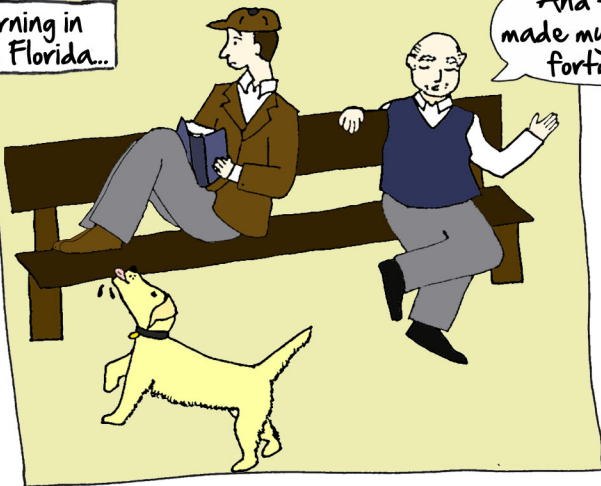


Tom Edison's Shaggy Dog (1953) Drawn by Carolyn Keating

One morning in Tampa, Florida...

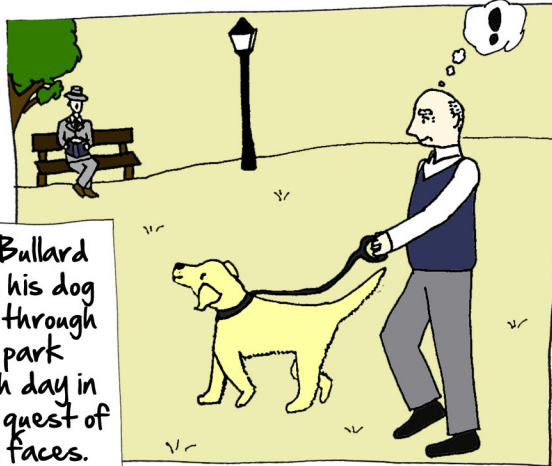


And then I made my second fortune...

Harold K. Bullard enjoyed reviewing his important past. But he faced the problem that complicates the lives of cannibals: a single victim cannot be used over and over. Anyone who passed time with him and his dog refused to again.



Goodbye!

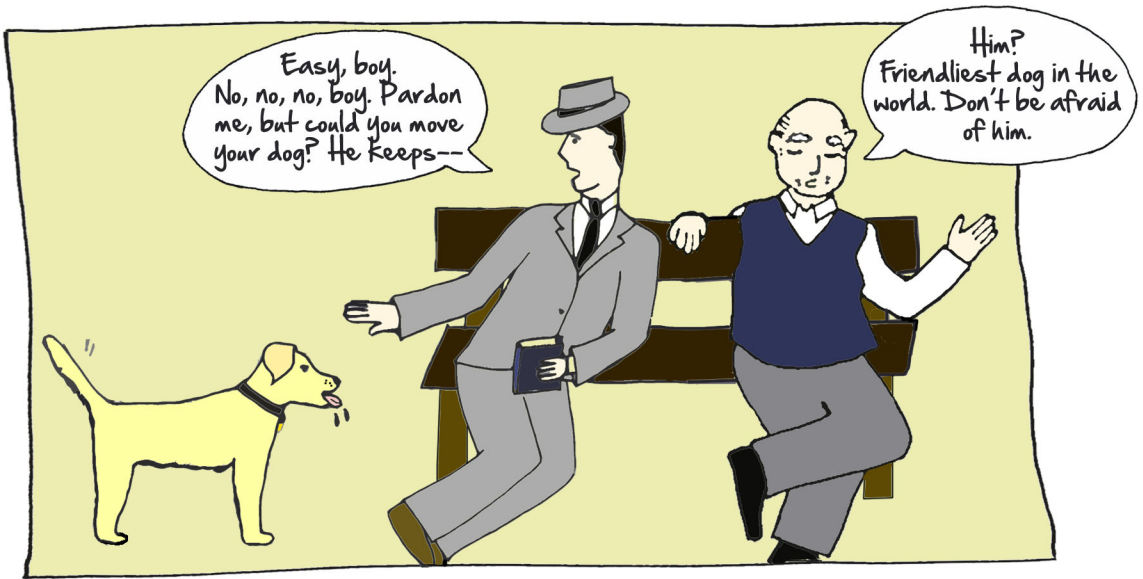


So Bullard and his dog set through the park each day in the quest of new faces.

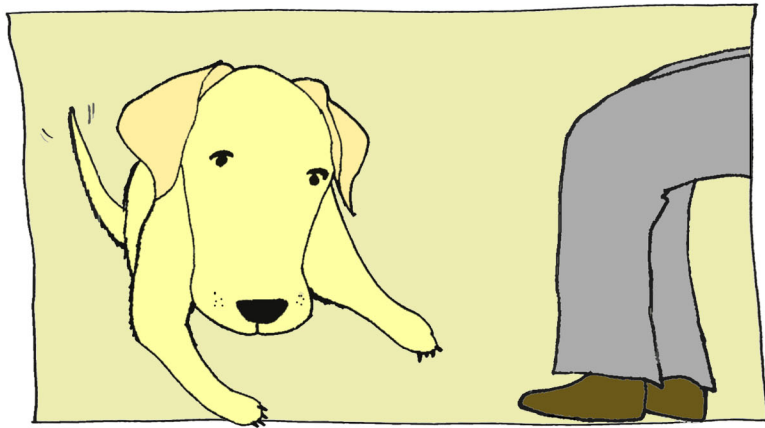


I made and lost 5 fortunes in my time. Two in real estate, and one each in scrap iron, oil, and trucking.

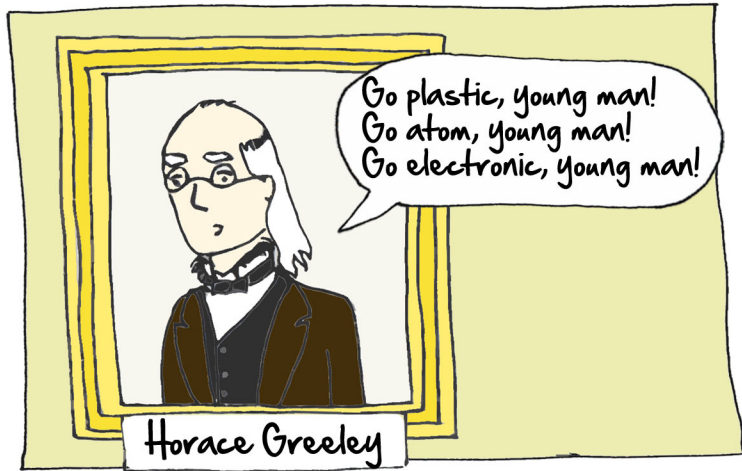
So you said. Twice!



"Must be something plastic in your garters. That dog is nuts about plastic. He once chewed up a whole plastic humidior!" exclaimed Bullard.



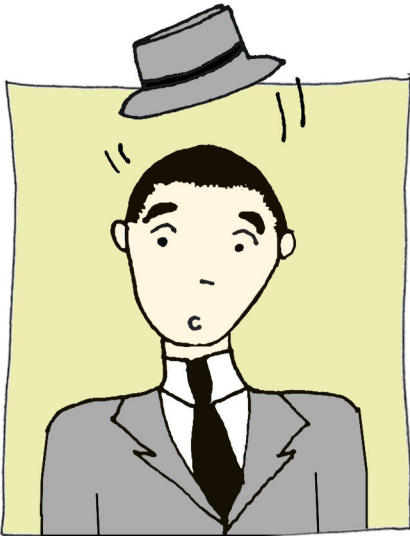
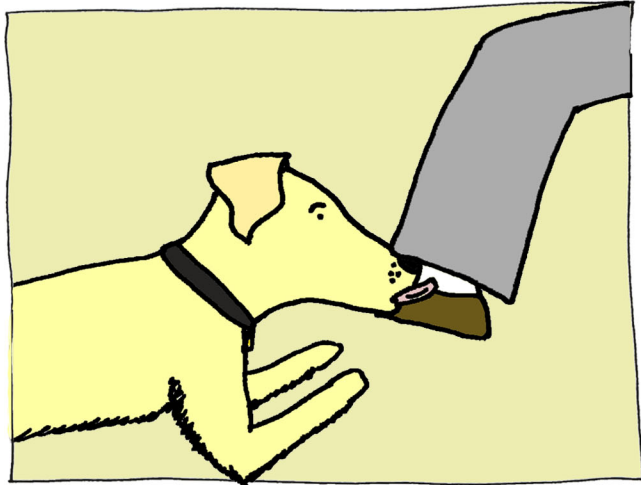
"Do you know what Horace Greeley would say?" Bullard said.



The stranger slammed his book shut, stood, and jerked his ankle away from the dog.

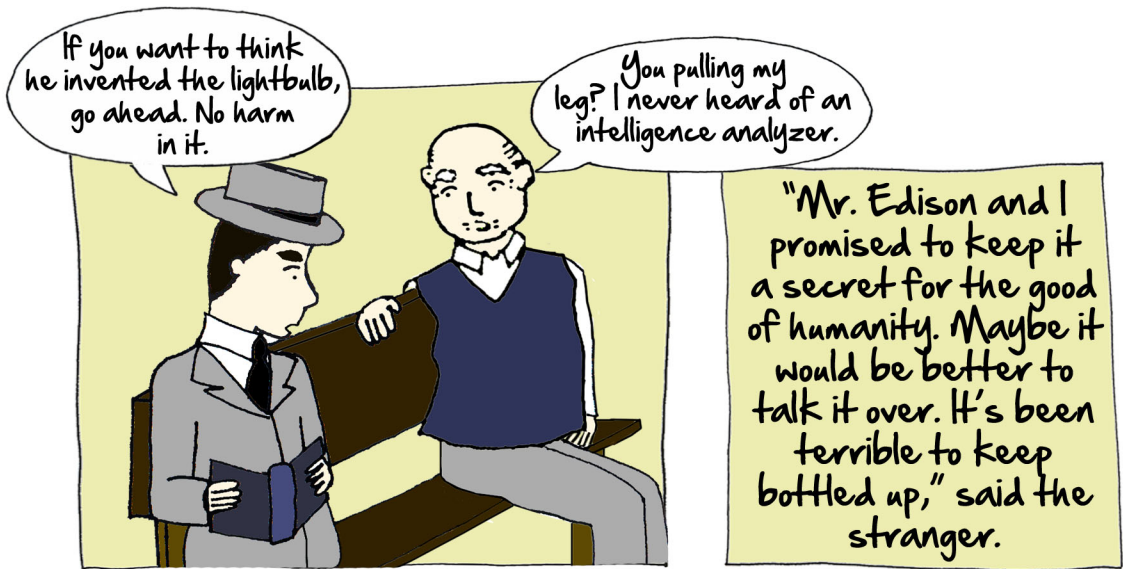


He stalked across the park, found another bench, sat down with a sigh and began to read. His respiration had just returned to normal, when...

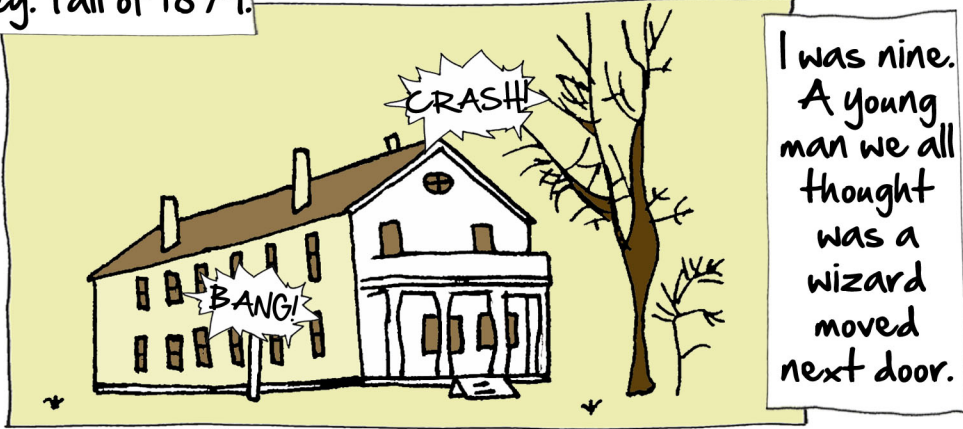


"Oh-it's you!" said Bullard sitting down beside him.

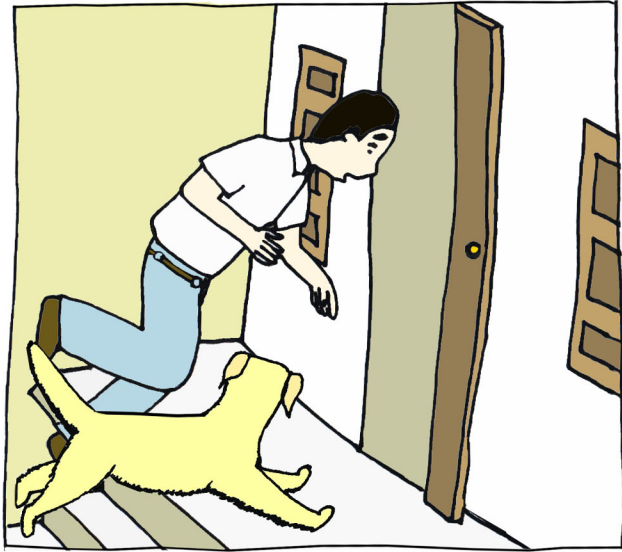




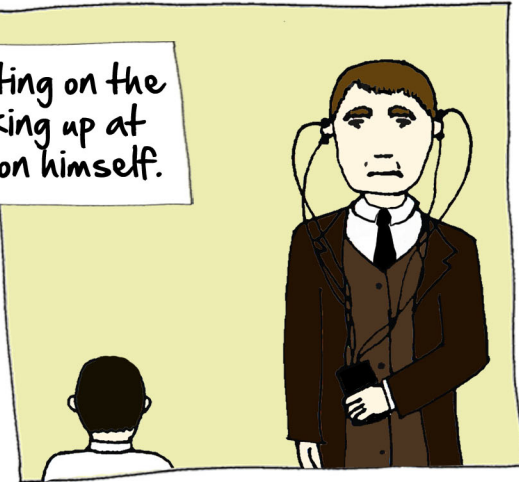
Menlo Park, New Jersey. Fall of 1879.



I didn't get to know Edison right off, but his dog Sparky and I got to be steady pals. One day we were wrestling around right up to Edison's lab. The next thing I knew, Sparky pushed me through the door.



I was sitting on the floor looking up at Mr. Edison himself.



He told me he had been trying to find a lasting filament for an incandescent lamp for over a year - nothing worked. So, he started tinkering with another idea: an intelligence analyzer.

It did work too. The smarter a man was...

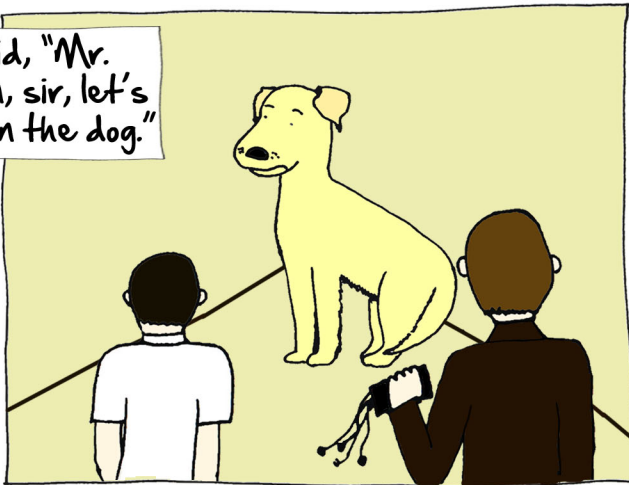


...the farther the needle swung to the right.

I let him try it on me, and the needle just trembled. But dumb as I was, that was when I made my one and only contribution to the world.



I said, "Mr. Edison, sir, let's try it on the dog."



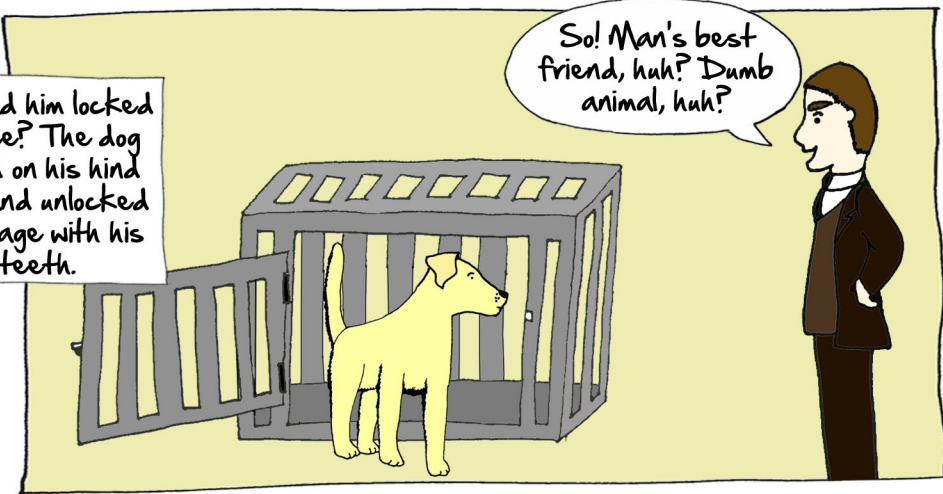
Sparky barked and howled and scratched, but we cornered him, and Edison held him down while I touched the wires to his ears.



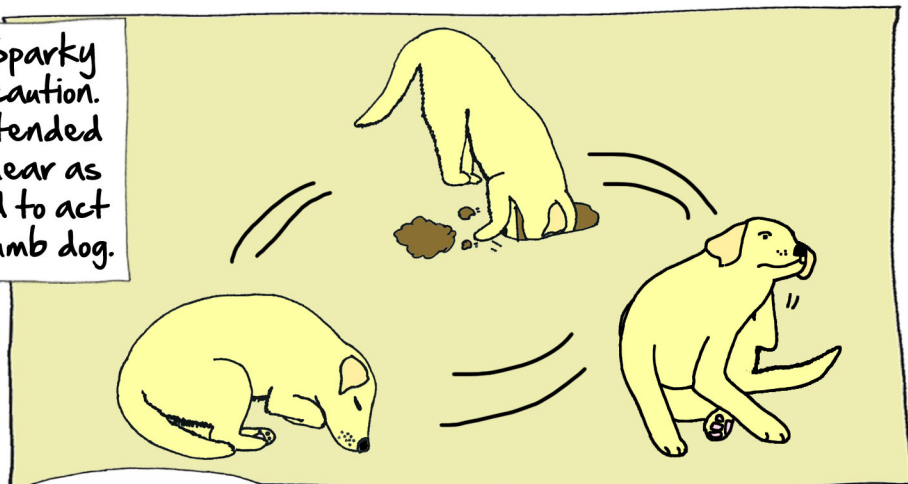
Edison thought it was broken when the needle passed his mark, but it wasn't. No, sir. Edison checked the whole thing. It was then that Sparky gave himself away.

We had him locked in, see? The dog stood on his hind legs and unlocked the cage with his teeth.

So! Man's best friend, huh? Dumb animal, huh?



That Sparky was a caution. He pretended not to hear as he tried to act like a dumb dog.



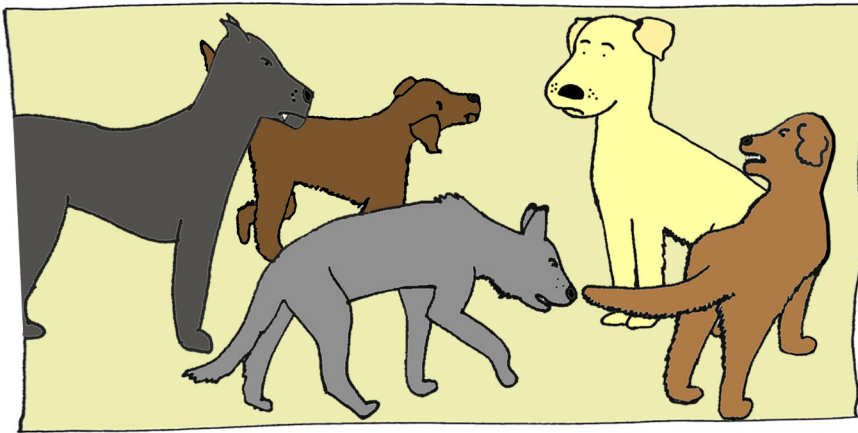
Dogs are smarter than people? I'll tell the world!

Look, Mr. Edison...





"Try a piece of carbonized cotton thread," were the last words that Sparky ever spoke. Later, he was torn to bits by a pack of dogs that had gathered outside the door, listening.



The stranger removed his garters and handed them to the dog. "A small token of esteem, sir, for an ancestor of yours that talked himself to death," he said as he stood.

