

Lore for Dog-Owners

By Albert Payson Terhune

THE HEART OF A MONGREL



"You Know All About Dogs, Mr. Negley. He Isn't a Mutt, Is He?"

JUST as measles sweeps a whole school, so the dog-craze smote the computer settlement at Palatton. Within six months, twelve families, on Vine street alone, had acquired dogs. And almost no two of the dogs were of the same breed.

Then it was that Old Man Negley came to the fore.

Old Man Negley had not the good luck to live on Vine street with its deep yards and broad lawns. He lived in a shack, down on River street; he and his smiling fat wife and their three dogs. But he was a daily visitor to Vine street; where he cut lawns and made gardens in summer and shoveled snow and made furnace fires in winter.

Hitherto, the old chap had had no special claim to distinction, besides being a good workman. But now it was discovered in some way that he had spent many years as a kennel-keeper and as a hanger-on at dog shows.

Wherefore, the new dog-craze on Vine street made his advice and opinion as much in demand as those of the only doctor in a busy town.

For the dog-owners were finding that it is one thing to buy a pup; and quite another thing to understand him or how to care for him. Commuters fell to waylaying Old Man Negley for information and to ask him innumerable questions.

One noon, as Old Man Negley parked his lawnmower in the lee of the Crothers' porch and sat down beside it in the shade, for lunch, two little figures came around the corner of the antique converted farmhouse and bore down upon him.

One was a twelve-year-old girl, Sibyl Crothers. The other was a nondescript little old yellowish-gray dog.

"Mr. Negley," said the child with trouble quivering in her sweet voice, as she pointed to her beloved dog, "Maise Burke says that Paddy, here is a mutt. He isn't, is he? You know all about dogs. He isn't a mutt, is he?"

"No," returned the old man, gravely, as he proffered the disreputable little dog a sliver of corned beef from his first sandwich. "No, indeed, Paddy isn't a mutt. The blood of the finest champions in the dog world is flowing in Paddy's veins."

"Really?" exclaimed the delighted child. "Champions of what breed, Mr. Negley?"

"All breeds," responded Old Man Negley.

Sibyl's face flushed. She passed a protecting arm about Paddy; and glared defiance at the old man.

"I don't care!" she flashed. "He's the dearest, wisest, best dog that ever was. Daddy gave him to me when he was a puppy and when I was only just big enough to walk. And he's been my chum ever since. And now these other girls with their new-fangled thoroughbred dogs are turning up their noses at him! But I don't think you'd make fun of—"

"Hold on!" begged the old man. "Hold on there, Missy. I meant what I said. The blood of some of the grandest breeds on earth is in every mongrel. That is why a mongrel is the healthiest and strongest and smartest and often the prettiest dog alive. I wasn't making small of Paddy."

Sibyl eyed him, doubtfully. He went on:

"Did you ever go to a trained animal act? I hope you didn't; because nine times out of ten they are the result of more cruelty than I like to think about. But if you did, you'll have noticed every time that the best trick dogs are mongrels."

"Do you know why that is? It's because a mongrel learns twice as quickly as the thoroughbred and because he is healthy enough to stand work and hardships that'd kill any pedigree pup."

"Back in France and Flanders, they used all sorts of dogs for couriers and for such like. Do you know the

kind of dog that lasted longest and did the most heroic things and showed the most sense? Some say the collie. Some say the sheldale.

"But the British war office kept tabs. And I happened to read a copy of the report at the town library once. It was the mongrel that did best service at the front. He was the dog that had all the best traits of all the other breeds. And that combination made him staunch and loyal and wise and brave."

"People get a pedigree dog for a big price; and they pay a fortune for him and they spend loads of time and money in training him and in humanizing him; to bring out all the very best in him."

"People get a mongrel, for fifty cents or for nothing. In this world we're apt to value a thing by the amount it costs us. So they don't bother to train a mongrel as they'd train a thoroughbred."

"In spite of that, he often surprises them by his cleverness. If they'd take half the time and trouble to train him as they train a pure bred he'd reward that time and trouble fifty times over."

"Every now and then you hear about distemper epidemics killing him. Dreads of costly dogs. About fifty per cent of the thoroughbreds that have distemper die of it."

"Ever hear of a mongrel dying of distemper? No. And you never will. They get it; and they crawl under the barn or mope around the house for a few days. Then they are well again."

"If you've got the right kind of a mongrel and treat him right you've got one of the grandest dogs the Almighty ever made. Don't be ashamed of him. Be ashamed of yourself if you haven't brought out all the best in him."

"He's more anxious to learn than you are to teach him. He'll not only learn but he'll use his brain in an independent way, besides."

"For instance, when I was a kid, we had a mongrel—a regular 'yaller dog.' And we had a pure-bred terrier."

"One day I went for a tramp in the woods with both of them. I got stuck in a quicksand slough. They weren't big enough to pull me out. I hung onto a branch overhead, and wondered how long I could hang on before my strength went and the slough would get me."

"The terrier barked and danced around me, and tried to pull me out with his teeth. But he was too little."

"The mongrel didn't waste time like that. He grabbed my cap, that had fallen off, and home he galloped with it, hekety-split, to dad; and he laid the cap at dad's feet and he yanked at dad's trouser legs till he made him follow him to the slough, just in time to pull me free."

"That was brain, against just plain devotion. That was the true mongrel of it."

"Now, the next time some kid sneers at you for loving Paddy and for being proud of him, you say to her:

"Your dog has only one breed. Mine has a dozen. And every one of that dozen is every bit as good as your dog's one." . . . Have some more meat, Paddy?"

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Temperature Variation Gives Rise to Breeze

When air becomes warm it expands, gets lighter, and rises, while fresh, colder air blows in and takes its place. That is why there is usually a breeze at the seaside.

The land grows warm in the sunshine, while the sea remains practically cool, so there is generally a flow of cooler air from the sea taking the place of the warm air rising from the land.

These differences of temperature occur all over the world. Big areas of land and water become unequally hot and make the layers of air above them unequal in temperature, and therefore different in pressure.

The Wrong Kind of Bait



WOLF CREEK (Last Week's Letter)

The Rev. Bud Burrell, "The horse Jockey" preached at Macedonia Sunday, and the Rev. Otto Bell of Belltown, preached at New Union.

Mr. B. H. Harris and wife and daughter of Isabella, were visiting relatives here Sunday.

Mr. John Olivey and wife of Isabella, were out in our section last week hunting for a carpenter to do some repairs on their home which came near burning down a few days ago.

Mr. and Mrs. W. L. Garren and son, Howard, spent the day Sunday with Prof. and Mrs. W. H. Harbolt.

There were several Non-resident hunters in our fields last week killing just such game as they could find. Hope our County Game warden will give us a Deputy who will be able to put a stop to these trespassers.

The Rev. A. F. Burns of Panterville, failed to fill his appointment to preach at Pleasant Hill church Sunday.

Some of our citizens attended court last week.

Mrs. Cordella Dills has been sick for several days and is expected to go through a major operation in a few days.

Mr. Reuben Verner of Wehuttly brought a load of Pumpkins over and distributed them among his three sons living here Saturday. Saturday night being Hallow'e'en, we have not learned what happened to them—the Pumpkins.

Fannie, the small daughter, of Mr. and Mrs. Willis Floyd had the misfortune to fall from a grapevine swing recently thereby sustaining some minor injuries to her left arm.

Mr. Carl Amburn of Ducktown visited his father-in-law, Mr. Logan Lawrence, Sunday.

Mr. Burton McNabb recently installed in his residence a telephone.

Mr. T. D. Dickey spent Saturday night with Mr. J. H. Suite on Shoal Creek.

Mr. Burton Taylor has moved into Mrs. Linchie Ingram's farm.

Mr. and Mrs. Jule McFarland of Copperhill spent Saturday night with the latter's parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Johnson.

Mr. Frank Craig of Ducktown has moved into Mr. L. E. Collins' farm. Aunt Celia McNabb has been on the sick list for a few days.

Mr. M. M. Burger claims to have the "Brag" hog of this community. Mrs. A. P. Palmer returned home Sunday from an extended visit with her daughter, Mrs. Edgar Taylor.

Mr. and Mrs. J. F. Wood has been quite busy for the past few days setting out apple trees.

Mr. N. H. McNabb and family of Copperhill visited the former's parents, Mr. and Mrs. W. L. McNabb, recently.

There was a lot of moving here last week. Mr. Harvey Gaddis moved his family back to Isabella, and William Ballew moved his family to Ducktown, and Mr. B. C. Panter of Wehuttly, moved his family to Oscar Simonds old home place, also Mr. Anderson Hubbard is making preparation to move his family back to Isabella.

There was born to Captain and Mrs. Wilkinson one day last week a fine boy which has more brothers and half brothers and sisters and half sisters than the most of us, there being seventeen, so I have been told. No race suicide there!

Mrs. N. A. Carter made a business trip to Murphy last week.

Some of our mechanics went to Colburn last week and overhauled Mr. S. L. Kisselberg's Ford so he could get over our rough roads with the mail.

It rains so much that much of the corn is still out in the fields and but little seeding has been done.

Mr. Wilkinson made a trip to Murphy Monday, in the interest of the Hothouse Road.

P. S. I found this letter behind my typewriter when it was more than a week old. Such is a part of life—W. L. G.

(This Week's Letter)

The sale of the personal property of the late Nathan A. Carter did not materialize Friday, as there were no buyers present.

There is to be rendered by the students of the Rural school on Wednesday night a Thanksgiving program.

News reached here Friday that Mr. Lee Brown had a boy about 14 years of age to fall into a shaft near Ducktown on Thursday, and died a few hours after he was gotten out of it.

Mr. and Mrs. A. J. Simonds attended a double burying at Mt. Moriah Sunday. It was that of Mrs. Anna Brown and the son of Mr. and Mrs. Lee Brown who was killed as a result of a fall in a shaft at Ducktown.

Mr. J. A. Hubbard who has had the J. W. Bell farm rented for the year is moving back to Isabella.

Mr. Lawrence Bell who has been spending some time in Knoxville, returned home on Wednesday night of last week.

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Answer To Last Week's Cross-Word Puzzle

FILM TOGA

ABOUT PARRY

IS GAY SAPPY

LEG NOVEL ASH

NUN LAW ART

MEEK SORE

END NO

EDDY HEMP

PAY ERA AIR

PAT CARRY NOT

AN FUR MET MO

LIMIT SHREW

SCAR ETON

SUIT ITEMS

(Last Week's Letter)

Mr. T. F. Self passed through here Sunday with the remains of a Mrs. Rober who died on Shoal Creek Nov. 13th, and was buried at the Beech Ville Creek Cemetery.

Rev. J. P. Decker filled his regular appointment here Saturday and Sunday.

Mr. J. F. Wood has been quite busy for the past few days setting out apple trees.

Mr. N. H. McNabb and family of Copperhill visited the former's parents, Mr. and Mrs. W. L. McNabb, recently.

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