



**CHAPTER IV**  
**EN ROUTE FOR MONTE CARLO. NICE.**  
**BACK FOR THE WEDDING**

**O**UR trip went on smoothly, and after the first stop the passengers seemed friendlier than ever. The Allacazunka incident had made a sensation and people would repeat the word and giggle. It was not long before we saw the Rock of Gibraltar loom up on the horizon, looking indeed like the British lion on the British coat of arms. It belongs to the British, I heard, and soon I saw the picturesque Tommies strutting around with their gay uniforms. At the other end of the Mediterranean there is another port belonging to the British. They can close either one or both at a moment's notice, the entrance and exit to the Great Mediterranean.

As at Madeira, the natives came on board with shawls and all sorts of pretty Spanish things, and a courier presented himself thinking we might want to tour Spain. He said he had guided Mark Twain through the whole peninsula. He wanted to show Master the recommendation Mark Twain had written in his album. Master read it out, and it said

“I was a stranger and he took me in.” Everyone laughed. Our next stop was at Algiers, a lovely place, all white and

shining with flowers as though some conjurer had thrown confetti up the steep hill-sides and it had caught there and turned into snowy villas and purple bougainvillea vines. I heard my people say they much preferred those hill-sides to the narrow winding streets and the strange smells, but they all admired the dark-skinned, turbaned men in their picturesque robes. An American darkey who was driving a car for some tourists tried to get into conversation with one of the Algerian black men, but after a few remarks greeted with silence he turned around, grinning, and said:

“Here’s a nigger what don’t speak his own languidge.”

Everyone laughed again. That’s where humans have the advantage of us. We can’t laugh. I have always regretted it deeply. We can whine and yelp and even grin, and I have had friends who cried real tears, but laugh we cannot. I tried at once, practising for hours, and I thought I had almost caught the knack, but when Master came home Missus said to him

“I don’t know what’s the matter with Chi-Chi. All the morning he’s been almost yawning his head off.”

After that I gave it up.

The journey was beginning to seem pretty long and I was terribly impatient to reach Monte Carlo, having heard so much about the place since puppyhood. The sea was perfect, that deep green-blue, the true Mediterranean blue. From a long way off we could see the Prince of Monaco’s palace, surrounded by its beautiful gardens, jutting out over

the sea, with the world-famous little harbour at its feet, all gay with yachts.

Beyond we could see the famous Casino where all the gambling goes on, and as we drew near the charm of the place seemed to reach out to us, but oh ! . . . Alas and alack ! Why was I born in the land of peace lovers? There was a match going on at the Tir aux Pigeons. They say the Chinese invented gunpowder, but it must have been just to show how clever they are; they have so seldom made use of it that quite a number of Chows, and myself among them, are hopelessly gun shy.

Bang! Bang!

The terrace of the Casino fairly overhangs the water and the guns seemed to be pointed straight at us. Bang! Bang! And that was not the worst of it. At every snap of the gun a poor bird fell without a sporting chance. Forced up into the air by an iron spring, it scarcely had time to shake out its wings when—Bang! Bang! down it came, fluttering, bleeding. My nerves were wracked by this pitiful sight. Missus, finally, seeing how I was trembling, took me down to the cabin of the tender that was bringing us ashore from the big ship, but there was a moment when I thought I could not contain myself. In America we shoot at clay pigeons.

When at last we three got into the motor that was to take us over to Nice—about an hour's drive—I was the happiest dog in the world. We went by the Upper Coriche to avoid the tramways which they said had spoiled the lower road. There was a wonderful view of sea and land. We passed

many wonderful villas and gardens owned by English, French and Americans:

At that time, before the War, the Riviera was called the World's Favourite Playground, or the Playground of Kings. People came there from all parts of the globe—Russian Grand Dukes, German Princes, English crowned heads. Indeed the great number of “Hotel Victorias” alone testifies to Queen Victoria's frequent visits to these lovely shores during her lifetime. She used to be a well-beloved figure, driving about with one of the princesses in a little open basket-carriage drawn by a donkey.

Our rooms in the Hotel Ruhl at Nice looked directly out on the sea and the famous Promenade des Anglais, and I never got tired of gazing first at the beautiful blue water and then at the gay crowds of people. At about eleven o'clock each morning I was always taken for a walk, and there were such crowds of people that we had to go very slowly. Everyone who knew us stopped to speak to me, and strangers nudged one another and whispered about me or said so that I could hear them :

“My ! what a stunner!”

I must confess it made me rather proud of myself. It was February and soon Carnival began. Of course I could not go to the balls as Master and Missus did (they found them frightfully amusing on account of the masks and dominoes everyone wore), but I was taken to all the out-of-door festivities. I saw the chars or floats as we call them, and old King Carnival himself, a huge grotesque brightly



WE THREE AT MONTE CARLO

coloured figure. He stands all the week in his big loggia in the public square, and then the night before Ash Wednesday they burn him, down by the market-place.

What I most enjoyed was the Battle of Flowers. Many of our friends and ourselves had their carriages decorated, and some of the most elaborate were made to represent a ship, a swan, or some other pretty fancy, but all made of beautiful flowers. The women looked lovely seen through bowers of blooms, and I must say I adored attracting their attention and having them simply pelt me with violets and carnations and roses. Missus gathered up the flowers and pelted back, and she said :

“Chi-Chi’s a sort of target. I suppose it’s the red colour

that catches the eye.

Why is it, I wonder, that women always want to explain the success of a male in the family? Lots of other dogs have reddish coats, but she said herself that I was not like other dogs. . . .

At all events I let the admiring women know how flattered I was by wagging my bushy tail, which looked like a large feather.

Ah me ! Those were happy days indeed when things were truly elegant. All is changed now. I am glad I saw Nice and the Carnival in their palmyest days. . . .

We could have stayed on for ever, I believe, in that lovely warm sunshine of Nice, strolling in the morning, driving in the afternoon, motoring over to Monte Carlo—where later I was to spend many happy days—or to Cannes or Beaulieu

where the big international tennis matches are played—or to the races at Nice itself, which Master, of course, never misses. Everywhere we went we met friends who, like ourselves, seemed full of the *Joie de vivre*.

Dogs have always been known as loafers, but to lots of American men “killing time” is very hard work indeed, and they are always happy to return to their own homes and to the making of a few more millions.

It requires preparation to lead a life of leisure ; I once heard a business woman say this to Missus, and you must be born and bred to enjoy life.

Our peace and contentment, however, were soon to be given a sudden jar for a very sweet and romantic reason. A cable arrived announcing the engagement of Elise, our niece. I confess I was very touched when she insisted, in her following letter, that I should be present at the wedding. “I simply must have Chi—Chi there,” she wrote.

So back we went to my beloved Elsinore, but this time no longer mine. Indeed there are no people so indifferent to their surroundings or to the comfort of others as engaged couples. They seemed to be in every room in the house. No matter where you wanted to go there they were, sitting on the most comfortable divans, occupying my pet corner on the piazza, and embracing in the only spot where you can get a good view of the moon.

Everything was a hum and a bustle of preparation, but at last the final presents were unpacked, the last preparations made, and the wedding morning dawned, clear and bright.



MR. BERRY WALL WITH CHI



“What a glorious day,” everybody was saying. “Just perfect ! “ “ Perfect for a country wedding ! “ The bride was a dream of loveliness, and the eight charming bridesmaids were all noted beauties—Anne Wall, Mai Watson, Alice Richard, Hilda Holmes, Katherine Kent, Mildred Poor, Mary Cutting Cumnock and Maude G. Shepherd.

There were about five hundred guests in all, scattered about at little tables, and soon out on the lawn in the big marquee the dancing began. The thrill of the afternoon, to my mind, was when the Meadow Brook hounds came dashing across the lawn, followed by the hunters in their pink coats, galloping over the green to the sound of the hunts-men’s horns. That was a never-to-be-forgotten sight. We dogs enjoyed this sport immensely and we simply ran riot. If I had suffered somewhat during the preparations from the indifference of the family I made up for it when that splendid pack of hounds appeared. After the exciting departure of bride and groom to the usual deluge of rice and old shoes, the guests scattered in various directions and the house suddenly became still and lonely. We were not all happy, for the sad moment soon arrived when we too had to leave. My lovely Elsinore was dosed, and ever since it has stood, waiting in vain for the family to return. I was never again to enter my beloved home, but I ever cherished its happy memories. However, in a life as full as mine there was no time to be sad, especially as I was now to spend my first season in Paris. Oh ! Gay Paree ! How I loved it !