



CHAPTER III

LIFE AT SEA

IT was not long after my triumph at the New York Dog Show that I heard my Missus and Master discussing a possible plan for going abroad again. I was terribly afraid of being left behind once more. An appealing glance at my Missus questioned :

“What are you going to do with me?”

“Could anything be clearer?” said Missus to Master. “He wants to know what we are going to do with him.”

“Do with him? Why, take him along, of course.”

I gave a yelp of satisfaction, and Missus said

“He really is a darling. But what shall we do with him on the ship?”

Master gave me one look. I fear even my black tongue must have turned a shade paler, for he almost whispered

“Better not discuss it before him.”

This of course left me in a state of uneasiness which was only increased when we got to the ship on the morning of sailing. It had been decided that to avoid confusion as much as possible, Missus and I would go quietly down in the

motor, ahead of Master and the servants with our hand luggage. Mine contained my leashes, brushes, sweater and raincoat, and other really useful things. When we got down to the dock and I saw that huge ship looming up I wondered if I could ever climb the gang-plank, but I began to feel greatly in the spirit of the trip. We were taking the Mediterranean route to Monte Carlo. I felt very thrilled as I said to myself when we stepped on board

Chi-Chi old Chow, your four feet won't touch land again for fifteen days."

A number of very nice-looking stewards in blue trousers and white jackets motioned us along towards a large cabin marked "Purser." Here again I was to receive a horrible shock, for the purser who at that moment seemed to hold my fate in his hands, looking first at me and then at Missus, said very deliberately

"You'll have to give him to the butcher."

Butcher! I had heard humans sometimes making grue-some cheap jokes about dog sausage, but I did not know that it was the custom on ships to let the butcher take charge of our kind. I don't know what I would have done—made for the woods probably—if Missus had not answered the purser very firmly

"Chi-Chi isn't like other dogs. He would never survive if I put him with the butcher."

The purser was a kindly man. Perhaps he had a dog of his own on land somewhere. Anyway, he scratched me

behind the ears in an understanding way and he seemed to be thinking.

“Chi-Chi’s one of the family, I suppose?” he asked.

“He is indeed,” Missus vowed.

“Well, I’ll tell you what you can do. Take him down to your state-room now and keep him there until we get under way. Try it. We’ll see what the Captain says. If no one complains I expect he’ll let him stop.”

I felt that I was on my mettle to see that no one complained of me for Missus’s sake, and a little more than that, I thought I would like to make a hit with that Captain, who sounded kind and promising, and incidentally I did—but more of this presently.

The trip on the Adriatic was of course delightful. It took me several days to get my sea legs, especially as it was rather stuffy eating in a state-room, although the weather was fine and we had the port-holes wide open, but I enjoyed the walks on deck with my Master immensely. We attracted attention from our first appearance. Everyone made a great fuss over me, and I must admit I was a success with both young and old. My first introduction had, of course, been to the Captain. I was on my best behaviour, and he said with a sympathetic look

“Monarch of all he surveys”.

Then he asked me to tea with Missus and Master in his own quarters and after that I felt no more anxiety. There was no further question of butchers, and I was all the more

grateful because of what was told me by the other dogs who were in his care and allowed upon deck only for exercise. They said he was a kind man and that the service was pretty good, but that they never got any fresh vegetables, only tinned stuff, and of course meat, meat, meat, which as a regular diet they were afraid might give them skin trouble. One of them told me a pathetic little story about a small boy passenger who was travelling home to join his relatives. His little steamer pals, noticing that he ate nothing, asked him if he felt sea—sick. “No, indeed,” he replied. “Well then, why don’t you eat more?” they persisted. “I can’t afford it,” he answered. The poor little chap imagined that everything he ate had to be paid extra for, and when he found it was all included in his passage he developed an enormous appetite and gained three pounds in as many days. It must be a terrible thing not to have enough to eat ; I have always had plenty, with some over to leave on my plate, and have often wished I could share my dinner with some poor little dog less fortunate.

Our first stop on the Southern Route was at Madeira, a lovely spot indeed, so my people told me. It was decided it would be too fatiguing for me to go on shore, so I took a dog’s view of it from the deck. They told me plenty of amusing stories of the enjoyable day they had spent, riding up and down the hills and over the cobblestones in funny little sledges drawn by the natives, and being carried in hammocks, and smothered with camellias. Everybody seemed

to be carrying Kodaks, and Missus herself took some interesting pictures, including one of Mr. Henry C. Frick, a great patron of art and a great philanthropist, whose son is one of our neighbours on Long Island. Everyone was feeling very jolly and frivolous, and enjoying the sights. They said they didn't see any dogs worth mentioning. Master had his bit of fun on shore. He started throwing pennies for the poor little half-naked native boys who all rushed round him as he called out, smiling

“Allacazunka.” This was a fancy word he had made up for the occasion, but his fellow-passengers thought he spoke the native tongue of these people and that his success was due to that, and they all followed suit, calling out the same word; but as they were not as generous with their pennies the magic word failed in its effect.