

Chapter 2 of the New Serial for Young Readers, "Eyes For The Dark"

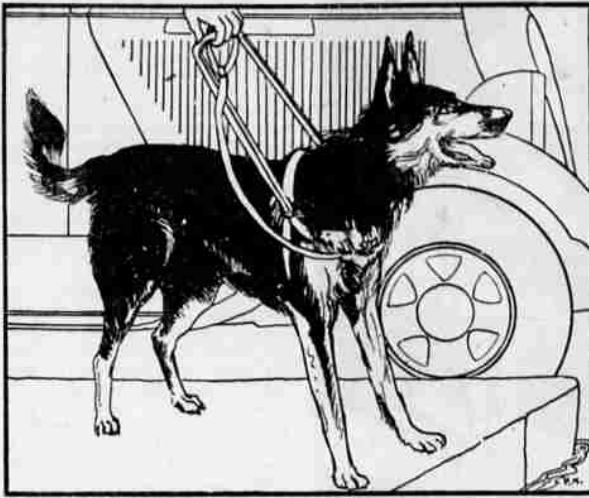
This is the story of a Seeing-Eye dog, one of the noblest animals of all the world, whose intelligence and kindness wins for them the responsible position of being the eyes of the blind. In the first chapter, the little Shepherd tells about her puppy days. She learns from her mother that there is a chance she will someday play a great role in the life of a human being. What dog would want more?

Chapter 2

SINCE I was lucky enough to be chosen for a Seeing-Eye dog, my education started when I was about 15 months old. I tried my best to make the right impression on my trainer. You see, there were traditions in our family that I wanted to live up to. Mother told me we had an uncle who made a great name for himself as a state police patrol dog on the Swiss national border. He was in the service of the Customs. THERE was an uncle to be proud of!

The young man who was my trainer had studied long and hard to be able to undertake this work, so I wanted to work hard, too.

I went to "school" every day and though my teacher was not



My teacher covered his eyes and I led him about. At first I made many mistakes, like walking under a low porch. We studied all day.

a blind man himself, he pretended to be so I would learn the things I would need most to know about taking care of a person who was really blind.

My teacher — Frank was his

name — covered his eyes, and I led him about. At first, I made all kinds of mistakes, like walking under a low porch that was plenty high enough for me, but not for Frank, who, poor fellow,

bumped his head a good wallop. He didn't punish me, of course, so I wasn't afraid of him. I understood about the differences in our heights pretty soon, and we didn't get Frank bruised very often after that.

Next I learned the words "Forward," "Right," "Left," and what they meant. These commands came in very handy when we were out on the street, and Frank wanted to go to some certain part of the city. I'd lead him to the edge of the curb and then wait. Frank would feel for the step down, and then he'd say "Forward," and away we would go.

We studied hard all day, and then, when "school" was out, I'd join the other dogs in the big yard and we'd have a romp. If I'd done pretty well, I always got some special little treat for a reward. Naturally, I worked for that, too.

But most of all, as the other kids in my class used to say, it was interesting and not exactly work after all. We wanted a master or a mistress who would reward us for our care of them with the greatest reward any dog can have . . . affection and trust.

Sometimes Frank would give

me very hard problems to solve.

I'd be leading him along the walk, and we'd come to a driveway where a car was left across the sidewalk. When we got to the car, I'd stop, naturally, and wait for orders. Frank would say "Forward." Well, I knew well enough I couldn't hop over the car and take Frank with me. At first, I didn't know what to do. Then I thought of the sensible thing to do (all we Shepherds try to be sensible). I'd go right, then left, then left, THEN forward. Thus I learned another lesson . . . how to use my natural "dog sense."

After three months of school, I passed the final test and was ready to meet my new charge. Was I excited? It's a pretty important thing in a dog's life when he is given over to the person with whom he is to spend the rest of his life. I thought about that a good deal.

What kind of a master would he be? Or would it be a woman? Would we travel on the train . . . or possibly a ship like the one that brought my mother to America?

Then, finally, the big day came! (Continued next week.)

Dwarf Carpeting Plants Aid Decorative Effect of Paths

By Cecil Solly

PAVED paths have a charm of their own, but the decorative effect is considerably improved if plants are grown in the crevices. The stone should be embedded in a three-quarter-inch layer of sandy loam, in order that the roots have a good medium in which to spread. The stock may be raised from seed or a supply of plants obtained from a nurseryman. When planting is done, do not disturb the fine roots unduly; they should be pressed firmly into position and given a good watering.

For small stretches of paving the dwarf carpeting plants are most suitable, and of these *Arenaria Balaearica* is one of the best. It grows well in the shade, spreads rapidly in a suitable situation, and bears tiny white, star-like flowers freely from April until June.

Acaena Buchanani is a vigor-

ous plant, producing a carpet of pretty fern-like foliage. The creeping *Thymus* are beautiful. *Thymus Lanuginosus*, with its gray foliage, and *Thymus Coccineus*, with crimson flowers, are two of the best. The tiny *Mentha Requienii* should be included on account of its fragrant foliage and delicate blue flowers. *Calamintha Alpina* is useful for the profusion of violet flowers it produces in late summer.

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ROLLING WHEELS

BY Woods Peters

FROM down the San Joaquin comes a letter. "I have just read 'Wheels,'" it says, "and I am seeing . . . the terraced walls of Old Taos with long ladder poles against the blue sky like lances behind battlemented ancient forts, and wisps of smoke trailing lazily against coral clouds . . . I hear the throb of drums at the evening hour as the sun glints for a last brief moment against the rampart of mountains and slips into the bosom of night.

CENTURIES OLD rock stairways lead to the bare cap of Walpi, where stands the ancient Hopi village apart from our world of noise and strife, within a world of silence and age and peace, a place where miles are meaningless and time unknown, where an eternal 'now' becomes embraced in one changeless enfoldment with the past and present and ages yet to come . . . and all this within a few hours of trans-Pacific ships, within echo range of the roaring of railway wheels, beneath the shadow of trans-continental planes.

I, TOO, HEAR the hum of wheels . . . and then silence . . . and vastness . . . and timelessness. I hear the soft tread of moccasined feet along timeless trails into a timeless life . . . and I wonder about the meaning of our cluttered life!"

DAVID C. PETERS wrote those words. He's a silver-haired gentleman with 30-odd years of experience in the pulpit behind him. I like to tell him he's "reformed," for now he's in the lumber business. He's rambled to most places that are worth the rambling in this world of ours; he's done more things than most of us have done. He knew well

the last queen of Hawaii before those isles became part of America; he has letters from notables from the far ends of the earth.

He's really a very swell guy—despite the fact I happen to be his son—which is one of the reasons I transcribe his letter. Another is—it was worth transcribing. He pictures one of those spots of the West that lure the Rolling Wheels.

MANY YEARS BACK

it was he who took me into Idaho's Sawtooth Mountains, and along the calm waters of the Puget Sound. We've wandered through the pines of Oregon, where stillness reigns, and watched the sunrises over the Sierras and Colorado's Rockies—sometimes felt the friendly winter warmth of Western deserts on winter days. It was from him I caught the wanderlust, and from his wife—my mother—that I learned how to look for the beauty in nature.

IT'S WORTH LOOKING

for, incidentally. In this age of business we scurry along without even seeing the sunsets and sunrises. That mildly insane man who stops to take a picture draws curious glances. And an artist . . . Did you ever see the surprised crowd that looks over his or her shoulder and wonders "how one gets that way?"

THERE'S ONE WAY

to be certain of catching this brand of insanity. It's to forget business for a time, put the humming wheels beneath one, and hike off to the far places where telephones and alarm clocks are unfamiliar.

I envy Claudia Cranston, wandering authoress. She dropped in the other day to get some tips on tropical photography.

"I'm going," she said, "to the Orient, and maybe Sumatra, Bali, Java and wherever else the mood strikes me. I'll . . . be seeing you!" No phones will bother her for awhile, not while the wheels turn on.

PANAMA TARPON

ONE of the finest fishing spots in the world is at the Gatun spillway upon the Chagres River in Panama. A club-house is provided for anglers, with modern accommodations. The tarpon are drawn to the place by the fish food which comes because of the damming of the river and the creation of the great freshwater lake.

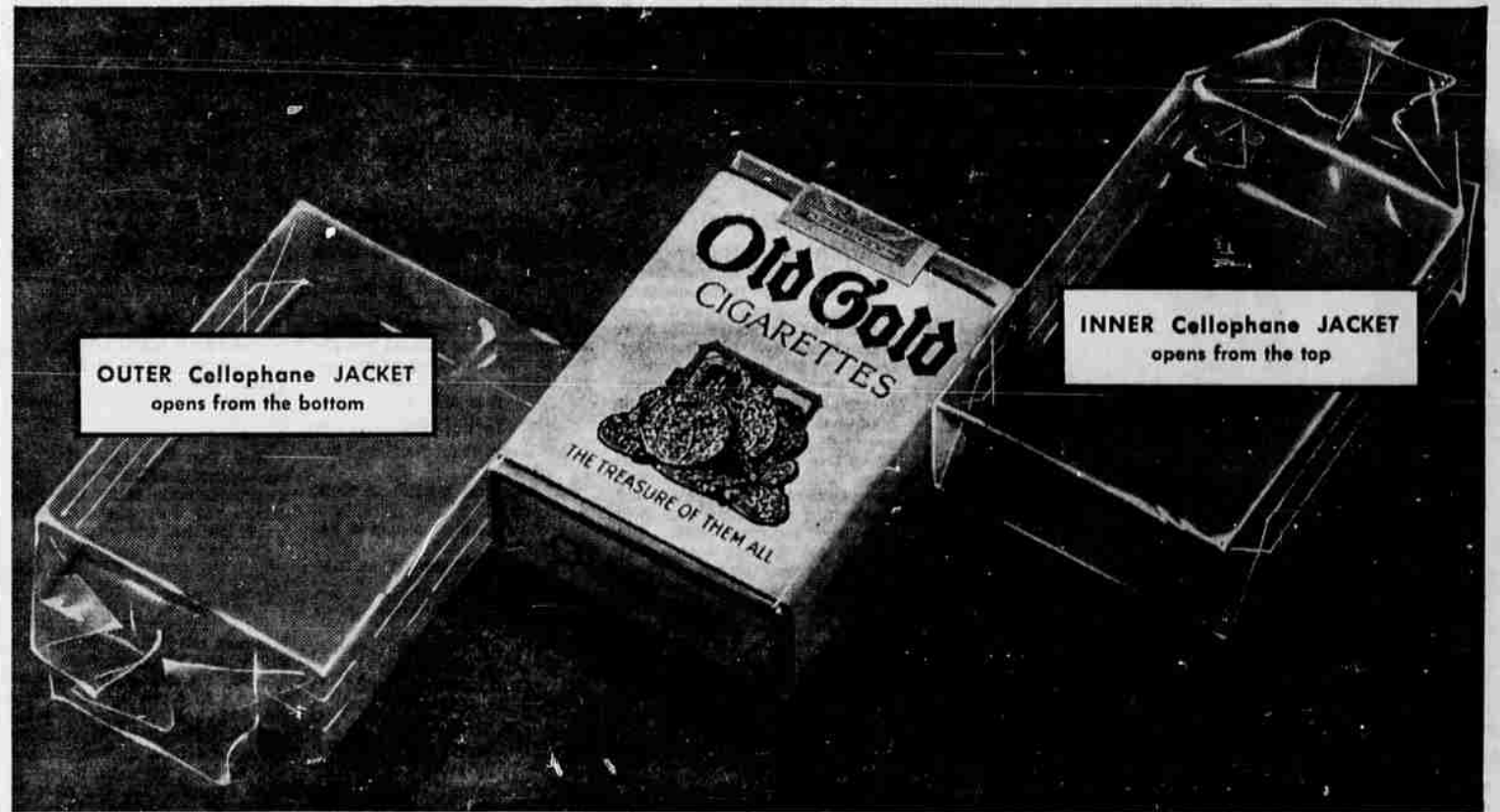
Fishermen find live bait the best, and occasionally use a dark-colored fly with good results. An angler's rod should be of steel, for the task is not to hook one of the great Silver King tarpons, but to land them. They leap about in abundance, and bite readily—many of them weighing up to 100 pounds.

ALASKA'S SITKA

SITKA is one of the cities of the far northland attracting visitors this season. Located on an island, surrounded by myriads of other islands, this old city goes back to the rule of Russia in Alaska—before the United States bought the vast territory for \$7,000,000. Old Russian block houses still stand, as does its cathedral, which was built in 1817.

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