

# SOCIETY GIRLS DROP PAMPERED POODLES AS PETS AND ARE RAISING REAL DOGS FOR FUN AND PROFIT

## Breeding and Selling of Rough-and-Ready Police Puppies and Wire-haired Terriers Is Latest Avocation of Social Elect

ALAS poor Fifi, we know her well! Pink-bowed and curly as to hair she sat on a velvet cushion and licked her saucer of cream. Legion were her subjects. Comes now news of her passing. The day of the lapdog is gone forever, announces Philadelphia's younger set collectively. In its little pampered stead has come the roughest out-of-door dog that ever had the good luck to romp through a sunlit valley or bay into the reaches of a Gwynedd Valley blue sky. Not only has the latest activity of Philadelphia's debutantes and post-debutantes led to the raising of Doberman Pinschers, police dogs, wire-haired fox terriers and other members of the rougher canine set. It has led to the selling of them.

There you have it. France herself has grandes dames who have invaded the Rue de la Paix. Now in Philadelphia, stronghold of aristocracy, these young blue-bloods who take possession of their fathers' garages invest real capital in and put on a business basis this matter of dog fanciery. Nine woolly puppies take a collective header into the dead leaves along a garden path. A girl, bright-cheeked and shining-eyed, makes a quick dive from among them. She is as swift as the wind, but they in their clumsy way are swifter. Six are attached to her plaid skirt as she arrives breathless at the door of the garage. One shies off, cocks his head on the side and sends sharp little barks of rebellion at the far-off hills. The rest hold on relentlessly with their small white teeth. Comes Mitzl, their dignified, alertful mother. Snoozes Spike fitfully on the sun-filtered porch. It's fun!

### Party Dates Canceled For Lure of Dogdom

Parties have been given up in honor of this new avocation. Out-meal pans have been surreptitiously removed from under the now watchful eyes of the cook. Alarm clocks have been called into style in order that the young dog fanciers may steal out to the "kennel" before the wintry sun is up and administer this carefully prepared breakfast exactly according to schedule. So it's fun, but it's work, too. One brave young Philadelphian got out her hammer and saw and did the actual building of the kennel within the garage herself. No man could have done a better job of the wire partitioning than she. And she has a little coal stove in the corner to keep her young charges warm. This she tends herself.

Another young miss, a debutante of the season, fed eleven police-dog puppies their bottles four times a day. She almost cut off the telephone in the course of that job! These girls are raising blue-blooded dogs. They will have none but the best and will go to any lengths to get their stock. Take young Mrs. George Earle, 3d, for instance. She, assisted by her husband, is one of the pioneers at dog raising. A year and a half ago when they were abroad they brought Lord Von der Horstburg back with them. He is an international Doberman Pinscher champion. Also he has taken the American and Canadian championships. Twenty-one pups sired by this member of the royal house of dogdom have been sold by the Earles. This fall Caroline Valentine brought back from England two wire-haired

Caroline Valentine, and Westhighland White Ruffly



out and stand still in front of that funny black box. Between half-dog eyes he watched a pile of leaves fly off like brown birds in a puff of wind. Then he settled his fine big head comfortably between his paws. Life was made of a number of things. This youngest of the dog fanciers didn't get her knowledge of dog breeding from books. Her plan was to ask questions of the older folks, those bobby's had been for a long time. A few minutes after the photographic episode she sat on the bench and explained that every one had been awfully nice about telling her anything she wanted to know. It was explained that Mitzl had been bred to Colonel Roosevelt, a winner of many cups and belonging to R. O. Conway. The subject of finances was gone into. "I bought Mitzl with my own money and that's the way I mean to go on doing. I mean to go ahead and enlarge the 'business' if you can call it that, but I have to go slowly because it takes a good bit of capital and I want all invested to be my own. Good pups sell well. You can get all the way from \$40 to \$200 for a police dog puppy. It just depends on how young you decide to sell them, whether you have males or female to offer and then of course on the breed of your dogs."

### Lapdog and Ribbon Days Gone Forever

Miss Huey believed firmly that the day of the little dog is no more. She is a staunch believer in police dogs and shows why she believes in them. It's because they're one-man and faithful to the last inch to the one who raises them. "Sometimes just for fun around here we wrestle just to see what Mitzl will do," she said. "When any one tries to hit me you ought to see what happens! She's very fond of my brother, too, and one day when the boys were playing football here we just almost had a riot. She thought some one was going to hurt Henry. And she loves them because they're rough and tumble and hardy. "They're regular wolvers," she smilingly explained, "when it comes to being able to stand exposure. They look

## Caroline Valentine, and Mrs. George Earle, 3d, Are "Having Time of Their Lives" in Their New and Lucrative Pastime

to Phana's infinite distress, bath night comes often. "Yes, I give practically all my time to it," Miss Valentine said as she led the little dog family out on the broad lawn at her home in Chestnut Hill. "And I feel that's just as it should be, because I'm taking it as a regular business. It's more interesting than just running about and never having anything to show for your time, and it's better than going in an office if a person did decide to take up some regular occupation. "Of course it requires a great deal of patience and perseverance and a sort of imperviousness to disappointment. It was a fearful blow to lose the dog on the way home. "It was due to the heat in the boiler-room near where the three were put. We had got in touch with the steamship authorities weeks before, advising them that three valuable dogs were to be brought over on that certain voyage. They promised to build kennels on the top deck, but when we got on the boat no one seemed to have heard of our little tribe of livestock. This very pleasant young woman person with softly pink cheeks laughed. "We don't really have a great deal of livestock. We had nineteen little African hounds that we bought near Notre Dame Cathedral in Paris. We kept the birds in our stateroom and no one seemed to make any complaint. "These poor dogs, though!" She stroked the brown ears of Ruffly's Poodle, who was nestling close under her sport coat. "Poodle means 'ting'," she said, "that's where she got her name. She is my prize. I got her straight from Colonel. Mr. Buckley's estate just outside of Burnham. Brick was a gift that put the whole plan of a kennel in my head. I gave her that name because she seemed so timid and I thought it might inject a little courage into her."

Miss Valentine reads every book on dogs that she can lay her hands on. Although her professional experiences have dated only from September, when she returned from her stay abroad, her knowledge of dog lore has grown sur-

### Mrs. George Earle, 3d, Finds Fun in Game

Out on the Main Line, near Haverford, is the establishment of the George Earle, 3d. "It's lots of fun," is the way Mrs. Earle described her half of the team work which goes into the management of these canine affairs. "I'm awfully fond of the dogs, and although they're big and hard to manage, I do everything for them when Mr. Earle is away. "We've sold every single one of our puppies and mean to keep right on raising more."

Katherine King who, with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Irving King, spends most of the year at Tip Top Farm, their place in Gwynedd Valley, is an enthusiastic newcomer to this new field that has switched conversation a bride parties to the desirability of dog biscuits and the best variety of dog biscuits. She has brought Eliza Lee, her wire-haired fox, into the Germantown home on Walnut Lane for the winter. This puppy is a daughter of Mrs. Garnett's "Wynhill Fidget." "Yes, I'm in it, too," she owned up and then wanted to know if Eliza Lee wasn't a peculiar name for a dog. Rumor has it that the Lee is for



Katherine King and her Wire Haired Fox Terrier, "Eliza Lee"



"Ruffly Piccolo," Noted Wire Haired Fox Terrier belonging to Miss Valentine



Natalie Sauveur and Sandpiper, Wire Haired Fox Terrier



Elizabeth Pancoast Huey and her Police Dog Rippies



Mrs. Muscoe Garnett with "Wynhill Fidget" and her Two Puppies

foxes of noted stock, one sired by England's noted Epping Emblem. Calling on the dog aristocrats, getting at the inwardness of a movement that bids fare to settle down as a permanent institution in Philadelphia, was not a piece of work at all. It was sheer fun, with its only drawback being a disinclination to leave whenever one might happen to be. "When the telephone would ring and some one would ask me to make an engagement I just had to say, 'No, can't get out of this place for days.' As it is now, they have to be fed three times a day. Mother says it takes more to feed my dogs than it does to feed the family."

### An Armful of Puppies And a Pretty Girl

Let's begin with Elizabeth Pancoast Huey, because there's where the cross-country excursion did really begin. Miss Huey is a debutante and the daughter of Mrs. J. Corbit Davis. She is also the proud possessor of that lawful of police dog puppies aforementioned. "They are nine weeks old," she said as best she could under the circumstances. Five puppies were playing merry-go-round on her plaid skirt; a more philosophical member of the group was in her arms chewing at the black pompon on her hat. "There were eleven in the litter, but one had to be chloroformed," she continued, making her way through the wild and woolly ones to the marble bench where she could at least sit down. "Then one was given away, and here are my nine that are left. Yes, of course, they take lots of my time, but it's great sport and it's a very nice way to make pocket money, too."

"When they were very little I had to give up almost everything," Eliza Lee Huey is nice to look upon. Her cheeks glowed and her dimple deepened as she owned up that for two solid weeks she had to give those dog babies a bottle every four hours. "When the telephone would ring and some one would ask me to make an engagement I just had to say, 'No, can't get out of this place for days.' As it is now, they have to be fed three times a day. Mother says it takes more to feed my dogs than it does to feed the family."

like wolves, too, don't they? Look at them now—" Across the lawn they trotted, a veritable pack, it was true. Funny, rambunctious, delightful little dog family!

When Caroline Valentine, daughter of Mrs. Abram S. Valentine, went to England ten months ago the last thing in the world she was thinking about was going into the dog business. The chance gift of a fine wire-haired fox terrier made while she was over there started the idea. She decided to bring a pair back home with her, and the plan was extended to bringing three. Unfortunately one died the first day out from England.

There are left now Ruffly's Brick and Ruffly's Poodle, the latter being bred by England's noted Epping Emblem, Great Britain's famous judge of Afros and wire-haired terriers, who is expected shortly in this country to attend the Madison Square Garden Show.

### Miss Valentine Builds Kennel All by Lonesome

It was Miss Valentine who once having decided to be a dog raiser decided to be one all the way. With a kennel within-the-garage she is able to show, built by her own hands. Well bred, but decidedly earnest dog faces pressed close to the wire fence and in polite fox-terrier fashion did not discriminate too markedly between her mistress and a visitor.

Outside the pale of the wire sat a big, feebly Mrs. Phana, a five-month-old West Highland white puppy. Home folks, she thought, are best. High over her head and nearly fixed to the wall is what was once an orange crate. Now it holds the stylish vanity box of the establishment. Here are brushes of various sizes. Several little jars and some tufts of cotton. A row of neat blue and white Turkish towels hangs nearby.

Wire-haired foxes do not get bathed except when the event can no longer be postponed, it was explained, but little Phana has to have her regular Saturday night session, and sometimes

very famous general once known in the South. At any rate, however, Eliza Lee gathered her name when the common name came to take her picture. It is limited she had been especially chosen for the experience.

### Mrs. Garnett Inherits Love of Dog-Raising

A turn of the road from the present Valentine home in Chestnut Hill leads to ravers lane, where on the grounds of the home of her father, William Lyttleton Barclay, romp the wire-haired foxes of Mrs. Muscoe Garnett. Mrs. Garnett, until last October, Caroline Barclay, was one of the first of the younger Philadelphians to take up dog raising.

The tendency came directly from her father, who has long been an expert and an enthusiastic fancier. Last spring, Mrs. Garnett sold nine puppies of her own raising. As even the purest and the youngest of these bring \$30 or \$40 apiece, it can be estimated the attending income was no meager amateurish affair.

Three dogs of various ages—one a most delightful one, with a red collar and a wicked look in his eye—rumped about this October bride a feet as she

for me to try my hand in it. "Father's much interested—I've heard dog all my life. It's never been any sort of a bother to me—only a pleasure. You sort, fine to go off with one on a line and not the sort you have to scuffle around the fire, inside the house."

Mrs. Garnett, whose mother was Anne Water, ventured that the era of the pampered lapdog has passed on and that the tendency now among girls is to go in for the big, out-of-door study type. Wynhill Fidget, noted mother dog, lived up to her name, and fidgeted about on the broad lawn, as her mistress talked. Wynhill Solitaire, her two-months-old baby, did not hover by, but found some

mischievous all by her little quivering and excited self. She behaved as a modern puppy is supposed to behave—indulently. "That baby's ears are wrong," the appraising voice of the young dog expert said, "she's getting her teeth. Then there was Scottie, the Scottish terrier who won the Wismahikon medal. Black haired, low sung and friendly, he eyed the camera proceedings. Once he came over and sniffed his mistress' fur coat and once when there came the possibility of removing her hat he trotted faithfully across the lawn to see if he safely desisted on a bush and not removed from the premises."

Mrs. Garnett does not mean to let the duties of a mistress interfere with her interesting avocation. She means to go right on with her kennel.

### She Just Loved Puppies, So That Is Her Reason

In her yellow sport coat and a bit of red that covered her bobbed hair Miss Sauveur sat on an old wheelbarrow and told how she had sold a female last spring for \$150. Loving puppies is the reason she gives for wanting to raise them. It did mean giving up a lot, she confessed, but still not everything, for in spite of the new arrival she was going to a bride party very afternoon.

"Mother," one of Miss Sauveur's dogs, was at Manheim Kennel Club last spring, "Little Cherry Blossom," said Helen Sandy, is another of her specialties.

Miss Sauveur, like most of the others who have gone in for dog raising, is not much interested in dog shows. "There was a sort of awkwardness about the outward expression that came from so many of the girls who have thrown their efforts into this interesting and novel project.

There's nothing superficial or faddish in their intention. They have gone about their dog raising quietly, intelligently and have spared no effort to live up to the highest standard of speed-