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The Dog That Found Himself

When Homer Davenport visited Turkey and the desert bordering the Euphrates last summer in search of magazine material for the Woman's Home Companion, he picked up a tribal dog and gained from the incident a novel and interesting insight into dog life as found in the desert.

"While out walking on the evening of our arrival, with Hafiz and Sheik Ali," says Mr. Davenport, "I saw in one tent a litter of puppies. There were four big, husky youngsters in the litter, and the father and mother. The largest of the puppies white with black ears and a spot, strolled out to see us. I stooped and petted him, whereon he fell upon his back with his heels in the air. He enjoyed the petting and I could see him glancing back at his family as if wishing that his prominence in being noticed would be seen by the others.

"At that time I couldn't understand all that this look meant, but I learned later. The puppy was getting so big that his own father was unkind to him. He knew of the unwritten dog law of the desert tribes which sent every male puppy forth to hustle for himself at a very early age. He knew that his only salvation rested on his success in getting some tent owner to adopt him, and he also realized that he must find a tent pretty soon. Only that morning his father, a big, wolf-like animal, had growled at him in a manner he could not mistake.

"When he heard that menacing growl my puppy felt his hair rise along his spine, and he knew that the strength was not yet sufficient for him to give battle to the old man. He had seen other puppies fight for the home; he had seen, not so many days past, one big pup in the second tent whip the father and assume charge of the tent. If my puppy had been able to speak and his words could have been translated into American, I am sure he would have said something like this:

"Well, it's up to me to get a hustle on pretty quick or dad will be after me."

"During my next stroll I stopped and petted him again, and that time we knew each other a little better. He was still as bashful as most puppies are who haven't shed their puppy teeth, but as we finally parted I saw him look at me with a long, hopeful expression, and in that expression he seemed to tell me that he was a youngster with a purpose in life.

"My dad don't understand me," he appeared to say mournfully. "You know as well as me that boys generally stay home until they're twenty-one but my case I've got to get out when I'm only thirteen. Tough, ain't it?"

"Well, that evening at the tent after the Bedouins had gone, we saw a big white baby head with black soft ears appear under the flap. We sat and watched while a soft, fluffy body followed the head, and then we knew that our puppy was returning our visit in true Bedouin fashion."

The pup, after adopting Davenport, followed him across the desert. Then came the final scene in the canine tragedy.

"Sheik Ali had galloped his horse, a fine Kehilan Ajuz, on a mile ahead to the tent of his own tribe, and presently the horsemen came riding toward us carrying long spears. My attention was taken by the suburb horses—four bays, two grays and a chestnut. As we drew nearer more people came to meet us, and the excitement was general. Near the Sheik's tent, large and well constructed were several Bedouins killing sheep, for dinner. All the dogs in the neighborhood were watching the proceedings.

"Suddenly, when we were about to dismount, a number of wolf-like dogs, big and ferocious, came tearing up to us, and before any one could interfere, my poor puppy went down before the attack. It was over in a moment. The tribesmen drove

the hounds away but only to leave, torn and disfigured the youngster, my volunteer body-guard, my puppy who had left home for me.

"I felt as if I could destroy all the dogs of the desert for this wanton murder. To me it meant more than the loss of a dog—it meant the passing of a love that could not be bought for money. The affection of this puppy, was spontaneous and it was mine, and although there were no circling collars on him as he died, he didn't whimper, he didn't turn his tail, he died as he had traveled—in the shadow of the horse, and before his master's eyes."

The Elm Incident

Washington was taking formal command of the Continental Army at Cambridge. He crooked his arm, placed his elbow against the historic elm and rested his head on his hands. Then he addressed the ill-assorted gathering of patriots. In the midst of his remarks his elbow suddenly glided from the tree and Washington completely lost his equilibrium.

"Why didn't you inform me," said the great general with dignity, "that this tree was a slippery elm?"—Perrine Lambert in Woman's Home Companion for February.

W. B. METCALF, M. D.

New Bank Block Highland Park, Ill.

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Chicago Office, 100 State St. Phone H. Park, 164