

# Putting Homeless Dogs to a Painless Death

THIS IS THE SEASON AT THE PORTLAND ESTRAY POUND FOR THE REMOVAL OF VAGRANT CANINES

**D**O YOU want a dog? Do you want a setter, a spaniel, a shepherd, a lap-dog, or a watch-dog, or a common yellow cur?

If you do, and are not particular about pedigrees, run out to the city stray pound, on Sixteenth street, near Madison, in Goose Hollow. There you will find setters and hounds, pug pups and mastiffs in mingled profusion. By paying the city license of \$2, you will not only get your pick of the dogs, but will thereby save the life of one of the unfortunate creatures.

Just now there are 40 dogs of all breeds, varieties, temperaments and sizes awaiting their owners or death. One of the two must claim them. For they are vagrants just the same as the man who looks out from a set of bars in some jail because he would not earn a decent livelihood is a vagrant. The only difference is that the law deals a little more severely with the canine vagrant than with the vagrant of the human species, who in many instances, perhaps, is much less worthy of consideration.

Of course, the distinction is unavoidable, for ownerless dogs must not be allowed to roam, nor can any municipality be expected to support a lot of valueless canines through a lifetime of imprisonment, such a thing as that would be costly and insane. Just the same as it would be if society should employ radical measures in extirpating its worthless members by process of hanging or execution.

So the unclaimed dog must go. He must be gathered in by some alert dogcatcher, tossed in a cage with dozens of others of his kind, kept through a short period of imprisonment and then blotted out of existence, without the formality of a trial.

As already stated, there are some 40 victims of this arrangement now awaiting their fate. Caged in a cell, they await their inevitable, unavoidable doom. Perhaps they understand it. Perhaps they do not. According to the human estimate of their intelligence, dogs cannot calculate of the future, being guided by instincts alone. It is not so improbable that these same instincts bring them forebodings of the calamity in store for them in a few days when they will be taken in batches to a big sealed tank where volumes of stifling gas will send them to the final sleep—even while they play.

A visit to the stray pound is a saddening experience, especially if it happens to be a laughing day. When I visited the place a few days ago, it was such an occasion. The dogs had been given their breakfast, and some were taking a morning siesta, while others were playfully biting at each other.

As I walked among the cages with the keeper, several of the animals pressed their noses against the bars and stared expectantly as if in hopes of recognizing a beloved owner who had deserted them to this unwholesome company of dogs. There was one particularly fine Gordon setter, which was busy wrestling with a big, hairy cur of no breed as I came in. He left off his play at once and pressed hard against the bars until, seeing it was not any one known to him he turned away. Not to resume playing, though, but to sink sullenly into a corner of the big cage and lie down.

By different routes do the dogs arrive at the unhappy plight of imprisonment in the pound. Some are big, worthless curs that grew up wild and are lucky that their existence was not cut short long ago. Others are dogs which have had good homes, but in the petulance of their old age, when their owners could no longer keep them with safety, they have been turned into the streets for the dogcatcher. Then there are the pathetic cases where poverty renders it impossible for the owner to pay the yearly tax. The dog happens to come to the notice of the dogcatcher and is caught up. Many pathetic instances of this kind came to the attention of the pound-keeper.

Recently a poor, old, dirty robin appeared at the pound and asked for the keeper.

"Mister, has you got Gyp in here?" he asked, timidly, but with great earnestness and anxious tones.

"Who's Gyp?" asked the keeper.

"He's my dog, an' he ain't been home, not for a long time," said the boy, sorrowfully.

"If Gyp is here, have you got \$2 to pay to get him out?" asked the keeper in business-like tones.

A shadowy-eyed, boyish countenance, and he stood twisting at his faded cap for some time before speaking.

"No, sir," he said finally, with childish frankness. "Pa says he ain't got no money for dogs, but I want Gyp back, because he ain't done nothin' wrong. Please, can't I see if he's in here?" he asked, imploringly, and no one could have resisted.

"All right, you can see if he is here," said the keeper as he led the way among the cages of dogs.

Suddenly a sharp burst of gleeful barking filled the corridor. An ill-kept cur in one of the smaller cages had seen the boy. The barking was mingled with a glum expression from the child's lips as a tiny hand went through the bars from one side and a long red tongue came through from the other.

The keeper went outside for some fresh air.

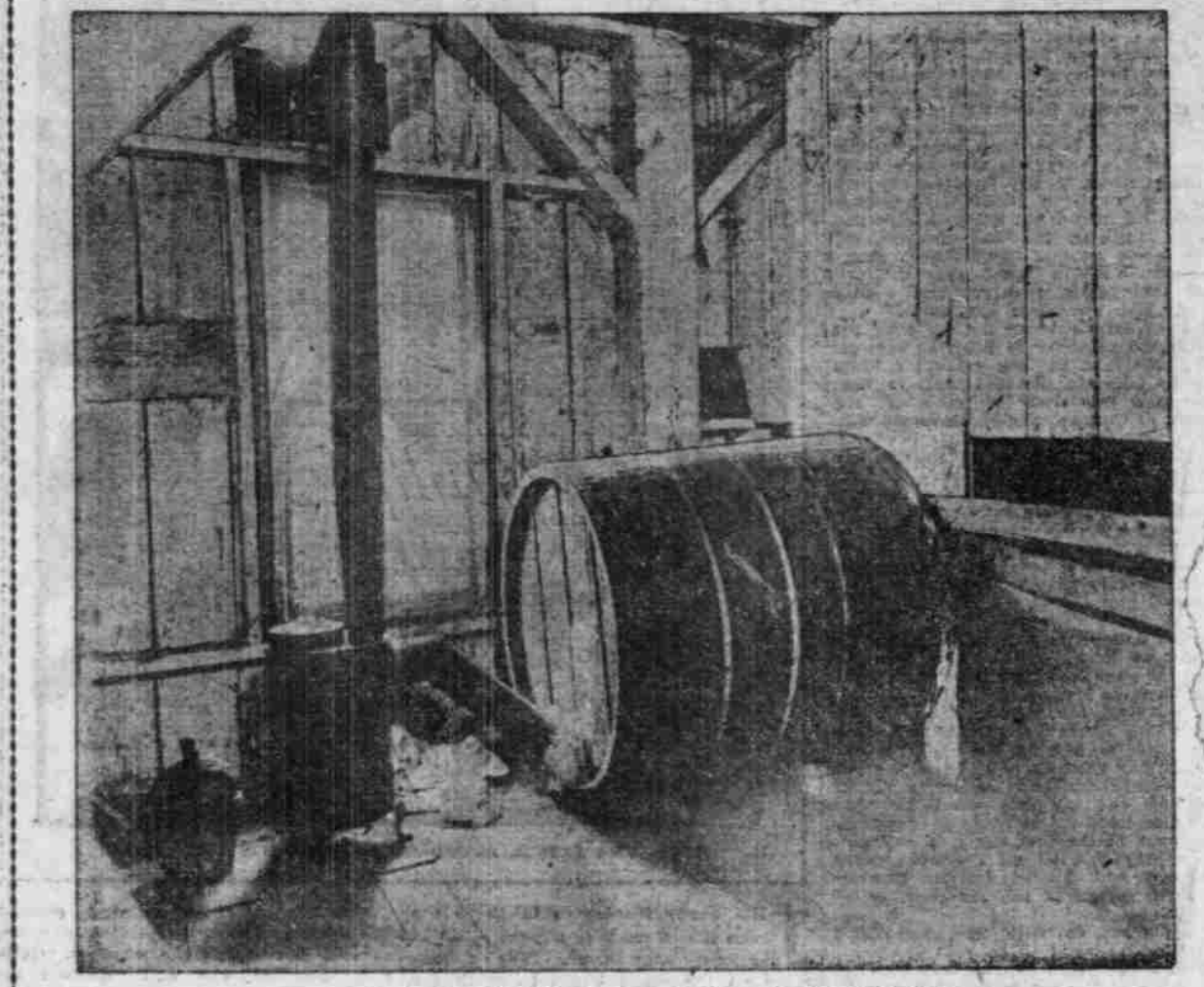
Some time later a boy and a dog left the stray pound together. It was hard to tell which was the happier.

At 10 o'clock on the morning of my visit the keeper announced that the striking of the hour was the death-knell of 15 of the dogs. They had been in imprisonment a couple of weeks or more, had been advertised in the columns of the press, and since no claimant had appeared to their rescue, the expense of feeding them could not be prolonged.

Their death is arranged so as to be as painless as possible and, in fact, the system entails very little suffering. The dogs are placed in a big tank. Adjoining this tank is a contrivance for creating gas from charcoal. This gas is made more stifling with a volume of burning sulphur. As soon as there is a large quantity of this deadly mixture collected in the storage tank a huge valve is thrown open and the tank is filled with the suffocating gas almost instantly. Inside of three minutes the dogs are no more.

With the arrival of the fatal hour the keeper approached a cage in which were the doomed animals and opened the door to drive them to the execution tank.

A sturdy-built bound with a kindly expression in his eyes came out at once, sniffed at his executioner and wagged his tail affably. A sleek spaniel walked out next and repeated the performance. The other dogs, of high and low degree, took courage and followed the leaders, for an invitation to get outside of that narrow cage into the free



TANK AT THE CITY POUND WHERE DOGS INHALE DEADLY GAS

world they had been used to was not to be scoffed at. "Come on, doggie," said the keeper, pleasantly, snapping his fingers and leading the way towards the fatal tank. The good-natured hound followed at once and so did several of the others, although a few sniffed suspiciously about them and would not go until they were driven.

Into the great tank they went, the

hound, the spaniel, the poodle, the mastiff, the shepherd, the terrier, was only a matter of a few minutes now before it would not matter whether they were rescued from this prison or not.

When they were all inside, the gas valves were thrown open and the hapless creatures were in the presence of their death. The hound commenced chewing sportively at the mastiff's ear.

The spaniel lay down and curled up to go to sleep.

Suddenly the hound's nose went up in the air as he sniffed the deadly gas. The terrier turned dizzily about and began to whine and the mastiff ran around the tank as if in search of an exit.

At which point I went out in search of some of that fresh air.

JOHN DOE.

## NEW YORK GRAND OPERA SEASON OPENS

Brilliant Performances of Aida and Parsifal Are Attended by New York's Six Hundred

**N**EW YORK, Nov. 28.—(Special Correspondence.)—The opening of the opera season is perhaps the most interesting feature of the musical and dramatic life in New York this week. It is customary to make each season more important than the one before when you talk about it; but in point of fact the audience that assembled on Monday night to witness "Aida" was perhaps the most dazzling that ever assembled on a first night at that house. It will be remembered that this is the second season of opera under Mr. Conried, and he is to be congratulated upon the brilliancy under which he enters the spirit of the times as well as of the art. The cast was really remarkable, and is herewith given:

- Aida.....Miss Emma Eames
  - (Her reappearance.)
  - Amneris.....Miss Ethel Walker
  - In Sacertotes.....Miss Josephine Schaefer
  - Radames.....Mr. Caruso
  - Assassins.....Mr. Scott
  - Ramses.....Mr. F. P. Pagnon
  - Al H.....Mr. Hochmann
  - Chorus.....Mr. Grotz
  - Conductor.....Mr. Arturo Vigna
- The reappearance of Emma Eames was naturally a great event, for this American woman holds a social position in New York as enviable as that held by Miss Sembrich, which is saying a good deal. Caruso, too, was the idol of the hour, to say nothing of Pagnon and Scott. Miss Walker, an American, scored a tremendous success, and taking it altogether, it was one of the greatest productions of "Aida" that the patrons of the Metropolitan Opera-House have ever seen.
- Of the audience there is little that can be said, because, in order to give any idea of the glare, the glitter and the splendor, it would take columns, and it would include the names of all of the Four Hundred and the additional few who have swelled the number to little less than 600. The rest of the house was given over to such people as are less known in financial circles, but quite as well, if not better, known in art. Among the notable people in the audience were Miss Alice Roosevelt, who was the guest of Mrs. William Traverser, in the William K. Vanderbilt box, and the Duchess of Manchester, who, with her husband, the Duke, were among the guests of J. Henry Smith. A notable feature of the gowning of the women present would make it seem as though white were to be the reigning color, as it was almost without exception the exclusive choice of the leaders of fashion.

After the production of "Aida" on the first night, the most exciting event was the "Parsifal" revival on Thursday night, with Nordica as Kundry. It was a beautiful performance, one in which all possible care had been lavished upon the smallest detail, and now we may be able to find out the attitude of New Yorkers to the great Wagnerian music drama when the sad side of it has become a thing of the past. It may be some satisfaction to those who marveled at the shortness of the season by Henry W. Savage to note that 400 seats were being sold on the sidewalk for \$3 just before the rise of the curtain, and for \$2 immediately after. I will further state that there is a general reduction in the 30 seats to \$1. This has been effected through the medium of the Brooklyn Institute, which has announced to its patrons that seats for the "Parsifal" production at the Metropolitan House would be sold to members of that organization at \$1, instead of \$2, and a footnote stated that it was unnecessary to show members' coupons to secure the reduction.

The production of Parsifal was a superb one and Nordica's delineation of Kundry was one which will bear comparison with that of any one who has ever attempted the role since its production. It may be remembered that the character of Kundry represents woman in a state of utter uncouthness, savage and wild, after which she rises to a creature of great beauty to tempt Parsifal and to share in him his sense of manhood out of the "guileless fool" as which he is first presented. There is no doubt that Nordica has studied the character very closely for she shows as much thought as dramatic ability, and vocally of course she is superb, her voice being fresher and more beautiful than ever. She is a tremendous addition to the forces of the Metropolitan Opera. The other members of the cast were the same as those who presented Parsifal last year, of which the following will be a reminder:

- Kundry.....Mrs. Nordica
- Parsifal.....Mr. Bursztyn
- Amfortas.....Mr. Van Rooy
- Gurnemanz.....Mr. Biss

Or that the struggling Self is more than clay.

Ill-fitted, faint-hearted for the fray Which offers, and we conquer, but Life's great

What then recalls the courage that we miss?

What holds our Faith alive and gives us power?

To trample thicket and to wing abyss?

'Tis that eternal, never-wasting power: That of those who love, and in this life That turns our empty time to fruitful hour.

It would not be surprising if "The Florentines," which is written in the form of a play, would find its way to the stage, as it is absolutely fitted for dramatic production.

There have been few embryos this week, which is due as much to the opening of the opera season as to the Thanksgiving holiday breaking into the week. Bishopham will give his last recital on Monday, after which he will probably go on an extended tour.

This series of song recitals has been in a way the most artistic thing which Mr. Bishopham has ever given us, which is saying a good deal, as he rarely makes an appearance of any sort wherein he is not of utmost benefit to those interested in music or in his study. I have often dwelt upon Mr. Bishopham as an artist, but I never hear him without realizing what a tremendous value he is to those who are studying music, whether vocal or instrumental. If this remarkable man were utterly devoid of voice, he would still be one of the greatest artists before the public for his musical delivery, his phrasing, his interpretation, his understanding of the subtle context of songs and his keen sense of adaptability make him unique and desirable.

It would be interesting to know whether Mr. Moszkowski is responsible for the rumors of his departure to study with him. It would also be interesting to know what degree of hero-worship Miss Wagnalls is suffering from to pin upon any man this should go forth as guarantee for the morals of every woman who comes in contact with him. When publishers accept twaddle of this kind it is not difficult to understand that they have no time and no money to waste upon such matters as appeal to people's common sense and which really are representative of time, pride and undervalued. The volume, called "Your Loving Nell," and if anything is worse than the stuff it contains it is the tragedy of Mrs. Gore is worth telling. She was one of hundreds of women who, craving notoriety and a life of excitement—this has no relation to morals—sought it through the study of music. It is probably her friends feel that she would have accomplished great things had she lived.

It is just as likely, however, that she would have followed in the footsteps of thousands of men and women who go abroad for study and who cannot battle against the hardships of study, to say nothing of the hardships of life. When people get away from the glow of all this and get down to common sense they will understand that \$9 out of every 100 who attempt to study should be kept out of it, and the chance for that one are as much against him as in his favor. If this were not the case, the concert halls would be full of great artists; there would be few inefficient teachers, and music would exist upon an entirely different plane. No one need be told that those who are really great are few and far between. It costs more than talent to achieve greatness.

A gem in a literary way has just fallen into my hands. It is a publication of Brentano's, "The Florentines," by Maurice V. Sampson, formerly of San Francisco. It is a small wonder that the writer succumbed to the charms of Brentano's, as he has furnished many themes for both poetry and music. A very remarkable Florentine who lived in the early 1600s has been immortalized in verse innumerable times, but it will be difficult to find a more readable and more delightful presentation than the one by Mr. Sampson, whose talent for blank verse is quite on a par with his ability to embody in it atmosphere, color and all those subtleties which make for literary excellence. Perhaps it will be regarded as underrating the volume itself to say that the writer's dedication is one of the strongest bits in the entire work. It is well worth the quotation:

To My Parents.

To my parents: In those dark periods of self-distrust, When, lying, sleeping, dreams away, And Night refuses promise of the Day, If then we told, 'tis only that we must; And not because we know that All is just,

At a recital given by Le Grand Howland at the Waldorf-Astoria, Miss Edna Gates and Miss Evelyn Hurley gave two numbers with charming results. These young ladies have gained a great deal vocally and are continuing to study seriously. Miss Ruth Hoyt, also from Portland, is studying with Mrs. Eugene Pappenberg, one of the very well known vocal teachers of New York. Miss Hetta Hamilton, well known in Portland, is due in New York on Sunday, where she will visit Mrs. L. W. Rivers, who is her cousin. A letter received from Mrs. Emma B. Carroll from Paris contains the news that she is studying hard but delightfully in that city of art. Mrs. Carroll has in her charge and under her instruction Charlotte Moore, who is gaining remarkably from the concerts and the opera while she continues her studies with Mrs. Carroll.

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When in 1809 Richard Trevithick uttered the following words there were many who considered him an insane, dangerous person: "The present generation will use canals, the next will prefer railroads with horses, but their more enlightened successors will employ steam carriages on railways as the perfection of the art of conveyance."

When Benjamin Franklin first took the coach from Philadelphia to New York he spent four days on the journey. He tells us that at the old driver jogged along, he spent his time knitting stockings. Two stage coaches and eight horses sufficed for all the commerce that was carried on between Boston and New York, and in Winter the journey occupied a week.

Napoleon, at the height of his power, could not command our every-day conveniences such as steam heat, running water, bath and sanitary plumbing, gas,

Another notable death was that of George J. Husa, who was one of the oldest teachers and organists of New York. Mr. Husa was born in 1828 in Bavaria, and he was a lineal descendant of John Hus. Up to a few months ago Mr. Husa continued to teach and he was regarded as one of the greatest instructors in the art of teaching that this country has ever known. Among the family he leaves

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is Henry Holden Husa, who is one of the foremost musicians and composers of this country.

Beginning with the Alceste concert, which will occur on Tuesday night with Josef Hofmann as soloist, musical matters seem to take a new start, not only in New York, but all over, including the Pacific Coast, where Padewski will open his tour. Yaays, who arrived in this country, accompanied by his wife, will give his first New York concert early in December. Colonna will make his reappearance with the Philharmonic Society Friday and Saturday with Anton Hekking as soloist. D'Albert will arrive during this month and he opens his tour early in January. The first concert of the Oratorio Society will occur Thursday evening, December 1, when a German recital by Brahms, and "Sicopora, Wake, for Night is Flying," by Bach, will be sung. The soloists will be Mme. De Montau, John Young and David Bispham. Frank Damrosch is the conductor of this society, which was founded 23 years ago by his father, Dr. Damrosch, and, by the way, the title of doctor has been conferred upon Frank Damrosch by Yale University and thus he is a worthy successor of his father in title as in musical ability.

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EMILIE FRANCES BAUER.

### "Good Old Times"

How Much Better Off We Are Today.

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