WALESCOTTS ON THE LAWN AT BERNARDSVILLE

The Scottish Terrier

BY

WILLIAMS HAYNES

COMPLIMENTS OF

FRANCIS G. LLOYD

WALESCOTT KENNELS

MCMXV

BERNARDSVILLE

NEW JERSEY

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THE SCOTTISH TERRIER

CHAPTER I

The "Diehard"

THE "Diehard"—it looks like some "nickel thriller." But it is only the nickname of a game, intelligent, lovable breed of terriers from Scotland.

Words fail me when I want to describe the Scottish Terrier. To me he is the dog of dogs, my personal opinion being: all dogs are good; any terrier is better; a Scottie is best. I am therefore afraid that when I describe his intelligence, his temperament, his constitution, it will read very much like the claims of a patent medicine circular written in the language of a circus poster.

Nor are his looks a line of less resistance, for a description of Scottie's physical appearance is not the easiest thing to write. I always smile when I think of an experience

a Scottie and I had when I was at the University. The dramatic club was presenting one of Pinero's farces, and I was lucky enough to be playing the part of a young scapegrace. In one of the acts, a Scottie accompanied me on the stage, and when not before the footlights she mounted guard in my dressing-room—incidentally she made things very uncomfortable for one of the "ladies" of the company who came, in my absence, to borrow a filling of tobacco for his pipe.

One time, I came back to my room to find it in an uproar. Two stage hands were plunged deep in discussion as to whether "Betty" was a dog, or a tame bear cub—a debate that was quite seriously complicated by a third stoutly maintaining that she was a coon. They had long since passed the retort courteous stage and were almost at blows. I doubt that I could have convinced them, had she not spoken for herself—her bark being conclusive proof of her doghood. Other Scottie owners can tell similar tales, and one can easily see that there are peculiar difficul-

ties of description afforded by a dog that is indiscriminately called a "coon," a "bear cub," a "pig," and what not.

The Scotch saying, "Guid gear goes in mickle bundles," fits this little Scotch dog well. He is the smallest and most compact of all the working terriers, and a good specimen invariably gives you the impression of great strength and wonderful powers pressed down into the smallest possible measure. He is low on the leg, very heavily boned, and short of back. He stands about ten inches or a foot high at the shoulder and weighs from sixteen to twenty pounds. His head is carried high and his tail (which is uncut and about seven inches long) is gay and slightly curved. He is all awake and as lively as corn in a popper, with an air of inquisitive aloofness not to be put on paper, but quite unmistakable in the dog himself.

The perfect Scottie's head is long, but broad across the skull, with a stout muzzle and a large black nose that sticks out beyond the line of the lips, making him look

"pig-jawed," though in reality his lower teeth are even with the upper. His head looks a size too big for his body to the novice, but he has plenty of brain room and the biggest, strongest, whitest teeth of any terrier, barring the giant of the race, the Airedale. His ears should be small, V-shaped, and erect. The Standard allows semi-prick ears, like those of the Collie, but Fashion has favored the erect, and the semi-pricked ears are never seen in the show ring. His eyes should be dark, bright as live coals, set wide apart, and deep sunk, for a large, light, pop-eye ruins his clever, varminty expression.

The neck of the ideal Diehard is thick and muscular, well set on sloping shoulders. His chest is broad and deep, and his front legs heavy in bone and slightly curved. It is in his "front" that Scottie differs most from the other terriers, though his prick ears, his uncut tail and his short legs are decidedly different from what we are accustomed to recognize as terrier type. His front has none of that pinched, narrow,

twin-stilt effect, for his chest is broad and his solid legs are set quite wide apart—not by any means the extreme width of breast in which the Bulldog rejoices, nor the broken, wabbly look of a Basset. The bone of his forelegs is slightly curved, but loose elbows that stick out are a bad fault. A dog so fitted lacks strength, activity, and soundness. His brisket should be deep; his loin slightly cut up; and his ribs neither round as a barrel nor flat as a plate, but a nice compromise between the two.

Broad and very muscular hindquarters are a necessity for the typical Scot. His hocks should be low and bent, but cow-hocks, those that bend inward, are a weakness. His solid front and substantial hindquarters are distinctive features of the breed. I like to see him short coupled, for one of those long, snaky Scotties, even though he have a head a mile long (as usually happens in this type) never appeals to me. The Scottish Terrier was made to fight his battles underground with very game and very well-armed enemies, and he

must be small and powerful. I know from experience it is the blocky dog that fills this bill.

His feet should be of good size, but compact and equipped with big, black nails. His tail—the bone as well as the hair—should be thick at the base and tapering to a point at the tip. In color, he can cover quite a wide range—black, gray, grizzle, brindle, sandy, or reddish wheaten—but he cannot have white markings outside of a tiny patch on his breast, and even that is not considered a beauty spot. Popular fancy favors a black dog, but such a one is apt to look "soft" and must have a wonderfully good, dark eye to keep the true Diehard expression. Personally, I prefer a gray grizzle, a sort of salt and pepper, with brindles and steels, as dark as possible, for second pickings. No one nowadays cares much for a very light-colored Scottie.

The ideal coat is about two inches long on the body. It must be extremely harsh and wiry and lined with a wool-like undercoat. The hair on the skull is wiry, but

short, and it is the style to cultivate whiskers on the muzzle. On the ears the hair is soft and short, without any suggestion of a fringe.

When the true Scottie moves he has a distinctive gait. When trotting he picks up his feet carefully and quickly and seems to be suspended in air between steps, very much like a good hackney, without, of course, the excessive action in front. He can run very fast for a dog of his size, and will cover remarkable distances with little or no discomfort. In fact, I have time and again seen him literally walk other terriers off their feet.

All in all, a typical Scottish Terrier is a small, dark, wire-coated dog, short on the leg, with a longish head on a compact body, very strong and powerful in appearance, but quick in his movements and wonderfully bright and wide-awake looking.

So much for his looks: now for Scottie himself. I am afraid that we must grant that he "ain't no rose for looks," but handsome is that handsome does, and mentally

he is the most lovable of dogs. One of the favorite stories of Mr. Campbell Covil, an enthusiast on the subject of the Highland dog, has that same moral. A friend of his wife's came to visit them, and at first it was "Take those ugly little brutes away." But she stayed a week, and her opinion so changed that she went triumphantly home carrying a Scottie pup, for which she had paid fifty dollars. Nobody seems to fall madly in love with Scottie at first sight, but nobody can live in the same house with him a week and not love him. As Dr. Fayette Ewing has so well said, "He just wags his way into your heart."

The wag of his tail is as unique as he is himself—which is saying a good deal. It is such a wholesouled wag, starting at his very nose, just as if his tail alone could not begin to tell you how glad he is to see you. He does not, however, wag for strangers. He unreservedly devotes himself to one person, tolerating Master's friends, but ignoring the rest of the world. The very highest tribute that is paid to his companionable

qualities is the fact that many fanciers who have large *kennels* of other breeds keep a Scottish Terrier in the *house*.

As for his gameness, it is beyond dispute. In the rugged Highlands of Scotland he was carefully bred for centuries and kept for the specific purpose of dealing with foxes and otters. Now, dealing with foxes and otters over steep hills and down the glens is no sinecure, and when the quarry takes to his den in cairn or cave, the dog who will get him out, dead or alive, must be both game and willing. It was at this work that the Scottish Terrier won his nickname of Diehard, and proved a thousand times that he deserved it. There are dozens of anecdotes that tell of this dog's gameness—how sire and son meeting underground in a fox's den killed each other, thinking they were fighting their hereditary enemy; how a little bitch, with one fore leg torn off, literally yanked a dog otter out of his lair; how a veteran, considered too old to take an active part in the hunt, killed single-handed a fox which the pack had driven to

cover in the very room where the old dog and his master's baby were playing.

Game and willing fighter that he is, the Diehard is not prone to giving street exhibitions of his prowess, for which we may be thankful, since foxes are not common in our city thoroughfares, nor otters on our village greens. Still, as the man who had a seventy-horse power motor and never drove faster than twenty miles an hour, said, "I like to know I can, if I want to"; and Scottie's *can* finds legitimate use on rats, woodchucks, and their numerous relatives and friends.

Hard as a diamond-tipped drill, thoroughly game to the utter extremity, bright as polished brass, true and lovable, Scottie, with his odd little ways, is just the ideal dog—at least such is my own opinion, and I have had a long and varied experience with dogs, ranging from a half interest in a Great Dane to a gift Toy Spaniel.

CHAPTER II

Scottish Terrier History

TO everyone the Highlands of Scotland are a land of romance. Their bold mountains covered with purple heather; their steep glens down which tumble the roaring, foaming streams; their rough, rocky coasts jagged with deep, irregular inlets and fringed with rugged islands, are an ideal setting for the wild story of the country. The clans staking life and home for their chiefs in the bitter feuds; the sturdy drovers driving their wild herds of shaggy, long-horned, black cattle down to the Lowland markets; the smugglers, with muffled oars and shaded lantern landing rum and tea in some hidden cove—there are a thousand good stories about each. Tartan, claymore, and bagpipe are the proper trappings of a picturesque peo-

ple. Their heroes—Bruce, Wallace, the bonny Prince Charlie—are demigods of romance as well as historical figures.

One would be disappointed and quite resentful if their dog did not have a history worthy of a ballad. And so he has, for the Scottish Terrier, dog of the Highlands, boasts a lineage as long and as proud as the oldest of the clans.

In ancient times, each district in the Highlands had its "todhunter," whose duty it was to see carefully to it that the then prosperous firm of Fox, Otter and Company did not do a too flourishing business in lamb and poultry. Sometimes these todhunters were "of the Laird's men," sometimes they were supported by the whole community of small farmers and dignitaries. There was honor and considerable profit in their office, and in time it came to be more or less hereditary. Their duty was simple. They waged war of extermination against the vermin, which, however, was a very different matter from the good old English sport of fox-hunting.

In the rough country horse and hound would have been worse than useless, and the "vermin" made their dens in such rocky ground that they could not be dug out. The sole solution was a dog small enough to follow the fox, or otter, or badger, or wild cat into his lair; strong enough to bring him out dead or alive; and game enough to do both. A dog developed from this necessity, and that dog was the ancestor of the present-day Scottish Terrier.

Those small, stocky, game, wirecoated terriers existed in the Highlands from time immemorial, but in the Lowlands there was another terrier. He, however, is quite another story and would not be mentioned here at all were it not necessary to distinguish sharply between him and our breed.

The confusion arises from the fact that this Lowland dog, who was also wirecoated, but lighter in build and much higher on the leg, was in early days called the Scotch Terrier. He is the dog whom "Stonehenge" supposed to be identical with the Irish Terrier, and to give another spe-

cific example, Dalziel, in his "British Dogs" (1880), regrets that so useful a dog as the Scotch Terrier had never been popularized. This was not the short-legged Scottish Terrier of the Highlands. To early English writers, any wire terrier hailing from north of Yorkshire was a "Scotch Terrier," and under this most elastic term they even included the long-haired Skye Terrier.

We have, however, some direct and certain mention of the Highland terrier. In his "History of Scotland from 1436 to 1561," John Lesley, Bishop of Ross, mentions a "dog of low height, which creeping into subterraneous burrows, routs out foxes, badgers, martins, and wild cats from their lurking-places and dens." Here is the earliest mention of our Scottish Terrier, and we find him already famous in his profession. St. John, in his "Wild Sports of the Highlands" (*circa* 1840), tells of the Highland todhunters and their game little terriers. In Bell's "British Quadrupeds" (1837) is reference to the age of the wire-haired Highland Terrier, and Col. Hamil-

ton Smith (1840) lays stress on this same point, claiming that they are the oldest breed native to Britain. One might multiply such quotations, and even point out some Seventeenth and Eighteenth Century paintings and engravings in which Scotties are depicted, but enough has been said to show that the Diehard is no upstart.

Long, long years before the era of dog shows, stud books, and scientific animal breeding, the plucky little Highland terrier was cherished for a purely utilitarian purpose—the destruction of vermin. The only standard of perfection was gameness, hunting ability, and docility to training. The best vermin destroyer was the best dog—quite regardless of his looks—and was accordingly most sought for breeding purposes. The only stud advertisements were chance words passed, maybe with a stone jug, round a roaring winter's fire; such as "Andy McDonald o' Glen Tammis has a bonny wee doggie wha's a diel wi' a tod," and after some stories of the prowess of Andy's sporting terrier, the hearers would

decide to send their bitches over to Glen Tammis next spring.

There was much difference in dogs of different districts, but a general type existed which, in spite of local variations, could easily be recognized. The dogs were small, short legged, and powerfully built, and they had long jaws with abnormally big, strong teeth. Their coats were thick and wiry to withstand the long, damp winters. The ears and color were most variable quantities. The former were sometimes prick, sometimes semi-pricked, and not unusually one erect and one drop. Sometimes they were large and rounded at the end—like the French Bulldog—at other times they were quite V-shaped. Joseph's coat was not a patch on the colors of the early Scotties. Generally, they came much lighter than we are accustomed to see to-day—fawns, wheatens, light smuts, but ranging all the way to dark brindles and blacks, now so popular, but then not desired, for a light dog was easier to distinguish from the fox when the two came pell mell out of the den

together. In early days some of the "fronts" were very crooked and wobbly; while darkness of eye, length of skull, and shortness of back were minor details that were blissfully ignored.

These short-legged, wire-coated Highland dogs went under a wide and most confusing variety of names. This adds materially to the pleasures of their historian, especially when he comes upon such commonplace and easily pronounced words as "mogstads," "drynocks" and "camusennaries," which were the names given by Mr. Gordon Murray to different local varieties of the breed. Fortunately these weird Gaelic words—which, by the way, are not pronounced *à l'anglaise*—never came into common usage, for they merely referred to local strains. In the land of his nativity the Scottie was originally called fox terrier, otter dog, cairn terrier, and other similar names derived directly from his work.

These were not considered distinctive enough when the breed began to visit the bench shows, and Aberdeen was suggested.

This raised a howl from every lover of the breed who did not live in that city. Long and stubborn was the fight, and at last the compromise of Scottish Terrier was suggested and accepted. The name Aberdeen has, however, stuck to the breed like a burr to a spaniel's ear. This is probably the result of Dalziel using it in his "British Dogs"—a book that was a sort of Koran for the early pilgrims to the Mecca of dog shows. What foundation there was for the use of Aberdeen is most doubtful. Mr. Thompson Gray, who was certainly a great authority on the dogs of northern Britain, has left record of an Aberdeen strain resulting from the matings of sundry local bitches (probably a miscellaneous lot) to a dog from the Skye district owned by a Dr. von Best. Most students of the breed, however, have long since arrived at the conclusion that the Aberdeen strain was but a branch of the old Highland terrier not a whit more important, though better advertised, than any of the other local families. Yet the name sticks and most Scotties own-

ers have had experience with the misnomer.

Out in Baltimore County, Maryland, there is an old Yorkshireman who makes a living raising hedge-plants and shrubs. One day, when I was living down there, I walked over to his little place, for I heard he was an interesting character, and also that he had some fine game chickens which I wanted to see. I took two Scotties with me and he hailed them as Aberdeen Terriers—the like of which he had not seen in fifty years. Both of them were show dogs of the approved modern type—one has since won the Champion's title—and I was surprised that he should recognize the breed. On questioning him I found that my dogs were bigger (they weighed about eighteen or nineteen pounds and no one would call them big to-day) with flatter, more wiry coats, and longer heads than the dogs he knew half a century ago. This is interesting because I think he knew what he was talking about; certainly he had had a good deal of experience with terriers and

had an eye for good stock, judging by his own dogs and chickens.

The only other interesting experience I ever had with "Aberdeen Terriers" was in Worksop, England, where a brother of the "boots" at the Red Lion tried to sell me some real old Aberdeen Terrier pups, which looked to me like a cross between a Scottie and an Irish or Welsh Terrier. Neither parent was visible, and the pedigree was too romantic to be authentic, so I had to withstand the temptation to get some of "the genu-wine old Aberdeen stock."

Before 1875, to return to our sketch of the breed, the Scottish Terrier was, save in a few rare cases, unknown outside the Highlands, where he was largely in the possession of sporting lairds, gamekeepers, and the todhunters. They kept him as a mighty little hunter, but loved him for his pluck, his affectionate disposition and his intelligence. About that time, however, a few stray entries found their way to the bench shows in the classes for broken-haired or working terriers. There they kept com-

pany with Skyes, Bedlingtons, Paisleys, and sometimes an Airedale or two. In 1879 the Dundee Show gave the breed a class of their own, and in 1880 the first dog of the breed, the property of Mr. James A. Adamson, of Aberdeen, was entered in the English Stud Book.

The Scottish Terrier of to-day traces his pedigree back to a famous quartette, Splinter II, Tartan, Dunnolly, and Bonaccord. The first of these, Splinter II, is literally the mother of the breed, and ninety per cent. of the dogs who have won their championship trace directly in the female line to this great bitch. Some idea of the importance of Splinter II may be gleaned from the fact that her name appears sixty-six times in the pedigree of Ch. Heather Bob —twenty-nine times through his sire Ch. Heather Prince and thirty-seven through his dam Ch. Sunray. Splinter II came originally from the Highlands, being one of a pack of sixty terriers sent by Mr. Gordon Murray to Sir Poynter Pigott of Norwich, one of the breed's first and best Eng-

lish friends. The mob of sixty was a pretty miscellaneous lot, but it contained Splinter II and Tartan, which covers a multitude of sins. Mr. H. L. Ludlow, to whom the breed owes a never-to-be-paid debt, bought these two celebrities. He has described Splinter II as small, compact, well coated, and with a fine expression. Tartan is reported to have been a very cobby dog, short headed, but with a good eye and nice ears. The Tartan-Splinter II cross produced Worry, dam of four champions.

Dunnolly came from the Isle of Skye and was owned by Captain Mackie, another early enthusiast. He was a powerful dog, low to the ground and blessed with a head that for his time was remarkably long and clean, but he had bad faults in his loose shoulders and big ears.

Bonaccord, last of the four, but a most illustrious sire, came from somewhere up Aberdeen way, and was the property of Mr. Ludlow. He was noted for his game spirit and excelled physically in shortness of back, soundness of front, and quality of

coat. He was, however, light in bone, too high on the leg, and very short in head. Bonaccord bred to Splinter II produced Rambler, whose sons Dundee and Alister were the first Scotties of real classic type and are famous as founders of two important and distinct strains.

Though Dundee and Alister were more than brothers (they had the same sire and Dundee was himself sire of Alister's dam), they were quite different in type and each with strange potency transmitted his good points even to the third and fourth generation. Dundee was long of head, flat skull, clean cheeks, and a fine expression. Alister was more cobby, lower to the ground, and with heavy bone and big solid quarters. The two families which are headed by these dogs have produced the greatest of our bench heroes, and we cannot do better than to trace the main lines of each.

Alister bred to Ch. Heather Belle (by Ch. Dundee ex a Rambler-Worry bitch) produced a famous litter of sound, heavy-boned terriers typical of this stocky strain.

They are known to fame as Whinstone, Argyle, The Mackintosh, and Heather Bee. All of them figure in pedigrees, but Whinstone is the link in the main line of the family. He, bred to Nettle (a bitch whose sire was a son of Alister and whose dam had that same dog for grandsire), got Prince Alexander. This dog was thoroughly Alister in type as well as breeding. He was very cobby and showy, but shortish in head and none too good in front. Prince Alexander bred to Heather Bee (own sister of his sire) gave us Heather Prince, a dog who won prizes by the score and got some fine puppies. It is through him—usually through his sons Heather Bob and Abertay—that the dogs of now trace back to the Alister family.

The Dundee strain, with its long head and wonderful expression, was not prominent so early, but during the last decade was paramount. Rascal was the first of the family to come to the fore. He was sired by Highland Chief, a son of Dundee, and his dam, Uddingston Beauty, was a grand-

daughter of Dundee. Rascal was a great show dog, with a long head and fine coat, but he weighed some twenty-five pounds. His best son was Ch. Revival and his best daughter Ch. Scotch Reel. It was through neither of these, however, that the family strain was perpetuated, but by a less known son called St. Clair Fifer. Fifer sired a little dog known by the modest name of Jack, who in turn sired the great Seafield, founder of the strain that in years past has been invincible. Seafield had the good fortune to be the daddy of three sterling sons, Ch. Heather Chief, Camowen Laddie, and Ch. Seafield Rascal. This trio has given us the Dundee bred dogs of yesterday and to-day.

No one must think that there were no other show and stud heroes. There have been many, but these two strains of Splinter II's blood have been so overwhelmingly important in Scottish Terrier annals that we can cover more ground by tracing them than by giving a chronological record of the good dogs of all strains. In fact, the

Dundee and Alister strains are so important that I am going to affix to this a pedigree of each family. These are interesting in that they show the close in-breeding that produced the dogs and, despite their marked differences in type, how nearly related they are in blood.

The Dundee family has been too prominent in recent years. They are famous in the show ring, but do not have such a high average in the breeding kennels. As an example, Ch. Heworth Rascal, a beautiful dog and as near perfect as I have ever seen, was straight Dundee bred on both sides. In this country and abroad I have, I suppose, seen four score of his get, and never one that came near his quality. I mated an Alister bred bitch (by Abertay) to a mediocre son of Heworth Rascal and got five pups, all of them good enough to win. There has been "a too great muchness," as Hans says, of the Dundee blood, and wise breeders are carefully selecting out crosses.

To sketch briefly the rise of the breed in the United States one cannot say "they

came, they saw, they conquered," but rather they came, they nearly were conquered, they came back. Mr. John H. Naylor of Chicago made the first importations. In 1883 he brought over Tam Glen and Bonnie Bell and in 1884, Heather. Little resulted, for the breed did not catch the American fancy, and till 1891 nothing happened, either in purchases or in breeding, worthy of record. In 1891 Messrs. Toon and Symonds imported Kilstor, and the following year they got Tiree. Shortly, however, these dogs were bought by the Wankie Kennels of Messrs. Brooks and Ames, who also imported Kildee and Kilroy. This gave them a corner in the show awards, and the game little Highland dog came near being killed by his friends, for competition was choked and interest lagged. In 1895 the Wankie dogs were sixteen of the thirty-nine Scotties benched at the New York Show, and all save one of the blue ribbons went home to Boston with them. Things went from bad to worse till these two owners, surfeited with ring honors, dropped out.

In 1899, Dr. Fayette Ewing of St. Louis had two good dogs in Loyne Ginger and Rommany Ringlet, and the following season saw Newcastle Model in Mr. James L. Little's possession. The first famous American bred was Ch. Nosegay Sweet William, a product of the St. Louis fancier's kennel, who came out in 1901, the same year the Scottish Terrier Club was organized. Then it was that the breed came back in general favor with terrier fanciers.

Since then the Scottie has come on rapidly, making more friends each year, till now among wire terriers entered at the Westminster Kennel Club Show the breed runs second in number to the Airedale. It has been a gradual growth. Never has there been a great importing bee buzzing in our bonnets, and no Scottie ever cost as much as some Airedales or Irishmen or Fox Terriers. I suppose the record was hung up when Mr. Lloyd bought Ch. Walescott Invader from Mr. Holland Buckley. However, Scottie is far from a cheap dog, as anyone knows who has bought one. In

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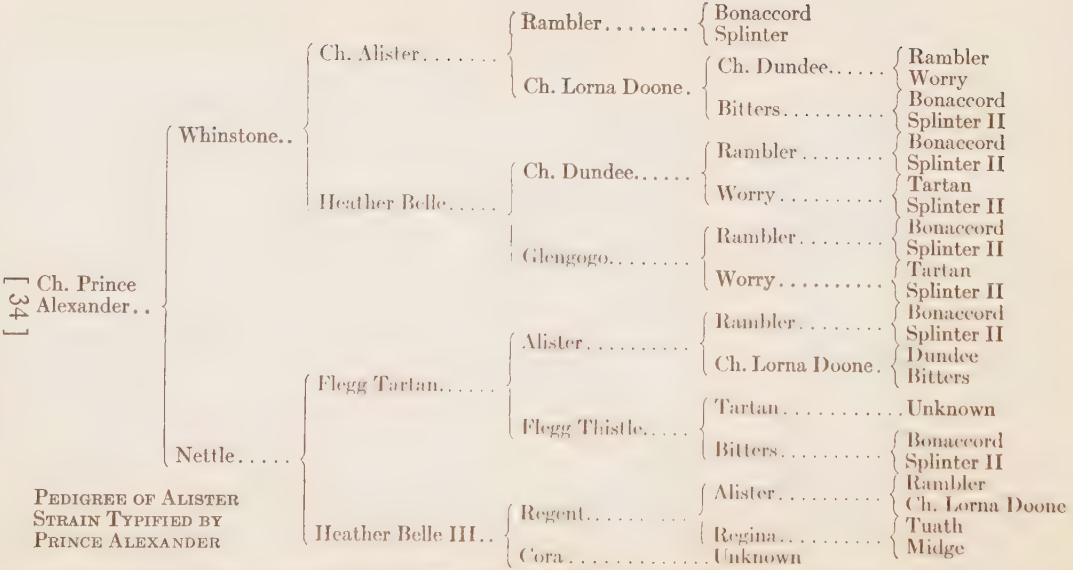
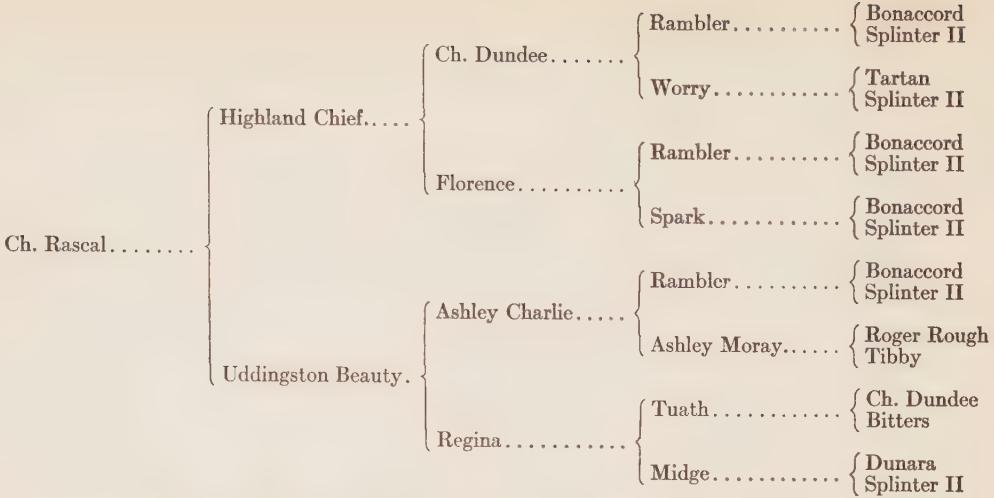
fact, the average price of a hundred Scotties sold this year would be higher than that of any other wire terriers and probably twice as high as the average price in Airedales. The demand is always sharp and the supply limited, and the time of the kennel which advertises "six weeks old pups for sale—dogs $20.00, bitches $10.00," has not come.

The breed continues to make many friends, and has a rosy future before it, for if it has made friends slowly it has made them well and wisely. Scottie may not be so attractive at first sight as some others, but he has qualities that enable him to hold his friends long and fast. I hope that we shall not lose sight of the sporting possibilities of the Diehard, and in the rush for ribbons and cups forget that he was first of all a game hunter of foxes and otters. Many of us know he is most useful and companionable in the field, and it will be a pity if we neglect this side of his development. There is always this tendency among fan-



PEDIGREE OF ALISTER STRAIN TYPIFIED BY PRINCE ALEXANDER

Prince Alexander bred to Heather Bee—own sister of Whinstone (see above)—got Heather Prince. Bonaccord, Splinter II, Tartan and Cora are all of unknown pedigree and we are here at first of breed.



PEDIGREE OF DUNDEE STRAIN TYPIFIED BY CH. RASCAL

This was the first great dog of the family and was grand-sire of Seafield.
Dogs of unknown pedigree are, Bonaccord, Splinter II, Tartan, Roger Rough, Tibby and Dunara.

ciers, and in the case of this breed especially it is to be deplored.

Some of the best times of my life have been spent browsing about the country with a couple of Scotties, digging out woodchucks and splashing up and down the stream after a fat water-rat. They and I were better for it, and there is many a kennel-housed Diehard who would do good service on the farm at his original work as a vermin destroyer. Let us hope he may be given his chance to "make good" at this his original work. He has already won many hearts just on his companionable qualities. But that is only half of him!

CHAPTER III

The Useful Scottie

LONG years before the dog show was thought of and before there was such a thing as scientific breeding, Scottish Terriers were highly valued and carefully bred. They were useful dogs—a fact the fancier of to-day, perverted as he is apt to become in this time of very high-prized bench winners, sometimes forgets. The little Diehard was cherished as a hunter of tods and brocks—foxes and badgers—and was never given his nickname for nothing.

It is perfectly true that in this twentieth century and transplanted to America, few of these terriers find employment in their original work. Nevertheless, they are useful dogs. There is plenty of good work for them to do, and we, their friends, should be the first to keep them from becoming effete

pets. Scotties are sporting dogs, gamest of the game, bright, and faithful, and their valuable talents should never be wasted in parlors and boudoirs. If, as it were, they have had to forge their swords into plowshares, at least the plowshares need not rust to decay.

Training, education, and specialization are all familiar terms these days. It is acknowledged that the skilled dwarf is more powerful than the ignorant giant; that the efficiency of the genius is increased many times by proper schooling. So it is with dogs. By nature and by the art of breeding these terriers have been endowed with gifts fitting them to do whatever a small dog may be called upon to do, but proper training will enable them to do it more easily and better.

With dogs of so many talents it is somewhat difficult to decide just the best way in which to take up the different branches of their education, but let us divide the training upon the basis of terriers in town and in the country.

Dogs will always be kept in the cities as companions, and I suppose that it is useless to say that a Harlem flat is just about the worst place in the world for a dog. Any terrier just cries for room. He is lively as a cricket and as full of spirits as a nut is of kernel—both excellent qualities in any dog outside a flat. The city at best is no place for any dog; no place for terriers, of all dogs. Yet hundreds of dogs live in town and they serve their purpose. Also, they have a great deal to learn.

House-breaking is the first lesson that has to be taught the city dog. Usually it saves time and money to see that the dog you buy is already so trained, but this cannot always be done. It is a risky business to guarantee a dog house-broken, and too much faith must not be placed in any such promises. It often happens that, while a dog will always behave perfectly in one house, he may have to be trained all over again when introduced into another. This is mainly true of puppies, so you need not consider yourself basely deceived if, in this

particular, a youngster does not live strictly up to the word of his seller.

If your Scottie arrives in a crate, he should, the very first thing after unpacking, be given a run. The safest way is to bring him into the house on a lead and to keep him tied up short in some convenient place for a couple of days, taking him out regularly at fixed hours. He will soon get into these habits. Should he offend, he ought to be punished at the scene of his crime, taking care that he is aware of his offense, and tied up again. A very few days of this treatment will house-break any dog who is old enough to understand what you are driving it. Trying to house-break a very young puppy is cruelty pure and simple.

In punishing a dog, do not beat him about the ears and never use either a fine whip or a stick. It has happened twice in my knowledge that a dog has had his hearing seriously damaged by a rupturing of the ear drums caused by blows on the head. A whip will cut the skin of a dog and a

stick may break a bone. A smart slap under the jaw, accompanied by a word-scolding in a severe tone and uncompromising manner, is a thousand times better. In extreme cases, a strap may be used, but always remember that the object is not to flog the dog into cowardly and broken submission, but merely to impress upon him that he is not doing as you wish.

In all cases, it is best to punish a dog "red handed," but in no case should you punish him "red headed." Unless the dog knows for what he is being punished, you are like Xerxes whipping the Hellespont for wrecking his ships, except that a dog has more feelings than the sea. The best way to be sure that the dog knows is to catch him in the very act. This has the disadvantage, however, of making it likely that you will be in a temper.

No dog should ever be punished when you have not got perfect control over yourself. The patience of Job was never tried by a healthy terrier puppy, or it might have reached its limit. A spoiled rug, the

flower-beds wrecked, a new hat chewed up, slippers and rubbers all over the house, religious disobedience, all these things do cultivate a temper, but temper and dog-training do not live together successfully.

In training a dog, be sure that he knows exactly what you want him to do, and then be sure that he always does it. Make obedience a habit. In time, it will come as natural to him as breathing. When you say, "Come here," see that he comes, and let him understand that "Lie down" means just that and nothing more. It is very useful to have a dog that lives in the house "stay-put" when placed in a chair or a corner, and this should be part of his education. It is very bad dog manners to jump on visitors. Even to those who love dogs it is often disagreeable.

I am not personally in favor of teaching a dog tricks. A trick dog soon learns to "love the limelight," and will be continually begging to be allowed to show off. Besides, I have an inborn dislike to seeing a dog "doing stunts," and I know the feel-

ing is shared by others who are fond of a good dog. It seems a silly thing to see a big, strong terrier begging, or walking on his hind legs. It may be very clever for poodles and pugs, but with a man's dog—and the terriers are all "man's dogs"—it always calls to my mind a painting in the Louvre in which Hercules is depicted sitting at the feet of Omphale industriously winding up a ball of yarn. However, tastes differ, and these tricks are all easy to teach a bright pupil who has already learned the lesson of minding.

When the city dog goes out for a walk, his training gets its real test. What a lovely spectacle it is to see a dog owner rushing and yelling after a dog who runs about, paying no more attention to his master than to the clouds overhead. It is a sight that has but one equal, that of a portly, pompous gentleman chasing his own hat.

Even if a dog is perfectly trained indoors, he may break loose when first taken out on the street. He can, however, easily be made to understand that master is to be

boss on the street, as well as in the house. One of the best habits a city dog can have is that of keeping close to his owner's heels crossing streets. A dog is perfectly well able to cross a crowded street, but in busy thoroughfares a dog and his master are apt to get separated, and all may not be so fortunate as the Washington physician who had his champion Airedale returned with a note which read:

"Dere Doc—Here is your Yeller Dog. Will you Please give me 15 cents i hate to ask so much but i had to fead him 2 days."

The Scottish Terrier who lives in the country is more fortunate than his brother in town. His preliminary education is just the same, but he gets a college course in hunting, and maybe a little post-graduate work in cattle driving. All that has been said about house-breaking and teaching to mind applies with equal force to the country dog. If there are not so many interested spectators to make it embarrassing, it is just as provoking to have a runaway dog in the meadows and pastures as in

the streets and avenues. A single motor at sixty or seventy miles an hour on the turnpike is harder for a dog to dodge than the whole flood of traffic that streams up and down the city thoroughfares. So, city or country, teach your dog to mind.

Any Diehard will take as naturally to rats, woodchucks, and such vermin as a lot of little yellow ducklings will to the mill-pond. But to make assurance doubly sure, it is best to introduce him to mice, or small rats, when he is four or five months old. This is the way terriers are broken in England. It has been found that if a terrier is jumped bang at Mr. Woodchuck, for example, he may be spoiled by biting off the first time more than he can chew.

The gradual system of breaking applies to water. Practically all terriers will swim naturally without any training at all, but once in a while there comes along one who does not take to water. He should be coaxed in, not taken by the scruff of the neck and pitched overboard. Methods like that, when dogs are concerned, are not generally successful.

In driving cattle and sheep the terrier is going into a new trade, as it were, and not one to which he was born. He proves his versatility by the quickness with which he can learn to be an excellent drover. The easiest way is to take him out with a dog experienced in this work. If this cannot be done, one will have to train him one's self, and this is not so difficult as it sounds, but it is best to make sure that the dog has carefully learned that minding trick above mentioned before undertaking this.

All dogs are naturally watch-dogs, but Scotties, because of their size and intelligence, are particularly good ones. It is not the wisest policy to chain up a dog at night, for he will be much more apt to sound false alarms, and in any case of real need he is powerless to give active defense of himself or his friends. The watch-dog ought not to have his big, heavy meal at night, or he will go to sleep and snore peacefully till cock crow. If fed but lightly, he will rest in a series of cat naps,—if a dog can do that.

CHAPTER IV

Terriers in Health

ONE of the most noted veterinarians in New York once said to me that, if it were not for too much or too little attention, he doubted if he should ever be called upon to treat a dog. He explained his meaning by adding that the toy dogs are generally killed by kindness and most terriers die of neglect. If this is true, and this doctor has a canine practice that keeps him busy from morning till night, there must be something radically wrong with the care of most dogs.

The Scotties—for the evils of a candy diet and a life spent on silken pillows do not need to be even mentioned here—the Scotties can, it is perfectly true, get along with less attention than most breeds of dogs, for they all have wonderful constitutions. Does that, however, give the Scot-

tish Terrier owner a free right and license to neglect his dogs?

It is almost a joke to keep such a naturally healthy dog as a Scottish Terrier in the pink of condition. All he needs is dry, clean kennels, with decent bedding; good, nourishing food at regular hours; all the fresh water he wants to drink; plenty of exercise, and a little grooming. Given these few things and a Scot will be "disgustingly well," full of high spirits, and happy as a clam at high tide. It is really so easy to keep a Diehard "fit," and it means so much to the dog and his owner, whether he be a dog owner for pleasure or for profit, that it is nothing less than criminal not to do so.

Kennels, bedding, food and feeding, water, exercise, and grooming—these are the things which, given proper attention, mean a healthy and happy dog. Let us take them up, one at a time, for it is as often ignorance as thoughtlessness that causes the trouble.

The question as to the kind of a kennel

is bound to have a variety of different answers according to whether one lives in the city or the country, in the North or the South, and whether one is to keep one dog or fifty. There are, however, certain fundamental considerations that apply to any home for dogs.

In the first place, all Scotties, since they wear those wonderful double, weather-proof garments we call "wire coats," are healthier living the simple life out of doors. This is true in any climate. I used to have all sorts of troubles with the skins and coats of my wire terriers till I just turned them out, providing them with dry, draft-proof, but unheated shelters in which to sleep and where they could escape very bad weather.

My own experience has proved to me that Scottish Terriers are worlds better off for being out every day and night in the year. Even in the severest weather they do not need artificial heat, if they have a perfectly dry, draftless, well-bedded place to sleep in and to serve as a shelter on wet, stormy days. A decent kennel for any dog, from a

St. Bernard to a Pomeranian, is dry and draft-proof, and the terrier owner can therefore eliminate the question of artificial heating.

The man who lives in the city should try to keep his dog out in the yard as much as possible, and, if at all feasible, let him sleep there. Dogs have an inborn instinct to "bay the moon" and terriers are supposed to be great talkers. Moreover, city backyards, since the days when town residences were hollow stone piles lined with hides to keep the wind out, have always been a favorite *rendezvous* for Thomas Catt, Esq., and Mistress Tabby, meetings just as hard on the nerves of a self-respecting terrier as they are on those of his sleepy master. The trouble is that, while master becomes a public benefactor by hurling his shaving mug out the window, the efforts of his dog to drive away the disturbers are regarded by the unsympathetic neighbors as quite as bad as the feline serenades and battle cries. No dog will bark at night if he is in a dark, quiet place, and the terrier in the backyard

will sleep like a baby, providing he is shut up in a box covered with burlap.

The ideal terrier kennel is an oil barrel. These cannot always be obtained, but any barrel or keg intended to hold liquids, and so made water tight, will answer. A hole, just large enough to let the dog in and out, should be cut in one end. Then the inside may be painted with kerosene and a lighted paper dropped in. This cleans the barrel and destroys any insects, and is an excellent thing to do every month or so.

The barrel ought to be painted inside and out, and to keep it from rotting on the bottom must be mounted on blocks so that it just clears the ground. Rain can be kept out of the door either by tacking a curtain of sacking over it (a dog soon learns to go through this and it can be hung up in good weather) or by making a V-shaped roof of planking, which sets over the barrel, projecting in front like the eaves of a barn. Two small terriers can live easily in these keg-kennels in summer, with an extra dog added, for warmth's sake, in cold weather.

Another kennel which is fine for terriers is one I adapted from the suggestions of a chicken owner, who used a similar box as a coop for hens with young chicks. It is a box that can be taken all apart. The floor is a raised platform against which the sides fit closely, being fastened together with hooks. The roof slants backward and is held in place by thin strips that fit just inside the walls.

This is excellent for summer, but must be very carefully made to be tight enough for cold weather. Having a flat floor, it is admirable for a bitch with puppies and it has the additional advantage of enabling you to leave off one side in hot weather. Naturally, they are very easy to clean. Your carpenter can make them any size or shape you wish, costing from five dollars up.

For the man who is going into a large kennel, little can be said that will be broadly useful. One wants to build a model kennel of hard wood and concrete, while the next has an old chicken house to adapt

to doggy uses; naturally requirements and conditions are very different.

The first thing that any kennel builder wants is good natural drainage and runs that are on quickly drying ground, gravel rather than clay. Southern exposures are the favorites, and it is better to have two or three smaller buildings, rather than to house all the dogs in one. In this way there is opportunity to give each building a rest once in a while, and this should be done in the case of the individual runs and pens, if not for the whole building.

Good hard wood, varnished and kept clean, and well drained, is the most popular floor for kennels. Concrete is cold in winter, asphalt is far from desirable in summer, and both are hard on a dog's feet. Dirt, gravel, and ashes are very hard to clean. Cork is expensive and rots out with amazing speed.

The sleeping benches ought to be about two feet off the floor and so arranged that they can be taken down, cleaned, and set out in the sun to dry. Plenty of elbow

grease, backed up with a good strong disinfectant and fresh air and sunlight, these are the secrets of a successful kennel. Cleanliness means that disease and parasites will be unknown.

Wheat or rye straw, or wood shavings make the best bedding. The straw costs more than hay, but it is ten times as cleanly, lasts twice as long, and is much better for a dog's skin. Very often shavings will be given away for the carting of them, and they make a fine summer bedding, though they are not very warm for winter. Shavings, especially pine shavings, make a poor home for fleas. Excelsior is not popular. It has a distressing habit of wadding up in hard bunches in corners, absorbs moisture, and does not dry out easily. Moss, seaweed, and such beddings are dirty and hard to handle.

Food is an important item in the care of the dog. Table scraps make, in my opinion, the ideal food. In this the house pet has the advantage over his friend of the kennels, for he gets a wide variety of well-

cooked and nourishing food; and variety, cooking, and nourishment are the whole story of good feeding.

Dog biscuits, which are so cheap and easy to handle, are excellent in their way, but one should resist the temptation to feed them all the time. You would not like to live on beefsteak three times a day, week in and week out. Dry bread can be bought by the barrel from most bakers and is at once inexpensive and nourishing. Shredded wheat scraps and broken crackers can also be purchased and are useful for a change. All of these should be fed soaked in some soup.

In the winter, I have found corn meal very acceptable, but the moment hot weather comes along its use should be discontinued, or skin troubles will surely result. It can either be made in a mush with milk or water, or baked into corn-bread cakes.

I use a homemade dog biscuit from cornmeal and meat made at home in the following way: The meat stock is boiled over night in a kettle and the unstrained soup is

used with the meal in making dough. This is put in pans two or three inches deep and baked till hard all the way through in a slow oven. The baking will take a day. These cakes are rich and should not be fed too often, but they can be kept a month, and I never saw a terrier that did not relish them. In summer, fish boiled twenty-four hours, till the bones are all soft, makes a nice change from the meat soups of the winter.

There are many who might be called canine vegetarians, but experimenting has convinced me that meat is the best and most natural food for the dog. Sirloin does cost a lot of money these days, but hearts, lungs, heads, odds and ends of ribs, and shank bones are not expensive, and you can always make arrangements with a butcher to save you these. Under no circumstances feed meat that is decayed. It does not have to be as fresh as you demand for your own table, if you take care to cook it thoroughly, but meat that is moldy or rotting is poison, not food.

Most kennels feed twice a day—a light lunch in the morning and the regular day's meal in the evening. The morning bite can be bread or biscuits with a little soup over them. The evening meal ought to be all that the dog will comfortably eat without stuffing. If any food is left in the dishes, it should be cleaned away before night; and the dog who is "off his feed" should have attention.

Dogs vary as much as people in the amount they will eat. One gobbler may be always thin, while a dainty eater may put on more flesh than necessary. It is the height of foolishness to pamper a dog's taste and make him an epicure, but neither is it wise to treat them all just alike.

Exercise naturally follows feeding in our consideration of the health of the dog. Exercise, and plenty of it, is the best tonic. It keeps the muscles hard and the stomach in shape; it prevents fatness, and is just play for a dog.

There is, however, exercise and exercise. To walk a dog along on a lead is exercise,

but three minutes' free running is worth half an hour of "taking the dog out for a walk" after the manner of the young lady who lives in the city. Each kennel should have an exercising yard, a lot as big as possible, where the dogs can be turned out for a romp. One should be a little careful about leaving a lot of dogs turned out together, for their likes and dislikes are as strong as our own.

I remember with sorrow an experience of this kind. A recently purchased dog was added to a run full of home-bred youngsters, and because he was older and bigger he played the bully till one bright morning three of his victims combined forces and gave him a lesson in manners. It was also a lesson for his owner. The dog's ear was so chewed that he was ruined for showing.

The last item in the care of the dog is grooming, but it is at least as important as any of the others we have taken up. Most dogs are washed too often and not brushed often enough. Washing once in two weeks in summer and once a month in winter is all

that is needed to keep a terrier clean, but he should be brushed daily.

In washing a dog, start at the head with a good disinfecting soap and work backwards and downwards, for fleas make for the head when threatened with drowning, and only in this way can these pests be got rid of. It is well to let the soap stay in the coat a few minutes, but it must be all washed out very carefully before drying the dog.

The daily grooming should consist first of a combing with a fairly fine comb, to clean out matted dirt and hair. This should be followed by a sharp brushing with what is called in the stable a dandy brush. The finishing touches must be a rub down with a hound glove, such as is sold in the kennel supply stores. This treatment will keep a terrier in almost perfect show form all the time, and the stimulation of the skin will be found to act as a regular tonic.

Housed in clean, draftless kennels; given good food with lots of exercise, and with some little attention bestowed on his toilet, a Scottish Terrier is sure to be healthy and

happy. Prevention is proverbially better than cure, and the little work of keeping a Scottie well is nothing compared to the care of a sick dog. Dogs do not make very pleasant patients, and there is the added difficulty in finding out just what really ails them, for even the most intelligent of our animals cannot tell us where his aches are and how a dose of a certain medicine affects him.

CHAPTER V

Terriers When Sick

THE Diehard owner is a "lucky devil," for his dogs do not, as a rule, spend a great deal of time in the hospital. All members of the terrier family, from the giant of the race, the Airedale, way down to little Scottie, owe a big debt to Nature for having blessed them with remarkably robust constitutions. They do not catch cold from every draft. They throw off the various contagious diseases. Even when really sick, they make wonderfully rapid recoveries.

All dog flesh, however, is heir to certain diseases, and even the most healthy and strong are not exceptions to this rule. Many of the books on doggy subjects are so deep and technical that the poor novice, who has waded through their sonorous and involved phrases, is really more at sea about

how to treat his sick dog than before he took them from the shelf. Other books on dogs, especially the popular ones, are so brief in their descriptions that no amount of study of them can teach much. It is my object to steer between these two extremes and to tell something of the common ailments, so everyone may understand their causes, recognize their symptoms, and prescribe various treatments.

Two good rules for the amateur veterinarian to learn at the very outset are: In case of any doubt, or if the trouble is at all serious; time, money, and maybe the dog's life will be saved by calling at once upon a registered D. V. S.: secondly, a dog's ailments are, nine times out of ten, the same, with the same symptoms and results, as in ourselves. A dog, therefore, can receive the same treatment as people, for the same medicines act upon him as upon yourself. In the case of the terriers, the dose is one-fourth of that for an adult human. To use more common sense than medicine is another good rule, for nursing and a little

attention to diet often effect a cure without any drugs at all.

Remembering that the same treatment that you would give yourself cures your dogs makes it unnecessary to go into such ailments as cuts, burns, colds, stomach disorders, and poisons. There are, however, some distinctively canine ailments. For convenience, let us take these up alphabetically.

Canker of the Ear

Canker of the ear is not by any means so common in terriers as in the long-eared breeds, but it sometimes affects dogs who go a great deal in the water, though it may be caused by any foreign substance getting into the ear. There are two forms—the external and the internal. The external shows itself by sores on the ear flaps, which are most painful and cause the dog to scratch and paw at his ear. The sores ought to be cleaned thoroughly with hot water and dressed with zinc ointment daily.

In bad cases, the head may be bandaged to prevent aggravation of the ulcers by scratching.

The internal form is harder to cure. Its symptoms are hot, inflamed ears, pain, pawing, and rubbing the head against the floor or walls. The interior of the ear should be douched out with warm water and boracic acid or witch hazel, and then syringed with a solution of one part of spirits of wine and twenty parts of water. Afterwards the ear should be carefully dried out with cotton on the end of a pencil—care must be taken not to injure the interior of the ear—and finally dusted with boracic acid.

Chorea

Chorea, or, as it is sometimes called, St. Vitus's Dance, is generally a legacy of distemper. It is a peculiar nervous twitching, generally affecting the forelegs and shoulders. It is almost incurable, but good food, exercise, and a tonic may work wonders.

Cramps

Cramps in the hindquarters may sometimes attack a dog who goes a great deal into the water, and they are not unknown as a result of cold and damp kennels, or great exposure to cold. The symptoms are a more or less complete paralysis of the hindlegs, accompanied by great pain. The dog should be given a hot bath and the affected parts, after a careful drying, should be rubbed well with choroform liniment.

Diarrhœa

Diarrhœa, which may be caused by food or worms, can usually be stopped by a mild purge of half castor oil and half syrup of buckthorn, which may be followed by a dose of prepared chalk. Boiled rice is an excellent food for dogs suffering from disordered bowels.

Distemper

Distemper is the bane of the dog owner's existence. It is a highly contagious disease,

generally attacking puppies, and is comparable to scarlet fever in that one attack successfully gone through usually means immunity. It was formerly thought that distemper could arise spontaneously from improper feeding or unsanitary kenneling, but the germ of the disease has been isolated, and while poor food and dirty kennels increase the chances of the disease by lowering the dog's resistance, they are not in themselves causes.

The distemper germ is possessed of remarkable vitality and may be transferred either directly from dog to dog or through the medium of crates, bedding, clothing, and even the air. Shows are a source of spreading the disease, though there is much less danger of this now than formerly, for the veterinary inspection and proper disinfecting methods have improved conditions wonderfully. A bitch from an infected kennel may give distemper to the inmates of the kennels she visits for breeding purposes. Plenty of soap and water, disinfectant, and elbow grease make a distemper

preventive that is much better than any cure.

The discovery of the distemper germ has naturally resulted in the making of an antitoxin, by attenuating the virus till a weakened form is obtained. Using this to inoculate a well dog, a mild form of the disease attacks him, but this "vaccination" has not proved unqualifiedly successful, especially when used by amateurs.

The commonest form of distemper is catarrhal, with symptoms much like those of an ordinary cold, lack of appetite, fever, disordered bowels, vomiting, staring coat, rapid loss of flesh, and discharges from the nose and eyes. The distemper germ, however, may attack other organs than the nose and eyes. The lungs and bronchial tubes and the stomach and intestines are also seats of the trouble. These forms are harder to diagnose and harder to cure. The presence of dysentery and sometimes of jaundice are indications that the digestive tract is involved.

I know of no sure cure for distemper,

and I never knew of a dog owner who did, though, to be sure, they all have their favorite remedies. There is no end of patent specifics on the market, and some of these are very good, but the best thing for a tyro to do is to call a veterinarian. Leave the doctoring to him, at least till you have had the experience gained by a couple of good cases of distemper in your kennels. There will be plenty for you to do without bothering about prescribing.

The dog with distemper must be isolated, and you must take the precautions that you would if there were smallpox in the neighborhood. Wash with disinfectants, burn sulphur candles, scrupulously destroy all bedding—use all the knowledge of antiseptic disinfecting that you have.

As for the patient, you will find that nursing is just as important as medicine—in fact, the more I have to do with the disease, the less medicine I administer and the more care I give to nursing. Keep up the dog's strength with almost any sick room food that he will eat. Raw meat,

eggs, gruels, soups, milk, all these are good, and the dog should be fed often. The discharges from the nose and eyes should be wiped away regularly.

If the nose becomes very badly stopped up, so that breathing is difficult, the dog's head may be held over a pail of hot water in which a little turpentine has been dropped and he may be made to inhale the fumes. If the throat and bronchial tubes are affected, give a little cough syrup—any one will do, but be careful not to give enough to upset the stomach. See that the dog has plenty of water to drink and keep him out of all drafts, though the room must be well ventilated.

Fits

Fits seem to be a part of the life of most puppies. They are not dangerous and usually pass off without bad effects. But fits are a symptom, and the cause should be removed. They may be caused by worms, stomach troubles, or heat. Keep the dog

quiet and give him a dose of castor oil and buckthorn.

Insects

Insects of several kinds take pleasure in seeing to it that neither the dog nor his owner gets lazy. The commonest and the easiest to get rid of are fleas, but they are dangerous as being the cause of tapeworm, for the tapeworm of the dog spends part of his life (in the larvæ form) in the fleas. There are any number of good flea soaps on the market and a dozen good flea powders, so little need be said about ridding the dog of these pests.

Lice are harder to get rid of, but the dog can be freed of them in the same way as of fleas. Care should be taken to get rid of as many of the lice eggs, little black specks that stick to the hair, as possible. Ticks are the least common, but because of their habit of burrowing into the skin cannot be washed out. The best way is to give the dog a good rubbing in a dressing

composed of olive and kerosene oils, equal parts of each, followed by a bath.

Kennel Lameness

Kennel lameness, or rheumatism, affects a dog in the same way as a human being, there being a soreness of certain parts—usually the foreshoulders or back—and pain, sometimes with swelling of the joints. The dog should be kept in a light, dry, well-ventilated place, his bowels kept open, and the food given light, but nourishing. A little sodium bicarbonate or sodium salicylate added to his drinking water will be found to be beneficial, and hot baths and rubbings with liniments ease the pain considerably.

Skin Diseases

Skin diseases are among the common troubles of the dog owner, for there are three varieties. The wire terriers seem to suffer a good deal from eczema—this is especially true of Scotties—and their owner is sure to know it before he has been in the

game very long. It is a skin disease, non-contagious, arising from the blood and showing itself in red eruptions which burst, oozing their contents and forming scabs. The hair comes off, and by scratching the dog aggravates the condition.

High feeding and too little exercise are the usual cause of the trouble, and the root of the matter must be reached before a cure can be effected. A good purge should be given, and the dog put on a light, simple diet. The sores should be washed clean and then treated with a wash of four parts of sugar of lead and one part of zinc sulphate in water. Fowler's Solution is also given sometimes, but this is a poison and ought not to be administered save on a veterinarian's advice.

There are two forms of mange—sarcoptic and follicular—both highly infectious, and the latter so hard to cure that many dog owners would almost rather kill a dog than go through the siege, with the constant danger of inoculating other dogs. The sarcoptic form is more on the surface

and attacks dogs under the legs, which become red and inflamed, little reddish pimples forming, which break and form dark red scabs. The follicular mange usually starts on the back near the tail or over the collar. The hair falls out, red scabs form and there is a peculiar odor. It is difficult to tell just which form one is dealing with after the case has gone far, but at the outset it is comparatively easy.

Both of these manges are caused by parasites which live in the skin. The microscope reveals these, and this is the only way that one, at the outset, can be perfectly sure he is dealing with mange and not eczema. The dog should be thoroughly cleaned and then dressed with the following ointment: creosote, ½ oz.; oil of cade, 1 oz.; zinc ointment and lanoline, each 3 ozs.; and sulphur, ½ oz. This is not a pretty or a nice mixture, but it has done the work more than once for me. The main thing with mange is cleanliness and keeping everlastingly at it. Skipping a day in the treatment will add a week to the cure. Sarcoptic mange

caught in time can be cured in two weeks. Follicular mange may take three months, or even longer, to be cured completely.

Worms

Worms are almost sure to be found in all dogs not regularly treated for them, and they are the cause of a good deal of trouble. Puppies are favorite victims for these internal parasites, and youngsters who serve as hosts for these undesirable visitors never do well. Worms come from fleas, sheep and cattle stomachs and intestines, and sheep heads. Three varieties are common—the round, thread, and the tape, the last being the most dangerous.

Puppies should be given a good vermifuge when weaned, and the treatment should be kept up all through the dog's life. Emaciation, vomiting, bloating of the stomach, bad breath, and dragging the rectum along the ground after stool are the usual evidences of worms, but the wise dog owner does not wait for such signs. There

are several good prepared vermifuges on the market, usually containing santonin, male fern, or acerca nut, but naturally I do not feel that this is the place to mention them by name. Almost any of them will do the work if the manufacturer's directions are followed.

Administering Medicines

In conclusion, a word or two about giving medicines may be useful. The best way to hold a terrier is to sit in a low chair and place him so that his body is under you and his shoulders between your knees. To give a pill you do not need help for so small a dog. By putting your left hand over his mouth and pressing you can force him to open his mouth by forcing his lips against his teeth. Lift up his head and put the pill as far back as you can on his tongue and hold his mouth closed till he has swallowed.

With liquids you will need an assistant to pour the medicine into the natural funnel you make of the dog's mouth by pulling his lips on one side out. In this, you do not

open the mouth, but merely hold up the head. The medicine should be poured slowly between the teeth and lips, and the mouth held closed till the dose is swallowed.

Let me again impress the importance of remembering the similarity of canine and human ills. It is also well to bear in mind that careful nursing is usually very much better than dosing. This is especially true when the dosing is done by one who is not perfectly sure just what he is doing and why he is doing it.

CHAPTER VI

Hints on Dog Breeding

THE principles upon which Darwin based his theory of evolution — which are now accepted by scientists the world over as biological laws—are the very same as those under which the dog breeder works. Modern animal breeding is evolution in which man plays Dame Nature's part.

Breeding is, however, far from being an exact science, though it is continually becoming more and more scientific in its methods. We cannot sit down, a pencil in our fingers and paper before us, and with the aid of the Stud Book, and a set of mathematical formulas, figure out a dog that will surely be a champion. We can, however, by supplementing the scientific data biologists have collected in their research work with the lore and traditions of the

kennels, come nearer and nearer to the breeder's ideal of "a champion in every litter."

It is quite obvious that working with such plastic materials, we can never hope to have a perfectly uniform product, but who would have it so? Dog breeding is now more uncertain than roulette, twice as fascinating as the stock market, as interesting as auction bridge. Make it a matter of mathematically exact rules, working out as invariably and regularly as a machine, and the charm has vanished.

The three principles of Darwin's idea of how and why evolution acts, are heredity, variation, and selection. The law of heredity says that like will produce like; two Scotties will have Scotties; two Irish terriers will have Irish terriers. The law of variation says that no two dogs, even if they be of the same litter, will even be exactly alike in the smallest details. No two St. Bernards were ever alike, nor were the smallest teeth of the two smallest Pomeranians ever identical. There is ample evi-

dence to show that the chemical composition of the muscles, bones, and blood of two animals of the same species are different, and from time to time vary considerably in one individual. The law of selection is the law of the struggle for existence, the survival of the fittest. The three laws together make up the theory of evolution by means of natural selection.

What man does in breeding is the making and improving of species by artificial selection. He takes advantage of the law of heredity to establish breeds. If, however, like always exactly reproduced like, that is as far as he could ever get, but because there is infinite variation, the offspring differ from their parents. By selecting those that come nearest his ideal, the breeder does just what Dame Nature does when she kills off the physically unfit.

Since earliest times, man, more or less without thought or any knowledge of the whys and wherefores, has been carrying on scientific breeding in an unscientific way. Ever since he has kept domestic animals,

his selection, formerly more or less unconscious, has been exerting its powerful force. For generations, the dog fanciers have been doing this; picking out the dogs and bitches most to their liking and mating them. The result is that although breeds of dogs are closely enough related to interbreed, some are of comparative age, and all breed wonderfully true to type.

Until quite recently, the dog breeders have been following the old, unscientific method, with some additional effort to correct faulty points in their dogs. That is, they have picked out individuals for breeding stock as near as possible to their ideals, and if the prospective mother was bad in head, they selected a stud dog strong in this point; while a very good coated matron might be mated to a poor coated dog provided he possessed marked excellencies in other directions.

Unfortunately, but very scant attention was paid to the dams. This was largely from economical considerations, which led them to believe—or think they did merely

because they wanted to—that "any old bitch with a pedigree was good enough to breed from." To bolster up their economy, they said that the pups inherited their looks from their sire and their dispositions from their dam.

Two changes have taken place in the past decade. Breeders now know that physically, as well as mentally, the dam is quite as important as the sire. Moreover, they have learned that individual characteristics, however marked they may appear to be, do not have the force of family traits. In other words, a short, thick-headed bitch bred to the longest-headed dog alive would have short-headed pups, if that dog had short-headed parents and grandparents. These two fundamental bits of knowledge, learned originally from the biologists, have had a big effect on breeding operations.

A logical outgrowth of the importance that has been placed on family, with the naturally lessened emphasis on the individual, has been an increased number of the devotees of "line," rather than "in-breed-

ing." In-breeding is beyond all doubt the strongest weapon the dog breeder has, but it is a boomerang that is very apt to come back and knock its thrower in the head. In-breeding is the breeding together of the blood of one dog—mother to son, or brother to sister. Line-breeding is the mating of dogs of the same general family, comparable to second or third cousins among human beings.

These breeding experiments fix the good and bad points of a dog, or a strain, very strongly. Carried to an extreme, they result in bad constitutions, lack of gameness, and, in extreme cases, in actual deformity. Such breeding demands that only the strongest and youngest dogs be mated.

In selecting a sire, one should pick out a dog of recognized breeding, whose ancestors were dogs of the type you desire. A winner and a son of winners has better chances of being a sire of winners than an unknown dog of doubtful family. It is not wise, however, to rush to the latest champion. A popular bench hero is apt to be

overworked at stud. If your bitch is very young, send her to an older dog, and vice versa. Best results are not obtained if the dogs are over eight years old—that is a very good age limit at which to retire them from active service.

Most people know that a bitch comes in season, or is "in heat," fairly regularly at six months intervals, and that this is the only time she will have sexual connection with a dog. The terriers generally come into their first heat when eight or nine months old, and are remarkable for the regularity of their periods. The first sign is a swelling of the external parts and bleeding. After a week or ten days the bleeding is followed by a thickish, white discharge. This is the time to breed her. A bitch may be bred at her first heat, if she is not too young and is strong and healthy.

One service is all that is necessary—the old timers to the contrary notwithstanding. Two services were formerly given, but this is no longer done by the best breeders. The time of gestation is only sixty-three days,

and the second service, two days after the first, has been suspected of destroying the effect of the former. Statistics show that there are fewer misses and just as many puppies when there is but one service, as when there are two. The single service is obviously a great saving of the energies of the stud dog, who, if he be popular, has to make heavy demands on his vitality.

One who places a dog at public stud assumes certain responsibilities,—the keeping of his dog in perfect health and attending most carefully to visiting matrons. The stud dog should have plenty of exercise, all the water he wants, and an abundance of good food. Raw lean meat, chopped fine or run through a mechanical grinder, makes a fine supplementary diet, and raw eggs and a little sherry can be added to this, if he becomes at all run down.

Visiting bitches must be guarded against all possible chance of a misalliance. When they arrive, they should be given a run and a drink, but do not feed them till they have quieted down a little from the excitement

of the trip. If practical, they should be kept far off from the other kennel inmates, for quiet is something to be greatly desired for them. The Golden Rule covers the care of these visitors like a blanket—just treat them as you would have a bitch of your own treated under the same circumstances.

When a bitch has returned to her home kennels, she should take the rest cure a day or so. After that, for a month or six weeks, she need be treated no differently from any of her kennel mates, save to see that she has plenty to eat and that her stomach and bowels are in perfect order.

When she begins to show signs of heavy whelp take her away from the others, and while her exercise wants to be kept up by long walks, she should not be allowed to run or romp, or she may miscarry. Her box should be fixed a few days before the pups are to be born. Let it be large enough for her to stretch out in, but not big enough to give her room in which to move about, or she may kill or injure the pups by treading on them.

Once in a while, one has a bitch who neglects her pups disgracefully, but the usual thing, in terriers at least, is over-attention to the sacrifice of her own condition. A few bitches eat their newborn pups. Fear is the motive, but once done they seem to get the habit. Feeding quantities of raw meat just before they are to whelp is the best, but not a sure cure. Bad mothers, ones who walk on their babies, neglect them, or turn cannibal, are very rare among the terriers.

To return to the box; it should, as I have said, be just large enough to be comfortable. The best bedding for the whelping time is a bit of old carpet, to be substituted by straw when the family has safely arrived. A little shelf, about two inches wide and tacked round the box three inches from the bottom, will prove to be good puppy life insurance, for it keeps them from being pressed to death against the sides of the nest.

Terriers whelp better if left to themselves. It is the rarest thing for them to

have any trouble, and if one will just keep a weather eye open to see that things are really going well, they will continue to do so without interference. The pups should be born inside two-hour intervals, and if this limit be passed the mother needs attention. The drugs used, however, are so strong and so poisonous and an operation is so delicate that it is invariably better to call in the veterinarian's skilled aid.

After the puppies are all born, the mother should be given a bowl of thin oatmeal gruel and left alone. She will ordinarily clean up the nest herself, eating the after-births and licking the puppies clean. I have found that after she has cleaned a pup, which she does as soon as it is born, it is advisable to take it from her, wrap it in flannel to keep it warm and dry, and to wash off the navel cord with some mild disinfectant such as listerine, or a very dilute solution of bichloride of mercury or carbolic acid. Cold is fatal to very young puppies, and the navel cord is the source of a germ infection that kills many in the nest.

The dam, while nursing her family, must have an abundance of food — plenty of soups, gruels, meats, and milk, but not many vegetables, for they are full of water and waste. She needs more concentrated nourishment. When you think that you can fairly "see puppies grow," you can appreciate how great a drain there is on the mother. Because of this, it is never advisable to let a terrier attempt to raise, at the outside, more than five puppies, and four is really better than five. If a foster cannot be obtained—very often the local Pound will have a healthy mongrel, which they will let you have for the license fee—it is kindness and economy to kill off the puppies in excess of four or five.

Which ones to destroy is a delicate question. It is usually safe to discard the last one born, since he is so often the runt of the family that he is known to kennel men and veterinarians as the "wreckling." It takes a very experienced eye to tell much about the points of a new-born puppy, but two salient features to be remembered are

that not once in a hundred times will a light eye get darker, and any tendency to big ears is comparatively easy to spot and invariably gets worse. A good safe rule in terrier puppies is to save the ones with the longest, flattest heads, the heaviest, straightest forelegs; dark eyes, small ears, short bodies, taking these points in the order named, but discarding any pup who is glaringly off in any of these details.

The mother will wean the pups herself when they begin to grow their teeth, and it is best to leave this to nature. When their eyes are opened, they should be taught to drink for themselves by sticking their noses into a saucer of sweetened milk. About the time they are fully weaned, they should be treated for worms. After this first worming, they should have similar treatment every six weeks till they are six months old, and twice more after that before they are out of the puppy class. All dogs should be treated for worms twice a year as long as they live.

Growing pups need three things—food,

room, and sunlight. When first weaned, they should be fed milk, gruels, and soups five times a day, and the number of meals gradually lessened and the amount of solid food gradually increased, till at a year old they are fed the same as their older kennel companions. The more room puppies have, the better they are. This is probably the reason that the ones farmed out always do so much better than those kennel raised. They may get all sorts of food, and they certainly do not get the attention given the ones in the kennels, but a farm-raised youngster is always healthier, bigger, and stronger.

Sunlight acts on puppies as it does on growing plants. Winter pups are proverbially more troublesome than those born in the spring. Most fanciers, therefore, see to it that their brood bitches whelp only in the spring. One litter a year is enough to ask of any terrier.

In conclusion, a word to the small kennel owner. He is apt to think things are unfairly distributed and that he has not the

chance either in the show ring, the field, or the breeding kennels that the large owner has. In the field, and especially in the breeding kennel, he really has an advantage. It is well known that the greatest number of good dogs are bred by owners of from one to five bitches, for they study their needs more carefully and can give the puppies better attention. Let the small breeder but study his breed; know its past great dogs; understand the meaning of pedigrees; mate his bitches according to his knowledge; rear his puppies carefully, and he will turn out better home breds than those from the big kennels.

CHAPTER VII

Dog Shows and Their Rules

THE Britisher's inborn love of sport, dogs and breeding invented the dog show, but not so very long ago, for even in England bench shows, as a recognized institution, are only a little over half a century old. Their fame and popularity have, however, circled the globe.

The English fancier can truly boast that there are more thoroughbred dogs to the mile in Great Britain than to fifty miles in any other country, and one is not surprised to find that there are more bench shows held there in a week than in a month in the United States. We, on this side of the ocean, are their nearest rival, for while European countries have taken up the dog and his showing, still they are as much behind us as we are behind "the tight little isle."

Continental fanciers have a great deal to

learn about dogs, and from their very disposition it is doubtful if, with the possible exception of the serious, hard-working, painstaking Germans, they will ever become truly doggy. In the first place, they count their pennies very carefully when buying a dog; and in the second place, they are not really fanciers at heart, but have merely taken up dogs as a fashionable whim.

The first American shows were run in a haphazard, friendly, go-as-you-please way, but it very soon become evident that some governing body was as much a necessity in dogdom as on the race track, in college athletics, or among yachtsmen. Accordingly, the American Kennel Club grew up naturally to fill this place. In form the A. K. C., as it is called, is a congress. Its members are not individuals, but clubs, which are represented by regularly elected delegates at the meetings of the parent organization. These clubs are of two types: the local clubs, composed of the fanciers of a certain city or district,

and the specialty clubs, whose members are the fanciers the country over devoted to one particular breed.

The local clubs, like the Westminster Kennel Club of New York City or the Philadelphia Dog Show Association, are organized primarily for the giving of bench shows. The specialty clubs, of which the Scottish Terrier Club of America and the Airedale Terrier Club of New England are examples, are devoted primarily to fostering the interests of their breed. This they do by offering special prizes, by seeing that competent judges officiate, and by holding shows where only dogs of their breed are exhibited.

All shows, whether given by local or specialty associations, are held under A. K. C. rules. The regulation of these shows is the principal work done at the club's offices at 1 Liberty Street, New York. The A. K. C., however, does more than this. It publishes annually the dog Stud Book, and the A. K. C. *Gazette,* a semi-monthly, official journal. Moreover, the Club is judi-

cial as well as legislative and executive in its functions, and tries the offenders of the kennel world. Last, but not least, it has jurisdiction over field trials, both for bird dogs and hounds.

The A. K. C. recognizes as thoroughbred dogs seventy-seven distinct breeds—not counting several subdivision of breeds into varieties based on coats or colors. Any dog of any recognized breed may be entered in the Stud Book, provided it has three generations of pure-blood pedigree. The registration fee is one dollar and includes the assigning of an official number to the dog, entry in the Stud Book for that year, a certificate of his registration, and the right, throughout the life of the dog, to show him, regardless of ownership, at any A. K. C. show. Unregistered dogs have to be "listed" for each show they attend, and for this a fee of twenty-five cents is always charged.

The usual classes at a bench show are the puppy, novice, limit, open, and winners', and in the more popular breeds these are

divided by sex. The puppy class is for any dog between the ages of six months and one year, but, of course, none can be entered whose date and place of birth, sire, dam, and breeder are unknown. The novice class is for dogs bred in the United States who have never won a first prize (wins in the puppy class being excepted). The limit class is for dogs who have not won six first prizes in that class, but dogs who have won their championship are barred. Any dog over six months of age may be shown in the open class.

If any three of the above classes are given at a show, a winners' class is always added. There is no entry fee for this class, but in it the winners of the other classes meet and are judged. At different shows various other classes are sometimes given, as a junior class for dogs between six and eighteen months, a class for champions, and many divisions are made according to weight and color in different breeds.

It is by wins in the winners' class that a dog secures the right to prefix to his name

the honorable and much-coveted title of "Champion." To win this, the dog must get fifteen points. Every win in the winner's class counts a certain number of points, according to the number of dogs actually on the bench at the show: 1,000 dogs or over, five points; 750 dogs or over, four points; 500 dogs or over, three points; 250 dogs or over, two points; under 250 dogs, one point. Specialty shows, devoted to one breed, count five points. Fifteen of these points, provided three of them have been won at one show and at least three different judges have awarded the dog first in the winners' class, make a dog a champion. The A. K. C. gives a championship certificate to the owner, who can also buy a championship medal for three dollars, if his dog is registered.

Novices are cautioned to read most carefully the rules published in the premium lists of all A. K. C. dog shows before they fill out their entry blanks and to exercise great care in doing this, for mistakes are on their own heads. Their dog may be dis-

qualified and his wins canceled should they fail to fill in the necessary particulars correctly. In case of any attempt at fraud, they will be themselves disqualified, which is a doggy excommunication. Disqualified persons are not only barred from judging, showing, or registering, but dogs owned or bred by them during their term of disqualification cannot be shown or registered.

No dog that is lame (except temporarily), blind, castrated, spayed, deaf, dyed, or in any way "faked" can be shown, and all entries are examined by a registered veterinarian when they first come to the show. They must be passed by him, as sound and free from contagious disease, before they will be accepted. Every dog must be the *bona fide* property of the exhibitor. These, and the other simple rules, are easy to understand, and intent to deceive can be the only reason for their neglect or misunderstanding.

To show a dog at his best, in the very pink of perfect condition, is the only way to insure that he will be placed by the judge

where he deserves. Many a dog, really better than his rival in the ring, has gone down because of condition, and defeat is not only unpleasant, but also a great handicap to a show dog. Perfect health, no fat, well-developed muscles—these are the foundation of a terrier's "fitness."

A little change in diet or exercise is the best and the easiest way to accomplish this physical perfection. Tonics and pills and powders, "conditioners," as they are called, are not all they are cracked up to be. It is like doping a race-horse, or a pugilist. It works for a time, but the end is inevitable and always the same.

A Scottie is easy to get "fit," and the only thing that may cause the exhibitor loss of sleep is the condition of the wire coat. Wire coats are — there is no use fishing about for any excuse — wire coats are a bother. A great, big three-quarters of the trouble is overcome, however, if the dog has been carefully and regularly groomed. Such a dog does not need much trimming,—mainly a little cleaning up about the head

and legs. On the other hand, one who has been neglected needs the services of a skilled canine tonsorial artist to put him down before the judge with a coat that meets the requirements of the ring.

The A. K. C. permits plucking and pulling with the fingers and brushing and combing as much as you wish, but the use of knives, razors, scissors, or clippers is strictly tabooed. It is too bad that the trimming of wire terriers is carried so far as is the style to-day. Even though legalized by the A. K. C., it so alters a dog and so improves a bad coat that it savors pretty strongly of faking. There is, however, little chance of there being any immediate reform, and to show successfully, one must obey the dictates of Mistress Fashion.

A dog in perfect condition, with his coat trimmed in the approved style, may yet fail to get his deserts in the show ring, if not properly handled. The professional handlers are past masters at the art of making a dog appear at his very best in the ring, and a great deal of their success is due to

this skill. The cry about the partiality of judges to professionally shown dogs has often been heard, but to one who watches a class actually being shown on the sawdust, there seems little grounds for complaint. The mental state of the man who can realize the better showing of the dogs handled by the paid professionals in every ring but his own appeals to the sense of humor of a close and impartial observer.

The novice cannot do better than to steal a leaf out of the book of the professional handlers. By a careful study of their methods he can learn to show his own dogs so that they will always be at their best. He will make their strongest points apparent and hide their weakness, at the same time seeing to it religiously that he catches the judicial eye.

It is well to take a puppy destined for a show career and to teach him to show. It is just as easy to teach him to stand firm on his pins, all alert, full of fire, yet not bobbing about like a jumping-jack, as it is to have him sit up and beg, or to "play dead."

To a "public dog" it is an infinitely more useful accomplishment.

A little bit of boiled liver, the sweetest tit-bit on a dog's menu, is an excellent thing to carry into the ring with you, but it is a grave mistake to be forever teasing and nagging at your entry. Leave him alone as much as possible. Do not wear out his spirits and your own patience, but just see that he is kept awake, standing firm so as to show his front to advantage, and so placed that the judge looks at him from the most advantageous position. If he has a poor colored eye, keep his tail pointed at the source of the light; if his back is plenty long, do not let the judge see more of his profile than possible, and so on, with different rules for each dog in the world.

Bad manners in the ring are the poorest of poor sportsmanship. Never try to hide another's dog and do not let your dog pick at, or worry another entry. The terriers are all inclined to "start things" in the ring anyway, and each exhibitor ought to do his best to prevent the ring from becoming

a whirling, barking, tugging bedlam. No judge can do his best under such disconcerting conditions, and he has a hard enough time at best, so exhibitors ought to help him as much as they are able.

Very, very seldom does one meet an exhibitor who will come out frankly and say that he was beaten fairly, even if he has shown a regular "rotter" against an "out-and-outer." It does not cost one single red cent to congratulate the owner of a dog who has beaten yours. If he has done so fairly, it is but the decent thing to do, and if you think your dog is the better, why you have the consolation of knowing that there is going to be another show where another judge will hand out the ribbons probably the very next week. It is also a mighty nice thing to find a good point or two to mention in the dogs that have been placed behind yours, assuming, of course, that you have not had the fate of being "given the gate."

These little courtesies of the ring are often sadly lacking at our American shows.

Fanciers have a world of things in common, and, instead of bitterest rivals, they should be the best of friends. Friendly rivalry adds ninety per cent. to the pleasures of being a fancier, and in this a man gets just about what he gives.

In sending a dog to a show, even if the distance be short and you are going along, it is best to crate him. It costs a little more, but many an unboxed dog has been lost or injured, and the railroads assume absolutely no responsibility in these cases. The express companies do charge a very high rate for very ordinary service, but they are at least responsible for dogs committed to their charge. In England, wicker hampers are very popular for shipping dogs, but here, while lightness is to be sought, they are hardly strong enough to withstand the gentle care of our "baggage heavers."

The shows provide bedding, food, and water, but the fancier supplies his own chains and leads. To fasten a dog on the exhibition bench, bench chains, as they are called, are used. These are either nickel or

brass in finish, with snaps at both ends. By means of them a dog can be so fastened that he can move about comfortably and yet not hang himself by falling over the front or get into trouble with his neighbors beyond the partitions.

In the show ring, however, these chains would be too heavy, and it is the custom to show terriers on long leather leads. There are two styles in vogue. One is a regular lead fastened with a snap to the ordinary collar, which should be a half inch strap of plain leather. The other is the slip collar, or a long lead, with a loop at one or both ends. The loop is slipped over the dog's head and fastened by a sliding clasp. All leads and collars for terriers should be light and plain. Fancy, studded collars with bells and ribbons look about as well on a terrier as diamonds on a bellboy.

The showing of dogs is rapidly becoming one of our most popular sports. The number of shows increases wonderfully each year, and every season the entries become more and more numerous. Daily, there are

recruits enlisting in the army of dog fanciers. There is no denying the potency of the charm woven by the dog show. The confirmed fancier fairly loves the barking roar of the benched dogs; that peculiarly distinctive smell—a strange mixture of dog, disinfectant, and sawdust; the excitement of the ring; the doggy parties at lunches, dinners and at night after the show is over. It is all very different from anything else in the world of sport, this charm of the bench show. It is sure to hold in a fast grip any dog lover who falls under its sway.