Dogs Everywhere

Dogs, Too, Have Their Dentists.

Prepared by National Geographic Society, Washington, D. C.—WNU Service.

LOVE me, love my dog, is no idle platitude. Men and dogs are often so bound together by genuine affection for one another that both are unhappy when long away from one another.

If the dog, in his centuries-long association with man, had never saved a life, rounded up a flock of sheep, helped track down meat, or pulled a polar sledge, this oldest friend of the human would still have given full payment for his room and board.

From that ancient partnership the man has benefited fully as much as the animal. By throwing in his lot with his caveman neighbors, the dog of prehistoric ages did much to give his two-legged ally dominance over the beasts and helped speed human progress.

Without dogs the geographical poles could not have been reached until the era of discovery by airplanes; and even today, says Admiral Byrd, "dogs are the infantry of polar exploration."

Dogs do the shopping in the Azores, pull carts in Newfoundland, Quebec, Belgium, The Netherlands, and elsewhere; they guide the blind in city streets; in countless ways, in many parts of the earth, they are helping to do the work of the world.

Yet man's biggest gain from the relationship cannot be measured in terms of labor done. The companionship and affection of a good dog are priceless, and often the four-footed party of the second part can set its friend and overlord an excellent example in conduct and character. What man could not observe with profit the dignity and forbearance of a fine Great Dane, slow to anger though a peerless fighter?

Dog-Lovers Are All Friends.

Wherever man has traveled, his dogs have gone with him. Most surprising of all, perhaps, is the world-wide sense of fraternity among the millions all over the earth who have in common a love of dogs. They "speak the same language"; all gaps are bridged; introductions are not needed. Compliment a stranger on his dog and he becomes your friend for life.

At the important dog shows all sorts of people meet and talk together on a common plane. In rank and station the owners vary as greatly as do the dogs themselves, which range from the tiny toy breeds weighing only a pound or two and capable of being tucked away and hidden in a lady's handbag, to lordly Saint Bernards, Great Danes, and mastiffs which may outweigh the average man.

In the London show, Lady Thus and So may be seen in animated conversation with a fish porter from Billingsgate, each with a toy bulldog tucked under one arm. It is only a little dog, but it is big enough to bridge the wide gulf between Billingsgate and Belgravia—or even Buckingham Palace.

When King Edward VII died, a small white dog was led along behind the gun carriage on which the body was borne. It was the monarch's pet wire-haired fox terrier. On the collar were the words, "I am Caesar, the King's Dog."

Queen Alexandra's Clumber spaniels were among the best in England, and this breed and blood are still maintained at Sandringham, the sporting residence of the late King George V.

Favorites of Presidents.

Nothing pleased President Theodore Roosevelt so much as the music of a pack of mountain lion or bear-hunting hounds. President Wilson had an old English sheep dog. President Harding was a lover of Airedales. Notable ornaments to the White House during the Coolidge administration were the Scotch collie, Rob Roy, and Tiny Tim, a white Eskimo dog.

The Hoovers brought to the executive mansion a venerable German shepherd dog, and other noteworthy White House dogs during their occupancy were a beautiful Gordon Setter and a big Norwegian Elkhound. Pets of President Franklin D. Roosevelt and his family have included Major, a German shepherd, and Meggie, a Scottie.

Bismarck was fond of Great Danes. Former Kaiser Wilhelm II favors dachshunds.

Once in South Africa an upcountry trader traveled a thousand miles to see a dog fancier, offered a large sum of money, and asked him to locate and purchase for him two of the best and noblest Great Danes to be found anywhere.

"They are for a great chieftain," he explained. "The last time we outspanned at King Lobengula's kraal he wanted our Great Dane—a dog we had borrowed from some German transport riders. Our own dog had been killed by a lioness. So we told Lobengula we could not give away anything that did not rightly belong to us.

"Then it was that he became insistent and tried to cajole us into selling Satan, for that was the dog's name. He offered to fill our two wagons with ivory and give us all the women we wanted to sell as slaves to the Barotse.

"But why does Lobengula offer so much for these dogs?" the dog fancier asked.

"Because he regards the Great Dane as king among dogs," was the trader's answer. "It keeps its head high and takes no notice of the miserable barking native curs. Such a dog would befit the majestic presence of Lobengula, king of the mighty Matabele!"

Even the Australian Bushman.

A visitor to the upcountry, in Western Australia, came across a black fellow and his three "gins"—his wives or "lady friends"—fast asleep near the embers of three fires. Cuddling among their savage companions were a pure-bred greyhound and a well-bred smooth-coated fox terrier.

Men, women and dogs had evidently been hunting together, and the stomachs of the feasters were distended with food. Against the trees stood four long, slender spears with jagged notched hardwood points. Here was a living picture of primitive savages with their canine allies.

Unquestionably the two fine dogs, perhaps registered in the official kennel studbooks of Australia or some far-away land and now gone native among possibly the lowest type of the human race, had been stolen by those aborigines for the express purpose of hunting. The greyhound, they knew instinctively, would be especially useful in overtaking and "sticking up" even the largest of kangaroos.

The dog was not expected to kill the quarry; its jaws and pluck would be of no avail against the ripping and disemboweling claws on the hind feet of an "old man" kangaroo. The greyhound was to hold the animal at bay until the hunters could come up and kill it with their crude spears, just as they must have done thousands of years ago in the prehistoric stage of the time-honored man-dog relationship.

What the Breeders Do.

No doubt men early realized that by breeding they could produce different kinds of dogs, each suited to a specific purpose. In later years this process has been carried to remarkable lengths of refinement.

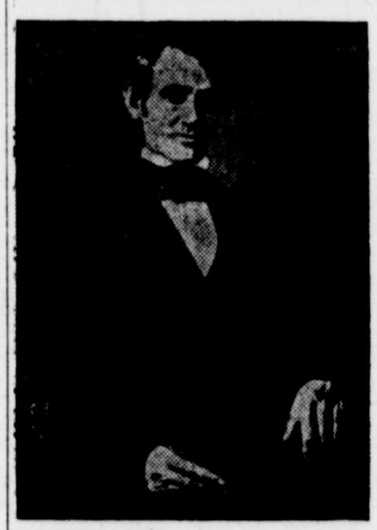
An intelligent breeder, if given time, of course, can produce almost any type of dog. He can choose not only physical features — a strong jaw, a good nose, long legs for speed, or short legs and long body for following prey into holes—but traits of character, such as courage and persistence.

When the late Paul Rainey a few years ago formed the project of hunting lions with dogs in East Africa—a practice, incidentally, that is now forbidden by law—he tried crossing American hounds with American-bred Airedales, and ran the cross-breeds together in a pack with pure hounds and Airedales.

The result was highly successful. The hound has the better nose, but it is not a particularly plucky dog. The Airedale, itself a blend of hound and terrier, is game and aggressive, and makes a good attacking dog. Face to face with even the biggest of cats, it had the courage to hold the quarry at bay until its armed master could reach the scene.

The Spanish pointers, when introduced into England, were considered too slow in pace; they dwelled on the scene and consequently were spoken of as "potterers" — dogs which made much ado about little or nothing. So the Spanish pointers were crossed with foxhounds and greyhounds, and a breed of faster-going pointing dogs was produced, those which today are the most numerous of the short-coated gun dogs and are known as English pointers.

Lincoln at 37



This is the earliest known portrait of Abraham Lincoln. It is an old daguerreotype taken in 1846, when the martyred President was thirty-seven years old, a lawyer edging towards a political career.

Delight a Child With These

Pattern 5247

This sturdy pair, dressed in their "Sunday best," are sure to walk right into the heart of some wee tot. You'll have fun, too, making both the dolls and their bright finery, specially if your scrap bag furnishes you with gay odds and ends. Hair and features are done with a few simple embroidery stitches. Grand indeed for gifts are Sambo of the checkered overalls, and Mammy, in apron and kerchief. In pattern 5247 you will find a transfer pattern for a doll about 14 inches high; patterns for making the clothes; directions for making doll and clothes; material requirements.

To obtain this pattern send 15 cents in stamps or coins (coins preferred) to The Sewing Circle Household Arts Dept., 259 W. Fourteenth St., New York, N. Y.

Write plainly your name, address and pattern number.

Beware Coughs from common colds That Hang On

No matter how many medicines you have tried for your cough, chest cold or bronchial irritation, you can get relief now with Creomulsion. Serious trouble may be brewing and you cannot afford to take a chance with anything less than Creomulsion, which goes right to the seat of the trouble to aid nature to soothe and heal the inflamed membranes as the germ-laden phlegm is loosened and expelled.

Even if other remedies have failed, don't be discouraged, your druggist is authorized to guarantee Creomulsion and to refund your money if you are not satisfied with results from the very first bottle. Get Creomulsion right now. (Adv.)

HAND KNITTING
YARNS
NOW OFFERED DIRECT FROM THE FACTORY AT MONEY-SAVING PRICES
Write today—200 Free Samples
CRESCENT YARNS, R-8, Torresdale Ave., Phila., Pa.

READ THE ADS

How to Ease a Cold Quickly

Get Quick-Acting, Quick-Dissolving Bayer Aspirin. Take 2 Tablets

The modern way to ease a cold is this: Two Bayer Aspirin tablets the moment you feel a cold coming on. Then repeat, if necessary, according to instructions in the box.

At the same time, if you have a sore throat, crush and dissolve three BAYER tablets in one-third glass of water. And gargle with this mixture twice.

The Bayer Aspirin you take internally will act to combat the fever and pains which usually accompany colds. The gargle will provide almost instant relief from rawness and pain, acting like a local anesthetic on the irritated membrane of your throat.

Try this way. Your doctor, we know, will endorse it. For it is a quick, effective means of combating a cold. Ask for Bayer Aspirin by the full name at your druggist's — not for "aspirin" alone.

15¢ FOR A DOZEN
2 FULL DOZEN FOR 25¢
VIRTUALLY 1¢ A TABLET

366