

Tales of Real Dogs—By Albert Payson Terhune



Jiggs Became Delirious With Excitement

His name was Jiggs. He was snow white (for a few minutes after each bath) except for a black spot which surrounded his right eye.

In his day—though he may still be on earth, for all I know—Jiggs attended more than 250 fires. He was daft on the subject of conflagrations.

It would be pleasant to record that the little white fire-dog also had a record for saving lives and for pulling helpless children out of burning buildings or of giving the alarm which enabled whole families to escape, or that at least he dragged forth imperiled valuables from the flames.

But it is not on record that he ever saved anyone or anything. He was not only utterly useless at all the fires he attended, but he was always in everyone's way. To Jiggs a fire was an exciting game, not a matter for heroism.

He attached himself to Chief Harvey Thackston of the Waycross fire department, in 1923. He took up his home in the firehouse and graciously allowed the department's men to adopt him.

They took him on as sort of mascot, but more as an amusing play-fellow. They endured more pestering from him than the average body of firemen would stand from a whole army of dogs. Jiggs had a way with him, and his human chums merely grinned at his misdeeds instead of swearing at him or kicking him.

They tried to beautify him from time to time with a bath. But the minute he could sneak away after the tubbing, he would gallop to the coal-hole and fling himself into it, rolling over and over. Not until his coat was thoroughly begrimed would he venture back to the men who had worked so hard to make him clean.

People passing by the fire-house got to criticizing the men for the ugly dirtiness of their dog. This made the firemen sore, especially when nobody would believe that he had been scrubbed so honestly and so often.

The moment the alarm clanged, no matter at what time of day or night, Jiggs was awake and on his feet in an instant, dashing for the largest of the three trucks, and jumping to the running board and thence scrambling up to the seat alongside the driver.

From the time the alarm rang, the dog's clamorous barks never ceased until long after the scene of the fire was reached. He would bark so loudly as to make it difficult for the men to hear the chief's orders. The driver was almost deafened by the hideous racket so close to his ear.

The series of wild barks served the Waycross folk as fully as did the screams of the siren, to notify them a fire had been reported. As the truck neared the blaze, Jiggs became more and more delirious with excitement.

June Ellis, in a long and clever article about Jiggs, in the Atlanta Journal, described thus his usual conduct at a fire:

"Reaching the conflagration, one would imagine that Jiggs would become a hero and rush into the burning building. But he doesn't. He has never been known to retrieve a single article from the dog event which thrills him so.

"Arrived at the blaze he jumps frantically about among the busy firemen, barking, nipping at their ankles, and in a dozen ways nipping himself a general nuisance. But the force love him, and they merely try to shove him out of their way.

"When he has arrived at the fire and has 'helped' the force to unload, he bustles himself by chasing any cat or chicken which may be in sight. He never wanders far, however, and strangers who loiter around the trucks at a fire have his sudden close attention. The firemen leave their coats and other possessions on the trucks, depending on Jiggs to guard them, which he does."

From the very beginning, Jiggs never failed once to answer the fire-house alarms the moment they sounded. But, within a few days he learned for himself that a "test alarm" is always rung at 7 a. m. and at 5 p. m. and that these tests have nothing whatever to do with a fire.

So presently he ignored them, contemptuously sleeping through them morning and night. But if a real alarm was rung a very few minutes before or after the tests were made, Jiggs was as swift to respond to it as any fireman. In some unknown way he taught himself this difference.

The driver of the biggest truck suffered most from Jiggs's noisy excitement on rides to fires. But he was vastly flattered that Jiggs always chose him to ride with at such times, instead of the two other trucks. The dog's seeming devotion to him was something to brag about.

But one day this driver was sadly undeceived. Always, under ordinary conditions, the biggest truck was the first of the three out of the house and on its way to the blaze. Once, there was a brief delay in getting the big truck started, and one of the two smaller trucks took the lead.

With a howl of fury, Jiggs leaped down from his high seat on the big truck, and made a whirlwind dash for the smaller truck which was settling out in front of it. He sprang and scrambled into the seat of this foremost truck, wholly abandoning his old friend, the other driver.

Several times after that, the same thing happened. The large truck was delayed and one of the others took the lead. Invariably, Jiggs left his usual post of duty and leaped up on the foremost truck.

He had evidently figured out for himself that the big truck was supposed to reach the fire first. Therefore he had chosen it as the one to ride on. It was not a case of loyalty to that truck driver. Drivers were nothing to Jiggs. All he cared about was to get to the fire ahead of anyone else.

During the first year of Jiggs's stay at the fire-house, a policeman came there during a round of the neighborhood. He had been sent to find what owners had or had not paid their annual dog-tax of \$1. Jiggs's tax had not been paid. The officer declared the money must be handed over or else Jiggs must go to the dog pound.

Jiggs seemed to sense the threat—or perhaps he did not like this stranger's cone in speaking to his fire-house friends. For the dog made a wrathful dive for the policeman's shins, achieving a very creditable bite or two before he could be dragged away.

The policeman complained to the city authorities, who made the wise decision that Jiggs was a member of the municipal fire department, and, as such, was tax-exempt.

I wonder if the queer little dog is still living.

"LOOK IN THE BOOK AND SEE." "See 'clutch.' A noun. This meaning rare. But used out in the sticks—'A nest of eggs,' and likewise, too. 'A brood of little chicks.'"

See "clutch." A noun. This meaning is. To all men crystal clear—"Device, when thrown or in or out, To put your car in gear."

See "klutch." A noun. In recent ad. "You'll find, as e'en I did, 'Device, which worn within the mouth, Will make false teeth 'non-skid.'"

Middletown, Conn. — (UP) — Despite troubled economic conditions, the Middletown Savings bank announces it has made 1,648 loans on real estate and made only four foreclosures in the last four years.

abandoned farms in Pennsylvania. Only \$90,000 has been offered for the winter's professional golf battles.

Ire Lester, an inmate of the Richmond, Mo., jail, dug a hole under the wall and offered the other prisoners a chance to escape but they refused. "We explained later to the sheriff, 'We didn't want to lose three meals a day, with a roof over our heads, when there is no work outside.'"

Production of autos in Canada last year was 62,614, or 46 per cent under the previous year.

PAY DIRT AIDS JOBLESS MEN

Canyon Gravel Gives Up Gold to Old Sourdoughs

Los Angeles—(UP)—Within hiking distance of the Los Angeles employment agencies where scores of jobless laborers will disappointedly, a group of enterprising throw-backs to the "days of '49" today were making wages in the gold-bearing gravel of San Francisco canyon.

Several score of unemployed workers turned to the hills north of here when it became known that a handful of old sourdoughs were panning from 50 cents to \$10 a day in the canyon.

Gold Strikes There is no gold strike, in the '49er sense of the word, but recent heavy rains, according to prospectors, have uncovered enough pay dirt to allow an industrious miner to earn a livelihood.

The scene of the diggings is virtually at the site of the St. Francis dam which several years ago gave way and sent a flood of water into the Santa Clara valley.

Roaring waters liberated by the collapse of the dam gouged into the hillsides and piled pay dirt three and four feet deep along the rocky banks.

Henry Inger of Glendale, who had prospected off and on for a quarter of a century, found the pay streak. He made a partner of his neighbor, Gould Pickens.

Sluice Box Waters of the creek are turned into a channel of their own making, at the end of which is a sluice box built with a wooden gate. On the floor of the box are cross strips of wood, a "Hungarian rifle," Henry calls it.

Into this sluice Pickens dumps a barrow-load of dirt and rock, and opens the gate. A stream of water rushes through, washing away the rock and dirt. Tiny specks of gold catch in the rifle. Pickens picks them out with tweezers and drops them in a bottle.

A Florida Jungle

Within a walk from The Sanctuary there exists a tract of that marvelously virgin tropical jungle into parts of which no human being has perhaps pushed his way for decades. Impenetrable by the undisturbed growth of years, it is with difficulty that the narrowest single trail can be cut even into a hundred feet of dense jungle underbrush to afford a glimpse of that treasure-house of all tropical lowland: one of those dark mysterious creeks of water as clear as crystal and its bottom growth of mint and wild iris. Fed by springs at the head of the tract, the seemingly dark water wanders along, hampered only by the fallen trees of past generations, each tree trunk a garden of wood-fern, overarched with bowers of wild rose and yellow jasmine. It is easy to picture the Seminole Indians canoeing down the creek for several miles until they reached one of those Floridian lakes that always surprises the Northerner by its miles of width.

No Brazilian jungle on the Amazon could be more densely tropical than this tract of virgin Florida jungle with its marvelous growth of centuries-old live oaks, with their trunks literally dotted with the blooming orchid, and their branches festooned with the drooping grey moss of the tropics. Palms to a height of eighty feet struggle upward to catch a ray of sunlight, their great fan-shaped leaves garlanded and dripping with a shower of jasmine and rose. Trunks of trees rent by ages-old storms have become, with their decayed wood, nature's own receptacles of exquisite fern, and one walks with noiseless tread on soft carpets made by centuries of fallen leaves and needles of pine.

Not a sound breaks the stillness of the jungle: the human eye can detect no living thing, and yet one feels as he walks through the man-made aisles of that tropical forest that thousands of eyes are fastened on him: eyes of the chameleon and of the turquoise-colored beetle, which closer scrutiny reveals on fallen trunks. To this refuge, impenetrable to the human, come the bear with her cubs, and the doe with her fawns. The wild-turkey, and the heron, find here a security which only a state of nature, untouched by man for decades, can give to the wild life of forest and jungle.—Edward W. Box, in "Twice Thirty."

SLIDING DOWN HILL. Remember in the days a-gone, How you and Bill and Ned, All boasted that each of you had The best and fastest sled?

Remember how you slammed it down, And "belly-bust" would thrill, As over "thank-ye-ma'ams" you flew, Perhaps unto a "spill?"

Remember him you hated most?— That chrotchetty "old pill," Who dumped, with granite smile, at dawn, His ashes on your hill. —Sam Page.

PREFERRED JAIL TO CHURCH Waterbury, Conn. — (UP) — A well-intended attempt to give unemployed floaters night's lodging in St. John's church failed, because the men preferred to spend the night in individual bunks at the police lockup.

INHERITS \$30,000, STILL WORKS Wichita, Kan. — (UP) — Miss Nella Reed is the perfectly contented business girl. She inherited \$30,000, but announced she was retaining her position as a railroad office stenographer.

— THIS CURIOUS WORLD —

The SIGN LANGUAGE OF THE INDIANS HAS BEEN PRESERVED FOR POSTERITY BY MEANS OF MOTION PICTURE SOUND CAMERAS. MAJOR GENERAL SCOTT AND FOURTEEN ANCIENT CHIEFTAINS HELPED IN THE FILMING, AND 1,300 SIGNS, WITH THE ACCOMPANYING "GRUNTS," WERE RECORDED. ZEBRA SERPENT STARS... ONE OF THE LATEST OF DEEP-SEA FISH TO BE BROUGHT UP. STEAM CANNOT BE SEEN, FOR IT IS AS CLEAR AS AIR, BUT AS IT COMES IN CONTACT WITH AIR, IT CONDENSES AND FORMS A MIST.

How Government Employes Have Increased Since 1923

Washington—The following tabulation, prepared by Representative L. W. Douglas, Arizona, member of the appropriation committee of the House who is leading the fight against bureaucratic waste and expenditure, shows how the number of federal employes increased from 548,531 on June 30, 1923, to 616,837 on June 30, 1931:

Table with columns for Department or Office, 1923, 1931, Increase, and Decrease. Total: 548,531 (1923) to 616,837 (1931), an increase of 77,306.

DIVERSIFIED PHILOSOPHY.

We're pros and cons, and bitter, too, About the League of Nations; But every single one of us Is for a league of rats.

Now "Kiki" Roberts gets five grand (Legs Diamond's gal, you know) A week to go upon the stage And give a morbid show.

Now congressmen present their bills, Most all too bad to pass; But worse are found in envelopes, With windows like to glass.

In a going concern he bought some stock, Some hours after dawn, And when the sun went down that night That stock was wholly gone.

Japan informs the world just now, In manner quite specific, Ambitions that she cherishes Are really all Pacific.

A liquid tone for wives, might be Most husband's ready choice; But me, I never like to be about When wife strains her voice. —Sam Page.

Hurley Denies Lobbying.

Patrick J. Hurley, secretary of war, has made the following statement: "My attention has just been called to a statement made by Congressman Byrns to the general effect that he objects to army and navy officers, the secretary of war and the secretary of the navy using their influence to prevent his suggested bill for the consolidation of the army and navy from seeing the light of day. He implies these agencies have engaged in what he terms 'lobbying.' Nothing could be further from the fact. Absolutely no steps have been taken by the war department, except to give testimony when asked to appear before the appropriate committees of Con-

gress. Apparently Mr. Byrns objects to the secretary of war and the secretary of the navy, and the senior officers of the army and navy who are called by Congress from expressing their honest and frank opinions. He would apparently limit their testimony to a statement in support of his own views in the matter. Whenever army or navy testimony differs from his in his efforts to destroy a proper national defense for the nation, he attributes their statements to some sinister purpose savoring of intrigue and chicanery.

"Mr. Cochran also is quoted as having submitted an editorial from the St. Louis Star stating that it had received a form letter from the war department asking for editorial protest against suspension of C. M. T. camps. This editorial statement has no foundation in fact. The war department has never sent such a letter to anyone. It is engaged in no form of such activity, nor does it attempt, directly or indirectly, to control the editorial thought of the press of the United States.

"The efforts of Mr. Cochran and Mr. Byrns to make a political issue of proper national defense and to reduce the armed forces of the country to a state of impotence has undoubtedly aroused the resentment of many patriotic citizens who view with alarm these attempts to subordinate national security to the expediency of politics. It is quite possible that such citizens have endeavored to sway the press and public in general. I am glad indeed that they have taken such active steps to preserve the integrity of so vital an element of the nation's defenses as that represented by the citizen soldier."

Coach Dean Cromwell of the University of Southern California track and field teams, had six athletes in each of the Olympic games of 1924 and 1928.

Camembert cheeses manufactured annually in France.

AFRICAN FROG SHUNS WATER Boston — (UP) — A frog that never goes near the water is one of the curiosities noted by Arthur Loveridge of Harvard's museum of comparative zoology during a trip through East Africa. He found this type of frog in an exceedingly dry and sandy region.

It takes eight gallons of special oil to give each of the elephants at the London Zoo its annual "beauty bath."

DISCUSS EASY DIVORCE LAWS

Nevada University Team Plans Trip Through Northwest

Reno, Nev.—(UP)—Nevada university's debate team advocates making marriage harder and divorce easier.

On a trip to be made into the northwest this winter, the University of Nevada debate team, according to Coach Robert S. Griffin, will take both negative and affirmative stands on the subject of whether the tendency toward easy divorce in the United States constitutes a social menace.

"On our trip we will uphold both the affirmative and negative sides, although in a majority of cases we will probably defend easy divorce," Coach Griffin said.

The Nevada team believes in making divorces easier and marriage harder. Most divorced persons remarry, and in so doing are more careful in choosing a second mate," he said.

One of the main points to be used by the team in its negative defense, Griffin stated, is that the tendency toward easy divorce seems to be a natural step in social evolution, that American people are coming to be more rational in their viewpoints on marriage and divorce.

Nevada debaters will probably have a great chance to defend their stand on divorce, one similar to that taken by their state when the six weeks divorce law was passed, when they invaded the northwest.

TEMPERATURES CAUSE FIGHTS

Harrisburg, Pa. — (UP) — Unseasonably high temperatures of stream headwaters, where fish gather to spawn, are blamed for fights, many resulting in fatal injuries, among brown and brook trout, according to C. R. Buller, deputy state fish commissioner in charge of propagation.

Along two and a half miles of the south fork of the Wallepaupack, noted as one of the finest trout streams in Pennsylvania, Buller said he found 20 brown trout and two brook trout dead along the shoreline.

He explained that "these injuries are not caused by the fish endeavoring to eat each other, but are due to spawning activities. It occurs to a more or less degree each year. It is more prevalent and more noticeable this season because of low water conditions."

With streams running low as a result of a long dry spell, a great number of the trout seek the headwaters of the main stream when the spawning season approaches, he said.

Jap Prospers Teaching

Jiu Jitsu in France

Paris — (UP) — Combining the diversified arts of painting, editing and giving lessons in jiu jitsu, M. Isigouro, of Japan at large, is making a notable success in Paris, not among the 600 Japanese here, but in competition with both natives and foreigners of the French capital.

"The art of jiu jitsu is a delicate one," he said recently, "and it is handed down by our honorable ancestors." Despite the fact that the versatile Isigouro edits a Japanese newspaper and shows a rare skill at painting, his real passion is jiu jitsu.

Panama Anticipates Dull Carnival Season

Panama — (UP) — Merchants, cafe owners and cabaret operators here are resigned to the prospects of a dull carnival season. In previous years the municipal and national treasuries gave generous support to the public fete that precedes the Lenten season, but Hector Valdes, mayor here, has told business men that times are too hard for the municipality to make any contribution, while nothing is expected from the national government.

It is practically certain that the customary festivities, including public parades with floats, the selection and coronation of a carnival queen, and official banquets and dances will not take place.

QUITS AFTER 40 YEARS

Windsor, Eng. — (UP) — General J. B. Wroughton has given up smoking after having been a heavy smoker for 40 years. The general felt he had smoked about eight hundred-weight of tobacco, costing over \$2,650. He says he has not felt any better in health for it, yet.

A Separate Reason

From Erie Mele, Paris. "I hear you and Joan are a happy married couple." "Yes, the judge has just promised to give us a divorce."

Gold Nugget in Hen's

Craw Starts Search

Downsville, Cal. — (UP) — Lawrence Nesler's feverish search in his backyard is now restricted to neighbors "in the know."

A few days ago Mrs. Nesler found a \$14 gold nugget in the craw of one of her chickens. Now her husband is feverishly digging in the back yard. He reports "good pay" in the dirt. Fur trapping, Montana's oldest industry, still is the occupation of more than 900 professionals.