

SOME DOGS NOT AS DUMB AS KATZ SAYS

Here Are Records of Deeds Done by Canine Thinkers and the Verdict is Up to You

NEW YORK, April 11—Scientific eyebrows are up again over the news that a man named Patrick, in Elyria, Ohio, has a dog that can tell the difference between Sunday and the other days of the week. Scientific eyebrows are always up when a dog owner begins telling how smart his pet is. It may be that dogs really are brighter than other creatures on four legs.

But it will be a cold day when the simon-pure scientists admit as much. Mostly they string with Prof. David Katz of the University of Rostock, in Germany. He laughs and laughs and laughs every time any one touts the high intelligence of man's trusted friends. He says that any dog is a dumbbell compared with any monkey, and that a gorilla could lick both at calculus, squaring the circle finding the fourth dimension or where's breakfast.

He says that and how the eyebrows always rise when a scientist begins denying that their pets are smart. It may be that dogs really are not brighter than other creatures on four legs. But it will be a cold day when an owner admits as much. They string along with Mr. Patrick of Elyria, except when they spin out in front to show off a real dog.

About three years ago right here in New York a chiropodist on West Seventy-ninth street, his name is C. A. Reudolph, had a three year old English setter who had Patrick's dog beat four ways from the ace. Gorillas, your eye! And a barrel of monkeys thrown in! Luddy was so smart that when Mr. Reudolph gave her 3 cents in a paper bag she came back with a copy of his favorite evening newspaper, which costs, incidentally, three cents on Saturday also.

In Prof. Katz's own Germany there is, moreover, or was a year ago Schimmel, the wonder dog of the Berlin Detective Bureau. Schimmel, on the solemn word of a news service, has solved eight murders since 1928, and with no more reward than a bag of pfefferkuchen after each success.

Schimmel can't talk to boast of his triumphs, and neither can Barry von Stolzenfels, a dog that hung out around 72nd street six or seven

months ago. But Barry could do about anything else. Mrs. Herman Laube of Madison, Wis., owns Barry may wind up as president of the State University if the La Pollettes aren't stopped soon. This is all the more likely since Mrs. Laube says that Barry himself told her that in a previous incarnation he was Theodore Kalbeg, a professor of psychology. Barry can tell time, add, recite history, read your mind and even, occasionally, prophesy, although Mrs. Laube grants he isn't so very good at that yet.

Barry is probably as smart a dog as you would find in a con's age, but Oscar, the stray bloodhound of Evanston, Ill., wasn't as dumb. A dog-catcher turned Oscar loose at the city pound and trailed behind, figuring that a bloodhound ought to be able to smell his way home. Maybe Oscar did, and maybe he didn't, but when he stopped the dog-catcher decided he was as bright as he needed to be. He stopped at a butcher shop. That performance made him a fitting blood brother of the two hounds who took only half an hour to track down the pair of villains who fired a mine near Elkins, W. Va.

They knew the scent of their villains and Louis J. Menico's collie knew a villainous scent when he met up with one in Hicksville, L.I. The collie jumped through a second floor window of the Brentschneider's apartment and got a taxicab driver who shut off a gas leak in time to save the Brentschneiders considerable funeral expenses. The taxi driver's name was Harry McIntosh.

Collies are often up to smart tricks. Harry Frost, a sandlot ball club manager up in Newburgh has a collie, or used to, that watched every game, barked when a batter got a hit, fielded four balls and rested with the rest of the team between innings. He was almost as smart as the Moore's mutt in Mankato, Minn., who used to make the rounds with the mailman six days a week, but who never stirred from his kennel Sunday mornings. He was at least as smart as the two shepherd dogs in Garmisch Partenkirchen who watched the Olympic games last year without

Japanese in Canada Greet Brother of the Emperor

Wherever there happened to be a Japanese, they were to be seen gathered on the station platforms as the special Canadian National train sped on its way across Canada from Vancouver bearing Their Royal Highnesses Prince and Princess Chichibu en route to London via Montreal and New York for the coronation where Prince Chichibu will represent the Emperor of Japan, his brother. Included in the party were Viscount Matsudaira, Grand Master of Ceremonies to the Emperor; Baron Tomii, Counsellor of the Japanese Embassy in London; Major-General Masaharu

trying to steal a kiss from anybody. One of the pair always wagged its tail at an outstanding performance and the other stood on his hind legs so as to see better.

Then there was Matthew L. Mueller's Boston bull, Buddy, of Philadelphia. Mueller, when Buddy got into the news, was a violinist with the Philadelphia Orchestra. Buddy, according to Mueller, not only enjoyed music but could distinguish tunes. When any one whistled 'The Dancing Doll' he whirled around and around and around on his hind legs. He did a more languorous step in 'The Merry Widow Waltz.' For the 'Star Spangled Banner' he stood at attention. Not only a wise dog, but patriotic as well.

Very likely, however, the smartest dog of all, a dog who would confound the brainiest gorilla of Prof. Katz, belonged to Louis Amato, who lived a while back on 28th street in Manhattan. His name was Ritzie. One day he disappeared. A few days later Louis, who was 13, saw a man walking along the street and he was leading Ritzie, no less. He said he had bought Ritzie from a lady, and that Ritzie's name was Nicky.

Louis put the case up to Magistrate Rytenberg in Yorkville court. The Magistrate decided to settle the fight by placing the two claimants on either side of the court room. From such widely separated stations each was told to call the dog. Haslin called 'Nicky,' but Nicky merely lifted his eyebrows. Louis called 'Ritzie,' and Ritzie came running.

"Your dog, Louis," said the Magistrate.

What gorilla could have done half so well? What barrel full of monkeys? What Prof. Katz?

CENTURIES OF SPLENDOR TO PARADE THROUGH 3 HOURS OF CORONATION

Ceremony Has Four Stages --- Recognition, the Oath, Anointing-Crowning and Homage--Part of Which Not Even 8,000 in Abbey Will See

(By Jack Beall)

LONDON, April 12—The most famous and impressive medieval pageantry of patriotism extant in the 20th Century is the coronation of an English king. When George VI is crowned on May 12 in Westminster Abbey he will be the 37th sovereign to be crowned there, in a ceremony going back approximately 950 years to William the Conqueror. Always a majestic spectacle, it is expected this year to be invested with additional pomp and magnificence to restore and refurbish the prestige of the crown.

Whatever the surrounding panoply, the ceremony is an unchanging one. The hallowing of a British monarch proceeds through four stages, transfused with religious ceremonial and mystical rites, to the point where, crowned, anointed and robed, he goes forth to his people amid mighty acclaim.

The four stages are the recognition, the oath, the anointing and crowning and the homage. Together with the shorter, but none the less impressive, coronation of the Queen, it requires about three hours for these ceremonials to be accomplished.

8,000 To Be in Abbey

Nearly 8,000 peers, peeresses, dignitaries of church and state, royalty, representatives of the empire and other lands will be privileged to be present in the historic abbey. About

Homma, M.C.; Rear-Admiral Masaichi Niimi; Captain Sadao Yamaguchi, Equerry of Prince Chichibu; Baron Kikkawa, Master of Ceremonies to the Emperor; Madame Shizuka Yamasa, Lady in Waiting to H.I.H. Princess Chichibu, Dr. H. L. Keenleyside, First Secretary of the Department of External Affairs, accompanied the party east representing the Canadian government. Five Japanese newspaper correspondents are reporting the movements of the royal party, following them from Osaka and Tokyo.

a third will be able to see the actual coronation. The rest will hear most of it, but their vision will be cut off by the ornamental woodwork of the screen to St. Edward's Chapel.

All activities, after the royal progress from the state coach, up the nave of the church, will take place in a rather circumscribed area called "The Theater." This is a raised platform extending from the choir stalls to the sanctuary and transversely between the north and south transepts, better known to tourists at "Statesmen's Aisle" and "Poets' Corner."

To one side of The Theater are placed the chairs of estate, in which their Majesties sit during the first part of the coronation, until recognition has taken place. In the very centre of The Theater is the ancient coronation chair, with the Stone of Scone inserted at its base, upon which the actual crowning takes place. And to the rear in the transept are two thrones, a higher one for the King than for the Queen, where they may sit after their crowning and receive the fealty of the lords spiritual and temporal.

The recognition is a survival of the ancient principle of popular election to the throne, with perhaps a trifle of the cautious element. Led by the Archbishop of Canterbury to the four sides of The Theater, the King takes off his red velvet cap of estate and faces his subjects while the Archbishop intones: "I here present unto you, George, the undoubted king of this realm. Wherefore all you who are come this day to do your homage and service, are ye willing to do the same?"

A tremendous shout of "God Save the King," led by the shrill voices of the King's scholars of Westminster School, who officially play the part of "The Common People," is heard. There is a flourish of trumpets and a roll of drums after each successive recognition.

The King takes the next oath, the terms of which are prescribed from the time of the Revolution of 1688.

Only because the empire has become the British Commonwealth of Nations since the last coronation has it become necessary to alter any of the wording.

Pledges Just Rules

In a short paragraph of the oath the King promises to govern justly according to law. The remainder of the oath is taken up with his promises and obligations as regards maintaining the Church of England as the official religion. It really gives the best hint of the real inwardness of

the coronation ceremony. The oath completed verbally, the King kisses the Bible and signs a copy of the oath written on vellum. Now the King is led to the Coronation Chair, that venerable oaken relic upon which generations of people have wantonly inscribed their initials and carved their full names in an effort to link themselves with posterity. The fact that such a previous relic was permitted to be defiled in this way is a curious commentary on the tradition-worshipping British.

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