BRIDGE'S FALL ENDS ROMANCE

[illegible] MADE BY MR. [illegible] MONTOUR

[illegible] Famous American Horse Made Executive Work in Europe and Manoeuvres to the Footraces.

[illegible] Hague Showing an recent [illegible] of the Mr. Experience [illegible] Indian Horse [illegible] in New York have revived [illegible] of his romantic death. Many [illegible] Hague will fail to remember [illegible] which was merely the recognition on the Government [illegible] in Canada.

[illegible] Hospital, [illegible] on [illegible] anniversary. When he [illegible] the dinner does not [illegible] to a mere man riding [illegible] which he regarded with Indian [illegible] he was not remarkable for even [illegible] American Horse.

[illegible] American Horse, as his [illegible] called him, was about [illegible] all over the Earth [illegible] a showman, and had retired [illegible] when he was induced [illegible] large company of Indians that [illegible] Europe for exhibition purposes [illegible]

[illegible] about a year, and in the [illegible] American Horse was a principal [illegible] romance, which with many [illegible] of the comic was nevertheless [illegible] affair, with a strange result.

[illegible] stayed some six months [illegible] and then went to the Continent [illegible] entertainments were given on the [illegible] large halls and were of such a [illegible] the spectators were brought [illegible] contact with the Indians, a part [illegible] it was to answer questions.

[illegible] then understood English, and a [illegible] to recognize the importance [illegible] sations sufficiently to overcome [illegible] reticence and volunteer the [illegible] that was always demanded [illegible] curious patrons of the enterprise. [illegible] the most valuable in this regard [illegible] American Horse.

He was an impressive looking man, 6 [illegible] tall, and straight; his rugged features [illegible] and warlike as his nature was [illegible] and loyal. His one ambition apparently was to do his duty, and that conveyed an understanding and faithfully [illegible] his employer's wishes.

Wherever the Indians went they aroused [illegible] only the superficial interest of the [illegible] public but the special interest of [illegible] people. The latter made much [illegible] men, taking them on long drives [illegible] the cities visited, making them [illegible] at dinner in their homes, giving them [illegible] manner of presents from souvenir postal [illegible] to articles of considerable value.

[illegible] came about that to be talked to and [illegible] was a matter of course with the Indians, and they endured flattery and [illegible] admiration with a quiet nonchalance that probably no company of whites could [illegible] equalled. They were matinee idols, but lacking in the conceit that usually attaches to that tribe.

It was in The Hague that American Horse met his fate. The company stayed there more than a week, and before the end of the engagement the manager noticed that American Horse was a favorite of a woman who came every day and spent many hours at the showhouse. It made no difference with the Indian's performance of his duties, for if he were summoned to talk with other patrons he immediately left his special friend and returned to her only when his task was finished to the manager's satisfaction.

There was nothing especially striking in this, merely another case of fascination, something that was happening less obviously perhaps every day, but when the company moved on to Utrecht for a few days and the woman from The Hague came over every morning and spent her time in the showhouse until evening, when she went home the manager began to be amused.

He said nothing, for he did not regard the matter as his business further than that the frequent visits of the woman swelled the treasury proportionately, and American Horse was too dignified a man to be made the butt of a light jest. But when the company was at Groningen, at the far end of the country, and a letter postmarked The Hague came every day addressed to American Horse, and always in the same feminine hand, the manager spoke of the matter to the young Dutchman who acted as his assistant and interpreter.

"It's a love match," said the Dutchman. "They would be married if the company should stay long enough in one place to meet the requirements of Dutch law. A license can be had only when both parties have lived in the town for two weeks."

It proved that the assistant was a necessary factor to the courting on account of the linguistic limitations of the lovers. Neither knew anything of any language in which the other was versed.

The woman knew Dutch and French, and the Indian spoke Iroquois and English. The assistant knew all these except Iroquois, so he used to sit between American Horse and the woman from The Hague when she visited the exhibition and act as a clearing house for their exchange of love talk.

The woman uttered her sentiments in fluent French or Dutch, which the assistant conveyed in imperfect English to the Indian, who responded in his own imperfect English to have it quickly transformed into fluent Dutch or French. And so with their letters.

American Horse could not write so much as his own name in any language, but he was good at dictation in broken English and the assistant was his amanuensis. When the day's mail was distributed American Horse always had a pale blue envelope from The Hague, which he put reverently in his deerskin pouch.

He never hurried. Not once did his fervor as a lover lead him to sacrifice a jot of his energy or time as a showman, but watching his opportunity he would in the course of the day see the assistant with nothing to do for the moment. Then the envelope would be produced and at a window or in a corner of the show wigwams the assistant would translate the love message and take notes for the answer.

Eventually business brought the company again to cities within easy reach of The Hague and then the woman became a daily visitor. Her name was Van Dommelen and she was a widow with a fifteen-year-old son.

He too visited the Indians at frequent intervals. One after another several members of the Van Dommelen family came to make acquaintance with American Horse. There were two brothers from Amsterdam, a sister from Paris and other more distant relations.

American Horse withstood their inquisition with grave dignity as if he were quite content to be measured as a man. He told them the truth. In no particular did he attempt to gild the poverty of his reservation life.

He told of his poor little farm at Caughnawaga, where his one cow was cared for in his absence by his grown-up son, by the way, who was a member of the travelling company. He confessed that to eke out a living he had to get work jobs as a laborer as he could pick up at any time. Montreal.

Thus far the widow aroused the manager of the company at his hotel. The assistant was not at hand to interpret her British and the conversation was in French.

"Tell me about American Horse," said she promptly.

Now, strange as it may seem, in that he was a showman, the manager had been putting such obstacles as he quickly could in the way of the lovers. He liked and respected American Horse and he had personally taken to heart the advice of the Commissioner of Indian Affairs who would have his men "beware of cuddles."

At all events, with no reason to believe the widow Van Dommelen meant that she was infatuated with a man of a different race, he could foresee nothing short of tragedy for the further if the proposed marriage should take place. Not by the slightest a command, he forbade.

"What shall I tell you?" he returned. "You are well acquainted with him."

She would not be put off.

"Is he a good man?" she demanded.

"Yes," admitted the manager, deeply grieved, "but he is illiterate."

"I know that," she interrupted. "I shall marry him."

This was the first time the widow and the manager had conversed on any subject, the first time the proposed union had been brought officially, as to speak, to his attention. It was impossible to offer the conventional congratulations. She had challenged to battle, and the manager plunged into the fray.

He told her bluntly that he was sorry to hear it, and when she demanded his reasons he discoursed earnestly of miscegenation, at which she sniffed contemptuously. He then began to assure her that she could not imagine the difference between the life to which she was accustomed and that to which she would have to submit as the wife of an Indian.

"I know all about his log cabin and his meagre furniture," she interrupted. "That is nothing. I would go to him if he lived in a pig sty. All I need to be assured of is that he is honest. Is there, perhaps, in his race a custom of which he has not informed me? Do the Iroquois practise polygamy?"

The manager reluctantly assured her to the contrary.

"Then he has no wife living?"

It was her final and in reality her one question. She departed reenforced in her determination to marry, and the manager blessed his advance agent that no Dutch city had been booked for more than a ten day stand.

The company escaped into Belgium, therefore, without a marriage ceremony, but after the Continental tour ended there was a wait of sixteen days in London before the departure for Canada. The widow followed American Horse to London.

On the fourteenth day of his stay there he drew from his wages account the £3 or £4 necessary for a special marriage license and on the next morning the widow became Mrs. Angus Montour at the Registrar's office in Fulham. The manager, beaten and apprehensive for the future of his friend and employee, witnessed the ceremony and signed the contract, and the other witness was the widow's sister from Paris.

American Horse and his bride started for Montreal the next day in the steerage of a Canadian Pacific steamer. Her son accompanied them.

The strangest and at this juncture most pathetic feature of this romance is that the expected tragedy never came. The Indian and his wife arrived at Caughnawaga about March 1, 1906, a time of year when the reservation with its widely scattered cabins presents a most desolate appearance and when the inconveniences of life there are at their worst.

What Mrs. Montour's first impressions were no one knows but herself, and whether her heart sank at the prospect is equally unknown; but what is known is that she applied herself to domestic work with energy, introducing Dutch principles of cleanliness and order into the household. She brought no dower to her husband except her willingness to share his lot, and with no outward complaint she contrived to do with such materials as he could provide.

Observers of the odd courtship in Holland often asked how they would get on when the polyglot assistant manager was not at command as interpreter. And how about religious differences? For the widow Van Dommelen was a Protestant and American Horse a Roman Catholic.

Before the summer of 1906 they had made reciprocal concessions to cover these difficult matters. Mrs. Montour was received into the Catholic Church and her husband undertook to learn French. It was not a hard task for him, for Indians generally are apt at learning languages, and he had the help not only of his wife but of many of his tribesmen who speak the French patois of Canada.

For the rest Mrs. Montour's own words are a sufficient proof of the success of what appeared to be a fantastic episode destined to end in sorrow for both. She has written several times to her husband's former manager, and every letter has breathed of courage and good cheer. For example, this from a recent letter:

"We are poor, yes, but we keep our health; and as for my husband, I adore him."

Another time she wrote of their especial happiness, "for my husband's son is about to follow his father's sensible example and get married."

So it proved that this woman of civilization could adapt herself to the ways and needs of her half civilized husband, and the only tragedy that overshadowed their lives took shape in the terrible disaster of the St. Lawrence bridge.

TAYLOR, IRISH A. A. C.

Negro Athlete One of the Most Popular Contenders on Celtic Park Track.

There was formed in this city some years ago an athletic association which at first bore the name of the Greater New York Irish Athletic Association. Among the very first members were Michael J. Cregan, known as the athletic cop; John J. Flanagan, the hammer thrower, and Myer Prinstein, the broad jumper. With a change in name to the Irish-American Athletic Club the organization began to broaden out and many more men were taken in whose names did not seem to indicate Irish extraction.

One of the recent recruits to the club staff of athletes is John B. Taylor, the negro athlete of the University of Pennsylvania, who is the intercollegiate quarter mile champion and record holder. There has hardly been one athletic meeting recently at Celtic Park, the club's grounds, in which Taylor has not appeared and it may be said that there is no athlete more popular with the Celtic Park crowd than Taylor. In fact, it is hard to say whether even Martin Sheridan, well liked though he is, is more highly considered than the negro lad.

In every race in which Taylor starts he is on scratch, or very close to the post of honor because of his ability. And every man of the Irish contingent around the track roots himself hoarse to see Taylor win.

"LONELIEST SPOT ON EARTH"

HERE ARE VIEWS OF DESOLATE TRISTAN D'ACUNHA.

Rock in the Ocean Where From East Bound to the Home of Some Eighty Souls Persons—The Occupations as a Sentence in Spite of Isolation.

There are some persons of whom it has been called the loneliest spot on earth the island of Tristan d'Acunha, a speck of rock in the South Atlantic. To the eighty odd people who live there it is their world. They are almost totally cut off from their kind. To them railroad and telegraph, electric lights and all the inventions of the last half century are but a name.

There is one of us they may get news of the outer world from some sailing ship or a report of war of the British South African expedition. A thousand miles of the Atlantic separate them from Africa's most southerly extremity on the one hand, while 1,500 miles in the other direction South America ends abruptly in stormy Cape Horn.

It is hard to imagine a more lonely spot than Tristan d'Acunha. Yet only last year one of the community who visited the Cape grew homesick and went back in the boat that conveyed the new chaplain and his wife to the island.

For many years Mr. Dodgson, a brother of "Lewis Carroll" of "Alice in Wonderland" fame, acted as chaplain on the rock and strove to teach the men and women how to read and write. It was a pretty hopeless task, for they have the minds of children, except when it comes to driving a bargain, and how to do that they seem to know by instinct.

Last year the Rev. J. C. Barrow and his wife volunteered to go out to the island. The couple landed on Palm Sunday in a furious storm. They and their belongings were literally hurled on a beach eight miles east of the settlement.

They were received by the whole island population. The inhabitants set apart two huts as church and schoolhouse, and Mrs. Lucy Green, an old widow, turned herself out of her own home that the newcomers from "the world" might have somewhere to lay their heads. Moreover, the women now families agreed to take turns in supplying the Barrows with meat, milk, potatoes and firewood, as well as fish, tortoise and eggs when such luxuries were available.

The islanders depend very largely upon potatoes, but these often fail, owing to hot winds that blight the crop. In one season nearly one of their cattle died of starvation, owing to lack of foresight in allowing the herd to be overstocked.

The population consists practically of military, between seventy-five and eighty souls. Two recent additions have been made in the form of a couple of fugitives, shipwrecked sailors who have married island women. One of these companions, Andrew Roberts, is the only man in Tristan who can both read and write; he was a petty officer in the Italian navy.

Great is the excitement when a sail is sighted by the islanders. They get yearly fresh provisions and vegetables, which they hope to barter for clothes and all kinds of unexpected novelties. But even when a vessel puts into the little bay which is the harbor of the island the weather is so uncertain that it must be kept ready for instant departure.

The settlement proper is built on a bold bluff on the northwest side of the rock. The rest of the island rises sheer and inaccessible in colossal cliffs from the stormy Atlantic. Practically all the male population goes forth when a rare visiting ship puts in, and they do a thriving trade in mutton, butter, milk and albatross skins.

Each householder keeps cattle, sheep, and pigs, but all attempts to cultivate wheat or grain of any kind have failed, owing to the swarms of rats that infest the rock. Last year the British man-o'-war Odin called at Tristan with mails and supplies, which were promptly got ashore at the landing place, hauled up on the beach and then taken off to the different cottages by the solitary and primitive bullock wagon that acts as mail coach and parcels delivery.

Fresh milk is the strongest beverage to be obtained in Tristan. There is excellent sport in the vast swarms of aquatic birds that make their homes on the cliffs. Among those are magnificent albatrosses, many of them measuring nearly thirteen feet from wing to wing. The best birds of Tristan are very fine and rare.

Several springs have their source on the lofty mountain that forms the spare of the island, and one of these falls from the lower cliffs in a beautiful cascade. The remains of a fort can be seen, a relic of Napoleon's exile. For which he was confined on St. Helena, the British Government hoisted a standard on purpose. Tristan d'Acunha with Union Flag Cape Colony.

The Tristanites have no precise form of government, although John Green, the oldest inhabitant, is recognized as king and sage head of the community. He is also chief justice and referee in all disputes that may arise. Marriages and burials are performed by the captain of visiting sailing vessel. The islanders have intermarried for several generations with comparatively bad results in the children of today.

Round about the rock and extending for some miles out into the Atlantic there is a curious and conspicuous growth of plants several of kelp. This reaches to the surface in nearly 150 feet of water, and forms a trap for small vessels, being a Sea of Sargasso in miniature.

The island waters swarm with fish, and any kind of bait from salt pork to a bit of bread will suffice to take any quantity of a fish the Tristanites call the five finger. There is also a kind of bass weighing from 10 to 60 pounds.

The Tristanites do not taste bread for seven or eight months out of the twelve, and have to subsist on a slight variation of meat and potato diet. It is easy to imagine how they appreciate a few sacks of flour or meal brought by the warship, or by some casual trader blown far out of his path.

And yet these islanders are a singularly healthy people. The climate is very regular and moist, never very hot in summer or very cloudy in winter. All the English fruit trees will grow in Tristan, though the fruit lacks flavor. Periodically plants and trees are taken out to be planted there experimentally, for there is little timber on Tristan at present.

An extensive guano deposit was recently found on a little rock not far away, known as Inaccessible Island. The Cape Government sent for a specimen of the guano, and a regular trade may be opened up, this bringing the loneliest people in the world a little nearer to civilization.

LANDING ON THE ISLAND.

VILLAGE STREET OF TRISTAN D'ACUNHA.

THE SUITCASE NUISANCE.

Trolleys Turned Into Baggage Cars by Returning Travellers.

At this time of the year when people are returning from the country you hear loud denunciations of the man who invented the suit case.

The suitcase is omnipresent. In the trolley cars it has the right of way. For the time being trolley cars which tap railroad terminals are practically baggage cars.

The other day a car starting from the West Forty-second street ferry was so crowded with baggage that at one point in the aisle there was less than four inches of clear space between the towers of suitcases piled in front of their owners. People each carrying a suitcase continued to charge on the car.

"Move up!" the wilted looking conductor said perfunctorily.

Well he knew that to move up in that car without doing athletic stunts was an impossibility. Several nimble passengers good naturedly did try to scale the impeding towers, but a woman refused to scale anything and protested that she could not squeeze through four inches of aisle.

"Why do you allow so much baggage in the car?" she asked tartly as the conductor struggled to collect fares.

"Can't help it, ma'am," was the answer.

"Can't help it!" growled the woman's companion. "There ought to be a rule prohibiting the carrying of what is practically a trunk into the surface cars."

The man looked as he spoke at a woman seated near the front of the car. A young man had assisted her into the car and vanished. How she would ever get out again without assistance was a problem.

Her baggage consisted of two big pasteboard boxes strapped together and together equal in size to a trunk. Besides, the woman held on her knees a large leather grip. Opposite her was a man with a huge suitcase and a Gladstone bag perched on top of it.

"Before the suitcase became so popular," said a passenger who was trying to find a vacant spot to plant his left foot, "it was a whole lot easier to get in and out the surface cars even when the vacation crowds were thickest. Grips, handbags, even the old fashioned valise with bulging sides could be held on the lap in an emergency and nobody but the owner suffered, whereas to hold a suitcase in one's arms is a stiff proposition."

There is a rule, the conductor admitted, which debars passengers from carrying anything which may be a nuisance to other passengers, but he did not seem to think the suitcase was in that class.

"Sure, lots of folks I know never use a trunk any more," he said. "They manage with two or three big suitcases and in that way save paying express charges.

"Says I the other day to a lady with a telescope suitcase stuffed out till it bulged half way across the aisle, 'Madam, yer package is too big to carry into a car,' and she answered, quick as a flash, 'If I can carry it it's not too big to take anywhere. So there you are.

"Had I said any more she would have complained to the management and said I was insulting. Whenever conductors try to enforce any rule the public always say they are insulting."

WHY THE "DOG WATCH"

A Spotted Problem That Stumped Admiral Fighting Bob Evans.

Now, sub, a sailorman or a knew is all sharp why the dog watch is so called? Chanoyne are he will reply.

"Why, the dog watch is two short spells, from 4 to 8 and from 8 to 4 o'clock in the morning, to break the monotony of the regular four hour watches, so that the same men will not stand watch during the same hours every day."

Simple and hard. But let them ask the question why "dog" applied to the short watch? You have a double half hitch on every one of Neptune from forecastle to quarterdeck.

The first question was put to the officers mess of a big battleship during the recent visit of our special prize squadron to New York harbor, and without exception, from executive officer of a quarter century's service on every sea on the maps to the Ensign with his first stripe, they all gave the book answer. Not one could explain the why of the dog.

A boat's crew from the same ships could not give even the stereotyped explanation of the general term dog watch, although a gunner's mate allowed that "it might be they once had dogs on ships and they was let loose when this watch was on."

An officer of an Atlantic liner and he never heard an silly a question.

"Why, the dog watch is the dog watch, that's all," he explained. "There's no why or wherefore about it. It's always been the dog watch and always will be. Read sea yarns by the book writers who never saw a greater sheet of water than the village millpond and you'll hear lots about the dog watch."

Having had the matter disposed of so airily by this officer, inquiry was pushed to the East River, where there may be found men who have been going down to the sea in real ships for more years than many of the steamer lines have existed. The pursuit of the dog was useless. Not a grimy old nor a young brine soaked merchantman knew or cared why the dog was before the watch. One old fellow inquired: "Why do you want to know that for?" "For information." "Well, I'm blamed if that hain't amazing funny."

That was on the verge of discouragement. Battery Dan was sought, but the distinguished authority was on vacation.

"Say," suggested a Harlem boatman, "what's the matter with trying Fighting Bob? He's a bully boy, and if he can't tell you the great American navy will lose caste."

So up to the Rear Admiral went the query: "Will you kindly inform me why the name 'dog' is applied to 'dog watch'?" And up from Fortress Monroe came the answer:

U. S. S. CONNECTICUT, Sept. 2.

DEAR SIR: I am unable to give you the information you ask about the dog watch. Of course, we all know why the watch is made two hours, but no one seems to know why the name dog was applied.

Yours very truly, R. D. EVANS.

Think of it: the commander of the great fleet of fighting boats unable to tell why the dog has been on the watch since ships sailed or steamed! The investigation now excited the suspicion of a nature fake, and there was a momentary thought of phoning to Oyster Bay, when a wireless flash suggested the simpler and more fascinating recourse to a public library.

The dictionaries were merely aggravating, telling nothing unknown to the most common seaman. "Five Thousand Facts and Fancies" (Putnams) was the only book found that sought to throw light on the matter, and its explanation reads:

Dog Watch (a corruption of dodge watch).

The dog watch was introduced to prevent the same men from always keeping watch the same hours of the day; hence on these occasions the sailors are said to dodge the routine, or to be doing dodge watch.

There you have it, as fresh as a gourd of water from the old spring by the chestnut tree.

ROYAL DOCTORS REWARDED.

Heraldic Lion Granted by King Edward to Two of His Physicians.

King Edward of England, the "fountain of honor," has granted to Sir Frederick Treves and Sir Francis Laking, Baronets, the latter his physician in ordinary and surgeon apothecary and the former his sergeant surgeon, an honorable augmentation to their shields of arms in recognition of their skill and attention during his dangerous illness in 1902. The honorable augmentation consists of one of the lions of England as borne on the King's own royal arms—

SHIELD OF SIR FREDERICK TREVES WITH AUGMENTATION.

a lion passant guardant, gold, on a field gules (red). The shield of Sir Frederick Treves with the augmentation is shown here.

The only other instance in which the charges of the royal shield were permitted to be borne on the shield of a member of the medical profession occurred in 1612, when James I. granted to Gideon Delaune, his apothecary, who obtained the charter for the Apothecaries' Society, the gold lion passant guardant of the royal shield, as well as a fleur de lys of France, which was then also a charge upon it.

WATCHING THE AUTOMOBILE.

Owner and Chauffeur Have Anxious Moments While in a Restaurant.

The man who drove up to the restaurant in an automobile brought his chauffeur in with him to eat. They stood around for several minutes, while the waiters posed at tables all about.

"I want a seat from which I can watch my car," said the owner, when the head waiter approached to find out why the hesitation. "You know that there have been so many cases recently of cars being stolen from in front of resturants and hotels that I do not want to take any chances."

They got their seats all right within easy range of the automobile, one of the American made machines of the $2,500 type. It is safe to say that the worry incidental to that meal caused a not inconsiderable amount of indigestion. Either master or man had an eye on the automobile throughout the entire meal.

FRITZ EMMET AND THE DOGS

PLUCKY DOGGY FELL A VICTIM OF THE FIRE LAW THE OTHER DAY.

It Happened When He Was Away—St. Bernard Fell Victim to a Chicago Licence Ordinance—Fearless Other Dogs Were Made Happy in Consequence.

Chicago Street, this town in the eighties was the official dogsnatcher and pound master of Chicago but is now one of prosperity men of Hackensack, N.J., in New York recently and he had a story about J. R. (Fritz) Emmet, who was at the zenith of his pickaninny fame when Duke's dog pound pretty near was emptied.

I suppose there are thousands of people all over the country who still remember the enormous St. Bernard dog that Fritz Emmet used to take around with him on all of his theatrical rounds," said Mr. Street. "Emmet was a fiend on dogs, and on that dog in particular, as well he might have been, for this St. Bernard was one of the most valuable dogs of the breed in the world.

"Well, on one occasion Fritz drifted along to Chicago with his show at a rising time for his dog. A week or so before a dog belonging to a guest had severely bitten the daughter of the owner of a hotel and the Chicago City Council had adopted a resolution providing that all dogs, even those temporarily in the city, must have Chicago licenses on penalty of being nabbed by the dogsnatcher, the same being myself.

"The first chance I had to enforce the ordinance was when Fritz Emmet breezed into Chicago with his company and his big dog. Emmet was on one of his mammoth, monolithic periodicals when he struck Chicago, and he kept it going good and plenty after he got there—stayed with it so strong, in fact, that his Chicago engagement had to be cancelled.

"Everywhere that Emmet went the St. Bernard of his was sure to go. The dog was a sort of guard for the amiable singer and actor when Fritz was on his big jamboree, and never left his side, trotting along with him, no matter how zigzagging Emmet's navigation happened to be. There isn't anything of a quitter about a sure enough dog when he cottons to a fellow and that's a fact.

"Well, on the afternoon of Emmet's arrival in Chicago he was so busily engaged in hitting the high places that for a moment he quite forgot about his dog pal. He walked out of a café and stepped into a caloosh for a drive, ignoring his dog.

"The dog watched this performance with a mournful eye. He was plainly hurt. I hated to hurt him some more, but there was nothing for me to do but to nab the dog and take him to the pound.

"That was sure one plumb mournful dog when we chucked him into one of the cages along with a lot of other pickups at the pound. He didn't make any fuss about the situation or show the least inclination to be sulky or vicious.

"He was just the sad one, that's all, and pretty nigh broken hearted. Just lay away back in the rear of the cage with his head between his paws and thought and thought and thought it over and like to've busted with pure lonesomeness and sadness.

"I sent word to Emmet's hotel that I had his dog, and I expected Fritz to show up at the pound that afternoon. But Fritz didn't return to his hotel till late that night, and when he did get there he wasn't in shape to understand the difference between a dog and a pound of sliced isinglass.

"About 10 o'clock the next morning he showed up at the pound right enough. I conducted him to the cage in which his dog lay repining, with his head between his paws.

"The St. Bernard when he recognized him hopped up and fairly beat himself against the front bars of the cage in an ineffectual effort to smother Fritz with dog caresses and assurances of loyalty. His whines and whimpers of hysterical delight at the sight of Fritz were something odd to listen to, for the dog idolized the man.

"At the same time the twenty-four other captured dogs in the several cages snooped to the front bars and with their noses pressed through and their tails a-wagging they pleaded to be taken out of bondage, too. They were all mongrels, awaiting death that day—it was Christmas eve, and they were to have been disposed of that afternoon so's the poundmaster and his assistants could have the entire Christmas to themselves without any canine charges to worry about.

"The poor mutts just begged and begged Fritz to take 'em out, and I could see that their pleading got him going all right. He took his own dog out of hock, paying me the $4 coming—$2 for pound charges and $2 for a dog license.

"Then, with his dog at his side, Fritz strolled back and stood in front of the cages, where the twenty-four mongrels were still all lined up in front, begging him to do something for 'em—any old thing, so's to get them out of there.

"'Poor li'l' fellersh,' said Fritz, and he held out his gloved hand and rubbed their homely noses. 'Shame, thash whash ish. Chrishmush Eve, too. Shay, fellersh, want t' come out?'

"Almost as if they understood him they all broke into pleading whines and barks.

"'All ri',' said Fritz then. 'I'll get you out—all o' you. I'm f'r dogsh, firsh an' lash. Any old kind o' dogsh. How mush t' get 'em all out?' turning to me.

"I told him—twenty-four dogs at $4 each to take 'em out; in all, $96.

"'All ri',' said Fritz, pulling out a big bundle of yellowbacks and skinning a century from the wad.

"There was no chance for me to buck or renege. The law provided that the dogs had to be surrendered to anybody claiming them upon payment of pound charges and license fees. I made him out a receipt and then got out twenty-four dog tags.

"'How you goin' t' fash'n tagsh on dogsh?' Fritz asked me then, and I sure hadn't thought of that myself up to that moment. 'They've got no collarsh.'

"Well, Fritz fixed that part all right, too. He sent my assistant hotfoot to the nearest store where dog collars could be bought, giving the man $25 and telling him to buy twenty-four dog collars, assorted sizes.

"My assistant cleaned out the store's stock, and he was back at the pound within half an hour with the dog collars. I fastened a tag on each collar and Emmet insisted upon entering the cages himself and fastening the collars around the dogs' necks.

"Nobody can tell me that those dogs didn't know what Emmet was doing for them. They all but went mad with delight when Fritz entered their cages with the collars. Then he sent out for meat and fed 'em all before turning them loose.

"Then, with all of the collars fastened and tags attached licensing those twenty-four redeemed mutts to prowl the streets of Chicago for a year without any danger of molestation Fritz stepped to the door of the main cage, into which the other cages opened, threw the door open and said to the dogs as they gathered themselves for the bound into the open:

"'Come on, fellersh! Merry Chrishmush!'

"And they all scampered through the door, barking with delight, and down the street they went, clinking their tags, and—it seemed to me on that Christmas Eve—just praising God!

"Not one of those dogs was ever taken up and impounded again, and some of them were around the streets of Chicago with expired tags long years after Fritz Emmet had redeemed them on that Christmas Eve."