, and Toby was young, just a puppy. Colonel was fond of going on long hikes to the end of the farm where he lived, and beyond. Toby's short legs could not do much more than waddle, but the two were so fond of each other that they wanted to be constantly together.

Toby trotted or waddled after Colonel on his long trips till his little legs were so tired that he could hardly walk at all when they got home. His master said

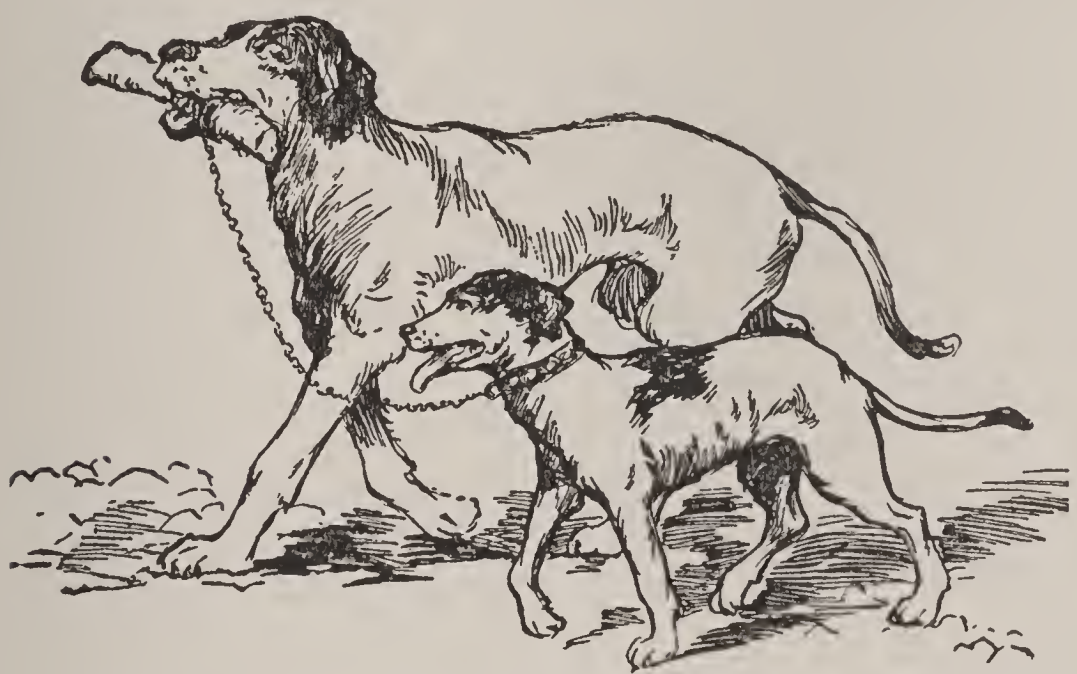
that would never do, so he put a chain on little Toby and fastened it to a heavy piece of wood. Toby whined and fretted when his big friend went off without him, and Colonel soon came back; he did not like to go without Toby.

After a few days, Colonel and Toby were both gone one afternoon. Their mistress went to look for them and found them some distance down the road. Colonel was carrying the stick of wood in his mouth and Toby was trotting beside him. After that, Toby was kept in the house until Colonel had started for his walk. But the two friends went together again when Toby grew bigger.

Colonel was quite old then. He was losing his teeth, and could not chew hard bones any more. A large plate of scraps

and bones was put out for the two dogs every day. But Colonel was very slow getting through his share.

One day his master found out that he was getting blind, too, and was afraid



COLONEL WAS CARRYING THE STICK IN HIS MOUTH

he could not live much longer. Watching the two dogs, he found that Toby was looking after his old friend and taking care that he had enough to eat.

When the plate of food was put down by the kennel, Toby picked out the soft pieces and laid them in front of Colonel, then chewed the bones himself. His master wondered how he could have found out what was good for his friend. He seemed quite willing to give all the choicest bits to him. Wasn't it nice that poor old Colonel had a little friend to look after him?

CHAPTER XVI

PRINCE AND THE KITTENS

PRINCE was a dog that loved to play. His master and mistress played with him, but people don't always understand how dogs want to play, and what he liked best was to romp with the kitten. He often picked her up by the back of the neck and carried her out into the yard where he rolled her over and over, backwards and forwards on the grass. Kitty, in return, would come and pull Prince's tail, or his ears, when he was lying asleep on the door-step. Then Prince jumped up and chased her.

Sometimes Kitty would climb a tree, and Prince, at the foot of it, waited till she got half-way up, then caught hold of her hind leg and pulled her down again. Kitty never was cross, and, at night, she always cuddled up beside Prince and they slept together.

When Kitty grew older and had kittens of her own, Prince played with them, too; the kittens seemed to like to be rolled over and pulled about. Prince loved those fluffy, furry things. When at last it happened that the cats were all given away, he was very lonely for his playmates.

One day an old cat came into the yard where Prince was lying. Here was a playmate again, Prince thought; here was his chance. So he ran to the cat,

caught her by the back of the neck, and began rolling her over and over on the grass. How angry she was! She had never been handled that way before, and she didn't like it a bit. First, she spit at

HOW ANGRY SHE WAS!

him: p'sst—p'sst! Then she put out her claws and scratched! Then she spit again, and scratched until she nearly scratched the poor dog's eyes out.

Prince got away, and looked at her in

such a puzzled way; he couldn't make it out at all; he only meant to be friendly. But the cat snarled and ran out of the yard; and Prince did not try to play with strange cats any more.

CHAPTER XVII

THE MOUSE FAMILY

IN the summer camp was a dining-hall where fifty schoolgirls took their meals. They laughed, they shouted, they bubbled over with noisy fun. But little Mother Mouse, with her four wee mice in a cozy nest on the beams of the roof, thought such a noisy room was no good place for her babies, and set out to move them somewhere else.

She crept along the big beam in the roof, carrying one little fellow in her mouth. She held him tightly by the back of his neck, but his four paws were hanging down in front of her; and what hard

work it was to creep with him, down the rough post at the end of the beam. The noise was worse than ever, for all the girls jumped up, screamed, and pointed at poor wee mousie. But she kept on bravely, until she reached a shelf in the corner, and then stopped to rest. What did she see but an old cracked cup by the ledge in the wall! It must have looked rather like a nest to her—at any rate, a place the baby mouse could stay in, for she carried him to it, got up on the ledge, and dropped him in, then ran back up the wall to fetch the next one.

It was a long way to go back and forth, and little Mother Mouse must have thought so, for next time she found a way to bring two together. How did she ever think of it? And how did she tell it to her children? For when she brought

the third baby over the beam, the fourth came, too, holding tightly to his mother's tail!

Now the girls jumped and yelled louder than ever with delight; but this

HOLDING TIGHTLY TO HIS MOTHER'S TAIL!

frightened the poor wee fellow so much that he let go of his mother, and ran back fast to his hole.

Mother Mouse would not allow that. She felt that he was safer with her, and she must fetch him, so back she went, and soon came out with number four

holding on by her tail again. How, I wonder, did she tell him not to be afraid?

By this time, the girls knew it was a shame to frighten the tiny things, so the little mother was able to bring all the babies to the old cup. There they stayed for that evening, and, by next morning, Mother Mouse had taken them all away to some place she thought safer.

Note: Martin Johnson, the famous traveler who makes moving pictures of elephants, tells us that when going through heavy long grass, baby elephants hold on tight by the mother's tail. Perhaps there are other creatures that do this. Who will be the first to tell of some other baby doing it?

CHAPTER XVIII

JENKINS

JENKINS, a wee mite of a fox terrier, was as bright as he could be, and noticed all that went on in the house. The sound of the sharpening of a carving-knife, in the kitchen, was the signal for Jenkins' rush to the place. He almost fell down-stairs in his eagerness. He would stand straight upon his hind legs, sniffing the air. Then, finding himself too small to see over the edge of the table, he backed away until he could see what was on it, and then begged for some of the meat.

When Jenkins wanted some one to

play with him, he first sat up and begged, then got behind the leg of a table and peeped around it. Next, he made little rushes on either side of it, inviting a playfellow to rush at him in turn.

Sometimes his mistress paid no attention, on purpose; then Jenkins climbed on her chair and gave her arm a little pat. If that brought no response, he climbed up again and softly touched her cheek. When she said, "Well, what is it, Jenkins?" he sat up at once, begging, and went back to his table leg.

Many a good romp he had; what he enjoyed most was to have his mistress chase him round and round the dining-room table. Sometimes he would turn on his tracks to get away; sometimes she would turn, and he had to bolt in the opposite

direction, filling the house with high, excited barks.

The grandmother who lived in the house used to sit in a rocking-chair knitting or reading. As soon as Jenkins entered the room he made straight for her, wanting to climb on her lap. Sometimes, seeing him coming, she leaned forward, holding her book on her knees so that there was no room for him. Then the little dog jumped in behind her back and, climbing up, put his two little forepaws on her shoulders, then put his head around and licked her cheek. No one could resist that!

It was Grandmother's special business to wash Jenkins, and he hated this. He wriggled and whined all the time, then, when he was clean and still damp, rolled

up in an old shawl on the heater, he would wait until he was left alone. Very softly he used to creep out of the shawl

THAT BAD LITTLE DOG USED TO RUN OVER THE COAL

and down to the coal cellar. There, that bad little dog used to run over the coal. Then he would look all over the house until he found Grandmother. He stood up stiffly before her, black from head to foot, as much as to say, "There! you've

washed me, and much good may it do you!"

There was nothing to do but wash him over again and see that he did not get away a second time.

CHAPTER XIX

THE PET CROW

SOME children whom I know were taking a walk in the woods, when they came upon a young crow that had fallen to the ground from its nest. The little fellow was helpless and frightened, but not much the worse for the fall, and they carried him home to keep as a pet.

Dick, as they called him, soon grew to know them, and was so clever that the whole family became very fond of him. To their surprise, he began to imitate sounds and calls of his own accord, and when they repeated words for him

to learn, he memorized new ones very quickly. Very soon he called all the family by name. He used to sit on the gate-post and watch for Mr. T. to come home from business. As soon as he appeared in the distance, he was greeted by Dick's call, "Papa, Papa; I see Papa."

Dick loved to pick a bone and then bury it. He always kept it till Mr. T. came home, and then called loudly, "Papa, Papa; come here, Papa." The two would bury the bone together, Mr. T. digging the hole and Dick helping to shove the earth in with his beak and feet. But when Mr. T. went to his dinner, Dick would look slyly all about, and, if he saw no one watching, he would dig up the bone and bury it again in a place of his own.

When the children went to school,

Dick sat on the window-sill watching them, and cried just like a child. Sometimes Mamma said, "Oh, Dick, you must stop that dreadful crying—be quiet." Dick had quite a snappish temper, and answered, "I won't," sobbing louder than ever.

One morning, he suddenly stopped crying and flew to the top of a tree from which he could watch the children going down the street, and then flew after them.

A little later, when John got up to recite, a voice was heard at the schoolroom window, calling, "I want John, I want John!"

The teacher said John might open the window and let Dick in, so he sat on John's shoulder and made friends with the other boys. If he talked too much, he

was put outside. Then he sat on the window-sill and cried again.

Dick was sometimes naughty. He would walk about on the beds, if he got up-stairs, and soil the coverlets. If Mamma found him doing this, she whipped him with a little switch. This made Dick very cross; after that, when the family came down in the morning, he would say: "Good morning, Papa." "Good morning, Dolly." "Good morning, John."

But when Mrs. T. said "Good morning, Dick," he would only answer by a very cross grunt. Still, he was so clever and amusing that even his mischief and temper did not trouble any one very much.

CHAPTER XX

JOB

THE first time we ever saw our dear Job he was in a large warehouse behind a grocer's shop. He lived there with his mother and brothers and sisters, chasing the warehouse rats and mice and seldom seeing any people.

When one of the men in charge picked him up to show him to us, he struggled and fought, and wanted to run and hide. At that time he was neither a kitten nor a full-grown cat, but a "catten," as we called him. A few days later, a man brought him to our house in a covered

basket. Poor thing! When the lid was raised, in the kitchen, he seemed dazed; for a minute or two he did not move; then, he made a wild dash behind a cupboard, and no urging or coaxing could get him out. He stayed there all day. At night, we left a saucer of food near the cupboard. The next morning, the food was gone, but the shy kitty was in hiding again.

Ruth, the maid, was distressed about him, for she loved pets. She placed his food regularly, and all day she talked to him, in a quiet tone of voice, just as she would have talked to a friend in the room. At last he ventured out in daylight to get his food, and then stayed out for five minutes. At the end of three days, he stayed out longer, but was still rather wild and shy, except with Ruth. How-

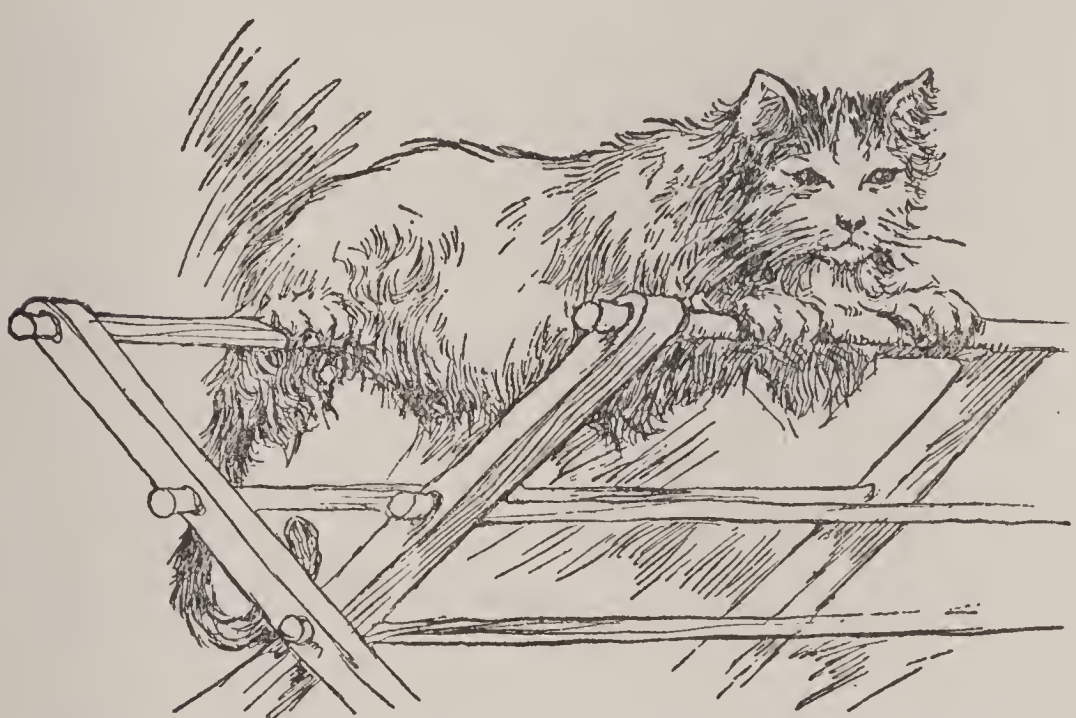
ever, in time, all the family made friends with him. We gave him the name of Job. And he soon grew to be a large handsome cat with a beautiful silky gray coat and a tiny white tie under his chin.

Job did not often mew in the usual cat tones, but made little gurgling, crooning noises, such as a cat makes to her kittens. He would walk into a room in which people were sitting and greet them with a gurgle, as much as to say: "Oh, here you are! I was lonely without you."

Job had many unusual tricks. He liked to climb the extension clothes-horse. When he reached the top, he stretched himself at full length, with his forepaws resting on one rung and his hind paws on the other, which might well seem impossible. He cut many cap-

ers on the clothes-horse in the most lively way.

Job begged perfectly. He sat up on his hind legs, his little back straight and



HE LIKED TO CLIMB THE CLOTHES-HORSE

stiff, forepaws turned down, waiting for a morsel of his favorite sweetbread or raw potato. He not only sat up to beg but walked backwards on his hind legs, for something nicer than usual.

Job was a most affectionate pet. At one time, Ruth had been away ill for several months. When Job saw her, he rushed to her, making strange, loving little noises, that we never heard at other times. He climbed up her dress, put his forepaws on her shoulders, and rubbed his head against her. After that he followed her about, not letting her out of his sight.

He was a very clever and loving pussy, and it was a great sorrow when he died.

CHAPTER XXI

THE DISAPPOINTED DUCKS

THERE were nine little ducklings in the duck family. Five of them were grey and yellow, two were brown, and two were black and grey. They had a hen-mother to take care of them, for the farmer had bought some ducks' eggs and put them under a hen to be hatched. But the ducks were quite happy to waddle about after the hen-mother, and to eat the worms and grubs that she scratched up. For a while, they followed her about the farmyard and the orchard; but one day, some of the older ducks in the yard went across the orchard and out through the break in the

fence to the other side. There was a meadow with a pond in it, and very soon the other barnyard fowls followed them. The hens and chickens scratched about

THEY FOLLOWED HER ABOUT THE FARMYARD

and picked up worms, but when the ducks saw the water, they ran to it and very soon were paddling and splashing in the cool pond. The ducklings ran, too; they did not have to be taught how to swim, they knew how to

use their broad flat feet at once, and, though their hen-mother clucked and scolded and tried to get them back, they had a good swim.

What a fine swimming-bath that was! All the summer they went to the pond; but one cold, frosty morning in October, there was a surprise waiting for them. When they came to the edge of the pond, they expected to glide gently into the water as usual; but, instead, they found themselves on a slippery surface just like glass. They could not understand what had happened. They tried to waddle farther, but their feet slipped from under them; they wobbled and wiggled, falling now to one side, now to the other, as if they were trying to learn to skate, and doing it very badly.

It was quite hard to get them off the

ice, for it was not thick enough to bear a person's weight. Billy, the boy who fed the chickens, called to them, but he was laughing so much at their tumbles that he could hardly speak. The ducklings tried to come, but their short legs slipped from under them, and they got on very slowly; and when they were finally coaxed off the ice, they did not go again. But they must have wondered where their nice swimming-pool had gone.

CHAPTER XXII

THE SWAN FAMILY

IN a pretty river bordered by parks, which runs through the town of Stratford, two beautiful white swans were placed, several years ago. They were soon at home in the water, but they were shy about coming on land at first, even for food.

A shelter was built for them under a little bridge, but they would hardly ever use it, even in winter. They could sleep floating on the water, and on a winter night they were sometimes frozen into the ice, which had to be chopped with axes next morning.

Their heavy bodies, on short legs set wide apart, look top-heavy and clumsy on land. But, in the water, only the upper half of their bodies can be seen, and that is reflected below, with their long necks curving forward as they float along.

THEY COULD SLEEP FLOATING ON THE WATER

In the spring the pair built a nest, among the reeds by the river, but no one could get near enough to see it without being chased by the angry father-swan.

Ruffling up his wings and rearing up, he ran upon the water to chase away people who came by in boats or canoes. Sometimes he caught hold of a boat, leaving the marks of his strong beak on it; and he upset one canoe.

When the mother-swan brought out seven little gray birds, he kept watch over them; but no one hurt them, and by and by they grew quite tame and swam after the boats, to get pieces of bread.

The wings of the young swans had to be clipped to keep them from flying away, but before the park-keepers could do it, they had to lasso Father Swan.

Then they began to surprise their owners. One morning no swans were on the river. Where were they?

Far up the street leading from the end

of the little lake, a procession marched —all the swans, old and young. They turned in at the first garden they came to—there were some nice gardens round the lake—and soon they were gobbling fresh young lettuce, cabbages, spinach, young beets—they had never tasted anything so good.

The owner of the house ran out and tried to chase them away; but when the big swans reared up and flapped their wings, she ran back in a fright.

Two or three neighbors came to help her, and it was funny to see the women shaking aprons and brooms at the swans; the swans gobbling away, but, now and then, stopping to run at the women and children in the yard. At last, they had to get the firemen to drive the swan family away.

CHAPTER XXIII

THE MISCHIEVOUS PONIES

IN my grandfather's house there lived four jolly children: three boys and a girl; and in the stable near by, they kept two little Shetland ponies, Bob and Tom, that lived in adjoining stalls and were great chums.

Every morning the ponies were let out to graze and play in a big field. The children used to play in the field also, and liked to ride the ponies and make them gallop; the ponies enjoyed the fun, too, for a time, but when they thought they had had enough, they would give a sudden bounce, and down the children

would come in a heap. When they tried to climb up again, Tom and Bob used to lie down on the grass and roll; then, when the teasing children had given up trying to ride, the ponies would run off by themselves, very much pleased.

One morning the horse-doctor was coming to see Bob, so Tom was sent out into the field by himself, while Bob was kept in his stall. When the doctor came, no Bob was to be found in the stable. To every one's surprise, he was discovered in the field with Tom. Of course they wanted to know how he had found his way out, so once more Tom was sent out into the field and Bob was kept at home, while the children hid themselves and watched the stable. Presently Tom trotted up to the window behind Bob's stall and whinnied, pushing his nose up

HE AND BOB RAN INTO THE FIELD TOGETHER

against the bars, and the children heard an answering whinny from the inside. Then Tom trotted to the door and pushed with his nose at the latch until, after much trouble, he managed to work it up and get the door open. Then he and Bob, free once more, ran into the field together.

Horses and ponies will go a long way to find a chum they have lost. Mr. Van Dyke tells us, in his book about the western ranches, that, if you take a horse from his mates, you must be careful to see that he is well fastened up at night, or he will slip away, and sometimes travel as much as seventy-five miles to get back to a companion for which he cares.

CHAPTER XXIV

THE HORSE THAT COULD BE TRUSTED

IN the same stable with Tom and Bob lived a clever, gentle horse named Robin. My grandfather was very fond of Robin, and understood how wise the horse was. Robin could be trusted to find his way very well about the roads he was accustomed to travel. His master often used to let the reins lie slack on the horse's neck and read his letters as they took their way homeward, for he was a very busy man and his work took him much about the country roads.

One day, as he was riding home, reading his letters and not looking at the road ahead, he suddenly felt that there

was something queer about Robin's walk. Looking down, he saw that the horse, that had slowed down to a walk, was lifting his feet high at each step and

HE DISCOVERED A BABY BETWEEN THE HORSE'S FEET

picking his way with great care. To his astonishment, he discovered a baby between the horse's feet. The little thing had been crawling in the road and had been saved by the wise Robin.

CHAPTER XXV

MORE ABOUT CANARIES

CANARIES, indeed all birds, are often tricky and mischievous. Have you ever kept a canary so long that it became quite tame and could be allowed to fly about the room? I know one that would fly round his mistress when she was writing and try to pull the pen out of her hand, or to pull the thread out of her needle when she was sewing; and when she or some one else opened her mouth wide laughing, sometimes birdie would try to fly right in. He loved to perch on his master's shoulder or his hand, and if his mas-

ter put a lump of sugar or a piece of biscuit between his lips, Dicky would come and peck at it.

This friend had another bird named

HE LIKED TO FLY AMONG THE PLANTS

Pat, whose cage was in a greenhouse, and he liked to be allowed to fly among the plants. He would call and "cheep" when he wanted to be let out, but they did not open his cage-door unless some one could stay in the room to take care

of him. So, if his mistress was busy and took no notice of him, sometimes, Annie, the maid, who was very fond of Pat, would come and say, "Ah, is she being unkind to a poor little bird with pains in his legs?"

At once the tricky little fellow would crouch down on his perch and pretend that his legs were very bad; but as soon as he was let out, he flew about gaily, keeping just out of reach, when they wanted to put him back in his cage, as if he were playing a game, for there was really nothing the matter with his legs.

CHAPTER XXVI

THE BIRD THAT WANTED MEDICINE

THE small shop of the locksmith was in a busy part of New York. It was near a great college, and was not a place where you would expect to find pets, but there was a bird and animal shop near by. The little old locksmith was cheery and chatty, and I asked him if people kept pets in the apartment-houses of the neighborhood.

"I should say they do," he laughed. "Look around my shop." I did look, and counted ten bird-cages.

"I've been a janitor," he went on, "and

when the people move away, they often don't want to take their birds, and so they give them to me. I don't take any other sort of pets, but folks have other kinds that would make you stare. The bird-shop man is a friend of mine and, last winter, he had a wildcat for sale—fierce as a young tiger, it was. A lady had it in her apartment, but the other folks around made objections to it, and I wouldn't have stood for it myself—she had to let it go. There was a professor and his wife who had three monkeys in their apartment—he was studying their ways, he said.

"Go, talk to that bird in the window," he added. I went up to a handsome canary that hung in the window, but my coaxing and whistling brought only

coughs and choking sounds from the little fellow.

"What a dreadful cold the poor little

I FED HIM CAKE SOAKED IN MEDICINE

chap has," I said. "Can't you do anything for it?"

The locksmith laughed. "He hasn't a cold," he said. "He had a severe attack of asthma last spring because the people

who owned him left him hanging outside the window one frosty night. They thought he was of no more use, and gave him to me. I cured him—put a drop of sweet medicine in his water-glass every day, and fed him sponge cake soaked in it. He's well now, but he tries to make me think he's sick, to get more medicine."

CHAPTER XXVII

BIRDS THAT LIKE TO TALK

BIRDS that learn quickly and easily to talk are the crow, the raven, the English starling, and the jackdaw.

Charles Dickens, the great writer, has told, in his letters, about his pet raven that could talk very well; and one of his books, "Barnaby Rudge" is about a boy and his pet raven, "Grip."

A doctor who had a pet starling wrote about it in the magazine called *Chambers Journal,* which prints many stories about birds and animals. This starling was so tame that he was allowed to fly all about his master's room, and was often

carried about on his master's finger. He was very fond of catching flies and liked to be carried to pick them off a picture-frame or any high place. He called a fly

HE WAS CARRIED ABOUT ON HIS MASTER'S FINGER

a "Klink," and would say to his master, "Doctor, shall we go a-klinking?"

He must have invented that name, for no one taught it to him.

He called his master "the darling doc-

tor" and often called himself "the darling starling." Sometimes he would say, "Doctor, is the darling starling a pretty pet?" He had learned words and sentences by hearing them repeated, but he often put them together in his own way, and so do other birds that learn to talk.

CHAPTER XXVIII

PARROT STORIES

SOME birds are much cleverer than others at learning to talk. Parrots, especially the African gray parrot that has a scarlet tail, learn more easily than other birds. But a good many parrots say only, "Polly wants a cracker" or "Good morning." I think it is because people do not know that it takes much patience and much time to teach them, though they will pick up for themselves words that they hear very often, such as the names of people.

A parrot that lived in Seattle was in

a house where the people played and sang a great deal. It learned to whistle tunes and to sing two or three songs. One day its master had a friend there, and he wanted Polly to sing for her. Polly sang one verse of a song, and stopped. "Go on, Polly, you know the rest," said her master. No, Polly would not sing another word! At last, her master said sharply, "Polly, if you don't sing I shall have to punish you. I'll give you one more chance." He struck the note on the piano. Polly was stubborn, still. He stretched out his hand to her. Polly looked up and shrieked, "Now there's going to be a hot time here!" It really seemed just as if she were making fun of her master.

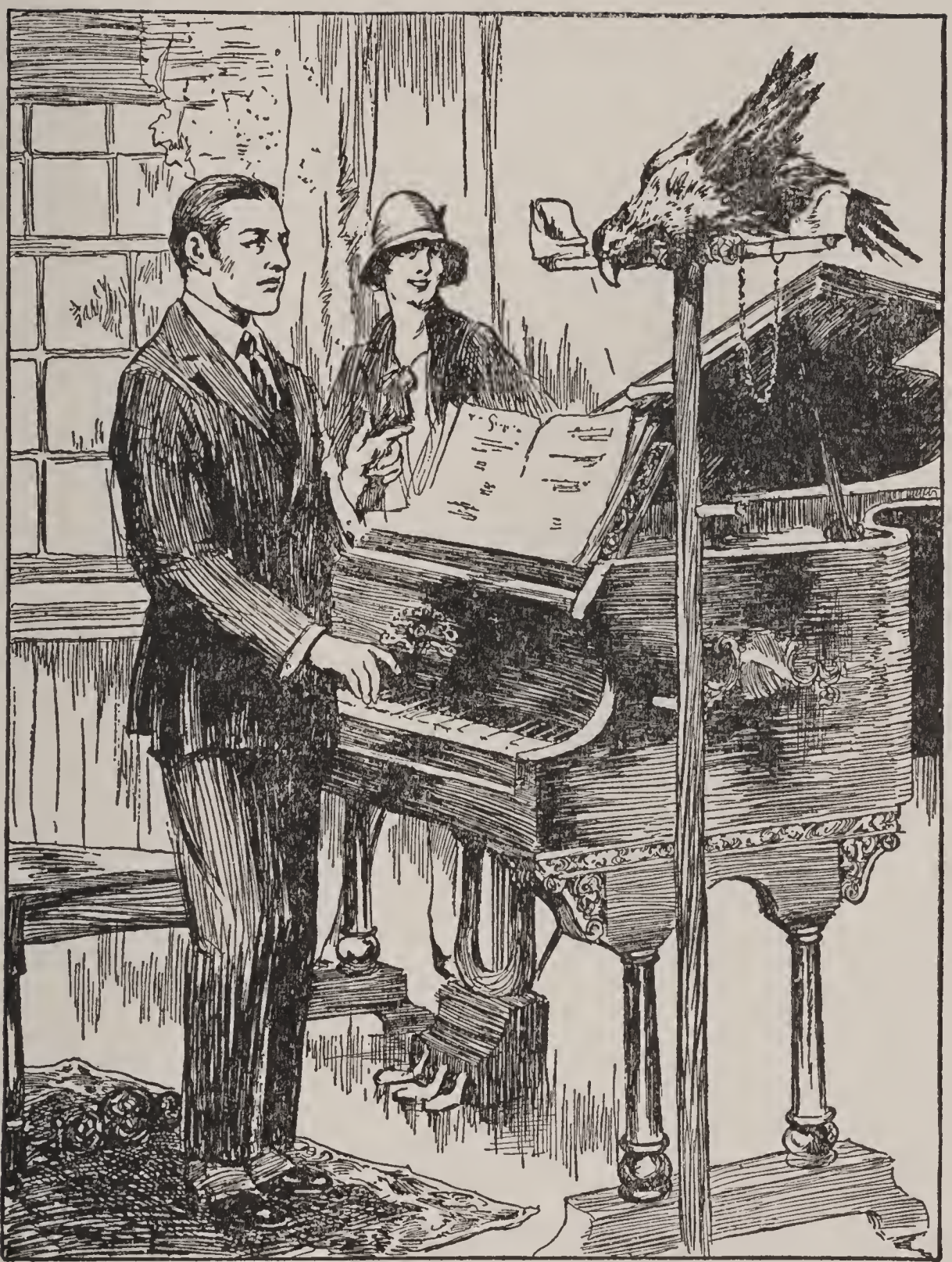
Polly became very tame and a great pet, so the door of her cage was often

left open, and she was allowed to follow her friends about the house.

The electric lights were new, and Polly liked to see them work; but the house was often dark in the evening, for the family went out to concerts, frequently. When the bill for the light came in, at the end of the month, Polly's master was surprised that it was so large.

"We couldn't have used so much light," he said, "for we have been out so often lately."

That night all the family were out again, but one of them had to come back for something. As he came near, he saw the house all lighted up, though he knew it had been left dark. Very softly he opened the door and slipped in, thinking to catch a thief, perhaps. There sat Polly, perched on a chair by the row of electric



HE STRUCK THE NOTE ON THE PIANO

buttons in the hall. She had watched and learned to turn the lights on, and was having a good time.

A friend of mine in Scotland has sent me this story of an African gray parrot. He likes so much to talk that he practises new words and sentences he has heard when he is by himself, and he imitates all the sounds he hears. If you laugh, he will laugh, too, or pretend to cough or sneeze when you do. He can whistle several tunes; and when his cage is covered up, or uncovered, he says, "Peek-a-boo!"

When he is thirsty, he says, "I want a drink," and after he gets it, he will often say, "That's nice, eh?" He will recite "Mary had a little lamb" and other verses, and he calls the names of all the

people in the house, sometimes saying, "Come on, come here." He is very gentle, perhaps because his master has been very gentle and patient in teaching him. He will take biscuit or sugar from his master's lips without ever making a sharp peck. He used to scratch his head with his claws. Some one gave him a tooth-brush, and now he uses that to brush his head several times a day. This parrot is over twenty years old, and some of them live to be fifty years old.

CHAPTER XXIX

THE JACKDAW THAT LIKED SPORT

THE jackdaw is a cousin of the crow and very much like it, only rather smaller. The jackdaw that I am going to tell you about belonged to a Mr. Wilson of Denham, in England. He was a good talker, and could say many short sentences, such as: "Come in," "Go away," "I sha'n't," "Good night," etc., and could speak the names of Mr. Wilson's children and of all their playmates who came to the house.

"Jack" was sometimes very mischie-

vous; he would take all sorts of things and hide them, for instance, money out of Mrs. Wilson's purse, or his master's tobacco.

He followed the children to school, where he behaved very well, except for trying to drink the ink; but he took the greatest interest in games, especially a football match. He would stay and watch, as long as his playmates stayed, though you would hardly think a bird could understand what was going on; and when something exciting happened, such as his friends' side scoring a goal, he would get as much excited as the boys, hopping and flying up and down the line, and calling out, "Oi! Oi! Oi!"

It is very curious that when animals or any creatures become fond of

HE FOLLOWED THE CHILDREN TO SCHOOL

human beings, they often seem to take more interest in our doings than in what creatures of their own kind do.

CHAPTER XXX

THE POLITE CHIMPANZEES

I AM sure you like to go to the Zoo, don't you? That is, if you live in a city large enough to have one, or when you visit a city. But it costs a good deal to get wild animals from jungles or forests in far-away countries, and a great deal more to build the right kind of pens for them to live in; for if they are to be healthy, their pens must be, as much as possible, like a little bit of the place they came from.

Some of you may have been to the Lincoln Park Zoo in Chicago, and seen the funny monkeys and other animals

THEY ACT AS IF THEY WERE HAVING A PARTY

there; some may have been to the Bronx Park Zoo in the city of New York, and seen wonderful animals there; but I am sure very few of you have been to the Zoo in London, England.

This story is about some chimpanzees that live there. Do you know what a chimpanzee is? It is a monkey that grows quite big, as big as a large boy, and is very clever at learning things.

In the Zoo in London live four baby chimpanzees. At least they did live there, two or three years ago, and I hope they do still. They must have a good keeper, for they have learned to do clever things and to behave so well.

These are their names: Jackie, Jimmie, Clarence, and Bibi; and they have a small table and four tiny armchairs. Every afternoon at three o'clock they sit

at the table in these chairs; on the table are placed four enamel mugs and plates, with a plate of biscuits or some kind of food. First, they have a drink of milk out of their mugs; then Jackie, the eldest, hands the food to each in turn.

They act as if they were having a party and behave with such good manners!

After the food is eaten, they have another drink of milk. Sometimes Jackie remembers to pass the plate again; sometimes the keeper has to remind him. After that, Jackie goes to Bibi, the youngest, and helps her out of her chair. They all shake hands, and then they go to bed like good children.

CHAPTER XXXI

SHEEP IN PALESTINE

WE think that sheep are rather stupid animals. They never seem to do anything interesting or clever, at least in our country. But perhaps it is because we don't make friends with them. It is so much easier to make pets of birds and small animals like squirrels.

But I know one story about sheep that shows how much they can learn from people who make friends with them, as their shepherds sometimes do in Palestine. Palestine has very many Jewish people in it, and the Jewish lady who told

me about these sheep had lived there all the time during her childhood, a good many years ago.

She said, "When I was a little girl, my brothers and I liked to watch the shepherds taking care of my father's sheep and to follow them about. The sheep in Palestine are not stupid like the sheep here, because the shepherds talk to them, and sometimes make pets of them and let them into their houses. They give them names as if they were people, and the sheep know their names. They come when they are called. Often they have pretty names, such as Rose and Lily.

"After the sheep have eaten all the grass in the place nearest to where they belong, the shepherd may have to take them some distance to the next pasture. The ground between may be rough and

stony, or the path may be overgrown with thorny plants that will catch in the sheeps' wool. So, first, the shepherd goes over the path and cuts away the thorns, with a big knife that he carries.

"The pastures are not flat green meadows, but patches of green grass, on the sides of the high hills and mountains, with ravines and valleys between, where the sheep might wander away and might get lost; and there are many, many crannies among the rocky places where wild animals may hide, and seize the sheep if they come near. So the shepherd looks about, very carefully. He notices also whether there is water for the sheep in the new place, for sometimes the mountain streams dry up in summer. Then he comes back and calls to the sheep. They all stand up when he calls them. He says

to them, 'Come! walk in line. Put the little ones in front.' And the sheep get into line, pushing the young ones for-

THE SHEPHERD LOOKS ABOUT VERY CAREFULLY

ward. If there is a very young lamb, too weak to walk so far, the shepherd will take it in his arms and carry it. If the flock of sheep is large, there may be more than one shepherd, and more lambs to carry.

"When the line is ready, the shepherds call again and the sheep follow to the new pasture. The shepherds have a queer high call, of two or three notes. We children liked to imitate it and tried to get the sheep to follow us. But it is quite true, as the Bible says, that the sheep know their own shepherd's voice and will not follow a stranger. The timid ones would run away from us, and the old rams would be angry. They ran at us and tried to chase us away, butting us with their heads.

"Very often the shepherds stay out all night with the sheep, if there is any danger from wild animals, and they carry a strong heavy stick or staff, with which to protect the sheep."

After I heard this story, I thought it was no wonder that a good shepherd

makes the sheep fond of him; and sheep, like all other animals, can learn much from people they like—people who are kind and patient.

CHAPTER XXXII

DANDY

WE do not know exactly how animals learn things, but the more we talk to them and play with them, the more they learn to understand words and actions and to know what certain things are for. Dogs certainly learn that you mean to go out when you put on a hat or coat, and they learn what some sounds mean.

Dandy was one of the cleverest little dogs you could imagine. His mistress, Miss Ethel, made a great pet of him.

Dandy could walk on his hind legs, shake hands, and find things for which

he was sent to look. He never failed to offer his paw to each person when the family came down in the morning. Miss Ethel's mother was an invalid and did not come down, so Miss Ethel would say, "But, Dandy, you have not shaken hands with Mother yet."

Dandy would look at her and cock his ear, as if he were recalling something to mind, then would rush up-stairs to the invalid's room, and offer his paw.

When callers came to the house, Dandy always came into the room. When Miss Ethel made a very slight movement of her hand, which Dandy understood, he would politely offer his paw to the visitor. One day an old lady came, and Dandy greeted her as usual. "But," she exclaimed, "surely it's only an accident. He wouldn't do that again."

Miss Ethel made her little sign, so slightly that a stranger would not notice it. Dandy crossed the room and repeated the handshaking.

A neighbor of Miss Ethel's was very fond of the little fellow and often saved a bone or titbit for him. Then she would telephone to his mistress and ask her to send Dandy over. Miss Ethel would turn from the telephone and say very quietly to Dandy, "Mrs. Myers has a bone for you," and he was off like a shot, to Mrs. Myers' house, eager for the treat.

Miss Ethel often went to buy something at a corner grocery near by, and next to the grocery there was a butcher's shop, as Dandy knew very well, for the butcher was one of his many friends, and often had a bone for him. Very soon, Miss Ethel noticed that, if she spoke of

going to Brown's, the grocer's, Dandy ran to the door, full of excitement. Then he would slip out with her, and go to see his friend, the butcher.

ARM IN ARM WITH THE LITTLE BOY

She took to spelling the word "Brown's," when the grocery had to be mentioned. She could hardly believe it, but she found in a few days that the clever little fellow had learned to recog-

nize B-r-o-w-n-'s, and followed her as before.

While a small nephew of hers was staying with her, Miss Ethel taught Dandy to walk on his hind legs, arm in arm with the little boy, and Dandy was very proud of the trick. Some time after the nephew had gone away, Dandy was in Brown's, when he saw a little boy just the same size as the one he had known, standing with his back turned. To the little boy's surprise, he suddenly felt a paw placed on his arm, and the delighted boy and the dog walked arm in arm together. The people in the shop were greatly amused, and all the neighbors were proud of Dandy.

CHAPTER XXXIII

THE CAT THAT WANTED A WATCH

IN the same house with Dandy lived Peggy, a pretty black-and-white cat, who was a great pet. One day, Miss Ethel noticed that a necklace of hers was missing. She kept some of her ornaments in a little tray in her bureau drawer. Sometimes the drawer was left partly open, but she could not imagine who could have taken the necklace. The next day, she noticed an odd lump in a rug in a corner of the hall. She went to smooth it out, and, much to her surprise, she found her necklace under it.

The next day Miss Ethel saw Peggy

go through the hall with a gold chain in her mouth. She watched the cat play with it; sometimes touching it with her paw and drawing back quickly; then advancing upon it again, as if it were alive;

SHE PUT IT UNDER THE RUG

sometimes just tossing it about as a small kitten would. Finally she put it in the same hiding-place under the rug, and went away. Miss Ethel made up her mind to keep her drawer closed in the future.

One day Peggy took a watch off her mistress' dressing-table, but it was rescued in time. After that, seeing how much the cat wanted a plaything, Miss Ethel bought her a little toy watch, and kept it where she had kept the stolen ornaments, but if the drawer was ever left not quite closed, Peggy used to climb on the bureau and pull trinkets out. Anything bright and shiny attracted her.

One day Miss Ethel's brother came down-stairs very angry, saying his watch was gone.

"You must have forgotten where you put it," said Miss Ethel, "or else Peggy has it."

"No, she couldn't have it, for I put it under my pillow to keep it safe from the cat," he replied.

When they looked under the rug, the watch was there, with several other trinkets.

No one could ever find out how Peggy found the watch or got it out. Crows and magpies are often known to carry off bright things, but this is the only cat I have heard of that did it. Keep your eyes and ears open, for animals do many things that we never notice.

CHAPTER XXXIV

ARE HENS STUPID?

ANIMALS that seem clever are often so because their masters have talked to them a great deal and, in time, they come to know a good many names and words. They know actions that belong to the words, too, such as "Sit up," "Lie down," "Go out." Some people think hens are stupid. I wonder if it is only because we don't often talk to hens or make friends with them.

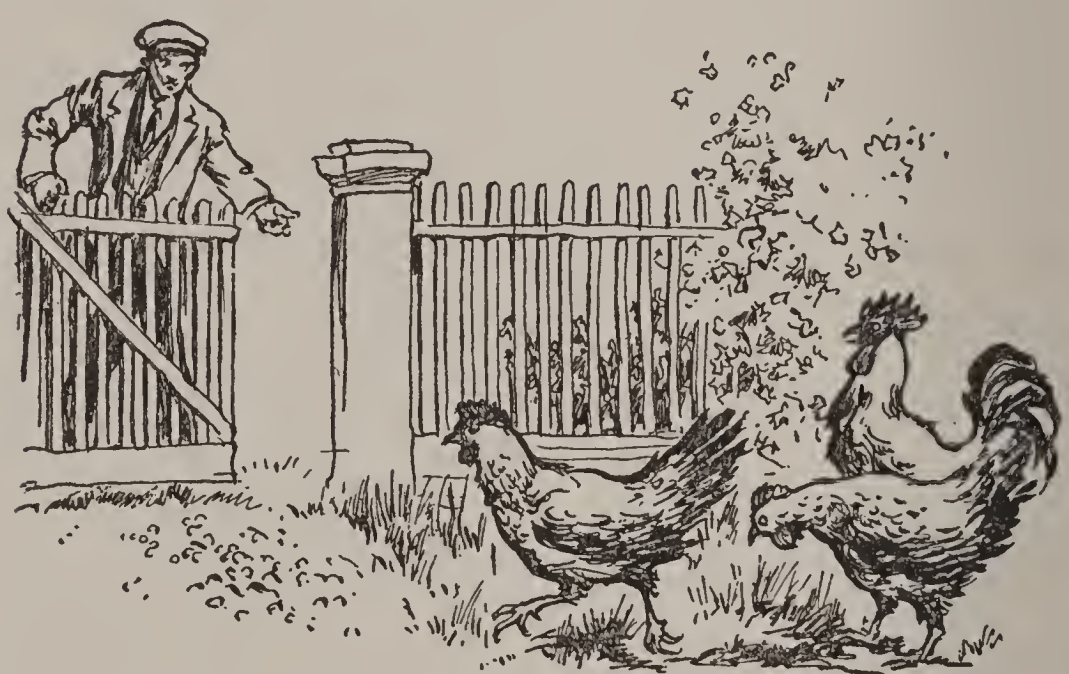
Near my home lived two men who kept chickens. Both of them gave names to the hens, and they soon knew their

names and came when they were called. Of course, they had learned by getting something to eat when they came, but one learned to play a sort of game, and I don't know how she understood it. When her master said, "Play dead, Fanny," she would fall over quite flat, and not move until he said, "All right. Jump up again."

The other man had a great many chickens, very fine ones. These knew their names, too, and when he called "Kate!", "Jenny!", "Polly!", each would come running to him, and seem to like it when he talked to them.

One night, about twenty of the hens were stolen. One of his neighbors had some stolen also, and he brought a policeman and said he was going to look for his hens at a village some miles away,

where he suspected the thief lived. So the first man said he would go, too. As they came near the place where they hoped to find the hens, they saw a great flock of chickens, so many that it did not seem



POLLY'S MASTER STOOD AT THE GATE

possible to pick out their own. But as soon as Polly's master stood at the gate, and called "Polly!", she ran out from the others, and right up to him.

He went on calling "Kate!", "Jenny,"

"Sarah!", and the hens kept coming to him though they were being fed. And the thief was so frightened, when he found that the hens knew their master, that he confessed all his thefts.

CHAPTER XXXV

THE SIGNALMAN'S FRIEND

THE railway signalman, at the little station of Uitenhage in South Africa, lived in a very small cottage with a very small garden, near the station. It was his work to go to the signal-station and change the levers, whenever a train was going through. He lived alone, as he had no family. He did his own housework and took care of his garden in his spare time. He had no company except his pet, a big monkey of the kind called a baboon, that is bigger and stronger than most monkeys. Mr. Wide—that was the signalman's

name—called his monkey Jack; and he and the monkey were very fond of each other.

One day, the people of the little town were sorry to hear that poor Mr. Wide had had his leg taken off in an accident. He would be a cripple for life. How would he get to his work? How would he earn his living?

However, in a short time it was found that the signalman was still earning his living in the same way; still going to his work; still living in his little cottage.

The kind people who went to see Mr. Wide were very much surprised at what they saw, for who do you think was taking care of him? Jack!

This is what they saw: Jack helping to do the housework; Jack helping to

care for the garden; Jack taking the little lorry or car that his master went about in, and setting it on the rails every morning; Jack helping his master to the car; giving him his cane; locking the cottage-

JACK HELPING TO DO THE HOUSEWORK

door and taking his master the key; going with him to the signal-station; and, most surprising of all, working the signal levers for him, with never an accident or a mistake. How could such a

creature, born in the wild part of South Africa, learn all this?

Of course, monkeys are very quick at imitating people, and he had been a good while with his master, but the master must have been a very good and patient teacher.

For nine years Jack lived in this way, taking care of Mr. Wide. But at last poor Jack became ill, and died. It must have been very sad for his master to lose such a faithful friend. The people who had watched this friendship thought it so wonderful that twenty-five of them signed a letter saying that this story of Jack was all true, and it was printed in a book about South Africa.

CHAPTER XXXVI

THE PET DEER

"DID you ever see a deer race a street-car?" asked my friend, the Boy Scout.

Indeed I never did, and of course I wanted to hear about it. This is what he told me.

"When I was staying with Aunt May, I used to play with Harry and Shirley, and they had a pet deer. Their father brought him from the woods when he was quite young; they called him Billy.

"You never saw anything so knowing as that deer. He would eat out of anybody's hand, and they could lead him

about like a dog; he stood on his hind legs and did jumping and every kind of stunt.

"They couldn't keep him in the apartment-house where they lived, of course, but a man who had a yard behind a hotel in the next street took care of him; and we went and played with him every day.

"Well, I started over there one morning, and just round the corner I heard some one call out, 'Look at the deer!' There was Billy running down the street, racing a street-car and trying to get ahead of it.

"Of course I ran, too; and you may believe it was exciting. At last two street-cleaners left their work, and chased him up a lane into a yard. I ran to Harry's to let them know, but they were out, and

before I came back, some one had telephoned the Humane Society. Their inspector had come in his car, and taken

RACING A STREET-CAR

Billy to their Animal Shelter—but they had to rope him first.

"Harry's father got him back, but they said he ought to keep him where he could have more room and not be shut up so much, so they did. But it was as

good as a moving-picture to see Billy race the street-car."

Here is one more story about a tame deer. It was kept by a farmer and was so tame that it came into the house sometimes. One day it picked up a piece of the tobacco that the farmer and his son chewed. The tobacco was strong and bitter, but the deer chewed it up, and, strange to say, it seemed to like it. The animal must have watched the farmer go to the shelf where he kept the tobacco, for, after that, it would go into the house when its master was out in the fields, and get a bit off the shelf.

The deer wore a bell tied round its neck, but was so knowing that it would step very quietly, so as not to ring the bell, when it came to get the tobacco.

CHAPTER XXXVII

JOCK

JOCK is a little, rough, gray Scotch terrier, with bright brown eyes. Three years ago he was taken from his old home to a new one. He had not been very happy, for there were some boys in the street where he lived who teased and frightened him. So Jock, who had been a good-natured little dog, became a grouchy, grumpy, growly one. He was even afraid of a hand stretched out to pat him, and would sometimes snap at it. Poor little fellow! For more than a year, Jock was very quiet and sober, in his new home. He rarely made

a sound except to bark at the postman or at a dog that came on his ground. He soon loved his master and mistress, but he did not make other friends.

Yet Jock really has a loving heart. When he found that no one ever teased or frightened him, he changed his ways. He likes to be petted now; he makes new friends; he even lets a friend put a muzzle on him, without growling; and he likes to have the house full of people. He does not like to be alone, and if he thinks every one has gone out and left him, he will lift up his voice and howl till all the neighbors hear him. Jock hardly ever does any mischief; but if he is alone for a whole afternoon or evening, he will sometimes be naughty.

Once, he pulled all the paper and sticks out of the grate, where the fire was

laid. Once, he pulled a cushion off a chair and tore the cover, and, once, he tore up a scarf that was lying on a chair. Another time, he ate up a quarter of a pound of butter; but that was somebody's fault for leaving it within his reach. If the up-stairs rooms are not shut up, Jock will go up and lie on the beds; but he never does any of these things when his friends are at home. He only does mischief when he gets very tired of being alone.

Jock sits up and begs very nicely. He sits beside his master at breakfast, and when the toast comes—Jock likes toast—he sits up very straight and begs. If that is not enough, he offers a paw to shake hands, or he pats his master's arm and then licks his cheek. One morning when his master took a long time to eat

JOCK SITS UP AND BEGS VERY NICELY

fruit and cereal, Jock waited patiently at first; but at last he sat up and said "Wr-oh-ow-w," in such a weary way, it sounded like "I'm *so* tired of waiting!" This talking is one of Jock's funny ways. He knows what many words and sounds mean, making answers to them when he can.

If any one mentions "hat" or "coat" or "car," Jock runs to the door and whines. If you say "Want to go, Jock?", he dances or begs. But if you say "No, no, Jock, I'm sorry I can't take you," he sits down and looks very sober.

If Jock hears the car turn into the drive or hears the door-bell, he barks or whines. If you say, "Go and ask some one to take you out," he goes to a friend and whines or begs, and sometimes begins to make such funny sounds: "Ow-

oo-ee," now high, now low, and now with a questioning tone as if he were coaxing, when he wants very much to go out.

If any one stops him from barking or jumping at passing dogs when he is in the car, he will sometimes talk to himself in wee little whines and growls, as if he said, "*Why* won't they let me get at the dog?"

Jock dislikes to be washed; if he hears the water running in the basement, and some one calls "Jock," he runs away to the other end of the house and hides behind the biggest chair he can find, looking very miserable. He has not many tricks, but he has one trick he taught himself. He likes to have his shaggy coat rubbed by somebody's foot, and he will come and sit in front of you and

pat your foot with his paw, if he wants to be rubbed.

He and his little mistress, Nancy, have great fun together, and Jock, who was once a growly, grouchy little fellow, is now as happy a little dog as you could wish.

THE END