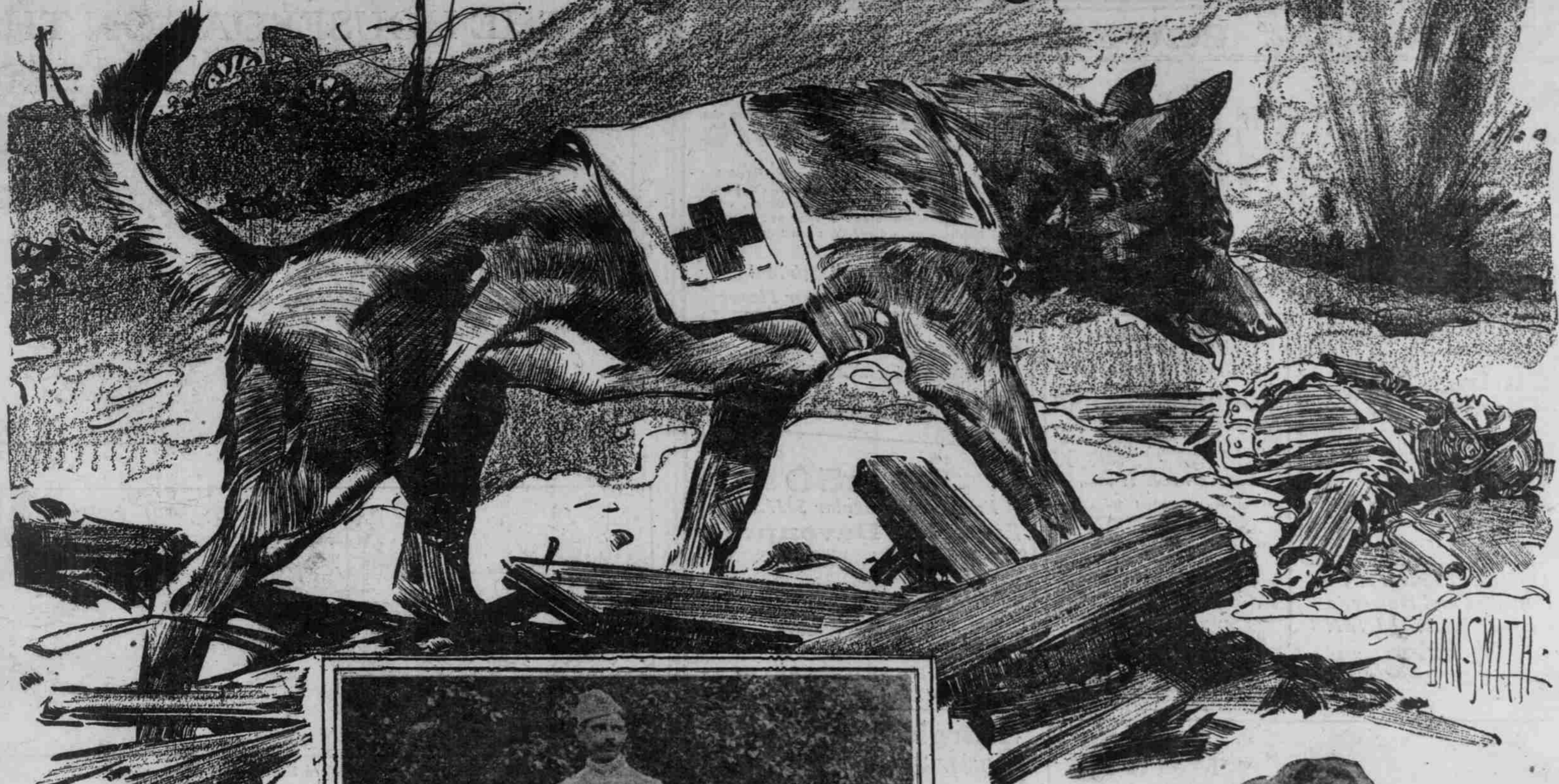


The Red Cross Dog in Action



Many Thousands of Human Lives Have Been Saved by the Splendid Courage of Dogs on the Battlefield.

BY W. B. SEABROOK,
American Army Reserve.
IN THE mobilization of "Noah's Ark" to win the war, many types of animals and birds have been put to practical uses. Horses, camels, burros, donkeys, mules, and even elephants, have been used for transportation. The mongrels and terrier have been employed in the trenches to make war against the rats. Carrier pigeons transport messages. Canaries are used to detect the approach of gas.

But of all the birds and animals which are aiding man in the great conflict, the supreme hero is the Red Cross dog. He stands pre-eminent among the animals of the war, for the same reason that the infantryman in the front line trenches is the high outstanding type of human courage—his are the severest hardships and the greatest dangers. The Red Cross dog goes "over the top" behind the infantry waves, doing his work in No Man's Land amid the shriek of the shrapnel and "zing" of machine gun bullets. He knows his danger. He has seen his human friends and his four-footed comrades fall side by side, and he realizes what it means to neglect of duty; and he has likewise been taught gallantly to go forward in the face of death when duty demands. How many thousands of human lives have been saved by the Red Cross dog. It is impossible to compute. Their intelligence is as remarkable as their courage and devotion.

Seeking the Wounded.
Many types and breeds of dog have been trained to the work, and there may be a profound lesson in the fact that some of the greater Red Cross dogs have been of mongrel or mixed breed. However, the general type which has proven the most reliable and efficient in the long run is the so-called Belgian police dog. This is the animal depicted in the photographs on this page, a direct descendant of the Flemish sheep dogs, with a touch of wolfishness in the shape of their pointed nose and ears, and their rough, shaggy coats. The principal duty of the Red Cross dog is to go out into No Man's Land after a battle and seek out the wounded among ridges, shell-craters, abandoned trenches and dugouts. After they have located a wounded man they run back to the stretcher carriers and lead them to the spot.

When the Man Is Found.
The dogs are taught to depend almost entirely on their eyes for the search. They are not keen scented like hunting dogs (in fact the true type of hunting dog which depends on scent has been a failure as a Red Cross dog.) They are taught to go out and look for the wounded. Even were their scent keener it would be practically useless on a battlefield still drenched with fumes of powder smoke, blood and poisonous gas. When the dog comes upon a body lying on the ground he has been taught, first of all, to place his nose to the

nostrils and mouth of the prostrate man to see whether or not he is still alive and breathing. In this test the dog is almost infallible. After ascertaining whether he has found a living person or a corpse, the dog is taught next to decide whether the fallen man is a German soldier or one of his own allies. For this he depends partly on his eye, but also on his sense of smell, for it is a well-known fact that the German soldier has an odor different from that of the other races engaged in the war. In the event the fallen man is a German, the Red Cross dog is taught to pass on and let him lie—not as a measure of wilful cruelty, but because our own wounded come first. If the fallen man is an allied soldier, and alive, the dog stands by, and

if the man is conscious, he gives the dog his pocketbook or wallet, or an old letter—anything with his name and identification on it. If the man is unconscious the dog is taught to pick out for himself and bring back some evidence of this kind. The simplest thing is the cap, if the soldier still has his cap. Failing to find the cap, the dog gingerly noses into the pockets of the unconscious man, in the hope of finding a wallet, a handkerchief or some other article which he can carry. If the dog finds nothing, he is taught to use his teeth in cutting away a part of the soldier's uniform to carry back. For this purpose he turns his muzzle sideways to the cloth and cuts it through with a saw-like or grinding motion of the side teeth, in order that

there may be no pulling or tugging which might injure the wounded man. Then, having secured some evidence of his find, he races back through No Man's Land to the stretcher carriers. The dog proudly exhibits the evidence that he has found a wounded man, and then trots before the stretcher-bearers leading them to the spot. Often the wounded man is found in a deserted crater, an old dugout, or some other abandoned spot which human searchers would not be penetrated. While the above-described service of searching out the wounded is the principal duty of the Red Cross dog, their intelligence enables them to perform many other important war functions, acting as sentinels, patrols and as messengers from advanced posts.



Francois Grenier and Two Famous Red Cross Dogs Which He Trained.

WHAT CUPID WILL DO WITH WIDOWS OF LITERARY GENIUSES IS QUESTION

Elizabeth Van Benthuyzen Speculates on Matrimonial Fate That Awaits Brilliant Companions of Late Jack London, Paul Armstrong and Richard Harding Davis, Each of Whom Found Happiness After First Ventures.

BY ELIZABETH VAN BENTHUYZEN.
THREE of the most attractive women in the country—they must have been for they won three of the foremost geniuses of the literary time after each one of them had been shipwrecked on the matrimonial sea—are now widows, and there is the most interesting sort of speculation concerning what pranks Cupid will play with the three. It was companionship in each case that won for these women the hearts and hands of the three men who probably had seen the world from as many and as varied angles as any three men who lived in the last 20 years. The strange feature of the whole combination was that it was over the bridge of divorce that each came to happiness, or by the life-raft of divorce, if one is particular about the mixing of metaphor. Jack London, Paul Armstrong and Richard Harding Davis, all stars of the literary world and all globe trotters, were the three men who made awful messes of their first marriages, wandered from the altar to the divorce court and then having found pleasing and happy marriages again, died at a time when most writers are at their best to leave free the women who filled the full demand of comradeship under

the trying condition of trying to adjust matrimonial bankruptcy cases. A matrimonial bankrupt, like a financial one, may purge his estate of his liabilities by the processes of law and a receiver in bankruptcy in either case has the difficult feat of taking the shattered assets and working them into a successful venture. So it is quite the natural thing to inquire what Dan Cupid intends to do with the three most successful mendicants of broken hearts that have come to public notice in many a day. Does he intend to allow them to be idle for the rest of their days or is he going to see to it that they do their bite in other and new fields where men of genius, finding themselves more or less amatory incompetents, plead along waiting for the guiding hand of such destiny as the Cupid person sees fit to bring them? It is largely a study in temperament, these three remarkable cases. No age ever produced three men of more erratic psychic notions or stranger mixtures of the gentle and the rough and

ready. The call of the wild was as familiar to Jack London as the Call of the Wild. He knew and heeded both calls and his widow, who was his second wife, went hand-in-hand with him to take the atmosphere of both conditions. She was the Little Lady of the Big House in his fanciful picture of a home and she was the Charmian to whom "The Cruise of the Snark" was dedicated after she had shared the perils and excitement of a world cruise in a 40-foot boat. A slender, golden-haired sprite, she dominated every phase of the last years of the daring writer's life. She was his editor, his amanuensis, his critic and his copy-reader. And yet, with the work out of hand, she was the most devoted of little wives and the constant joy of the plain-thinking man who let his mental processes harshly reveal in the crudest ideas that no woman might care to fondle. Charmian Kittredge Is Example. Mrs. London was Charmian Kittredge, of Chicago. As a girl she worked her way through college by doing the work of a stenographer. Folks laughed when they heard that the hard-headed, hard-living author had picked her for his second matrimonial venture. But she lamed her man thoroughly and there is no happier picture than that of their life together in their California home. If a woman, casting about the scene



The Next Move Is the Securing of Pocketbook or Cap to Be Carried Back as Evidence.

The Dog Trusts to Eyesight Rather Than Scent in His Search for the Wounded.

for their secret, could find one card that probably had a stronger appeal than another, it was her cheery willingness at all times to share his lot, no matter what it was. If the woods or the sea called, did she shout and insist upon a cosy corner in a hotel while he rambled? Not much of it. She was with her man where and when the occasion demanded, ready to smile with him, romp with him or to take a fifty-fifty chance on the crest of a dangerous sea. The Romance of Bessie McCoy. And no less an able agent for Cupid was Bessie McCoy. She was dancing her way to Broadway fame, and had already become known as the Yama Yama Girl when the Fates decreed that the accomplished Chicago woman who had married Richard Harding Davis should ask the law to step in and cancel their union. Davis had trotted the globe for strange incidents, Mexico and South America had afforded him lesser campaigns before he found the sprightly young woman with the never-ending fund of nervous energy under the lights of a Broadway that had not been able to hold him long at a time. She worshiped her writer with a fervor that was notable in an atmosphere where loves are born over the champagne and vanish with the bubbles or at most with the morning headache. One night when the New York theater where she was appearing caught fire, she came running from the stage door, forgetting everything that she had in her dressing room in the one desire to save the picture of her writer. The skeptical laughed then, but they lived

to see the couple married and living like a couple of doves, and when the end came the woman who might have taught the world much sadly said that she had gone to school every day that she lived with Davis, and that to have been married to such a man was a liberal education in itself. And her influence on him was just as marked. She seemed to fill the place in his life that but one individual can ever fill in the life of any man, or woman. He might picture in fancy a character that held the drawing room in a spell, but when fact took the place of fancy, it was the Yama Yama Girl who really came to show him that fiction can only hope to scratch the surface of life and can know little, very little indeed, of what love means. The third of these gifted women who dared to make marital success out of dismal failure was Katherine Cassidy Armstrong, known to the stage as Katherine Calvert. In many respects hers was the most difficult task. Paul Armstrong began his writing as a sporting chronicler, taking prize fights as a specialty. He had none of the taste for exploring the wilds that London and Davis possessed, but he knew the White Ways of the chief cities of the world as few men have known them. The underworld was his meat when he wanted something especially daring for a stage production, and the road agents of Broadway, to say nothing of the wine agents, were as familiar types to him as they are to the police officer who commands the Tenderloin. Marring the Playwright's Hero. It was this keen insight into the ways of the crooked that made "Alias Jimmy Valentine" a stage success, and

brought "The Deep Purple" into its own. Armstrong had written many notable plays before his first matrimonial ship went on the rocks. And it happened that when "The Deep Purple" was cast, he selected for a part the Baltimore actress who finally came to rule him. She was a very young woman when she went up to New Haven, Conn., and married the noted playwright. And as much out of keeping with the ideas of the cynical as it may seem, they lived happily ever after. When he died she took his unfinished work and began looking after the rehearsals of his last developments. So, there they are, the Little Lady of the Big House, the Yama Yama Girl and the girl who charmed in "The Deep Purple." It is to be doubted if any three other women in one decade of the world's history ever harnessed such an erratic collection of genius to the leading strings of Cupid. What work will he find for them to do in the future? Mining Students Must Drill. GOLDEN, Colo., July 2.—Beginning next September, compulsory military training will be enforced at the Colorado School of Mines here. An officer of the regular Army will be stationed at the school as instructor and every boy who is physically fit must enroll. No other cause for exemption will be considered. In discussing the new policy recently at a meeting of the board of regents, Dr. Victor C. Alderson, president of the school, said that such training was not only necessary from a patriotic point of view, but also because it afforded physical development for the men.