

A·DOG·DAY

BY ~
WALTER ~
EMANUEL
PICTURED BY
CECIL ~
ALDIN ~



Published by R.H.Russell. New York. 1902.



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A Dog Day

or

The Angel in the House

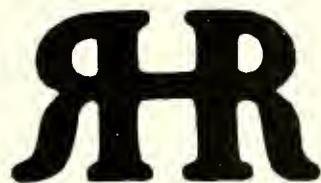
by

Walter Emanuel

Pictured

by

Cecil Aldin



Published by R.H. Russell. New York. 1902.

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TO
W. W. JACOBS
BECAUSE
HE LIKED IT



A DOG DAY
OR
THE ANGEL IN THE HOUSE

A.M. Woke up feeling rather below par, owing to
7 disturbed rest. Hardly enough energy to stretch myself.
In the middle of the night a strange man came in by the
kitchen window, very quietly, with a bag. I chummed up
to him at once. He was nice to me, and I was nice to
him. He got me down a piece of meat that I could not
reach myself. While I was engaged on this, he took a
whole lot of silver things and put them into the bag.
Then, as he was leaving, the brute—I believe, now, it
was an accident—trod on my toe, making me yelp with
pain. I bit him heartily, and he dropped his bag, and



Edwin
1902

scurried off through the window again. My yelping soon woke up the whole house, and, in a very short time, old Mr. Brown and young Mr. Brown appear. They at once spot the bag of silver. They then declare I have saved the house, and make no end of fuss with me. I am a hero. Later on Miss Brown came down and fondled me lots, and kissed me, and tied a piece of pink ribbon round my neck, and made me look a fool. What's the good of ribbon, I should like to know? It's the most beastly tasting stuff there ever was.





© 1902
L. H. L. 1014
1902

9.0.

Washed by Mary.

A hateful business. Put into a tub, and rubbed all over—mouth, tail, and everywhere—with filthy soapy water, that loathsome cat looking on all the while, and sneering in her dashed superior way. I don't know, I am sure, why the hussy should be so conceited. She has to clean herself. I keep a servant to clean me. At the same time I often wish I was a black dog. They keep clean so much longer. Every finger-mark shows up so frightfully on the white part of me. I am a sight after Cook has
been stroking me.

9.30. Showed myself in my washed state to the family. All very nice to me. Quite a triumphal entry, in fact. It is simply wonderful the amount of kudos I've got from that incident with the man. Miss Brown (whom I rather like) particularly enthusiastic. Kissed me again and again, and called me "a dear, clean, brave, sweet-smelling little doggie."



Ed. L. D. N. I.
1907

9.40. While a visitor was being let in at the front-door I rushed out, and had the most glorious roll in the mud.

Felt more like my old self then.

9.45. Visited the family again. Shrieks of horror on seeing me caked in mud. But all agreed that I was not to be scolded to-day as I was a hero (over the man!). All, that is, except Aunt Brown, whose hand, for some reason or other, is always against me—though nothing is too good for the cat. She stigmatised me, quite gratuitously,

as “a horrid fellow.”



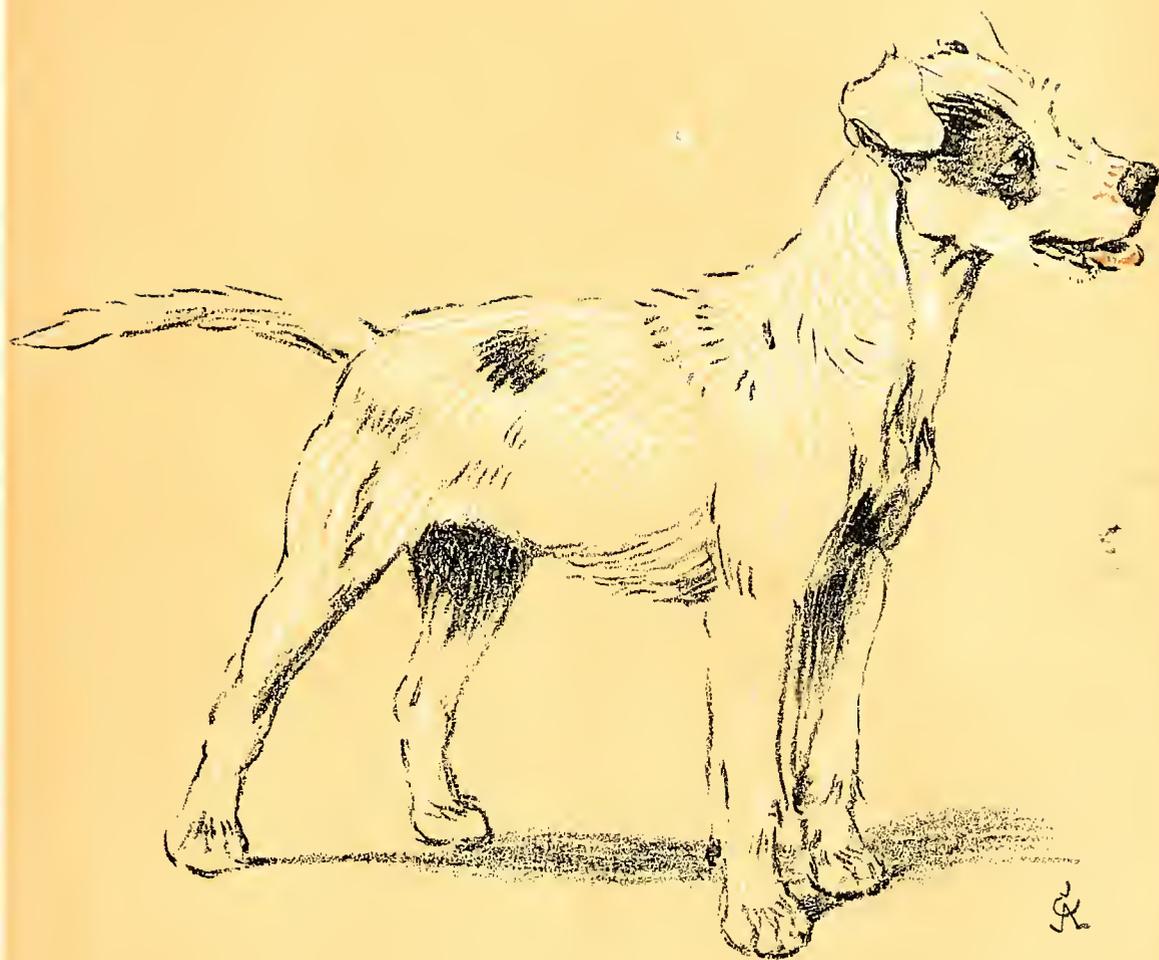
9.50. Glorious thought! Rushed upstairs and rolled over
and over on the old maid's bed. Thank Heaven, the
mud was still wet!



© 1902
L. A. D. W.
1902.

10 to 10.15.

Wagged tail.





© A. L. DIN
1902

1.33.

Pains in my underneath get worse.

1.34.

Horrid feeling of sickness.



Cecil
LADIN
1902

I.15.

Ate kittens' dinner.



Edwin
1902

1.20. Attacked by beast of cat again. She scratched my
hind-leg, and at that I refused to go on. Mem.: to take
it out of her kittens later.



©1911
ALDIN

1.25. Upstairs into dining-room. Family not finished lunch yet. Young Mr. Brown throws a bread pellet at me, hitting me on the nozzle. An insult. I swallow the insult. Then I go up to Miss Brown and look at her with my great pleading eyes. I guessed it: they are irresistible. She gives me a piece of pudding. Aunt Brown tells her she shouldn't. At which, with great pluck, Miss Brown tells her to mind her own business.

I admire that girl more and more



© 1911
M. J. H.
1911

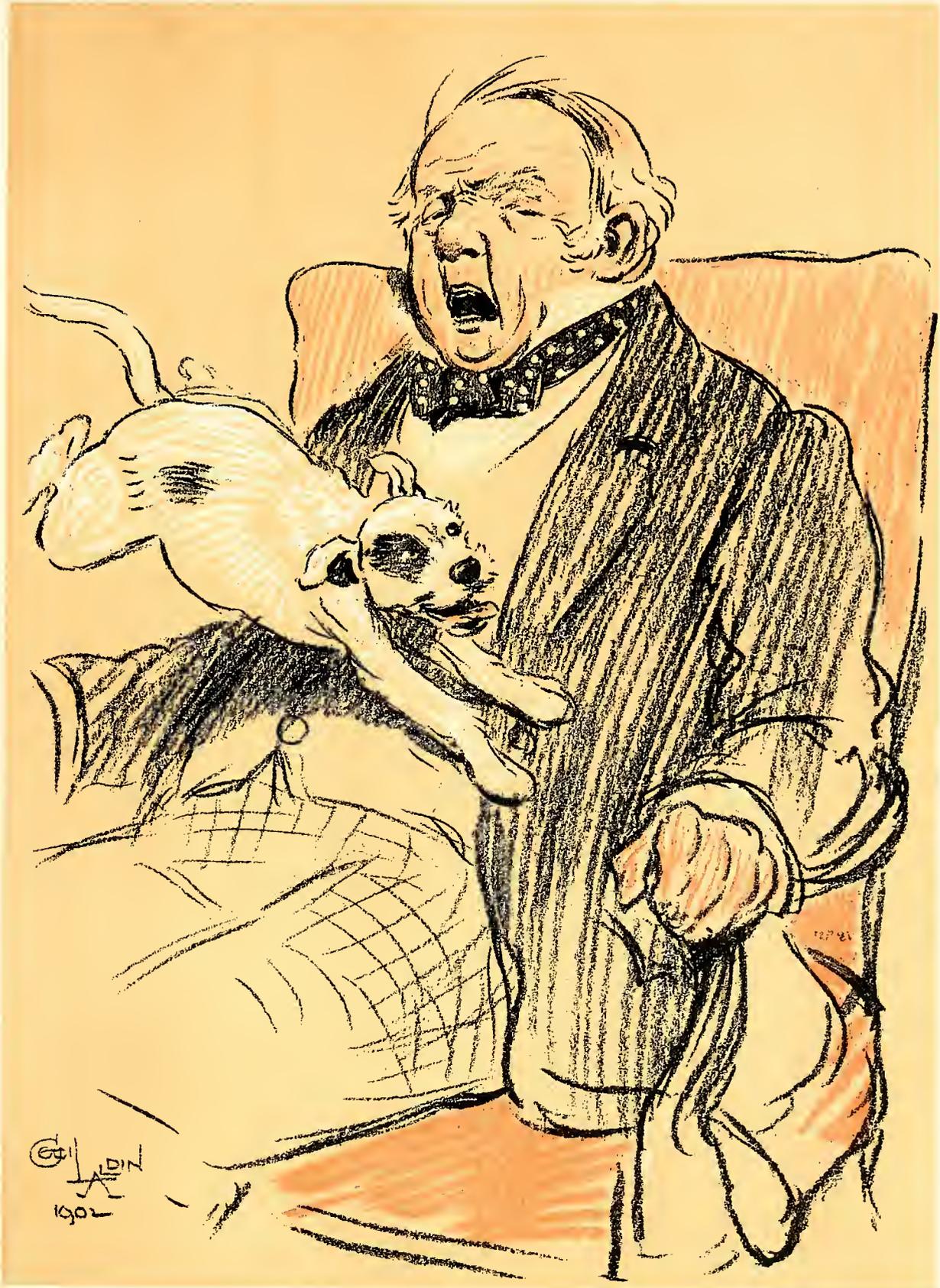


1.35. Rush up into Aunt Brown's room, and am sick there.



Ecil
A.D. 1902

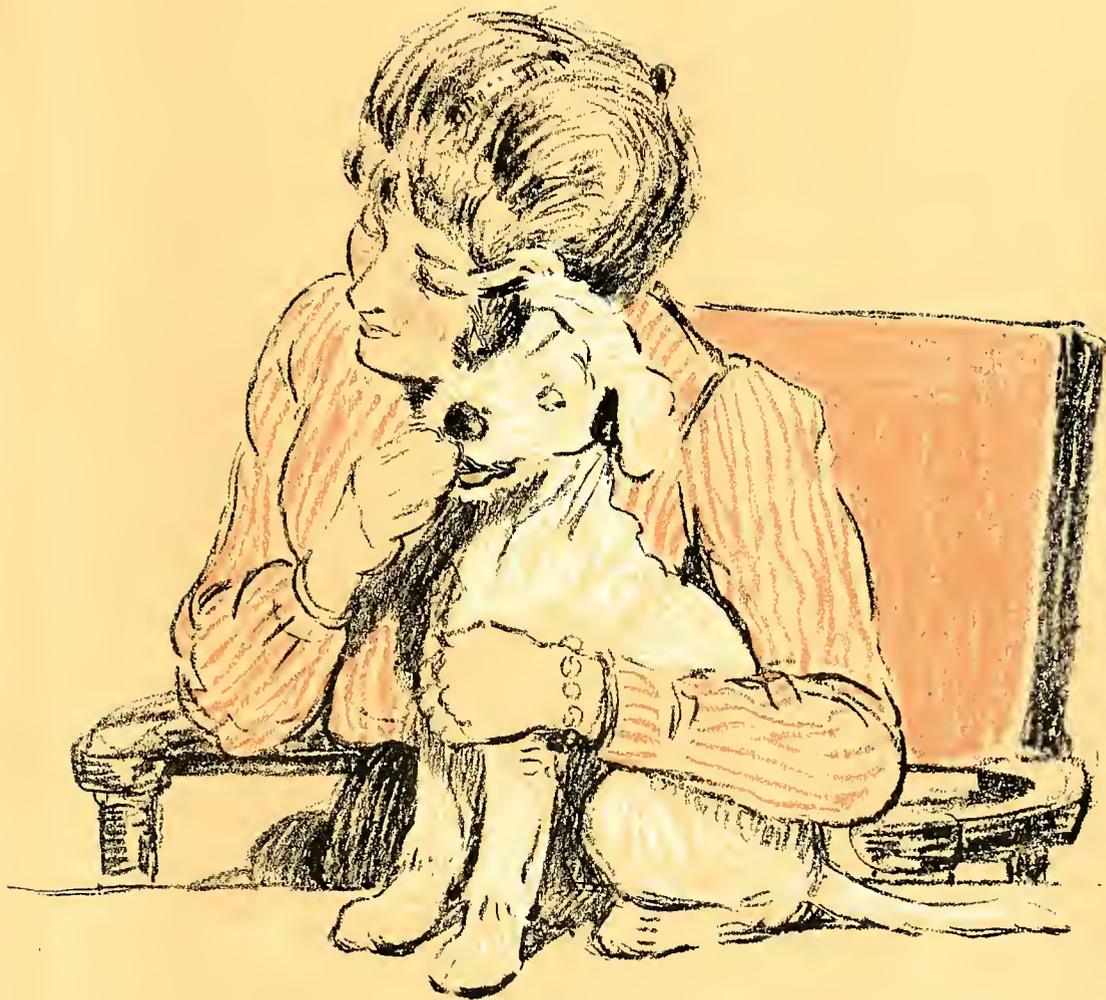
- 1.37. Better. Think I shall pull through if I am careful.
- 1.40. Almost well again.
- 1.41. Quite well again. Thank Heavens! It was a narrow shave that time. People ought not to leave such stuff about.
- 1.42. Up into dining-room. And, to show how well I am, I gallumph round and round the room, at full pelt, about twenty times, steering myself by my tail. Then, as a grand finale, I jump twice on to the waistcoat-part of old Mr. Brown, who is sleeping peacefully in the arm-chair. He wakes up very angry indeed, and uses words I have never heard before. Even Miss Brown, to my no little surprise, says it is very naughty of me. Old Mr. Brown insists on my being punished, and orders Miss Brown to beat me. Miss Brown runs the burglar for all he is worth. But no good. Old Mr. Brown is dead to all decent feeling!



© G. L. ADIN
1902

So Miss Brown beats me. Very nice. Thoroughly enjoyable. Just like being patted. But, of course, I yelp, and pretend it hurts frightfully, and do the sad-eye business, and she soon leaves off and takes me into the next room and gives me six pieces of sugar! Good business. Must remember always to do this. Before leaving she kisses me and explains that I should not have jumped on poor Pa, as he is the man who goes to the City to earn bones for me. Something in that, perhaps.

Nice girl.



© E. J. LADIN
1902



3.47 to 4.0.

Another attempt to kill rug. Would have done it this time, had not that odious Aunt Brown come in and interfered. I did not say anything, but gave her such a look, as much as to say, "I'll do for you one day." I think she understood.

4.0 to 5.15.

Slept.



GM
LACORN
1902

5.15.

Awakened by bad attack of eczema.



5.20 to 5.30.

Slept again.

5.30.

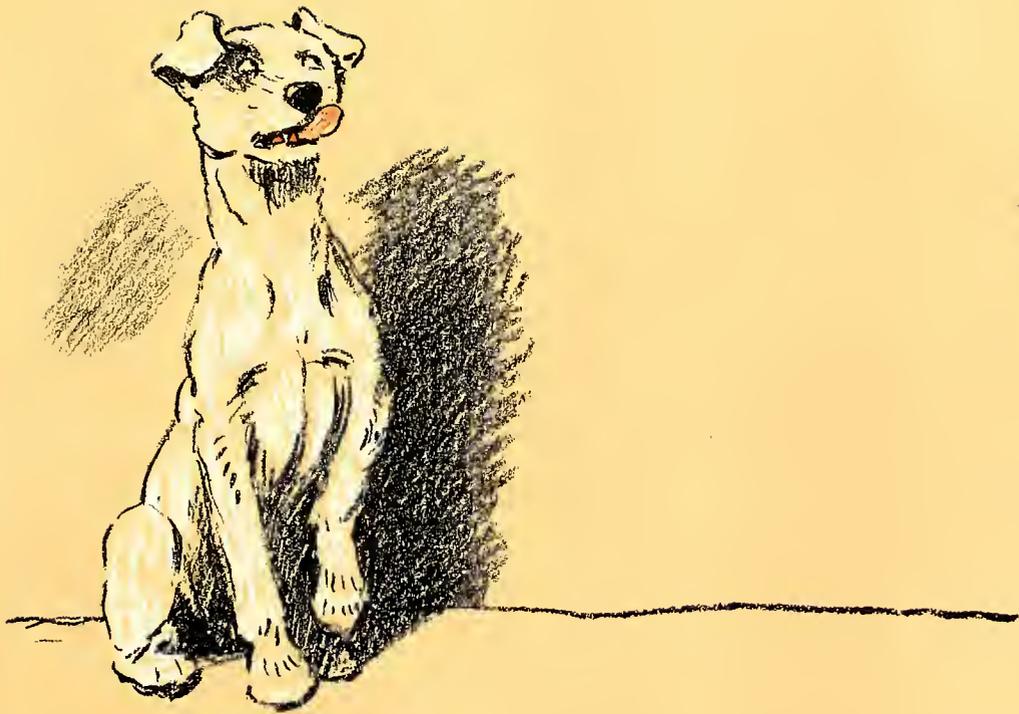
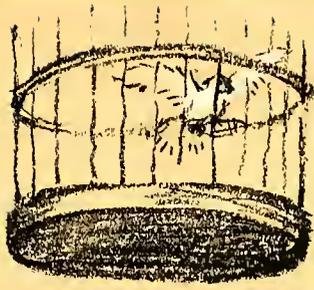
Awakened again by eczema. Caught one.



©1902
ALVIN

5.30 to 6.0.

Frightened canary by staring greedily at it.



© 1907
A. DIN.

1907

6.o.

Visited kitchen-folk. Boned some bones.



• Ed
N. H. P. H.
1902

- 6.15. Stalked a kitten in kitchen-passage. The other
little cowards ran away.
- 6.20. Things are looking brighter: helped mouse escape
from cat.



Edith Lewis
1902

6.30. Upstairs, past the drawing-room. Door of old Mrs. Brown's bedroom open invitingly. I entered. Never been in before. Nothing much worth having. Ate a few flowers out of a bonnet. Beastly.



© 1911
DIN

Then into Miss Brown's room. Very tidy when I entered. Discovered there packet labelled "High-class Pure Confectionery." Not bad. Pretty room.



Ed. L. LOIN.
1902.

- 7.0. Down to supper. Ate it, but without much relish.
I am off my feed to-day.
- 7.15. Ate kittens' supper. But I do wish they would not
give them that eternal fish. I am getting sick of it.
- 7.16. Sick of it in the garden.
- 7.25. Nasty feeling of lassitude comes over me, with loss of
all initiative, so I decide to take things quietly, and lie
down by the kitchen fire. Sometimes I think that I am
not the dog that I was.
- 8.0. Hooray! Appetite returning.
- 8.1. Ravenous.
- 8.2. Have one of the nicest pieces of coal I have
ever come across.



Ed
A. D. IN.
1902



G. LEIN.

8.40. Down into the kitchen again. Sit by the fire, and pretend I don't know what treacle is like. But that vile cat is there, and I believe she guesses—keeps looking round at me with her hateful superior look. Dash her, what right has she got to give herself such airs? She's not half my size, and pays no taxes. Dash her smugness. Dash her altogether. The sight of her maddens me—and, when her back is turned, I rush at her, and bite her. The crafty coward wags her tail, pretending she likes it, so I do it again, and then she rounds on me, and scratches my paw viciously, drawing blood, and making me howl with pain. This brings Miss Brown down in a hurry. She kisses me, tells the cat she is a naughty cat (*I'd* have killed her for it), gives me some sugar, and wraps the paw up in a bread-poultice. Lord, how that girl loves me!

9.0. Ate the bread-poultice.

9.15. Begin to get sleepy.

9.15 to 10.0. Dozed.

10.0. Led to kennel.

10.15. Lights out. Thus ends another dernd dull day.



111

1902

Handwritten marks in the bottom right corner, possibly initials or a signature.

