

BILL DORGAN'S DOGS

L-The Spook Hounds

"That fellow Bill Dorgan," said the man in the seedy shooting coat, "had one of the greatest heads in the dog breeding business. I guess you never heard of Bill Dorgan."

Bill started his scientific experiments with a snub nose little bull terrier whose kennel name was Dan. Bill had picked Dan from a Dovecoat Derringer litter to be a prize winner. He slapped a fancy kennel name on him and got ready to sweep the puppy class.

"But the older that pup Dan got the worse he got. His nose snubbed down till it turned up, and then pointed off at the end in a way no respectable judge would look at for a minute. It was a Dudley nose anyhow—just blotched with white."

"He grew a stummick like an alderman and little spindly legs and a sickle tail, and he didn't have no style or stand. If they ever saw a dog that disgraced a good family it was that dog Dan."

"I happened over to Bill Dorgan's one night and stayed to supper. There in the house was that pup, living with the family. 'What are you doing with that?' said I to Bill."

"It's my household," says Bill. "Well, if I was raising a household," says I, "seems to me I'd lie to something that wasn't calculated to give a nervous baby the fits."

"So?" says Bill, kind of joshing like. "And he didn't refer to the subject again till after supper, never paying no attention to anybody, which struck me then as kind of funny in a nine-month pup."

"He'd lay with his head on his paws, watching the door. And by and by, the hair on his back would begin to bristle, and then he'd begin to whimper."

"He'd follow it all around the room with his eyes till it got into the corner, and then he'd crawl up close to the fireplace and stick his tail between his legs and growl under his breath and then follow it back. After he'd done that about four times, he took to sneaking out and trailing the thing."

"He'd crawl after it like a cat, with his nose on the ground, kind of whimpering to himself. 'Wait a minute,' says Bill. 'Watch him now.'"

"That pup Dan was trailing again. This time, when he'd got to the far corner, he stiffened out the way a bull terrier always does when he's ready for trouble, and gave a little growl in his throat and jumped. He smashed into the corner so hard it gave him a bloody nose, and swung around like a flash and bit the air."

"He chased all the way to the door, snapping and growling. There he stopped, with his legs all out, looking disappointed and foolish. 'Bill turned up the lights, and that pup Dan went back and laid down by the fireplace and seemed to be a-thinking. 'What the hell!' says I. 'That's what I wanted to see you about,' says Bill. 'Have you got any dogs in your kennels that act up that way?'"

"Sam," says Bill, "I want them dogs." "And then Bill loosened up and talked. He'd been worrying a good deal, it seems, about some property that had been left by his uncle's wife, and he'd went to see a medium about it, taking Dan along. And the minute the medium got connections with Bill's uncle's wife, seen her standing looking over his shoulder, that pup Dan had been took with one of his fits of fighting the air."

"Right there Bill got his idea. 'Sam,' he says to me, 'they's a fortune in it. All these years we've been breeding dogs for their shape and size, ignoring their intellects. You ought to see it as plain as your nose. If you breed the shortest tailed dog you can find, the shortest of the Wanders Kennels and the Sparrow-nook Kennels and begin to experiment. 'The first generation of them dogs could all see things at night, but they couldn't follow 'em beyond the door any more'n Dan could. The second generation was able to trail 'em clear out into the yard, and the third could trail 'em all over. Made all kinds of trouble up Fort George way, sneaking up gardens at night and barking up trees, so that people thought they was mad. 'Many a good dog Bill lost that way, but he kept right on. I was convinced by that time that there was something in it, and I wanted Bill to go ahead and announce his discovery. 'You jest wait!' says Bill. 'I'll raise two litters I've got now.' And he took me out and showed 'em to me. 'For looks they was the darndest you ever saw. Bill hadn't stuck to no special breed; he had used bull terriers and foxes and Newfoundlanders and dachshunds and setters and plain curs. Any dog went as long as it could see things at night. 'Mrs. Blavatsky II, the mother of one litter, looked like she might be Newfoundland crossed on dachshund with a dash of terrier, and the pups didn't have no shape at all. They had only one point where they all looked alike, and maybe that was accident. They had great, big, sad, brown eyes and sunk cheeks. And they never laughed and wagged their tails like other dogs, but jest looked solemn and kind of thoughtful. 'Looks good to me,' says I, 'but what are you going to do with 'em now you've got 'em?' 'Easy money,' says Bill. 'In the first place, every medium in the business will want one of 'em; and in the second place, think how I can clear out hanted houses! They can't really hurt the ghosts, of course, but no ghost's going to stay where a bunch of spook hounds is peering him day and night. Between you and me, Bill, I've took the contract to clear out the old Connolly mansion as clear as I get this bunch of pups raised. 'Well, when those pups was about a year old, Bill sent word that he was all ready to try experiments with the old mansion. The people had moved out of the house for a week, and he had a bunch of spook hounds to clear out the place. And he asked me to go along and help."

"We took six dogs, each of us leading three. I had William Henry Bishop, a cross between fox and greyhound, and Mr. Sludge, who was mostly bull, and Madame Blavatsky III. There was so many breeds in Madame Blavatsky III, that you couldn't pick 'em, but her effect was gray Newfoundland. She was the pride of the kennels. 'Bill led Mr. Sludge and Katherine Tingley and Lucy Fox. Naming 'em after great mediums was Bill's idea. He'd been reading up on spooks."

"It was a black, dark night with clouds over the moon, a great night for ghosts. I never did have such a time handling dogs. We came down the banks of the Hudson with them six dogs lampping at every tree and trying to nose at every fence, and growling at things. 'You know about the Connolly place, I guess—big lawn all gone to seed and lots of trees and a whopping big old house. There's a big reception room or dance hall or something on the ground floor, with galleries running around the top, and all kinds of abominable corners. 'We sneaked into the big hall, with the floor cracking, and we set down and took the leashes off the dogs, and waited. Bill had a bullseye lantern with him. He lit it and turned it away down, so it gave just enough light for us to see a little and not enough to scare the ghosts away. And there we waited. The dogs was laying around as usual. 'All of a sudden, Madame Blavatsky began to growl under her breath. And a minute later every pup in the bunch was growling and shaking and watching the far corner with them awful, big eyes. 'Looking at the direction of their eyes, you could see 'em follow it from the corner to the middle of the floor and then up the big staircase and down the staircase again, and off into the corner. Mrs. Blavatsky and you, you could see her stiffen all over and begin to foller, but Bill held her down. 'Let's wait till it gets plainer,' says Bill. 'He hadn't no more'n said it than the dogs began watchin' again. The thing seemed to be coming down the staircase and crossing to one of the big pillars that holds up the roof. 'It seemed to stop by that pillar—and just then the whole bunch of spook hounds broke away from us altogether and went crawling and crouching toward that pillar. The next you know they broke out barking under their breaths, all at once, and jumping and yelping and trying to climb the pillar. 'And the first thing you know, Bill and I began to see something. Right on the top of the pillar, where they was a lot of diamond ornaments, they was a kind of mist coming. It grew and grew, till we saw it was a ghost. 'Boss, I'd been expecting to see ghosts in spook hounds in the world, but my hair rose up and my collar got tight just the same. There, sitting on the ornament, was a little old chap in knee breeches and a pig tail, looking like one of the pictures in the geography. 'It felt like we set there for hours, the dogs looking up and growling, the little old man kind of shifting uneasy like every little while, and Bill and me shivering all down our backs. And then, Mme. Blavatsky began to squawk. 'She begun to stiffen out and jerk all over, and the next you know she was laying out stiff as a poker, with nothing moving till her tail. Once in a while that tail would hit the floor in a regular thump, thump. 'What's doing?' says Bill to me. 'Bill being a spiritulist, he wasn't much afraid of ghosts, and then, all of a sudden, we both got the idea together. 'There was spirit rap! 'Mme. Blavatsky, owing to careful breeding for class in spook seeing, was more than a spook hound. 'She was a medium dog. 'One rap for yes, two for no,' says Bill to the ghost. 'Do you want these dogs to go away?' 'Thump!' goes Madame Blavatsky's tail. 'All right. Will you quit haunting this house if I call 'em off?' says Bill. 'Thump, thump,' says Madame Blavatsky's tail. 'To make it short, boss, we talked with that ghost for an hour. Madame Blavatsky's tail lining out his answers until the ghost promised to go and do his haunting somewhere else, but not here. 'The next night we cleaned out the Headless Hessian Horseman of Harlem, and done it proper. The dogs traced him by nipping his horse's legs. Of course, the pups went right through, but still it pestered him, and up a tree they went. 'Seems kind of funny that a horse, even a ghost horse, climbed a tree, but that's the way it was. And Madame Blavatsky thumped her tail against the trunk of the tree while the Horseman promised to cut out the Island of Manhattan. 'By that time Bill wouldn't have traded that gray cur Madame Blavatsky for Champion Dovecot Emperor. But the job was coming. 'All of a sudden, them pups seemed to lose the power of seeing things altogether. They'd lay by the fire at night and chew bones and sleep just like any other dogs. They got the habit of wagging their tails and barking, and even their eyes didn't look as big and sad as they used to. 'Three times Bill and I took 'em out to houses that was haunted just fierce, and never got a smell of a ghost. The dogs just curled up in the corner and slept or ran out to the gate to bark at peddlers. 'Looks like something was wrong, but he couldn't figure what it was. So finally he went to Mme. Parkin, the slate writing medium, who used to give him wonderful communications from his dead relatives. 'The medium raised a spirit right off and Bill got a communication on the slate. He copied it off, and read it to me so often that I learned it by heart. This is how it went. 'This is to certify that, by order of the Executive Council, no spirit allied by our organization will appear to William Dorgan or to any of the pack of so-called spook hounds. They are officially boycotted. 'And it was signed by the original Madame Blavatsky, secretary of the Spirits' Protest. 'Bill kept them spook hounds till they died of old age. Once in a great while one of 'em would get a little spasm of seeing things, and then Bill always knewed that they had palled a scab spook. 'Elephant—I guess they did, they ate him up."

DEEKS INTO THE PREHISTORIC PAST.

He Wasn't Worried.

The Great Ice Age came sweeping over the prehistoric world, waiting its icy warning from the lines of glaciers that were crunching their way over the paleozoic rocks and driving herds of hairy mammoths, glyptodonts and other affrighted creatures before them.

Just then the prehistoric Paul Revere came bounding along, mounted on the back of his faithful dinosaur and shouting gurgling warnings to the Cave men: "Fly! he cried. 'The glaciers are coming! Run for your lives or you will surely perish!'"

"That's all," said Oso, the Cave man, emerging from his cavern and calmly munching the thighbone of a nyctodon. "Man, are you mad?" cried the hero, rather nettled. "Don't you know that now approaches the Age of Ice?"

"Well, so long as it's not the Age of Plumbline, the Age of Coal, or the Age of Graft, I don't care," said Oso. "Whereas the prehistoric philosopher returned calmly to his cave and dressed himself in a pair of reindeer, so that his fossil remains would make a good appearance upon their debut in an American museum a million years later."

The Mounds Explained.

Modern Methods.

Complaint from the Lady at the Corset Counter of Intrusions in Her Realm.

HEAP MICH STAGE INDIAN.

Lo and His Squaw Are Breeding Popular Types in the Plains.

TOLD BY THE OLD CIRCUS MAN

Difficulties of Finding Sleeping Accommodations for the Great Giant.

"The only time the great giant ever got any really comfortable sleeping accommodations when the show was moving from one point to another by night," said the old circus man, "was when we happened to strike a canal."

THE LOVE STORY AS IT USED TO BE.

THE LOVE STORY AS IT IS NOW.

THE SAME OLD LOVE STORY.

THE LOVE STORY AS IT USED TO BE.

THE LOVE STORY AS IT IS NOW.

THE SAME OLD LOVE STORY.

THE LOVE STORY AS IT USED TO BE.

THE LOVE STORY AS IT IS NOW.

THE SAME OLD LOVE STORY

But a Difference in the Telling of It Now and a Quarter Century Ago.

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The Goat That Came Back

A Tale of the Circus, the Pawnbroker and a Fateful Omission of Kerosene.

The circus had come. Up the long, dusty street of the village came the long procession. In the lead was the band wagon, filled with perspiring musicians wearing red coats, upon their gaily caps stood nodding plumes like those of a hearse.

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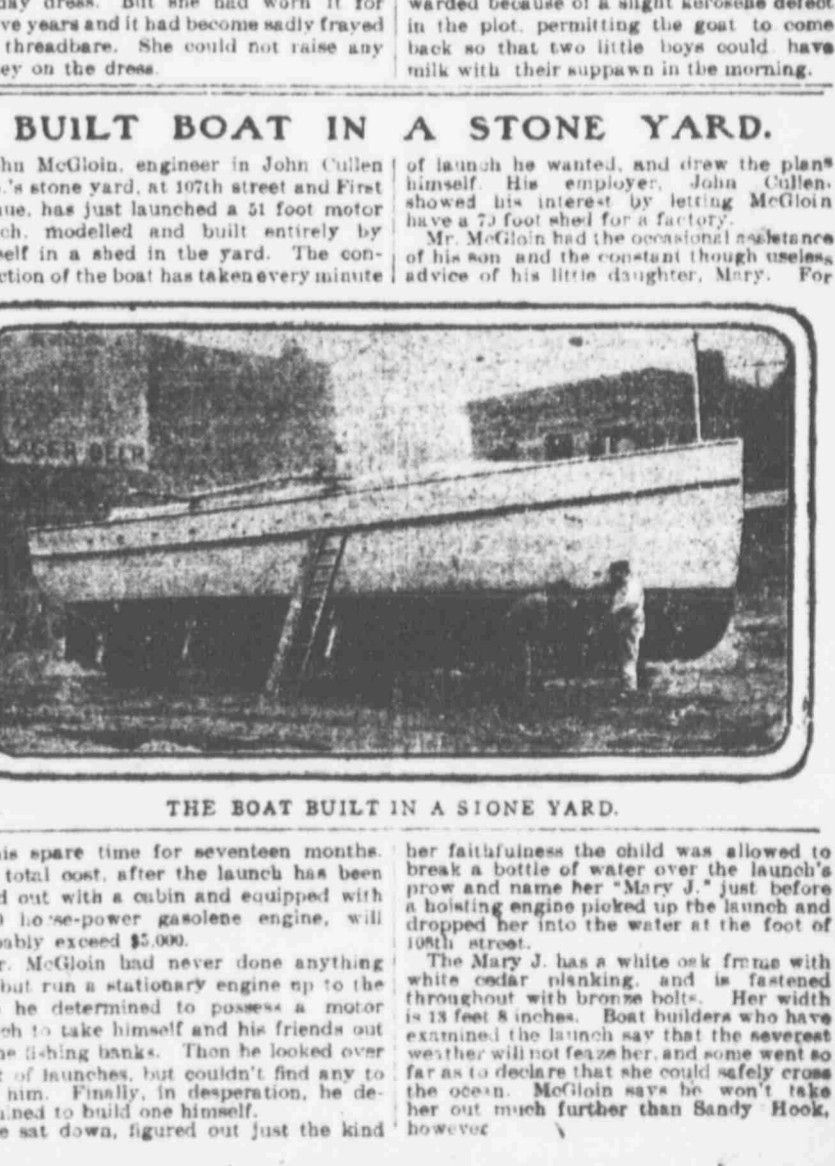
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THE BOAT BUILT IN A STONE YARD.