



WHAT
HAPPENED
WHEN A LADY
LED
A WOODEN DOG
DOWN
MARKET
STREET

Ronalds



THE
WOODEN
DOG
AT-
TACKED
BY A
FERO-
CIOUS
BULL
DOG

WOULD you like to be the hero or heroine of a nice little sensation? It's easy—get a dog and lead him up and down Market street. Not a terrier or a collie or a bull or a pug, nor even that comedy canine, the dachshund. Market street is used to all these, and will not turn its head or lift its eyebrow.

Get a WOODEN dog. Get one of the strange toy dogs sawed out of boards, mounted on rollers and colored and varnished to suit your taste. Pea green is a pleasing color for the little dear. Attach a stout cord to your wooden bowwow and take him for a stroll on a pleasant afternoon. Go through the business streets of San Francisco, and you will find that you have done something that attracts a crowd. In going a block you will find yourself the center of a wider interest than you (of course, this doesn't apply to you, Mr. Roosevelt, or you, Jack Johnson) ever hoped to create.

A wooden dog is too deep for the crowd. It becomes a marvel. And you, as sponsor for the marvel, become a personage to be stared at, to be questioned, to be followed about, to be adored from afar.

Of course, nobody could have reasoned this out. Like most great secrets, its discovery was an accident. Miss Marguerite Stedman, the discoverer, found it necessary to pass through the downtown streets with a wooden dog too large to be carried comfortably under an arm. So she led him by his leash, and suddenly, without any premeditation, she found herself the center of a sensation. Awed at first by the attentions of a crowd of men, women and children, she overcame her embarrassment and stuck it out in the interests of scientific discovery. The wooden dog was put through his paces in several streets. He was even made to sit upright upon a garbage can at the edge of the sidewalk with his mistress' whip held threateningly above him. He was petted, laughed at, cursed and attacked by a savage bulldog, which chewed great scars into his piny back and disarranged one ear and the bow of green ribbon upon his rigid tail. Market street had never seen such a dog fight.

Happily, a snapshot photographer was airing his camera in the street when the lady appeared with the curious canine, and some of the things that happened were preserved upon his negatives. Several pictures are reproduced in this issue.

Miss Stedman found that a wooden dog possesses these manifest advantages: He is willing to be led in the direction that you wish to go; he does not bite, bark or twist his leash about people's feet, and he brings home no fleas.

Read Miss Stedman's story, "Escorting a Wooden Dog Around Town," on the third page of this section.