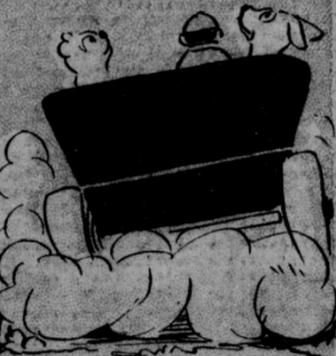


SAN FRANCISCO, CAL., SATURDAY, AUGUST 5, 1911.



BY THIS TIME THE ROYAL FOOTMAN WAS IN FRONT OF US.



JU-JU HAD FLAPPED HIS WINGS AND WAS RAPIDLY HURLING HIMSELF NORTHWARD.



JU-JU LEANED OVER, CAUGHT THE PUP BY THE SCRUFF OF HIS NECK AND HURLED HIM FAR INTO THE MIDST OF THE SPECTATORS.

(Special Dispatch)  
Lisbon, Friday, August 4, 1911.

Dear Boys and Girls:  
King Alfonso is a nice man and I want you to give three cheers for him. We reached Madrid on Monday and, alighting from our carriage, found the royal automobile drawn up at the curbing.

"Tut! Tut!" said I to Ju-Ju, "have we been traveling on the same train with royalty and you didn't find it out? What sort of a newspaper scout are you?"

"Humph!" grunted the Pup. "He's a bird, Alonzo," and then chuckled clear down to the tip of his tail.

Funny how some people appreciate their own jokes.

By this time the royal footman was in front of us, bowing gravely, and suddenly it dawned on me that he had come to meet us. But very soon we realized we didn't speak the same language at all and Puppy gave vent to a groan of dismay.

"Why," he wailed, "won't they learn to talk in this dreadful country," and he turned an accusing eye upon me. "I don't see why in the name of common sense, Alonzo, you didn't get a succotash of languages before you hauled us away from home and mother. Now I wager we'll miss a good dinner just because we haven't enough Spanish at our command to accept it," and Puppy flopped over on the pavement in disgust.

But the high chief dignitary, dressed up in the gorgeous raiment, bowed lower than before and discovered himself to be an adept in the sign language, for with many gesticulations and bows and scrapes he herded us into that brilliant auto, climbed aboard himself and away we went in a cloud of dust.

Ju-Ju leaned over and gave me a poke in the ribs. "Say," he croaked, "do you know where we're going?"

I had to admit my ignorance.

"Well, you may be on your way," he chirped, "but much as I love you, Alonzo, I fear I will have to bid you and the fat little pug farewell. Jail has no charms for me, and a striped suit always makes me look angular." And before I could offer any remonstrance Ju-Ju had flapped his wings and was rapidly hurling himself northward.

"Now what d'ye think of that?" I gasped in dismay.

"Well, what did you expect?" queried the Pup caustically. "Ju-Ju's head isn't big enough to hold very much sense," and Puppy showed all of his little white teeth in a snarl.

By this time, however, we were approaching a magnificent structure, which proved to be the royal palace of Madrid and the official residence of his majesty King Alfonso. We drew up before the imposing entrance with a great flourish, and Puppy and I jumped down and stood waiting. Puppy nudged up against me and I felt him shiver a little bit, and Uncle Sam seemed very far away.

"Say, Alonzo," whispered the Pup, "d'ye think we'd better run for it?"

"Certainly not," said I, after a hasty glance around at the guards; "they can't do anything worse than boll us in oil or make us fight a gentleman cow or two. Anyway, who ever heard of Americans running away from anything?" And Puppy straightened up with a jerk. Then another gorgeous person approached us and at his summons we followed along at his heels. Down a long corridor we went to a room at the end of it. The gorgeous person stood back and we entered alone.

"Welcome, Alonzo, to Madrid," said a pleasant voice with a slight foreign accent. "I see you've brought the Pup, but where is Ju-Ju?"

Puppy gave a yelp of delight and flung himself across the room to where the king was standing. "Alonzo," he barked, "he can talk!" and forthwith began to lick every square inch of shine off his majesty's boots. Alfonso stooped and tickled Puppy's ribs and together they had a great game for a minute or two. Then I explained as best I could Ju-Ju's mysterious disappearance, and his majesty promised to look out for him. We were then shown to our rooms.

The palace at Madrid is one of the most magnificent in all Europe, and is built upon the site of the original Alcazar castle of the Moors. It is 410 feet each way and 100 feet high, of purest Greek architecture, and among other things boasts a library of 100,000 volumes. The morning after our arrival we went for a delightful spin in and around the town, out along the Prado, which is a beautiful boulevard on the eastern side of Madrid, returning to the palace for luncheon, and then went with the royal family to witness a bull fight in the famous Plaza de Toros, an event which had been planned in our honor. Now, fights are all right for dogs that like them, but for law abiding, peace loving bowwows like Puppy and me they have no charm. However, a royal invitation is equal to a command, so we had no alternative save to go.

The great amphitheater was packed to its limit with men, women and children in holiday attire. Overhead fluttered flags and bunting, and the sweet strains of Spanish airs played by the band floated out over the populace. Suddenly one of the small doors leading into the bull ring opened and out of it who should stalk but—Ju-Ju, a most bedraggled looking Ju-Ju. His wings had been cropped and his tail feathers drooped in utter desolation of spirit, but his eyes flashed as dangerously as of old when the jeers and cries of the assemblage reached him. Almost simultaneously with his entrance another door was thrown open and through it plunged the most vicious looking bull I have ever seen.

Now, a fight is all right, but a slaughter is a different thing. Quick as a flash I hurled myself over the railing and down into the ring, and dashed across to where Ju-Ju was standing. "I reckon we'll finish this together," said I, and lined up beside him.

"Of all the fool things"—he began, and then suddenly stopped short. I followed his glance, and there coming across the field was the Pup at his usual rolling gait, sputtering all the way. He reached us, snorted disgustedly and sat down on the other side of Ju-Ju.

Then things began to happen. The bull at the other end of the ring evidently decided to swallow us all three at one gulp, and with a fearful roar started toward us. Ju-Ju leaned over, caught the Pup by the scruff of his neck and hurled him far up into the midst of the spectators on the one side, and before I had grasped the situation properly had treated me with the same lack of respect for my dignity. Of course the fight was stopped and Ju-Ju is now a hero. His majesty apologized profusely and said that he had not been acquainted with the arrangements made for the fight or the deplorable occurrence would never have come to pass. He then hung a ribbon around Ju-Ju's neck, which makes him just a little bit better than the rest of us, and said he hoped to see us on our next trip around the world. We in turn thanked him for his hospitality and invited him to the fair.

We left on Wednesday for Lisbon, about which I will tell you in my next letter, as this one is becoming most monstrously fat. Best wishes from all of us, as ever,  
ALONZO.



BEFORE



AFTER

