

# 1913 ARTICLE- THE DOG THAT ADMIRAL DEWEY MADE FAMOUS WAS A CHOW



SOURCE: St. Louis Post-Dispatch (St. Louis, Missouri) · Sun,  
May 25, 1913

NOTE: As is the case in many of the articles I post from bygone eras, one must look past the stereotypes of the day and just absorb the content that is of real historical importance

to our ancient Chow breed.

THIS WONDERFUL ARTICLE FROM 1913 GIVES THE READER A REAL INSIGHT INTO HOW FAR THE CHOW HAD COME (FROM BEING THE MAIN COURSE TO BEING TOO EXPENSIVE TO EAT) IN ABOUT 15 YEAR'S TIME SINCE IT'S INTRODUCTION TO AMERICA. THE ARTICLE WAS IN PRETTY BAD SHAPE BUT I MANAGED TO TWEAK THE TEXT TO THE POINT WHERE IT IS READABLE. ENJOY AND GIVE YOUR CHOW A HUG!!!!

# For Centuries Animals of This Breed Were Sold for Less Than a Dollar a Pair, a Food for Chinese — Now There Are Pedigree Chows in America Valued at \$3000



JOHN CHINAMAN has foregone his one-time voracious appetite for that luscious tid-bit of his ancestors—dog meat!

"What's that?" you say hearing of this gustatory revolution over seas. "Fiddlesticks! Chinamen never change; they do as their forbears did before them, centuries upon centuries ago!"

Right you are! The dwellers in Far Cathay are always the same. It is merely that they have clung to another tradition that is even older—"Get the money." Your dyed-in-the-wool John Chinaman relishes his fistful of dog meat, to be sure but he likes a good long string of copper cash much better. In plain Americanese, the Chinese dog of the edible variety today costs too much to eat. He is worth as much as \$100 a pound, and so even the dog has soared along with the high cost of living.



Admiral Dewey and Chow "Bob" depicted in etching circa 1890's

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AND HIS CHOW "BOB "

No longer does the chow chow dog—"chow chow" is the Chinese for food—boil with onions and beans to make a savory stew for the hungry Oriental; never again will a village fido come out of the clay oven masquerading as roast mutton when sheep are scarce and far beyond a colle's income.

The "chow dog," as his devotees here and in England dub him, has become a blue ribboner now.

You may see him on view—and very proud and stiff he is, too—at every dog show for distinction. Some of the biggest prizes are for him alone; some of the most enthusiastic dog fanciers and fancieresses give over all their time to him and his wants. The twentieth century chow is no longer the pariah of the villages, the scavenger of the beaches, as all his ancestors were, fattening up against the day of the soup kettle or the stew pan or the oven.

No, siree! He's some dog nowadays.

Monsieur Chow made his first bow in America some fourteen years ago, under the most auspicious circumstances. He was the only passenger allowed to journey half way around the world on Admiral Dewey's conquering Olympia. The gallant tar picked up this fine, big, red fellow in China and fell in love with him; the two became inseparable, and it wasn't long before the one-time humble food dog was boss of the ship which scuttled the haughty dons in Manila Bay on that bright May day, 1898.

Now, the doughty Admiral's pet and chum had no mate, and when he died the chow breed perished from the face of the North American continent. Ten years ago, however, Charles Wolfe

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came here from England with a pair of fine specimens, a male and a female and in due season he was the proud possessor of some pups with a pedigree—the first chows born on Yankee soil. Today he has 50 in his kennels; as big a bunch of blooded chows as ever were collected. But of these, a little later.

Once you could pick up a pair in China for a dollar and get back a lot of change, too. Now you might get a passable pup for \$200 or so, but if you want a full-blooded pet for prize-winning purposes you can go as high as \$3000 or even more—if you feel like it. A first-class chow for \$1000 is bargain-counter buying these days.

But don't try to eat him. You'll find peacock's tongues or ortolans' brains much cheaper in the long run. Your "chow" is no longer "chow chow."

So Mrs. C. M. Van Heusen of New York or Mrs. John A. McVicar of White Plains will tell you. Both have given themselves up heart and soul to the raising of chow dogs in elaborate kennels. You'll hear the same from Mrs. Henry Jarrett of Philadelphia, one of the chow pioneers in America, or from Mrs. F. L. Hutton, another champion of the one-time edible dog. Or from John Stokes, who knows about all there is to know on the chow topics of the day, or from Harry T. Peters, who has a fine kennel, and many others in New York society, and out.

# Inflation Calculator

If in

1913

(enter year)

I purchased an item for \$

1,000.00

then in

2015

(enter year)

that same item would cost:

**\$23,941.11**

Cumulative rate of inflation:

**2294.1%**

THOSE NUMBERS IN THE ARTICLE TAKE ON EVEN MORE MEANING USING  
THE INFLATION CALCULATOR

"Why the chow dog?" laughed Mr. Stokes, petting a big blue-black beauty belonging to Mr. Wolfe. "There's a hundred reasons. In the first place, the chow is a dog of great versatility. He's a born sportsman; he loves open-air life. He is a warrior, too; always ready to accept battle, but seldom provoking it. He has a way of his own with tramps, for instance, and with other undesirable. Seldom does he fail to induce them to continue on their travels and not make the chow's abiding place their own. For all this the chow is as tender-hearted as a dog well can be. He's a friend of all children; an ideal companion for grown-ups. Many a chow is as bright as a button; it is easy to teach them parlor tricks.

"China, of course, is the chow's fatherland. There they used to think him a plebeian, but they are learning differently now. He's no common cur any longer, merely fit for his flesh.

"My own particular pet chow is among my best friends. In the household he has an established position which he invariably maintains with great dignity. He comes and goes when he likes and where he likes. The entire neighborhood respects him.

"The chow dog has been libeled. He has been accused of sheep slaying, abroad and at home. But while I have heard the story many times, in all my 10 years' association with chows I have never seen one even try to get at a sheep. Take the 50 dogs that Mr. Wolfe keeps in his big kennels at Grantwood, N. J. They have never made a bit of trouble. Instead, they all have the best of instinct and innate gentility. But the discipline of kennel life gives them little opportunity for the cultivation of their many natural gifts.

I LOVE THE DESCRIPTION OF THE CHOW IN THIS LAST PARAGRAPH  
BELOW

"Everything about a true chow gives the impression of symmetry, power and alertness. His compact body—he weighs 40 pounds or more—with his beautiful fur coat and ruff, his strong, straight legs, his neat, clean feet combine everything in which goes to make a dog attractive and beloved. His handsome face wears what dog fanciers call a 'scowl.' This merely means 'No nonsense!' It is a look which keeps strangers from taking undue liberties; to friends the chow is friendliness itself.

Careful breeding has made the American chow dog bigger than his Oriental ancestors. The heathen Chinese kicks at this, but the American fancy will have nothing else. And where the blue-black is the most highly-prized chow in the Celestial Empire, here the bright, brick-red is the favorite color."

So, if you must eat dog, eat a black one. Red chow chows come too high, even for millionaires to eat!