

master he saw the tasseled end of the rope of the window curtain, a deep and magnificent red, swaying over so lightly before him. He steeled himself to watch this; he moved forward a few paces towards it and steeled himself again. He then went down on his front paws, his eyes staring at it with utter absorption, and there proceeded from somewhere inside his body a strange noise like a kettle just on the boil. He advanced closer, raised a paw, and pushed it over so slightly. Then what his soul had longed for, but scarcely dared to expect, occurred. The rope swung. He hit it again. It swung more violently. With excited rumblings he was at it and upon it, catching it between his teeth, worrying it, pulling it, letting it go again, tumbling, in his eagerness, on his head, pulling himself up again, rolling once, when he missed it altogether, over on to his back, and then suddenly pausing, sitting down on his haunches and looking up at Todhunter with eyes that were bright with happiness, a body quivering with excitement. From that moment he may be said to have been firmly established in the Todhunter household.

He was christened with the commonplace name of Bob, because Todhunter, with all his knowledge and erudition, could think of nothing better. He devoted himself completely to his master, following him about whenever he was in the house, refusing to have his meal anywhere but in Todhunter's presence, and sleeping on the end of Todhunter's bed. He very quickly acclimatized himself to the ways of the house, was no trouble to anybody, and the cook would have ensnared him body and soul and turned him into the merest kitchen dog (an ambition that every cook in the world most unfortunately possesses) had not his loyal soul been capable of only one attachment at a time.

Then came the great day which was to change Todhunter's life. There arrived an afternoon, fine, warm and beautiful, when Todhunter thought he would like a stroll in the park. The dog, as was his habit, presented himself in the hall, wagging his tail in a frenzy, his eyes raised passionately to his master's face, his whole body one throbbing appeal. Todhunter yielded, took the lead which Mordant had purchased, and strode off, the dog at his heels. Then went up into the inner circle, passed the Botanical gardens, through the little gate, over the railings, on to the great sweep of green that faces the Zoo.

Today this green was covered with families, babies and cricketers. It was early in June and everybody who could was playing a ball game of one sort or another, from the very elegant teams in white flannel who were playing like aristocrats, with a large crowd watching them, to four small boys who had a stick and an old tattered ball and spent their time delightedly screaming the one at the other.

Now how should Todhunter have known that to this particular dog anything in the shape of a ball was like drink to a drunkard, opium to a Chinaman and a hat shop to a woman? Indeed, more than these. A ball flying in the air was his own soul projecting into the ether, something that he could no more hope to resist than a cat can resist a mouse. And here was suddenly the whole space of the earth, the blue of the air, the very winds of heaven itself, filled with flying balls, balls of every kind, color and size, rising, rolling, leaping, the very final paradise which he had always dreamed and never hoped to see. At once he was off, his tail up, his legs scuttling behind him, his nose in the air. First, he made for two nursemaids and some babies, but here the ball was too large for him to secure it with his teeth, so he merely wagged his tail at them and scuttled across to three little girls who had a tennis ball that they were throwing very inaccurately the one to the other.

The moment he had it in his mouth he was off again and all three little girls set up a howl that could surely have been heard from one end of the park to the other, and that brought two stout, perspiring women hastily to the rescue. Todhunter reached them just as they were looking angrily around for some one to abuse. "I do beg your pardon," he began, quite breathless with his hurry the way, of course, not in the very best condition, "my little dog . . . I assure you I didn't intend . . . nobody knew."

They were mollified by his obvious agitation. The dog was rescued and brought back, the tennis ball, punctured in several places, dragged from its mouth, some money offered to pay for the ball and haughtily rejected, and by the time this was just coming to an honorable but somewhat awkward conclusion, the dog was off again, this time plunging into the middle of the elegant cricket match, where two men were running for their lives between the wickets. Todhunter had just time to see the dog run gayly with them, bolt into the wickets and knock off the bales,

delightfully upon a stout and indignant umpire, and then run after the cricket ball which had been flung too far by one fielder, rush at it as though it were a live thing, push it with his feet and then go for the legs of the fielder who picked it up.

There followed then an enchanting half hour, enchanting, that was, for the onlookers, but not exactly so for the unfortunate man in a top hat and a tall coat who, trying to catch the dog, inevitably just missed him and was, as all the delighted observers agreed, a most ludicrous and helpless figure. Every one watched, applauded, shouted, laughed, and incited the animal to further exploits. The dog had never known such a half hour before and will pretty certainly never know such a half hour again. When at last he was caught by a stout woman attended by a large crowd of children, nursemaids and small boys, Todhunter was a wreck of heat and agitation.

"Poor little thing," said the woman, concernedly. "Must have a little bit of fun at times."

All the crowd offered comments with that frankness and humor that so especially belongs to the cockney. A great deal of advice was offered. "Put 'im on the lead. Shove 'is 'ead in a bag. Take 'im 'ome and tie 'im up. 'Ave a bath, mister, yer 'ot. Stick yer top 'at over 'im," and so on.

There followed then the agitating business of trying to fasten the lead on to his collar. The clasp was a new one and very stiff. The dog wriggled into every shape and size, and finally the really remarkable vision was offered to an admiring world of the author of "The Lake Poets and Natural Symbolism," kneeling in the middle of Regents park, his hat off, his tie waving in the wind, his face crimson, trying to attach a very small dog and a long piece of leather while a continually increasing crowd laughed, admired, and expostulated.

The scene might have continued for a long time had not a soft voice been heard to say, "Perhaps I can do it for you," and Todhunter, looking up, beheld two of the loveliest eyes and one of the prettiest mouths in the world, set in a pattern of pink and white against the bluest of skies. A young lady bent towards him. For a moment his hand touched hers. In another second the lead was adjusted; for the general public the game was over, but for Todhunter it had only just begun.

Mordant greeted his master's return that afternoon with that air of strangled surprise that was so especially his own. He suggested a bath and changing into evening clothes a little earlier than usual. "You look warm, sir," was all he actually said.

Todhunter, lying in his bath and looking up at the ceiling, was conscious of the strangest mixture of feeling, a mixture like some spiritual indigestion, as though his soul had been indulging in a meal of the feelings, crab, duckling, and ice pudding, all at one and the same time. The dog, who followed him everywhere, was sitting on the bath mat looking up to heaven, patiently waiting for the moment when his master, who had mysteriously dropped into a large white hole, would once again mysteriously rise. He was preparing his own little celebration of barks, gurgles, and Muller exercises for that notable occasion. Todhunter tried, his face just so happily extending above the water, to straighten out his thoughts and discover his line of action. For once they would not straighten, being perpetually crossed and confused by the recollection of those beautiful eyes, that lovely mouth, and the softness of that white hand.

He half rose, peered over the edge of the bath into the eyes of the dog, wondered what had happened to him, thought it must be the dog, stretched out a hand to pat him, decided that it wasn't the dog after all, found himself to his amazement longing for the next afternoon when he could walk in the park once again, and stung to sudden madness by his perception of this weakness, jumped out of his bath, scattering water to right and left, causing the dog to bark ferociously.

The next day came. It was fine and beautiful, and he found himself to his horror actually plotting to launch the dog towards unsuspecting strangers in order that some scene might be created that would evoke the goddess from the surrounding bushes. She was not evoked. Five babies were upset, three tennis balls ruined, two elderly gentlemen made almost apoplectic from temper, one old lady delighted with what she called "the little darling's playful ways," one policeman insulted so seriously that he had to be placated with a gift, but no goddess.

It was that evening, in solitude in his own house, that showed Todhunter what he had really become. He, a settled and solidified bachelor, who had escaped the dangerous age, had decided quite finally that women were nothing to him, now

he sat in his large, chilly library and sighed and even groaned and flung the poet laureate's erudite work on Milton's Prosody from one end of the library to the other. He behaved, I am sorry to say, like a maudlin sentimentalist over the dog. He fondled him, caressed him, tickled his ears, muttered absurd things into his mouth, and finally let him sleep on his lap, sitting there staring in front of him till every bone in his body ached, but he would not wake the animal, that little messenger of Jove, that little evoker of the goddess, that canine symbol of Cupid.

It was undoubtedly the dog's best evening. There never was, there never will be again, such a sentimentalist as that dog. It was not the dog's fault. He had been created a sentimentalist. The one thing in life that he wanted was to be loved and caressed and it was the one thing in life that hitherto he had not obtained. Unlike most dogs, his stomach was nothing to his heart, and he would desert any bone for a caress. Not that with all this he was entirely soft. He had the fighting quality, he had his dislikes and showed them, but when he loved, he loved with all his heart.

On that great evening he just gave himself up completely to his master, and how was he to tell that it was not of him that his master was thinking, but of something quite different, something far more dangerous? It was well that he made the most of that evening so far as Todhunter was concerned, it was the dog's last, because on the next day, another lovely afternoon of sun and color and scented leaves, the goddess was evoked, stepped forth from the bushes, gave a little startled smile of recognition when Todhunter raised his hat, said, "Why, there's the dear little dog," entered into conversation about dogs in general and of what particular breed this dog in the majority was, passed from that to remarks about the weather, how badly rain was needed, from thence to how the weather always broke when she took her holiday, and it was a shame because she loved tennis so, and from that to why in general things were never quite as you would have them to be, and she supposed that it was because it wouldn't be good for people's characters if they were, and from that again to character and discipline, and finally the last step toward how you couldn't help liking some people at first sight, and she really didn't know why it was so, and she supposed it was foolish to go so often on first impressions as she did, but that one way and another she had never been deceived, although her mother kept on saying to her, "Look out, Dulcie, you'll be taken in one day," but up to now she hadn't been.

By this time they were half across the grass and almost directly under observation from a very long legged, melancholy looking animal on top of the Mappin terraces, whose thoroughly pessimistic outlook should have been a warning to both of them, but was not.

Todhunter, it may frankly be said, was unaware whether he were walking on his head or his heels, whether he was in London or Timbuctoo, whether his heart, which was beating like a hammer, resided in his calves or somewhere just above his left ear. He only knew that she was wearing some wonderful color that was like cherries, but wasn't cherries exactly, and that when she smiled the world took a sudden spin into space and was only hauled back from disappearing altogether by the strongest exercise of judgment on his part.

Here two things add to the development of my story. One was the entrance of Mallory, the bachelor friend of Todhunter. The other was the beginning of the tragedy of the dog.

It is difficult, of course, to know exactly what goes on in a dog's mind, but we may suppose, without venturing into the realms of psychoanalysis or treading on Dr. Jung's German toes, that that evening made glorious by the caresses of his master had roused in him highest hopes of a splendid and stobbly future. In truth it was at that very moment that his decline in his master's affections began.

How could he tell that it, following his natural playful instincts on that wonderful ball flying afternoon, he had laid a pit for his own destruction? How could he tell that it was not himself that his master needed but love and an escape from loneliness? He liked the young woman, who was now forever appearing at most unexpected times and in most unwarranted places, but his liking for her in no sort of way touched his devotion to his master, and his master now seemed to have no longer any time for him at all. He was forever being cast down into the kitchen, told to play with the cat, urged towards bones which were then suddenly withdrawn from him, getting enangled, most unexpectedly between the large feet of Mordant and the still larger feet of the cook. He

spent his time sitting at the bottom of the kitchen stairs looking upwards, hoping against all that his master, like Jove, would suddenly appear. He went out once for a walk in the park with his master and the young lady, but elicited no smiles from them, drew no attention by his playful antics, and was indeed such a failure that during the last part of the time he walked at his master's heels in something of the same crawling way that he had done the first day of all.

He could not understand it. The little jokes that had been so readily accepted only the week before were now not noticed at all, and once when with true unselfish disinterestedness he sprang up on the young lady and tried to embrace her, he was violently rebuked by his master, who told him not to be a nuisance and ordered Mordant to take him down to the basement. He was very unhappy.

The person who was unhappy was Michael Mallory. For years and years Mallory and Todhunter had been bachelors together. Mallory, having, after being twice rejected, flung women over the wall as being unworthy of further attention, took it for granted Todhunter had done the same. This sudden appearance of a young woman in a cherry colored dress with her silly simpering smile and her way of looking at him when he was present as though she wished he would go away and would tell him so as soon as she was more safely entrenched in Todhunter's affections infuriated him.

Mallory was lonely as he had never been lonely before. He sat in the library with very much the same look on his round chubby face that the dog was wearing down in the basement. If Todhunter deserted him he did not know what he would do. He tried to plot a little, hinted that from what he'd heard the young woman's relations were not all that they might be, that there was a brother in South Africa, he believed, who had done something once that he shouldn't; that he didn't know why, but he fancied that the young lady was not quite so loyal to Todhunter as she ought to be; that she laughed, he fancied, behind Todhunter's back. Finally, with a deep breath like one coming up from a deep dive far below the salty sea, he ejaculated, "Anyway, Jim, it's good to think that you're too old for such silly things as matrimony." Surprising, indeed, then, to see Todhunter's anger, his eyebrows shoot out as though, like Mr. Tate's mustache, they were fixed on with elastic! "What do you mean?" he cried. "Too old? I'm not too old at all. I'll show you whether I'm too old," which he did by proposing that same evening and being instantly, even greedily, accepted.

If the dog's fate before the engagement had been a sad one, it was nothing to what it was afterwards. He was now entirely neglected. It was decided that the wedding should be soon and that it should be rather a smart wedding. Miss Dulcie Pinkerton, the young lady, had reached just that age when her women friends were beginning to say, "Poor Dulcie, she'll never be married now," so that she was determined to invite them all and to have the finest ceremony possible. Todhunter was in that desperate state when he agreed to everything. He was to wake up just a year too late to wonder why he did the things he did.

The dog sat in the basement and so desperate did things become that his meal was occasionally forgotten and he was forced to eat the cat's. His heart was broken. He would have preferred infinitely to return to the days of the tin can and the jeering boys, when he had no illusions as to love, when he knew exactly where he was.

Three or four days before the wedding he evolved a little plot. He hung about the stairs, outmaneuvered Mordant, who was now, of course, a very busy and self-important man, slipped into his master's bedroom, jumped on to his old accustomed place and curled at the foot of his master's bed. Here, with beating heart, he waited. At a late hour his master entered, and for a while stood in front of the looking glass, slowly taking off his tie and unbuttoning his collar, and murmuring, like the hero of one of Mr. Rossetti's poems, over and over again, "Dulcie, Dulcie, Dulcie, Darling, darling." When at last his delirium for a moment yielded to the necessity of cleaning his teeth, he turned round toward the bed and saw the dog.

"God heavens, what are you doing here?" he cried. The dog squinted at him out of the corner of both eyes, thumped his tail feebly and gave a beseeching wriggle of his body. "Can't have you here," said Todhunter. "Your proper place is the kitchen."

He went to the door, opened it and called "Mordant." That dignified creature was just then advancing ponderously to bed. "Look here, Mordant, that dog's got in here

again. Just take him downstairs, will you? Sorry to bother you."

The dog made one desperate effort of appeal, getting upon his haunches and begging as in his earlier, happier days he had been taught to do. All that occurred was that Mordant, grunting, caught him by his skin and dragged him downstairs, threw him into the cat's basket and so left him. The dog sighed himself to sleep.

The wedding was over, the guests were at the house, Todhunter and his Dulcie had stood in the middle of the room receiving endless superficial congratulations from supercilious guests. The moment had come when the happy man must go up and change his clothes for the journey. Outside in the hall there were two figures. In the middle of the hall, stout, chubby, and miserable, was Mallory, staring desolately in front of him. In the middle of the staircase, looking absurd with a piece of ribbon round his neck, was the dog, also staring in front of him, hoping against hope for a kind word, a pat of the hand, something from somebody. "Hallo, Jim," said Mallory. "Hallo, old man," said Todhunter. "I must hurry up and get changed. We're off in a quarter of an hour."

Mallory waited for Todhunter to say something of the more tender sort, but it is the first duty of the Dulcies of this world to slaughter the pre-matrimonial friends. She had already hinted to her dear James that Mr. Mallory was really the sweetest of men but he was just a wee bit tiresome with his silly old stories over and over again and she wasn't sure whether he were quite so loyal to her dear James as her dear James thought him.

Mallory caught the eye of the dog. "I say, Jim," he suddenly said. "Hallo, what is it?" said Todhunter, turning at the foot of the stairs. "Wasn't it through that dog," Mallory said, "that you met your wife?"

"Why, yes, it was," said Todhunter, but showing very plainly indeed that he wanted to escape.

"Not a bad idea that," said Mallory reflectively. "Acts as a kind of introducer, you know. After all," he put his finger in his mouth, a childish habit to which he was addicted, "it's never too late to mend. . . . I say, Jim, would you let me have the dog?"

Todhunter, half way up the stairs, passing the dog without looking at it, turned round. "Have the dog? Why, of course. Whatever do you want it for? I thought you didn't like dogs."

"O, I don't know," Mallory shifted from foot to foot. "Just an idea that occurred to me. Take him out for walks in the park, you know. That sort of thing. You'll let me have him?"

"Why, certainly!" cried Todhunter, disappearing. Mallory went up to the dog and stroked it, felt the whole of his heart warm to the responsive wriggle that the dog gave.

"Come along, old man," said Mallory. "You belong to me now. You may do me a good turn one day. Who knows?" They left the house together.

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The Guide Post To

Good Books for Children.

Choose one of these books to read each week. Perhaps you had better cut this list out each time and take it with you to your city library. It is prepared for the Happyland boys and girls by Miss Alice M. Jordan, supervisor of children's work, Boston public library. This week she suggests

Baldwin, James, "Thirty More Famous Stories."

Ewing, J. H., "Story of a Short Life."

Hayes, Isaac, "Cast Away in the Cold."

Pyle, K., and L. S. Porter, "Theodora."

Stein, Evalene, "A Little Shepherd of Provence."

Wiggin, K. D., and N. A. Smith, "Talking Beasts."

Being Kind.

If you were busy being kind, before you knew it you would find you'd soon forget to think 'twas true.

That someone was unkind to you.
—REBECCA FORESMAN.

Ruby Shipley of Centralia, Ill., often plays she is a little fairy when she gets lonesome, for there are no other little girls with whom she can play.

Goldie Rand of South Portland, Me., hates to see people whip horses and hurt dumb animals and thinks the Happy Tribe pledge is lovely.

Myrtle Vorst of Ste. Genevieve Mo., made several bird houses last summer, among them being an 18-room martingale one.

Joseph A. Frank of Bowling Green, Mo., goes to the Champ Clark school and wants to be a man like Mr. Clark.