

## FASHIONS IN DOGS



An Airedale, erect beside the chauffeur of a Rolls-Royce,  
Often gives you the impression he's there from choice.

In town, the Great Dane  
Is kept by the insane.

Today the boxer  
Is fashionable and snappy;  
But I never saw a boxer  
Who looked thoroughly happy.



The Scotty's a stoic,  
He's gay and he's mad;  
His pace is a snail trot,  
His harness is plaid.  
I once had a bitch,  
Semi-invalid, crazy:  
There ne'er was a Scotch girl  
Quite like Daisy.

Pekes  
Are biological freaks.  
They have no snout  
And their eyes come out.  
Ladies choose 'em  
To clutch to their bosom.  
A Pekinese would gladly fight a wolf or a cougar  
But is usually owned by a Mrs. Applegate Krueger.

Cockers are perfect for Elizabeth Barrett Browning,  
Or to carry home a package from the A. & P. without  
clowning.

The wire-haired fox  
Is hard on socks  
With or without clocks.

The smooth-haired variety  
Has practically vanished from nice society,  
And it certainly does irk us  
That you never see one except when you go to the circus.

The dachshund's affectionate,  
He wants to wed with you:  
Lie down to sleep,  
And he's in bed with you.  
Sit in a chair,  
He's there.  
Depart,  
You break his heart.

My Christmas will be a whole lot wetter and merrier  
If somebody sends me a six-weeks-old Boston terrier.

Sealyhams have square sterns and cute faces  
Like toy dogs you see at Macy's.  
But the Sealyham, while droll in appearance,  
Has no clearance.

Chows come in black, and chows come in red;  
They could come in bright green, I wouldn't turn my head.  
The roof of their mouth is supposed to be blue,  
Which is one of those things that might easily be true.

To us it has never seemed exactly pleasant  
To see a beautiful setter on East Fifty-seventh Street looking  
for a woodcock or a pheasant.

German shepherds are useful for leading the blind,  
And for biting burglars and Consolidated Edison men in the behind.

Lots of people have a rug.  
Very few have a pug.

—E. B. W.

inspiration. It was a frantic prayer that he sent to the gods above to help him in this moment of his travail. And the gods must have heard him, and taken pity upon him in his plight, for all at once there flashed through his tense wits the memory of little Isabel, and little Isabel's secret. How easily his host and hostess would forget time and its flight and everything else, if he but let drop some hint of what he happened to know by the wildest chance about their dear little Isabel, their sweet and somewhat enigmatic little Isabel—Isabel, who was almost like a daughter to them!

Perhaps it was time, anyhow, that sweet little Isabel ceased to be quite so enigmatic. He remembered well how she had looked at him, with a real ter-

ror in the back of her eyes, when he had come upon them that time in Montauk—Isabel and that man with the notoriously difficult and preposterous wife. Isabel had taken his arm and led him aside and said, "Now, my dear, you've simply got to promise me not to say a word about this. It would be misunderstood, and it would cause a great deal of trouble. You know yourself how that woman is, and what he has to go through." And he had promised not to breathe a word, and he had kept his promise. Yet surely fate had reminded him now of the episode. It would be going against fate, you might say, to ignore the answer to his prayer. Of course he was very devoted to little Isabel, and he admired her, and he really didn't want to make

any trouble for her, just as he didn't want to break the crystal glass. These two people were devoted to Isabel, too, and very much interested in her, and in the man with whom she had been that time at Montauk. After all, they were even closer friends of Isabel's than he was, and perhaps they too should know what her little life really was. And then he saw his hostess suddenly look openly at the clock on the mantel, and he knew there was no further time for hesitancy.

Half an hour later, as he put down the crystal glass which had been spared, and followed his hostess into the dining room, he felt that he had earned his supper and that he could relax. Now they could entertain him, for a change.

—JOHN MOSHER