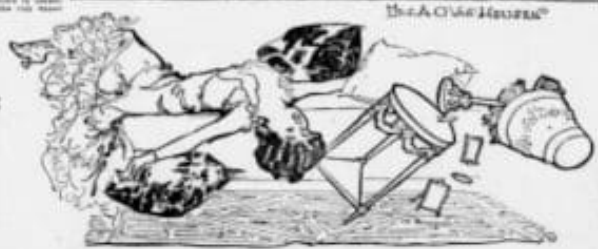
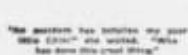


**1907 Articles- Who Dyed Chin  
Chino? Accusations fly –  
First Chow Club president**

# Who Dyed the Dog?

**OR**---How the Feminine Worshippers of  
Doggies Have Gone to Extremes  
of Law Over a Teeny-Tiny Doggie, and  
There is a Libel Suit in Which \$10,000  
for Each Pound of the Five Pound Dog  
is Involved, to Settle the Vexatious Ques-  
tion---if the Dog Was Dyed, Who Did it?



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[illegible]

which had been issued upon assignment of the debt. It was argued that this made the assignment void and the assignee was not a bona fide holder of the debt. The court held that the assignment was valid and the assignee was a bona fide holder of the debt. The court also held that the assignee was not a bona fide holder of the debt.

[illegible]

A black and white illustration of a horse-drawn carriage. The carriage is shown from a side profile, with a driver seated at the front. The wheels are large and spoked. The carriage is being pulled by a horse, which is partially visible at the front. The illustration is simple and stylized, typical of early 20th-century advertising.

[illegible]

**BETTER STILL.** The group may stand in a new register next Monday.  
"This time I think we'll do good—just 20 people pay your bills."

**LAKE GLOVER QUEEN'S FAIR**  
**R**EGAL BLOW gloves, which will cost you only 25¢ each (or \$1 a pair) are available to the entire Midwest. Available in all stores. Sports Division of Elgin.

to investigate the low burning rate of the samples in testing of the test glove, and decided to go in off to work, leaving the test glove under-sung out of the glove. The test glove was not used.

**CLEANING FLAIRS**  
**M**AKES a couple of good shows and a lot of good work and this is the best of them. Buy by phone 240.33.33. These are the best of them.

"There is no drug, that's why," he said and he laid out the bag. "I can't tell you how it felt. It was just like I had been hit by a truck. I had never felt anything like that before."

**CONVERSATING.**  
 Mr. Butler, you grow much less every day.  
 Mr. [candidly]—Oh, dear, yes, I am.

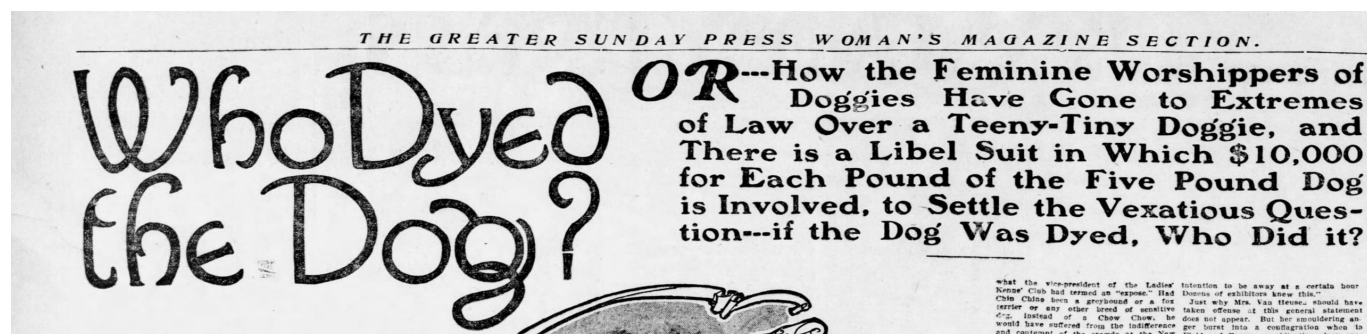
extremely entertaining. They both report a quarrel and law suit between Miss. Ada Olive Van Heusen who would later become Mrs. E.K.Lincoln ([GREENACRE KENNELS](#)) and The Belgian Princess Montglyn who was the Chow Chow Club of America's first president in 1906. I have over 15 antique articles in my collection on this highly publicized dog show drama, but these two in particular are elaborately illustrated to the hilt!!!

This first article needed to be deconstructed because of the layout so I could read it , so I am presenting it to you this way as well. The photo of Chin Chin is the only one I have found despite how high profile this quarrel was . Just think, in 1907 when all this was happening, there were ONLY 48 CHOWS registered in America with the AKC.

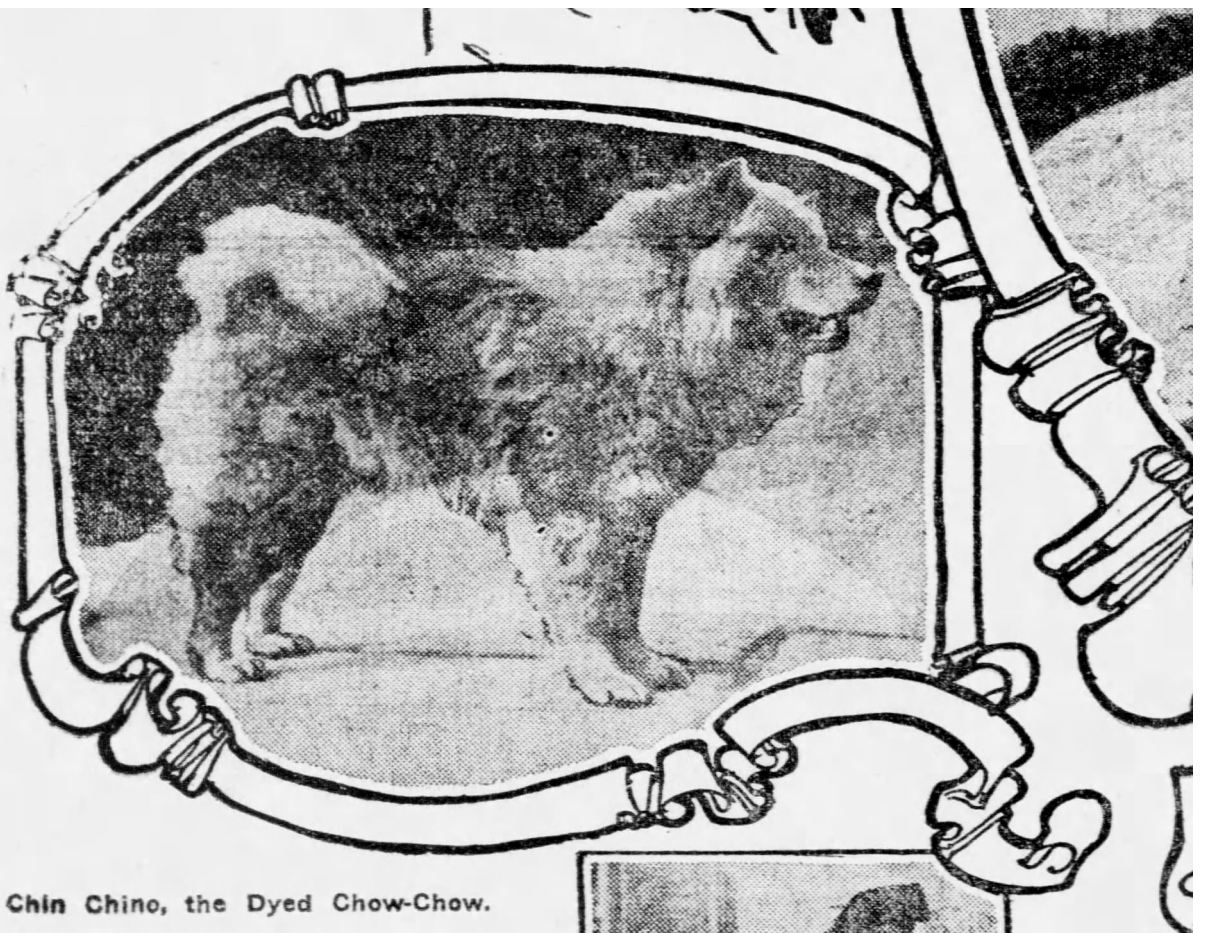
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### ARTICLE ONE IS BELOW

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NOTE: I do believe a bit of "creative license" was taken on the weight of Chin Chino. His head would have weighed more than that.



Chin Chino, the Dyed Chow-Chow.

**W**HO basely dyed red the coat of poor Chin Chino?

Chin Chino is a thoroughbred and a prize winner at many dog shows. At least he was a prize winner, and he had been esteemed a thoroughbred. But the glory of his ancestry has been tarnished by gossip and the red paint.

Is he one of the finest Chow Chows in the world, with more of the points of a well-bred and well-brought-up Chinese dog than any other of his breed in this country, or is he a mere pretender, with no more right to the rich red of his coat than an old woman to the red and white of her manufactured complexion? Is he prince or pauper?

The question is an agitating one. All the dog fanciers and canine experts in this country are perplexed by it. Two fashionable women have repeatedly suffered hysterics in trying to settle it. And although Chin Chino is a very small dog, weighing scarcely five pounds, he has been the cause of a libel suit in which \$50,000, or \$10,000 for each pound, is involved.

Was the rich red of his coat natural or was it touched up? And if touched up, who perpetrated the crime in color?

Chin Chino knows, and Chin Chino can't tell. So a Princess who owns the dog, and a former friend of hers who does not—but the Princess insinuates would like to possess him—are at hatpin points, and flashing eyes and tongues tipped with gall about him.

Let us introduce Chin Chino. He is small and russet, with ears that stick straight up and tall not worth discussing, and eyes not bright and brown and alert, as are those of his neighbors at the dog show, but sleepy and contemplative, as are those of his two legged compatriots, who sailed, as he did, from the far city of Peking. His nature is sluggish—his admirers say philosophic. At any rate, he prefers thinking to exercising and eating to barking. Because of this peaceful disposition his owner, the Princess Montglyn, insists the outrage of coloring his coat was perpetrated.

"A bull terrier would have seized the cowardly hand and never let it go," declares the Princess. "A fox terrier would have snapped and snarled, and its shrill voice would have brought help. But poor Chin Chino is a philosopher, a stoic. He submits to what he thinks is the inevitable."

Mrs. Ada Olive Van Heusen shrugs her shoulders, smiles insultingly, the Princess thinks, and replies:

"Even Chin Chino would have made a row if any stranger had approached him.

"An accident has befallen my poor little Chin!" she wailed. "Who has done this cruel thing."



The dog's coat had been colored by some one who was not an enemy, but a friend—some one who wanted him to win the prize."

And Mrs. Van Heusen glances at a photograph of the Princess Montglyn,



which has been turned face downward upon her desk. A year ago the two were nearly inseparable. They had the common interest of being women of fashion. Also they were both owners of fine kennels. Because of this community of interest it was surmised that they would "work together harmoniously." The Princess Montglyn was chosen president of the Ladies' Kennel Club and her dear friend, Mrs. Ada Olive Van Heusen was elected vice-president. And the friends did work together in harmony and their friendship increased until the small dog, Chin Chino, intervened.

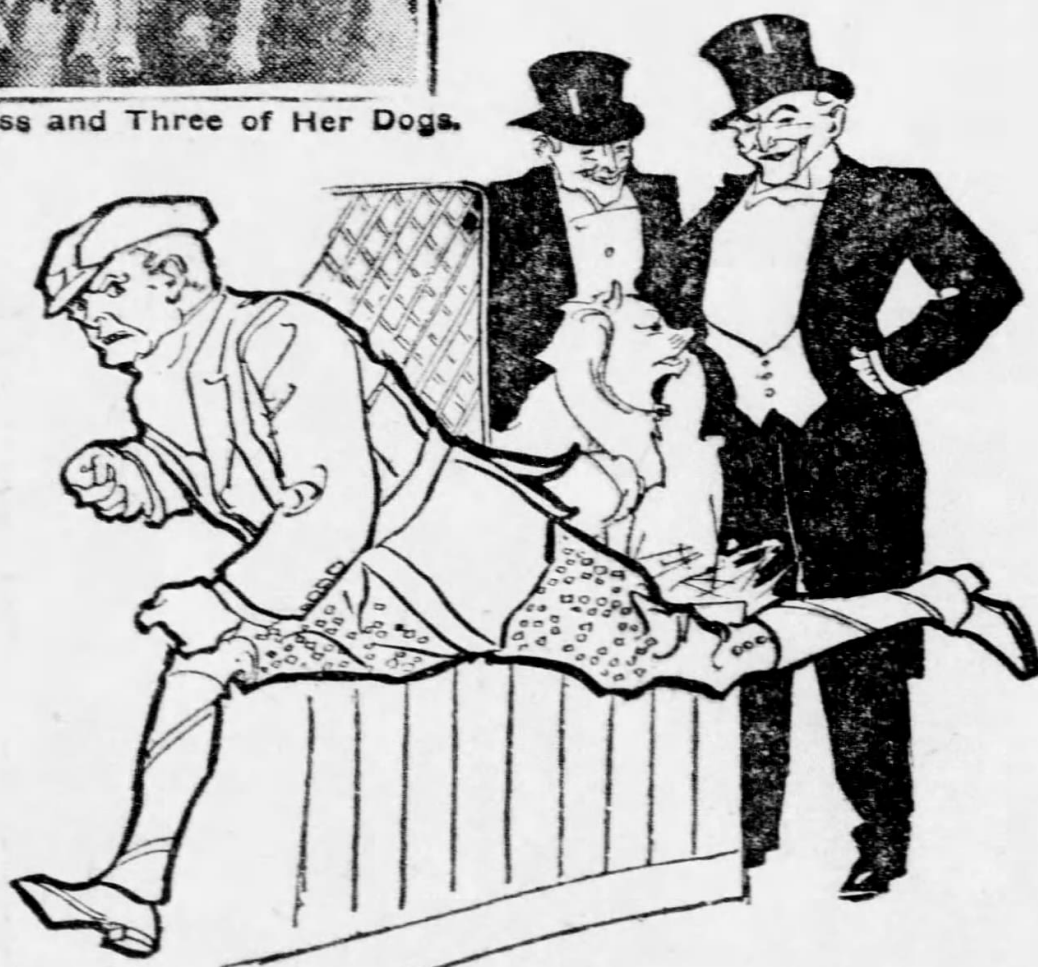
Who colored Chin Chino's coat? It was their difference of opinion about this exercise in painting that brought about the libel suit, the claim for \$50,000 damages, and the sundering of a friendship.

It happened in Boston, at an exhibition of the New England Kennel Club.

Chin Chino arrived in a carriage, attend-



The Princess and Three of Her Dogs.



"There's the wonderful Chow-Chow. What a beautiful coat!" Even the groom fled to save his sensibilities."

ed by the Princess. As a groom lifted him from the carriage bystanders cried "There's the wonderful Chow Chow! What a beautiful coat!"

It was an extraordinary coat, of rich russet, bristling with electricity and show-



ing goldenly as the sunbeams fell slanting ly upon it. Women who were leading slim fox terriers and jaunty Pomeranians to their kennels stifled sighs of envy. Chin Chino was judged from the viewpoint of the dog fancier—beautiful. And such a glistening red coat! They had never seen such rich redness before. It was extraordinary.

Chin Chino's reception was an ovation. Visitors to the exhibition stood in crowds about the little dog with the rich russet coat. The Princess presided at the impromptu receptions. The groom stood about, and whenever it was necessary to lift Chin Chino about he did so with gloves that beautifully matched the Chow-Chow.

Yet the evening of the last day that Boston paid court to China in the person of Chin Chino a dreadful thing happened. The Princess Montgion and the groom chanced to be absent at the same time, when Chin Chino was left alone. When the Princess returned a half dozen delicate handkerchiefs were strewn about in his kennel. And each handkerchief was stained red, precisely the shade of red of the Chow Chow's exquisite, beautiful, extraordinary coat. At sight of these handkerchiefs the Princess, who is a relative of King Leopold and possesses much of his temperament, burst into tears.

"An accident has befallen my poor little Chin!" she wailed. "Who has done this cruel thing?"

Visitors and exhibitors crowded about the weeping Princess and the contemplative dog. Chin Chino, sat upon his haunches and gazed placidly into space. Whatever the injury that had befallen him, he seemed unconscious of it.

A woman in green velvet princess gown, with ever fox furs and a hat heavy with the weight of plumes, ran forward. It was Mrs. Ada Olive Van Heusen. She cooed comfortingly to the president of the Ladies' Kennel Club while she reached behind her and seized one of the handkerchiefs. She tossed it away with a frown of repugnance. She turned a cold gaze upon her friend.

is responsible for the fashion. She tired of the trouble in taking off the long kid glove, and disliked to peel it off at the wrist, tucking the hand portion under the upper part of the glove. The lace glove is taken off easily.





"Do not be alarmed." Her tones were icy. "It is not blood, but paint."

Whereupon Princess Montglyn wept the more. "Who could have done such a dreadful thing?" she cried again and again, but in a few minutes she was conscious that no one was making reply—that she was addressing her inquiries to Chin Chino, who answered nothing at all, but gazed stupidly away, and to the groom, who was staring at the distant groups of women, who were clearly discussing the "accident" that had befallen Chin Chino, though they studiously looked away.

When the awards were made Chin Chino was not even mentioned. His mistress was in the Valley of Humiliation and the Slough of Despond, or, more literally, she lay on a sofa in the darkened room of her hotel suffering from her fifth attack of hysterics since the day on which had occurred

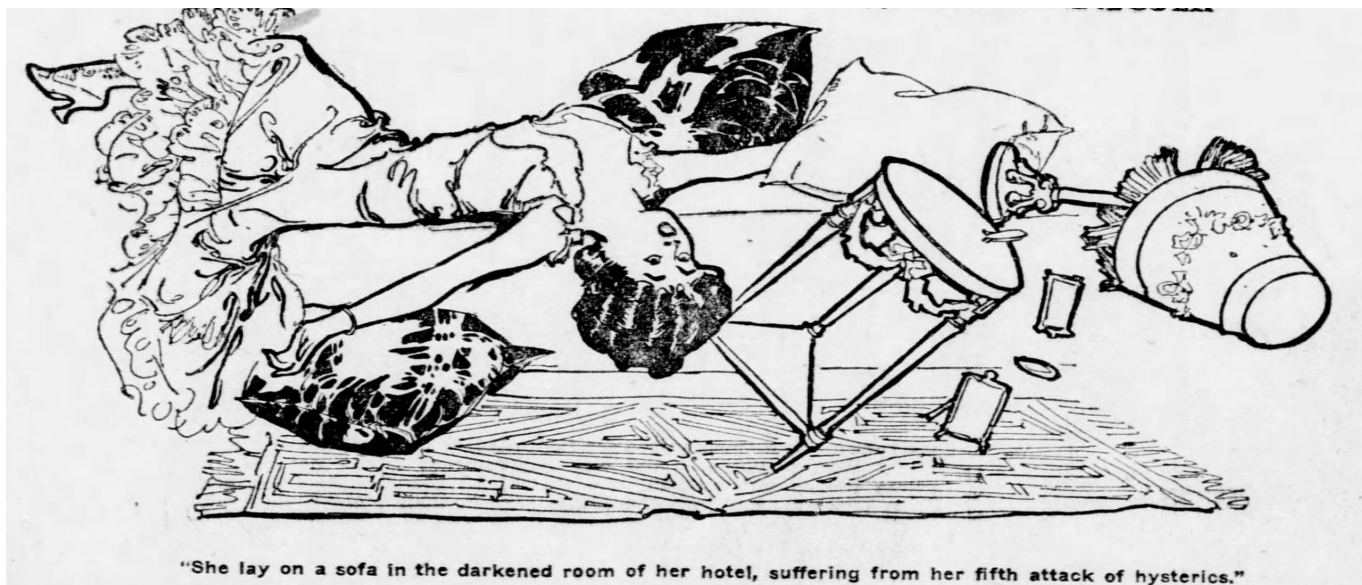
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her denunciations of the "creature who dyed the dog."

When the Princess had so far recovered from her indignation as to talk clearly, she said: "It was quite unnecessary that Chin Chino's coat should be dyed. He was many times a prize winner before this Boston show, and the idea of coloring a dog which is to be handled by judges is a thing that would hardly occur to a practical exhibitor. I did not depend for success on the Chow alone at the bench shows and did not give him all my attention. He was frequently alone and on a bench quite separate and out of the sight of the collies, which demanded a great deal of my attention.

"There is no doubt that coloring matter was put on the coat of this dog. When and by whom it was put there I do not know, but I had previously announced my

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"She lay on a sofa in the darkened room of her hotel, suffering from her fifth attack of hysterics."



portunity to put the dye on the dog? And was the dog's disqualification in any way to the benefit of the person? A crime was committed. The motive is plain. Who was it that had such a motive?

"DE MERCY ARGENTEAU

"(Princess de Montglyn)."

Upon reading this Mrs. Ada Olive Van Heusen brought suit for \$50,000 for defamation of character. Why is not apparent, but she says she is convinced that by this guarded letter the Princess meant her and she says the King of Belgium's kinswoman shall be punished.

The grave and revered Supreme Court of the city of New York will be called upon to answer. Chin Chino may appear in court.

What a pity that Chin Chino is not gifted with speech! How strange and dramatic the tale he could tell!

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ARTICLE TWO IS BELOW

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# A DYED DOG? GRACIOUS! WHAT A DREADFUL QUARREL!

*And Just a Fanny Little "Chow"  
Belonging to the Princess  
Montglyn Is the Cause  
of All the  
Trouble.*



OAKLAND TRIBUNE AUGUST 11, 1907

### **Who dyed the dog?**

This question, asked by the fair owner of the dog, has caused bitter enmity between two women, great excitement among the members of the New England Kennel Club and a suit for damages for libel which the courts of New York will have to pass upon.

The women in the case are Mrs. Ada Olive Van Heusen, immensely wealthy and a leader of society, and Mme. de Mercy Argenteau, who is known by her friends as "Princess de Montgylon." Mrs. Van Heusen demands \$50,000 damages for libel from the putative princess, and the princess will fight the suit.

A little chow dog is the cause of it all. The dog was the princess'; it was disqualified at a show because the judges said it had been dyed red, and the princess published a letter asking who dyed the dog, which letter Mrs. Van Heusen considered a reflection upon her, and upon it she based her suit for damages.

Of all the many breeds none appeals more to the heart of woman than the dainty little chow. The shapely little heads of these dogs, their bright eyes, their beautiful long hair and their intelligence make them favorites, especially with women.

## THE MISSES VAN HEUSEN, WITH TWO OF THE GREEN ACRE KENNEL CHAMPIONS AND BLUE RIBBON WINNERS



Green Acre Black Friar, famous  
among Chow Chows.

### MIXED DOUBLES TITLE WON IN HARD FIGHT

Mr. and Mrs. Williams Capture  
Lawn Tennis Final at  
Brooklyn Casino.

Competitions in the mixed doubles lawn tennis tournament, which was won by Mr. and Mrs. J. Harvey Williams, and the progress of the squash tennis handicap filled out a week of racquet activity at the Heights Casino, Montague street, Brooklyn. In the final of the mixed doubles Mr. and Mrs. Williams engaged Miss Low and Josiah O. Low in a slashing three-set contest, winning by the score of 5-7, 6-3, 6-0.

This tournament began on Wednesday evening on the electrically lighted courts of the club, with eight pairs appearing in the matches. The field narrowed down to the semi-final round, in which Miss Low and Josiah O. Low defeated Mr. and Mrs. C. Truesdale at 6-4, 7-5 and Mr. and Mrs. Williams defeated Miss Beardsley and G. Reese at 7-5, 4-6, 6-4.

The lighting of the two big indoor courts is so perfectly arranged as to admit of the fastest of rallies. In the final match Mr. and Mrs. Williams brought off their volleys and drives with plenty of speed and steadiness. They



chowtales.com

Miss Elizabeth Van Heusen (holding her Japanese spaniel Ki Ku) and Miss Olive Van Heusen.

ADA OLIVE VAN HEUSEN PICTURED IN ANOTHER 1911 ARTICLE



About three years ago Mrs. Van Heusen, whose horses had often taken ribbons at shows, decided to take up the breeding of the dainty little chows. She entered into the new sport with all the enthusiasm she had shown in the breeding of her horses and, by sparing neither time nor expense, she made her kennels take high rank the first year.

With her sister-in-law, Mrs. Charles R. Proctor, Mrs. Van Heusen came to be acknowledged as one of the leading amateur chow fanciers and breeders in the country. The dogs of Mrs. Van Heusen's kennels were seldom for sale, and then only to her intimate friends.

Among the exhibitors of chows Mrs. Van Heusen took high rank and several champions came from her kennels. One of Mrs. Van Heusen's keenest rivals was Mme. de Mercy Argenteau, otherwise known as "Princess de Montgylon."

Collies chiefly interested the princess, though she did occasionally exhibit dogs in other classes, and with her collies she more than held her own at the bench shows. At several of the great dog shows in the East the princess made several entries in the classes for chows.

As with the bulldog, or the collie, or the spaniel, so with the chow, there are

several points for which breeders especially strive. One of the most important of these is their color. The ideal or perfect chow is of a solid color, red, black, brown or some other color, the same all over, except that the hind legs and the tips of the tails of the little chows should be a shade lighter than the rest of their body. There are many other points, but none of these has anything to do with this story.

At Hartford, at Madison Square Garden and at Boston the Princess de Montgylon exhibited the sweetest, dearest little chow that had ever been seen at a show. Entered under the name of Chin Chino, he seemed to meet every requirement of an absolutely perfect chow.

The entries of Mrs. Van Heusen, Mrs. Proctor and the other successful exhibitors were forced by this wonderful little animal to take the minor honors. Regretful as they were, themselves, to be compelled to be satisfied with second and thirds, their admiration for Chin Chino was none the less sincere.

But there was one man not so ready to admit the supremacy of Chin Chino. Charles MacKechnie, the master of Mrs. Van Heusen's kennels, had been breeding dogs for years and had never yet

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seen one that was perfect. Perfect as Chin Chino appeared, MacKechnie was doubtful. He had observed Chin Chino closely at all the shows where he had been exhibited. His legs, his eyes, his tongue, all were perfect, and his color was so perfect as to be marvelous. Chin Chino was a beautiful red, so beautiful in fact that MacKechnie—to put it brutally—did not believe it was real. It was altogether too perfect.

But MacKechnie was careful. He did not rely upon his own judgment, but he sought the opinion of others. Men as competent as he was himself agreed that the dog was dyed. At Hartford MacKechnie had his doubts; at Madison Square Garden his doubts amounted almost to a conviction, but at Boston he finally became positive that innocent little Chin Chino was masquerading under a coat of red dye. He communicated his discovery to the master of Mrs. Proctor's stables and he appealed to Mr. Proctor, but the latter did not care to authorize his man to make a complaint. Then MacKechnie spoke to Mrs. Van Heusen and she told him, if he was positive, to protest the dog.

MacKechnie did as he was told and the judges of the New England Kennel

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Club, which was holding the show, disqualified little Chin Chino and awarded the blue ribbon to Mrs. Van Heusen's entry. Princess de Montgylon appealed immediately to the American Kennel Club, which is the central organization of all kennel clubs, and whether Chin Chino was dyed or not is the question that body will have to decide.

But the matter did not end there.

In a paper devoted to dogs and their owners an anonymous letter appeared, in which it was charged that Chin Chino was dyed and that the judges should have discovered it. A week later this was answered by the princess as follows:

"To the Editor:—The brief note under the heading "Dyed Dogs and Doped Judges," on May 4, signed "Anon." while in one sense satisfactory in this way, that it does me the justice to show that I had no knowledge of, by whom or how my dog Chin Chino was dyed, it is now, however, as it seems to me, a question for the N. E. K. C. (New England Kennel Club) to answer, "Who dyed the dog?"

"A question that can be answered by ascertaining who had interest in having the dog dyed and disqualified. (The dog was disqualified after the judges had

awarded the first prize to him. The ribbon then passed to Mrs. Van Heusen's entry.) Has there been or is there any one who would profit by the disqualification of the dog Chin Chino? If so, who?

"Who was it that discovered on the last day of the show and three days after the judging of the chow classes that there was dye on the coat of the dog? And had this person who made this discovery an opportunity to put the dye on the dog? And was the dog's disqualification in any way to the benefit of the person?

"A crime was committed. The motive is plain. Who was it, that had such a motive?

"DE MERCY ARGENTEAU,"

"PRINCESS DE MONTGYLON."

Mrs. Van Heusen believes that she, and she alone, is implied by the letter. That her efforts to encourage and aid the breeding of prize dogs should have resulted in her being bitterly attacked by her rival she deplures, and for justification she appealed to the courts. Through a firm of lawyers she has sued the princess for \$50,000. The money she cares little about. She is seeking simply to establish her own disinterestedness. The protest she made was for the sole

purpose of determining whether or not fraud was being practiced at the dog shows.

The princess has prepared to fight the suit, and, through her lawyers, has denied that Mrs. Van Heusen has any cause for action.

And now, while through the hot summer months the appeal lies on the desk of the secretary of the American Kennel Club awaiting for action at the first meeting in the fall, and the suit stands on the calendar of the courts awaiting for the summer vacation to end and the wheels of justice to begin to grind, society discusses the quarrel and awaits with interest the result.