

# WHICH KIND of a DOG DO YOU LIKE BEST?

## EACH BREED HAS ITS GOOD POINTS—HOW the VARIOUS FAMILIES ARE ALLIED in CHARACTERISTICS

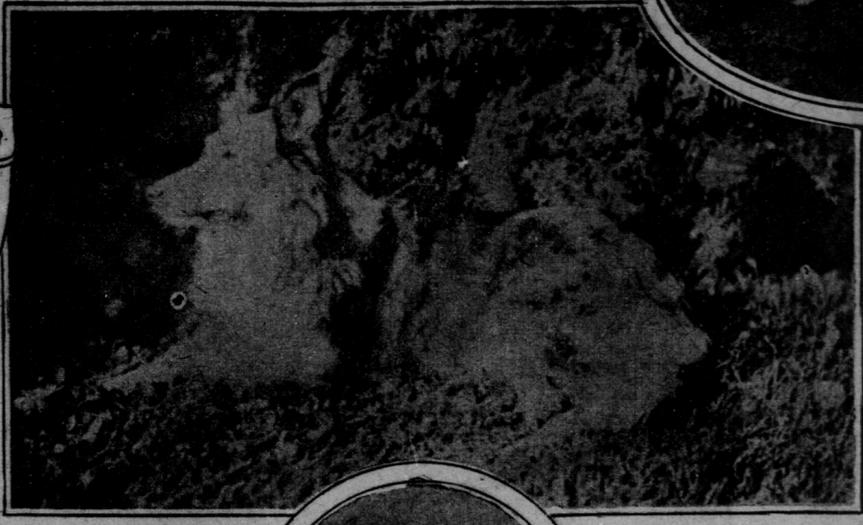


TYPICAL HEAD OF RUSSIAN WOLFHOUND

To say which breed is preferable to another for companionship is a distinction which rests in great measure with the temperament of the owner. Dogs of one breed vary as much in individuality as humans. For this reason one can only speak generally and draw inferences from racial characteristics.

In a crowded city few breeds are really in their element, and although a dog may lead a life of apparent contentment in a stuffy flat, it is because he has not known the freedom of the country. To the fast-dweller who cannot have something more substantial than a toy, a cocker spaniel or a French bulldog would probably best fill the bill. Either has less animal spirit than a terrier, is more controlled and less prone to scare the life out of a neighbor's pet cat. To one who is willing to risk the chances of encounters with the other family's favorite "tom" and occasional rough and tumble fights on the sidewalk, let him get a terrier, by all means. He will get far more fun out of his choice, and as age tones the latter down the owner will be more than repaid for the occasional trials caused by the terrier's youthful exuberance.

Anywhere beyond a city's limits a terrier is in his element—a boon companion to the youngsters and a source of never ending amusement to his master. Treaters, however, however, I do not think there is any dog of any civilized breed—chow chows and such have been associated for too many generations with Mongolians to be entirely trustworthy. Breeds, however, in which I would most trustfully confide are deerhounds, English shepherds and bull terriers.



A TYPICAL COLLIE. COURTESY DOUBLEDAY PAGE CO

ture as a relief to the irritation caused by the growth of molars. According to the duration of development, so the time necessary for maturity. Terriers may be considered to have arrived at the age of discretion by the time their second birthday comes round, while collies and sheepdogs would take six or nine months longer. Toys, such as Pomeranians, are in the full possession of their mental capacities ten months after birth. After these given ages the individuality makes its mark, and the member of the different varieties settles down to a more orderly routine of life.

By Reginald F. Mayhew

WHEN is the parent who has not felt the gap in the life of a child, who, sprouting up, is without the friendship of a dog? From the stage of Teddy bears and squeaky pushcarts to the budding days of baseball bats and ill-fated football life may be a dream of wonders and ice cream, but for all that there is a big blank if there be no loving four-footed friend with whom to frolic and romp.

There is something in the wiggly waggle of a dog's tail, something in the laugh loving upturn of the eyes, something in the heroic forbearance under thoughtless "rough, house" tactics which live in our memory long after childhood has passed and our childhood friend has gone to rest.

Who since his toddling, prattling days has forgotten the friend whose ears he mauled, whose eyes he prodded, yet who patiently, joyously supported his tottering steps and saved him from many a fall? A mother's love is one of God's great gifts; a dog's abject worship to helpless childhood is an awesome willing of devotion which from the beginning has united man and his dumb friend.

Who shall say dogs are not part and parcel of our life? And to be pitied is he who has been denied this unshrinking affection. Dog is and ever has been the companion of man. Man ever has been his god. In all the aeons which have been and will be the life of the one is linked with that of the other.

The process of ages has evolved from a common ancestor races which have little resemblance to the remote progenitors. And today there are breeds each as distinctive in appearance from another as in character and habits.

Environment, aided by human ingenuity, has effected this, and now a visitor to an up to date dog show is confronted with a medley of apparent contrasts. Superficially there would seem to be little in common with a dog of the Eskimo family and a toy of a Pomeranian. Yet stretching from continent to continent there is a chain which, beginning with the Eskimo in Alaska, extends over the ice bound region to the Iceland, Greenland and Norwegian sheep dog, cousins german to the collie; thence to the nomadic tribe of the Samoyedes, and taking a southerly route through continental Europe one meets the German and French sheep dogs, including the Pyrenean variety, while in southern Germany and Pomerania one reaches the native home of the beautiful little Pomeranian. To the east, into China, the link of the chain is disclosed in the chow chow. All these are branches of a common ancestor, and in the dingo it extends even to Australia.

### The Greyhound Family

Another branch is the swift, fleet footed greyhound. Starting from Ireland, one meets the Irish wolfhound and across the channel the Scottish deerhound and English greyhound. Further east is their cousin, the Russian wolfhound, and, turning south, the Italian greyhound, the Cirocassian wolfhound and Persian wolfhound. The third family is that which centuries ago was used in war and as a guard for man. It embraces the mastiff, St. Bernard, Newfoundland, great Dane, the draft dogs of Europe and the Thibet mastiff, said to be the most ferocious of all breeds and only amenable to its master, even to the pug, which seems to have originated in China.

By selection from all three of these branches of one tap root one arrives at the different varieties of terriers, a comparatively modern innovation and a family about which little can be gathered or traced a century back. The establishment of dog shows about 50 years ago in some instances has introduced exaggerations of type, which, in the case of the mastiff and St. Bernard, have come within an ace of obliterating these breeds.

Human whims and fads, never satisfied with a settled order of things, but ever thirsting for novelty and change, have conceived many varieties which are ramifications of what one might designate the staple varieties. In this category one might include several

recognized toy breeds, such as griffons, bruxellois, the schipperkes, pekinese spaniels, papillons and the lupino of Italy; and England recently has gone so far as to attempt to impose on the public a nondescript looking animal under the venerable sounding title of Lhasa terrier, while this country, not to be outdone, has added the Boston terrier to the list.

Individual preference for a dog of any particular variety is merely a matter of personal choice, just as some men affect loud check suits and some women dote on headgear with all the colors of the rainbow. The fundamental instinct of all dogs is to regard man as their ordained protector.

### Ways of the Collie

Take the collie and its first cousins, the Norwegian, Pyrenean and German sheep dogs; its second cousins, the Eskimo and their relatives, and its third cousins, the chow chow and Pomeranian. Each has the same nomadic predisposition—dominant, perhaps, but lurking in the undisclosed depths of his second self. Originally the been companion of the Vikings, the collie, in spite of generations of care and culture, shows lapses which mark his ancestry. Servile to a degree, super-sensitive to a harsh word, there are moments in a collie's life when the old predatory instinct seizes him and the old lust for ravaging the larger overcomes him. Few collies have known that could resist the temptation of sneaking off with the roasting leg of mutton when the cook's back was turned. One I knew, winsome, faithful, brimming over with love, that consciously or unconsciously walked away from the proffered meal; but leave a dish of meat in a secluded corner and the thought that he was stealing it put such an edge on his appetite that it would be gobbled as ravenously as if he had not broken his fast for days.

With children a collie is patient and submissive, provided he is given a wide berth when gnawing a bone. And in this respect few dogs that are of any breed are so patient and obedient when contemplating a bone. In this it would seem that all dogs demand a free hand, and he who loves and respects his dog should never ask submission under such an ordeal. It is indignity to which a dog should never be subjected.

For dogs the size of a collie my leaning has been toward the bobtail sheep dog. More courageous, a bobtail yields his love for love's sake and not as an act of submission. He gives his all, but in return expects that kindly consideration due to his allegiance. Open-hearted, honest and true, his devotion is unbounded and, unlike many collies, he is incapable of a mean action. For a dog just launching into the prattling stage no more trusted friend or sturdier protector could be found.

Taking the smaller breeds, one has terriers in all their variations, cocker spaniels and English and French bulldogs. A cocker, although intended by nature to lead a free, open air life, hunting the stubble fields, the hedgerows and brambles bushes, more easily adapts himself to city and flat life than a terrier. Of a yielding, nonaggressive disposition, he delights in caresses, and so long as he is pampered and petted he is apparently happy and content. Compared with a terrier, however, his character is sugar and watery and innane.

A terrier, be he fox, Irish, Scottish or what not, is a "pal" from the word go. Up to all kinds of mischief, ready for fun and frolic, no breed has a keener sense of humor. Incapable of minding his own affairs, he makes it his business to pry into all the scandal of the neighborhood, gossip with all and sundry and fraternize with the most disreputable. Yet with all this he has an immense opinion of himself and his master, and, ultra radical as he may appear, he quickly resents a liberty and never forgets an impertinence.

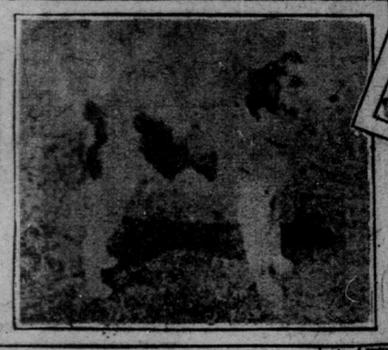
### The Friendly Terrier

In spite of his levity and buoyancy of spirits, he is 24 carat as a friend, staunch and unselfish in his affection. He has been charged with the inclination of a tramp, but in this I am satisfied he has been maligned, although appearances may have been against him. This accusation is undoubtedly due to the fact that his bump of inquisitiveness is more freely developed than in other breeds. And experience has assured me that although his inherent tendency, due to his confidence in his own intelligence, is to stroll around independent of his master's surveillance, his sympathetic return home provided that strange urchin and person generally leave him alone. Whenever a terrier falls to come back to his master the latter may with confidence satisfy himself it is because he has been waylaid and captured, and not because he is indifferent to his master's kindness or possessed of ingratitude.

Taken all in all, there is no jollier or more sympathetic companion than a terrier, be he bull, fox, Irish, Airedale, Welsh or Scotch. I owned a winning wire haired fox terrier, which, presum-



GREAT DANE - CHAMPION HECTOR OF ATHELSTANE



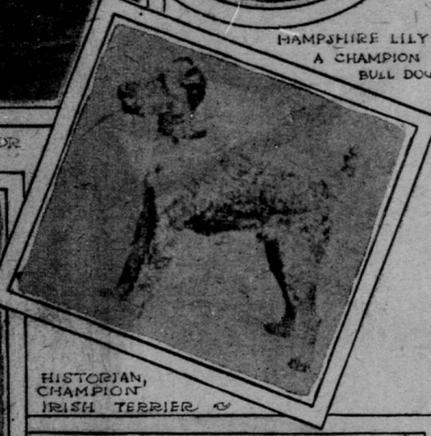
WIRE HAIR FOX TERRIER CHAMPION GO BANG



OLD ENGLISH SHEEP DOG



HAMPSHIRE LILY A CHAMPION BULL DOG



HISTORIAN, CHAMPION IRISH TERRIER



WINNING DEERHOUND CHAMPION FORESTER



CHELSEA PENSIONER, A TYPICAL CHOW CHOW

ably from abuse in his early days, was so incurably vicious to my wife and myself or anybody else that I sold him. It so happened the purchaser, a few months after, became a happy father, and this dog, which would bite the hand that fed him, became the abject slave of the baby, so much so that no stranger could approach it in his presence.

Another terrier which I had, and which was snappily inclined, became the nurse, companion and bodyguard of the baby of a friend to whom I gave it.

Turning to bulldogs, the English variety are, as a rule, good natured, big hearted and well disposed to all comers. Owing to their inbreeding, however, they are high strung and unduly excited; they become uncontrollable and frenziedly blind while the storm lasts. In fact, the new phrase "brain storm" is especially applicable to the occasional tempests which overtake a bulldog. His French cousin is more apathetic and less pronounced in his individuality. But he, too, is subject to brain storms.

Of toy dogs one has choice in abundance. Just now there is the new fangled Pekinese spaniel, which in appearance is a cross between a pug and a Japanese spaniel. That he should usurp the place of the pug, one of the oldest and purest of breeds, or the Japanese or English toy spaniel, I cannot imagine. The pug, although his impudent snub nose has in a measure been put out of joint, is a dog of much individual character, bombastically egotistical, quaintly consequential. He is both an amusing and humorous companion, and he certainly overwhelms his master with devotion. That a breed of such undoubted antiquity and distinctive personality should fade in popularity is a matter for regret.

Toy spaniels of recent years, especially in this country, have become the victims of a blind craving for diminutiveness, with the result that they are now feeble, inanimate doppelgangers, with all their old inherent sprightliness crushed. Prior to the outcry for ill-fated toy spaniel was a lively little chap, eager for a day's

ramble and keen to hunt birds of all kinds.

### Pomeranians Are Nice

In contrast to the present lackadaisical spaniel is the active little Pomeranian, full of life and energy, sharp as a steel trap and precocious as an infant prodigy. To me the Pomeranian is the prince of toys, for he is not only dainty and picturesque but his brain; a bundle of affection and a little piece of live dog flesh which holds aloof from strangers.

As for big dogs, with the decadence of mastiffs and St. Bernards, the deerhound and greyhounds fully deserve whatever popularity is bestowed on them. Thoroughly noble in character, the deerhound is the aristocrat of all dogs, while the great Dane is the incarnation of power, activity and courage.

With a country estate and plenty of acres to romp over the rearing of the deerhound or the more aggressive great Dane would be a pleasurable and interesting pastime, and the same applies to sheep dogs or collies.

The average owner expects too much from a dog at the outset of the acquaintance. If it is a puppy, full of sprits and destructiveness, he is expected to be a paragon of demureness with a head of wisdom on his shoulders of which few staid middle aged men are possessed. He is supposed to know obedience, to be tractable and void of all exuberant spirits. In other words, many persons expect a dog to have no youth, no wild oats to sow, and when he does kick over the traces I am pained to say many of the kindest intentional behavior the offender when vocal admonition would serve the purpose.

It never should be forgotten that puppies are as wayward as children, and kind but firm treatment is as beneficial for the one as the other.

### A Dog's Childhood

Dogs have to pass through the headstrong, impetuous stage, as is the case with their lords and masters. During this transition the owner is to blame if his wife's best Paris bonnet is dismembered and favorite gloves or shoes are gnawed to shreds. Books, too, are special objects of delight for the youngster to ply his grinders on, and one should realize that these acts of demolition are not the promptings of the devil, but the ordinance of na-

## The California Bungalow

By Hanna Astrup Larsen

It is a pity that the old Gothic warriors can't rise up out of their sculptured tombs, gather their severed limbs together and reassemble in a good sized California bungalow. They would surely feel so thoroughly at home that they would promptly begin one of their little drinking bouts, and perhaps end up with one of the friendly squabbles that used to lend zest to social gatherings in those days and prevent the country from getting overpopulated. One could not easily imagine one of these events taking place in a "parlor" with lace curtains, plush upholstered furniture and gimcrack ornaments on an imitation castles marble mantel. In a California dwelling of the severely simple style that has come to be regarded as artistic there would be nothing lacking except the rushes on the floor and the weapons on the wall to complete the setting for a mediæval story such as Chaucer might have written or Tennyson revived.

The weapons may be supplied by the collector of antiques, and the rush straw floor will, no doubt, be the next step in our development toward the habitation of times gone by. Very soon I "frown" to keep in the mediæval style—we shall be sleeping on beds shaken down at nightfall from bundles of pliable twigs in the manner described in "The Lady of the Lake."

The raftered ceiling is like those that used to resound with the drinking songs of the old Vikings, not so smoke blackened perhaps, but it may easily become so, for there is the cheerful fire of big blazing logs piled up in a fireplace of rough bricks built up in a semblance of carelessness. The bare board floor would give echo to the martial tread of the warriors; the stout chairs would support burly forms, and the long expanse of table be just the thing for an old time banquet. Big copper bowls on the shelves would be just about the size convenient for the red flowing mead that can loose the tongues of the banqueters and make swords leap from their scabbards, sharp answers to hot words.

The warrior's gentle dame, too, would find the house keeping conveniences such as she had been used to. There are big heavy lidded wooden chests for storing her clothing. Benches are built into the walls, and shelves run around the room in the old style. On them the plates and cups are arranged in full view instead of being hidden away in the kitchen as if these necessities of life were things that could not with propriety be seen in the living room.

The earthenware bowls that occasionally vary the line of plates and cups would be just what she used to serve the evening wash in. The figured wall paper, which I believe some men (I hate to think where he will go when he dies) was allowed to invent much as the devil was allowed to trouble Job, is not. Neither are there framed and glazed landscapes with purling brook in the foreground and a thatched cottage in the middle distance nor pictures of Psyche leaning self-consciously to look at herself in the water. On the plain walls of wood in the color that God made it are hung bright colored squares of wooden pictures or heavy tapestries in the rectilinear patterns of a time before ever our great-grandmothers sat at their looms. Lace curtains or any of the frilly, flowery things that have been the fashion so long are tabooed, and in their place are plain fabrics of dull green or blue hanging in straight lines. The cushions are in bright solid colors of times long gone by, and if any of the embroidered things that have ornamented parlor

sofas in recent days were to show their daisy or pansy besprinkled faces among them, they would be an incongruity.

Rickety parlor tables with plush bound album and a bound volume vestige of the world's fair in Chicago resting upon a crocheted tidy in the center have given place to the long, heavy, rectangular table of wood—again just as God made it without any of the stains and varnishes that have been invented to obscure the real nature of it. It is just the kind of board around which the Gothic dame was wont to gather her numerous family for supper. If there is not the "high seat" for the house father at the upper end of it, it shows that we may have adopted the old style, but we have not gone back to the old patriarchal way of thinking. We may, if there is any power in the influence of outward things.

The fire is fed with logs and fanned with bellows such as most of us know only from our youthful recitations of "The Wife of Bath's Tale." The food for old fashioned things instituted its revival. It is stirred with the smoke-blackened poker and tongs which again most of us know only from our reading of poetry, though I can remember a pair of tongs used to carry live coals from stove to stove and relegated to the woodshed with the advent of hot water heating and other recent luxuries.

We really have not begun to burn pine torches in the house yet, but it is about all that is lacking. We have at least made a step by substituting candles with all their picturesque paraphernalia snuffers and pinners and delicious brass candlesticks for the bourgeois kerosene lamp.

The house itself is the most complete realization of the old fashioned idea. Instead of cutting up the available space into four or five boxlike rooms, we have the spacious living room with its expanse of table and couches and the pleasant dimness of the corners. It is reminiscent of the old patriarchal mansion where the rank of each person might be measured inversely from his distance from the fire, in which gathered the lord of the mansion with his family, guests, hangers-on and servants according to their importance by their distance from the fire and the light of the lord's countenance.

The very windows open unsophisticatedly upon the landscape as I have seen in Norwegian houses 100 years old instead of sliding up and down by any mechanical devices. The doors do not move on invisible hinges, but are swung open and closed by a nail on in the sight of god and men with heavy iron nails. Even the lintel, instead of being invisibly joined, is apt to be fitted together by a dovetailing device as ingenious as it is unsophisticated. The patent lock has given place to bolts and bars, and the square hasp is perhaps not quite so large, but of the same kind as that through which a Scottish maiden once thrust her arm and held it till the bone broke when warriors tried to force their way into the queen's apartment.

The staircase comes down directly into the living room in the way in which it surely came when our ancestors first began having upper stories in their houses. The English have kept the pleasant fashion in their large, square halls, and it is also seen in all modern American homes. If the house keeper of mediæval days should return to us she would be on familiar ground and would know instantly where to take hold of the household reins. It may be true, though, that if she could see the intervening fashions of a short time ago, the gilt spindle chairs, the flowered carpet and the lace curtains and the parlor lamp with its flowered china shade, they would seem to her like her dreams of heaven. She would marvel at the vulgar tastes of those who, having beheld these civilized glories, could go back to the square simplicity of the old.