

an executive who, under authority of law, tells citizens some of the things they may and may not do. By his authority regulations are issued governing the behavior of people in the National Forests, limiting the rights of cattlemen on grazing lands, and even forbidding people to import flower bulbs they cannot otherwise get. What do we want a Secretary of Education for? What authority do we want to give him? What control is he—off there in Washington—to have over the schools of your city or your village or your neighborhood? If we do not want him to exercise authority, why create him?

We have veritable armies of officials. Do we want to add to them? We have a veritable tangle of red tape. Do we want to be ensnared in more of it?

School superintendents and school-teachers, organized into a National body, a National Education Association, want a Federal Department of Education. Yes. But do our schools exist for the superintendent and the teachers, or for the children?

Among the opponents of this plan to centralize our public school systems and to standardize on a National scale all our education, public and private, are some of the highest of our educational authorities. They are disinterested. They are not seeking to create a new body of place-holders, for they have no ambition to wield a Governmental power. Until they are converted let us keep our schools, as they have been, strictly within the control of the several States.

## Dogs and Psychology

By LAWRENCE F. ABBOTT

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THE origin of the domesticated dog is shrouded in as great mystery as the origin of civilized man. The races or species of dogs are marked by such extraordinary variations that even scientists are puzzled in trying to assign them to a common source. There is not so great a difference in appearance between the pygmies of Central Africa and the Nordic men of Scandinavia as there is between the Pekingese or the hairless dog of Mexico, on the one hand, and the great Dane or the superb white Russian wolfhound, on the other. But, whatever may be the origin, we know from the records in stone of Neolithic man that the dog has been his camp-mate and home-mate for many thousands of years.

Primitive man probably first adopted the dog not at all as a canine friend, but merely because of his services in hunting. In that stage man had no more affection for him than he had for his stone hatchet or his bow and arrow; man used him or cast him off like a thing rather than a being. From that point of time on the dog has developed or degenerated under the processes of civilization very much like man himself. He has in some instances become ennobled and in others an outcast and an object of contempt. When Byron, in his bitterness towards the world and mankind, wrote

an epitaph for his dog Boatswain, he said: "Here lies one who possessed beauty without vanity, strength without insolence, courage without ferocity, and all the virtues of man without his vices." Two or three years ago an old friend of mine handed me an unidentified newspaper clipping which I have kept by me. This seems to be a good place to bring it again to light, although it is impossible to give the original source the credit it deserves. The clipping must be old, because Senator Vest, United States Senator from Missouri, died in 1904:

Some years ago the late Senator Vest was attending court in a country town, and while waiting for the trial of a case in which he was interested he was urged by the attorneys in a dog case to help them. He was paid a fee of \$250 by the plaintiff. Voluminous evidence was introduced to show that the defendant had shot the dog in malice, while other evidence went to show that the dog had attacked defendant. Vest took no part in the trial, and was not disposed to speak. The attorneys, however, urged him to make a speech, else their client would not think he had earned his fee. Being thus urged, he arose, scanned the face of each jurymen for a moment, and said:

"Gentlemen of the jury: The best friend a man has in the world may turn against him and become his enemy. His son or daughter that he has

reared with loving care may prove ungrateful. Those who are nearest and dearest to us, those whom we trust with our happiness and our good name, may become traitors to their faith. The money that a man has he may lose. It flies away from him, perhaps when he needs it most. A man's reputation may be sacrificed in a moment of ill-considered action. The people who are prone to fall on their knees to do us honor when success is with us may be the first to throw a stone of malice when failure settles its cloud upon our heads. The one absolutely unselfish friend that man can have in this selfish world—the one that never deserts him—the one that never proves ungrateful or treacherous is his dog. A man's dog stands by him in prosperity and in poverty, in health and in sickness. He will sleep on the cold ground, where the wintry winds blow and the snow drives fiercely, if only he may be near his master's side. He will kiss the hand that has no food to offer. He will lick the wounds and sores that come from the encounter with the roughness of the world. He guards the sleep of his pauper master as if he were a prince. When all other friends desert, he remains. When riches take wings and reputation falls to pieces, he is as constant in his love as the sun in his journey through the heavens. If fortune drives the master forth an outcast in the world friendless and homeless, the faithful dog asks no higher privilege than that of accompanying him, to guard against danger, to fight his enemies. And when the last scene of all comes, and death takes the master in his embrace, and his body is laid away in the cold ground, no matter if all other friends pursue their way, there by the graveside will the noble dog be found, his head between his paws, his eyes sad, but open in alert watchfulness, faithful and true even in death."

Then Vest sat down. He had spoken in a low voice, without a gesture. He had made no reference to the merits of the case. When he finished, judge and jury were wiping their eyes. The jury filed out; but soon returned with a verdict in favor of the plaintiff for \$500. He had sued for \$200.

The other side of the picture will be found in the Hebrew Scriptures. The dog was so despised by the ancient Jews that even the price which he brought in the market was regarded as "tainted money." In Deuteronomy it is recorded: "Thou shalt not bring the hire of a whore, or the price of a dog, into the house of the Lord thy God for any vow; for even both these are abomination unto the Lord thy God." And when Elisha prophesied that Ben-hadad, the Syrian

king, would dash the Israelitish children on the stones and "rip up their women with child," the king's ambassador in indignation exclaimed, "What! is thy servant a dog that he should do this great thing?"

No animal is so responsive as the dog to environment and association. He may easily become a cringing sycophant, a spoiled and querulous pet, a savage brute, or a self-respecting and devoted companion, according to the habits of life in which he is brought up.

These moralizings are suggested by a dog obituary which I have just read in the "house organ" of a department store in a Hudson River city with which I am familiar. It portrays in so engaging a way what "good doggism" is that it deserves more than the local circulation for which it was intended. So I venture to violate the canons of newspaper editing, which forbid the publication with editorial commendation of anything that may be suspected of being a commercial advertisement, and reprint the story of "Mike" here. Perhaps there is a special appropriateness in such a reprint, since some of the feminine members of my household had the honor of "Mike's" acquaintance in his hours of business monitorship. The obituary reads as follows:

Schoonmaker's "Mike" has gone to join the Great Lost Pack back to the land of the dog dreams, where his ranging, roving ancestry course the happy hunting grounds of dog domain. Recently, just before the snow of the blizzard began to fall, "Mike" was given honorable and considerate burial in a little plot under the shadow of an angle of the old stone enclosure of George Smith's farm on the outskirts of Newburgh. "Mike's" friends, whom he had loyally loved as only a dog loves humans, were there to pay him final tribute. The snow, in which "Mike" loved to wallow in his active days, gently threw a white covering over his grave.

"Mike," a brindle bull, was the accredited dean of Newburgh dogs. For fifteen years or more he had been a dog citizen of public consideration. A writer of dog classics, had Newburgh possessed one, might have found in "Mike" inspiration for a spirited story.

As a pup "Mike" started in the ordinary dog way, ungainly, unbeautiful, but in the back of his head was a wealth of dog common sense and understanding,

an acute perception, and a great abiding dog loyalty. Scent is the primary dog faculty, but "Mike" was favored also with a hearing discrimination unusual. He would lie with his muzzle to the door and cars could come and pass unnoticed by the dozen until the "home" car approached, when "Mike" would distinguish its individual "purring" and arise with joyous barking to greet the arriving family.

In his dog boy days he was one of the boys, in the romps always ready to take the lead, specially in the swimming feats. He would beat the boy swimmers to the float, scramble up first, and be there to lick their faces, sometimes much to their annoyance, when they attempted to climb aboard. "Mike" so loved the swimming events that he would dash away from an unfinished meal to join the swimming party and avoid being left behind.

"Mike's" historical swimming experience was bucking the Hudson River, tide and current against him. "Mike" had friends in Beacons, humans, upon whom he punctiliously called at proper intervals. It was his wise custom to stroll down to the ferry, await his opportunity, slip aboard the boat, and cross over. On one of these trips, he missed the jump as the ferry left the slip, but he did not turn back. "Lou" Henderson discovered him swimming after the boat, almost exhausted. "Lou" stopped the boat, rescued "Mike" with a pike pole, and "Mike," between shaking off his water-soaked coat, made acknowledgments to "Lou" with a depth of affection that he maintained ever after. He never forgot. Periodically thereafter, four times a week, to be exact, he climbed the hill to "Lou's" house to pay his tribute of gratitude. His last call, a few weeks before he died, fell short. He was too feeble to make the grade. Half-way up his strength gave out. Mrs. Henderson heard his bark of appeal, and came down to him. He and she knew it was his farewell call. He realized his strength had gone and he never tried again.

Never a business man more regular in his office hours than "Mike." Every morning he made his journey down Third Street to arrive for the opening of the Schoonmaker Store. There he took his place at the head of the stairs in the ready-to-wear department, where he had established lasting friendships, to remain a monitor for the business of the day. His was the joyous bark when the bell

for store closing sounded and down the stairs he led the procession of departing employees.

His goings and comings were an accepted factor in the daily routine of the city. And "Mike" had his ways of goings and comings. It is recorded that in the hot summer days, when street cars were in operation, "Mike" used to board a car in Water Street, ride up to Broadway and Grand Street, debark there, and then amble home on a level, thus avoiding the hill climb. The car men knew "Mike" and never taxed him a fare; indeed, they stopped for him, getting on and off. It is said that dogs do not reason, but "Mike" evidenced otherwise.

Traffic officers knew "Mike" and respected him. Recently, eyesight failing and his acute hearing his only protection from the motor traffic, officers accorded "Mike" the right of way when his turn came and passed him safely across the street, and "Mike" knowingly and dog gentleman that he was acknowledged the courtesy. There came a day recently when "Mike's" journey to the store was interrupted by his failing strength. He made the trip as far as Montgomery Street. His heart and head were anxious to perform, but his legs could not respond. Telephone calls from friends told of his plight. He was carried home. It was his last game effort to keep his course.

The shadowy line of demarcation between reason and instinct has constantly puzzled physiologists, philosophers, and metaphysicians. The present article is merely reportorial, and not at all philosophical. I neither wish nor propose to involve myself in the everlasting and complicated debates on physiological psychology. All I can say is that after reading the story of "Mike," or Dr. John Brown's "Rab and His Friends," or a book by John Taintor Foote called "Dumb-bell of Brookfield" (a portrayal of canine character which is much more than ephemeral literature and which ought to be in the hands of every dog lover), or John Muir's little masterpiece "Stickeen," I find myself on questions of scientific animal psychology much in the frame of mind which Edward FitzGerald ascribed to Omar Khayyám:

Myself when young did eagerly frequent  
 Doctor and saint and heard much argument  
 About it and about; but evermore  
 Came out by the same door wherein I  
 went.



# An East Side American

## The Autobiography of a Son of the City

By CHARLES STELZLE

**L**AST week Charles Stelzle sketched in the background of his early life—the swarming population largely of foreign birth or foreign parentage, the exciting sport of swimming among ferryboats in the East River, the “scraps” between the Orchard Street and Allen Street gangs, the crowded sidewalks of Grand Street and Second Avenue. In this chapter he de-

scribes some of his neighbors of the tenements—the graceful school-teacher, the drunken woman, the generous milkman, the hospitable bald-headed Jew, the absconding actor, the inconsiderate restaurant-keeper—and in the midst of them all the struggling, self-reliant mother striving to keep her home together.

### II

## Home Folks off the Bowery

**A**LITTLE alley on First Street near the Bowery, in which the houses are tumbledown, ramshackle, decayed, was originally called “Extra Place” by the city; but its name has been changed to “Riverside Drive” by the tenement dwellers in this diminutive street, a name which means the last word in luxury to them. I once lived in this alley, but only for a few months.

We always lived in tenements when I was a boy. The first that I remember was a very old-fashioned one. It was a big, ugly house. The bedrooms were all dark, and had no outside ventilation. I can still picture the room in which I slept during those stifling, almost unendurable August nights, with its little barred window looking out on a dark, narrow, ill-smelling hall, the scene of some of the most important events in the social and domestic life of my neighbors. Here much of the courting was done. Here, too, the women did the family washing.

There was one hydrant on each floor, in the hall, and, as there was no running water in the rooms, the women had to carry it in, a bucketful at a time, when they did their washing or when some one was going to have a bath, which was usually taken in a wash-tub. Such a scramble as there was on wash-days! I wonder, now, why the landlord didn't assign a different day in the week to each tenant of a particular floor. But everybody seemed to think that the only wash-day worth having was Monday. So there was sometimes a good deal of excitement in the halls. Most of the tenement battles were fought there—that is, among the women and children; I suppose the men went to the corner saloon to settle their differences.

Ordinarily I was callously indifferent to these quarrels. Only when there

threatened to be a real fight did I take any interest. East Sider that I was, I thoroughly enjoyed any bit of excitement; and the constant struggle for existence on the East Side lent it a restless atmosphere which perhaps, after all, gave zest to life. If an East Side boy is at all healthy, he is about as “live” a boy as one can find anywhere. He acquires the habit as a very small child of taking an interest in everything that happens. Most of us “East Siders” have never got out of the habit.

**A**s I look back on it now, I can see that life must have been pretty hard for the women in the tenements. They were shut up all day long in dark, ugly rooms, with nothing to divert their minds from the sordidness of their existence. Every little while you would hear

of some woman who had gone insane and had been taken to the madhouse. I wonder that more of them didn't go mad! But her neighbors and friends quickly forgot about her. They were so busy living their own lives that they could not waste more than an exclamation or two on her fate.

Although there were many wretched people living in the tenements, there were others who were marvels of refinement and culture. One of these, for whom I always had the greatest respect and admiration, was a public-school teacher. Her father was a news-dealer, who delivered the morning papers in the neighborhood. Both her parents were Germans of a high type. Sometimes this tall, fine-looking girl took her father's place, especially if the old man happened to be sick; and as a small boy it seemed



Tenement boys playing on the street