EDUCATED
DOGS
OF
TO-DAY

KATE SANBORN
EDUCATED DOGS
OF TO-DAY
You see the goodness of the master even in the old house dog, and in a grey pad that is kept in the stable with great care and tenderness out of regard to his past services, though he has been useless for several years.

ADDISON in Sir Roger DeCoverley
TO
ALL WHO LOVE DOGS
VALUE THEIR FRIENDSHIP
AND
APPRECIATE THEIR
ACHIEVEMENTS
NOTE

Fortunately the time has passed when one is willing to be bored by a prelatory rehearsal of all that has been collected through the ages on any subject. The present topic is "Dogs in their Trades and Professions," and does not necessitate any retrospective efforts on the "Origin of the Dog" which although a fruitful theme of discussion in the past has been productive of no final decision. One does not imagine the presence of a dog in the Garden of Eden for had there been, no doubt he would have given adequate protection to his mistress and saved her descendants (on the distaff side) from all subsequent trouble. Doubtless Noah packed a pair of dogs into the ark on route for the top of Ararat, and ever since "the dog has been man's one true friend in the animal kingdom."

To mention the names of noted men and women who have loved and honored dogs would be to enumerate almost all of the great ones of the earth. To attempt a bibliography of praises to dogs, or a canine anthology would be a tremendous task. Many years of collecting towards this end forcibly presents this fact to the writer's mind, and with the knowledge that in the sporting dog world alone a whole book could be compiled on that one phase, this work in no case aims at conclusiveness.

These chapters are therefore devoted to professional dogs of the present time, hoping to demonstrate their possession of brains and souls, and that by their actions they are a frequent rebuke to us in the self-sacrificing heroism and the nobility of their behavior. This demonstration has been materially and sympathetically assisted by Miss Elizabeth M. Crousé of Paris, Miss Eleanor M. Dunol of Baltimore, Hon. Edward Tuck of Paris, Col. W. J. Lampton of New York, Mr. William Haynes of New York, Mr. Charles H. Flood of Boston, to the author's deep gratitude.

Breezy Meadows
Montreal, Man.

Kate Lanthom.

December 1, 1916
# CONTENTS

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>CHAPTER</th>
<th>PAGE</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>I. DOGS FAMED FOR LIFE SAVING</td>
<td>17</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>II. DOGS OF THE POLICE DEPARTMENT</td>
<td>24</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>III. DOGS OF THE FIRE DEPARTMENT</td>
<td>29</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>IV. DOGS AS A MILITARY ADJUNCT</td>
<td>36</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>V. BROTHERHOOD OF HERO DOGS</td>
<td>43</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>VI. TRAINED DOGS OF THE STAGE</td>
<td>47</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>VII. DOGS AS FRIENDS AND COMPANIONS</td>
<td>59</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>VIII. DOGS OF BURDEN AND SERVICE</td>
<td>66</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>IX. THE INTELLIGENT HUNTING DOG</td>
<td>72</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
ILLUSTRATIONS

PORTRAIT OF EDWARD FIELD SANFORD, Jr. and his dog
Max.........................................................Frontispiece

NANI..........................................................16

DOGS FAMED FOR LIFE SAVING
Boy Blue ......................................................17
Jim ..............................................................20
Lady Lyndon ..................................................20

DOGS OF THE POLICE DEPARTMENT
Dogs of the New York Police Department ..................26
Type of dog used by the French Police .....................26

DOGS OF THE FIRE DEPARTMENT
Mike of New York Fire Department Company No. 8 ..........30
Traveling check and trophy ....................................30
Five grandchildren of Mike ....................................30
Captain Joseph C. Donovan, New York Fire Department ....32

DOGS AS A MILITARY ADJUNCT
Type of dog used in harness by Belgian Army ..............36
German Red Cross dogs approaching the front in Poland ......36
Two of Major Richardson's Airedales ........................36
French war dogs bringing means of locating wounded soldier .36
Resuming march behind the lines in France—dog as one of company .36
A savior at his master's bedside ................................40
German Red Cross dogs nearing battle scene immediately after an engagement ....40
ILLUSTRATIONS—continued

BROTHERHOOD OF HERO DOGS

Mrs. James Speyer, President of New York League for Animals ... 43
Tell—German military dog decorated with iron cross for saving Ger-
mans from Russian ambush ... 46

TRAINED DOGS OF THE STAGE

Jasper—a most remarkable stage dog ... 52
Yours Truly—owned by Mr. Ford of “Ford and Truly” ... 54

DOGS AS FRIENDS AND COMPANIONS

Edith Cavell in company with her dogs—showing an interesting side
to the English nurses private life ... 59
The ever alert fox terrier making a dive from a springboard ... 62
An interesting group of companion dogs ... 62

DOGS OF BURDEN AND SERVICE

Jacques Suzanné, the artist explorer, preparing for dash to the polar
regions ... 66
Belgian dogs receiving meal en route ... 66
Alaskan huskies used by the French Red Cross in Alsace ... 70
A perfect pack of sledge dogs ... 70

THE INTELLIGENT HUNTING DOG

J. G. Cooley with the Meadowbrook draghounds at Westbury, L. I. ... 72
Twin, owned by John M. Harnden—a remarkable pointer pointing
a pheasant ... 76
English greyhounds coursing a hare ... 76
Beagles trailing a hare at Fairfield County Beagle Hunt, Darien, Conn. ... 76
NANI

Whose companionship has been a source of constant pleasure to his owners, Dr. and Mrs. William Howson Balyell of Wellesley, Mass., and who as my chief inspired this book.
BOY BLUE
OWNED BY COLONEL JACOB RUPPERT
DOGS FAMED FOR LIFE SAVING

CHAPTER ONE

*Buy a pup and your money will buy—Love unflinching that cannot lie—Perfect—passion and worship fed—By a kick in the ribs or a pat on the head.*

**RUDYARD KIPLING**

THE famous St. Bernard dogs deserve the first place of honor; their long continued and dangerous task, so full of heroic effort, must ever be remembered. Saint Bernard founded the monastery so well known nearly a thousand years ago. Saint Bernard’s portrait and that of his noble dog Barry is still in existence. This dog, the first Barry, saved many human lives, and his stuffed skin, a triumph of the taxidermist’s art, may be seen in the National Museum at Berne to-day. Barry’s most memorable achievement was rescuing a little boy whose mother had been killed by an avalanche. The dog carried the boy on his back to the hospice.

Many of the brave and intelligent dogs gave up their own lives while rescuing travelers lost in the snow, and some idea of the extent of the
work of the monks, who devote upon an average twelve years of their lives to the hospice, and of the call there is for the service of the dogs may be gained when it is known that between twenty and twenty-five thousand travelers stop at those gray stone buildings and partake of the free hospitality of the brothers. No charge is made for all that is given, consequently (alas for human nature!) the fund bestowed by the rescued is not large, a sad record of meanness and ingratitude.

I am proud to say that no country has had more to do with the furtherance of the interest in St. Bernards than has America; indeed it was the United States during the eighties and nineties which furnished much the largest bulk of money for the best specimens that could then be bought in Europe. At that period the St. Bernard boom was at its height.

At present this dog of romance has no stauncher supporter and friend than Colonel Jacob Ruppert, who has done much to keep up the present high standard. Through the efforts of a few breeders who have spent much time and money, these majestic animals have not been allowed to be forgotten.

The enthusiastic efforts of Colonel Ruppert in this direction have culminated in the two celebrated specimens Lady Lyndon and Boy Blue, and an interesting list of their honors has been kindly given to me in the following letter:

"DEAR MISS SANBORN: I take pleasure in acknowledging the receipt of your letter of the 11th instant in which you request a photograph of my St. Bernard Champion Lady Lyndon for your book that you intend publishing. Under separate cover I am forwarding you this together with photographs of my dogs Longville Abbott and Boy Blue. The latter two, smooth-coated St. Bernards, I recently imported from England.

"For your information, should you care to make use of it, I wish to advise you that Champion Lady Lyndon has beaten every dog in 1914, 1915, and 1916 in the Westminster shows here in New York and in Philadelphia."
Educated Dogs of To-day

"Longville Abbott was known as one of the best St. Bernards in England and has won numerous first prizes including two challenge certificates in England.

"Boy Blue was shown very little in England but at Birmingham and Manchester he captured all the prizes and was pronounced the best St. Bernard ever seen in England. In 1915 and 1916 he swept everything before him at the Eastern Dog Show in Boston, Westminster Kennel Show in New York, and the Philadelphia Kennel Show in Philadelphia, never being defeated.

"Hoping that this information will be of service to you, I am, Yours very truly, Jacob Ruppert."

One clergyman in attacking the recent Willard-Moran prize fight made this astonishing statement: "There should be a movement started by the press and the clergy of the city of New York to create public sentiment against such brutal exhibits. It was not an exhibit of manhood at its best but it was a good exhibition of 'doghood' because to fight is the best a dog can do." He is as pitifully ignorant of "the best a dog can do" as too many ministers are of the sins and follies of those under their guidance in their own congregations.

Let me enlighten those who share his opinion: A number of men were out in a dory which was overturned. Near by was a large power boat, but the owner did not see the overturned dory until his attention was attracted to it by his dog. The animal was almost frantic with excitement and sprang to the side of his master barking violently. The man looked, saw the boat, and reached the dory just in time to save the men struggling in the water, and take them back to the shore. You observe it was the ever alert and watchful dog who appreciated the situation, saw the danger, and notified his master. I hope he got a bone with some meat on it or at least a pat on the head, but I doubt it. Both the men in the water were clergymen and they probably said to each other,

"It is only what the animal ought to have done; there was no perception of our danger, merely a brute instinct."
A Bellevue Hospital water spaniel had a record as a life saver. He saw a little girl fall from a raft anchored at some distance from the shore at City Island, and swimming out held her up until help came from the beach. For this he received a gold collar engraved with his name and the story of the rescue. This was buried with him.

Another dog had been saved from drowning when he was a puppy, by the earnest pleas of a boy. Later, the lad who was unable to swim, tumbled into the river; the dog went to him and when his master caught hold of his collar swam with him to safety.

I have the honor of knowing one life-saving dog, “Jim” by name, who tried to waken Dr. Galpin, his master, by barking when he and two other men had been overcome by escaping gas. Failing in this he pulled Dr. Galpin from the couch and dragged him to the door where the fresh air revived him so that he was able to save the men and report the danger. Dr. Galpin had one hundred and six tooth marks made by Jim in his desperate efforts to save his best friend. He came into social prominence as the guest of honor at a dinner given him by the many friends of Dr. Galpin, and a fine bronze medal inscribed, “Presented to faithful Jim for saving the life of his master,” was attached to his collar.

Soon he was almost embarrassed by a rush of social attentions. The members of the Canadian Camp at their annual dinner gave him a gold medal as a testimonial to his sense and courage. The New York Women’s League for Animals gave a third medal to Jim, Mrs. James Speyer making the presentation speech. He shook hands with that charming lady, giving both paws, then lay on his back and waved his legs in the air as a general salute to the women of the league.

Colonel L. J. Lampton informs me that Jim enjoys social occasions, and Dr. Galpin finds it very difficult to accept an invitation without including Jim. He tried once. He went to Cragsmore Inn, up beyond Tuxedo, leaving Jim locked at home; but when he arrived, there was Jim sitting on a rock waiting for him. Wanting to give some dog-loving friends an opportunity to know Jim, Colonel Lampton gave him a “tea.”
JIM

This is a picture of Jim, and we
were lucky to have him in our
lives. He was a joyful dog, and
everyone loved him. We'll miss
him dearly, but happy memories
are all we have left of him.
- J. L. C. 1909

LADY LYNDON

Owned by Colonel Jacoby of Peru
Educated Dogs of To-day

He shook hands with all present and after tea and sandwiches were served was led rather unwillingly to a velvet-covered platform where Miss Helen Dickson presented him a silver drinking bowl, gold lined, of which he took no notice. Both participants in the ceremony were seriously embarrassed and soon a young lad in uniform filled the bowl with water, but seeing his face reflected in the gold lining the dog backed away. It was whispered about that probably Jim was a Kentucky-bred dog and there was ground for the surmise shown by his behavior.

My personal acquaintance with Jim is slight. He is a dog of one love and is solely devoted to his proud and grateful master. But from experience I can testify to Jim's appetite. When at my apartment, after shaking hands cordially with every guest, he made a dash for the dining room where a thoroughly scared waitress served him with two plates filled with slices of delicious corned beef. As he evinced his approval by barking for more, a large bone well covered with meat was thrown to him; next, a dozen corned beef sandwiches were swallowed hastily showing that he was in favor of a final dash of saltpeter in the brine. He then returned to the living room with what is sometimes termed by visitors to my farm a “coming appetite” and seating himself at the feet of one lady after another, gave each one such an intelligent and determined look that a dozen more goodies were surrendered which he rapidly consumed. Just before he left he made one more “call to the dining room” and helped himself to several pieces of cake. But if there is one thing I thoroughly enjoy it is to see my friends approve of the fare set before them and Jim liked that part of the entertainment. I have found that men and dogs are like horses—best managed “by a bit in the mouth.”

Knowing that calls from distinguished characters should be returned promptly, I called upon my hero the next day in my limousine. But, alas! he did not recognize me and was almost unwilling to shake hands. Still my admiration for him is unchanged.

Another Jim, the fox terrier in the Central Park menagerie, which protects Smiles the rhino, and Jewel and Hattie, the elephants, from
vicious rats, added more glory to his career in the park recently. He made quick work of dispatching a big rat that had caused the pachyderms and the rhino to become uneasy. The rat was chasing about in the straw in the elephant house, and the two big inmates were dancing about in an anxious frame of mind with their trunks lifted in the air. Smiles, next door, began to snort and bump his two horns against the walls of his cage. These immense animals may well tremble at sight of the nasty rodents as they seize upon the toenails of their soft feet tearing them out so that sometimes they have to be killed on account of lameness.

It happened that little Jim, who occupies the cage with Smiles every night, hove in sight when the rat was causing consternation by his scamperings. The fox terrier, which came to the menagerie as a friend in need, had only poked his nose in the door when he understood the excitement. He got on the job in a minute. The rat tried to scoot out of the door, but it was a vain attempt for the dog was there first. Finally Jim got the rat in a corner. There was a second of suspense, and the dog had added another notch to his long record of executions of this sort. Smiles smiled again and the two elephants began pitching hay at each other.

Of life saving dogs, the large number who have been martyrs to vivisection should be honored here, for by the knowledge gained through their agonies they have doubtless saved the lives of thousands of little children (as the dog is nearest to man in his physical make-up) and wonderfully decreased their mortality.

The pain sense in dogs is highly developed. In his book, "Animal Intelligence," George J. Romanes says: "A wolf and fox will sustain the severest kind of physical suffering without giving utterance to a sound while a dog will scream when anyone accidentally treads upon its toes. This contrast is strikingly analogous to that which obtains between savages and civilized man: The North American Indian and even the Hindu will endure without a moan an amount of physical pain—or at least bodily injury—which would produce vehement expressions of suffering
from a European. And doubtless the explanation is in both cases the same; namely, that refinement of life engenders refinement of nervous organizations which renders nervous lesions more intolerable."

Now that a system of studying the brain of insane patients has been tried with success and we are assured that the treatment is absolutely painless and leaves no bad effect, why should not these illustrious pathologists offer willingly, nay gladly, to have it tried on their own brains for the great benefit of humanity. The process is so simple,—bore a hole through the skull with a dental drill "which does not hurt at all" and then extract a quantity of brain substance and inoculate rabbits. That well-known disease shown by the presence of the Spirocheta Pallida may be formed in the brains of many scientists not heretofore considered insane. Why not now give the dogs a rest and try vivisection on themselves?

We may be on the verge of a marvelous transformation to be brought about by a slight extraction of the brain serum under some phrenological bump. Bad boys already have been made good. Instead of making a dumb wife talk, an excessive and tedious gabbler and nagger may be made lovely and an admirable listener. And our men who introduce a distinguished stranger from afar (who has promised to talk about his especial hobby) so many times that it is nearly three a.m. before he has been given a chance—

But my theme is not of wonderful men!
CHAPTER TWO

"Dogs have a way of knowledge, unlike ours, and it goes beyond the most we are ready to allow them."

WILLIAM DeMORGAN

THE first idea of training dogs for police service was suggested by Dr. Ham Gross in 1896 in an article entitled, "An Assistant to Constables," in the Year Book of the Austrian Constabulary, in which he said: "The dog should above all things be a faithful, ever-watchful, and attentive companion to the constable on his arduous official rounds, a companion gifted with senses far more acute than those of his master." The first dogs used in Europe for police purposes were engaged for night service in November, 1896, at Hildesheim, Prussia. In three years a police commissioner of Ghent began to supply his night watchmen with dogs. By 1909, almost five hundred police departments in Germany kept dogs for assistants. The training of these police dogs differs, but it is regular and starts when they are about ten months old. They can knock
Educated Dogs of To-day

a man down by jumping on him. If he runs away they dart between his legs, spring upward, and the man is thrown. Doubtless all these rules and rehearsals are well known.

There are those who claim that the first breed of dog to have been trained specifically for police work was the Belgian. We must however give the Germans credit for having been the one country that has really seen the great usefulness of the dog for police and ambulance work. Still the Belgian sheep dog has beaten every other breed. Belgium's famous dog police have proved that they possess reason as well as instinct. The police acknowledge their need of these powerful partners.

Belgium solved the problem by installing the dog police. It took a long time to train the dogs but the efforts of M. van Wesemal, the chief of police who took the matter in hand personally, and his assistants were eventually amply rewarded. To-day Belgium's dog police are considered the most useful and indispensable branch of the service.

Before a police dog is considered competent to go out on patrol he or she (for the dog police are of both sexes) must be able to comply with a series of various rigorous tests. The ability to scale a high fence is regarded as an important and indispensable possession of a police dog and the dogs are trained to scale barriers at least nine feet in height. They must demonstrate their ability to scale a nine foot garden fence or a solid board fence of the same height that offers no foothold whatever. They must learn to turn a door knob to inform the tenant that the house is on fire. And even more difficult stunts are achieved. Taking to the tall timber avails the fugitive nothing when a Belgian police dog is in pursuit.

In an undated clipping from the Louisville Herald headed "Dogs that Do Think," reference is made to Dr. Friedo Schmidt-Stralsund's interesting book "Polizeihund-Erfolge" in which he relates a great number of anecdotes illustrating the intelligence and heroism of dogs trained to hunt and hold daring criminals. Of several hundred amazing instances, one which is told in a newspaper headline where dogs "find man who had left hotel without paying bill, and who had disguised himself in different
Educated Dogs of To-day

clothes," is sufficient to emphasize the practical value of their sagacity. The original dog police of America and also of England were English bloodhounds, not the mythical savage brutes of "Uncle Tom's Cabin." A more gentle, more humanly intelligent, more reliable creature does not breathe. His very name is given him in recognition of his blue blood.

To combat the depredations of chicken thieves a Kansas farmer purchased a pair of bloodhounds. The reputation of these dogs for tracking thieves and petty criminals soon grew until the animals were in frequent demand by the sheriff, and this farmer has sold bloodhounds to officers and criminal trackers in almost every state in the Union as well as in Canada and Mexico. Among his customers was the wife of Francisco Madero who purchased a pair of puppies and presented them to the chief of police of the city of Mexico several years ago.

The sense of smell in a trained dog is so acute that it is beyond human comprehension. Often it gets a sniff of the weeds or grass or other objects that the runner happens to touch. If the wind is blowing across the trail the dog will stay on the leeward side. Sometimes it runs as much as twelve feet from the trail on the side from the wind, a fact often noticed when the dog is trailing through snow. This shows that it does not depend on sight to help it, for if it did it would be guided by the track.

The late George J. Romanes calls attention to the fact that a dog will follow his master through the streets of a crowded thoroughfare by the smell of boot leather. He mentions the instance of a pair of boots soaked in oil of anise seed, but the powerful scent of the anise did not overcome the normal odor of the master's boots. — Nature. Vol. XXXVI, P. 273.

In Paris there is a body of special police called "Agents plongeurs" or diving police whose duty it is to patrol the Seine and rescue any who happen to tumble in. All these dogs have a life-saving record. They leap into the water and bring would-be suicides to shore often against their will. In a letter from an American girl in Paris three years ago she said: "The dogs used by the French police and in the army do not belong to the departments as such and are not organized under any heads.
DOGS OF THE NEW YORK POLICE DEPARTMENT

TYPE OF DOG USED BY THE FRENCH POLICE
Educated Dogs of To-day

The police dogs trained for defense are brought by individual policemen whose property they are. There are no dogs as yet in the French Fire Department. The dogs in use in France while they come from Germany are not the same breed as those used for the same purposes by the Germans. I recently met at his Paris address, 15 Rue de l’Echiquier, the man Puritz who trains all the dogs used in France, and he corroborates this:

These educated dog detectives are an immense aid to the police as well as a protection, for should there be more ruffians in a party than man and dog can handle comfortably, the latter flies off for help, traveling over the ground far more quickly than any heavily booted, thickly clad constable could possibly do. Mr. De Corte says the day is not far off when all policemen in outlying districts and those having to patrol long stretches at night will be provided with these intelligent aids. In the slum sections of Paris and Brussels after nightfall every policeman has his dog or sometimes a pair, and they are responsible for nearly as many arrests as their masters. The fame of the European four-footed policemen crossed the Atlantic a few years ago, and several of the larger cities began experimenting with foreign-trained animals, principally from Belgium. The dogs met the tests and now New York, Chicago, and many other cities have regular squads of dog policemen performing similar duties to those done so efficiently in Germany, France, and Belgium. Smaller places too, especially the suburbs of the larger cities, have found these “first aids to the patrolman” invaluable. The New Jersey suburbs of New York are now many of them well patrolled by dogs. The experience of Ridgewood, N. J., is typical of that of many American towns and cities. America has, however, made one very interesting contribution to the lore of the law-enforcing dogs which is told by the headline, “Dogs to guard dancers. Will act as police at ball for working girls’ fund.” Luche, the world’s champion police dog will not dance, but a granddaughter of the late John Bigelow promises that he will do some very interesting tricks. Anybody who wishes to test Luche’s ability to throw a person to the ground or make him move on will be promptly favored by the dog.
Educated Dogs of To-day

Dogs are also used to check illegal shipments of game. They will smell out and point quail hidden in coffins, egg cases, and barrels. A deputy game warden in western Oklahoma has a dog trained purposely to aid him by smelling illegal shipments of game. When the train stops at the station where the deputy warden lives, he and his dog leap into the baggage car; from there they go into the express car and through the train, the dog sniffing at every box and piece of baggage. If a game bird is inside any package he will "come to a point" just as if he were out in the field, and will stand motionless pointing until his master has opened the box. Thus far this dog has never made a mistake and he has earned much money in fines for Oklahoma.

Occasionally a curious case is found, like that of Bum the only canine police sergeant on duty in the United States. He was picked out of a snowdrift and has adopted the entire department. He makes his post as regularly as the most conscientious officer even if post time is meal-time for Bum. He was promoted to the rank of sergeant for catching a fleeing criminal and was afterwards supplied with a uniform befitting his work, decorated with police buttons, and a chevron. A badge signifying his rank was fastened on his collar and Bum was the proudest officer on the force.

Nellie, a lively little Irish terrier living in Boston, seems infatuated with a policeman's uniform and is impartial with her assistance. She keeps very busy and is always provided with a good bone from some restaurant.

In these days of crime waves, inefficient police, and graft, it is pleasing to know that there is at least one police force which is not open to criticism on this score. The state of New Jersey was hard hit but with the advent of these wonderful animals came peace and safety. There is the same experience wherever they are used,—the pursued find they cannot escape. As one said, all say,

"I decided to give up when I saw the dogs."

“Mike, the mascot dog of Engine Company No. 8, claims the distinction of being the only dog in the world that has a special railway pass. It was given by F. W. Whitridge, receiver of the New York City Railway Company, and allows him to travel back and forth as he pleases, free of charge, on the lines of that company. "Mike is a highly bred Dalmatian hound, seven and one-half years old and is a son of the celebrated Oakey, mascot of Engine No. 39. Oakey was presented to the firemen by William K. Vanderbilt, Jr., who raised the animal in his kennels on his farm on Long Island. The pass is engraved on a silver plate attached to Mike's collar, from which is also suspended a miniature fireman's helmet, and reads as follows: 'To conductors: Permission is hereby granted to carry a fire dog on the cars of this company."
New York City Railway Company, F. W. Whitridge, Receiver. The original of the pass hangs in a frame on the walls of the engine house. It was first given to Mike’s mother, Bess, but she had it only a short time when injuries received in running to fires made it necessary for the firemen to send her to a quieter engine house on Staten Island. A fireman then escorted Mike to Mr. Whitridge’s office to see if the pass could be transferred to her son. He said:

“It is the only pass of the kind ever issued by the road and if Mike is willing to take all the risks and not sue the company in case of accident I guess we will transfer the pass to him.” Mike, who never notices a policeman or any one else not in the uniform of a fireman, jumped on Mr. Whitridge’s knee and smiled at him — just like a politician looking for a favor. He doesn’t use the pass to go to fires, but to go for his meals to the homes of the various firemen. All the school children in the vicinity are the friends of Mike who amuses them with his tricks in front of the engine house when off duty. While Mike will not notice grown-ups he seems to like the children. When the gong rings for a fire, Mike dashes barking up the stairs making continual noise until all the firemen have hustled to their posts. Then he dashes down the street ahead of the engine, barking a warning to pedestrians to get out of the way. Some of the firemen say that Mike is so wise from studying the signals that he tries to repeat them for the firemen by long and short barks.

“For the first time in the history of the dog show in this city the firemen will enter their pets and endeavor to capture some of the prizes. Fifteen dogs have already been entered, including Mike and Oakey, the aristocrats of the fire department, and dogdom will have to take notice when the fire dogs go on parade for the prizes. In 1910, Mike took first prize at Madison Square Garden as best looking dog in his class at the Westminster Kennel Club show. This is the largest dog show in the world. “President, a horse in this company, pets Mike very much. After President has a drink of water, Mike goes into the stall and licks the horse’s lips. Then he will lie beside the horse. Mike is also very friendly with
FIRST PRIZE
NEW YORK

MIKE OF NEW YORK, FIRE COMPANY No. 3

TRAVELING CHECK AND TROPHY

FIVE GRANDCHILDREN OF MIKE
the cat 'Red.' They eat and sleep together and follow the firemen through the streets to their meals. It seems to be quite an enjoyment for Mike to sit in front of the house and play with the children who anticipate his appearance.”

This information from Captain Donovan together with what I had read about Mike and his extraordinary sagacity, led me to pay him a visit at the Fire Department Building of his special interest in East 51st St., Engine Co. No. 8. I was met cordially and told that Mike was at home and could come out to see me. But after a search it was found that he had just gone on one of his daily trips, probably to get his lunch. I had taken a friend with me and we were both so intent on hearing about the dog that we were alarmed by a sudden yell of “hurry! hurry!” and the driver of our coupé could barely get out of the way when the doors were flung wide open and the dashing horses tore out of the entrance followed by the big engine. It came close to being a tragic end to our call.

Captain Donovan and his family are now counted among my best friends. He has given me several fine Dalmatian puppies and has never failed to grant any favor I have asked.

Bessie of No. 39 Engine Company, Mike’s mother and queen of the mascots of the fire department, has been taken from the streets of New York and, heartbroken, sent to Flushing. Her fate points to the end of a picturesque scene of city life in which plunging horses of the department and the bounding, barking Dalmatian dogs which ran ahead to clear the traffic for the fire-fighting apparatus were features. Horses and dogs are doomed. In another five years the whole department will be motorized.

For five and a half long years Bessie cleared the crossing at Third Avenue and Sixty-seventh Street for her company, barking a warning to surface-car motormen, truck drivers, and pedestrians, and during all that time she led the way in every one of the average of forty runs a month made by No. 39. Then like a bolt from the sky the three white horses she loved were taken away, even the stalls were removed, and the next alarm found her bounding in front of a man-made thing that had no intelli-
gence—a gasoline-driven engine. Bessie ran as far as Third Avenue, tucked her tail between her legs and returned to the engine house. Her heart was broken. She never ran to another fire. No mean beast is Bessie and there is not a snap in her. She loves all humanity and adores her old boss, Lieutenant Wise, at whose heels she constantly hovers. Boss and dog have both been shunted to Murray Hill, Flushing. There are horses there and boss and dog are comfortable and a bit grateful for that.

"Now there's a dog worth loving and worth being loved by," said Lieutenant Wise of Bessie. "She is a ribbon dog. Got her honors at Madison Square Garden in 1910. She was a natural born mascot and by instinct she would run ahead of the horses whooping it up and getting people out of the way for us."

Bessie seemed to know what her boss was talking about, for she got up and put her head in reach of his hand.

"She knows I'm talking about her," said Wise. "If I died suddenly she would be in an awful fix. She'd keep looking for me. When we were at headquarters with three fine horses and plenty of work, she always followed me home on my day off. I was living up in the Bronx then and of course had to ride. Bessie would not stay in the engine house but would run after the car I had taken. Finally I got a street-car pass for her and I guess she is about the only dog in this city that could hop on and off a car without causing trouble with the conductor. Her fire department badge, a little brass helmet swinging from her collar and her pass from the Street Railway Company made her safe. She knew the right corner as well as I did and traveled the line alone if by any chance she missed me. Her son Mike has the pass now.

"I'm afraid she is the last of the mascots. The companies that have been motorized find their dogs will not run ahead of the gasoline engines and trucks. They miss the horses and I guess are afraid of the machine. "Bessie would always follow me into a burning building in the old days and stay one floor below the fighting line, as the rule required. We had to establish that rule for fear a dog might cause a man to stumble if
retreat was ordered. Bessie, I think, knew as much about the risks we ran as we did, but she stuck to the rules and always waited a floor below the men handling the nozzles."

Three turtles, a fire horse, a fire dog, and a fire cat were the *dramatis personae* of a festival which they celebrated with a romp together in the rear yard of Engine Company No. 8, New York Fire Department, and which they wound up with a banquet that for conviviality and realism outdid anything of the kind ever seen hereabouts. The celebration was arranged to commemorate the fifty-fifth anniversary of the advent of Nosey, oldest and biggest of the trio of turtles, as a fire-station pet. The firemen say that the function gave the old shell-backed veteran something to remember as long as he lives.

To the end of making it thoroughly worth while, Jerry, favorite of the company’s fire horses, and Mike, the only dog alive which wears a trolley car pass on his collar, were relieved from duty for the day and were encouraged to spend their time in any way they fancied. Red, the cat, had never done a stroke of honest work in his life but was declared in on the festivities because he was so sociable and so intelligent. The two little turtles, of course, had inherent rights to a place on the program since it was in honor of their old mentor that all the fuss was made.

Nosey, then in his soft-shelled adolescence, was taken into the fire house fifty-five years ago. The building was then headquarters for Relief Hose No. 51, a unit of the old volunteer organization that preceded the paid fire department.

It might be appropriately noted that Nosey got his name from his habit of "nosing" around the stalls, the engine, and the hose of the fire house. If he gleaned any benefits from the lesson taught by Mrs. Nosey’s tragic end he has never shown it. More than one “get-away” to a bad fire has been retarded by the necessity of hauling the turtle out from under the wheels of the big engine. Among the other guests at the banquet Jerry was represented by the firemen of Engine No. 8 to be the most intelligent fire horse in existence.
Mike's chief duty in life, besides furnishing entertainment to Jerry and the cat, is to run ahead of the fire engine and warn away pedestrians and vehicular traffic. He starts in at the door of the fire house when the gong sounds and extends his vigilance to the scene of the fire, running sometimes two or three blocks ahead of the apparatus. If Red has a duty it must be in comforting Jerry and Mike with his playfulness between runs. He is particularly fond of the fire horse and often has to be pulled from big Jerry's back when the gong is ringing for a fire run. The horse, the dog, and the cat spend much of their time together in Jerry's stall and the firemen say they are three of the greatest friends imaginable.

"Fire Fighters and their Pets" by Alfred M. Downes, Secretary of the New York Fire Department, is full of interest. My part is to condense the chapters about "Their Pets." There is a perfect understanding between the superb horses and the dogs and proudly attentions are reciprocated. Both love the children who bring them lumps of sugar, apples, and candy and the horses eat from the children's hands as gently as pet dogs.

"Mr. Jack," a famous Dalmatian dog, and "Billy," one of the gentlest horses in the department, were very fond of each other. After the roll call, almost every morning Jack would climb up on Billy's back and go out for a ride but never off the block because they might miss an alarm. When an accident happened to Jack, Billy would nurse him faithfully and he nursed the horse so carefully that a wound on the leg was cured by the dog doctor. A pretty story of Billy and his old comrade Jack.

Several of the dogs know that roll call is due on the stroke of eight and they are always present to bark their response remaining "full front" until the order comes to break rank. All the best behaved dogs are given a little fire hat hung from the collar. After fire dogs become familiar with a fireman's uniform they will seldom follow a man in civilian clothing.

Rags was a favorite dog of Engine Company No. 72. When the company returned from a fire one terribly cold stormy night the cries of a puppy were heard and she was found in the drawer of the watch-house desk covered with a ragged coat. No one ever knew who put her there.
but she was adopted and christened "Rags" and fed from a baby's milk bottle. She makes it her duty to stay on guard when the firemen are away and will allow no one to enter unless he is in uniform of some kind.

The story of Rosie A. seems incredible, but it is true. Once, upon returning from an alarm of fire, the driver noticed that one of the horses had lost a shoe. Rosie A. heard the remark and starting out, found the shoe six blocks from the quarters and brought it back.

The firemen used to have monkeys also for mascots but they were such mischievous meddlers and thieves that they became unendurable. When the master of Jocky wanted a plug of tobacco he used to touch his waistcoat pocket and Jocky would jump up, take out the tobacco, and proudly deliver it. But once he had forgotten that he had put a wad of bills in the same pocket and made the usual motion; that time the monkey took the money instead and rushed away. Before the man caught up with him, Jocky was enjoying a ten-dollar bill, all that was left of sixteen dollars! Two other monkeys were second-story thieves. They had a preference for silver toilet articles and they were sent to Central Park menagerie.

In a reverie I fancy I hear the alarm on the "joker" bell — "the men leap from their beds and into their boots and trousers and come whizzing down the poles. The horses dash to their places, the harness is lowered, the collars snapped on their necks. The men are in their places, the engineer is sticking his torch to the fire, the commanding officer stands beside him with his hands on the bell rope, and high above sits the driver leaning over the tightly held reins. The signal bells clang again, the door springs open, the chain falls and with one great plunge horses and engine are away to the fire followed by the hook and ladder. They are off! They have 'rolled' to the fire. And above all the din and noise of the start can be heard the sharp yelping of the dog, the firemen's mascot, who is running like mad in front of the engine horses as eagerly as though everything depended upon his activity."

All honor to the brave firemen of the past and present—never forgetting the dog!
Dogs cannot resist the army so the troopers take them in and give them a home. Anyone who has his eyes about him and who visits a military camp will notice nearly as many dogs as men in the big military reserve. There is not a company or troop but what has a dog attached to it, and not a few companies and troops have two or three dogs. A dog led the charge across the imaginary river; a dog led the review of the troops which should properly have been headed by General Smith; and a dog stood by the general when the troops passed him and dipped their colors as they passed.

"Where did we get him?" said a trooper, referring to a dog which looked like all the rest of the dogs and which had just succeeded in capturing a horse that had thrown its rider and successfully evaded all the
Educated Dogs of To-day

attempts by men to capture him. "Where did we get him? Lord, sir, we just picked him up. It's easier for a boy to resist a circus than it is for a dog to resist the army. Many a respectable country dog has left his life of ease to join the army. We like 'em and we give 'em a good home, and they just stick. No disrespect, sir, but our troop could get along better without its commander than it could without the troop dog."

"And it's true," said a lieutenant-colonel, "a military camp without dogs is like a home without children."

The use of dogs is one of the interesting features of the present great war. The sentry dogs, it is acknowledged, have complicated the already hard problem of a successful assault upon fortified positions and entrenchments. The ambulance dogs are working nobly to reduce the number of those who in past wars have figured in the casualty lists as missing. From all fronts come stories of the heroism and devotion to duty of the four-footed sentries and Red Cross workers, stories like that of the dog with the Canadian contingent which in a hand-to-hand fight in the German trenches sprang at an enemy who was about to strike down his master from behind, and like the ambulance dog which dug out a wounded officer who had been half buried by dirt cast from an exploding shell.

The work of the ambulance dogs is not so thrilling as that of their sentry brothers but it is quite as dangerous, more interesting, and every bit as important. In the agony of his pain a wounded man will often spend his last ounce of strength to crawl away into some hole, under a thicket, behind a tree or boulder. Moreover, modern rifles have changed tactics and soldiers are now instructed to take advantage of every possible bit of cover offered, and they are often hit when in out-of-the-way places. The modern battle line stretches away for miles and miles, and to hide the movements of troops from scouting aeroplanes and to beat the field telegraph and telephone, attacks are now almost always delivered under cover of darkness. All this means that the wounded must be hunted in unlikely places and usually at night. The work of the ambulance dog is to search these unlikely places and with his power of scent and
sharp eyesight locate those wounded. Then by barking he brings the
first aid men and the stretcher bearers to their relief. The Germans say:
"Our experience with these animals since the war began has surpassed all
expectations. We cannot get enough of these four-footed life-savers. In
the search for wounded soldiers these dogs are of inestimable service.
Many a brave fighter is saved just in time from bleeding to death or
from death by exposure."

In order that the men may easily follow the dogs, Major Richardson
has a bell on the collars of his English dogs and they also wear
a white canvas blanket on which is the Geneva red cross. Dr. Melentieff,
who has charge of the Russian ambulance dogs, goes a step
farther and at night fastens a small bull's eye lantern to their collars.
Both the Italian and the German dogs carry stimulants, the Italians
in a little keg on their collars and the Germans in metal flasks in
the pockets of their blankets. The practical value of the Red Cross
dogs is well shown by the figures of the Franco-Prussian War in which
thirteen thousand were reported as missing out of a total casualty list
of one hundred and twenty-nine thousand. There is no doubt but
that this large percentage of missing men could have been materially
reduced had dogs been employed in searching for the wounded. Curiosity
is aroused as to what influenced the various countries in the
choice of breed adopted for Red Cross work. England and Russia
both make extensive use of the collie for this purpose. France and
Italy are equally alert to the aptitude of the Airedale; while the
Germans and Austrians show a marked preference for the German sheep
dog. Doubtless each country prides itself in its selection and points to its
attainments to justify its judgment.

The Airedale is now well known as a show dog which carries off prizes,
a watchdog to be relied on, a useful dog on country place or farm where
he often does hard work daily besides carrying mail and express to and
from safely, occasionally going fishing in the holes between stones in a
brook, also as a fighter who cannot be conquered.
Educated Dogs of To-day

Colliers are often underrated as merely ornamental pets with the knowledge box diminished, but they are fully able to do any and all kinds of work, and they quickly understand your wants and hurry to tell of anything amiss.

Marion E. Haybord praises them in a recent issue of Housing and Garden: "In England, the collies have proved themselves especially efficient watchmen, and have been on duty constantly along the coast towns ever since the war began. It is owing to their faithfulness that the water supply of Whitby and other towns recently bombarded by the German fleet was saved from destruction. The German fleet commanders evidently had been advised as to just where the collie kennels at West Hartlepool were located, for they bombarded the houses and blew them to pieces, besides scattering dog biscuits and hair tonics over the surrounding country. Not a single dog, however, was injured by the exploding shells."

The dog in war should not be neglected by the chroniclers when they write the history of the struggle in Europe. What would the ambulance corps be without trained dogs? The Belgians make great use of them. The Germans, it is said, employ their keen-witted sheep dogs for scouting and for guards in the trenches. There are all kinds of dogs on the firing line, and their intelligence and fidelity are often helpful. Andrew Fournier's terrier Miquette, which summoned aid when his master with the rest of an outpost was buried by a "coal box" shell, deserves to be decorated.

Many dogs of all sorts and conditions have been picked up and broken to their work by the soldiers right in the field.

In everything pertaining to the art of war Germany is generally first. She introduced trained dogs as a part of her regular military establishment many years before any other nation. France followed Germany and both these countries have succeeded in training corps of dogs which, it is contended, are invaluable on the field of battle. The dog corps is attached to the Red Cross and the animals are trained to recognize no authority except that of a man with the Red Cross insignia on his arm. One set of
Educated Dogs of To-day

dogs is trained not to bark when a wounded soldier is discovered on the field, for fear of drawing the attention of the enemy. An animal thus trained will take the soldier's cap in his mouth and rush back to the camp with it. Another set is trained to give the alarm by a series of short, sharp barks when a wounded man is found. The dogs are taught never to scent out the dead, they are only to assist the wounded. Each dog carries a first-aid package strapped around his neck, and each knows that when a wounded man is found it is his duty to let the soldier take the package.

One of the heroes of the French Army is Artemis of Joffre's chiens de guerre. He has twice merited military decorations but he can have neither because the military rules do not sanction decorating a dog for valor. If Artemis were two-footed instead of four-footed he would get the Medaille Militaire in addition to the Croix de Guerre. His keen hearing and his fearless attacks on stealthy foes saved two important lives and he killed two of the enemy all alone.

As it is my aim to present the professional dogs and workers of the present time, it is fitting to show even an untrained dog as a wise aviator. I have heard that dogs, when they are taken up in the air, prove themselves more quietly, more quickly useful than could be hoped.

Here is a most interesting letter from Paris (Evening Sun, June 21, 1916,) entitled "The Dogs of War," by Leonora Raines:

"Paris, June 11.—Foot soldiers are not the only military men called on to do extraordinary things these times. The flying corps has joined the procession and a novel load the avion carried that not very long ago flew into the capital of Albania. Strapped to the seat next to the aviator was a little half-dead child, while at their feet lay a starving dog. This is the hero, Marcel Thirouin, told me at the Trocadero last Sunday:

"One day in the country of the western part of Serbia, having alighted and reconnoitred, I was preparing to get away when I spied a shaver of a boy hovering over the body of his father which had not been interred because there was no one to do it. The child seemed numb from cold
and lack of nourishment, also the poor brute that hugged close to his young master. There was no sign of life anywhere; the other peasants had fled and it would have been inhuman to leave the boy. There was only one thing to do—take him in the machine, and as I lifted him to the basket the dog tried to climb in also.

"I had misgivings about carrying a canine passenger, so not to lose more time I stepped into the machine without the dog though the eyes of the youngster streamed with tears and the whine of the retriever was agonizing. I didn’t understand the child’s language but knew he was imploring me not to leave his dog. My conscience wouldn’t let me go without Flock (as I now call him), and on the impulse of the moment I helped the dog into the basket. He settled himself and helped to keep our feet warm; he did not budge though sometimes the machine did jolt badly.

"For two hours we were in the air deciding on a place to land and finally did so in a camp of Serbian officers. Immediately my charges were given food. The boy was later taken by French peasants who did not want the dog, so I adopted him and he has become a faithful companion. He’s the best flier you can imagine; it would break his heart if I took a trip without him. He lies curled up at my feet when I take long jaunts in the clouds, never moving, so light that he’s never in the way, and never loses his presence of mind. His companionship gives me comfort. When I land he stays right there in the basket, and the Lord help anyone who should attempt to enter."

"So spoke M. Thirouin at the novel and unusual fête given at the Trocadero. It was supposed to be a seance of the Society for the Protection of Animals, but it was more a glorification of the dog and what he has done since war began. There were reports and speeches from the officers of the association; there was a number or two of music by the territorial band; and then the dogs spoken of were marched to the stage and given a ‘collar of honor’ in the shape of a blue ribbon necktie. The dogs with one exception seemed to enter into the spirit of the occasion with human
intelligence, and she, Loustic by name, heard none of the uproar because of losing her hearing by a cruel wound from shrapnel. This dog is now réforme, like disabled soldiers, but she will soon return to the trenches being too valuable a help to her country to be idle. Flock was also on the stage, surrounded by admirers, and Fond l’Air was there — the Newfoundland who followed his master from Algiers and with his claws and teeth dug him out of débris in which he had been buried. Half a dozen Red Cross dogs, bandaged and on the high road to recovery, were on the stage and their exploits told — how they ran under thick shell fire to search for wounded or missing men. A dog much surrounded was Folette, belonging to M. Willaume the mayor of Rouvres, near Verdun, who would not quit his master a moment. Monsieur was three times led to the wall to be shot on a charge of espionage and each time the little dog hovered close to him and against all threats stuck there.

"The exploits of the brave and faithful Pyrame were told but he could not be present, being at his post on the firing line. Pyrame saved an entire battalion of soldiers by barking violently to signal the presence of an army of Germans. The shaggy Yew-Yew shows plainly her nearly two years active service in the army, for her white wool has become torn and shaggy and the eye and ear she has lost will probably make her more valuable in private life than in army duty. This dog has an extraordinary flair, it seems, and in the early days of the war found hundreds of dead and dying soldiers and took the Red Cross nurses to the spot. Her white coat made her a good target, yet she was only wounded once."

The love and fidelity of another dog saved a French sergeant who was buried in a trench blown up by a mine. The dog dug away the earth until he uncovered his master’s face, then exhausted he sat there howling and barking. Some soldiers in the next line of trenches, attracted by his pitiful cries, rescued the man and rushed him to a field hospital where he was revived and later sent to the American hospital in Paris. The dog was allowed to remain with his master, the one exception to the rule, "No dogs allowed."
MRS. JAMES SPEYER

PRESIDENT OF NEW YORK WOMEN'S LEAGUE
FOR ANIMALS
BROTHERHOOD OF HERO DOGS

CHAPTER FIVE

"There is nothing to my mind more base than to cruelly treat animals who cannot answer, who cannot resent, who cannot avenge themselves, who cannot escape, and who, whatever their sufferings may be, are not able to utter a word about them."

JOHN BRIGHT (in a speech at Rochdale)

To be a popular novelist, poet, song writer, society woman, and the wife of the rector of a busy London parish would seem to be enough for any woman, but Mrs. De Courcy Laffan has undertaken a great campaign in favor of animals and against vivisection and to further it has hit on the picturesque idea of founding the "Brotherhood of Hero Dogs." Her plan is to bring home to the public the great devotion and love displayed by animals, in the hope that when people realize what noble qualities dogs possess they will shrink from the idea of treating them cruelly.

The Brotherhood has won recognition from the public authorities. A few months ago in the town hall, the mayor of one of the London boroughs presented the collar to a new member and the latest member has just received his collar at the hands of the mayor of Swindon in the
principal public park of the town. Swindon is a great railway town. It is a big junction and it contains the car and engine shops of the Great Western Railway. Accidents are frequent and the local hospital is always full. Bruce, the dog which has just been publicly honored, is known to every traveler who passes through Swindon. He parades up and down the platforms with a collection box fastened round his neck and begs from the passengers for the benefit of the hospital. In about a year he has collected more than a thousand dollars. His collar is slightly different from that of his fellow members for the inscription it bears is, "I Plead for the Sick." Thousands of the inhabitants of Swindon attended the ceremony and cheered the mayor when he buckled the collar around Bruce's neck.

All the proceeds of Mrs. Laffan's musical and literary work are devoted to her work for animals and the poor. Her home is a veritable hospital for homeless and ailing dogs.

During the few years in which the Brotherhood has been in existence its fame has spread far and wide. Mrs. Laffan shows letters which she has received recently from France, South Africa, New Zealand, and Australia, bringing to her notice acts of heroism by dogs. The brotherhood now has sixteen members, so it is evident that the claims of all applicants for membership are carefully sifted, for Mrs. Laffan receives at least this number every month.

A new branch of work has been started by the New York Women's League for Animals of which Mrs. James Speyer is president and of which Mrs. Gordon K. Bell is chairman of the small animals committee. "Our attention has been drawn," Mrs. Bell said, "to many remarkable and a few heroic deeds done by animals in saving the lives of their masters, fighting off burglars, etc., sometimes at the risk of their own lives, and we hope to stimulate the interest and pride of their masters by taking official notice of such deeds. We solicit all authentic reports of animal heroism and intelligence and propose to give a medal to owners whose animals have given the best illustrations. All such animals available on Decoration Day are to be invited to parade with our workhorse parade."
At a reception by two hundred women a massive hero medal of bronze, and a luxurious motor car placed at his service, came unsolicited to Teddy, a great shaggy-haired Newfoundland having big brown beaming eyes and a streak of dauntless courage that permeates every ounce of his one hundred and forty pounds. It was the biggest day in Teddy's life, unless he remembers that broiling day last summer when he leaped into the Hudson River and saved two little children from drowning. Teddy had been an unsung hero until his case came to the attention of Mrs. Speyer of the New York Women's League for Animals. It is interesting to know that the many large Animal Rescue Leagues established in America are all doing the great work to which they aspired.

Most effective assistance has been rendered humanity by training dogs to collect money, an act which if it does not constitute heroism in itself may be influential in achieving beneficial results.

The English collecting dog Jack III has had a most successful year. He was the son of Jack II which amassed a total collection of $5,300 during his career at Waterloo station in London. Jack I collected between $2,500 and $3,000, and the third Jack of that intelligent philanthropic ilk has collected nearly $3,000 in two years and five months. He seems to have a brilliant career before him. During Christmas week his collection amounted to $65.62 and there was another collection in his box that had not then been counted. On its collar the faithful dog wears five silver medals presented by the board of management of the London and Southwestern Railway Servants' Orphanage. A medal is given for each $500 collected, and soon he will be entitled to another.

Jack is well known and appreciated at Waterloo by travelers from all parts of the world who, in the lonely fiords of Norway, on the prairies of the Canadian Northwest, and in the United States, have read about his philanthropic exploits. Jack spent his summer holiday on the Isle of Wight with his owner and made a very successful collection.

Another striking example of the ability of a dog to collect large amounts is presented by the bulldog which stood in the lobby of the Cort Theatre
at the annual benefit given for the New York Antivivisection Society. In a basket which he held in his mouth he received an amount exceeding twenty-five hundred dollars. There died recently at Southampton, England, a dog known to many transatlantic travelers. This dog was a Newfoundland, and his name was very appropriately Sailor. With his collecting box strapped across his shoulders Sailor used to watch the coming and going of all steamers at Southampton. His mute appeal for funds to aid the Seamen’s Orphanage was very effective and during his career he collected nearly twenty-five hundred dollars for that institution. Sailor was eight years old when death ended his life of usefulness. “The most useful dog in England” recently met his death beneath the wheels of a train in the railway station at Oxford. But if his life has been snuffed out, the form of the remarkable little water spaniel still remains in the station, for employers of the railroad have had his body mounted and placed on a pedestal on the station platform.
TELL

GERMAN MILITARY DOG DECORATED WITH IRON CROSS FOR SAVING GERMANS FROM RUSSIAN AMBUSH
In some plays success or failure has depended upon four-legged actors.

Let us take a peep into the dim dormitories of the past, to use the felicitous phrase of Editor Miller of the New York Times. Yes, dogs like human beings have in their time played many parts on the stage of life, and in none have many of them been so successful as in the rôles of actors. Though it is known that dogs took part in theatrical productions in Shakespeare's time and even before that, there is unfortunately no reliable record of such performances. It may be that in those days "dog actors" were not considered of sufficient importance to merit the preservation of their names and deeds, for it is not until the beginning of the nineteenth century that we find a definite record of a dog's histrionic efforts.
In 1813 at the old Surrey Theatre a play was produced entitled "Llewellyn, Prince of Wales, and the Dog Gelert." The dog on this occasion was the star, for the whole play centered around him; had there been no dog, there could have been no play. We are not told the breed of this sagacious animal but of his success there is not a shadow of doubt. From the appearance of Gelert in 1813 to that of Pingo, a diminutive Yorkshire terrier, in 1908, there has not been one dog on the stage that has not proved an ornament and attraction. Indeed, in several cases a four-legged performer has made the greatest hit in a play, drawing hundreds of people night after night by the magnetism of his inarticulate art.

In 1814 "The Dog of Montgarias," the play to which Genest refers, was produced at Covent Garden Theatre. It was written around a true incident in which a man was murdered in the forest of Bondy and the murderer tracked by means of his dog. One day this dog suddenly sprang at the throat of a man and almost killed him, whereupon the wretch, terror stricken, confessed that he was the murderer. This dramatic incident formed the basis of the play and everything depended upon the cleverness of the dog. He was called Dragon, and his acting was so marvelous that the play achieved a remarkable success, running for thirty-nine performances.

Lion, a wonderful St. Bernard, played in "Hans, the Boatman" at Terry's Theatre. Twice afterwards he went around the world playing in the principal cities of India, South Africa, Australia, and Japan, on one occasion traveling from Sydney to Chicago by way of London, without a break—17,150 miles—for which performance he holds a record among doggy actors. In "Hans, the Boatman" this great dog was the attraction of the play. His master became blind and parted from his wife, and the dog was the means of reuniting them in a touching scene which never failed to move the audience to tears. Lion used to stroll quietly to the wings every night and stand waiting for his cue. When it came he always went on without a word from anyone and played his part like a true artist. His utter dejection when his master recovered his sight in the play...
and he like Othello found his occupation gone was most pitiful. In more
recent years a clever little Yorkshire terrier appeared in "My Wife" at
the Haymarket Theatre. This tiny creature was an unfailing source of
delight to playgoers and players, his cunning wickedness being an ever-
lasting joy. In the first act, a duologue or dogalogue took place between
one of the actors and the dog which lay placidly on a table and appeared
to understand everything that was said.

One of the cleverest dogs that ever fascinated an audience was Binkie
the fox terrier in "The Light that Failed." His master was Aubrey Smith
who was so admirable as Torpenhow in the play, and Mr. Smith, who has
been a dog owner for twenty-five years, said that Binkie was the most
human, intelligent, plucky, affectionate dog he had ever known. He
quickly learned to shut doors and fetch slippers, taught himself to ex-
tinguish a lighted match, and was quite a professional at hide and seek,
ever failing to find the ball even if it were concealed behind a picture
or at the bottom of the coal scuttle. His first appearance was not an over-
whelming success owing to an accident for which he was not to blame.
After rehearsing splendidly he made his entrance correctly, when Mr.
Smith turned to speak to someone and accidentally hit Binkie on the
nose with his stick. The dog naturally concluded he was wrong and made
an abrupt exit. Another time his mistress was behind the scene and he
made a hurried and unrehearsed departure—through the fireplace.

Bobby's Beat is a clever sheep dog that recently appeared at the Adel-
phi with Martin Harvey in "The Last Heir," making a great success.
Bobby dearly loved his part and when "overture and beginners" was
called each night an exciting struggle took place to prevent his rushing
on before his cue. The fascination of the footlights is evidently as strong
in dogs as in human beings, for when "The Last Heir" was withdrawn
and Bobby had to be left behind at night he nearly howled the roof off
in his bitter distress.

These are but a few of the many talented dogs that have won histrionic
laurels. They may truly be said to belong to that happy band who
are born great, for though in one sense they have had greatness thrust upon them, it is only by their innate genius that they have been able to grasp their opportunities and win their dramatic spurs.

Nero, the wise dog, is often the special interest of the play and always adds greatly to its drawing power; but I find that care must be taken to make sure that a wonderful dog belongs to the famous actor with whom he is associated in very reliable papers. For instance from a long and fascinating story of Sothern and the dog Danger as they appeared in “The Dancing Girl” full of details of the rare genius of this hero, I quote what I thought a great find:

“Possibly the most remarkable feat in all of Danger’s career was performed in connection with this same part in ‘The Dancing Girl’ three and a half years after his first performance in it. Danger’s owners who never allowed him to be away from them were filling a summer engagement in the West when the management wanted to use Danger in ‘The Dancing Girl.’ “His master expected to have to reteach him the part. He stood by the back door, repeated the old cue, and prepared to lead the dog through the window. No sooner had he heard the old line, than immediately Danger trotted forward. It was more than three years since he had played the part, but he had forgotten neither lines nor business. “As if that were not enough for one dog, the next week the management decided to try a rough and tumble farce requiring a clown dog. The rehearsals for this were held while Danger was still playing the pathetic rôle. In the mornings Danger rehearsed the horseplay scene of the farce, chasing a certain man around the room, over chairs and tables; in the evenings he went through his usual affecting scenes in ‘The Dancing Girl’ without for a moment confusing the part with the one he had rehearsed in the morning.”

Shep has been acting in “The Road to Happiness” for three years and has never missed a rehearsal or a performance—and now comes along Jasper in “Young America” and proves like Crab and Shep that the dog star is something not to be barked at.
JASPER
A MOST REMARKABLE STAGE DOG
Educated Dogs of To-day

Jasper, the dog which entertained a cardinal and a president, has come to the notice of scientists of Smithsonian Institute. When President Taft returned from Panama, Jasper surprised him by giving the Mason's grip and performing other remarkable feats of canine intelligence. Justice Day and John Hays Hammond were present and both said Jasper could give a better exhibition than certain statesmen of their acquaintance. Jasper also paid his respects to Cardinal Gibbons at Baltimore. The prelate had to admit that the dog's intelligence bordered upon the uncanny or the uncanine. Jasper is a thirty-five pound brindle bull and when not performing is as frisky and full of mischief as his less gifted brothers. He is a constant companion of his master's two children, and woe betide the unthinking stranger who lays a hand on them.

Some people say that mongrels are brighter than dogs of straight breed. Jasper appears to prove it. At least there was not one of the many who crowded into the concert hall to see Jasper who would not have sworn to this. Though Jasper is qualified to write a book on "Famous People I Have Met," having been introduced to Champ Clark in the House of Representatives and received by ex-President Taft in the White House, and by various other well-known people at various times, and although he is having his portrait painted by the Princess Luoff Paloughy, he was perfectly amiable and unaffected about amusing the audience.

"Jasper," said Mr. Taylor in an ordinary conversational tone, "go down to the other end of the room and bring me that shoe." Mr. Taylor could not see the shoe because there were rows and rows of people between, and he was not looking in that direction, but Jasper threaded his way through the crowd, got the shoe, and carried it to the stage. With similar despatch he brought from different parts of the room a newspaper and various other objects. Jasper proved letter perfect in his vocabulary. His master says he knows three hundred words. He was not tested in all of them, but he never failed in those in which he was tested. Many other things Jasper did at his master's command. He went to the other end of the room and brought a man from there to the stage, leading him
by a bit of his trousers’ leg. Then he climbed up and took off the man’s hat and his spectacles and carried them to Mr. Taylor. And in these and all his other tricks the remarkable thing was that he never mistook an order, never hesitated in doing just the thing he was told to do. After the performance Jasper held a reception in the booth of the Women’s League for Animals of which Mrs. James Speyer is head. Mrs. Speyer says the reason why she is interested in Jasper is that she knows there never has been any cruelty in his training; it was all done by kindness. Certainly there seems to be a deep attachment between Jasper and his master.

Waltzing he enjoyed tremendously; at least he looked as if he did. Round and round the stage to the music played on the piano by one of Mrs. Speyer’s friends, he waltzed on his little hind legs; and how the children in the audience loved it. Oddly enough, the most difficult stunt he did, the hardest, his master said, for him to learn — was turning a somersault. He made much more fuss over that than over the mental feats; he did it at last, but he didn’t want to one bit. Another stunt the children loved was when Mr. Taylor said: “Jasper, do as the married men do in Brooklyn.” Gravely Jasper went to a baby carriage on the stage, stood up on his hind feet, and rolled it to and fro.

“I am uneasy if I am away from him, and he is uneasy if he is away from me,” Mr. Taylor said. “I’ve had him since he was three months old and now he is two and a half years old. I began training him just by talking to him. When we went along the street, I’d say: ‘Jasper, that is a fence, that is a tree’ and so on. People thought I was crazy, but you see it worked.”

Mr. Taylor picked him up in Frostburg, Md., five years ago, when he was a pup. A traveling showman, having a litter he did not know what to do with, gave this dog to the lecturer. Mr. Taylor said he never attempted to teach him any tricks but that somehow he always seemed to know just what was said to him.

In “Young America” Jasper was such an important part of the show that the producers, Cohan and Harris, tried to insure him for $100,000;
for while it would probably be possible to teach another dog to do just
what Jasper does on the stage, it is hard to believe that another dog could
act in the same spirit of enthusiastic abandon, or that another dog could
inspire the instant affection which Jasper arouses.

Many other dogs have appeared in amateur theatricals. A few of these
have become famous. Sweety, a tiny Pekinese spaniel owned by Miss
Emmy Wehlen, played a thinking part in the comic opera called
"Melinda and Her Sisters," produced in New York for the benefit of
equal suffrage. Sweety appeared during the chorus of a song sung by
Miss Wehlen.

Mrs. May Jarvis, the first woman clown to act in a circus, has one of
the cleverest clown dogs. She now performs daily for the Barnum and
Bailey shows and is making a great success of her work. She says:
"Yes I love the work, so does Punch, my dog. He is the dog that
pulls the coat off the clown. As soon as he gets a little more experience
on the track we are going to do some wonderful family acts. All my
grandfathers have been clowns for seven generations, and all my life I
have felt in me the desire to follow in their footsteps. When I was
eighteen months old I made my début as a clown with my uncle, George
Adams, in Newark. My mother made me a little clown costume and
painted my face. I walked on the stage perfectly composed and turned
a somersault to the vast delight of the audience, but on coming to my
normal position I happened to look out into the wings and saw my
mother. I began to yell, 'I want my mamma!' So they told me no good
clown ever cried; it was the business of clowns to be funny. That dis-
couraged me for years, until I met Mr. Jarvis. Then I gathered courage
and decided to be a clown and that I wouldn't marry him unless he
helped me.'

Besides the dogs that play parts in the drama, do tricks on the variety
stage, or perform antics in the circus ring, there are other dogs before the
public. These are the talking and mathematical dogs who utter words or
do sums in simple arithmetic. Long and bitter has been the fight in
Educated Dogs of To-day

scientific circles as to the genuineness of these remarkable feats. Some authorities stoutly maintain that they are nothing more than extremely elaborate and highly trained tricks, others that the dogs do actually display true reasoning and thinking powers. Like the highly educated horses, many of these cultivated dogs come from Germany.

The assertion of a gamekeeper near Hamburg that his dog could speak German and had an understanding of the language sufficient to answer questions intelligently was taken so seriously by German scientists that a commission of investigation was appointed. This commission found the animal possessed of a vocabulary of seven words which were clearly articulated. Of the number four were words of two syllables. It is asserted that the dog understands what is said to him and replies to the inquiries of strangers within the limits of his knowledge of the language, without aid or suggestion from his owner.

In Eugene Walter’s new play, “The Little Shepherd of Kingdom Come,” the dog Jack has almost as important a rôle as the Little Shepherd himself. Indeed few dogs, or even humans, have been so much the center of interest as Jack in his performances at the various theaters.

In casting about for a dog worthy of John Fox’s novel, Eugene Walter heard that “Young America” was closing and seized the opportunity to get Jasper, so recently noted as one of America’s greatest dog stars though essentially a city-bred pup. It happened that William Hodge decided to close his run in “The Road to Happiness” about the same time. This released another equally famous dog, Jack, a remarkable collie trained since puppyhood to appear in public, first as a vaudeville artist and now as a real actor at one hundred and fifty dollars a week. (Union members please take notice.) Of course, Jack was chosen as an ideal type of sheep dog, being a Scotch collie with exceptional beauty and intelligence. That intelligence is needed for his rôle in “The Little Shepherd of Kingdom Come” is due to the fact that Eugene Walter has built the entire plot about the fierce love of a boy for his dog and the equally faithful devotion of the dog for his master.
YOURS TRULY

OWNED BY MR. FORD OF "FORD AND TRULY"
It is worth while to learn that the original of the terrier who is listening at the phonograph to "his master's voice" belonged to Willis P. Sweatnam the famous actor who in the amusing play of the "County Chairman," delighted the audience night after night with his quaint humor and masterly interpretations of the character of Sassafras Livingston.

Harry Kelley, the comedian, always has in his act a little mongrel called Lizzie; no matter how many dogs die, the next is always called Lizzie. He stalks on the stage with the little pup trailing on behind and when asked what kind of a dog that is replies, "Huntin' dog."

Partner: "Huntin' dog, huntin' dog, where does he hunt?"

Harry: "He hunts here, he hunts here, and he hunts here," pointing to fleabitten patches on the woebegone Lizzie.

There is a great deal of professional jealousy among stage dogs. Several years ago a circus man whose star dog was getting old got a young dog to train in the same tricks, and when he was putting the young dog through his stunt for his first public performance the star had to be chained so eager was he to perform his own tricks, and he resented the understudy with an almost human hatred.

Chauncey Olcott usually has a dog.

There have been innumerable impersonators of dogs on the stage, one of the best being Alfred Latell, who appeared in "Hands Up," at the Forty-fourth street Theatre, in New York.

Jacob Wendell, Jr., Harvard graduate of a family long famous in the annals of his university, won fame for his wonderful impersonation of the dog in Mutterlinck's "Blue Bird." Mr. Wendell made a very convincing dog as he leaped about the two children and assured them with dog antics and moving human speech that he would stand by them no matter what happened. The children needed such assurance since the action of the play took them through a maze of adventure such as might never be conceived outside of fairyland. In their hunt for Blue Bird, or happiness, they found the souls of forest trees — Night, Light, Fire, Water,
Time — and of such familiar articles of diet as bread, sugar, and milk. They saw a graveyard open its tombs, and even if it afterwards proved to be in reality only a beautiful garden, the need of the dog to give them courage was plain enough.

Of course, Mr. Wendell was obliged to pay the price of success, which demands that he figure as the pivot of humorous stories. One of these relates to his encounter with a restaurateur. Mr. Wendell was dining in the place one day, according to the story, when the proprietor came up, and after barking several times, remarked:

“You see I can play the dog as well as you.”

“Yes,” Mr. Wendell replied, “but you see I had to learn the part.”

I learn of another striking instance of dog intelligence almost equaling Jasper’s in the shape of a little fox terrier named Truly. A lady in Baltimore who witnessed the act and interviewed Mr. Ford, Truly’s master, writes me that —

“She are billed as “Ford and Truly” and the act opens with Ford and the dog both in evening clothes and high silk hats, Ford staggering on and singing “We Won’t Go Home Till Morning” and Truly staggering along on her hind legs, back of her master. It was very comical. Ford then removes Truly’s clothes and puts her through acrobatic stunts, usual except one—he claims that Truly is the only dog on the stage that does a double somersault in the air and lands on his hand on her forepaws. During the act they play follow-the-leader and Truly imitates Ford in everything he does then turns around and bows to the audience before walking off the stage on her hind legs. After the applause Ford told her to bow and speak which she did giving a little yelp with her bow.

“Mr. Ford told me that he was doing a partner act three years ago in Boston and got Truly from a little boy on the street. So far as he knows she is a mongrel and was two months old at that time. He got her mainly for a pet but amused himself at night by teaching her tricks. When she became proficient he tried her out and decided to do without a partner and now the dog is the whole act. Mr. Ford says “Truly is very tempera-
mental and loves applause. When the audience is small or unappreciative and he loafs through the act Truly does likewise; when she does not get enough applause to suit her, she loafs; but all that he has to say is "what are you doing, stalling?" and she immediately perks up andputs vim into her performance. She has been trained entirely by love and kindness and adores her master. She was very friendly seeming to know we were discussing her, and did all her tricks for my benefit. Mr. Ford also said that Jasper's master thinks Truly a wonderful dog and complimented him on having her. Mr. Ford is on the Marcus Loew's vaudeville circuit. I shall try to get you a photograph of Truly.

"Since writing the above I have seen Dave Wood's animal actors, consisting of fifteen dogs of different kinds and a few monkeys. The scene is a little village and the happenings during the afternoon. There is a little play which the dogs act entirely alone, absolutely with nobody on the stage. Each dog seemed thoroughly to enjoy doing his little part and the whole constituted a truly remarkable performance."

The dog star has come more and more into use during the past two or three seasons. The first important utilization of a dog in a play up to the present season was when Laurette Taylor appeared in "Peg o' My Heart" with her Michael. Dog stars and dog acts, however, have ever been tremendously popular in vaudeville. Claude and Fannie Usher with their dog Spareribs have been the delight of vaudeville audiences for many years and continue to receive an amount of applause which in no way suggests that the interest in performing dogs is on the wane.

The Great Dane shown in the frontispiece of this book is a public character, having played second lead with Mabel Taliaferro in "The Price She Paid" in which he showed enough of artistic conscience in the interests of the performance to pretend to like a man whom in reality he disliked. He is owned by Edward Field Sanford, Jr., the noted sculptor and also is a friend of Daniel French, who considers him the finest specimen of doghood known, and keeps his modeled effigy in bronze in a small version in both town and country studio. The statue does full
justice to this high reputation. It is at once pure design and pure dog. The lines of the folds of flesh that lie like a yoke about the powerful shoulders and the lines about the muzzle are as noble as Greek drapery. There is nothing fugitive and changing about this canine physiognomy; it hints at the eternal in the profundity of its character; but the keen, forward pointing ears, the quivering nostrils, the intelligent eyes, lend animation to the monumental form. It is a great Dane in more than one sense.

With the advent of the "movies" the dog has been called upon to give his share of the thrills and play conspicuous parts in the rescue of abducted children and snow-buried men in northern wilds, while on the more sentimental side of life he meets emergencies by carrying notes to separated and distracted lovers.

Although he has thus far been useful in adding interest to the films of these shows, his appearance on the screen may have a direful effect upon his kindred when they appear as spectators, for instance:

Brind, a policeman's dog, is part bull terrier and a fighter of note in the vicinity of his home in Denver. The policeman's children, who occasionally attend the moving picture shows, have been unable to prevent Brind from following them, and as the animal is usually well behaved he has been admitted and allowed to occupy a seat at times when the attendance has been small. All went well until recently when Brind, always attentive and watchful, witnessed the portrayal of the capture of a white maiden by redskins and the subsequent flight and pursuit over the hills. At the moment the Indians grabbed the girl, Brind began to growl. Then, "whoof! whoof! whoof!" and Brind jumped from his seat and made a leap for the canvas screen. The operator, who had been keeping his eye on Brind, shut off the picture machine in time to prevent damage to the screen.

Dogs are now barred from moving picture shows.
EDITH CAVELL.
IN COMPANY WITH HER DOGS, SHOWING AN INTERESTING SIDE TO
THE ENGLISH NURSE'S PRIVATE LIFE.
CHAPTER SEVEN

"The more I see of men, the better I like dogs."

MME. DE STAËL

IT is probably because he is the best friend, the best comrade, the best companion to man of all the animals, that the dog holds his firm and lasting place in the hearts of all human kind. Lovers of horses may perhaps dispute his primacy, but I think no one will deny his place, for in no part of the world has there yet been found a race or a people which did not cherish the dog as a friend and companion. The Hottentot, it is true, will occasionally eat him in the form of a dog stew; the Eskimo or Northern Indian will beat him as a reward for his day's work and will feed him to the other members of the dog team if circumstances demand; but let any foreigner attempt to steal or shoot a dog belonging to either the Hottentot or the Eskimo, and observe the international complications that follow! And as further evidence of the affection and esteem
in which the dog has at all times and in all places been held, it might be added that no nation of which we have record has ever yet left a history of its life and achievements without somewhere mentioning the dog and the honorable part he played in its civilization.

But there is no need of argument to prove all this. It is an accepted thing, a tradition with all of us, even with those who do not themselves own dogs. One of the earliest recollections which most of us retain, I suppose, is the famous picture by Landseer, "A Distinguished Member of the Royal Humane Society"—a picture, by the way, which had such an appeal to lovers of the Newfoundland dog that they named one strain of Newfoundland the Landseer in honor of the painter. On the walls of nearly every schoolroom will be found a reproduction of this picture, and close beside it one will usually see that other famous dog picture showing an enormous St. Bernard, a keg of water and a parcel of food tied about his neck, pawing the Alpine snows in search of a buried traveler.

The latest discussion of the psychic development of dogs as considered in the *Sun* is depressing. I quote a standard psychologist and the sensible reply of the *Sun*:

"There is no evidence that during all the time brutes have existed upon the earth they have invented a single mechanical instrument, lit a fire, or intelligently transferred a useful piece of information from one generation to another."

"Every owner of a dog will be hit in the eye by the first indictment. It is true. No dog has ever invented an asphalt roller or a potato peeler or a coat hanger or a nonrefillable whiskey bottle. Of course he could have no use for such things but does that palliate his offence of omission? The only mechanical instruments he could use would be a vise for holding a bone and a knife or pliers for removing the meat. For a vise the deficient creature uses his paw and for the knife or pliers he substitutes his teeth. Instead of inventing an ivory back scratcher he rolls in the street, poor dunce! Has he 'intelligently transferred a useful piece of information from one
No one who knows dogs will doubt that the dog is able to make known to man his every wish. As for passing information to another dog, what is the dog doing when he gives tongue on the trail? Surely he is not notifying the quarry he is after it. Again, wild dogs do not bark. They have certain cries, but the bark belongs to the canine who has known man."

A progressive scientist reading the views of the psychologist remarked with a good deal of feeling:

"Men, 'made a little lower than the angels,' have made such a mess and failure of the opportunities offered them that when by the slow process of evolution dogs get up on their hind legs there will probably be a decided improvement."

Companionship in the dog is not confined to any one breed or to any one place. Every city and town—every community, in fact—has its dog traditions which we all know. There is the dog that helped the blind man about the streets, the dog that solicited pennies for the lame beggar, the dog that saved the children from drowning, the dog that tracked and caught the burglar, holding him at bay and barking an alarm until human help came. It is a noble record indeed, and not any the less noble because of its familiarity. And more often than not, the dog in the case is the veriest mongrel with a pedigree as short as his own tail.

But of all the dogs that toil side by side with man in his day's work, probably none has won a grander reputation than the collie, the famous sheep dog, the dog which at the wave of a hand will cut out from a flock of a thousand sheep and return to his master a single lost ewe that has strayed. No one who has read Mr. Alfred Ollivant's "Bob, Son of Battle" and who has thrilled at the contests of Owd Bob, last of the gray dogs of Kenmuir, with the mongrel Red Wull will dispute this claim in behalf of the collie.

Countless stories are told of the sagacity and intelligence of the collie. They "have been known to drive sheep many miles by themselves,"
writes Mr. Rawdon B. Lee, a former kennel editor of The Field, "... and to distinguish between those that belonged to their master's flock and those of a neighbor's. The homing instinct is strong in the collie. A farmer friend of mine says a collie that belonged to him found its way from Norfolk back to Scotland."

That the intelligence of the collie may be easily perverted is no fault of the dog but of the man who owns him. Mr. Lee tells of the case of the Cumberland sheep stealer who was hanged at Carlisle. "Accompanied by a sheep dog, he frequented certain farms in the daytime. Selecting sheep here and there, he pointed them out to his dog. At night the two went near the places; the dog went into the fields and drove out the sheep already chosen, which his dishonest master converted into mutton and then sold."

Mr. Lee also tells of a Scotchman who, when asked as to the number of persons attending a little church in one of the mountainous portions of the Cumberland district, replied, "Why t'last Sunday thar war ten cur dogs liggin' in t' porch an' the churchyard"—meaning, of course, that there were ten in the congregation, as each would be attended by his dog. "Cur" it should be explained is only the local term for sheep dog.

A Mr. Rumball of Birmingham, England, is said to have had a show collie that could play cards with considerable success. Nap was the game at which he excelled, "... and he became so proficient as to be able to hold his own with anyone whom his owner challenged."

In the household the dog is friend, companion, and protector in one. Here not even the horse may claim to rival him. Everyone who has owned a dog, no matter of how brief, mixed, or lengthy a pedigree, will have a chapter of his own to write about the faithfulness, the intelligence, the deeds, and pranks of his pet. Let me cite only a single instance—that of a black and tan cocker spaniel named Neptune of which Mr. J. Otis Fellows in "The American Book of the Dog" writes as follows: "He considers himself the chosen friend, the guardian, the nurse, the messenger of the family. When his master comes into the house... and
THE EVER-ACTIVE FOX TERRIER MAKING A DIVE FROM SPRINGBOARD

AN INTERESTING GROUP OF COMPANION DOGS OWNED BY MR. FERRY WAULTON
sits down, the dog will, if invited, leap upon his lap, rub and caress him.

and then, without waiting for a command, will leap down, run and
get the man's slippers, and bring them to him. If the master lies down
on the sofa, the dog lies beside him, either on the sofa or the floor, as
directed, and anyone who approaches him while asleep is warned by an
angry growl and a show of ivory that the atmosphere about there is un-
healthy for intruders. If the master moves uneasily or moan in his sleep,
Nep is up in an instant, peering anxiously into his face, whining, and
showing the most intense anxiety for his charge.

"When friends call and bring children, he at once takes charge of them
and not even their own mother is allowed to punish them in his presence.
He carries notes and packages up and down stairs and anywhere about
the house, thus saving his master and mistress many a step. These charges
he always delivers to the person to whom he is sent, and it is useless for
anyone else to try to get them from him en route. When the postman
rings the bell, Nep goes down, gets the mail, and delivers it safely to his
mistress."

In conclusion I wish to cite in full a modern instance of dog com-
panionship which was related in a recent issue of the London Times. It
tells of the ship's dog in time of war—"a seldom mentioned member of
the trawler crew which takes his part in the British Coast Patrol"—and
will be appreciated by every dog lover:

"Writers who praise very justly the crews of those thousands of steam
trawlers and drifters which are now auxiliary to the British navy have
generally ignored an indispensable part of each vessel's complement—the
ship's dog. This neglect may be due to a predisposition of landmen, who
are accustomed to look upon the dog as a noble animal; and there is
nothing noble about the ship's dog—externally at all events. Appearances
are against him. So far from his being a gentleman, he is, like Launce's
dog Crab in the 'Two Gentlemen of Verona,' outside the pale of canine
culture. In short, he is an unmitigated bounder, and the worst of it is
that he knows it and rejoices in it. Cheek is stamped upon his visage.
To him there is not so very much difference between a kick and a kind word. Both are in the ordinary day's routine. The kick diverts his attention momentarily to some one else; the kind word increases his presumption beyond human endurance. Nothing in the world would make him order himself lowly and reverently towards his superiors.

"Your sailor dog Crab is always a mongrel, partly because seafaring men love plain things and partly because he has strong 'in'ards' and is never, never sick at sea. When his ship is returning to port he is the first to sight, or rather to sniff the land. He is on the lookout in the bow among the ropes and chains whose running coils he has learned dexterously to evade. His nostrils dilate joyously at each whiff of stale fish from the quay and he raises aloft in the breeze a tail which in its day has obviously taken many strange craft in tow. His ears are cropped and his face is blotchy. If nature had manifestly intended him to be white the Devil takes a tar brush and puts an appropriate bar sinister across his left eye. On the other hand, if his parents had yearned for a jet black chip of the old block, by a similar infernal intervention he will have tawny eyebrows, a soiled shirt front, and one white sock. His caricature of a face is what naturalists call 'protective', for if you thrash him casually to ease your temper you laugh and pat him instantly because 'he's such a rummy little beggar.'

"Crab never grumbles, and he is seldom out of health. When he is he chews oakum as a substitute for grass and thus regains an appetite which would flabbergast the Kennel Club. He will gnaw a crust that has voyaged half around the world; he will heave in a yard of untearable gristle as if he had a windlass in his stomach; or he will crunch a dozen or two of the ship's cockroaches as though they were so many cracknels. He seldom sets foot on shore except when he is invited to follow the captain to the Blue Anchor of an evening. There, lying amid sawdust and spittoons, he grows intermittent approval of his master's opinions. Apart from a display of the rough-and-ready chivalry of the sea when he falls in with some canine belle of the town, he holds no acquaintance
with his tribe ashore. His contempt is undisguised for those landlubber whelps who slink around butchers' shops or play the chiffonier in refuse heaps. Just now he is beginning to lose his temper with dog shirkers, for he is convinced that he is 'doing his bit' on the high seas; and his whiskers have the wry and salt look of a fellow who has chivied U boats through the North Sea spume. Clearly, by his countenance, he has resolved never to be taken prisoner. Should his ship go down in action he will be found — no doubt with his little cork jacket on — bidding defiance to the Hun with a dying bark which hasn't got an 'h' in it. Crab may be an 'unmitigated bounder' and a 'rummy little beggar' but he has a true British heart all the same, and, as he would say with his inimitable wink, 'don't you forget it!'"
CHAPTER EIGHT

"The dog is the only animal which has followed man over the whole earth."
CUVIER

ONE of the commonest sights in Belgium, Holland, and many parts of France before the war, was the dog-drawn carts of the peasants coming in to market in the morning or going about the town on their daily chores. The dogs that drew the carts were of no particular size or breed. They were harnessed singly, in pairs, and sometimes three abreast. They hauled their loads of cheeses, milk, butter, or other dairy or garden produce as if to do so was their established duty as members of the family to which they belonged. Nearly every one who has traveled in the countries mentioned has photographs of these dogs of burden, and it is astonishing to see what a disproportionately large load the dogs can pull.

To-day in Belgium and France, most of these dogs have been requisitioned by the military authorities, and they are proving their faithfulness
JACQUES SUZANNE, THE ARTIST EXPLORER
PREPARING FOR DASH TO POLAR REGIONS

BELGIAN DOGS RECEIVING MEAL BY ROYCE
and intelligence on the battlefield side by side with the poilus and the Belgian soldiers. Hundreds of them are being used to draw the two-wheeled carts on which are mounted the mitrailleses or machine guns. They take these weapons right up to the firing line, crossing the zones where the fire is most intense without a sign of fear, and lie down in the midst of shot and shell to wait until the soldiers are ready to have the guns moved again. Other hundreds are doing their part in the hospital service, not only in searching out the wounded after a charge but in drawing the small one-man ambulances which are used to transport the wounded to the rear. Once the blessé on his stretcher is placed in the cart, these dogs need no further directions but take him straight to the field hospitals.

Such dogs as were not required for military duty have proved invaluable aids to the noncombatants at home. They were the animals on which the Belgian refugees depended to haul away such of their household goods as could be saved before the advancing Germans, and nobly did they do their work, as the motion pictures of the war which have come to this country testify. These pictures show dogs of all sizes harnessed together and often working side by side with their masters.

But now let us leave the horrors of war and turn to the far north, where the dog as a beast of burden is at his romantic best.

The Indians drove the hardy wolf dogs over the frozen water courses before the whites came. The Hudson Bay Company later adopted the native dog and toboggan as its sole means of winter travel, though the railroad is now rapidly displacing him. For this work a good leader is all important. The finest specimens of this type of dog are found within the Arctic circle. They are all wolf dogs and are known as Eskimo, Husky, Malamute, Siwash, etc. They have thick, short necks, sharp wolflike muzzles and slanting eyes, short and generally erect pointed ears, and are protected by warm coats of thick hair. They live on dried salmon, cooked rice, cornmeal, oatmeal, and bacon. With a light load of one hundred to one hundred and fifty pounds a dog can travel forty miles a day while
the best teams will make sixty miles day after day. The Eskimo dogs are said to be unfriendly but this is not so. They are independent dogs and will not grovel or fawn when patted on the head but will not bite or harm anyone. They have a habit of yelping fiercely at the first sign of attack or punishment by their master. This type of dog does not bark or bay like a civilized dog. His only note for emotion is a long-drawn howl. It is the wolf cry.

Sixteen Siberian sledge dogs taken into Bear Valley, California, to give Alaskan color to a vitagraph moving picture saved the lives of three women and twelve men who were snow-bound in the San Bernardino mountains. Nell Shipman, authoress, scenario writer, and leading woman of the "God's Country and the Woman" story which was being enacted in the snowdrifts of Bear Valley, arrived in Los Angeles with other members of the company. They had undergone an unusually trying experience. She said:

"On this last trip if it had not been for the dogs we would never have escaped death in the snows. We had been in camp seventy miles from Victorville for two weeks. We had just gone through a terrific snowstorm. One pass out was entirely closed. The closing of the other pass would have meant that we would have been snowed in until spring with provisions for a little over a week. Then a hurricane came up and we had to make a rushing mush out or be lost. The dogs brought us out."

The Eskimos harness their dogs to the sledges in a line, sometimes to the number of eight or ten, and these teams perform their work with speed, steadiness, and perseverance. Captain Lyon when in the Arctic regions had nine of these dogs which dragged sixteen hundred and ten pounds a mile in nine minutes and worked in this manner during seven or eight hours a day. Such dogs will draw a heavy sledge to a considerable distance at the rate of thirteen or fourteen miles an hour, and they will travel long journeys at half that rate, each of them pulling the weight of one hundred and thirty pounds. Ten Eskimo dogs can drag a load of thirteen hundred pounds, and travel seventy-two miles in a twelve-hour day.
Educated Dogs of To-day

The annual All-Alaska Dog Race, the classic sporting event of the north, is evidence of the work these remarkable dogs can do when under stress. This is a four hundred and twelve mile run over snow and ice for the sweepstakes prize, and the course includes some of the roughest and most difficult traveling in Alaska. Last year the time of the winner, who drove a team of Siberian wolf dogs, was eighty hours and twenty-seven minutes. This was the fourth time in the last seven sweepstakes that the Siberian dogs had outdistanced the Malamutes. I think the dogs of the winning team got a good meal as their prize. The losers—well, they didn’t get that! Still, though overstrained and plentifully licked, they doubtless enjoyed the experience of the contest.

The Chippewa Indians use dogs to guard their papooses while they are away on some of their expeditions. Surgeon Flood and his leading dog were frozen to death near Fort Churchill, Winnipeg, while going back for the food box of the party in the worst snowstorm ever known there. When the surgeon dropped in his tracks, the other dogs bit themselves free of the harness and each other and sought safety. The trail showed that whenever the dogs were given their heads they turned toward the camp but were turned away again to destruction. When the doctor was found it was a pitiful sight. His body lay in the snow and his faithful leader lay alongside of him. The responsibility of the leader of a dog train is felt by that animal, and faithful to the last the dog had tried to keep his master’s body warm until he perished. All honor to the leader who stayed by his master and for him died in the snow.

When forced to travel all night the Siberian natives make a practice of stopping just before sunrise and allowing their dogs to sleep. They argue that if a dog goes to sleep while it is yet dark and wakes up in an hour and finds the sun shining he will suppose that he has had a full night’s rest and will travel all day without thinking of being tired.

In the far North dogs have long proved themselves of inestimable value. Far and swiftly they carry man over the frozen earth in quest of fortune. When the superior animal, man, is lost, the inferior, dog, by his super-
acute senses and instincts frequently becomes his savior. The man returns, the possessor of fame and fortune; the dog that enabled him to win both is forgotten. These dogs can go where there is no trail; they will sleep in the open without any shelter whatever and can cover long distances. In cases of extremity the stronger members of the dog team are fed on the weaker. The size of the team varies from three to twenty dogs. These teams carry one hundred pounds per dog over ordinary trails. Shackleton depended largely upon the dogs he took with him for success in his Antarctic expedition.

Egerton R. Young in “My Dogs in the Northland” tells of being carried by dog trains with other missionaries to the Indians in the distant interior regions, where the transformation wrought by the reception of the gospel has been as marked as any recorded in missionary annals. One of his dogs, Rover, constituted himself the surgeon doctor of all the other dogs and his services were simply invaluable to the faithful and gallant sufferers.

In a story by Major W. F. Benton of “A Dog, His Doings,” about a dog in the far North I find this description: “Deep chested, broad backed, long woolled, clean legged, sharp nosed, pointed eared, bright eyed, with tail close curled over his back in token of everlasting good humor toward men and of fierce resentment to all outside dogs, the Eskimo dog stands by his species, the only animal which gives to his master the twofold service of horse and dog.”

It is certain that no exploration in the polar circles could have been possible without the sledge dogs that haul heavy loads through all sorts of hard places, obeying the leader though in constant danger of death. When a crisis comes and the hardtack and pemmican are gone and the penguin fails to present himself to be shot, then are met the exigencies of the occasion; the drivers kill and eat their faithful servitors, and sometimes if not themselves starving they give to the stronger dogs the bodies of their comrades. I can only hope they do not agree with them, as Sidney Smith said to the bishops living among cannibals.
ALASKAN HUSKIES USED BY FRENCH RED CROSS IN ALSACE

A PERFECT PACK OF SLEDGE DOGS
Pensions for the Alaskan dogs have been recommended to the War Department by the Commander of the Department of the Columbia. This officer reports that during his inspection tour of Alaska he was distressed by the present practice of turning old and disabled dogs adrift. "These dogs have done worthy service on the various trails for years," said the general. "They afford the only lines of communication between many of the army posts, and are used for taking through supplies. There are three hundred of these dogs constantly in the service. As soon as a dog is disabled or superannuated it is turned adrift. There should be some provision for the dogs, and I shall earnestly recommend the creation of a fund for properly caring for them when their term of service is ended."
IN the field of sport the dog has a record which dates almost from the beginning of history. Homer and Virgil wrote of the deeds of sporting dogs. The sculptors of ancient Persia pictured their monarchs in the hunting field surrounded by their packs. In 1600, in the good old days of Merrie England, we find one Richard Surflet writing of the work of well-trained setters in terms which might equally well be used to-day:

"When they come upon the haunt of that they hunt, they shall sodainely stop and fall down upon their bellies, and so leisurely creep by degrees to the game till they come within two or three yards thereof, or so near that they can not press nearer without danger of retrieving. Then shall your setter stick, and by no persuasion go further till yourself come in and use your pleasure."
George Washington maintained at Mount Vernon a pack of fox hounds which was reputed to have been unexcelled throughout Virginia. After the Revolution he writes as often as five times a week in his diary of his luck in following the hounds.

Not a few of what we usually consider modern breeds of sportings dogs date back to comparatively early times. The pointer, for instance, is thought by many authorities to be the descendant of the brach which is mentioned by Shakespeare. Both the brach and the bloodhound are known to have been introduced into England at the time of the Norman conquest. The setter, as shown by the quotation given, was known by its modern name more than three hundred years ago.

Every breed of sporting dog has its champions, who will gladly sit up half the night to prove to you why the particular breed they favor is the superior of all others. Lovers of the Airedale have a proverbial boast that the Airedale can do anything any other dog can do and then whip the other dog. Admirers of the fox hound and the beagle will almost come to blows in debating the relative merits of these two species. Such disputes, however, do not fall within the scope of this chapter which aims merely to describe a few instances of the remarkable almost human intelligence that is displayed by sporting dogs in the field.

Mr. Williams Haynes in a recent issue of Outing Magazine pays the following sportsman’s tribute to the intelligence of the quail dog:

"We all applaud the stiff antics of a high school trained horse and wax enthusiastic over the tricks of the lion tamer’s tawny pupil, but not one in fifty of us thinks that the quail dog displays training and intelligence far beyond these. He ranges over the country as free as the winter wind, but always under perfect control. No bit guides him, yet he turns to right or left at the wave of a hand. No snapping whip compels obedience, but he minds the call of a whistle promptly and cheerfully.

"If a savage tiger or a docile brown cow could be trained thus, scientific gentlemen would investigate the case in the interests of animal psychology. It would be one of the marvels of the world, but nobody
considers it abnormal in a setter or a pointer. Thousands of rollicking puppies learn the tricks every year. They suppress their strongest instincts to the will of their master.

"The pointing habit is but the momentary pause before the wild dog's spring at his prey, developed by long training and selective breeding till it is stronger than the instinct to pounce upon the prey. Think what self-control is demanded to stand staunch when the birds flush, and what a hold on elemental passions to pick up the dead bird and carry it gently to the master.

"All day long the quail shooter has before him a living example of strength, of perseverance, of good faith, of self-restraint, all the very cardinal virtues of good sportsmanship. It is a spiritual experience that is good for any man, and we love our four-footed partner in sport, not only because he shows us good sport, not only because he is good to look at, intelligent, and faithful, but also because his own good sportsmanship appeals to the best sportsmanship in ourselves."

In the same article Mr. Haynes describes the amusing peculiarities of two pointers, Joe and Queen, with which he hunted quail in the sandhills of North Carolina.

"Joe," he writes, "is blessed with a truly wonderful nose and cursed with an excess of caution. Not within the memory of any sandhill quail shooter has he ever been known to overrun his birds. Time and again his fine scenting powers will catch a covey ten or even twenty yards off. Then he takes so long creeping up to them that the birds run merrily off. . . Queen loves to run. Head up, tail waving, she races over the sandhills.

"Joe is too old a dog to learn any new tricks, but the versatile Queen has devised an unscrupulous hunting system of her own that fits in admirably with his slow methods. As she prances over the hills, she keeps one eye on her steady sire. Whenever she sees him acting 'birdy,' she will rush in, jump in front of him, and hold the birds until he comes up. . . In this way she has a splendid time. Without giving up the sport
of running riot, she doubles her opportunities for the sport of pointing, all the excitement of the shooting, and the pleasant duty of retrieving. Joe regards this erratic way of hunting with the greatest disfavor. Whenever Queen darts in front of him to point the covey he has found, he stops and looks at her, saying just as plain as English, 'It's a disgrace, a disgrace—the disrespect of the younger generation. Whatever are we coming to!' Then he sniffs an emphatically contemptuous sniff and walks in very dignifiedly to back up her point. How annoyed he is if she breaks ever so little at the sound of the guns, and with a perfect holier-than-thou air he will wait patiently for the command, 'Go seek—dead—go seek!'

"But his self-righteousness knows no bounds if, when Queen is seeking busily about, he can, as he often does, go straight to the dead bird, pick it up, toss it into his mouth, and walk off, saying, 'There, little girl, that's the proper way to do it!'"

Mr. Haynes also tells of a Carolina pointer called Rip, who among other feats held a point for two hours and seventeen minutes—as every person in that town who owns a dollar watch is willing to testify! Yet Rip is never more bored than when receiving the adulation of his admirers.

Writing in The American Book of the Dog, Mr. Harry Malcolm, president of the American Gordon Setter Club and a most enthusiastic admirer of this breed, relates a remarkable instance of the hunting instinct in a Gordon puppy. When first shown in England about 1860, the Gordon setter attracted general attention but was denounced by some as a cur and a mongrel, partly because of the large size of the dog but chiefly because the opposition had no previous acquaintance with the breed. To disprove such claims, a Mr. Pearce had a Gordon puppy brought up where it could not possibly see game. When at the age of nine or ten months this dog saw game for the first time, he "not only beat his ground in fine style, but at the end of a few hour's work began to stand his birds as only a well-bred pointer or setter will do, without any artificial education of any kind."
An equally remarkable instance of a hunting dog’s memory, this time in the case of a Scotch deerhound, is told by Dr. Q. Van Hummel, who states that in his opinion this breed surpasses any other in memory with the possible exception of the greyhound. “I have sold old dogs,” he says, “and have not seen them for two years, and without seeing me they would at once recognize my whistle when they heard it and would come bounding to me in a perfect ecstasy of delight.” The instance mentioned occurred while he was coursing deer with his two Scotch deerhounds Bevis and Leda.

“The ease with which the deerhound may be educated to do a certain part of any sport is remarkable,” he writes. “In a portion of the Pocono Mountains north of the Blue Ridge, deer were at that time plentiful. Much of the country is very rough, and it was impossible for the deerhounds to catch a deer that was not wounded; so we used to take a pair of slow trail-hounds to drive the deer into and across the valleys, and would then take the deerhounds into the valleys to sight the deer as they came out. The second time we went there with our dogs was in November, 1856. We arrived about daylight, and our trail-dogs struck a track and gave tongue before we had our team unhitched from the wagon. While we were putting out the team the deerhounds got away from us, and we supposed they had followed the yelping trail-hounds. We ran to the valley below, some half mile away, as fast as we could, knowing that the game would cross there. When we got within sight of the runway, to our great astonishment we found Bevis and Leda at their posts eager for a sight of the game.

“When I say that on our previous hunt, one month earlier, we had kept collar and leash on these dogs and that they caught on that hunt but two deer at this point, the remarkable sagacity of the deerhound may be realized. Had the foxhounds started a trail in the Blue Ridge Mountains the deerhounds would have gone with them to catch the fox; but not so here. They had been here once on different business and so well did they remember it that they immediately sped to their posts of duty.”
One might quote endless similar instances about any breed of sporting dog from the little cocker spaniel to the great boar hound or wolfhound of Europe. Whoever has gone out with a hunting dog, whoever has seen a well-trained pointer beat a stretch of upland and finally, trembling with eagerness, come to a point on a hidden snipe, head and tail distended and every sense alert, will doubtless be able to write a chapter far longer than this out of his own experience. One’s only embarrassment in treating of sporting dogs is the richness of the material at hand.

I will end this chapter with a tribute to the greyhound by Colonel Roger D. Williams:

"In point of speed, courage, fortitude, endurance, sagacity, and fine—almost human judgment, no grander animal lives than the greyhound. He knows no fear, he turns from no game animal on which he is sighted, no matter how large or how ferocious. He pursues with the speed of the wind, seizes the instant he comes up with the game, and stays in the fight until either he or the quarry is dead. . .

"I have seen many a greyhound, single and alone, overhaul and tackle a coyote, and in a pack have seen them close in and take hold of a timber wolf or a mountain lion and stay through the fight, coming out bleeding and quivering, with hardly a whole skin among them."

After all, it is no wonder that the sporting dog figures so largely in the written records of mankind.
L' ENVoi

THE DOG

To serve us better, to adapt himself better to our different needs, he has adopted every shape and been able infinitely to vary the faculties, the aptitudes which he places at our disposal.

You shall not find in Nature's immense crucible a single living being that has shown a like suppleness, a similar abundance of forms, the same prodigious faculty of accommodation to our wishes.

MAURICE MAETERLINCK