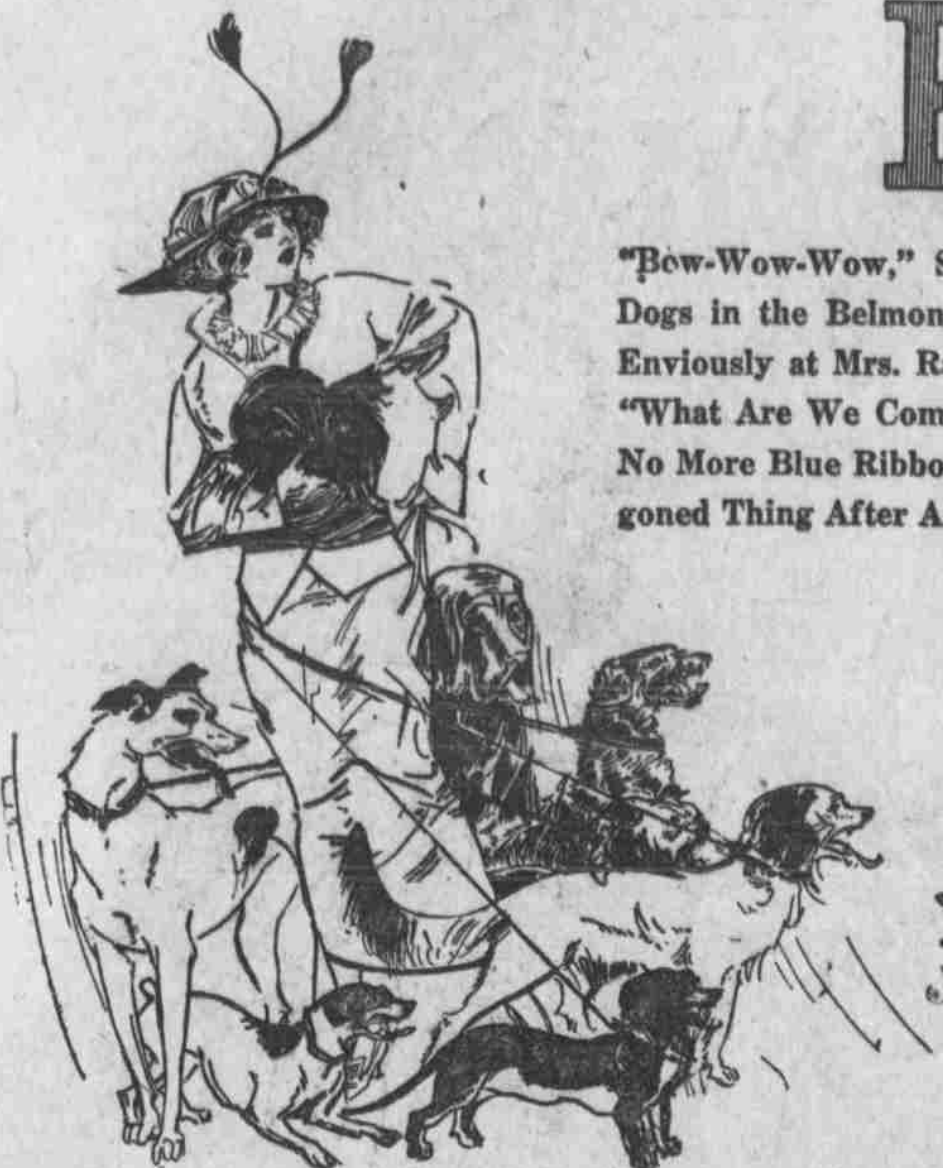


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## Bow Wow-Wow!

"Bow-Wow-Wow," Sigh the Poor Neglected Dogs in the Belmont Kennels as They Gaze Enviously at Mrs. Raymond's Prize Winners. "What Are We Coming to? No More Shows, No More Blue Ribbons, Life Is Just One Dog-goned Thing After Another."

Raymond Belmont's Show-Girl Wife Takes a Sweet Revenge on Her Husband's Family by Turning Dog Fancier and Winning All the Blue Ribbons Away from the Belmont Kennels



WHEN Mrs. Raymond Belmont, the former Winter Garden show girl, bought Pansy, her \$500 Pekinese toy dog, did she plan to be most exquisitely revenged on the members of her husband's family? Was it malice aforethought that guided her? Or did it just happen? Mrs. Raymond will not tell, but the various members of the Belmont family are sure that the former Ethel Lorraine, one-time chorus lady, has turned dog fancier just to spite them. And now no one dares say bow-wow whenever any of the Belmonts are near by.

And why should not this young woman buy dogs and travel about the country showing them?

Because the Belmonts have always shown their dogs and attended all the shows in this part of the country, and they can not do so any longer, because everywhere they go they bump into their new relations-in-law.

Simple, is it not? But very painful.

You see, in the beginning, the Belmont family did not acknowledge the existence of Mrs. Raymond; they even denied that Raymond, the second son of the multi-millionaire and banker, ever did marry any one, and even if he did, it was not Ethel Lorraine.

The air was filled with denials the day after the marriage was reported. The Belmonts denied that the wedding had occurred. Mrs. Raymond denied that the

marriage had not occurred. At that time Pansy, the Pekinese, did not deny anything, because she had not been added to the family. She was an afterthought, so to speak.

But the Belmonts speedily found that their denials did them no good. The marriage had taken place over in Hoboken, and Ethel Lorraine had the paper to prove it.

In the beginning the family of the foolish young husband refused to consider that the young wife had any claim on them. They went on their way exhibiting their dogs, and their dogs went on bow-wow-ing and the bride wept at home, neglected and forlorn.

Now the Belmonts say that while the bride moped at home she was busy thinking and planning how she could bring her husband and his family to terms and to make them at least acknowledge her physical existence.

Here is the picture the Belmonts draw of the young wife. Here is what they say she was thinking.

"Brrrr, Brrrr, but I will be revenged on Raymond's family. I will bring them to terms. But how, oh, how shall I do it? Shall I go to Newport? No, I have not money enough, and then I simply could not stand being lorgnetted at by those Casino dames. But revenged I will be."

At this moment Mrs. Raymond stopped her tears long enough to read about the Toy Dog Show at the Waldorf, where the

Belmonts were exhibiting their pets and winning prizes, and where August Belmont was the overlord, so to speak.

And then a dog outside her window began to bark, and all at once the inspiration struck the ex-showgirl.

"Bow-wow, she cried, bow-wow-wow, I have found my revenge. I will buy a dog and exhibit her and win all the blue ribbons for myself."

And straightway it was done. Mrs. Raymond Belmont's name appeared in the list of entrants at the very next show held at Mineola as the owner and exhibitor of Pansy, a Pekinese toy, worth \$500, and warranted to take at least two blue ribbons at every show.

The first day's session of the Dog Show at Mineola was a busy period; there were hundreds of dogs to be exhibited. Mrs. Raymond arrived early, so as to be on hand when her neglectful-in-laws should arrive.

"Bow-wow" yapped Pansy, "what are you doing here in this horrid place with all these dogs?"

"S-s-s-h, we are waiting to see our father-in-law and stepmother-in-law," answered the young wife.



Raymond Belmont Who Started All the Trouble by Marrying Ethel Lorraine.



Miss Barbara Rutherford, Whose Admiration for Dogs Can Hardly Be Expected to Include Mrs. Raymond Belmont's Prize Winners.

answered her loving mistress.

But young Mrs. Raymond's revenge was only too complete. The Belmonts already knew that her name was on the exhibitor's list, and, of course, they withdrew their dogs and stayed at home. This was particularly hard on the August Belmonts, for they had some perfectly lovely Pekinese pups that they knew would sweep all before them. But young Mrs. Belmont, who was a very haughty young beauty before she married August, junior, utterly refused to run the risk of meeting her new sister-in-law, and she did not even want her pups to meet the new Pansy.

"But," said Mrs. August to her father-in-law, whose word in his own family has always been law, "but she is only doing this to tease us temporarily, or perhaps she does not know how it does tease us. She will not go to any of the other shows I am sure."

But she did. The effect of her presence at Mineola pleased her so much that Mrs. Raymond decided to follow the dog circuit and show her dog all over the country.

An underground current took this sad information to the Belmonts.

"Bow-wow-wow," barked the big dogs in the Belmont kennels, and "bow-wow-wow" yapped the little dogs in the same kennels. "Why are we not being sent to the shows, why are we not winning any more beautiful blue ribbons?"

This bow-wow-ing was heard up at the house where the Belmont family was in consultation.

"Can you not do something?" asked Mrs. Belmont of her powerful husband. "Can you not keep this Pansy from being shown?"

But such a course was impossible under

the laws of the American Kennel Association. Any dog whose points were correct and whose owner fulfilled certain conditions must be admitted to the bench. Therefore Pansy could bow-wow to her heart's content at every bench show in the country and none could say her nay.

From New York Pansy was taken to Boston, and there won another blue ribbon, but the effect on the Belmont family was electrical. And society itself took up the cudgels for the much-tried Pansy.

"Let us freeze Pansy out," said society, "let us make her realize that she belongs in another class."

But the judges said "no, no, Pansy is a winner and cannot be ignored, even if she does send the Belmonts from the field."

Society, however, took its revenge on Pansy's owner by not noticing her or her dog at all. It was as though neither dog nor mistress existed.

"I am being revenged, however," was Mrs. Raymond's daily thought, and it was a great comfort to her, indeed. Revenge is ever sweet.

But not until recently did Mrs. Raymond realize the real depth and exquisiteness of her revenge. Not until she learned that her marriage had interfered with the pet dream of her father-in-law's heart, that Raymond should marry the younger daughter of Mrs. William K. Vanderbilt, Miss Barbara Rutherford, also a lover of Pekinese dogs.

Oh, the double-barreled revenge! Just at the time that Mrs. Raymond was planning her bow-wow revenge Miss Rutherford announced that she would enter her beautiful Tossie, a pure-blooded Pekinese, worth several thousand dollars, in the Mineola show, but she had to withdraw Tossie when she heard that Pansy was to be shown. It was bad enough to lose the men she had planned to marry, but it was worse to lose the chance to show her lovely Tossie, she said.

"Ah, but revenge is sweet," said Mrs.



PHOTO DAVIS & SANFORD

Mrs. August Belmont. Her Displeasure at Having a Show Girl for a Daughter-in-Law Is Made All the Keener by the

Repeated Triumphs of Mrs. Raymond Belmont's Dogs at the Bench Shows.

Raymond when she heard it.

The Vanderbilts sailed for Europe and took Miss Barbara with them, and also Tossie, and they are still over there, bow-wow.

But Mrs. Raymond has not yet finished her revenge. She began it with Pansy, but she is adding to it with several other dogs. In the big Belmont kennels at Meadow Brook, L. I., are dogs of every degree and kind. There are sheep dogs, Irish terriers, Alredale terriers and bull dogs. A wonderful collection all bow-wow-ing and lamenting because they are never shown before admiring crowds any more.

To offset this collection, Mrs. Raymond recently decided to form a kennel of her own and sell pups to add to her income. She is gradually adding terriers and bull dogs to her string, and when her collection is complete there will be even more excitement in the Belmont kennels.

But stay, there is worse to come. It is whispered among the social friends and enemies of the Belmonts that the young wife has a further card up her sleeve, one that will be a body blow to her husband's family. She needs a home for her future kennels, and where else but on Long Island could she find a better place? There is a farm for sale adjacent to the Belmont

estate, and unless Mr. Belmont beats her to it, young Mrs. Belmont intends to lease it with the privilege of buying it later.

"Bow-wow-wow," sigh the old-established dogs in the Belmont kennels. "What are we coming to? No more shows, no more blue ribbons, bow-wow-wow life is just one dog-goned thing after another."

Will it not be something too awful to think of if young Mrs. Belmont secures that farm next to her father-in-law's? What will happen should the ladies of the two households ever meet while exercising their pets?

Suppose one of the dogs gets lost? Will not the loser insist that her neighbor has it? "Oh, where, oh, where, has my little dog gone," she will sing and send out a searcher to hunt through her neighbor's kennels.

There is no doubt that the advent of the new Mrs. Belmont will add to the paucity of the Long Island season, bow-wow. And for once in his life August Belmont, Esq., finds that his millions are of no avail.

How can millions affect a dog, or several dogs, anyway?

"Bow-wow-wow," am I not being sweetly revenged?" asks Mrs. Raymond Belmont, and from Miss Rutherford over in Paris and from all the Belmont family comes the answer: "Yes."

### The Diary a Doctor Kept While Dying

PROBABLY the strangest, most affecting diary ever written was that found at the bedside of the late Dr. George Henry Rogus Dabbs, who died recently in London of that form of heart disease called angina pectoris, which is accompanied by intense pain involving the whole left side and arm. Dr. Dabbs, a distinguished physician, sixty-seven years old at the time of his death, attended Tennyson during the poet's last illness.

Here is the diary of death, written on the backs of envelopes, and entitled, "My Case":

"June 5, 8 p. m.—I think this experience may perhaps explain what must some day happen. It was not wise to walk up stairs on a full stomach. . . . I should have waited. It is only my own fault—no one is to blame for the impatience of an old fool. Pain down left arm agonizing. Chloroform might relieve me."

"8:15.—Stopper stuck." (The Coroner said the writing was rather tremulous, as if the writer were excited.) "Crawled to kitchen."

"8:30.—Moved it at last. Telephone operator has begun a new chapter, evidently." (This, observed the Coroner, looked as if some one had been ringing him up, or the operator, as usual, had given the wrong number.) "Pain a little better."

"12:10.—Pain quenched for quite two and a half hours. Coming back again. In spite of my promise to Mrs. . . . shall take more chloroform, but I am bound to stop it, or it will stop me."

"8:45 a. m.—Pain conquered, I think. Have just telephoned for more chloroform. Cannot be without it."

"8 p. m., Friday, 6th.—Just had a clutch at my heart again. Was talking to dear Adelaide (his octogenarian friend), and had recited her my last poem from the W. G. Well, I won't funk, and even if I

died in her dear arms she will forgive me, but perhaps it will pass."

"June 6.—Continue diary. Rest of story in my bag."

"8:25 p. m.—Some pain—a little chloroform."

"June 7.—Must rest. Want some good professional advice. Very ill."

"8 p. m., June 7.—22 come more chloroform. It is safer for me than morphia, which I have not touched."

"Saturday, 8:50.—A kind friend has given me a little dinner. I was only there an hour and five minutes. Her kindness ought not to be rewarded by her name being mentioned if, as seems probable, my trouble comes on in the night."

"Sunday, June 8.—Bad night. Oh, the humiliations of disease! Shall keep quiet all day, and die like a stag if I may be alone. I have avoided morphia hitherto, but the pain is too much, and chloroform is like milk to me. I do so want to live. The world is so full of light, and life and interest. Jack Seely will do it for me. I will only remember his own explanations, but will he? If Winston had been in Opposition now he would have been Prime Minister in six months. My love to all at the office, and I hope they will appreciate my partner, who is of sound opinions."

The Coroner said the diary was evidently a record of sensations extending over two or three days. On another table by the side of the bed, said the Coroner, that was evidently a last attempt by Dr. Dabbs to express himself was found, but it was very indistinct and scrawly. It seemed to read:

"Be kind to Simpson (his partner), I am dying. Thank you for all your kindness! To be continued in my next."

"Be kind to my partner, I am passing. Can I keep awake till they find me—they find me—they find me? I must!"

Here the pencil evidently fell from the dying man's hand.



Mrs. Raymond Belmont and Her Pure-Blooded Pekinese "Pansy."