

ALONZO SEES THE SIGHTS OF LONDON



(Special Dispatch) London, Wednesday, June 15, 1911.

Hooray, Juniors! Here we are at last!

London is quite the biggest city on the globe. It gives you a sort of an uncanny feeling to get into a place so big that you have to go across it in stages. It runs on like that brook you've heard about, forever. But its great size is not nearly sufficient unto the crowds of visitors daily arriving, and by the time next week rolls around lodgings will be at a pretty premium. The streets are thronged with visitors and the social season is at its height. When strolling abroad at any time of the day you may see mingling in the crowds representatives of every nationality, from the Arab with his head-dress to the plain, ordinary, everyday American. But I will venture to say that of all the strange and distinguished guests gathered to do honor to England's king and queen no one more unusual will be found than our same Ju-Ju. He has become the sensation of London.

At first every one fled before his approach, and those who didn't actually run, sidestepped into doorways to avoid an actual meeting face to face. But Ju-Ju is on his good behavior, for some reason or other, and so far he has not created a single panic. I have a horrid suspicion that he is saving up his forces for coronation day, and both the Pup and I are planning to keep him a prisoner until after the great event is over. Ju-Ju's unexpectedness is his great stock in trade, and so thoroughly has he got the Pup and me trained that neither of us looks surprised any more. If I should see him come rolling down the street in the royal coach itself, it wouldn't feaze me in the least.

He parted with his friend, the count of the unpronounceable name, with every symptom of deep regret, and as a farewell attention deposited the gentleman's brand new bonnet in the waters of the River Mersey. It wouldn't be proper to repeat here what the count said to Ju-Ju, and besides, he spoke in Russian, thinking Ju-Ju was a linguist. Ju-Ju promised to look him up in London, and for the last two days has been scouring the city in an effort to locate his enemy. The object of his ardent attentions had best keep himself out of sight, for a while at least, for Ju-Ju on the warpath is a fearsome beast. I speak from experience, as you well know.

On arriving in Liverpool we immediately set about getting our tickets and having our baggage checked to London, and came on with all possible speed. We are now installed in a very comfortable hotel and are taking our own time to see the sights. Shortly after reaching our rooms we were informed that a delegation of the press was on hand to interview us, which goes to show that the scent for news is just as keen across the waters as in our own particular part of the country. I told them all about the Juniors, and invited them to be sure to visit San Francisco in 1915, when we'd all give them a rousing welcome. They accepted with pleasure and said they'd truly be on hand.

This morning we went to see London tower, that famous old structure about which you've studied, I'm sure, in your history books, and Puppy insisted on inspecting everything in sight, from the crown jewels to the deep down dungeons. After that we went for a row on the Thames, which for a famous river is monstrously dirty. Puppy says he has very little respect for the English mode of spelling; if he were doing it, the river would be the "Tems." Still, when you come to think of our California pronunciations, such as San Joaquin and La Jolla, we haven't very much right to talk.

This afternoon we visited the famous Westminster abbey, where the great ceremony will be held next week. As I stood in the midst of that grand old pile, I couldn't blame any Englishman for being a bit proud of himself. The very atmosphere of the centuries past, laden with the spirit of old England, seems to brood within its walls. Even Ju-Ju was a bit over-awed, and didn't recover his normal spirits until we had once more regained the open. Then he gave vent to his feelings by chasing a bland faced, innocent dog down Pall Mall and scaring it half out of its senses.

The first day we came to town we decided to take a ride in a hansom cab. I sent Puppy out to make a choice, and he drove up with the poorest excuse for a horse I ever saw. When I refused to go, he approached me severely.

"Alonzo, I am surprised at you!" he exclaimed. "Do you think the horse can help being thin? If people don't patronize his driver, he never will get fat." And Puppy climbed in obstinately. Of course, there was nothing to do but follow suit. Ju-Ju, however, had just come from the hairdresser's, and refused to hld his topknot behind a bony beast. So we left him standing on the curbstone, with a wicked glint of delight in his eye.

Our cabby evidently wished to show us off, for he made directly for Hyde Park, and drove at a snail's pace along the beautiful driveways. It happened to be the hour when all fashionable London is taking air, and we were the object of smiles and smirks all along the way. Tomorrow I'm going driving in the smartest looking automobile I can find within the city limits, and let the Pup attend to the charitable end of this expedition all by himself.

Next week I will have news galore for you. I won't be able to draw a long breath until we get Ju-Ju out of London, for the more I think of it, the surer I am that he is meditating some dark and evil trick for coronation day. However, we'll hope for the best. With love from us all, ALONZO.

