

San Francisco SOCIETY GIRLS Go in for High Bred Dogs

The BOSTON TERRIER LEADS IN FAVOR



MRS. A. F. HOLLAND'S "CHINESE" DOG "YING."



MRS. C. J. LINDGREEN AND HER CHINA DOG "BOY"



MRS. PHIL M. WANDS'S BULL DOG "DASHWOOD"

By Elizabeth Haight Strong

"I am his Highness' dog at Kew; Pray tell me, sir, whose dog are you?"

WITH the dog show close at hand there is brought to light the fact that there are many successful dog owners among well known society women. Fashion is supposed to be woman's sternest arbiter, but she refuses to adhere strictly to its mandates when it attempts to dictate to her about her canine inclinations. The different varieties of dogs owned by prominent society women illustrate this. So far as fashion is concerned every dog is supposed to have his day, or, to put it more literally, his season, yet often when a woman has once made her choice in dogdom, she refuses to discard her pet as she would a last year's Easter bonnet. Her heart, like unto that of the roving sailor, remains "true to Poll."

But despite woman's loyalty, the fashion in canines changes every two or three years. The reason for this is very much the same reason why new people are permitted to enter society. Some one of importance takes a fancy to him; society, always on the qui vive for something new, adopts him; and soon nearly every place one goes one meets a dog of this "pécial breed." This particular Mr. Bow-wow suddenly finds himself the "glass of fashion and the mold of form, the observed of all observers."

And he takes to his life of ease like one to the manner born. That he is supported in a style to which he has not always been accustomed does not embarrass him in the least. It does not take him long to forget all previous knowledge of the simple life. A "dog's life" no longer means to him a precarious living picked up from any old scraps that have been thrown out, and the burying of bones to provide against a rainy day. He no longer flees with drooping tail between gaunt haunches to the noisy accompaniment perhaps of a tin can. Servile tongue lickings, cringing, fawning, gratitude if only his presence is endured, for he is a sociable animal, are no longer necessary. Nothing is expected of him except to be an ornament. He certainly toils not. He is combed and brushed every day, he is bathed once a week; he has his allotted daily exercise, and his food is made as palatable as is consistent with a lustrous coat and a good digestion. And he is watched carefully to see that a good digestion waits upon appetite and health on both.

The Favorite Boston Terrier

Just at present the Boston terrier is the lucky breed. In fact he has been in demand now for a couple of seasons. Who first started the furor no one knows, but he has struck the fancy of so many prominent people his popularity still continues. He is one of the few dogs America has produced, and this conglomeration of smooth terrier and English or French bulldog has brought all the way from one to two thousand dollars. President Roosevelt himself invested in two last year for his son and daughter, and Miss Jennie Crocker has just recently purchased two Boston terriers regardless of cost, with pedigrees guaranteed to be as perfect as any priceless, well-bred, fashionable canine can show. They bear the distinguished names of Endcliffe Admiral and Champion Endcliffe Tortora. Admiral is as yet only a puppy, with life and dog shows before him, but his mate, Tortora, has won more than fifty prizes. Hers was a triumphal tour through the East, New York, Philadelphia and Boston awarding her homage, to which the dog

show at Oakland added its quota. Another Boston terrier of Miss Crocker's, Frisco Cinderella, won in all of its classes at Los Angeles and finally took the prize for the best Boston terrier in the show.

Miss Alice Hager and her sister, Mrs. Lansing O. Kellogg, also own Boston terriers, but although they meet all the requirements of the fancied toy dog, they have decided not to enter them in the forthcoming show. Prizes for these owners contain no allurements and they are content simply to love their pets without seeking for them public admiration and honors.

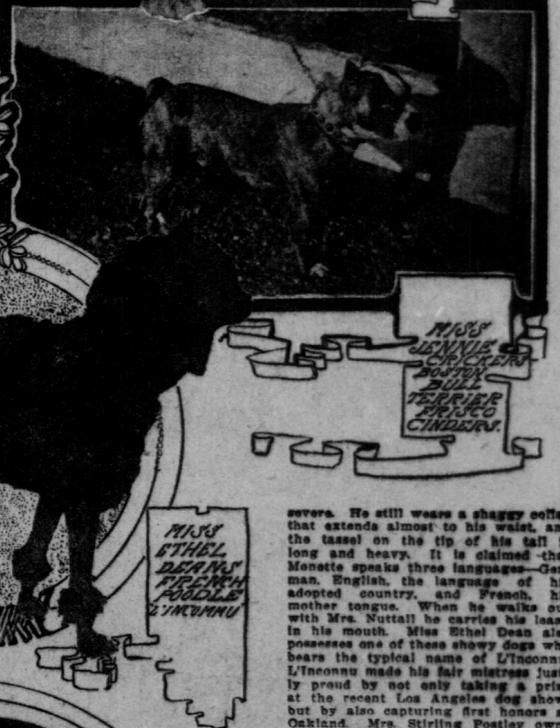
Mrs. W. H. Deming exhibited her handsome brindie Boston terrier dog Sassy at Oakland, and the stylish, chic little fellow rewarded her for her pains by winning a cup. Mrs. E. D. Mendenhall's heart has also been turned in the direction of the Boston terrier and she rejoices in the possession of several of these high-priced pets, which won spurs for themselves at the first annual dog show of the Oakland Kennel Club.

Perhaps the most persistently popular among all dogs is the English bulldog, and no breed has ever surpassed him in monetary value. Instead of his short, undershot jaw, bandy legs and huge chest being a drawback, his very grotesqueness appears to be a point in his favor. There seems to be something in his square-set, honest eye and wrinkled but humorous face that has made a host of distinguished adherents true to him for years. Then, again, his breed has never been sufficiently numerous to make him common. Whether it is the high price asked for him, or because, in spite of his pugna-cious appearance, he is inclined to be delicate, no one seems able to decide. But any lover of dogs would accept, without a moment's hesitation, the gift of an English bulldog, when he might stop to think whether or not it would be convenient for him to have a dog of another kind.

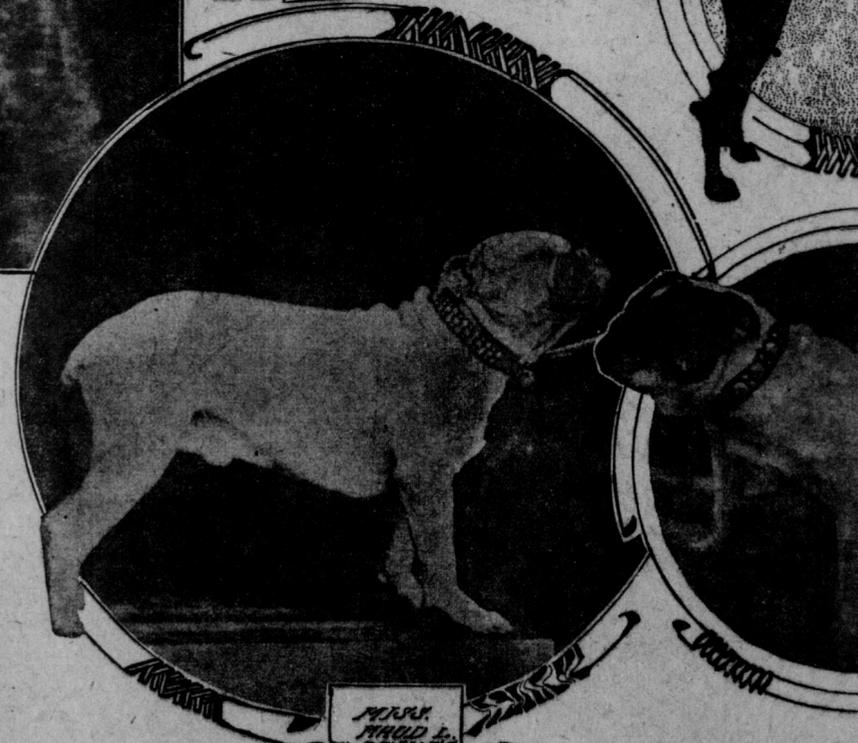
Mrs. Henry Crocker gladly paid \$5000



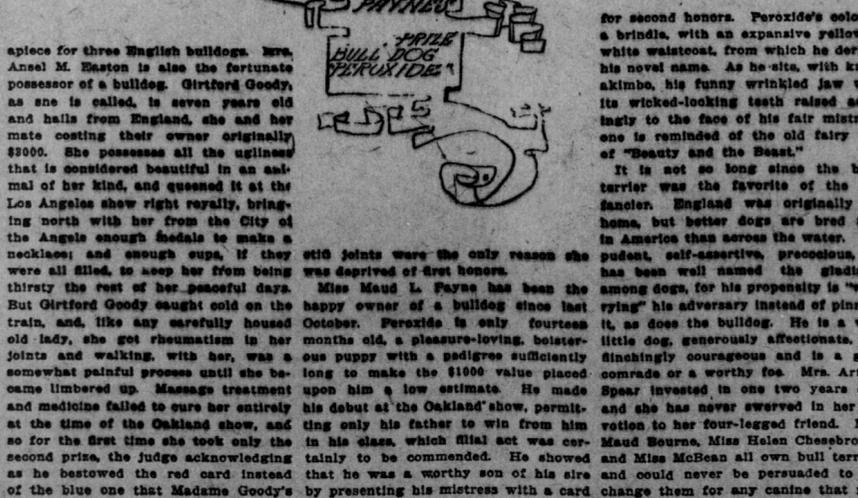
MRS. A. C. RALSTON'S COCKER SPANIEL "RUBY"



MRS. JENNIE CROCKER'S BULL DOG "FRISCO CINDERELLA"



MRS. ETHEL DEAN'S BULL DOG "SHAMROCK"



MRS. MAUD L. FAYNE'S BULL DOG "PEROXIDE"

MRS. A. M. ERSTON'S BULL DOG "GERTRUD GOODY"

apiece for three English bulldogs. Mrs. Ansel M. Easton is also the fortunate possessor of a bulldog, Gertrud Goody, as she is called, in seven years old and hails from England, she and her mate costing their owner originally \$2000. She possesses all the ugliness that is considered beautiful in an animal of her kind, and quipped it at the Los Angeles show right royally, bringing north with her from the City of the Angels enough medals to make a necklace; and enough cups, if they were all filled, to keep her from being thirsty the rest of her peaceful days. But Gertrud Goody caught cold on the train, and, like any carefully housed old lady, she got rheumatism in her joints and walking, with her, was a somewhat painful process until she became limbered up. Massage treatment and medicine failed to cure her entirely at the time of the Oakland show, and so for the first time she took only the second prize, the Judge acknowledging as he bestowed the red card instead of the blue one that Madame Goody's

stiff joints were the only reason she was deprived of first honors.

Miss Maud L. Fayne has been the happy owner of a bulldog since last October. Peroxide is only fourteen months old, a pleasure-loving, bolstersome puppy with a pedigree sufficiently long to make the \$1000 value placed upon him a low estimate. He made his debut at the Oakland show, permitting only his father to win from him in his class, which final act was certainly to be commended. He showed that he was a worthy son of his sire by presenting his mistress with a card

for second honors. Peroxide's color is a brindie, with an expansive yellowish white waistcoat, from which he derives his novel name. As he sits, with knees akimbo, his funny wrinkled jaw with its wicked-looking teeth raised adroitly to the face of his fair mistress, one is reminded of the old fairy tale of "Beauty and the Beast."

It is not so long since the bull-terrier was the favorite of the dog fancier. England was originally his home, but better dogs are bred now in America than across the water. Impudent, self-assertive, precocious, he has been well named the gladiator among dogs, for his propensity is "worrying" his adversary instead of pinning it, as does the bulldog. He is a wise little dog, generously affectionate, undeniably courageous and is a good comrade or a worthy foe. Mrs. Arthur Spear invested in one two years ago, and she has never swerved in her devotion to her four-legged friend. Miss Maud Bourne, Miss Helen Chesbrough and Miss McBean all own bull terriers and could never be persuaded to exchange them for any canine that may

happen to hold the center of sickle fashion's eye. Miss Anita Harvey also owns a bull terrier. This fortunate little animal leads a life many a child would envy, his chief occupation being to consume the dainties served up to him, alternating it with romps with his playmate, a frisky cocker spaniel.

The French bulldog has always been a stylish animal, his unusual intelligence and affectionate disposition making him very satisfactory as a pet. With his grotesquely shaved body he has a pertness all his own that endears him to those who dwell much upon appearances. The shaving of the French bulldog is compulsory, as his hair, not unlike the wool on a sheep, would mat and be extremely uncomfortable. His mistress pays his barber all the way from \$2 up, according to the fancifulness of the designer, for his shave. Mrs. J. R. K. Nuttall has postponed the landscape gardening on her expensive French bulldog, Monette, as the weather has been unusually cold and

severe. He still wears a shaggy collar that extends almost to his waist, and the tassel on the tip of his tail is long and heavy. It is claimed that Monette speaks three languages—German, English, the language of his adopted country, and French, his mother tongue. When he walks out with Mrs. Nuttall he carries his leash in his mouth. Miss Ethel Dean also possesses one of these shaggy dogs who bears the typical name of L'Inconnu. L'Inconnu made his fair mistress justly proud by not only taking a prize at the recent Los Angeles dog show, but by also capturing first honors at Oakland. Mrs. Striving Postley owns several French bulldogs, whose names written in succession look like a French book. They are the finest of their kind to be had, the judges at the Oakland Kennel Club show awarding them many honors.

Four years ago the Yorkshire terrier was in vogue. Mrs. Grace and Mrs. Will Ashe becoming enthusiastic admirers of this breed, Miss Jennie Blair imported one by the name of Shamrock from the East, so keen was the competition among the fair owners.

Prize Cocker Spaniels

Mrs. Charles A. Slack and Mrs. W. C. Ralston fancy cocker spaniels. Mrs. Ralston's dogs have always been prize-winners, and this year was no exception to the rule. Miss Anita Louise Oliver is also devoted to a fine specimen of this breed, a quick and merry little breed, who knows by the name of Button. Mrs. George Cadwallader owns a cocker, too, and his constant playmate is a spitz, who shares with him his luxurious home and bountiful repasts.

Miss Marguerite Baron has living with her in her home at Mayfield a dog that is seldom seen in this country. He is a Chinese dog, imported from the Flowery Kingdom, and has the strange distinction of wearing a black tongue between his cruel little white teeth. Mrs. A. P. Holland, an active member of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, owns another of these rare dogs. Ying, as he is known, is three years old, and is descended from Hong and Kong, a brace that won their spurs many times over.

Mrs. Phil M. Wand inclines toward the never loved dachshund, who somehow never looks quite complete without a German's long meerschaum pipe in his mouth. Her dog, Nordica, was pronounced to be the best dachshund at the Oakland show, and the canines of his class lowered their long, pointed noses to him in Stockton also. His original owner, Mr. Richard Hotaling, paid \$500 for him in New York when he was a puppy.

Miss Julia Langshorne is devoted to a collie. So is Mrs. William H. MacKittrick, although, for that matter, all dogs have a place in her animal-loving, tender heart. Her ranch at Bakersfield serving as a home for over forty canines. Among them are some dachshunds that have won many prizes. The oldest dog of this breed is famous for the pass he holds, good over all the Southern Pacific lines.

What breed of dog fashion will next favor it is hard to tell. America has made enormous strides in the last two or three years in this particular sport, especially in the East, from which place, in the meantime, the importation of Boston bull terriers continues for those who have unlimited means to spend upon a whim.