

sistent need for antagonism. And to us, as to our brothers, the call of the ideal will come to mean a battle cry — and fellowship be bound up with hatred.

What is needed, if our world is to live, is a virtue that is positive, not negative; a virtue stimulated to foresight by the promptings of intelligent fear. All that is permanent has its root not in idealism but in human necessity and a wise apprehension thereof; thus the protective instinct in woman, if it is to be effectual, must be stimulated by dread of the combative, collective spirit, and an understanding of its workings. With Europe in ruins and a world war but two years away, it seems little to ask of those who bear children that they should fear intelligently for themselves and those who come after them.

Yet are there many signs that they fear intelligently? Are there even many signs that they fear?

[*The Spectator*]

DOGS IN WAR *

COLONEL RICHARDSON, the well-known authority on dogs, has written a most interesting account of the part played by dogs in the late war. In August 1914, only one sentry dog, an Airedale, was attached to the British army. He went to manœuvres with the 2nd Battalion Norfolk Regiment, accompanied the battalion to France, and was killed by a shell on the Aisne. For many years Colonel Richardson had been studying the use of trained dogs in warfare, and immediately on the outbreak of war had recommended their use to the authorities not only as sentries, but as messengers and in guard and ambulance work. He could

get no concerted action taken. A certain number of ambulance dogs were employed by the Red Cross, but it was soon found that the disregard by the Germans of the Red Cross symbol, and the conditions on the Western front generally, made it impossible to continue this work. Later, Colonel Richardson supplied dogs to various officers for messenger, patrol, and sentry work with such satisfactory results that at the request of the War Office he started a War Dog School at Shoeburyness, and very soon there was a regular messenger service organized in France. Sentry dogs were also sent out to Salonica, and a large number of dogs were used for guard duties at munition factories and other vulnerable points at home, thus releasing man power. The special value of dogs as messengers during heavy bombardments is readily obvious:

Telephones soon become useless and the danger to the human runner is enormous. Added to the difficulties are the shell-holes, the mud, the smoke and gas, and darkness. It is here that the messenger dog is of the greatest assistance. The broken surface of the ground is of small moment to it, as it lightly leaps from point to point. It comes to its duty in the field well broken to shell-fire, and so has no fear. Its sense of direction is as certain at night as in the day, and equally so in mist or fog. Being a smaller and more rapidly-moving object, the danger of its being hit is much less than in the case of a runner, and it is a fact that during the war casualties were extraordinarily low among the messenger dogs, especially when it is taken into consideration that their work was always in the hottest of the fight.

Colonel Richardson reprints some of the reports sent to him:

On the attack on the Vimy Ridge the dogs were employed with an artillery observation post. All the telephones were broken, and visual signaling was impossible. The dogs were the first to bring through news.

'Jim,' a small cross-bred retriever spaniel, had a reputation for carrying important dispatches 'in wonderful quick time.'

* *British War Dogs*. By Lieutenant-Colonel E. H. Richardson. London: Skeffington & Son. 21s. net.

On another occasion while in the first line trenches little 'Jim' was instrumental in first giving the warning of gas, due no doubt to his highly sensitive nose; thereupon he was immediately released with the warning to Headquarters, arriving there a little more than three quarters of an hour earlier than the warning given by wire.

'Creamy,' a cream-colored, cross-bred lurcher, 'helped the 3rd Londoners from being cut off on the right of Villers-Bretonneus. She and "Tweed" kept the Battalion in touch with Brigade Headquarters.' 'Tweed,' a Highland sheep-dog, had a fine record. Through a Boche barrage, covering three kilometres in ten minutes, he carried the message: 'Send up reinforcements and small round ammunition.' 'The French were sent up and filled the gaps and straightened out the line, otherwise Amiens would be in the hands of the Germans.' At another time, when with his keeper attached to the 48th Battalion Australians, he helped to spoil German plans by getting through with the message: 'The Germans are preparing for a raid.' 'Tweed' ran as well whether on matters of high strategical importance or more homely affairs. Thus at Passchendaele in 1917 he came through with the useful message: 'Moving forward to-night. Send socks for men and some S.O.S. Lights,' and the 13th R. H.C., as they put on their dry socks, were no doubt full of gratitude to him. 'Boxer,' an Airedale, once having conquered a weakness for old carcasses, was very useful. He went over the top with the Kents and brought back important messages. His record was three miles in ten minutes. 'Flash,' a brindle lurcher, did well at Kemmel Hill, where 'the dogs were running belly deep in mud.' 'Paddy,' an Irish terrier, 'never made a mistake during the six months I had him,' writes his proud keeper. 'Paddy' carried a message from H. Q. on Passchendaele nearly to

Ypres, a distance of five miles over about three miles of duck-boards, in about twenty-seven minutes. The same journey took runners nearly two hours. Poor 'Rab' staggered back with her message at Kemmel Hill, though hit by a piece of shell and so badly wounded that she died the next day. 'Major'— 'not much to look at'— a cross lurcher and deerhound, but a heart of gold'— went forward in an attack, was released with a message asking for help, and covered seventeen kilometres in an hour. We have not space to refer in detail to the valuable work done by sentry and guard dogs at home and abroad, but we must just mention the case of the Airedale who scented the enemy when the night patrol he was with could notice nothing suspicious: 'The officer ordered the men to lie flat. Immediately afterward an enemy patrol passed by, close to them, without noticing. Our patrols then rose noiselessly and captured them all.' And in Egypt when the enemy attacked during a dense mist, the sentry dogs were so quick at scenting the approach that an order was given to fire into the mist. 'When the mist cleared away, large numbers of enemy dead were found.'

In his chapters on training Colonel Richardson gives an interesting analysis of the capacities of the various breeds. Thus for all types of work, that hardy and devoted friend of man, the Airedale, is of great value. But the Highland sheep-dog, though often— like 'Tweed'— highly strung, is excellent; as also are collies, even the 'show variety,' lurchers, deerhounds, and Welsh and Irish terriers. One is not surprised, perhaps, to read that poodles are too light-minded, but lovers of the fox terrier will be disappointed to find that he was 'too fond of play' and could not be induced to take work seriously. Alas! is it possible that his

rollicking high spirits and debonair mien indicate a shallow nature? Any person who has prided himself on the graceful twist of his dog's tail will read with concern that Colonel Richardson 'rarely found a dog with a gaily carried tail, which curved over its back or sideways, of any value. This method of carrying the tail seems to indicate a certain levity of character quite at variance with the serious duties required.' The majority of the dogs required a training of six weeks or two months, and it is most interesting to read of the methods of training and the zest with which the dogs went through it. As with man, competition was a strong educator. The messenger dogs were divided into three classes according to progress:

Sometimes one class would be left in while the others were taken out for work. If the first class, which was the most highly trained, happened to be left in, it was most amusing to watch the indignation and contempt with which the incoming efforts of the lesser trained dogs were greeted by its members. They generally elected to watch the proceedings perched on the top of their kennels, and loud choruses of derision were hurled at the raw recruits. When the turn came afterward for members of the first-class to exhibit their prowess, great was the assumption of superiority and determination to show how much better they could do.

[*The English Review*]

HOW COLLISTER CAME HOME

BY V. QUIRK

HE was ten years old when it happened.

He was sitting on the sand at Peel, naked and very wet. He had just been having a swim, and he was drying himself in the sun. His clothes lay on a piece of rock beside him.

He was staring at a sailing ship that lay moored to the quay, and it was then that the enchantment came upon him. For it was more than a desire: it made him forget everything except

the need to go on that ship and sail away on her; it blotted out the consciousness of his father and mother, the fact of his childhood, and the thought of the future; it sent a shining to his eyes, and to his lips a small, enraptured smile.

He slipped his clothes on his still wet body, went aboard the ship, and asked the first sailor he came across if a boy were needed.

'Yes,' said the sailor. 'Go to the skipper.'

In twenty minutes the ship set sail. His father's cottage was clearly visible from the ship. Smoke was coming from its chimney like breath from a human body. Within, his mother would be putting the kettle on and laying the table for tea. His father would be smoking, sitting by the fire. The children would be playing on the floor. But he was neither troubled nor afraid. The ship was going smoothly, and beyond him was the sea. It was all just as he had imagined. It seemed as though the blood of all his fisherman ancestors had collected together to flow through his veins and sing there. In a haze he listened to it. The enchantment was still upon him. On his lips was still the enraptured smile. It remained there, even when he was violently shoved forward, and told to find something to do.

Then began for him a time of incredible hardships. He bore them silently at an age when boys are still tucked to bed by their mothers, but he bore them hard. The men, once land was invisible, seemed to forget they had any human relationships, and that the boy, by the very fact of his childhood, was deserving of consideration. They would not have treated a dog as they treated him. His dreaminess, his submission, and his complete inability to 'answer back' seemed to goad them to cruelty. He was a 'softy!'