



SCOTTISH TERRIER CLUB OF AMERICA

Excerpts From "Scottish and Irish Terriers" by Williams Haynes; 1912

This article is excerpted from *Scottish and Irish Terriers*, a book written by Williams Haynes and published in 1912. The book is in the public domain and is available in its entirety for download in several formats at the [Internet Archive](#). This article represents the majority of the first two chapters. If you are interested in reading Chapters 3-8 or what Haynes has to say about the "Daredevil" in Chapter 1 please click on the Internet Archive link above.

CHAPTER I - "DIEHARD" AND "DAREDEVIL"

"DIEHARD" and "Daredevil" -it looks like some nickel thriller. But they are only the nicknames of two game, intelligent, lovable breeds of terriers. The one comes from Scotland; the other from Ireland.

Geographically or historically considered, Scotland and Ireland have much in common, and this is also true doggily, for there is a setter, a deerhound, and a terrier native to each. The Scottish and Irish terriers, "Diehard" and "Daredevil," being game, intelligent, and lovable, have many firm friends. Both are somewhat unusual in looks, and both are favorites of Dame Fashion. To those who know them well, each reflects the characteristics of his native land. Moreover, they have likenesses which are differences, so let us meet them one at a time, for they are well worth knowing.

Words fail me when I want to describe the Scottish Terrier. To me he is the dog of dogs, my personal opinion being: all dogs are good; any terrier is better; a Scottie is best. I am therefore afraid that when I describe his intelligence, his temperament, his constitution, it will read very much like the claims of a patent medicine circular written in the language of a circus poster.

LOOKS OF THE SCOTTIE

Nor are his looks a line of less resistance, for a description of Scottie's physical appearance is not the easiest thing to write. I always smile when I think of an experience a Scottie and I had when I was at the university. The dramatic club was presenting one of Pinero's farces, and I was lucky enough to be playing the part of a young scapegrace. In one of the acts, I used to take a Scottie on the stage, and when not before the footlights she mounted guard in my dressing room - incidentally she made things very uncomfortable for one of the "ladies" of the company who came, in my absence, to borrow a filling of tobacco for his pipe.

One time, I came back to my room to find it in an uproar. Two stage hands were plunged deep in discussion as to whether "Betty" was a dog, or a tame bear cub-a debate that was quite seriously complicated by a third stoutly maintaining that she was a coon. They had long since passed the retort courteous stage and were almost at blows, and I doubt that I could have convinced them, had she not spoken for herself-her bark being conclusive proof of her dog-hood. Other Scottie owners can tell similar tales, and one can easily see that there are peculiar difficulties of description afforded by a dog that is indiscriminately called a "coon," a "bear cub," a "pig," and what not.

The Scotch saying "Guid gear goes in mickle bundles," fits this little Scotch dog-well. He is the smallest and most compact of all the working terriers, and a good specimen invariably gives you the impression of great strength and wonderful powers pressed down into the smallest possible measure. He is low on the leg, very heavily boned, and short of back. He stands about ten inches or a foot high at the shoulder and weighs from sixteen to twenty pounds. His head is carried high and his tail (which is uncut and about seven inches long)

is gay and slightly curved. He is all awake and as lively as corn in a popper, with an air of inquisitive aloofness not to be put on paper, but quite unmistakable in the dog himself.

THE IDEAL DIEHARD

The perfect Scottie's head is long, but broad across the skull, with a stout muzzle and a large black nose that sticks out beyond the line of the lips, making him look "pig-jawed," though in reality his lower teeth are even with the upper. His head looks a size too big for his body to the novice, but he has plenty of brain room and the biggest, strongest, whitest teeth of any terrier, barring the giant of the race, the Airedale. His ears should be small, V-shaped, and erect. The Standard allows semi-prick ears, like those of the Collie, but Fashion has favored the erect, and the semi-pricked ears are never seen in the show ring. His eyes should be like shoe-buttons, bright as live coals, set wide apart, and deep sunk, for a large, light, pop eye ruins his clever, varmint expression.

The neck of the ideal Diehard is thick and muscular, well set on sloping shoulders. His chest is broad and deep, his front legs heavy in bone and slightly curved. It is in his "front" that Scottie differs most from the other terriers, though his prick ears, his uncut tail and his short legs are decidedly different from what we are accustomed to recognize as terrier type. His front has none of that pinched, narrow, twin-stilt effect, for his chest is broad and his solid legs are set quite wide apart – not by any means the extreme width of breast in which the Bulldog rejoices, nor the broken, wobbly look of a Basset. The bone of his forelegs is slightly curved, but loose elbows that stick out are a bad fault. A dog so fitted lacks strength, activity, and soundness. His brisket should be deep; his loin slightly cut up; and his ribs neither round as a barrel nor flat as a plate, but a nice compromise between the two.

Broad and very muscular hindquarters are a necessity for the typical Scot. His hocks should be low and bent, but cow-hocks, that bend inwards, are a weakness. His solid front and substantial hindquarters are distinctive features of the breed. I like to see him short coupled, for one of those long, snakey Scotties, even though he have a head a mile long (as usually happens in this type) never appeals to me. The Scottish Terrier was made to fight his battles underground with very game and very well armed enemies, and he must be small and powerful. I know from experience it is the blocky dog that fills this bill.

His feet should be good size, but compact and equipped with big, black nails. His tail - the bone as well as the hair - should be thick at the base and tapering to a point at the tip. In color, he can cover quite a wide range-black, gray, grizzle, brindle, sandy, or reddish wheaten-but he cannot have white markings outside of a tiny patch on his breast and even that is not considered a beauty spot. Popular fancy favors a black dog, but such a one is apt to look "soft" and must have a wonderfully good, dark eye to keep the true Diehard expression. Personally, I prefer a gray grizzle, a sort of salt and pepper, with brindles and steels, as dark as possible, for second pickings. No one nowadays cares much for a very light colored Scottie.

The ideal coat is about two inches long on the body. It must be extremely harsh and wiry and lined with a wool-like undercoat. The hair on the skull is wiry, but short, and it is the style to cultivate whiskers on the muzzle. On the ears the hair is soft and short, without any suggestion of a fringe.

When the true Scottie moves, he has a distinctive gait. When trotting he picks up his feet carefully and quickly and seems to be suspended in air between steps, very much like a good hackney without, of course, the excessive action in front. He can run very fast for a dog of his size, and will cover remarkable distances with little or no discomfort. In fact, I have time and again seen him literally walk other terriers off their feet.

All in all, a typical Scottish Terrier is a small, (lark, wire-coated dog, short on the leg, with a longish head on a compact body, very strong and powerful in appearance, but quick in his movements and wonderfully bright and wide-awake looking.

THE DIEHARD'S QUALITIES

So much for his looks: now for Scottie himself. I am afraid that we must grant that he "ain't no rose" for looks, but handsome is that handsome does, and mentally he is the most lovable of dogs. One of the favorite stories of Mr. Campbell Covil, an enthusiast on the subject of the Highland dog, has that same moral. A friend of his wife's came to visit them, and at first it was "Take those ugly little brutes away;" But she stayed a week, and her opinion changed, for she went triumphantly home carrying a Scottie pup for which she had paid fifty dollars. Nobody seems to fall madly in love with Scottie at first sight, but nobody can live in the same house with him a week and not love him. As Dr. Fayette Ewing has so well said, "He just wags his way into your heart."

The wag of his tail is unique – as he is himself, which is saying a good deal. It is such a wholesouled wag, starting at his very nose, just as if his tail alone could not begin to tell you how glad he is to see you. He does not, however, wag for strangers. He unreservedly devotes himself to one person, tolerating Master's friends, but ignoring the rest of the world. The very highest tribute that is paid to his companionable qualities is the fact that many fanciers who have large kennels of other breeds keep a Scottish Terrier in the house.

As for his gameness, it is beyond dispute. In the rugged Highlands of Scotland, he was carefully bred for centuries and kept for the specific purpose of dealing with foxes and otters. Now, dealing with foxes and otters over steep hills and down the glens is no sine-cure, and when the quarry takes to his den in cairn or cave, the dog who will get him out, dead or alive, must be both game and willing. It was at this work that the Scottish Terrier won his nickname of Diehard and proved a thousand times that he deserved it. There are dozens of anecdotes that tell of this dog's gameness---how sire and son meeting underground in a fox's den killed each other thinking they were fighting their hereditary enemy; how a little bitch, with one fore leg torn off, literally yanked a dog otter out of his lair; how a veteran, considered too old to take an active part in the hunt, killed single handed a fox which the pack had driven to cover in the very room where the old dog and his master's baby were playing.

Game and willing fighter that he is, the Diehard is not prone to giving street exhibitions of his prowess, for which we may be thankful, since foxes are not common in our city thoroughfares, nor otters on our village greens. Still, as the man who had a seventy-horse power motor and never drove faster than twenty miles an hour, said, "I like to know I can, if I want to"; and Scottie's can find legitimate use on rats, woodchucks, and their numerous relatives and friends.

Hard as a diamond-tipped drill, thoroughly game to the utter extremity, bright as polished brass, true and lovable, Scottie, with his odd little ways, is just the ideal dog-at least I think so, and I have had a long and varied experience with dogs, ranging from a half interest in a Great Dane to a gift Toy Spaniel. There are many who will jump to their feet to protest. A large delegation of these will push the claims of the Irish Daredevil, and to a terrier lover" there is much to be said on both sides."

(The remainder of Chapter 1 discussed the Irish Terrier, affectionately known as the "Daredevil." Please refer to the book link if you are interested in reading more about the "Daredevil.")

CHAPTER II - THE SCOTTISH TERRIER

To everyone the Highlands of Scotland are a land of romance. Their bold mountains covered with purple heather; their steep glens down which tumble the roaring, foaming streams; their rough, rocky coasts jagged with deep, irregular inlets and fringed with ragged islands are an ideal setting for the wild story of the country. The clans staking life and home for their chiefs in the bitter feuds; the sturdy drovers driving their wild herds of shaggy, long horned, black cattle down to the Lowland markets; the smugglers, with muffled oars and shaded lantern landing rum and tea in some hidden cove-there are a thousand good stories about each. Tartan, claymore, and bagpipe are the proper trappings of a picturesque people. Their heroes – Bruce, Wallace, the bonny Prince Charlie – are demigods of romance as well as historical figures.

One would be disappointed and quite resentful if their dog did not have a history worthy of a ballad. And so he has, for the Scottish Terrier, dog of the Highlands, boasts a lineage as long and as proud as the oldest of the clans.

THE TODHUNTERS

In ancient times, each district in the Highlands had its "todhunter," whose duty it was to see carefully to it that the then prosperous firm of Fox, Otter and Company did not do a too flourishing business in lamb and poultry. Sometimes these todhunters were of "the Laird's men," sometimes they were supported by the whole community of small farmers and dignitaries. There was honor and considerable profit in their office, and in time it came to be more or less hereditary. Their duty was simple. They waged war of extermination against the vermin, which, however, was a very different matter from the good old English sport of fox-hunting.

In the rough country horse and hound would have been worse than useless, and Reynard made his den in such rocky ground that he could not be dug out. The sole solution was a dog small enough to follow the fox, or otter, or badger, or wild cat into his lair; strong enough to bring him out dead or alive; and game enough to do both. A dog developed from this necessity, and that dog was the ancestor of the present day Scottish Terrier.

Those small, stocky, game, wirecoated terriers existed in the Highlands from time immemorial, but in the Lowlands there was another terrier. He, however, is quite another story and would not be mentioned here at all were it not necessary to distinguish sharply between him and our breed.

The confusion arises from the fact that this Lowland dog, who was also wire-coated, but lighter in build and much higher on the leg, was in early days called the Scotch Terrier. He is the dog whom "Stonehenge" supposed to be identical with the Irish Terrier, and to give another specific example, Dalziel in his "British Dogs" (1880), regrets that so useful a dog as the Scotch Terrier had never been popularized. This was not the short-legged Scottish Terrier of the Highlands. To early English writers, any wire terrier hailing from north of Yorkshire was a "Scotch Terrier," and under this most elastic term they even included the longhaired Skye Terrier.

EARLY HIGHLAND TERRIERS

We have, however, some direct and certain mention of the Highland terrier. In his "History of Scotland from 1436 to 1561," John Lesley, Bishop of Ross, mentions a "dog of low height, which creeping into subterraneous burrows, routs out foxes, badgers, martins, and wild cats from their lurking places and dens." Here is the earliest mention of our Scottish Terrier, and we find him already famous in his profession. St. John in his "Wild Sports of the Highlands" (circa 1840), tells of the Highland todhunters and their game little terriers. In Bell's "British Quadrupeds" (1837) is reference to the age of the wire haired Highland Terrier and Col. Hamilton Smith (1840), lays stress on this same point, claiming that they are the oldest breed native to Britain. One might multiply such quotations, and even point out some Seventeenth and Eighteenth Century paintings in which Scotties are depicted, but enough has been said to show: that the Diehard is no upstart.

Long, long years before the era of dog shows, stud books, and scientific animal breeding, the plucky little Highland terrier was cherished for a purely utilitarian purpose-the destruction of vermin. The only standard of perfection was gameness, hunting ability, and docility to training. The best vermin destroyer was the best dog-quite regardless of his looks -and was accordingly most sought for breeding purposes. The only stud advertisements were chance words passed, maybe with a stone jug, round a roaring winter's fire; such as "Andy McDonald o'Glen Tammis has a bonny wee doggie wha's a diel wi' a tod," and after some stories of the prowess of Andy's sporting terrier, the hearers would decide to send their bitches over to Glen Tammis next spring.

There was much difference in dogs of different districts, but a general type existed which, in spite of local variations, could easily be recognized. The dogs were small, short legged, and powerfully built, and they had long jaws with abnormally big, strong teeth. Their coats were thick and wiry to withstand the long, damp winters. The ears and color were most variable quantities. The former were sometimes prick, sometimes semi-pricked, and not unusually one erect and one drop. Sometimes they were large and rounded at the end-like the French Bulldog-at other times they were quite V-shaped. Joseph's coat was not a patch on the colors of the early Scotties. Generally, they came much lighter than we are accustomed to see to-day-whites, fawns, wheatens, light smuts, but ranging all the way to dark brindles and blacks, now so popular, but then not desired, for a light dog was easier to distinguish from the fox when the two came pell mell out of the den together. In early days some of the "fronts" were very crooked and wobbly; while darkness of eye, length of skull, and shortness of back were minor details that were bliss fully ignored.

"ABERDEEN" TERRIERS

These short-legged, wire-coated Highland dogs went under a wide and most confusing variety of names. This adds materially to the pleasures of their historian, especially when he comes upon such common-place and easily pronounced words as "mogstads," "drynocks" and "camusennaries," which were the names given by Mr. Gordon Murray to different local varieties of the breed. Fortunately these wierd Gaelic words – which, by the way, are not pronounced a la Anglais – never came into common usage, for they merely referred to local strains. In the land of his nativity the Scottie was originally called fox terrier, otter dog, cairn terrier, and other similar names derived directly from his work.

These were not considered distinctive enough when the breed began to visit the bench shows and Aberdeen was suggested. This raised a howl from every lover of the breed who did not live in that city. Long and stubborn was the fight and at last the compromise of Scottish Terrier was suggested and accepted. The name Aberdeen has, however, stuck to the breed like a burr to a spaniel's ear. This is probably the result of Dalziel using it in his "British Dogs" – a book that was a sort of Koran for the early pilgrims to the Mecca of dog shows. What foundation there was for the use of Aberdeen is most doubtful. Mr. Thompson Gray, who was certainly a great authority on the dogs of northern Britain, has left record of an Aberdeen strain resulting from the matings of sundry local bitches (probably a miscellaneous lot) to a dog from the Skye district owned by a Dr. von Best. Most students of the breed, however, have long since arrived at the conclusion that the Aberdeen strain was but a branch of the old Highland terrier not a whit more important, though better advertised, than any of the other local families. Yet the name sticks and most Scotties owners have had experience with the misnomer.

Out in Baltimore County, Maryland, there is an old Yorkshireman who makes a living raising hedge-plants and shrubs. One day, when I was living down there, I walked over to his little place for I heard he was an interesting character and also that he had some fine game chickens which I wanted to see. I took two Scotties with me and he hailed them as Aberdeen Terriers – the like of which he had not seen in fifty years. Both of them were show dogs of the approved modern type--one has since won the Champion's title-and I was surprised that he should recognize the breed. On questioning him I found that my dogs were bigger (they weighed about eighteen or nineteen pounds and no one would call them big to-day) with flatter, more wiry coats, and longer heads than the dogs he knew half a century ago. This is interesting because I think he knew what he was talking about; certainly he had had a good deal of experience with terriers and had an eye for good stock, judging by his own dogs and chickens.

The only other interesting experience I ever had with "Aberdeen Terriers," was in Worksop, England, where a brother of the "boots" at the Red Lion tried to sell me some real old Aberdeen Terrier pups, which looked to me like a cross between a Scottie and an Irish or Welsh Terrier. Neither parent was visible, and the pedigree was too romantic to be authentic, so I had to withstand the temptation to get some of "the genuine old Aberdeen stock."

Before 1875, to return to our sketch of the breed, the Scottish Terrier was, save in a few rare cases, unknown outside the Highlands where he was largely in the possession of sporting lairds, gamekeepers, and the todhunters. They kept him as a mighty little hunter, but loved him for his pluck, his affectionate disposition and his intelligence. About that time, however, a few stray entries found their way to the bench shows in the classes for broken-haired or working terriers. There they kept company with Skyes, Bedlingtons, Paisleys, and sometimes an Airedale or two. In 1879 Dundee Show gave the breed a class of their own, and in 1880 the first dog of the breed, the property of Mr. James A. Adamson, of Aberdeen, was entered in the English Stud Book.

PARENTS OF THE BREED

The Scottish Terrier of to-day traces his pedigree back to a famous quartette, Splinter II, Tartan, Dunnolly, and Bonaccord. The first of these, Splinter, is literally the mother of the breed and ninety per cent of the dogs who have won their championships trace directly in the female line to this great bitch. Some idea of the importance of Splinter II may be gleaned from the fact that her name appears sixty-six times in the pedigree of Ch. Heather Bob-twenty-nine times through his sire Ch. Heather Prince and thirty-seven through his dam Ch. Sunray. Splinter II came originally from the Highlands, being one of a pack of sixty terriers sent by Mr. Gordon Murray to Sir Poynter Pigott of Norwich, one of the breed's first and best English friends. The mob of sixty was a pretty miscellaneous lot, but it contained Splinter and Tartan, which covers a multitude of sins. Mr. H. L. Ludlow, to whom the breed owes a never-to-be-paid debt, bought these two celebrities. He has described Splinter as small, compact, well coated, and with a line expression. Tartan has been described as very cobby, short headed, but with a good eye and nice ears. The Tartan-Splinter II cross produced Worry, dam of four champions.

Dunnolly came from the Isle of Skye and was owned by Captain Mackie, another early enthusiast. He was a powerful dog, low to the ground and blessed with an exceptionally long, clean head for his time, but he had bad faults in his loose shoulders and big ears.

Bonaccord, last of the four, but a most illustrious sire, came from somewhere up Aberdeen way and was the property of Mr. Ludlow. He was noted for his game spirit and excelled physically in shortness of back, soundness of front, and quality of coat. He was, however, light in bone, too high on the leg, and very short in head. Bonaccord bred to Splinter II produced Rambler, whose sons Dundee and Alister were the first Scotties of real classic type and are famous as founders of two important and distinct strains.

Though Dundee and Alister were more than brothers (they had the same sire and Dundee was himself sire of Alister's dam), they were quite different in type and each with strange potency transmitted his good points were to the third and fourth generation. Dundee was long of head, flat skull, clean cheeks, and a fine expression. Alister was more cobby, lower to the ground, and with heavy bone and big solid quarters. The two families which are headed by these dogs have produced the greatest of our bench heroes and we cannot do better than to trace the main lines of each.

Alister bred to Ch. Heather Belle (by Ch. Dundee ex a Rambler-Worry bitch) produced a famous litter of sound, heavy-boned terriers typical of this stocky strain. They are known to fame as Whinstone, Argyle, The Mackintosh, and Heather Bee. All of them figure in pedigrees, but Whinstone is the link in the main line of the family. He, bred to Nettle (a bitch whose sire was a son of Alister and whose dam had that same dog for grandsire), got Prince Alexander. This dog was thoroughly Alister in type as well as breeding. He was very cobby and showy, but shortish in head and none too good in front. Prince Alexander bred to Heather Bee (own sister of his sire) gave us Heather Prince, a dog who won prizes by the score and got some fine puppies. It is through him-usually through his sons Heather Bob and Abertay - that the dogs of now trace back to the Alister family.

SCOTTISH-IRISH TERRIERS

The Dundee strain, with its long head and wonderful expression, was not prominent so early, but during the last decade was paramount. Rascal was the first of the family to come to the fore. He was sired by Highland Chief, a son of Dundee, and his dam was also strong in Rambler blood. Rascal was a great show dog with a long head and fine coat, but he weighed some twenty-five pounds. His best son was Ch. Revival and his best daughter Ch. Scotch Reel. It was through neither of these, however, that the family strain was perpetuated, but by a less known son called St. Clair Fifer. Fifer sired a little dog known by the modest name of Jack, who in turn sired the great Seafield, founder of the strain that in years past has been invincible. Seafield had the good fortune to be the daddy of three sterling sons, Chs. Heather Chief, Camowen Laddie, and Seafield Rascal. This trio have given us the Dundee bred dogs of yesterday and to-day.

No one must think that there were no other show and stud heroes. There have been many, but these two strains of Splinter II's blood have been so overwhelmingly important in Scottish Terrier annals that we can cover more ground by tracing them than by giving a chronological record of the good dogs of all strains. In fact, the Dundee and Alister strains are so important that I am going to affix to this a pedigree of each family. These are interesting in that they show the close in-breeding that produced the dogs and how nearly related they are.

The Dundee family has been too prominent in recent years. They are famous in the show ring, but do not have such a high average in the breeding kennels. As an example, Ch. Heworth Rascal, a beautiful dog and as near perfect as I have ever seen, was straight Dundee bred on both sides. In this country and abroad I have, I suppose, seen four score of his get, and never one that came near his quality. I mated an Alister bred bitch (by Aberty) to a mediocre son of Heworth Rascal and got five pups, all of them good enough to win. There has been "a too great muchness," as Hans says, of the Dundee blood and wise breeders are carefully selecting out crosses.

SCOTTIES IN AMERICA

To sketch briefly the rise of the breed in the United States one cannot say "they came, they saw, they conquered," but rather they came, they nearly were conquered, they came back. Mr. John H. Naylor of Chicago, made the first importations. In 1883 he brought over Tam Glen and Bonnie Belle and in 1884, Heather. Little resulted, for the breed did not catch the American fancy, and till 1891 nothing happened, either in purchases or in breeding, worthy of record. In 1891 Messrs Toon and Symonds imported Kilstor and the following year they got Tiree. Shortly, however, these dogs were bought by the Wankie Kennels of Messrs Brooks and Ames, who also imported Kildee and Kilroy. This gave them a corner in the show awards, and the game little Highland dog came near being killed by his friends, for competition was choked and interest lagged. In 1895 the Wankie dogs were sixteen of the thirty-nine Scotties benched at the New York Show and all save one of the blue ribbons went home to Boston with them. Things went from bad to worse till these two owners, surfeited with ring honors, dropped out.

In 1899, Dr. Fayette Ewing of St. Louis had two good dogs in Loyne Ginger and Rommany Ringlet and the following season saw Newcastle Model in Mr. James L. Little's possession. The first famous American bred was Ch. Nosegay Sweet William, a product of the St. Louis fancier's kennel who came out in 1901, the same year the Scottish Terrier Club was organized and the breed came back.

Since then the Scottie has come on rapidly, making more friends each year, till now among wire terriers entered at the Westminster Kennel Club Show the breed runs second in number to the Airedale. It has been a gradual growth. Never has there been a great importing bee buzzing in our bonnets and no Scottie ever cost as much as some Airedales or Irishmen or Fox Terriers. I suppose the record was hung up when Mr. Lloyd bought Ch. Wallscott Invader from Mr. Holland Buckley. However, Scottie is far from a cheap dog as anyone knows who has bought one. In fact, the average price of a hundred Scotties sold this year would be higher than that of any other wire terriers and probably twice as high as the average price in Airedales. The demand is always sharp and the supply limited, and the time of the kennel which advertises "six weeks old pups for sale – dogs \$20.00, bitches, \$10.00 has not come.

The breed continues to make many friends, and has a rosy future before it, for if it has made friends slowly it has made them well and wisely. Scottie may not be so attractive at first sight as some others, but he has qualities that enable him to hold his friends long and fast. I hope that we shall not lose sight of the sporting possibilities of the Diehard, and in the rush for ribbons and cup's forget that he was first of all a game hunter of foxes and otters. Many of us know he is most useful and companionable in the field and it will be a pity if we neglect this side of his development. There is always this tendency among fanciers, and in the case of this breed especially it is to be deplored.

Some of the best times of my life have been spent browsing about the country with a couple of Scotties, digging out woodchucks and splashing up and down the stream after a fat water rat. They and I were better for it, and there is many a kennel-housed Diehard who would do good service on the farm at his original work as a vermin destroyer. Let us hope he may be given his chance to "make good" at his work. He has already won many hearts just on his companionable qualities. But that is only half of him!