

# On Show

More Dogs.

Illustrated  
by  
J.A. Shepherd

III.

**B**Y this I began to grow more accustomed to the brown gentleman with the coffee-pot hat. I felt that, after all, such a person must have been quite a familiar

figure in ancient Egypt, and indeed I began to feel that I should lose myself in this extraordinary show without his guidance; so that I became conscious of much sympathy and fellow-feeling with the brown gentleman, though whether or not it was at all due to his regard for strict truth I would rather not say.

"Come," he said, "here are the collies. Collie fanciers call them the topmost of all dogs—the cauliflower of the canine race, so to speak. But they're insincere. Look at 'em! There's a whole row of them

anxious to shake hands—even to attempt liberties in the way of licks; and this although they're all perfect strangers. Ever meet any of them before?"

I had to admit that as far as I was concerned they were all entire strangers, and, indeed, they were most effusive. They dragged at their chains and hung long tongues out of friendly grins, while such as had learned the trick (and most of them had) thrust forth paws to shake.

"That's just like the collie," said the brown man; "he has a diseased craving to be popular, and so he goes about doing the cordial. Honestly, I believe, he'd much rather bite. But it takes a dog a long time to bite himself into popularity, and so the collie licks and shakes hands



THE INSINCERE COLLIE.

— that being the shortest cut. By this means he gets so popular that he can afford a bite now and again—and he has it, I tell you!”

By this we were past the collies — to my relief, for I *have* seen a collie suddenly plant a most amiable grin round about a human calf—we were past the collies, and I had an extensive view of a back.

“Fine back, isn’t it?” the brown gentleman commented. “Belongs to a mastiff. He’s sulking. Natural, perhaps, considering he’s so much out in the cold now. Foreign competition again. His complaint is just that of the bulldog, but the mastiff has more reason. Hardly a soul troubles about him now, and people who want size patronize the Dane.”

At this, a deep rumbling growl was heard behind the vast expanse of back; the mastiff had recognised the name of his hated rival, and he showed signs of making preparations to turn himself entirely round and face us. So we left, hurriedly. A mastiff is not naturally short-tempered, but one doesn’t feel confident in his presence when he is aroused by remembrance of his wrongs at the hands of the Great Dane. Still, a sulky mastiff requires a certain amount of time to turn himself completely round,



SULKING.

mouth, that they’ve put a muzzle on him so as to insure his having a holiday for the rest of his life, and saving no more lives. Besides, I have heard that his teeth sometimes damaged the clothes, which would never do. Moreover, once or twice he saved people who should properly have been allowed to drown.

“Look at this. Bob-tailed sheep-dog. He’s a creature to be pitied, now. Down in his native place—all in the Downs, in fact—he was contented and fairly happy, and they called him the Southdown Cur. He didn’t mind that—he was used to abuse. One eminent authority called him a ‘blue, grizzled, rough-haired, large-limbed, surly, small-eared, small-eyed, leggy, bob-tailed dog,’ and printed it in a book; but the dog didn’t seem to mind.



A DISTINGUISHED MEMBER OF THE R.H. SOCIETY.

He went about his humble duties much as usual, and did not increase his allowance of human leg by as much as a mouthful; though any dog might be excused for losing his temper at being called a bob-tailed cur, to say nothing of the other things. But then somebody discovered him, and suddenly he became fashionable. It doesn't suit him a bit. Just look at him. *Does* he seem cut out to dwell in gilded splendour? *Does* he look a bit like a giddy flutterer amid the what d'ye call of the thingumbob? Put him on his native heath, and give him a crowd of live mutton to bully, and he'll make the wool fly with perfect self-possession, and receive the maledictions of his gentle shepherd with native *insouciance*. But in a drawing-room he's out of his element. He doesn't know what to do with his hat and stick, his eyeglass won't stop in, he falls over his legs, and he spills his tea. And he feels altogether



FASHIONABLE, BUT—?

as bad as—as that St. Bernard pup.”

The St. Bernard pup had been so inquisitive as to peep over the partition at the dog behind him. The dog was ill-tempered, and a bulldog, and now the St. Bernard pup was trying to look as though some other pup had peeped—without the smallest success.

“Here are the bloodhounds,” the brown Egyptian resumed. “Most of the old ladies go round the other way—the name *is* rather shocking, I must admit. Great animals, bloodhounds. Any number of wonderful anecdotes as to their tracking powers. Sometimes they try the bloodhound after a murderer, and he fails each time, but the anecdotes go on just the same. Still, the anecdotes are a bit timid in some respects. The wonderful events mostly occurred a long time ago, and they have a way of happening in the West Indies and so forth. That is fable. I scorn such



J.A.S.

“I WONDER WHO'S THERE?”



“I'LL PEEP.”



“OH, LOR!”

timidities. I knew a bloodhound only last week who had a wonderful scent. His master used to amuse himself by tearing up a letter into little bits and scattering them out of window. The faithful hound would rush out and bring every bit back, no matter how far it might have blown, and then, entirely by his wonderful scent, he would re-arrange them in their right places on the rug, so that the letter might be read. Yes, he was a very

good dog. He saved his master from committing suicide — simply by his wonderful scent. Master had misfortunes in the City—ruined. Rushed to telegraph office and sent home wire, 'Everything lost. I go to hide myself away and commit suicide.—Mudkins.'

Then he rushed off. Wife distracted, of course. Didn't know what to do or where to go to stop suicide. Bright idea; let bloodhound smell telegram. Devoted creature sniffed it, and with a delighted howl set off running to post-office and thence under telegraph wires all the way to the City. Ran with nose in air, smelling wires thirty feet up by which message had come. Con-

sequently kept running against telegraph poles, but didn't mind that. Arrived at London post-office, got on his master's tracks there, and ran him down at last in a cellar, about to blow out his brains. Faithful hound flung itself on unhappy master, snapped revolver out of his hand, bit all the bullets out of cartridges and swallowed 'em. Master finding himself with only blank cartridge gave up idea, went back to office, and found

it all a mistake. What d'you think of that? No feebleness about an anecdote like that, eh? Noble dogs, bloodhounds. Not many of the human visitors here stand comparison with them in appearance, do they? The bloodhound's regal, but the little Airedale terrier's a gentleman, too. The evolution of the bloodhound is finished. We're breeding up some of the other sorts slowly into humans, as I've already told you, but you can't go much higher than the bloodhound, and you'd risk going lower. Not that some breeders mind going lower, you know. For instance, some of them are working the Maltese terrier down into the



PATRONIZING THE LOWER ANIMALS.



THE GENTLEMANLY AIREDALE.

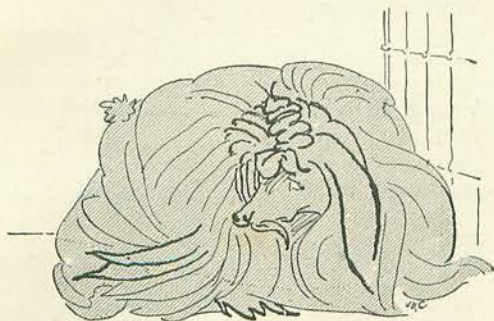


THE SCOTCH TERRIER.



THE MALTESE—SOME DAY.

vegetable kingdom, hoping, when they've evolved his legs away and made a stalk of his tail, to get a new variety of chrysanthemum. But this isn't legitimate. It's as bad as the devolution of the dachshund into a sausage. On the other hand, the poodle's very advanced. What with its curl-papers and its top-knots, and its corkscrew ringlets and its changing fashions, nobody would be surprised to find a Pioneer Poodle Club established to-morrow, for the furtherance of Poodles' Rights. At present, as you will observe, one of the poodle's wrongs arises from its indistinguishability when asleep. It then becomes a mere heap of thrums and threads and general wool waste, and people poke it with sticks, asking, "Why, what



"YES—POODLE, HANG YOU!"

sort o' dawg's this here—not a poodle, is it?" And after thirty or forty such experiences the poodle loses his temper—unless he's a very mild poodle, indeed. But the chief wrong of the poodle is the razor. Sometimes he is shaved so as to appear as nearly like a ridiculous lion as possible, with frilled cuffs. Then he catches lumbago. As soon as he is getting used to the lumbago, and beginning to like it, somebody shaves his head and lets the coat grow round the body like a muff, and then he catches influenza. But whether a muff or a tasselled lion, whether regaled with lumbago or influenza, the poodle is held in derision all the time. Little boys laugh at him in the street, navvies



THE NEW POODLE.

guffaw, and schoolgirls giggle. Nobody will take the poodle seriously. Perhaps the name has something to do with it. What a noble name is St. Bernard! Bloodhound has a majestic terror of its own; mastiff expresses staunch power in its very sound; Great Dane is serenely noble, and 'bull-dog' has a sound of very respectable breadth and substantiality. But poodle! It is a derision in itself. It is far worse than noodle; there is a contemptuous burst about the first syllable that noodle lacks altogether. The lion

himself would be laughed at if his name was poodle. Just imagine any man starting in business with such a name! And so the poodle, clever dog as he is, is never taken seriously for a moment—not for one moment, by anybody. Not so seriously, even, as the ladies' toy dogs. Though, indeed, little as they may seem to deserve it, they are taken very seriously indeed. How would you like to be judge of the ladies' toy dogs here?"

I should not have liked it at all, and I said so. My excellent wife is a strong-minded woman, and usually desirous of having her own way, but I fear that in the Ladies' Kennel Association—

"No," the brown man went on, "of course you wouldn't like it. You may talk about the Victoria Cross, and all that sort of thing, if you like. But I want to know where will the adequate reward come from for the judge who has the courage to order the first lady out of the ring with her dog? Yes, there's a deal of credit due



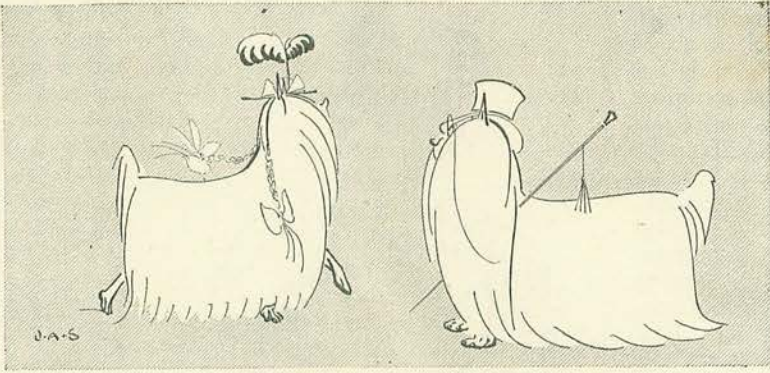
"OUT OF THE RING? SIR!"

to the man who strolls calmly up to a cannon's mouth and stops it with his hat, or what not; but what's that compared to the man who stands up fearlessly (or at least without showing fear), unarmed and defenceless, in the midst of thirty ladies of the Kennel Association, to select the best of their dogs? One shudders to think of his situation. Just walk along here a bit, where the toy dogs are—the place that looks like a baby-linen shop full of cradles. Some of the cradles are adorned with roses, some with lilies of the valley, and all with silk bows and satin coverlets. Observe the ladies sitting on guard before them. Is there one whom you would care to face if she were thoroughly roused? I think not. There are times, it is whispered, when these ladies face each other, at association meetings,

but on these occasions male persons are humanely excluded. It is pleasant to find that even these redoubtable ladies have a benevolent regard for the weaker sex."



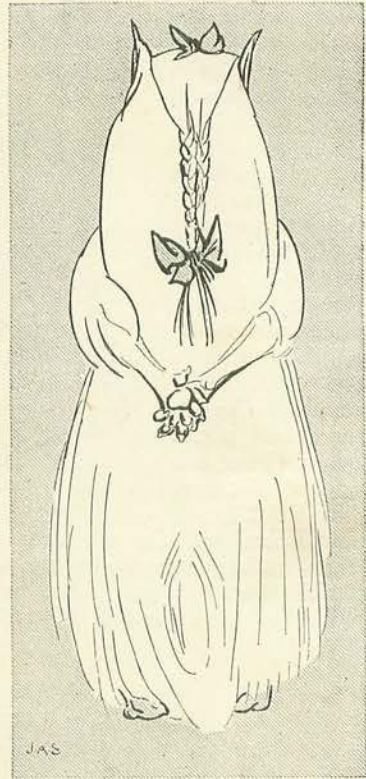
ON GUARD.



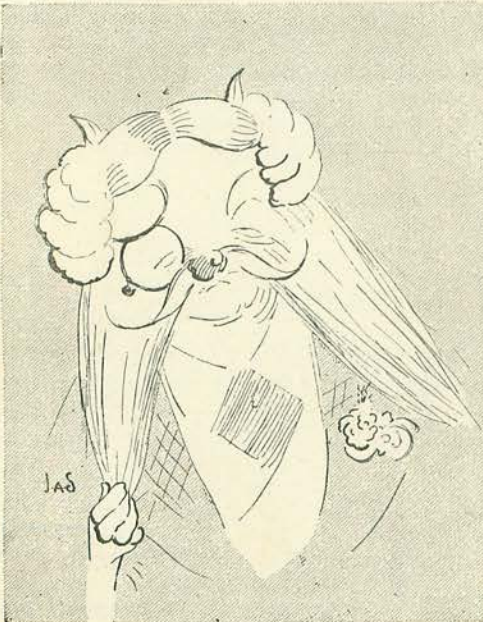
THE WELL-BRUSHED YORKSHIRES.

I remembered my dear wife's regard for me, her care in seeing me safely in at the turnstile, her solicitude for the recovery of the shilling undiminished on my return, and I felt glad that probably some other men had wives of equal solicitude and determination. There is a certain consolation in a reflection of that sort.

"You remember what the bulldog said to us a little while ago," remarked the brown man, "about his mistress, and the wool boots, and the smelling-salts, and so on? Well, some of these toy dogs get treated worse than that. The shampooing, and the combing, and the oiling, and the tying-up with ribbons are enough to make any dog turn melancholy and refuse his food and his muzzle.



BEHIND.



IN FRONT.

That's where some of the ladies make a mistake. They try to breed up to the higher forms by attending to mere externals. See how they fittivate a Yorkshire terrier, for instance. They plait a long tail from the back of its head and tie it with pink ribbon; they brush and comb out its whiskers in front; so that at first sight one gets a suggestion of Lord Dundreary, and, on going behind, another of a little girl at school. But that dog is a Yorkshire terrier

all the time ; he'll never get nearer evolution into a lord or a schoolgirl by all the brushing with all the brushes from all the shops in Oxford Street. Just the same with the pug. You may put him in an embroidered layette, give him an eider-down quilt in a satin cover and a pillow edged with old point lace ; you may have a smelling-bottle close handy, you may perfume the room with pastilles, you may work him a little pocket just over his head to put his watch in, you may have a gold-end bell-pull in reach, and an expensive coral rattle with silver bells for him—but all that won't make him a baby. No. The ladies are in too great a hurry. We breeders who understand things are content with slow evolution through many generations. The ladies, bless 'em, are impatient, and want human development in a fortnight. So, as they can't get it in essentials, they go in for appearances, and, having made their animal as human as possible as regards combing and brushing, and ribboning and beading, and lacing and watch-pocketing and bell-roping, they try to



PUG—FIRST PRIZE.

imagine the evolution accomplished. It won't do ; and, what is worse, it actually retards the development all we breeders are so anxious to promote. I think I told you how reluctant dogs were to be evolved. They believe themselves at the top of the tree already, and despise mere men and women, who are their servants and sham-pooers. It's hard enough to get over these facts as they are ; but when a pug feels himself between silk sheets, under an eider-down quilt, with lace hangings, and smelling-bottle complete, is it likely that he will exert himself to develop into a creature like his owner, who is ignominiously tailless, and acts as his common drudge ? No, of course not. But, there, that's enough. I expect the show will be over soon, and I must go and get some more coffee in my

hat—it's been boiling away tremendously. Yes, the dogs are going—there's a row of Skyeterriers, with one visible eye between the lot, chained together to go home. Do you remember the dogs in the story who ate their tickets and couldn't tell where they were going to ?”



D. A. S.

HOME AGAIN ! LEFT WHEEL !

(To be continued.)