

# The Wonderful Dogs of St. Bernard

## STERLING HEILIG



ST. BERNARD DOG WITH FLAG IN MOUTH



ST. BERNARD HOSSPICE



THE KENNELS A LITTER OF ST. BERNARD PUPPIES



A FULL BLOODED ST. BERNARD DOG



ENTRANCE TO KENNELS OF THE ST. BERNARD HOSSPICE



**H**AVE just quit forty of the most magnificent dogs in the world—as big as calves, as husky as bears, as intelligent as folks, as pedigreed as princes, as meritorious as saints, and as pure and plain-living as their masters, the Augustine canons, who, after fifteen years of a climate that is nine months ice and snow, break down completely, with swelled joints, impoverished blood and chronic rheumatism.

The dogs are as aristocratic as the kings who in the middle ages sent them collars of gold; because the first Bernards, their ancestors, were already on the spot, aiding travelers in an amateurish way, when St. Bernard de Menthon went up from Aosta and founded the Hospice, A. D. 962. Their ancestors, bear-fighting dogs of old Charlemagne's court, had been left with certain mountaineer chiefs, among other payment for aid and neutrality, by an earlier Bernard, uncle of Charlemagne, when he marched an army by this route A. D. 773.

Thus the great dogs of imperial court race were near the spot when St. Bernard and his companions built their famous refuge at the apex of the pass; and to understand their evolution—why the good monks began training them not to be like other dogs—they must have an idea of this majestic short-cut of antiquity from north Europe into Italy.

Nowadays the tunnels take you through by rail, in three-quarters of an hour, but before such modern engineering wonders it was different. Why has Napoleon's—or Hannibal's—passage of the Alps remained so striking? Because a great army, with its baggage, camp material, supplies, cannons and ammunition carts or yet more ponderous elephants, irrupted unexpectedly on the fertile plains of the south. They fell, really, from the clouds—the clouds hanging round the snow capped wall of mountains! Otherwise, Napoleon must have led his army round by the Mediterranean, interminable journey that would have surprised nobody.

Otherwise, Hannibal, wandering with his hundreds of war elephants from Spain up into France would have been obliged to wander back or stay there. Instead, he followed the Rhine valley to the entrance of the Great St. Bernard, climbed the grand old road, up, up to its snow and ice, elephants and all, and descended on the vines and fig trees of Capua, to the immense surprise of the Romans.

The first army to risk it was a Gaulish one, 150 years before Hannibal. The Romans used it as early as B. C. 105; and the monks preserve tablets that record the passage of various legions. After the foundation of Aosta, B. C. 23, it became frequented by travelers and traders—a Temple of Jupiter actually stood at the top, where now rises the gigantic statue of St. Bernard. Roman emperors improved the road, notably Constantine, A. D. 339. Later, barbarian hordes fell on the empire from his heights; but in the anarchy of the early dark ages it became one of the most traveled and secure routes of Europe, policed by mountain chiefs taking moderate toll—whence the big dogs of Charlemagne's uncle.

So, when St. Bernard founded his Hospice at the top, and collected a pack of the dogs' descendants—already evolved to precious mountain friends of man—it was to succor travelers at the critical point of a unique highway in the clouds. There were other short-cut passes, but none so improved by art and continual traffic. Even today, in spite of the railway tunnels, the Great St. Bernard is annually crossed by 17,000 poor pedestrians.

In the early days, the richer travelers, the more substantially they showed their gratitude. During the middle ages the monastery became very wealthy. Kings and emperors made it grants. Passing nobles and rich merchants settled annuities on it. And princesses embroidered collars in cloth-of-gold for the big dogs—already of ancient descent from Charlemagne's court—concerning whose unearthly intelligence and goodness all kinds of stories were rife.

Personal friends of mine had an adventure with the dogs last May. Hearing it to be a sporting "English" trip to go sleighing over the Great St. Bernard after a considerable melting of the snows makes the thing possible, they started off, very Parisian trio—retired fashionable ladies' tailor of the rue Royale, Paris, his wife and his mother-in-law, weight and girth increasing in the order mentioned.

At Martigny, in full bloom of peach and cherry blossoms, they took a four-horse carriage up the already dusty road, through the ravine of the Drance, the rocky gorge, the tender spring buds and the woods, the tunnel, and on up through Sembrancher—where the stopped to cool with beer—past ruined chateaux and over old stone bridges, the Drance away down below, often invisible, and all delightful, springlike, and their hearts sang as they went up, like the skylark. . . . They exclaimed in wonder as they began to get views of Mt. Velan with its glaciers and snow-fields merging into an all-snow world beginning up there, just above them—so different from the scene in August. On the great curve beyond Liddes village, they felt chilly. Beyond the Torrent de la Croix they struck snow, and at Bourg St. Pierre the sleigh was waiting for them.

The sleigh had been engaged by telephone; and by the same means the good monks would have a hot dinner and fires all ready in their bedrooms. Jangling gaily across the Gorge of the Valsorey with its deep snowbanks unmel-

ed, they chatted of Napoleon's superhuman difficulties in getting 30,000 men, cannon and camp baggage over that historic sticking pot in the same month of May, the year 1800. They were doing it beautifully in a light three-horse sleigh without baggage; but the modern road, hewn in the rock, avoids the old steep, slippery route, scarcely marked by jagged stones sticking out of the ice. It must have been a 25 per cent. incline.

They had struck nothing worse than 7 per cent.; and through the forest beyond it was often almost level, the snow well packed. A favorable moment! Beautiful sleighing! Exhilarating adventure! Up! up! Five per cent. sir. They jingled through a long defile and up into vast boulder-strewn pastures shrouded in white, like great ghosts. How different from a common diligence trip in August, with burbling tourists! They still affirm that a three-horse sleigh can take three restaurant-fattened Parisians and a beer-swelled driver up inclines of 7 and 8 per cent. with strength and beauty, had not a blizzard struck them just before the Cantine de Proz.

"Five more miles to climb," they said there, "better hurry! We shall telephone the canons." This is where they always telephone for help to come down from the Hospice, in bad weather; but their fat sleigh man had swigged his hirsch-and-hot-water placidly, refused an extra horse and man, and started them off with confidence. This is why they were soon floundering in a blizzard that darkened the sun like night, at the entrance to a black defile, past "precipices" that "turned their stomachs." With a jolt, the sleigh stopped.

"Must wait," said the fat sleigh man, blanketing his horses.

"Where are we?"

"At the Pas de Marengo, three miles below the Hospice."

"Drive on!"

"Go back!"

"Armand, he'll take us over a precipice. I can't see two yards ahead!"

To all of which the driver, lifting the falling-top, covered them with rugs, and lighting his pipe, answered briefly: "They'll come."

"Never will I forget that half-hour while the sleigh was being snowed under in the black twilight of that blizzard," says the mother-in-law of the world-famed rue Royale concern.

"And never was I so glad to see human beings as those three splendid big dogs that advanced to us formally, gravely out of the twilight. I cannot think of them as dogs. They were more than persons. They seemed supernatural creatures come to save us, perfectly safely, perfectly easy! Our confidence was complete. We understood their meaning, when they ranged themselves three abreast, just far enough apart for us two women to walk between leaning on their backs! Armand took an outer edge. The driver showed him."

Up they advanced, dragged, sustained and cheerfully encouraged by the dogs alone, as

in-law straddled on one of the horses, with the greatest difficulty. Armand and madame, dragged along by a big dog under each armpit, "just loved the noble creatures."

Only when they arrived at the Hospice did they realize that they had no pajamas. Their clothes were soaked and frozen. In a dream they were led to two big bedrooms with two big wood fires blazing. . . . and a big brown brother calling through the keyhole that they would "find a change of gowns on the chair-backs." They were monks' gowns, of scratchy, thick brown woolen stuff that "tickled" the two ladies so that they "ate their soup and went to sleep laughing." . . .

The next afternoon—the driver having rescued his sleigh, sent up their valises by porter, and himself returned to Bourg St. Pierre long before—they went down the 2, 6, 8 and 10 per cent. slopes of the Italian side in a regular service sleigh and dashing style and taking the terrific descents of 18 to 25 per cent. with "sleigh brakes that hold safer than an automobile." Although they found the Pass alive with service movement, mostly local, they consider themselves great sports and "advise no one to repeat the exploit." As to the dogs, they will "send them a present of 500 francs every year." As the first year has not yet elapsed, it remains to be seen if they turn out more grateful than the average tourist; but I believe they did leave \$10 in the alms box.

It is a painful subject. To merely see the dogs on the spot and learn of their deeds is worth any man's \$10, even in August. And, quite apart, is the question of board and lodging.

The Hospice consists of two vast agglomerations of buildings in the bottom of a cup-like space surrounded by the terrific snow-covered peaks. Yet it is the top of the pass, so high that everyone is accommodated in, breathing after a little exertion—no one knows why; but the atmosphere is more rarefied and colder than that of any other pass, altitude for altitude, by a technical 600 meters. True, it is higher than the Simpson or Mt. Conis; but it is lower than the Stolvie or Great Glibber—all of which I have done, in auto, with none of the inconvenience in breathing experienced around the Great St. Bernard Hospice.

Without the Hospice, the 17,000 poor pedestrians would be in a wretched, even dangerous plight. They regularly sleep at night and eat two meals gratis.

Without the Hospice, 6,000 wall-to-go pleasure tourists, who annually "do" the Great St. Bernard in July, August and September by way of diligences, service-breaks and private carriages would find it a much less "romantic and delightful adventure," with perhaps some painful inconveniences.

For one thing, they would have to pay. When a break-load arrives, they ring the bell in the ancient porch and are welcomed by one of the abbots or canons as guests of a chateau. Automobiles not being permitted on the Swiss side, the all-horse locomotion of this pass

makes a stay over night at the top practically necessary. With old-fashioned courtesy the tourists are conducted to their rooms by an abbe, and after meals are shown round the church, the kennels and museum, quite as guests in a country house. Never a hint of pay. Every tourist knows—it is universal conversation and all guide books tell it—that each tourist ought to put into the alms box at least what he (or she) would have paid at a hotel.

All tourists similarly know in advance that the Hospice has grown poor in modern times by continuing to feed, warm and lodge 23,000 mingled rich and poor annually—the grants, rents and annuities that once made it rich having shrunk and dwindled. This being so, what do you imagine the 6,000 gay and arrogant tourists last summer put into the alms box? Less than 1,000 would have paid at a hotel! That is to say, an average of one tourist in six paid up honestly. The rest sneaked it.

This is not why the dogs have a far-away, almost disdainful look. They do not know why they are almost hard up for their soup and biscuits. Once they wore gold collars; now they go about contentedly in leather dotted with brass nail-heads. They do not even know that rich tourists have tried to buy them for large sums—which the good canons gently refused; they would never send their dog friends down to pant and pine in the thick, hot air of the plain. They disdain nobody. They simply do not like our smell—the smell of overheated, overfed, gross tourist bodies, burning oxygen and letting off poisonous gases like a furnace.

Their friends, the abbots, brothers and cleansing wood choppers of the heights are plain livers, trained down, all muscle, their very clothes free from the grease and microbes of the festering plain. How, then, if they avoid us, are they willing to bound off through snow and night and hunt out—what they smell so easily, so far away—the strongest scented denizen of low altitudes in distress?

In men it would be called professional ardor. In these dogs we call it alarim. Since St. Bernard de Menthon collected the pack in the year A. D. 962, almost a thousand years have elapsed. Generation after generation, back through the centuries, the same patient training, exclusive companionship of wise men, absence of outside foolishness and distractions, have made it a race of dogs apart. There are plenty of St. Bernards up and down the valley; but they are degenerates from the overflow.

The dogs of the Hospice, for example, take their orders only from the abbots, or canons, not the brown brothers ("marronniers") who live with them, feed them, and for whom they have the greatest affection. Yet before starting on an expedition, an abbe has the chief dogs up before him, one by one. It passes in absolute silence, very queer. When the purblind, strong-souled, trained-down, unworshipful man looks into his eyes, what passes into the subconscious being of the clean-living, high-bred, human-companioned animal of the thin air and lonely heights?

Two Hospice dogs have crouched beside an exhausted wayfarer, snuggling close to him on each side to keep him warm while the third dog ran back, to lead the "caravan" of rescue to the spot.

Such a trio of scouts have barked continuously in the ears of a weakening, stumbling traveler to keep him awake. Two trudged so close to him on each side as to warm and hold him upright—while the third butted him along from behind a good five minutes before dashing back to bring the caravan.

Any visitor in snow time is given the privilege to wander off and hide behind a drift—as far as he pleases, covering his tracks at pleasure. Then an abbe will take a new bunch of six dogs from the kennels, merely show them your handkerchief in his uplifted hand—of course they get the scent—and off they go, circling, barking, as at a game. After two circles of the Hospice, at the most, running with their noses in the air like a French deer hound, they have your trail and follow it straight to where you are waiting to be rescued. Then you get your second surprise. Instead of digging you out and offering you a drink of brandy and water from the canteens round their necks, they stand in a circle, laughing at you. You know how a dog laughs?

Technically, the pass is "open to circulation" between the melting and reappearance of the snows in July, August and September. During this period, when the road is alive with traffic over good dry earth, and rock, the rescue work is limited to hunting up adventurous tourists or tipsy "work-seeking" laborers who have strayed or fallen. In bad weather, and as soon as there is snow, the telephone makes rescue work a routine. From St. Remy, on the Swiss slope, a telephone message invariably notifies the Hospice of the passage up of each vehicle, band of pedestrians or solitary adventurer.

## For Union Workers

Important Happenings in Industrial Circles in This Country and Europe

**Indianapolis.**—The annual report of Frank Duffy, general secretary of the United Brotherhood of Carpenters and Joiners, just issued, shows that the total membership of the organization in good standing was 195,768 on June 30, 1911. The total disbursements of Thomas Neale, general treasurer, during the year were \$749,149.32, leaving a balance in the hands of the report terminates, however, the carpenters have added a little more than \$100,000 to their balance. The benevolent features of the carpenters include sick benefits, which are paid solely by the local unions, and, therefore, are not included in the general secretary's report; strike benefits and death benefits. During the fiscal year covered by the report, the carpenters paid out \$276,830.77 in death benefits. The maximum benefit paid by the general organization does not exceed \$200 in any one case. The amount of benefits is greater than was paid during any preceding year, the nearest approach being in the fiscal year 1908, when \$255,574.99 was paid out.

**Washington.**—President W. Finley of the Southern railway has announced that several hundred clerical employees of that company have been given an advance in wages. The increases range from five per cent. to ten per cent. for those who have been in the service but a short time, to 15 per cent. to those who have seen five years or more service. Arrangements were completed whereby the telegraph operators will be granted the increases recently promised them. The average increase to them will amount to about fifteen per cent., which means an additional outlay of about \$125,000 a year.

**Boston.**—The question of the proposed extension of the fire limits and first-class building construction laws so as to include all the residential districts of Boston has aroused the members of a number of Boston unions. All the carpenters, lathers and general building unions oppose the step on the grounds that it would prevent the wage-earner from building a home in Boston; and they also maintain that the present building laws are all right, but that there should be better enforcement of them, and likewise better fire protection in the districts.

**Washington.**—Six steel and 102 wooden vessels were completed by American ship builders during October, the department of commerce and labor announces. Their combined tonnage was 10,938. On the Atlantic and gulf, fifty-five vessels were built, on the great lakes twenty-four, and on the Pacific fifteen. Three were turned out in Porto Rico and eleven on western rivers.

**New York.**—The increase in idleness in the transportation trades of New York and in the allied metal trades was big during the first six months of the present year, according to the bulletin just issued from the state labor department—greater in fact than at any time since the panic of 1907.

**Madison, Wis.**—The Wisconsin supreme court sustained the constitutionality of the workmen's compensation law enacted at the last session of the legislature. A large number of Wisconsin corporations had already decided to come under the law.

**Berlin, Germany.**—There is a powerful movement in Germany to require all girls, regardless of station, to do compulsory domestic service, just as the young men are required under the law to do compulsory military service.

**Stockholm, Sweden.**—The lockout in the building trades of Sweden is gradually drawing to an end through one firm after another deserting the masters' organization and making peace on their own account.

**Washington.**—Great progress has been made in the last year in improving the working conditions of children in the United States, according to the annual report of the national child labor committee.

**Pittsburg.**—The International Molders' union reports a total decrease in membership for the quarter of 2,915, with an expenditure in sick benefits for the same period of \$45,327.

**Birmingham, England.**—Twenty thousand women in this city, it is stated, are working at carding hooks and eyes at an average from half a crown to four shillings a week.

**Foughkeepsie.**—Six thousand operators, towermen and agents on the New York Central lines will get an increase of from 10 to 15 per cent. in their wages.

**Chicago.**—Labor leaders assert that the fight between the plumbers and steam fitters has cost the building trades workmen of Chicago \$8,568,000.

**London, Eng.**—The British government has decided to appoint a board of trade commission, empowered to arbitrate labor disputes.

**Worcester, Mass.**—The Massachusetts state convention of steam fitters' unions will be held here Sunday, December 3.

**Amsterdam, Holland.**—In the Netherlands the predominant hours in most industries are ten to eleven a day.

**Perth, Australia.**—Prompt industrial victory has been gained by the slaughtermen in a dispute with their employers. Under an award of the arbitration court, which came into operation in June, 1910, wages were fixed at \$17.50 a week, with work on Saturdays and the weekly holiday on Sundays. In accordance with a union resolution, the men determined to give a week's notice unless this minimum payment were raised to \$20 a week with the abolition of Sunday work, and the substitution of four and one-quarter hours' work on Saturdays. After a conference and subsequent consideration the employers agreed to this demand.

**New York.**—The United Hebrew Trades of New York city, representing 100 labor organizations and 206 benevolent and other societies, held a convention to protest against the employment of non-union men by the so-called "bread trust." They passed resolutions pledging the members of the 400 organizations represented and the families of the members to use only bread bearing the union label and also decided to tell the concerns employing non-union labor that if they do not put in union men exclusively the United Hebrew Trades will organize a cooperative plant for supplying the Jewish trade with white bread.

**Indianapolis.**—A union labor war against the high cost of food products is the aim of the Cost of Living league, as announced here by President James M. Lynch of the International Typographical union. Lynch plans for the organization of "cost of living leagues" in every city where organized labor is found. An interchange of information and co-operative action, he believes, will ultimately lead to methods whereby the high cost of living problem will be solved. Lynch will organize a score of leagues in the larger cities immediately. The local organization will join the cooperative buying organizations recently started here by the employees of the Pennsylvania railroad and the post-office employees.

**New York.**—The street cleaning department made rapid progress in removing the accumulated garbage in the streets, and Commissioner Edwards announced that he has no objections resulting from a strike of the drivers down to normal. A total of 5,745 cartloads of refuse was removed to the dumps, 4,426 men operating 1,717 carts in service. There was practically no disorder.

**Madison, Wis.**—By order of the state industrial commission a permanent state employment bureau is established at La Crosse. It is now the office has been operated under a temporary arrangement. Three other such bureaus are to be established in the state, the purpose being to protect workmen against professional labor agents.

**Indianapolis.**—During the last three years the Cigarmakers' International union has paid in benefits the sum of \$9,000,000. The smallest benefit paid was the strike benefits, which totaled a little more than \$1,000,000, the other \$8,000,000 being divided among sick, disability, death and out of work benefits.

**Atlanta, Ga.**—Previous to organization the blacksmiths of this city got 25 cents an hour and worked ten hours a day. Since organization their wages have increased to 35 cents an hour and the day's work has been reduced to nine hours.

**New York.**—Three thousand girls employed in New York city in the manufacture of neckwear struck for 52 hours a week, the closed shop, union recognition and uniform price of 4, 8 and 18 cents per dozen for neckties.

**New York.**—Since September nearly 100 colored waiters and bellmen have been dismissed from several of the large hotels and restaurants in New York city and their places have been filled by white men and boys.

**London.**—Carters in the eastern district of Middlethian, England, have gone on strike and some hundreds of men are out, the dispute arising over the hours of labor and the recognition of the men's union.

**Washington.**—Seven hundred and fifty-five companies from the United States have built factories in Canada since 1900. Many of these are large than the original plants in the United States.

**Glrad, O.**—After a conference between labor leaders and the management of the A. M. Byers mill it was announced that prospects of a settlement of the strike here are slight.

**Seattle, Wash.**—An important advance has been formed, which embraces farmers, members of the 15-trades workmen of Chicago \$8,568,000.

**The Privileged Class.**  
Rudyard Kipling in an anti-fragrant, and to a New York woman who recently attempted to win him over to the suffragist cause he wrote trenchantly:  
"I don't see why, women want their rights. If I only had their privileges!"

**The Difference.**  
Visitor—Personality, I don't think much of the American method of spelling.  
Hostess—Why not?  
Visitor—Well, take parlor, for instance. Having 'u' in it makes all the difference in the world.—Tattler.

**No Vocal Training.**  
Newlywed—Why don't you get married, Singleton? Married life is so grand sweet song.  
Singleton—My voice isn't adapted up to it.

**Voices of the Night.**  
"John, I don't believe you put the cat out."  
"Confound it, Maria, you didn't put covers enough on this bed!"  
"Henry, wake up! I hear somebody in the basement!"  
"We won't go home 't' mor'nin', as then we won't go home!"  
"What's your hurry, Jack? It's early yet."  
"Me-ow! Me-ow! Spill!"  
"Cock-a-doodle-doo!"  
"Hands up!"

**Natural Mistake.**  
"Is Mrs. Walsingham at home?"  
"No, I believe she has gone out for the day."  
"Are you Mr. Walsingham?"  
"No; I've just got out of a hospital, so your mistake is perhaps no more than natural."

## Most Deadly of All Snakes

Poison Emitted From Fangs of the Echis Carinata Invariably Fatal—Is Found in India.

The most venomous of snakes is said to be the Echis carinata of India. It is about eighteen inches long and of a gray color. The creature is death itself, and carries in its head the secret of destroying life with the concentrated agony of all the poisons.

The Echis carinata is tolerably common in India, being found in nearly every part of the peninsula.

Fortunately, however, for man, it is not, like the cobra, a house-frequenting snake; for its aggressive habits would make it infinitely more fatal to life than its dreaded relative.

This king of the asp does not turn to escape from man as the cobra will, or flash into concealment like the ko-

riat, but keeps the path against its human assailant, and, pitting its own eighteen inches of length against its enemy's bulk, challenges and provokes conflict.

A stroke with a whip will cut it in two, or a clod of earth disable it; but such is its malignity that it will invite attack by every device at its command, staking its own life on the mere chance of its adversary coming within the little circle of its power. At most, the radius of this circle is 12 inches. Within it, at any point, lies certain

death, and, on the bare hope of hand or foot trespassing within its reach, the Echis throws its body into a figure-eight coil. Then it attracts attention by rubbing its loops together, which, from the roughness of the scales, make a rustling, hissing sound, erects its head in the center, and awaits attack.

It is said that no one, having once encountered this terrible reptile, can ever forget its horrid aspect when thus aroused, its eagerly aggressive air, its restless coils, which, in con-

stant motion one over the other and rustling ominously all the while, stealthily but surely bring it nearer and nearer to the object of its fury.—Harper's Weekly.

**Most Deadly of All Snakes**  
The Echis carinata is tolerably common in India, being found in nearly every part of the peninsula. Fortunately, however, for man, it is not, like the cobra, a house-frequenting snake; for its aggressive habits would make it infinitely more fatal to life than its dreaded relative. This king of the asp does not turn to escape from man as the cobra will, or flash into concealment like the ko-