



LOADING UP THE DOG CADDY WITH GOLF STICKS FOR THE GAME.

GOLFERS NOW USE DOGS FOR CADDIES.

How Innovation Came About in Philadelphia—A Young Woman's Scheme—Advantages in the Use of Canine Intelligence.

The dog caddy is the striking innovation that presents itself in spring golfing. Some young women have introduced the dog caddy upon the links with great success, and others are buying and training dogs in order to follow the example. Some predict, indeed, that in time the golf fields will be as thickly sprinkled with dog as with boy caddies.

"What advantage, as a caddy, has the dog over the boy?"

To the originator of the dog caddy system that question was put the other day. She replied:

"The boy caddy costs from 15 cents to 25 cents an hour. Thus an afternoon's golfing with a boy eats a big hole in \$1. But a dog caddy costs nothing.

"With the boy caddy you are constantly losing balls. Balls cost \$3 and \$4 a dozen, and, when one disappears, your boy is none too anxious to help you find it, for, if he finds it later himself, he can sell it at a good price. But with the dog caddy you never lose a ball. The dog, with his fine sense of smell, will trail a golf ball as he would a rabbit.

"Boy caddies break appointments. When they do, you must caddy for yourself, carrying your heavy sticks on your back. But the faithful dog caddy never fails. He is at your service gladly at all times.

"The dog caddy, to sum up, is more industrious, more obedient, more sympathetic than the boy, and he is many times cheaper."

It was a young woman who originated the novel idea of the dog caddy. She is a member of the Bala Golf Club, of Philadelphia, and her dog is a Russian deerhound. Ben is this dog's name. He is a fine caddy, and he is a fine deerhound, also. When he goes out he attracts so much admiration that his head, were he not wise and noble, would be turned.

The young woman, on a sunny April morning, was golfing. Ben stood beside her, silent, respectful, sympathetic—boys are not always so. She took her drive from Ben's back, and she made a good, long drive, but the ball flew a little wild. It lighted in a tuft of tall weeds.

Ben, with long, easy bounds, made after it. He nosed through the tall weeds, found it, and stood with it in his mouth.

"Now, I," said the young woman, "would have been ten or fifteen minutes finding that ball, and perhaps I'd never have found it. As for the average caddy, I'm sure he would never have found it. He wouldn't even have looked for it. He would only have pretended."

She took the ball from the dog's mouth.

"Ben," she said, "is the best caddy in Pennsylvania. He was the first dog caddy, too. He has a number of rivals now. Golfers in Wayne, in Doylestown, in Bryn Mawr and in Norristown, taking a leaf from my book, have made caddies of their dogs, and I am told that the number of dog caddies is constantly increasing. But Ben was the first dog caddy, and I am sure he is the best.

"I am very fond of this beautiful dog of mine," she said, "and when I am in the country he is always with me. For more than a year it has been my custom to golf with him.

"He enjoyed golfing from the first. He would watch me tee off and loft and drive with immense interest. His eye would follow the ball's flight, and then away he would go after it, and

when my caddy and I caught up with him, there he would be, standing patiently beside the ball.

"I came out to golf one morning alone—alone, that is to say, except for Ben. I had told my caddy to meet me, and he had promised positively to be on hand, but he broke his appointment, and I found on my arrival that before me lay the disagreeable prospect of abandoning a morning's practice, or of carrying my heavy bag of sticks myself.

"Suddenly I had an idea. 'Why,' I asked myself, 'shouldn't Ben carry the sticks?' Ben was always glad to do anything he could for me. Why, then, shouldn't the bag of sticks be fastened on his back?"

"I found a ball of twine, and, emptying the bag, I tied it on Ben's back. The mouth was at the back of his head, and thence the bag sloped downward and to the left, overhanging his left side a little. In this position there was no fear that the sticks would fall out.

"Ben didn't like the bag. He shook himself uneasily, and he rolled on the grass, trying to scrape off that unknown annoyance fastened on him. But I petted and soothed him, and then, one by one, I put the sticks in the bag. He

liked his task less than ever then. The sticks rattled about. Their ends, protruding from the bag's mouth, leaped up and down when he ran, striking him smart little blows on the head. I accustomed him, finally, to stand still with the bag of sticks on his back, but I couldn't accustom him to follow me about with it there; for the moment his pace quickened from a walk to a trot the ends of the sticks began to rise and fall—began to hit him on the head.

"That morning, therefore, I did my own caddying. I had, though, my idea, and I worked it out in my mind as I played. Ben, plainly, was quite willing to caddy, quite willing to carry the bag of sticks; but they must be fixed on his back so as not to annoy and distress him.

"I fastened the bag on him in all sorts of ways during the next week—on his side, on his back, even perpendicularly across his back, but none of these methods answered the purpose. Finally my coachman suggested a way out of the difficulty.

"'Why not get rid of the bag altogether?' he said, 'and rig up a kind of harness, with loops on each side, the sticks to be held in these loops firmly? Then there would be none of that banging about or rattling that annoys Ben so.'

"I welcomed this idea. I carried it out first with ropes. It worked well. Loops were arranged on Ben's right and left side, and through these loops the golf sticks were passed. They maintained their position; they did not strike him or impede his movements; the first day,

with his rope harness, Ben caddied an hour for me perfectly.

"I continued to train him with these ropes, and gradually improvements suggested themselves in the arrangement of the loops. When I found that I had hit on the best possible arrangement, I took a rope model to a saddler, and I had him make for Ben a handsome caddy harness of leather.

"This harness answers its purpose perfectly. It is simple and light. First, there is a strap that follows the line of Ben's backbone from neck to tail, fastening at the neck to his collar, and going under his tail in a loop. Then there are fastened to this long strap two circular straps, one at the breast and one at the loins, which buckle about his body, and in them parallel loops are set. The sticks pass through these loops. There are three on a side—one for the driver, one for the lefter, one for the brassie, one for the mashie and two for the irons—but the loops may be increased at will, so that eight or even ten sticks may be carried.

"Ben likes to caddy. Caddying means for him a morning's play in the fields, and where is the dog to whom a morning's play is not delightful? You know how a dog leaps and wags his tail when you offer to take him out? Well, that is the way Ben acts when I take down his caddy harness.

"Ben had not been caddying for me a week when a young man asked me if I wouldn't lend him the caddy harness for a day or two. He said that he had a Great Dane that he wanted to teach to caddy. I lent him the harness, and it wasn't long before Ben and the Great Dane were to be seen caddying diligently and cheerfully side by side.

"I have lent my harness as a model to four persons, and I have no idea how many times these four persons have lent their harnesses. All I know is that dogs harnessed like mine are beginning to lend a new and picturesque note to the aspect of the golf links of Pennsylvania. Besides the deerhound and the Great Dane, I have seen a Newfoundland caddy, a greyhound and a St. Bernard."

HOW MISUNDERSTANDING AROSE.

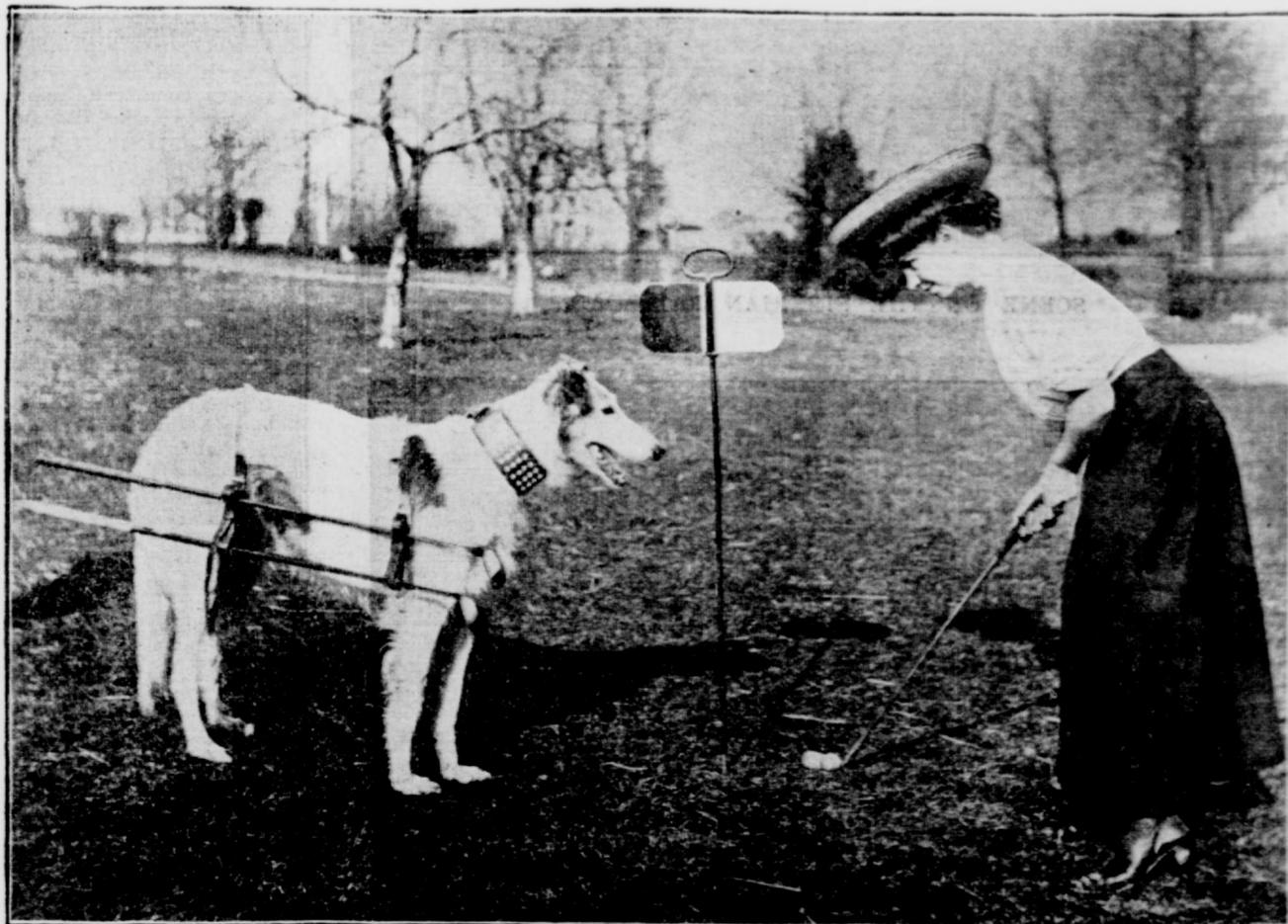
A principal in one of the primary grades of a school in South San Francisco tells a story which illustrates the readiness of the Hibernians to find and resent an insult.

"One afternoon," he said, "a daughter of the Emerald Isle rushed into my office and said that one of the teachers had insulted her child by asking it foolish questions. I asked her the nature of the question and she said the teacher had asked the child to tell how many carrots there were in a bushel. I told the excited mother to accompany me to the classroom and we would question the teacher.

"After considerable reflection the teacher could not recall having asked the child any such question. We were about to leave the room with the anger of the parent still unsatisfied when the teacher said: 'I think I know now what Mrs. McCann means. Yesterday, while teaching the class the rudiments of music, I did ask as a general question, 'How many beats are there in a measure?'"

BASE AND SOPRANO.

In a speech at the Greenroom Club, Wilton Lackaye once said: "No, I don't believe in the contention of the realistic school that a man must experience a condition in order to be able to describe it. If a man goes too much into the slums, he becomes base; if he goes too much into society, he becomes soprano."



THE DOG CADDY DOING HIS DAYS' WORK.