

TALES OF REAL DOGS - By Albert P. Terhune

BOB: The Dog That Belonged To A City

When last I heard of Bob, he was fourteen years old, and he was still on duty for 24 hours a day and was the idol of his own section of Minneapolis. He had grown stout but his was the flesh of honorable old age and of long service.

His father is said to have been a prize-winning Airdale, his mother a champion St. Bernard, I have seen four photographs of Bob, and they show him to look much more like his mother, in size and in general appearance, than like his father. But he had all of an Airdale's alertness and shrewd brain.

When he was little more than a puppy, he attached himself to the Minneapolis police force; and he took up his post of duty at Chicago and Lake streets.

That is a busy and pleasant neighborhood, and almost at once the neighbors adopted Bob as a privileged member of the community. Perhaps this accounts for his gradual accumulation of flesh. For local tradesmen had been slipping him handouts of hamburger steaks and T-bone and ice cream cones and cooling drug-store drinks, even since he joined the force.

From the outset, Bob made his police chums understand he was not a pampered pet, but that he was making a careful study of the many details of his job. For instance, he learned the meaning of traffic lights, without being told, and he put that knowledge into immediate use.

He would sit on the curb by the hour, watching these lights. When a car tried to butt ahead, against the signal, Bob would rush out into the street, barking furiously and calling the corner policeman's attention to it.

It was the same when some hurrying pedestrian tried to cross the street, against the signals. At once, Bob was after him herding him back to the sidewalk. Never once did the dog get the signals mixed. He knew his job.

(Some scientists declare that a dog cannot tell one color from another and that to him all colors are invisible. I do not believe this, though I have made no actual tests to disprove it. But Bob's knowledge of traffic lights would seem to show he had a very keen sense of color.)

Part of his self-appointed work was to guide schoolchildren across the busy street at that intersection. He would herd them back to the curb, if they tried to go against the lights, and when the signal changed he would cross the street ahead of them, clearing the way as effectively as could any cop.

Hundreds of the children whose safety he guarded in that way in his early days grew up and had children of their own, before Bob's career was ended. Police chiefs came and police chiefs went, but Bob was still an honored member of the force.

One day a man crossed the street against the light. Bob rushed out after him. The man was a dogcatcher. He saw Bob was wearing no license tag. So he grabbed him and lugged him off to the pound.

Indignant neighbors ran to the police station with the news. Presently three uniformed patrolmen

descended upon the dogpound and told the attendants there that they were "detaining a city policeman from his duty."

Back went Bob with them in triumph to the station. The word went around. From that hour no dogcatcher dared lay a finger on the unlicensed four-footed policeman.

During a hot summer, the men at the station decided Bob would be more comfortable if he were clipped. The job was done by an expert. But the big shaven dog looked so queer as he returned to his duties, that cops and tradesmen laughed loudly at sight of him.

Dogs hate to be laughed at. Bob was horribly humiliated. He crawled into a cellar, and he would not come out again for two days. Meantime, the neighborhood entered into a conspiracy to soften his sense of shame.

When at last he emerged from the cellar, nobody laughed. Everybody on the corner pitied him and praised his appearance. Humiliation changed in a flash to strutting pride, and Bob was vastly proud of his shave.

Perhaps from too many ice-cream cones, he acquired a toothache that swelled one side of his face and made him wretched. A local dentist pulled the aching tooth, and would not accept a penny for the skilled job.

It was only by day that Bob watched the traffic lights. At night, he would follow patrolmen on their rounds. One night a couple of thieves dashed out of a house they had looted, and sprinted down the street at a speed Patrolman Mickelson, the pursuing bluecoat, could not match.

Bob dashed ahead of Mickelson and overhauled the runners. He hurled his great bulk against the back of one of them after the other. The men lost their balance under that smashing impact.

They sprawled headlong to the sidewalk. Bob stood fiercely over them on guard, until Mickelson could come up and take them into custody. This was but one of the dog's numerous midnight adventures, wherein he made good his right to a place on the force.

Another night, late, a patrolman had dropped into Tom Kallas's restaurant on Lake street, for a sandwich and a cup of coffee. As he sat there, he and Kallas heard a thunderous barking at the shut door of the restaurant and the sound of impatient feet clawing at the panels.

Kallas opened the door. Bob rushed in; seizing the policeman by the hem of his coat and striving to drag him out of the place. The cop had sense enough to follow the wildly excited dog into an alley, a block away.

There a pile of kindling and paper had been placed by someone against the rear of a flimsy building, and had been set alight. In another few minutes the building might well have been in flames.

Bob's feet and nose were singed, and pieces of the burning wood were found scattered on every side. The dog had discovered the fire. He had tried to put it out. The task was too much for him.

So he had cast about for the trail of the nearest patrolman and had followed it to the restaurant, where he gave the alarm in the only way he knew how to.

There was human reasoning, as well as resource and courage in that deed. More than once, so runs the neighborhood story, hangers-on at a corner poolroom made a little extra money by selling Bob to some passerby who was attracted by the dog's looks. Always, in a few hours, Bob was back again at the corner.

The Minneapolis Journal issued this warning to gullible strangers who might be fooled into a fake purchase of the wise old dog: "When you see Bob salute him. But don't buy him."

Texas Oysters to Get 'Best Rearing' Possible

Houston, Tex. —(UP)—A sort of finishing school for select bivalves of the Texas coastal region has been established in Matagorda bay established in Matagorda Oyster Farms, Inc.

Although any little oyster spawn attaching itself to a smooth rock in the bay will find itself in a hot spot about the autumn of 1936, it need never be ashamed of itself. Under its tomato sauce or warm milk will be the pride of an oyster that knows it has been reared in the very best surroundings.

The farm will be stocked in two ways. Seed oysters will be gathered from natural beds under state supervision, and the company will put out rocks, tree branches and other objects to collect spawn.

In this way the company hopes to improve the Texas oyster so that it will be able to conduct itself among common oysters like a Harvard man or a Bryn Mawr girl in a taxi dance hall.

deceased, and a daughter of J. A. Morgan. Theodore Morgan, a son of the plaintiff, testified that before his uncle became seriously ill "he could beat me at checkers every time, but after he got sick he couldn't play at all and I couldn't keep from beating him."

ARCTIC SPEAR FOUND
Florence, Ore. —(UP)—An arctic spear, 12 feet long and tipped with ivory, was the most interesting among many curious finds on Hecla Beach near here.

Where Ten Were Marooned



Drenched and shivering with cold, these ten men, shown on a lake jetty at Cedar Point, O., were rescued after a night of horror on their precarious perch. They were trapped on the jetty by a sudden storm. Great Lakes Coast Guardsmen sent them food and later rescued them via life line. All are from Cleveland.

Mother and Daughter Reunited After 21 Years

Cincinnati —(UP)—A mother and her two daughters were united, here, after a 21-year search for each other, which ended in fiction style.

Mrs. Henry Landon, of Monroe, La., and her two daughters, Mrs. Mack Lewis and Mrs. Edward Stevens, both of Hooven, Ohio, were separated in Little Rock, Ark., shortly after the death of the husband and father, E. Smith, locomotive engineer, in 1912. The mother became ill and was sent to a sanitarium; the two girls went to an orphan home.

The older daughter was adopted by persons in New Orleans and the younger by a Little Rock fam-

ily. After 18 years, the sisters were united when the older broadcast an appeal for the other.

Joining efforts to find their mother, who had married and lived in Monroe, La., the sisters acquired the help of the sheriff of Morehouse, Parish, who located an uncle and succeeded in the reunion.

In the Dark.
"Daddy, how much are you going to give me for my trousseau?"
"Your trousseau! But I didn't even know you were engaged."
"Goodness. Don't you ever read the papers?"

In 1834 and 1836, Henry Blair was granted patents on a corn harvest-er; he was the first Negro to receive a patent on an invention.

Side Glances

By Goerge Clark



"I'll be glad when the dude season is over and I can take 'off this outfit."

One of Every Three Families Has a Radio

Harrisburg, Pa. —(UP)—The State Department of Agriculture estimates that one out of every three farm families in Pennsylvania now has a radio.

The estimates show that 56,710 farms out of approximately 170,419 are receiving sets. An increase has taken place each year since the first information on the subject was collected in 1924.

While the increase during the last year has been relatively less

than for any other similar period the trend is distinctly toward more rural radios in all sections despite the depression. Almost as many farm homes have radios as have telephones.

Cornell university is in possession of an author's copy of the song "Dixie," the original song copy was stolen from the composer and the presented copy made later.

A new 36-inch telescope is being built at Newcastle, England. When completed the telescope will be mounted at Greenwich Observatory.

'BLACK DEVIL' IS SALUTATORIUM

Dallas, Tex. —(UP)—The Black Devil of the Western Front, who since the World war has traveled extensively in the United States spreading the gospel of universal goodwill, has added another to his list of peace-time exploits.

The Black Devil — Anton T. Rutgers von osenburg, who as a captain of the German imperial air forces was Major von Richt-hofen's left flank leader — was named salutatorium of the Dixie university law school's graduating class.

Von Rosenberg earned the sobriquet, The Black Devil, during 18 months of sky fighting for Germany in the World war. Reported dead four times and missing six, he returned to combat often enough to bring his total of air battles to 59. He was wounded seven times, gassed once, shot down three times.

The former comrade of Germany's Red Knight was born in Alsace-Lorraine, served three years in Potsdam military school and obtained a bachelor of chemistry degree from Heidelberg University.

He came to the United States 11 years ago, with \$2 in his pockets. Von Rosenberg will practice law here.

Meet "Miss England"



Meet the 1933 "Miss England," in private life Miss Angela Ward, of London. Miss Ward was recently hailed as the most beautiful girl of her native land and will represent it in the international beauty contest at Madrid, Spain. Should she emerge victorious, she will compete at Los Angeles this Summer for the title of "Miss Universe."

Officials Seek Means Of Executing Starlings

Lorain, Ohio —(UP)—Police and railroad officials are casting about for a speedy but humane method of executing thousands of starlings which have chosen some huge ore machines on the waterfront for their roosting place.

Police Chief Theodore Walker said he was investigating a recommended method whereby the steel framework of the machines would be charged with electricity.

"If it's considered humane to electrocute humans, the same should be true of birds which have received the death verdict," he said.

The girders of the machines are literally covered with roosting birds each morning and night, and dock officials saw some means must be found to eliminate them.

Man, Believed Drowned, Returned After 25 Years

Perry, N. Y. —(UP)—After an absence of 25 years, James Van Cise, believed to have drowned in Silver Lake, has returned to the farm of his brother.

James went rowing on Silver Lake 25 years ago. His boat was found bottom-side up near a dock. Nothing was heard from him until he returned to Silver Springs recently to see his father who had died in the meantime.

Van Cise then went to the home of his brother, offering as his only explanation that he had spent the intervening years in Florida.

Student, 15, Has License to Preach

Hugo, Okla. —(UP)—Beggart B. Howell, Hugo high school sophomore who is only 15 years old, has had a license to preach for three years.

Young Howell is the son of Rev. Paul Howell, pastor of the Methodist church.

Came the Dawn.
From The Wheel.
Two youths were driving home from a convivial night in the big city.

"Jack," said Tom, "I wan'cha to be careful. Firs thing y'know, you'll have us in the ditch."
"Me?" said Jack, surprised.
"Why, I thought you was a-driving in."

Hot Water Bottle Trail Ended in Arrest

Washington —(UP)—A trail of 24 hot water bottles brought about the arrest here on an arson charge of Santo Pennestri.

The bottles, filled with gasoline, were found in the fire damaged house of Pennestri's wife. Suspecting arson, police traced the bottles from a New Haven manufacturing company to a Washington department store. Detectives said they discovered that Pennestri bought them.

YOUR CHILDREN

By Olive Roberts Barton
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BOYS NEED FATHERS' COMPANIONSHIP

"Dad, let's do something."
"What?"
"Oh, I don't know. Just let's do something. I know! A game of ball."

"I can't pitch any more. Anyway, my foot hurts."
"I'll get your slippers. You won't have to run. Just pitch and catch. Oh, come on. You're good enough."

"No, I don't think so."
"Well, then let's go some place. Let's get the car and go to the park. It's early yet and they don't close the pool till nine o'clock."
"I haven't swum for years, Bert. Anyway, I don't want to get in that mob."

"There won't be a mob. And there are benches. You could sit and watch me."
"A lot of fun!"

Plans Prove Futile
"Well, jookee here! We could go over to the air field and see those planes that are going to race in Chicago. Bill's uncle's in it and Bill and his daddy will be over there."

"Airplanes don't interest me. Maybe your mother will go with you when she gets the dishes done."

"Oh, women don't understand those things, dad. And they ask such funny questions. Oh, come on and go to the airport. Won't you, please?"

"Nope. I've got a good detective story I want to finish."
"No — you're not," called his wife. "You're not," called his wife. "You promised to take me to see that 'Zoo' show. Your book can wait."

"Can I go too?"
"Oh, let your father and me go out once in a while by ourselves, Bert."

"Well I'd like to see that Zoo show where all the animals get loose."

"All right, all right! Give him a quarter, Charley, and he can get one of the boys."

Bert took the money and left. Who would he get? Bill was out because he was at the airport and Newt was away. That didn't leave anybody but Nick and he wasn't allowed to go with Nick.

Without Companionship
The quarter was his to do as he liked with. He knew the idea was to get him out of the way. Maybe he'd get Nick anyway — he hated to go to shows alone. Or maybe he'd go to the airport on the street car.

A deep disappointment needed satisfying. Bill was out with his father, Newt was away with his father, and — oh, everybody seemed to be doing things with fathers. Between the houses across the street he could see Professor Berger explaining something to his big son. Something about a star — he could see them pointing.

Lonely — that's what he was tonight. He didn't want Nick — the big smarty! He didn't want to see the show. He didn't want anything.

He circled the house. The yard was baked and hot. "I suppose I ought to be a real good boy and sprinkle the grass and weed the petunias!" he said in a high mocking voice. He kicked a chair. Then he pretended to follow a blackbird behind the bank of spirea.

He threw himself down on the ground and cried.

He heard his father locking up. "Oh, he's all right," came his voice. "He was just working up for some dough. That's all. Kids are never satisfied."

Fireworks Business Also Has Bootleggers

Harrisburg, Pa. —(UP)— Even the fireworks business has its "bootleggers," according to the Pennsylvania Labor and Industry department.

Inspectors were instructed to look for suspected plants to the densely crowded neighborhoods of the larger cities. The state law permits fireworks factories, but only in isolated areas.

Old Clock Tells Hour And Day of Month

Lawrence, Mass. —(UP)— A three-quarter-century-old clock in Essex county courthouse has one face to tell the time of day and another to tell the day of the month.

Automatically, the day face starts the new month on time, whether the preceding month had 31, 30, 29 or 28 days.

Markets, restaurants and hotels in Madison, Wis., are supplied with fresh lake fish daily by means of a chartered airplane which makes trips for a local wholesale company.

Forty-one foreign markets purchase American chewing tobacco, with the Philippine Islands the leading importer.

Battle-Scarred Wolf Caught by Trapper

Jasper, Tex. —(UP)— An aged and battle-scarred wolf known as "The King of Scrapping Valley" has been trapped by J. R. Childers, official wolf trapper for this part of East Texas.

Much stock had been killed by the beast.

Childers, who had pursued the wolf four years, estimated he had ridden 12,500 miles on the chase and set 2,400 traps.

Simple Charm



The lovely dinner frock worn here by Irene Ware, screen player, is of navy blue crepe, polka dotted in white. The dress is made along the simplest lines with high fullness under the bust and a wide gored skirt. Two white organdie flowers bloom at the neck and serve to hold a bejeweled corsage in place.

Poor Checker Game Evidence in Will Suit

Knoxville, Tenn. —(UP)— In an effort to show the mind of John S. Morgan, late city councilman, was "unsound" when he made his will, testimony was introduced in a court case here that he could not play checkers after he became ill.

J. A. Morgan, brother of the deceased, had brought suit in an effort to break the will, which left most of the estate to Anna A. Morgan, niece and housekeeper of the