

# KENNEL NOTES

By JOSEPH A. GRAHAM

ONE of OUTING's contributors has recently given some good advice regarding the care of shooting dogs between seasons. The same good advice applies to hounds. It is a tribute to the remarkable physical and mental qualities of shooting dogs that, under the prevailing treatment, they retain their form at all. Within my personal acquaintance there are many shooting men whose business permits them to have only a few days at a time during the two months of the shooting season; and others who take vacations of perhaps ten days or two weeks, but only once during the season. These men let their dogs lie around the house and get soft and fat, or send them out to the country, where they chase rabbits and dig for mice with the curs for ten months. The owners expect the dogs to be ready for work in the fall without conditioning or training. Any man who owns a hundred dollars' worth of shooting dog can afford to send it to a practical kennelman, or, at least, to some country place where it will be cared for.

It is the adaptability of hounds and bird dogs, growing but of the remarkable qualities mentioned, which enables them to show up in decent shape at all under average treatment. Hounds will often spend two-thirds of their time chasing rabbits, and yet be true to fox scent when the associations of fox-hunting are present to suggest to them what is wanted. Some will chase rabbits in the daytime, but ignore rabbit scent when put on coon at night. In the same way, bird dogs will often spend the summer, not only chasing but eating rabbits and then get down to business the moment they go out with a gun in the fall. Often such readily adaptable dogs are likely to be lacking in energy and character. A good dog has a right to be conditioned and trained as well as a good horse.

Dog breeders and the great number of gentlemen who think they know the laws of inheritance—I confess that I do not know whether there are any laws except those known to everybody—may be interested in some examples of inbreeding.

The winner in the English setter novice class for bitches at Chicago was Dashing Duchess. Lady Cole was bred back to her own sire, Cincinnatus' Pride, as an experiment. Dashing Duchess is one of the resulting litter. The interesting fact is that Duchess is a stronger and more vigorous animal than either her sire or dam. I consider her a better setter than either. She has not Lady Cole's finely chiseled head and rare quality, but she is a more sturdy and better setter all over. In symmetry and muscular force she beats her sire, good dog though he is. All of the litter were exceptionally strong and vigorous dogs.

Col. Mason McCarty of Maryland has

described to me the following example of still more intense breeding: He bred Clancarty II to Elgin Belle; both by Somers's Kent, he by King of Kent. One of the produce, El Rey of Kent, was bred to his litter sister. Out of this second litter, Colonel McCarty took a brother and sister and bred a third. All through he reports that he has had strong and vigorous pointers, which retained every element of the original pointer character and shape, without losing anything of size and vigor.

I have just ordered a pair of pointer puppies sired by a son of Rip Rap out of a daughter of King of Kent, Rip Rap's sire. The dam of the puppies is by Plain Sam, whose sire and dam were both by King of Kent. Her dam was out of a daughter of King of Kent. I am not taking these puppies because they are inbred, but because they are out of high-class parents.

Speaking of breeding, two matings have been made this spring which deserve discussion: Champion Peach Blossom, the most discussed, if not the best setter bitch of the year, has been bred to Sure Shot. On paper this looks like a mistake, since Sure Shot has won nothing since his derby form; but the practical man will congratulate Mr. Van Arsdale on his choice. Sure Shot is a dog of immense character and great speed, with more bone and muscle than usually belong to his size. He is of the Lady's Count Gladstone-Jessie Rodfield family, nearly all of which are great field trial dogs, and, as far as tested, excellent producers. Sure Shot has been called a bolter. He is not just that, because he always comes back to the gun sooner or later, but he is guilty of caring more for his own hunting than for any man. I should never pick him if I wanted an obedient dog, but he is of the kind which are sires. Mr. Van Arsdale was lucky that he did not get a service to Mohawk, though the latter is a champion. The Sure Shot experiment is much more likely to bring results.

Another case of breeding a bitch which any stud dog owner would rejoice to have sent to his dog, to a sire not at all fancied by the theorists, is that of Dot's Pearl. Mr. Turner told me a few weeks ago that he had bred Dot to Alfred's John. John is the best pointer of his generation. He has a pedigree, the peculiarity of which is that it possesses not a single fashionable name close up, and gets off into the ordinary at the first generation. But Mr. Turner is wise. Since the death of Jingo, he has been breeding to pedigrees, and not one of the experiments has turned out a success; that is, the sort of success to which Dot's Pearl is entitled. I do not hesitate to predict that her litter by Alfred's John, if they have a healthful raising, will be better than anything she has had since Jingo.