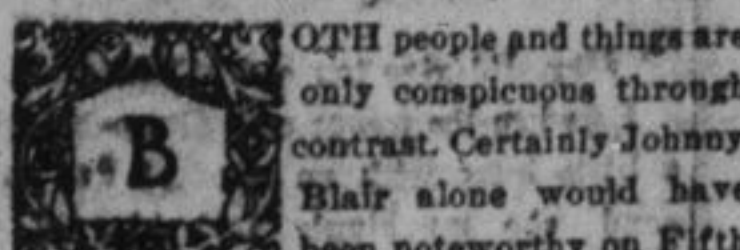


MUTT, THE MALAMOOT ---By Ethel Smith Dorrance



Copyright, 1912, by the New York Herald Co. All rights reserved.



Copyright, 1912, by the New York Herald Co. All rights reserved.

happy, but its quondam owner with that air of absolute separateness from Mutt with which he was wont to discountenance the Eskimo's deprecations. But something about the look of the young person caused him to suddenly change his mind. She stood in the centre of the cross street, oblivious that she was blocking the traffic, gazing at the spot where her possession had lain, with an expression Johnny never forgot. She was certainly thin and young, appealingly young. She was, besides this, very beautiful, with a white face, big eyes, and a smile that was a beauty in itself. But these facts were mere details to what really stopped him. The girl looked hungry. That was what got Johnny Blair. She looked grayingly, rebelliously hungry.

He knew the look! Hadn't he faced it daily on dear old Tom Hampton's face that last terrible winter on their remote placer claim, when their partnership cupboard grew bare, as their individual gold-bags fattened?

When a policeman elbowed the young lady across the thoroughfare and planted her in a sheltered doorway, Johnny deliberately followed her, doffed his wide felt hat and addressed her.

"You must let me buy you another one," he stated.

"With the intuitive start of hunted creatures, the girl glanced at him. Then, straightening stiffly, all expression save that of hauteur was banished from her face.

"I beg your pardon, sir?"

Down into the arrogance of her look and words Johnny beamed bravely. He knew what he knew.

"Of course, it's not customary, Miss, but you really must allow me to present you with a sandwich."

"Must?" The monosyllable in a vibrant contralto key beamed back to him, for the young person had started in a tremendous hurry up the street.

For a moment he and Mutt stood gazing after her with hurt expressions. Then, applying a half-dozen of their best snowdrift trick, they fell in beside her.

"It is only right. You owe it to both of us," continued Johnny.

Her profile was set straight ahead, with the delicate chin up and the lips taut. Only a sudden flush over her dead white cheek answered his persistence.

"I Don't Care for Butter."

Throwing away his cigarette, Johnny smiled down on her guffawfully.

"Oh, we know it isn't the sandwich! Of course you don't care anything about that. But we sniped it and put it where we can't get at it."

"Up in the Yukon country?" quoted the girl, turning eyes of startled interest to his.

"Yes, away up in Kuskokum. Now, young lady?"

"Up in Kuskokum?" murmured she, with a catch in her voice.

When Johnny was permitted to again peer into her face he saw nothing there of her recent hauteur or the anxiety of her explanations. Even the hungry look had vanished. Nothing was there but pallor and grief. Slowly her eyes filled up with tears.

"Up in Kuskokum?" she repeated, as though the phrase were the title of a dirge.

Then suddenly her whole appearance brightened. She turned and studied Johnny as though he had become to her a symbol of hope.

"All right, sir. I'd be pleased to accept a sandwich," she said decisively.

When Johnny Blair glanced around for Mutt he saw that the sharp, cold nose of the Husky was nestling in the palm of the young person he had deprived.

II

It was with no further show of caution

The Italian woman hurried them to a table beneath a far corner of the balcony and rather rudely awakened from his slumbers a large Maitre d' hotel on a stool. Vindicative hissing from the tables revealed the fact that he had discovered the presence of Mutt the Malamoot. Vigorously Madame threatened her pet to a safer distance.

"John-see, he is insulted!" she explained. "He knows that our rules permit not of the dog."

"But Mutt isn't exactly a dog, Madame. He is promised the Governorship of Alaska for his next incarnation," said Johnny.

"Alas, Mutt of Alaska! I see!"

"He has saved lives, Madame. So nothing is too good for Mutt."

"Ah, that gives me the respect for him! May be Signor Mutt likes to sit on this stool? We shall show Johnny-see. He has never save' one life?"

Sparkling, she pushed the cushioned stool toward the table and uttered many soft throated exclamations of delight when the Husky mounted it with gravity and politely, but expectantly, sniffed at the dishes before him.

"Now, Madame," began Johnny Blair, "we want you to make us one roast beef sandwich, with thick white bread and sauce meat. And you are to serve it tied in brown wrapping paper with a pink string. And, Madame, kindly have it made without any butter."

At the appearance of the oysters she frowned at them haughtily, then whiffed the soup in a disdainful way. But suddenly, just as Johnny was about to open the argument, a pocket of unmistakable humor wrinkled up one side of her mouth.

"For Mutt's sake," she murmured.

"Although I didn't realize it, I believe I actually have an appetite to-night! Perhaps it's because I have walked an extra lot to-day. You see, I am looking up a new position."

"Indeed? What sort of a position?" inquired the host politely.

Abstracting his attention from the cat, whose yellow eyes were gleaming at him balefully from behind a painted palm tub nearby, Mutt straightened the points of his ears and pulled the corners of his mouth back toward the ruff about his neck in his most sociable Malamoot smile. His whole manner plainly echoed Johnny's amenities.

"I haven't decided yet," replied she somewhat hurriedly. "I am considering several things. How long? Why, I've been looking around a couple of months now. Of course there's no hurry."

glazed over. She swallowed hard, as though her throat were sore.

Johnny Blair and Mutt both stared at her, she seemed so miserable. Then Mutt took his nose into her hand beside the fork.

"Poor kid! Poor little kid!" murmured Johnny Blair.

Embarrassed, he transferred his stare to the near-sain line of her coat hung over the back of her chair, to the brown ing edges of the amply black leather bag beside it, thence to the mended spots of her clean white waist and the iron creases of the silk tie that encased so artistically from her low cut collar. She was beautiful in a way that warmed Johnny's heart as it had never been warmed before, but even he began to perceive that she was so in spite of her clothes.

"Suppose we talk about something more cheerful, yourself and your life in Alaska, for instance," proposed she more briskly.

"But I'm not such a cheerful proposition," depreciated Johnny. "You see, Mutt and I have just done the arriving act from five years of gold hunting up in Kuskokum. We've cleaned up enough of the yellow to last us the rest of our natural lives but!"

"It certainly starts fine," encouraged she.

"But I was just about to add that Mutt and I are survivors—and it ain't unalloyed bliss to be survivors, when the chap you love most of anybody on earth goes under."

"No," agreed the girl, and gulped hard again. "No, I know that."

"My partner died out there six months ago, Miss, and he was the greatest white man that ever got the worst of it."

"He—he died?" she murmured.

The Fight

"Yes. Mutt hauled me and then our packs out of that blizzard, but by the time we located my pard and dog him or he was too frozen to ever come to. He and I gave each other commissions once, sort of will-and-testaments, you know, which either one was to put through in case the other went under. That's what Mutt and I are discouraged about to-day. We've been working three days now on this here in New York, but we can't seem to make any headway."

The gloom so noticeable in Johnny Blair earlier in the day began to settle again upon him. His brawny shoulders drooped and his long lashed gray eyes brooded over at her.

"Suppose you tell me all about it and maybe—" began the girl kindly.

But a gay voice interrupted them. It proceeded from the Italian woman, who had approached their table bearing in her own hand a small dish heaped high with some dainties.

"This I bring for Signor Mutt," she announced. "It is the chicken livers of that lazy John-see. Has he ever save' a life? No, no, no! He will not even kill the mouse. He likes better these chicken livers after we have killed them. He is jealous of Signor Mutt, but he must be educated!"

Seeing his mistress approach, the Maitre had walked from behind his palm tub, wishing his fall in anticipation of his favorite supper. But when she placed his dish before the Malamoot he pulled back in amazement, straightened the hair in a ridge down his back and uttered a protracted snarl of rage.

"Behave, you lazy John-see!" cried Madame, threatening him with her foot. "This Mutt is your guest and he has saved lives. To him is the livers to-night." The Husky shot forth his long scarlet tongue and bore to his palate a tidbit of the gift.

moor, the girl held him back by sheer force of muscle from pursuit. Then she drew his head into her lap, sponged out his dripping eyes and vared with her napkin and, entirely unconscious of the excited crowd closing in around her, laughed and wept over him hysterically.

She looked more fragile and white than before, when, breathing hard, she at last sat up in her chair.

Johnny Blair said only one thing to the girl who had saved his dog. But he said it with a thrill at his heart that made his voice shake.

"You must have a brave man for a father," were the words, uttered in a way that gave her clearly to understand just what he thought of her father's daughter.

"He was—he was!" she agreed passionately. And as she lifted her eyes to thank him for the glass of cognac he had brought her she allowed him for the second time that day to see tears brimming her eyes.

With their heads close together, the girl and Johnny soon satisfied themselves that only a few blood spots marked Mutt's neck, so well had his beautiful ruff protected him. These they sponged away, cheering and patting him, then beseeched him with the disparted chicken livers down to the very last morsel.

Chastened and comforted, the Malamoot's sense of injury began to wear away, and he licked the plate just to please them; then flicked their hands indiscriminately just to please himself.

Looking as though still on the volcano edge of sobs, his defender clasped her arms around his neck.

"Dear, dear old Mutt," she whispered, "seems to me Mutt's trouble has made you dumber, fond of Mutt," inserted Johnny rather wistfully.

"Oh, it's not entirely his trouble," she protested, drawing up to regard Johnny with dark, sombre eyes. "He looks just like a dog of my father's. Let me show you his picture."

From the black bag with the browning edges she produced a kodak group of men with a dog between them posed before a log cabin.

But Johnny Blair was scarcely listening. He sat staring at the picture with an amazement fast being conquered by delight.

"So this is your father?" he cried. "Is it possible that you don't know the name of his dog?"

Never Mentioned His Name

"I don't know his name," she said, "but he does look a lot like Mutt, doesn't he?"

"Look?" insisted Johnny Blair. "Look? Why, he is Mutt! And you are good old Tom Hampton's little girl that's to get his pile? Lord bless you, child, we've been hunting for you everywhere, but we were hunting for a little girl, not a full fledged young lady. Say, you've certainly moved a lot in the last few months!"

"I—I had to!" she gasped. "But I don't think I understand you. Who—who are you?"

He held the picture toward her.

"Look hard at the other man. Then look at me," he commanded.



that the girl now walked briskly along with them in search of her sandwich.

The street was a wide, old-fashioned one, lined on either side with colorful-patched trees and red brick houses with white trimmings, some with prim little pines in tubs standing on the door-steps, others distinguished by the immense, dirty window-space of studios.

Before one of the more sedate of these houses Johnny Blair, interestedly halted. "By jinks," he exclaimed, "if it isn't the old place."

Johnny Blair gave the bell handle a tug. When an Italian woman had opened the door to them, had greeted Johnny Blair like a prodigal returned and started ahead to usher them through the dusky interior of the house, he was interested to notice that the young person's hand was rigidly clasped about the collar of Mutt the Malamoot.

When, however, they had traversed the hallway and kitchen and stepped out into a roofed-over, galled garden at the rear, where were disposed many white tables and chatting couples, his clutch relaxed and she glanced about with pleased curiosity. As she inhaled the atmospheric promises that floated from the kitchen all other expressions gave way to that one especial look which had precipitated the entire situation.

Although she spoke jauntily, the smile she served to Johnny over the net of bread-sticks in the centre of the cloth was decidedly a fault. He returned her a better one.

"And what went wrong with the old position?"

Mutt glanced from one to the other and tucked his tail. Yes, what had gone wrong with it?

But the query seemed to annoy the girl.

"Oh, nothing," said she shortly. "Nothing?"

"Well, there was a floorwalker—But naturally you don't understand about floorwalkers."

"Hound!" muttered Johnny, grasping the table edge so roughly that the bread-sticks chattered as though in flight.

With a glance toward his enemy behind the green tub, just by way of excuse, Mutt growled rumblingly.

The most looked surprised, but decidedly gratified at this concerted rebuke.

"It was an account of him that I resigned. I didn't really mind much. You see, I was only working to kill time. I was expecting a message from a distance that was to change my whole life."

"To change your whole life? I see," observed Johnny.

Mutt realized from his pal's voice that something had gone wrong. An atmosphere of disappointment, a sort of chill wave, had suddenly reached the table.

"But now I know that message is never going to come, so I must be—I mean, I think probably I'd better look up some employment. No, thank you. You know I don't take butter."

The reproach in her eyes looked all direction of the Museum of Natural History is constructed of glass and is fifteen hundred times the actual size of one of the masses.

Specimens of the stephanodiscus, a plant, have been found in the drinking water provided for New York folk. It resembles a pill box and does not spread disease. The oscillaria and the scenedesmus are water plants. The oscillaria has the name of producing an insipid taste in water.

How the bacilli and the blood corpuscles war with one another in cases of septic poisoning is vividly told by means of a skillfully constructed model. Typoid fever and diphtheria bacilli also are displayed by means of models. The exhibits will be in charge of John H. O'Neill, assistant to Professor Charles Edward Anstey Winslow, head of the department of health of the museum, at the Washington congress. At the conclusion of the exhibition the models will be returned to the Museum, where they will be displayed for the education of the public.

One of the interesting models to be sent to Washington by the Museum of Natural History is that of the argemone. The argemone is an animal that can be found in the water supply of New York city. It is useless to attempt to search for the creatures except with a microscope, however. The entire length of the animal is only two thousandths of an inch. The creature is discovered in the coxiales, the matrix of which is a transparent shell filled with a watery substance. The colony itself is an egg-shaped mass filled with hundreds of the animals. The vibration of their hairs cause the colonies to revolve and move about through the water.

The argemone has two light yellowish green filamentous bands. They have one eye spot and two or more cavities in their bodies. The presence of the creatures in drinking water can be detected by the fishy taste which they convey. They are harmless and not a menace to health, it is declared. The model of the spongy mite for the Washington exhibit by

direction of the Museum of Natural History is constructed of glass and is fifteen hundred times the actual size of one of the masses.

Specimens of the stephanodiscus, a plant, have been found in the drinking water provided for New York folk. It resembles a pill box and does not spread disease. The oscillaria and the scenedesmus are water plants. The oscillaria has the name of producing an insipid taste in water.

How the bacilli and the blood corpuscles war with one another in cases of septic poisoning is vividly told by means of a skillfully constructed model. Typoid fever and diphtheria bacilli also are displayed by means of models. The exhibits will be in charge of John H. O'Neill, assistant to Professor Charles Edward Anstey Winslow, head of the department of health of the museum, at the Washington congress. At the conclusion of the exhibition the models will be returned to the Museum, where they will be displayed for the education of the public.

One of the interesting models to be sent to Washington by the Museum of Natural History is that of the argemone. The argemone is an animal that can be found in the water supply of New York city. It is useless to attempt to search for the creatures except with a microscope, however. The entire length of the animal is only two thousandths of an inch. The creature is discovered in the coxiales, the matrix of which is a transparent shell filled with a watery substance. The colony itself is an egg-shaped mass filled with hundreds of the animals. The vibration of their hairs cause the colonies to revolve and move about through the water.

The argemone has two light yellowish green filamentous bands. They have one eye spot and two or more cavities in their bodies. The presence of the creatures in drinking water can be detected by the fishy taste which they convey. They are harmless and not a menace to health, it is declared. The model of the spongy mite for the Washington exhibit by

direction of the Museum of Natural History is constructed of glass and is fifteen hundred times the actual size of one of the masses.

Specimens of the stephanodiscus, a plant, have been found in the drinking water provided for New York folk. It resembles a pill box and does not spread disease. The oscillaria and the scenedesmus are water plants. The oscillaria has the name of producing an insipid taste in water.

How the bacilli and the blood corpuscles war with one another in cases of septic poisoning is vividly told by means of a skillfully constructed model. Typoid fever and diphtheria bacilli also are displayed by means of models. The exhibits will be in charge of John H. O'Neill, assistant to Professor Charles Edward Anstey Winslow, head of the department of health of the museum, at the Washington congress. At the conclusion of the exhibition the models will be returned to the Museum, where they will be displayed for the education of the public.

One of the interesting models to be sent to Washington by the Museum of Natural History is that of the argemone. The argemone is an animal that can be found in the water supply of New York city. It is useless to attempt to search for the creatures except with a microscope, however. The entire length of the animal is only two thousandths of an inch. The creature is discovered in the coxiales, the matrix of which is a transparent shell filled with a watery substance. The colony itself is an egg-shaped mass filled with hundreds of the animals. The vibration of their hairs cause the colonies to revolve and move about through the water.

The argemone has two light yellowish green filamentous bands. They have one eye spot and two or more cavities in their bodies. The presence of the creatures in drinking water can be detected by the fishy taste which they convey. They are harmless and not a menace to health, it is declared. The model of the spongy mite for the Washington exhibit by

Invisible Animals in Drinking Water

If you don't swallow a uregula when you take a drink of water to-day it is possible that a stephanodiscus, an oscillaria or a scenedesmus will find its way down your throat. Models of the animal and the plants these names stand for will be shown at the fifteenth annual international congress on hygienic and microbiology to be held in Washington, D. C., beginning September 19 and lasting till October 4.

The department of public health of the American Museum of Natural History will be represented at the exhibition by forty models. The United States government, under whose auspices the congress will be held, has called attention to the necessity for a standardization of hygienic methods and arranged to illustrate the progress of the health movement in America. Governors of several States have been invited to appoint committees to aid in preparing the exhibition, and the Federal departments which are closely related to the public health will take part in the congress.

