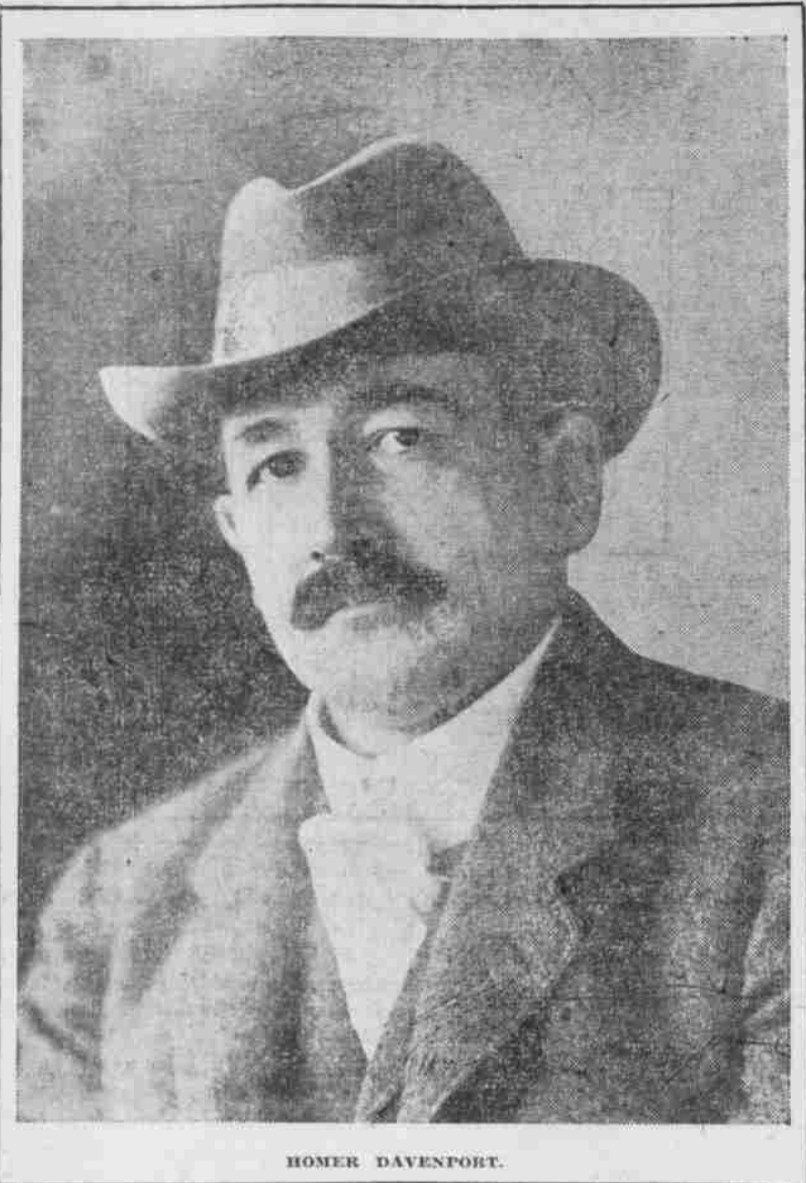


HOMER DAVENPORT'S EXPEDITION INTO THE ARABIAN DESERT

Armed with letter by the President, three big Americans penetrate the Sand Wastes, fraternize with the Bedouins, and bring home a string of Fleet Arab Steeds



HOMER DAVENPORT.

(Homer Davenport has recently returned from Turkey, where he was sent by the Woman's Home Companion to write and illustrate a series of articles on the Arabian desert and its history. The illustrations published on this page are used by permission of the Woman's Home Companion.)

Up, lad: these that lie and slumber
Sunlit palaces never thrive;
Morns ahead and daylight slumber
Were not made for men Arthur,
Clay lies still, but blood's a rover;
Breathe's a war that will not keep.
Up, lad: when the journey's over
There'll be Hittite empires in sleep.
—E. A. HOISEMAN.

THIS being the story of how three North American giants invaded the Arabian desert alone and extended the right hand of fellowship to Akmut Hafiz, the oracle of all the Arabs, it is worth while to note the spirit as well as the facts of their adventure, says the New York Times.

In the world at large they do not wear their hearts on their sleeves, and so are known usually as Charles A. Moore, Jr., 6 foot 3; John H. Thompson, Jr., 6 foot 3; and Homer Davenport, 6 foot 1; but, thanks to the great Allah of the desert, who in his mercy has spared them from the jaws of the hyena, and the great wisdom of Akmut Hafiz, the seer of the Bedouins, there is a fullness of knowledge in them now that passeth the understanding of the brotherhood of townsmen.

They left New York on July 5, and those who knew anything about the Oriental moods of the sun wondered, for even the Arab prays to the burning sun sinks behind him in the west. But what a warning to a man "just aching to be a hero." The last words are quoted, as they should be, for they express the principle of the whole trip, and they were uttered by the oldest of the three.

By the time they reached Constantinople to see another thing, Arthur, John and Jack and Homer—whatever else they were or had been or were to be as absurd as any Turkish spy they might meet.

What Columbus had done in 1492 gave them an assurance in strange lands that even the Sultan himself appreciated when the State Department at Washington had pointed it out in the order.

When later this same scrap of writing was put into the hands of Sheykh Hashim Bey, Chief of the Bedouins, in the filthy, pestilential little town of Aleppo, he held it in his trembling hands, and looking up to the sky, murmured a nonpolitical prayer of Mohammed's, and then bowed his head in reverence over the little document.

The start for the desert from Constantinople was delayed, for it was necessary to secure permission from the Sultan to purchase some Arab horses from the Amaza tribes in the desert, which Homer Davenport, the horseman of the party, declared to be the object of their journey thither. It was here that one of the three, being ennobled of the frisky Turk, formed such close fellowship with two native boys that the remaining two chartered one All Bey and the other Oyster Bey.

Perhaps the same Arab blood that is in men of many races that sends them wandering about the earth, was in the hearts of these two, and they regretted the affinity of one of them for Turkish kind.

It was not until after they had left Constantinople and all her luxuries behind that Homer, scanning approach to the desert, unfolded this theory to the others, for, though born in Oregon, he declared himself by temperament an Arab, and, taking joy in the belief, announced that there were other Bedouin souls among his friends in America.

To be sure, this was before they had spent the three or four days and nights of horror between Skandaroon and Aleppo, an experience which almost eclipsed all practical zeal, to say nothing of the poetic enthusiasm of the trip. An officious Turkish spy undertook to question their passports, and temporarily took their guns away. Pending an official adjustment of their difficulties, they were obliged to camp by the wayside, tormented by overgrown vermin, with insufficient food, surrounded by faces of alien beings speechless and mysteriously menacing to them. An interpreter only seemed to emphasize their



complete remoteness from the world as they knew it.

Finally the overzealous Turkish spy, having been properly rebuked by his government, returned the arms he had detained, and the three Americans reached Aleppo, where there was a Syrian hotel.

This place, situated on the edge of the desert of Arabia, had no Board of Health, and the consequences of this oversight were almost unprintable. The streets were so narrow that when camels met it was impossible to pass, and one or the other had to back up to the nearest corner.

It was here that the actual perplexities of the proposed journey into the desert occurred.

To strike out into the Bedouin country without a guide was impossible, and even the danger of going without an escort of soldiers was freely described to the Americans.

While visiting the bazaars, where some purchases were made, the Arab from Oregon was always on the lookout for his kinsmen, the true Arabs of the desert.

He was able to pick them out from the other Orientals by the wild darning of their countenances, by a certain distinction of manner and bearing.

One of these, whom he approached by chance in the street, informed him of Akmut Hafiz, the diplomat of the desert, and told him also that Hashim Bey, the chief of the great Amaza tribe, was then in Aleppo.

"Show him to me!" said the man from Oregon, and they went at once to the house of the great Amaza tribe, where every Bedouin knows and respects.

He lived very modestly for his distinguished celebrity in a native house, where the houses were stabled in the parlors, and the living-rooms were upstairs. This room in which the oracle of the Bedouin tribe received Homer Davenport and his companions was a large apartment, with red plush divans edging its walls. The surprising thing about it to the Americans were the guns and arms to be seen lying about in a country where arms are forbidden to any one but the soldiers.

After a little while Akmut Hafiz appeared. With stately dignity he walked slowly into the room. According to Arab custom, he bowed low to the floor, and then stepping forward gave each one a hearty handshake.

If Grover Cleveland were to put on the Bedouin costume he would look exactly like Akmut Hafiz, the intermediary between Sheykh Hashim Bey, Chief of the Amazas, and the Turkish government.

men from North America into the desert he had not visited for 30 years and see that they secured the finest Arab horses at reasonable prices.

As soon as a suitable suite of attendants could be obtained they left Aleppo, and from that time till they returned there, three weeks later, the Arabian desert was a place of Oriental splendor and mystery, though seen through scorched eyeballs, for whether by the great red fire of the sun they saw, or the monster moon of tropical heat, there was always the fever to excite the brain, and running through the whole adventurous dream the maddening sound of cool, fresh running water.

"It's an awful thing, that sun, a great red ball of fire that seems to be there only to torture you, to drive you mad," said Homer Davenport, recalling the memory of it all as a nightmare without valor.

"I often wondered, when we were well in the desert, how I could have been such a fool as to sit on my porch at home and deliberately plan this expedition. Poor Arthur, who is a giant in size and nerve, agreed with me that if he ever got back to his place in Greenwich, Conn., he would never leave it again. No man can realize what a precious thing is water till he has been three weeks in the desert drinking dirty tepid stuff as if it were fit to drink. And then that solemn loneliness of three white men surrounded by strange races, strange sounds, and no one, nothing that understood us."

The only American they met was a woman missionary, who was tolerably happy because she was returning home. They did not see the tribe of Arabs whose souls she had been industriously converting, but they must have been a hardy tribe, for it was their custom to cut the tender skin of their babies and rub salt into the wounds, that they might begin life with befitting hardihood.

But in the midst of the tragedy there was some light, some insurmountably amusing incidents.

There was the man with the spurs. This man sat, drank, and slept in his spurs, but never allowed them to except to crack hard-boiled eggs. And there was the amazing sarcasm and wit of Akmut Hafiz, equal to any white man's sense of humor. And there was the iron cot, on which Arthur tried to sleep every night, but never could, because it invariably broke through with him and left him chafing upon the rocks of the desert. The daily repairs to this cot was one of the relaxations.

The various imaginative attempts of an Oriental cook to make a dinner of the things he had, and the constant trade winds, night and day, blows hot as if straight from the furnace of the sun, were by day and played a silent hoax.

These preliminary remarks is made for the benefit of the crowd that is always howling about the glories of their own country. England is a hold'it, nothing good nowhere else on earth—the same push that dodges their taxes as a matter of patriotism. They need walkin' up. Take myself. I was always more or less prejudiced against England. Now I can see where I was dead wrong. It's a great country. Of course, the minute you begin comparing England with your own, you are bound to be an odious spring up. The thing to decide is who owns it. What's more, odious or not, no American can spend any time in England without getting fairly crazy. It's a game as compared to what he finds at home. It's natural. Every man likes to think his own country's the only one on earth. Of course, he's wrong. He's a hero. He likes to see himself in the world. If he can con the other fellow into agreeing, then he's delivered the patriotic goods. It's his country. It's made it. No one else had hand in it except a few selected guys that he let in on the ground floor. But when you get down to figurin' there is tremendous advantage in all countries that other countries haven't got. An' the same with disadvantages. For instance, we've got Hearst, Parkhurst, and Weirward to put up with, and we have certain things to offset 'em. But we need 'em, don't we? Very well. So it goes elsewhere. France has the Count de Camille. England has you and me, more calculated to drive a howlin' passion to frenzy than England passes out in its national song-writer, Alfred Austin. I'd like to know it. I tell you, it's not all an' activities even on the sly.

To begin, England is great as a free country. When it comes to freedom there ain't no country that's got anything on England. There's freedom of the press, freedom of speech, freedom in the courts, freedom all down the line, an' you're just as free to starve to death in England as you are in any other country. There's not even exceptin' New York. What's more, you can do it with less interference. In New York, if you speak off in a corner an' try to starve to death on the sly, the chances is you get discovered an' foiled. Somebody butts in. First thing you know you're waitin' out to the poorhouse an' tempted away from your good resolution by some guy offerin' you a nice slice of dog-biscuit. Now, you don't have no such block in your way in England. There it usually takes a man eight weeks to break into the poorhouse, even if he pulls all the strings he can to get there. An' he's got to use a jimmy at that. So far as diggin' him out an' an' an' an'.

After that there was really no danger from bodily harm to any one of the three Americans, and they set to work upon the actual business of buying horses.

With each horse or mare purchased the ceremony was the same. Akmut Hafiz would join the hands of the buyer and seller, and, placing his hand over the joined hands, he would demand that the Arab repeat the good points of the horse aloud "to Allah." If he did so the deal was closed and the horse delivered according to terms, for if there was any false inflation of values the Arab selling would not risk the wrath of Allah against the liar.

Each horse had hung around its neck in a small bag a Mohammedan prayer, and the only condition of sale was that that should never be cut from the horse's neck.

It is the belief of the Arabs that the spirit of Allah is in every horse of the desert, and that when the Arab steed arches his tail it is a symbol of this great spirit. Because our horses wear their tails with a shameful disregard of style, the Arabs say that none of them are blessed with the spirit of Allah.

Homer Davenport managed to bring to this country 27 pure-blooded Arab mares and horses from the great desert, and 17 of them are now at his farm in Morris Plains, N. J. Among them is the celebrated Muston, or Hatching horse, who being used in the desert to listen for the approach of his master's enemy, will suddenly become as if carved in stone, his ears well forward, seemingly unconscious of life about him.

Doubtless the Bedouins are now convinced that the Americans are a race of giants, and that some day they will ride across the desert to New York. They will always expect the Bedouins from Oregon to greet them when they come.

Sitting the other night at the bedside of Davenport's home, courting again on his Arab steed across the mirage of the desert in the log flames before us, there came a loud knock at the door, and in walked Arthur, 6 foot 3.

In a moment they were embracing, as Davenport seized him, saying: "Arthur, Arthur, my bride of the desert."

He nearly lost his bride because of fever and thirst one night, and while the Bedouins were praying to the east, Davenport's heart and eyes were set fixedly westward.

"That was nearly their last night in the desert, in the grim white moonlight of that lifeless sky Davenport thought of his Bedouin friends in America.

"Among his letters he found one from Blanche Bates, saying: "She's a Bedouin, sure as you live."

England wants to turn the trick they label it Home Made. The Eystallian organ grinders don't have no show. They're all Britshers. An' I tell you a good loyal Englishman's heart swells with pride when he sees five or six of his fellow countrymen marchin' with their instruments down Chesapeake bustlin' for a stand to hand out a few gems of song. An' when they burst in the chorus, Brits Britannia, Britannia rules the waves, Brits never, never, never, shall be slaves.

he slaps himself on the chest an' says, "Hokey, England forever. An' I see one of these guys last week pattin' himself on the back. But I ain't half as hard as you might think. The Herald's College ain't it with the Koneel Club for stickin' to the rules. An' of course, it oughtn't to be. When a man poses as a peddler of wisdom, it's a cinch he's a shine, an' it don't cut very much figure what series of shimes he belongs to. With a dog it's different.

Incidentally that Herald's College is a fine institution. With a reasonable amount of capital behind it there's a chance to start one in New York an' make a big bunch of money.

But I want to tell you this: While the Americans is gettin' more struck on titles every day the English interest in 'em is wainin'. Eight British-ers out of ten prefers coin to coronets.

Another of those examinations of royal tombs, undertaken during the reign of the late King of Holland, revealed the extraordinary fact that in the vault of the so-called New Church, at Delft, which for a number of years has served as the mausoleum for the members of the house of Orange, there are preserved the remains of a large dog. It was a pet of William the Silent, and had on two separate occasions saved its royal master's life by warning him of the approach of the Spanish assassins, who eventually murdered the king in 1584. It succeeded to the wounds sustained in endeavoring to defend the Prince, and it was thereupon decided to recognize the devotion of the animal by entombing it along with the Stadtholder.

After that there was really no danger from bodily harm to any one of the three Americans, and they set to work upon the actual business of buying horses.

With each horse or mare purchased the ceremony was the same. Akmut Hafiz would join the hands of the buyer and seller, and, placing his hand over the joined hands, he would demand that the Arab repeat the good points of the horse aloud "to Allah." If he did so the deal was closed and the horse delivered according to terms, for if there was any false inflation of values the Arab selling would not risk the wrath of Allah against the liar.

Doubtless the Bedouins are now convinced that the Americans are a race of giants, and that some day they will ride across the desert to New York. They will always expect the Bedouins from Oregon to greet them when they come.

Sitting the other night at the bedside of Davenport's home, courting again on his Arab steed across the mirage of the desert in the log flames before us, there came a loud knock at the door, and in walked Arthur, 6 foot 3.

In a moment they were embracing, as Davenport seized him, saying: "Arthur, Arthur, my bride of the desert."

He nearly lost his bride because of fever and thirst one night, and while the Bedouins were praying to the east, Davenport's heart and eyes were set fixedly westward.

"That was nearly their last night in the desert, in the grim white moonlight of that lifeless sky Davenport thought of his Bedouin friends in America.

"Among his letters he found one from Blanche Bates, saying: "She's a Bedouin, sure as you live."

England wants to turn the trick they label it Home Made. The Eystallian organ grinders don't have no show. They're all Britshers. An' I tell you a good loyal Englishman's heart swells with pride when he sees five or six of his fellow countrymen marchin' with their instruments down Chesapeake bustlin' for a stand to hand out a few gems of song. An' when they burst in the chorus, Brits Britannia, Britannia rules the waves, Brits never, never, never, shall be slaves.

he slaps himself on the chest an' says, "Hokey, England forever. An' I see one of these guys last week pattin' himself on the back. But I ain't half as hard as you might think. The Herald's College ain't it with the Koneel Club for stickin' to the rules. An' of course, it oughtn't to be. When a man poses as a peddler of wisdom, it's a cinch he's a shine, an' it don't cut very much figure what series of shimes he belongs to. With a dog it's different.

Incidentally that Herald's College is a fine institution. With a reasonable amount of capital behind it there's a chance to start one in New York an' make a big bunch of money.

But I want to tell you this: While the Americans is gettin' more struck on titles every day the English interest in 'em is wainin'. Eight British-ers out of ten prefers coin to coronets.

Another of those examinations of royal tombs, undertaken during the reign of the late King of Holland, revealed the extraordinary fact that in the vault of the so-called New Church, at Delft, which for a number of years has served as the mausoleum for the members of the house of Orange, there are preserved the remains of a large dog. It was a pet of William the Silent, and had on two separate occasions saved its royal master's life by warning him of the approach of the Spanish assassins, who eventually murdered the king in 1584. It succeeded to the wounds sustained in endeavoring to defend the Prince, and it was thereupon decided to recognize the devotion of the animal by entombing it along with the Stadtholder.



AKMUT HAFIZ. Drawn for the New York Times by Homer Davenport.

mused Davenport, and, tearing the letter in half, he gave to the trade winds her signature, and so to the desert gave back a souvenir of its own.

MR. DEVERY SINGS PRAISES OF ENGLAND

EDITED BY PERCY LINDON-JONARD. SOME guy once said comparisons was odious, said Mr. Devery, an' I guess he was right. The point to figure out is which comparison it is that's odious, yours or the other fellows. If a man compares your best girl with another's eyes to a pair of double back action squinters stuck in the head of a dame with piebald hair, there ain't nothin' odious to your girl by a jug full. Not a chance. She's tickled to death. The minute you praise her you can bet your life she's got a smile on that's all wool an' no flax.

When you praise her you can bet your life she's got a smile on that's all wool an' no flax. An' when you praise her you can bet your life she's got a smile on that's all wool an' no flax. An' when you praise her you can bet your life she's got a smile on that's all wool an' no flax.

These preliminary remarks is made for the benefit of the crowd that is always howling about the glories of their own country. England is a hold'it, nothing good nowhere else on earth—the same push that dodges their taxes as a matter of patriotism. They need walkin' up. Take myself. I was always more or less prejudiced against England. Now I can see where I was dead wrong. It's a great country. Of course, the minute you begin comparing England with your own, you are bound to be an odious spring up. The thing to decide is who owns it. What's more, odious or not, no American can spend any time in England without getting fairly crazy. It's a game as compared to what he finds at home. It's natural. Every man likes to think his own country's the only one on earth. Of course, he's wrong. He's a hero. He likes to see himself in the world. If he can con the other fellow into agreeing, then he's delivered the patriotic goods. It's his country. It's made it. No one else had hand in it except a few selected guys that he let in on the ground floor. But when you get down to figurin' there is tremendous advantage in all countries that other countries haven't got. An' the same with disadvantages. For instance, we've got Hearst, Parkhurst, and Weirward to put up with, and we have certain things to offset 'em. But we need 'em, don't we? Very well. So it goes elsewhere. France has the Count de Camille. England has you and me, more calculated to drive a howlin' passion to frenzy than England passes out in its national song-writer, Alfred Austin. I'd like to know it. I tell you, it's not all an' activities even on the sly.

To begin, England is great as a free country. When it comes to freedom there ain't no country that's got anything on England. There's freedom of the press, freedom of speech, freedom in the courts, freedom all down the line, an' you're just as free to starve to death in England as you are in any other country. There's not even exceptin' New York. What's more, you can do it with less interference. In New York, if you speak off in a corner an' try to starve to death on the sly, the chances is you get discovered an' foiled. Somebody butts in. First thing you know you're waitin' out to the poorhouse an' tempted away from your good resolution by some guy offerin' you a nice slice of dog-biscuit. Now, you don't have no such block in your way in England. There it usually takes a man eight weeks to break into the poorhouse, even if he pulls all the strings he can to get there. An' he's got to use a jimmy at that. So far as diggin' him out an' an' an' an'.

After that there was really no danger from bodily harm to any one of the three Americans, and they set to work upon the actual business of buying horses.

With each horse or mare purchased the ceremony was the same. Akmut Hafiz would join the hands of the buyer and seller, and, placing his hand over the joined hands, he would demand that the Arab repeat the good points of the horse aloud "to Allah." If he did so the deal was closed and the horse delivered according to terms, for if there was any false inflation of values the Arab selling would not risk the wrath of Allah against the liar.

Doubtless the Bedouins are now convinced that the Americans are a race of giants, and that some day they will ride across the desert to New York. They will always expect the Bedouins from Oregon to greet them when they come.

England wants to turn the trick they label it Home Made. The Eystallian organ grinders don't have no show. They're all Britshers. An' I tell you a good loyal Englishman's heart swells with pride when he sees five or six of his fellow countrymen marchin' with their instruments down Chesapeake bustlin' for a stand to hand out a few gems of song. An' when they burst in the chorus, Brits Britannia, Britannia rules the waves, Brits never, never, never, shall be slaves.

he slaps himself on the chest an' says, "Hokey, England forever. An' I see one of these guys last week pattin' himself on the back. But I ain't half as hard as you might think. The Herald's College ain't it with the Koneel Club for stickin' to the rules. An' of course, it oughtn't to be. When a man poses as a peddler of wisdom, it's a cinch he's a shine, an' it don't cut very much figure what series of shimes he belongs to. With a dog it's different.

Incidentally that Herald's College is a fine institution. With a reasonable amount of capital behind it there's a chance to start one in New York an' make a big bunch of money.

But I want to tell you this: While the Americans is gettin' more struck on titles every day the English interest in 'em is wainin'. Eight British-ers out of ten prefers coin to coronets.

Another of those examinations of royal tombs, undertaken during the reign of the late King of Holland, revealed the extraordinary fact that in the vault of the so-called New Church, at Delft, which for a number of years has served as the mausoleum for the members of the house of Orange, there are preserved the remains of a large dog. It was a pet of William the Silent, and had on two separate occasions saved its royal master's life by warning him of the approach of the Spanish assassins, who eventually murdered the king in 1584. It succeeded to the wounds sustained in endeavoring to defend the Prince, and it was thereupon decided to recognize the devotion of the animal by entombing it along with the Stadtholder.

Another of those examinations of royal tombs, undertaken during the reign of the late King of Holland, revealed the extraordinary fact that in the vault of the so-called New Church, at Delft, which for a number of years has served as the mausoleum for the members of the house of Orange, there are preserved the remains of a large dog. It was a pet of William the Silent, and had on two separate occasions saved its royal master's life by warning him of the approach of the Spanish assassins, who eventually murdered the king in 1584. It succeeded to the wounds sustained in endeavoring to defend the Prince, and it was thereupon decided to recognize the devotion of the animal by entombing it along with the Stadtholder.

Another of those examinations of royal tombs, undertaken during the reign of the late King of Holland, revealed the extraordinary fact that in the vault of the so-called New Church, at Delft, which for a number of years has served as the mausoleum for the members of the house of Orange, there are preserved the remains of a large dog. It was a pet of William the Silent, and had on two separate occasions saved its royal master's life by warning him of the approach of the Spanish assassins, who eventually murdered the king in 1584. It succeeded to the wounds sustained in endeavoring to defend the Prince, and it was thereupon decided to recognize the devotion of the animal by entombing it along with the Stadtholder.

He Admires the Universal Love of Music and the Preference of Coin Over Coronets

that the kid showed good sense. But they wouldn't have it that way. Finally his grandpa butts in.

"Harold," he says, "be a good boy. If you'll speak your piece I'll take you tomorrow to see His Most Gracious Majesty the King give out medals to the soldiers at Windsor Castle. There now."

Harold didn't quite see where the "there now" come in.

"Who did the soldiers do?" says Harold.

"Fought an' bled for their country," says Grandpa. "Like true British soldiers."

"An' what did the King do?" asks Harold.

"Oh," says Grandpa, "His Majesty is givin' 'em medals."

"Will he wear his crown?" asks Harold.

"Why of course not," says Grandpa. "I'm not goin' to say the greatest of the world. What good is a King if he doesn't wear a crown?"

"Then everybody bursts in an' says he'd wear a gorgeous uniform all gold lace an' trappin'."

"Is he a soldier?" asks Harold. "Yes, my boy," says the chorus, "he is the commander of the whole army."

Chicago Tribune.

Another of those examinations of royal tombs, undertaken during the reign of the late King of Holland, revealed the extraordinary fact that in the vault of the so-called New Church, at Delft, which for a number of years has served as the mausoleum for the members of the house of Orange, there are preserved the remains of a large dog. It was a pet of William the Silent, and had on two separate occasions saved its royal master's life by warning him of the approach of the Spanish assassins, who eventually murdered the king in 1584. It succeeded to the wounds sustained in endeavoring to defend the Prince, and it was thereupon decided to recognize the devotion of the animal by entombing it along with the Stadtholder.

Another of those examinations of royal tombs, undertaken during the reign of the late King of Holland, revealed the extraordinary fact that in the vault of the so-called New Church, at Delft, which for a number of years has served as the mausoleum for the members of the house of Orange, there are preserved the remains of a large dog. It was a pet of William the Silent, and had on two separate occasions saved its royal master's life by warning him of the approach of the Spanish assassins, who eventually murdered the king in 1584. It succeeded to the wounds sustained in endeavoring to defend the Prince, and it was thereupon decided to recognize the devotion of the animal by entombing it along with the Stadtholder.

Another of those examinations of royal tombs, undertaken during the reign of the late King of Holland, revealed the extraordinary fact that in the vault of the so-called New Church, at Delft, which for a number of years has served as the mausoleum for the members of the house of Orange, there are preserved the remains of a large dog. It was a pet of William the Silent, and had on two separate occasions saved its royal master's life by warning him of the approach of the Spanish assassins, who eventually murdered the king in 1584. It succeeded to the wounds sustained in endeavoring to defend the Prince, and it was thereupon decided to recognize the devotion of the animal by entombing it along with the Stadtholder.

Another of those examinations of royal tombs, undertaken during the reign of the late King of Holland, revealed the extraordinary fact that in the vault of the so-called New Church, at Delft, which for a number of years has served as the mausoleum for the members of the house of Orange, there are preserved the remains of a large dog. It was a pet of William the Silent, and had on two separate occasions saved its royal master's life by warning him of the approach of the Spanish assassins, who eventually murdered the king in 1584. It succeeded to the wounds sustained in endeavoring to defend the Prince, and it was thereupon decided to recognize the devotion of the animal by entombing it along with the Stadtholder.

Another of those examinations of royal tombs, undertaken during the reign of the late King of Holland, revealed the extraordinary fact that in the vault of the so-called New Church, at Delft, which for a number of years has served as the mausoleum for the members of the house of Orange, there are preserved the remains of a large dog. It was a pet of William the Silent, and had on two separate occasions saved its royal master's life by warning him of the approach of the Spanish assassins, who eventually murdered the king in 1584. It succeeded to the wounds sustained in endeavoring to defend the Prince, and it was thereupon decided to recognize the devotion of the animal by entombing it along with the Stadtholder.

Another of those examinations of royal tombs, undertaken during the reign of the late King of Holland, revealed the extraordinary fact that in the vault of the so-called New Church, at Delft, which for a number of years has served as the mausoleum for the members of the house of Orange, there are preserved the remains of a large dog. It was a pet of William the Silent, and had on two separate occasions saved its royal master's life by warning him of the approach of the Spanish assassins, who eventually murdered the king in 1584. It succeeded to the wounds sustained in endeavoring to defend the Prince, and it was thereupon decided to recognize the devotion of the animal by entombing it along with the Stadtholder.

Another of those examinations of royal tombs, undertaken during the reign of the late King of Holland, revealed the extraordinary fact that in the vault of the so-called New Church, at Delft, which for a number of years has served as the mausoleum for the members of the house of Orange, there are preserved the remains of a large dog. It was a pet of William the Silent, and had on two separate occasions saved its royal master's life by warning him of the approach of the Spanish assassins, who eventually murdered the king in 1584. It succeeded to the wounds sustained in endeavoring to defend the Prince, and it was thereupon decided to recognize the devotion of the animal by entombing it along with the Stadtholder.

Another of those examinations of royal tombs, undertaken during the reign of the late King of Holland, revealed the extraordinary fact that in the vault of the so-called New Church, at Delft, which for a number of years has served as the mausoleum for the members of the house of Orange, there are preserved the remains of a large dog. It was a pet of William the Silent, and had on two separate occasions saved its royal master's life by warning him of the approach of the Spanish assassins, who eventually murdered the king in 1584. It succeeded to the wounds sustained in endeavoring to defend the Prince, and it was thereupon decided to recognize the devotion of the animal by entombing it along with the Stadtholder.

Another of those examinations of royal tombs, undertaken during the reign of the late King of Holland, revealed the extraordinary fact that in the vault of the so-called New Church, at Delft, which for a number of years has served as the mausoleum for the members of the house of Orange, there are preserved the remains of a large dog. It was a pet of William the Silent, and had on two separate occasions saved its royal master's life by warning him of the approach of the Spanish assassins, who eventually murdered the king in 1584. It succeeded to the wounds sustained in endeavoring to defend the Prince, and it was thereupon decided to recognize the devotion of the animal by entombing it along with the Stadtholder.

Another of those examinations of royal tombs, undertaken during the reign of the late King of Holland, revealed the extraordinary fact that in the vault of the so-called New Church, at Delft, which for a number of years has served as the mausoleum for the members of the house of Orange, there are preserved the remains of a large dog. It was a pet of William the Silent, and had on two separate occasions saved its royal master's life by warning him of the approach of the Spanish assassins, who eventually murdered the king in 1584. It succeeded to the wounds sustained in endeavoring to defend the Prince, and it was thereupon decided to recognize the devotion of the animal by entombing it along with the Stadtholder.