

## MY DOG BOOK

### A Boy and His Dog

A boy and his dog make a glorious pair,  
No better friendship is found anywhere;  
For they talk and they walk and they run and they play,  
And they have their secrets for many a day.  
And that boy has a comrade who things and who feels,  
Who walks down the road with a dog at his heels.

He may go where he will, and his dog will be there, May revel in  
mud and his dog will not care; Faithful he'll stay for the slightest  
command, And bark with delight at the touch of his hand. Oh, he  
owns a treasure which nobody steals, Who walks down the road with a  
dog at his heels.

No one can lure him away from his side. He's proof against riches  
and station and pride. Fine dress does not charm him, and flattery's  
breath Is lost on the dog, for he's faithful to death. He sees the great  
soul which the body conceals, Oh, it's great to be young with a dog at  
your heels!

- Edgar A. Guest.

### The Good Dog

HE DOES not forget you.

He does not neglect to welcome you home.

In prompt obedience, he is a model for children.

He does not talk back.

He does not gossip or find fault.

He will run his legs off to make you or your children happy.

Like a real hero, he will risk his life for you and yours.

If children are rough, he will endure it. If children are unkind, he  
forgives.

He is thankful for his simple food. He is faithful to the end.

He does not question your dress or your position in life.

He does not bother you with his troubles.

## MY DOG BOOK

He is polite, and thanks you with a wag of his tail for any kind word or act.

He does what you tell him without asking why.

He trusts you supremely because he believes in you.

He loves you more than he loves himself.

ARE YOU A GOOD MASTER?

A Faithful “Boy”

“TAKE a look at this, Billy!” and Ted held up a snapshot of a dog and a small boy so his chum could see it. “He’s what I call a real hero!”

“Isn’t that the dog you had before you came here?” inquired Billy.

“Yes, sir, he’s the one, all right. My dad bought him at a dog pound for three dollars. Now he wouldn’t take a hundred dollars for him.”

“How’s that?” questioned his chum, eager to hear all about it.

“Well, you see,” began Ted, “our baby has a habit of wandering away when mother’s busy, so she was glad when we got the dog, because he followed the baby every place he went, - just like a guardian, you know.

“One day mother was washing, and Bobby wandered off. Mother didn’t notice the time passing until she happened to glance around and found Bobby gone. She began calling him, but he didn’t answer. Just as she was going to the telephone, she saw the dog, - we called him Boy, - and he was running as fast as he could toward her. He sort of whined around her skirts. She sensed that something was wrong, so when he started out the gate she followed him.

“About a block away the dog turned into the pathway leading to a vacant house. Say, but my mother was scared! She couldn’t see the baby, but the dog kept looking at her in such a knowing way that she felt he’d found the little fellow.

“Well, in they went, and Boy led her to a clothes closet and began scratching and pawing at the door. Mother pulled and tugged too, calling the baby all the time, and when she couldn’t open the door, she ran to the corner and got a policeman.

“It seems the door was fixed to lock when it closed, so they had to break it down; when they did, they found Bobby nearly suffocated on the floor, because there wasn’t any window and he’d had no air.

“Mother was so excited she didn’t know what to do, but when they’d brought Bobby to, believe me, she didn’t forget Boy. And you know, Billy, that dog seemed to know just how grateful mother was, for he hung his head kind of bashful-like as if he didn’t want to be

praised for doing his duty. And when they snapped this picture he wouldn't even look at the camera - he was that shy."

"M-m-m," mused Billy. "Guess he could teach us a lesson all right; what do you say?"

"Yes, sir! And yesterday, my uncle wrote that Boy is lonesome for us, so my dad's going to send for him. He's coming next Monday evening by express, and the whole family is going to the train to meet him!"

Sharing Ted's enthusiasm, Billy said: "I'd like to see that dog! Do you suppose I could go with you?"

"Why, sure! I'll whistle when we go by. And, say, we'll get busy to-day and build that dog a home suitable for such an animal. He's a faithful friend, a good pal, and a real hero. Believe me, any boy'll be glad to welcome this 'Boy' to his neighborhood," finished Ted, darting off toward the garage to begin building operations immediately.

### The Dog and the Colporteur

A FRIEND of mine was out in a somewhat wild country district circulating gospel literature. He was passing over a hill. As he walked along the lonely road, suddenly a strange dog began to follow him. Where the dog came from was a mystery. There were no houses near; but out of the dense forest he had come to run along behind the man and sometimes ahead, as dogs, you know, are in the habit of doing.

My friend and the unknown dog soon became acquainted with each other. He was a fine, strong dog, and how he could run after a stick and bring it back! Let's call him Fleetfoot.

Now Fleetfoot was of no particular breed, only a common dog, but he had all the qualities of a good pal.

That night my friend slept in a strange house, with his canine pal outside in the yard. Sometime in the middle of the night the dog began to bark furiously. It was the only sound on the otherwise still night air. My friend was annoyed at the noise. He did not wish to disturb his kind host and hostess. He listened a few moments, thinking Fleetfoot would soon cease his loud barking, but the dog only barked the more furiously. So presently my friend arose and went to the window to rebuke the dog. As he did so, he heard, just beneath the window, the sound of rapid and heavy footsteps. At least two men were running away. Then he was thankful that God had sent his humble brute friend to protect both himself and his entertainers. He remembered the

promise, "The angel of the Lord encampeth round about them that fear Him, and delivereth them." Psalm 34:7.

But there is a little sequel to this story. Later my friend had a chance to do Fleetfoot a good turn. They were out in a cornfield. The man could see across the tops of the cornstalks, but the dog, of course, could not. He could see only along the narrow path straight ahead. Fleetfoot loved to run. He was chasing a bird or a bug or something along the path. But he did not see what the man could see, - a rapidly approaching express train that would cross the path just at the time Fleetfoot was due at the same point. My friend could see the danger in an instant. He shouted with all his vocal power. But poor Fleetfoot did not hear. He was rushing blindly on toward certain destruction. Again his far-seeing human friend shouted, perhaps a little more shrilly this time. His very desperation made his voice carry farther. What was his great joy when he saw the dog stop and turn back - saved! As the express rushed by, he fancied he could see in Fleetfoot's expressive brown eyes a look of gratitude that said, "I love you for saving my life. I shall always serve you faithfully."

Another precious thought came to the colporteur, something like this: "Now, for the first time in my life I can clearly understand how our all-seeing, loving heavenly Father protects us against dangers, seen and unseen. I understand what God means when He promises every trusting child of His, 'I will guide thee with Mine eye.'" Psalm 32:8.

### The Little Med Cross Do

MUGGINS was a fluffy little white dog that lived with his boy master in Canada. Now there are some dogs in the far northern part of Canada that are a great help to their owners. They draw sleds over the ice and snow for long distances. And sometimes they carry the mail to far-off places where the people would be lonely indeed if the mail sled didn't come several times a year.

But little Muggins didn't live in the Far North. His home was in a city in the southern part of Canada. It was a place where big ships came from over the sea.

Even if Muggins had lived in the North, he couldn't have drawn a sled. He was not big enough. He was only a silky-haired, tiny dog with bright eyes and a friendly, bushy tail. Everyone who saw Muggins admired his looks. But they said, "He is just like a toy, not big enough or strong enough to do anything."

I am glad to tell you they were mistaken about that. One day Muggins' master heard about some people far away who were having great trouble. The great Red Cross Society, which helps the people in trouble all over the world, was collecting money to buy food to send to starving children in certain countries across the sea. Muggins' master said, "I do wish I could help; but I have to go to school."

Just then Muggins started to jump around very lively, and to bark quickly. It seemed as if he were saying, "Try me. I could collect money for the hungry children. I don't have to go to school as boys do, and I have all day long."

So Muggins' master did try the little dog. He strapped two Red Cross boxes on Muggins' back, and took him to the dock where the big ocean steamers came in. Sometimes Muggins would wait there on the dock for the passengers to come down the gangplank. Then he would jingle the boxes as he jumped about, and the people would see that they were really Red Cross banks to hold money for the hungry children over the sea. But as he got better acquainted, he did not wait for everyone to come down from the ship. He ran aboard the steamer himself when the gangplank was put down, and hurried around the decks to get nickels and dimes and quarters in his Red Cross banks.

He was so eager and worked so hard at his collecting that people said, "We must surely give something to the Red Cross work through that little dog."

After a while many of the passengers who came on the steamers had heard of Muggins. So when their boat steamed near the dock, they said, "I wonder if Muggins will be there." And Muggins always was. His master fixed a safe place for the little dog to wait, on a small table on the dock, and Muggins never ran away from his job. He waited there for the ships to come.

The dog that everybody had thought was not big enough to be anything but a toy collected altogether thousands of dollars for the hungry children over the sea.

Overfeeding is undoubtedly the cause of more sickness in dogs than anything else. Twice a day is often enough to feed a dog. Wholesome scraps from the table, such as bread, potato, spinach, rice, and such vegetables as the dog may be induced to eat, are better than a meat diet, although a bit of meat, occasionally, is considered good for a dog.

Don't tie a dog to his kennel. If you must confine him, have the end of the chain secured to a long wire, where he can have the run of at least twenty or thirty feet.

Don't fail to give the dog a bone occasionally, for chewing on a bone sharpens his teeth.

When Muggs Was Chloroformed

"POOR Muggs!" sighed Mrs. Andrews, as the old family watchdog came slowly and painfully up the gravel walk leading to the porch. Muggs was sniffing with some sort of distemper, and paid no attention to the woman he had loved for ten years, nor yet to Mark and Annie, her little boy and girl, whom the dog had loved and guarded and played with all their lives.

"Really," she continued, almost in tears, "I think this very night, when Uncle Harry comes in, I'll have him put the poor old fellow out of his misery."

Both children exclaimed: "Please don't, mother! What would we do without Muggs?"

"Maybe he'll get well when summer comes," pleaded Mark tearfully.

"And who'll keep the burglars off when father's away?" added Annie, two large tears rolling down her cheeks.

Placing a loving hand on each head, Mrs. Andrews explained: "You see, Muggs is too old ever to get any better, when asthma chokes him up like this; and from now on we would just have to watch the poor old fellow suffer more and more each day until he would finally die. And as to burglars, they might carry off the house and he would scarcely notice it, because he is in so much pain."

"How can Uncle Harry do it, mother, without hurting Muggs?" asked Mark, all his little heart going out to his old playfellow.

Glad to see Mark getting reconciled to what must be done to save Muggs from suffering, mother answered, "We'll have Uncle Harry get some chloroform from the doctor. These cold nights, you know, Muggs loves to be covered all over in a warm blanket. Well, when we roll him in his blanket we'll just put a ball of absorbent cotton saturated with chloroform inside, close to his nose, and wrap him up good and tight, and in just a few minutes he'll go to sleep and never wake."

"And won't it hurt him the least tiny bit?" asked four-year-old Annie, her eyes wide with the thought of it all.

“No,” said Mrs. Andrews, “it will not hurt him even a tiny bit; and when morning comes, we will all go with Uncle Harry out to a nice little grave that he will have dug, and we’ll watch him unroll the blanket and see that he buries poor old Muggs real nicely down under the weeping willow.”

Three very sad faces followed Uncle Harry next morning as he made his way down to the grave, carrying the precious bundle. Mrs. Andrews stood close by, the tears silently falling on the ground. Mark and Annie held fast to her skirt in tearless awe.

“Shall I just lay him in the grave as he is?” asked Uncle Harry.

“No,” said Mrs. Andrews, “I’d like to see the faithful old fellow once more; we’ve had him so long, you know.”

Slowly and tenderly Uncle Harry began to unwind the outside blanket that had been added to exclude the air. Then he unwound the one that held the chloroformed Muggs, letting in a whole outdoors of fresh air.

Up jumped Muggs! and before the astonished mourners could realize what had happened, he bounded off across the lawn as when he was a puppy, his asthma completely cured.

Mrs. Andrews was speechless before Uncle Harry, and just stood there looking at him, while both the children had bounded off after Muggs.

“I’ve heard,” explained Uncle Harry, “that a dog can be almost dead with asthma or distemper, and if one will roll him up, putting some chloroform in, and give him a good sweat, it will either kill him or cure him. In Muggs’ case it seemed to cure.”

Muggs lived several years longer, and never had asthma again.

### The Footprints in the Snow

THE sun slipped down behind the great firs, and the little mill stopped its busy buzz for the day. Vida’s papa had just recently bought the sawmill from the lawyer who had charge of the property; and Vida was busy all day long exploring the great woods and getting acquainted with the beautiful birds and chipmunks.

She had no brothers or sisters, but she had Rover, the collie dog. Rover had come to them with the mill, for his little master could not take him when he went away to the orphan asylum. Vida promised to take good care of Rover.

The dog knew the whole country, and Vida had only to say, “Let’s go home, Rover,” and Rover would lead the way, no matter how far

they had strayed. So mother soon learned that he was a safe guide and companion for her little girl.

“Mother,” said Vida, coming in one day after a long tramp, “there’s someone in the woods. I’ve heard him several times lately, but I can never see him. He must be hiding; and Rover sniffs around so excitedly sometimes, he must know there is a stranger in the woods.”

“Oh, I do not think there is anyone there!” mother said, in a lighter tone than she really felt; “but perhaps you had better stay closer in, as there might be a bear lurking about.”

The next day Vida went again into the woods, but soon returned alone.

“Mother,” she said, rather frightened, “there is someone in the woods. Rover went sniffing around, and finally he started off on a run, and I cannot find him. It was near the old cabin that he began to sniff at the trail.”

“It must be an animal, perhaps a bear,” said father. “I’ll have to go on a hunt, and meanwhile you stay right close to the house. Bears are bad things when they are hungry.”

The next morning father took his gun and started out. There had been a light snow during the night, and he went very early, hoping to find tracks before it melted.

Vida spent a long, lonesome day without father or Rover. Finally, late in the day, just as it was growing dark, father arrived, but with no bear.

“Didn’t you even find tracks?” asked Vida.

She could not understand her father’s quietness. Usually he was eager to explain a hunt to her, but to-night he seemed reluctant even to answer her questions.

“Didn’t you even find a track, daddy?” she repeated.

“Yes, I found tracks,” he answered.

“Well, what were they?” asked mother impatiently.

“Little bare feet and dog tracks.”

“Little bare feet!” gasped mother.

“Tracked them all day,” he said. “Once I heard Rover bark, but that was as near as I ever came. Whoever it is, he knows the woods.” Then he exclaimed, as he dropped on the couch, “I’m tired out.”

“But there are no children around here since Mr. Benson died and the boy was sent away to the asylum in the city,” mother said. “Perhaps we should get the neighbors and start a hunt.”



Just then there was a familiar scratching at the door. Vida ran to open it, and in rushed Rover. He ran right to father, and began tugging at his coat and barking.

“Oh, daddy, he wants you to go somewhere!” Vida exclaimed. “That’s the way he does.”

In spite of his weariness, daddy put on his hat and coat, lighted the lantern, and went out into the dark woods.

After a long time Rover scratched at the door again. Vida ran and opened it; and there was father, carrying in his arms the unconscious form of a boy.

“Why, it’s Benson’s boy!” said mother.

“I found him in the cabin,” father said. “Rover led me there.”

After a while, when the boy was able to talk, he answered their questions.

“I couldn’t stand it there in the orphan asylum,” he said. “It was like a prison, and I was so worried about Rover that I couldn’t sleep. Yes, just like a prison, - no woods or river, and the sun set behind ugly buildings instead of behind the pine trees as it should. The birds didn’t sing, and I didn’t have any crumbs to feed them; and I had to stay inside a big fence.”

“But did you walk all the way out here?” asked mother.

“Oh yes! That was nothing. I was coming home to my woods and mountains, to hear the buzz of the mill and to see the big trees fall; to feed the birds and the chipmunks, as well as to see Rover. I don’t like the city, so I came back to live with you; but after I got here, I was afraid maybe you wouldn’t want me, so I stayed out in the woods.”

He looked longingly at mother and father. “I could work in the mill and help you lots,” he said.

Mother and father exchanged a look; and Vida waited, almost breathless.

“I reckon I’d be glad to have a son,” father said, “and Vida needs a brother; so I guess the Lord sent her one at last.”

Vida now had a brother to teach her all the secrets of the woods; and she could have no better teacher than one who knew and loved them so well that he could not live without them.

A Dog That Works for a Living

I USED to feel quite “trembly” when forced too close to those heavy-jawed creatures we call bulldogs. Not long ago I met one that somewhat changed my mind regarding - at least one of them. It came about in this way:

During our Harvest Ingathering for missions, I spent some time gathering donations in several small towns where we had no churches.

As the train slowed down at a certain station, I picked up my bags and made ready to alight, so as not to lose a moment when the car stopped. Imagine, if you can, how I felt when, as I set foot on the ground, a large, white bulldog, with an ugly black spot over his left eye, numerous cuts and scars upon his body, and a short, stubby tail that didn't move a fraction, came dashing full tilt toward me, showing a set of savage-looking teeth. And I heard a sound very much like an angry snarl.

How to act was a question. I had done nothing to anger this fellow, so it seemed strange that he should thus rush at me. I wondered why someone did not call to him or show other signs of alarm for my safety; but no one appeared the least bit excited. In fact, when I looked about, I saw two men smiling as if amused, and nodding their heads to me in a most pleasant manner.

It took only a moment for the dog to reach me; but when he got to me, a small bag that we call a brief case slipped from my hand. He seized the handle with his teeth, and gave a grunt of satisfaction. Of course, I expected to see him try to shake the case to pieces, and was fearful for my “Ingathering” papers, which were inside. If they should be ruined, my stop in the town would be worse than useless.

But, to my surprise, the big fellow turned about peacefully, and stood quietly holding the bag. I must have looked perplexed, for one of the bystanders who first saluted me laughingly remarked, “Bob only wants to help you. He watches for every traveling man that drops off at this town. He will carry that little bag of yours until dinner for the small sum of one nickel.”

“Oh, is that it?” I remarked, heaving a relieved sigh that made a few observers grin.

I smiled, set down my other bags, and made bold to pat the broad head, saying, “All right, Bob, you may carry my case.” The intelligent animal followed my example by placing the brief case on the platform. Then he looked into my face, showing that splendid set of white teeth;

but I didn't feel uneasy, because the two-inch tail wagged vigorously from side to side.

After removing half a dozen papers from the bag the dog wished to carry, I walked across to the baggage room, where I checked the other two bags for safe keeping until train time again, then proceeded about my business. Everywhere I went, Bob followed, keeping the bag ready whenever I needed papers.

People almost always smiled as I entered a store. I could see that the dog's presence was a help to me. Before I left the town that afternoon, my mission funds had increased threefold.

While we were still working, the noon whistle blew. Now this was the signal for Bob to stop for lunch. I soon found that though he was a willing worker, he didn't propose to labor much overtime. We were just then close to the leading hotel in the place; so my bulldog assistant took it upon himself to show me where I should eat. He trotted into the hotel and dropped my bag in the lobby, waiting for me to follow, which I did.

Taking a nickel from my pocket, I tossed it to the dog. He easily caught it in his mouth and left the hotel, promptly starting off in a straight line for some certain place he had in mind. I decided to follow him, to see what was done with the nickel.

Bob ran directly down the street, turned the first corner to the left, crossed the street, turned to the right, went halfway down the block to a double screen door, which he pushed open, and entered. My pace had been nearly as rapid as his, and I arrived in time to see him stand with his forepaws on the edge of the market counter, where he deposited his coin and waited.

A clerk simply said, "All right, Bob," then wrapped some scraps of meat in a paper package without tying it. Bob seized the bundle, went swiftly out, and quickly disappeared from my sight.

"Does he come here every day?" I asked the man. "Yes, sir, and never misses. Sometimes, in the winter, he comes twice a day. One fine thing about him is that he doesn't

run a charge account. He always pays cash," replied the man smiling.

"But suppose I had not arrived on that train this morning. How would he have obtained his money?" The man answered with enthusiasm, "Why, bless your heart, sir, Bob is no pauper. He saves for just such occasions. You see, some days he makes several nickels above

expenses. These he takes home and places in a little box under his master's desk; when business is dull, he draws on that supply."

It was a little hard to believe such a story. I asked, "Have you seen this 'bank' of his?"

The man looked at me and laughed heartily before replying, "I was just like you at first. Surely, I have seen it. If you want to look at his bank, just work him this afternoon, and when you pay him off, follow him home. His master will show you the coins."

I returned to the hotel, and after dinner I rested in the lobby. Presently the door opened, and in walked my friend Bob, and proceeded directly to my chair, where he sat before me. Several persons were present, one a man who had just arrived. To him I related my experience with the dog. He reached into his pocket at once and tossed the waiting dog a dime, but the creature paid no attention to it whatever.

We were surprised. I picked up the ten-cent piece and myself offered it, but he still ignored the money. Again we were surprised, not understanding his refusal, until the clerk came forward and told us that Bob never accepted money unless he considered he had rendered a service, which fact proved him no beggar.

There were a few places I could visit before taking the train; so, after soliciting my companion and receiving his donation, I set out, accompanied by both the man and the dog. We worked a little over an hour; then I called Bob, took my bag, patted him gently on his big head, and again offered him the dime that he had refused at the hotel.

This time he took the coin, jumped around me with great glee, and directly trotted off up the street. We followed along some distance behind, and saw him turn into a large yard, where he presently ran up the steps before an old-fashioned colonial home. We hastened after him, and told our mission to the maid who came to the door. We were then taken into the master's presence, where we found Bob also, and a box of coins made up of nickels, dimes, quarters, and a half-dollar piece.

We questioned Bob's master, who quickly assured us of the truthfulness of what had already been told; and when I left it was with a feeling of respect for Bob, and of greater tenderness toward dumb animals.

Don't you think it would pay for children to be industrious and thrifty like Bob?