AND "THE YANKS" FOGOT HIM. ALAS!

During the last year of the Great War, when I was Medical Officer in charge of troops at the Rest Camp, Southampton, a dog arrived and attached himself to the American troops as they passed through on their way to France. He would have nothing to do with our men nor the troops of other nations-only Americans. It was so amusing to watch him that I thought I must try to give his devotion what immortality I could by writing these verses. I wish I had been able to get hold of him and keep him, but in the rush of those stormy her heels down a little hard on the cetimes I lost sight of him and suppose he was destroyed.

He was only a bit of a mongrel dog, But nevertheless, I ween, He fancied himself an important cog On a wheel of the War Machine.

With his stumpy tail and his ginger hair He wouldn't have fetched a dollar; And he came to the camp from none knew where,

With neither a name nor collar, To shepherd the Yanks and to act as guide Was all that he had to ask, And he gave himself with a lordly pride

To his self-appointed task. He'd start away from the sentry-box And he never would rest or slack Till he'd got the one draft down to the

docks. And brought the new draft back.

Barking in front of those stalwart Yanks To answer the people's cheer; Trotting ahead of the marching ranks, As proud as a Bombadier.

And he'd look at his men as they stood a As if to proudly say:

"They are correct and in order, please, And I've done my bit to-day."

And then the Peace came, and the march ing host Of his soldiers came no more, But faithful still he stuck to his post

By the shut Headquarters door. Waiting alone for his men to come To the place they'd always meet, With his ears erect for the distant drun And the sound of the tramping feet.

But there came no sign, and he wondered then,

With a creature's dumb despair. What had become of his soldier men, And why they had left him there.

And so he'd wait, with never a friend, Till at last there came a day When I heard he had met the appointed

That happens to dogs astray.

Now I know not where, without stone

Is the spot where your heart's at rest. But I do know this, that you played the That you did your level best.

So I've made you a wreath that will not fade.

And I trust, whate'er befalls, We shall meet once more, at the Great Parade. When the last Reveille calls.

-From Our Dumb Animals.

ONE MEDIUM-SIZED DOG.

angry. The frost of her thick hair stood out the more whitely around their glowing crimson. "Theodore! How many more times

must I tell you that you cannot have

Theodore Roosevelt Wesley swung his books unhappily from their strap. Behind Momma he could see his father gazing out of the window. Some-thing in that mute profile gave him assurance that he was not completely

"Why can't I, Momma, I'd like to "Because! A dog is a dirty animal. Useless. Fleas!" She shivered.

"I told you I'd wash him! Twice a

"Hairs everywhere."
"I told you I'd keep him combed." "Always scratching up flower beds! It would all fall on me.

"I promised you when I was twelve I'd bring him up. And you said-" Momma arose from the table and began picking up napkins. "Your poppa just bought you that

"I'd rather have a dog, twice over."

"And that's enough. I've told you no a hundred times.' "Once you said when I was thirteen I could have one!"

"Theodore! Please stop kicking the door. And you'll be late for school. No one in this family was ever late for school!"

Behind her he could see his father's silhouette against the morning window turn slightly from side to side.
"Better not say any more," it warn-

ed him. "Enough's enough."
"I don't care!" said Theodore. "I've always wanted a dog. And I'm going to want a dog. When I'm twenty-one I'll have a dog."

He slammed the dining-room door as he went out. The front door slammed more distantly. They could hear his feet taking the porch steps in two leaps. Into the ensuing silence there came the three blasts of his automobile horn. They meant that he was pedaling his bicycle around the corner. The automobile horn had a rich contralto quality that confirmed his belief that he was at the wheel of an eight-cylinder 1926 sport model, all eight exploding noiselessly. Beside him on the front seat sat his dog, intelligently contemplating the low forms of pedestrian life upon the

thoroughfare.

Much of this was understood by Poppa and Momma as together they cleared away the breakfast things.
Momma's color remained high and she
may have wrung out the dish mop
fluff named Prince.

with unnecessary energy as the last

coffee cup was set away. "It's a good morning," said Poppa, "for spading. I'll dig up the back lot."

The back lot was Momma's particusquare bounded on the west by the garage, on the north by the kitchen window, east and south by the lattice fence. Two cherry trees graced op-posite corners. Pie cherries. In the forty-foot square Momma had her pansies and daffodils, her border plants, her asters, and those tall dahlias that took, all the blue ribbons at the armory in the fall. Already the noses of the hyacinths and daffodills were more than up. Another week would see the first blossom.

All morning Poppa spaded.

ment path. "The earth's fine," he said as she came back. "You can plant whenever you want. There won't be any frost to speak of."

Her brow cleared slightly as she stood beside him. Even with her white hair, he was thinking, there wasn't another woman in town so young-looking at her age. Her skin was fresh and pretty. Her hair, though white, was fine and gleaming. She was slim, like a girl.

He remembered that dreadful night when she nearly died. The little boy had just breathed and gone. He was so perfect to look upon that it did not seem possible that the

doctor had told the truth. "Can't you save him, Doctor?" he asked, knowing as he spoke that it was too late. She had been so in-trepid, later! He never would have asked of her the gallant efforts that she made. But it had been twelve

years before they had put into his arms a living child. "It's a fine little boy," the nurse had said. And he had stood there, holding him and crying. He didn't care so much about him, after all, just at the moment. All he cared for was the girl on the white bed in the next room, her gallantry, her heavenly sweetness,

her round white arm about his neck.

They called him Theodore Roosevelt. And they knew that, whatever the young doctor had done, he was owed to his mother.

"What your momma says goes,"
Poppa had told Theodore more than
once. Of course, the boy had never
understood all that was back of the verdict. But Momma did not like dogs. And what Momma said on that subject went.

Momma was right. And yet-"Lunch!"

He went in and washed up. Afterward they ate together, in the Dutch nook of the blue and white kitchen, hearty, unimaginative food. And Momma, pink-cheeked and smiling, was pleasant to contemplate, sitting across from him.

There was time to help straighten up, before he had to go to the bank. Momma brushed an invisible fleck from his blue serge suit as he was

I must let him have that dog." Poppa put his arm about her and laughed.

"Well," he said, "I do kind of think we ought to do it." Her face, looking up into his, was

ery sweet. "Give us a kiss?" he asked. She gave it to him, her arm around

On Saturday, there was a family pilgrimage to market. Poppa drove the car and Ted went along to help in the house before?" Momma's voice Momma's cheeks were hot and carry things. There was no mountain was glacial. that he would not shoulder, since the glad word had gone out. Many promises had been exacted. The dog was never to come into the house. When Theodore was at school the dog was to wash, to be tied up. Theodore was to wash, comb and feed him. If there was any night.

"It amounts to a gentleman's agreement of the dog should go."

"It amounts to a gentleman's agreement of the dog should go." Theodore was at school the dog was Momma did not like dogs but she would not have a hungry and abused

creature about the place.

"He'll have distemper," she predicted, "and the mange. Then you are to be the nurse. It must be understood from the beginning that he is in no

sense my dog."

With the gates of heaven thus opening before him, Theodore found it easy to give every assurance.

"You be extra nice to Momma," his father coached him. "She's being extra nice to you." Theodore was being extra nice at public market on Saturday afternoon

carrying little baskets of seedlings to the car and putting them just where Momma said. His arms were full, in fact, of two dozen plants of that new kind of delphinium, when he saw The light. Then the Dog. Something tawny and bright-eyed sat in a market basket beside a farm-

er woman's heaped-up new potatoes. A black nose inquired wisely of all that passed. As Theodore came to a full stop beside the market basket a "Oh!" said Theodore, above his delphiniums. "It's him! His name

is Prince." Momma beside him was, as always, gallant. "How much?" she said to the coun-

try woman behind the new potatoes.

"He's a collie!" the excited Theodore told his father at the wheel of the car. Poppa looked at the bright eyes, the busy nose, the fanning of the plume of hope.

"Well," he said, in the bankerish voice of the private office. Theodore's face began to lose a little of its rap-"I expect he is," said Poppa warm-

ly. "Part, anyway."
"Part!" Theodore's face was trans-"I bet he's pure collie. His figured. name's Prince."

As they drove home Poppa could see, out of the tail of his eye, that Momma had begun her long martyrdom.

"She'll stick it out," he said to himself, half smiling. In the tonneau sat the boy, his mar-

got the pinkest tongue!"

As well as if he had seen the deed, Poppa knew that Prince had kissed his son. A bright color stained Momlar domain. It was the forty-foot ma's profile. But she said nothing.

Decidedly she was gallant.
"All I ask," she said as they began taking the seedlings from their places on the back seat, "is that you don't expect me to have one thing to do with

In such fashion the trio in Banker Wesley's family became a quartet. Not all of its volcalizings could always have been described as close harmony. Between Ted and his fathmysteriously filled at hours when Ted was not at home to fill them. Poppa formed a habit, also, of sweeping out the sedan with a small whisk broom every morning.

But there were near disasters. There was the very old ham that lay on the front porch door mat just as Mrs. Professor Ray rang the doorbell. Prince had been tied up with two knots and a stone had been laid on the

lid of the garbage can. "I bet he learns to push it off," said ing bags and food.

Theodore in some excitement. "He's "Can't he ride on the running a smart dog.'

His smartness had renewed proof within a week when a three-rib roast, where the tents would be. all too clearly meant for some family dinner, lay on the Wesley lawn, Prince affectionately beside it. Evidently he had not only slipped his noose but also wandered far afield.

"How would he get it out of any-body's house?" Mrs. Wesley's fore-head mirrored her distracted mind. "Pshaw!" said Theodore. "He's a smart dog. Want to see him open our door?"

There was no doubt that Prince could open the screen door. Momma watched him nosing the catch about. "Isn't he a smart dog?" her son de-

"Prince!" said her son in the confidential voice he habitually used. "Tenshun!"

Prince, his eyes upon his deity, stood rigid. "Republican!" said Theodore sharp-

Prince, lying down, rolled over twice. Almost it seemed to Mrs. Wesley as he stood again on four legs that he laughed in her son's face. "Prince!" said Theodore again. "Democrat!"

Unbelieving, she saw the dog sit up and beg. Poppa, at her side, laughed.
"What does he do for the Third Party?" he asked. "It's awful hard for him to play

dead," said Theodore, "but he's learn-ing. Want to see him find my glove?" The two, dog and boy, sat on the front steps together. Well, Prince," said Theodore softly, "where's my glove?"

Prince trotted around the corner of the house and presently came back, a catcher's mit in his mouth. He'll put it back too," said the

"What'll you bet he'll proud master. find it if I hide it in a new place?" Poppa bet a new dog collar. "I'll hide it in my room," said Theo

dore.
"Not in the house!" Momma's voice was sharp.
"Aw, Momma! Just this once! Just

to see if he can." He could. The glove was hidden under Ted's mattress.

Mrs. Wesley looked on in horror while Prince nosed up the latch of the screen door, vanished up the stairs and reappeared, the mitt in his mouth.
"Did he do that without ever being

"I told you he was a smart dog!" said her son. "Awful smart." "Better tie him up now," said Poppa suddenly. "What say to a movie?"

There was a low-toned conference of men's voices in the garage that

ment," Poppa could have been heard to say. That's something that can't be violated. It isn't done."
"I know." Theodore's voice was ashamed. "I'll never let him in the

house again. I'm sorry. No regret, however, could overcome the triumph in his voice as he added, "But he's a smart dog, isn't he?"
"He's a smart dog," his father said

without reservation. Prince at the moment was knowing the ecstasy of Theodore's hand upon his head forgetful that the other hand was busy slipping that old enemy, the

rope, under his collar.
"Sorry!" Theodore was saying into his ear. "Got to do it. See you in

Prince quivered all over with delight. Then the back door swallowed Theodore up. A single frantic tug, and the dog knew that once more the rope had stolen a march on him. He always fought the rope when Theodore was not there to talk to him. Under the bright starlight he strained against it in vain. Resignedly he turned around three times in the same place, expelled a deep sigh and plung-ed into sleep. It was his device for passing the time until he and his other self should be reunited.

The device was all very well for the night hours when sleep seemed appro-priate. But the days, after Theo-dore's legs had bicycled beyond vision around the corner, were the glacial age indeed, when the soul of any dog might lie stark and forgotten for

eons on end. From nine o'clock until three, when school closed, he knew what it was to breathe, yet not to be. He lay, face between his paws, looking at the back door. He could hear Momma moving about inside the house. From time to time she emerged, to dig among her plants or to fetch the potatoes from the garage. At her coming he stood His plume of hope waved faint-Almost, for a moment, he exist-

ed. Always, however, she went by. She did not speak. She did not even After she had passed, he stood, drooping. Hope was frozen. Every-thing that mattered was dead in him.

At three o'clock the leg's twingled around the corner. Theodore was off

his bicycle.
"Hello, Prince!" he called. At the magic word life began again. The rope came off. Excursions took place by the river among dogs and boys, woodchucks and other interesting characters. Lessons were learned. The plume of hope waved high. The two, dog and boy, ran with one rhythm. the Gold Ridge stage. Poppa read Momma, looking after them from her the ticket and the letter of Hiram Momma, looking after them from her front window, would almost have said that they laughed alike.

"What will you do with him this summer?" she asked at the dinner er there was, no doubt, understanding. table, not long before the end of Certain holes in the back lot were school. Theodore stared. school. Theodore stared. "Oh, swim.

Chase things. Hike. He'll love to camp." "Just a little more of that dessert," said Poppa. Momma did not meet his eye as she gave it to him.

"How do you expect him to get there?' At this full understanding came to Theodore. They were to camp beyond the reach of trains and baggage cars. The sedan was to be loaded with sleep-

board?" Poppa shook his head. That was "Can't he sit with me on the back

"That was settled long ago. I made it clear at the very first."

Momma here met husband's eye and gave it a long, clear, irrevocable look. Before the look his own wavered. Momma had made it clear. She was honorably and undeniably entitled to her bargain. Yet one look at his son was more than he could bear. Theodore had laid down his fork. His mouth, ready for a rather oversized manded. "Want to see him roll open. His eyes, widening as they stared ahead into an empty summer, said hor refuse his eagerness. "Prince!" said hor see is the start and start a his whitening face.

"Excuse me," said Theodore suddenly and left his peach shortcake.

Into the silence that closed behind

him, Momma's voice came:
"I think it's wicked to put the burden of this on me. I knew how it would be at the beginning. And you both promised. Now you make me seem cruel and hard." In a moment, he could see, she would

be crying. Poppa folded up his napkin very slowly, got up, and went around and kissed her. "Whatever you say," he told her,

Out in the garage he found two creatures weeping. At least the dog wept. The boy, lying on his stomach, his face deep in his friend's neck, was stifling his own sobs. Prince unshamedly whimpered. Something devastating had laid low his divinity.

"Maybe we can think up some way, said Poppa, sitting down beside his son. The smothered sounds, deep in Prince's ruff, lessened. Presently they stopped and one red eye looked up at his father.

"Isn't there a stage or something?" Poppa thought there was. Two eyes appeared, in a fac ed with tears.

"Do you suppose they would take a dog?"
"Might find out."

It was ten o'clock before Theodore presented a document before the committee of Poppa and Momma, assembled under the reading lamp in the living-room. Since eight they had been able to see his black head bent over the library table, its cherished pompadour growing wilder as the debris of torn papers grew in the waste-basket.

"You can read it out if you want," he suggested. Momma read, Theodore keeping a watchful eye on his father's face.

"Mr. Hiram Bixby, Manager Gold Ridge Stage Co. "Dear Mr. Bixby: Kindly advise at earliest convenience as to terms on with owner. He would be on leash at over the dog's neck. Presently

could be accommodated, take no lug-"Thanking you in advance for your kindness, and hoping for favorable reply as soon as you can,

Yours truly, T. R. Wesley." "What do you think?" Theodore asked his father. "I used to go to school with Hi Bix-

by," said Poppa.
"What do you think he will think of
this letter?" asked Theodore patient.

"Oh!" His father gave the matter attention. "I think he'll think some boy likes his dog very much."
"Boy!" Theodore's face was crestfallen. "Why won't he think it's a man? Why won't he think maybe it's

you?" "Of course!" Momma's voice was confident and she gave Poppa a smile which her son considered far brighter than was appropriate to the serious problem in hand.

"Of course he will! It sounds like all your business letters. 'One medium-sized dog,' 'Owner would in case said dog could be accommodated, take no luggage.' Any banker to any brother!'

"You think it's all right?" "Yes." She was positive. "It's a very fine letter."
"Would you send it? Is it business like?"

"Indeed, yes! Absolutely!" gave him a wonderful smile as she anded him the masterpiece. It was four days before a blue envelope bearing the letterhead of the Gold Ridge Stage Company waited his return to school. Theodore, his eyes

shining, showed it to Momma. "Mr. T. R. Wesley,
"Dear Sir: Relative to your letter of 18th inst., re one medium-sized

Momma thought it was a very nice letter. By dinner-time that night, Theodore had a bright pink half-fare ticket to show to his father, stamped

with an official purple stamp, and entitling one Prince Wesley to a seat on

Dinner was a cheerful meal. Certain tensions were visibly relaxed and

ing paper.
"First thing you know," he said, "you'll be liking that dog."

He liked immensely the frank scrutiny to which Momma subjected this revolting idea. "Well," she admitted, rolling up her

this confession with thankful heart. The three weeks stretched to four. The trip from Gold Ridge to Glacier by stage was an unqualified success. Prince, shampooed to such a state of golden glory that he blazed like a solar system in his seat beside his master, was the cynosure of all fellow passengers' eyes and the social journey. At Gold Ridge lion of the Poppa and Momma traveling by sedan

"Your letter," said Banker Wesley,
"gave Ted a whole lot of satisfaction."
"Had to get down the old grammar
to do it," said Hiram Bixby. "I could see this was no ordinary everyday correspondence I was conducting.

had made a cheerful fourth on the long mountain trails that the quartet

utensils looked at him in turn.
"I understand quite well," she said in that dry voice which precluded further argument, "what it is to have a useless creature around a town house where no dog has any earthly business to be."

Theodore to feel it best to remain si-

he would not eat cherry pie. able at "Theodore! You're sick!' His mother hearty. looked at him appalled. "I'm all right."

which one medium-sized dog could travel on stage from Gold Ridge to Glacier. He is a very clean dog. He would not bark or bite ladies when by side for a little, Theodore's arm all times. He is very obedient. If boy got up, walked heavily into the necessary, he could sit on owner's house and up the back stairs. Momhis room above her. His voice, from

his window, dropped softly: "Good night, Prince!" The dog stood tense, his plume wav-

His mother alone in her kitchen felt the cold approach of a new epoch in her life. Theodore had never gone to bed without a word to her. No matter what the tragedy of the day, the evening hour came benignantly upon them. She hung her dishmop on its hook, seeing as she did so the dog with his face toward the upper window. He would be looking up at it in the morning when Ted's voice dropping joyous-

ly would create the day.

When she stole up later she could not be sure that Ted was asleep. He did not stir when she laid her hand upon him. Most of his face was buried in his pillow.

"But his cheek seemed very hot to me," she told Poppa. "Oh, he's sunburned. Or he may have had an overdose of doughnuts somewhere. He'll be all right in the

morning." In the morning the dog sat with his face toward the upper window but no voice created the day for him. There was an unwonted quiet upon the house. No Theodore came out with his breakfast or to take him for a began to blind her now. She could be began to blind her now. She could be began to blind her now with him Ir morning scamper At nine o'clock no legs bicycled around the corner of the

house. Instead there were voices in the room upstairs and a hurried coming and going. Later in the day a young woman in a stiff white dress walked starchily up and down the cement path between the dahlias and the garage. She was a pretty young woman, and as she passed him she said in a pleasant voice, "Hello, doggie! Well,

The afternoon shadows were long He knew the ultimate humiliation possible to a sentient creature. Alive as passenger on stage from Gold Later he took him sedately about the

block and returning tied him up again.

It was not a day like other days.

Strange days succeeded one another. A second starchy youny lady appeared, who also greeted him. But after the first day he did not notice either of them. He lay with his nose on his paws, his eyes on the house, waiting for the only voice in the world to create the day for him.

He did not know that in the room from whose windows Theodore's morning voice once dropped down the starchy young ladies reigned supreme, that Momma, capable Momma, looked in now and then with a wistful face. Poppa, who as the days went by wandered more and more aimlessly from the house to the bank and back, sometimes stood there beside her. It was not a room in which Poppa and Mom-

make all the difference." Difference! Difference between what and what? Between life per-

haps and what? Momma, something clutching at her breath, threw back her head defiantly. She had given him life once almost at the price of her own. She would give it to him again. The young doctor, beginning after these years to show

more than a little gray in his hair, shook his head kindly.
"Do you mean to tell me those young girls can do more for him than

He had to make it cruelly pain. The young girls were experts. He told her where they had trained. He would come every day, twice.
"But they will pull him through."
"But I'm his mother!"

"That's one good reason," she heard him say, "why you've no earthly business in that room." She was to hear this verdict re-echo-

ing through all the shadowed weeks the young doctor, looking haggard as the fever mounted. It ran its course, went down by infinitely slow degrees, hung for a little, then began once

more to climb. The young doctor said, "Damn!" and "Reinfection," to a man and woman who in these weeks had grown old. The thing ran its second course, the starched young ladies did infinitely wise and competent things abovestairs. Momma, stepping noiselessly about the one domain remaining to her, cooked wonderful food. It com-

forted her to do it. There was a dog lying day by day outside her kitchen, his face on his paws, his eyes on the upper windows, his dish of water and of food that she prepared and Poppa brought to him, scarcely touched. He lay there but she did not see him. Even when she went to the garage for potatoes she never looked his way. A woman stricken she passed the nonexistent dog who knew of her comings and goings as little as she knew of his presence. What was a dog in such hours as these? And who was she, had she but thought of it, that any dog should turn his eyes her way?

All things come to some conclusion. which mothers of thirteen-year-old Even to that second run of the fever sons must occasionally achieve. Be- there came the breathless morning hind it lay just enough dynamite for when the skeleton of a boy lay under there came the breathless morning his white cover white as the sheet over him, inches longer surely than when he went to bed, a long fleshless body day or two after the familiar home for which the starched young ladies routines had established themselves, seemed to have won a victory. The fever wavered, sank, rose, sank, and did not rise.

"We'll have him bounding around in no time," said the young doctor, able at last to make his voice sound Poppa's eyes were wet.
"We can't thank you. We can't ever thank you," he said.

"Thank me? You want to thank those girls. He'd never have pulled through without them.' Momma dry-eyed looked at him and said nothing. Theodore would live. Poppa could be tremulous and happy. She could not feel that anything could ever matter again. It had happened without her. She who had never slept

all these years without a thought of him had counted for nothing in these There were slow days yet to come. For a boy who should have all a boy's resilience he did not make a good recovery. He lay weak, still listless, not clamoring as he ought to clamor for food. The young doctor did not like

at night nor waked in the morning for

"that he might like? He's got to take more interest than this.' His mother bent over him in one of those short moments the starched women allowed her. The irony of these moments was that the women always gently explained that there would be nothing to do. She was just to let him be quiet. Not to disturb

"Isn't there something," he scowled,

"Isn't there something you would like to have?" she asked. He lay there still and colorless, his eyes closed. How she wished he would whisper, "Yes. Cut off your hand and give it to me."

Her hand? Her heart! Anything! The still lids quivered and her son's eyes looked gravely into hers. He was too weak to do more than whisper, but she hung on any whispered wish. The eyes surveyed her for a long moment. Then the lids closed again and she could see the white lips form a whispered "No."

another moment she would sob and he would be disturbed. She tiptoed out and felt her way down the back stairs At the kitchen door she stood leaning against the wall while her weeping had its way. For weeks she had been nothing. She was nothing to day. She could give nothing to this boy who was part of her life. Nothing

not stay in this room with him. In

love!
"I might as well," she told herself
while the tears made their bitter (Continued on page 7, Col. 3.)

but her love. Her tiresome, useless

"Whose dog are you, Prince?" his and breathing he knew himself to be Ridge to Glacier, at rate of one-half father could hear and, "Oh, gee! He's invisible and nonexistent.

Ridge to Glacier, at rate of one-half (½) fare.

Yrs. truly, Yrs. truly, Hiram Bixby.'

"It's a pretty nice letter," said Theodore. "I've got eleven dollars saved up from cutting lawns."

Bixby with becoming gravity.
"It's a good businesslike letter, isn't it?" said his son.

certain fears averted. "In fairness to myself," Momma re-"In fairness to myself," Momma remarked after Theodore had gone to bed, "I'm going to tell you that of course if it had come right down to it I couldn't have held out."

I couldn't have held out."

In fairness to myself," Momma remarked a footh in which Toppe and To

Poppa laughed at her over his even-

darning, "if I could like any dog I suppose it would be that dog." Afterward she was to remember

waited to see the stage pull out, Theodore's black head and the tawny head of his friend grinning farewells together.

Anyway, you know I always kind of liked a dog." From this happy inaugural the four weeks sped pleasantly to a perfect close. Momma admitted in so many words, as they broke up camp, that the dog had had his uses. He had scared away midnight marauders and

"He had a good time," said her son. "But he's going to miss me a lot when school begins. It isn't as if anyone ever noticed him. I don't believe," he looked at her severely, "you exactly understand what it means to be a dog." His mother capably packing camp

It was one of those verbal victories

Was it that very day, or perhaps a that she and Poppa noticed something strange about Ted? For a day or two he had not seemed quite his abounding self. Then there was the night when

"You stayed in swimming much too long to-day," she said.
"Oh! For heaven's sake! Let me have a little peace, can't you?" said her son volcanically, and left the table From her kitchen window she could Owner would, in case said dog ma could hear him stirring about in

"See you in the morning."