



## CHAPTER II

### MY FAMILY GOES TO EGYPT. HAPPY REUNION. NEW YORK

**D**EEP as was the affection I had inspired in my two dear ones, I had not yet become indispensable to them. Rather indirectly (through the servants as a matter of fact) I found out that Missus and Master were contemplating a trip to Egypt. I must confess that I did some eavesdropping to try to confirm the report.

“Egypt,” I heard Master say, “is no place for dogs. Chi would be miserable there.”

No answer from Missus.

“He’ll have a wonderful time with your family as they have Chows of their own and understand their little ways.”

Of course after that I could not show how I felt for fear of hurting other people’s feelings, but I was sad indeed, and I shall never forget the sharp pang of anguish as I saw the motor disappear through the gate and knew that I should not see my dear ones again for many, many months. I stayed out until five next morning, but even this dissipation did not help my aching heart.

The letters from our travellers told of the beautiful time they were having on their dahabeeyah as they steamed up the Nile.

I was happy to know they were being so delightfully entertained everywhere they went. In Cairo, for example, a famous Egyptian, Izzette Pasha, who was married to a daughter of one of the Khedives, and was noted for his lavish and striking entertainments, gave them a most picturesque dinner, at which an Egyptian manservant, wonderfully garbed, stood behind each chair, and all the service was of gold. It all sounded very wonderful and exotic when I heard them talking of it later, and I almost envied them their experiences. I am sure, in spite of what Master said, I should have proved a most useful companion. For instance, I could have kept those donkeys which my Missus was riding all day (Mary Anderson—a lovely white creature—was her favourite one) in much better order than the impudent little donkey-boys, though I understand my people's dragoman, Ibrahim Ali, a magnificent specimen, dazzlingly arrayed, was fairly strict with them. How useful too I should have proved if I had been allowed to jump overboard instead of the native who did not know how to swim, but who insisted on retrieving the veil which one of their party dropped overboard. They had quite a performance hauling him on board and drying him inside and out. He was given a little brandy which he was told was medicine (as his religion would have forbidden him taking alcohol), and it did him so much good that he kept clamouring for more. All these amusing stories came in letters which were eagerly read aloud by the family.

But this did not make up to me for having lost my dear companions, and I became more and more desolate. If women only realized what fool things the male will do when lonely ! My homesickness was to take on a time-honoured form—I discovered that before long I was to become a father.

Some dogs are born fathers, some achieve father-hood and others have fatherhood thrust upon them. I believe the latter was my case. There was not even a romantic tinge in my adventure. A marriage was arranged for me with a very well-bred blue blood girl Chow, with whom I must confess I was not the least in love. Our children turned out well, however, and indeed they both became champions, but, as is often the case, my wife remained more with her family than with mine so that the void in my life remained unfilled.

Finally, one day a telegram brought the long-hoped-for news. When at last I heard the sound of the motor on the road in front of the house I made one dash, jumped right through the piazza screen doors and into the car where They were and nothing could get me out of it. I said to myself: “If they start off again on their travels this time they will have to take me with them!”

They found me, so they said, handsomer than when they left me. Of course I was grateful for the care that had been given me, but I wanted them to be so proud of me that they would never leave me again in anybody’s home, no matter how kindly I might be treated.

The time soon came when I was to prove this resolution. It was decided that I was to be exhibited at the Mineola Dog Show. Of course I had not had any experience of this sort of affair, but I had always hated a mob, and I disliked the thought of being cooped up with a lot of strangers, prize animals some of them no doubt, but with whom I was not even acquainted. When these ideas got hold of me I said to myself:

“Brace up, Chi-Chi ! Make a good showing for Her sake !“

Even in my short life the amount of admiration that had been offered me made me realize that I was not only a very rare animal but also a decidedly handsome one. Chow dogs have three varieties of coats—the black, the grey, which some people call blue, and the red. Any other tints you see are signs of an inferior strain. I was born with the finest and rarest tinge of red, neither carrot nor flame, but the true Chow tone, and my coat was superbly thick. As to the blue blood in my veins there was no mistake, my pedigree vouched sufficiently for that. I certainly was very innocent at this time, for I thought everyone knew that aristocratic and pure Chow dogs have black tongues, so my humiliation and disgust were great at the Mineola Show when, one after the other, ignorant people passed along staring at me and invariably exclaiming:

“Oh, say, look at his tongue ! I guess he’s been eating huckleberries !“

The Judges accorded me all that Missus expected, and I was simply radiant as we drove home to Elsinore with Hilda Holmes who was staying with us and who owned my Chow sister, a champion in the Female Class. We had quite an ovation on our return, and as we passed through the hall where the eager servants had all gathered to hear the results, my proud Missus said to Master:

“These are his first ribbons, my dear; we must keep them.”

Shortly after this we moved up to New York, a nerve-wracking experience for me. I bade farewell to the beauty of Elsinore with deep regret. All that last afternoon before we made the move I sat on the porch watching the sea, of which we had a beautiful view. The sail-boats plying along looked so peaceful ! I hated leaving the lovely country place—up till now the only home I knew—and my apprehension about the city was, I found, more than justified. The clanging of the trolleys, the crashing and booming of the elevated railroad, the humming and honking of the automobiles were like so many blows to my sensitive nerves. I suffered agony. Once in the house there was some relief, but just to cross Fifth Avenue with all its traffic alarmed me.

One day when my Master had taken me out for my usual morning walk, and we were waiting on the corner for the policeman to whistle and wave and do all the things that struck terror to my heart, but which meant that we could go ahead, I forgot all my resolutions” never to do it again,”

slipped my collar, and off I ran. I did not even turn back to look at my poor Master standing there with no dog and only an empty collar dangling in his hand. I made straight for Central Park. I suppose I “reverted to type,” as Missus’s friends had said, and in so doing I spent a glorious day wandering and dreaming, and above all chasing squirrels, those tantalizing, elusive little grey squirrels which always dashed away up a tree just as I was upon them.

As generally happens after an escape, I suddenly became a prey to remorse. Whilst this uncomfortable feeling took possession of me, together with the pangs of hunger, I tried to collect my scattered thoughts. I was far too ashamed to go straight home, so I decided to go round to my Master’s favourite club, the “New York” in 40th Street, and wait for him there. I knew he was sure to come along towards the end of the afternoon, and thought it probable that Missus had scolded him a little for letting me slip my collar, so that he would be as glad as I not to make his appearance alone.

My misery was not yet at an end, however. I heard the question being discussed of another Dog Show. Poor me ! The time was opportune, as I was so contrite that I would have consented to anything, but this was to be a great trial, greater even than the first Show. At Mineola, on Long Island, there was plenty of fresh air and a country atmosphere which made the place bearable, but the old Madison Square Garden had an awful reputation among my kind. It was

stuffy and noisy, too little ventilation and too much yelping, and the dogs of my acquaintance who had been shown there said that, though it was terribly smart and top-notch as to awards, they were always afraid of catching some disease in that crowd.

I found out by experience that all they had told me was more than true. Finally, when they took me out before the Judges I gave one pathetic glance at Missus and stood on my hind-legs. I was pretty far gone, you see. But a remark from one of the Judges brought me abruptly to my senses and to my fore-feet. Looking at me rather scornfully he remarked, “This is not a trick ring ! “

I don't know what I might not have done to him, but at that moment I heard Missus say to him, more in sorrow than in anger:

“Trick ring ! Can't you see my dog is not trying to show off? That's his way of asking me to take him out of this!”

She put just the right emphasis on “this” for me to feel her entire sympathy and understanding. “This” implied “this disgusting, horrid old place where poor Chi-Chi is so miserable.” But her extreme politeness, in spite of her deep emotion, was a lesson to me on how to behave when you are angry. No growling.

The Judge (who felt pretty small by this time) apologized, and he even tried to pat me.

I made up my mind that henceforth I would try to

cultivate perfect manners and never to get ruffled; but in the matter of awards good manners count for little and points are all-important, so I was glad indeed, not only for my owner's sake but for my ancestors', when I again received the ribbons which I knew Missus coveted for me. This was but one of the various red-letter days which fell to the share of my family in Madison Square Garden, the scene of so many brilliant functions. I have heard my Master tell how he was awarded the first Tandem Prize ever given when he drove his tandem at the Garden in the good old days, and how his hunter Hempstead, who was shown there, held the record for the High Jump, and carried off many cups and prizes. This hunter was afterwards sold to the well-known and popular sportsman Foxhall Keen, and Hempstead's portrait now hangs in the Meadowbrook Club.

Well, I was now really a Prize Dog—if that means anything ! I have always found the expression stupid. People should say an “ aristocrat,” or an “ aristo “ for short, as they say in France—that covers all. It was not a few inches of blue ribbon that made me what I was, but the blue in my veins that counted.

And now I must tell you a little secret concerning mottoes. There is one of them, written in invisible ink, on the family escutcheon, and it is: “Love me, love my dog.” On my escutcheon, written in invisible ink, are just two words:

“Lucky dog !“ And those two words incline me to philosophize. How strangely and superficially some ignorant.





TRYING TO LAUGH



MY CUPS AND AWARDS

humans speak of us. They say” dead as a dog,” for instance, though a dead dog is no more so than any other animal, and for my part I think a dead cat is much more to the point. Then they use two absolutely contradictory expressions:

they say “a dog’s life,” and “every dog has its day.” They imply by a “dog’s life “ an existence of deprivation and drudgery, but I am sufficient proof of what a blissful time a

-pup can have from early morn to dewy eve. Whereas, on the contrary, it cannot be said that every dog has his day, as witness those poor little innocent creatures only a few hours old, who ask nothing better than to live, but who are done away with before they have ever had a chance to get even a dog’s-eye view of the world, a cruel practice which causes untold suffering to the mother dogs.