

IT'S A DOG'S LIFE

As Peaches the Yorkie reports, hotels are throwing pedigreed travelers a bone.

Photographed by Catherine Ledner

Last month I was politely asked to leave the French Laundry restaurant, in Napa Valley. Apparently I'm a "health hazard." Me! I've seen humans there with more hair than I have, yet we canines get turned away at the door. Thankfully, hotels are rolling out the red carpet—and don't mind one bit if we chew on it. With my pack at Hollywood's **Sunset Tower Hotel** (sunsettowerhotel.com), where these pictures were taken, I ordered the sirloin cheeseburger with raw carrot fries from the room service Pet Menu. I have a private, dog-only *palapa* at **Viceroy Riviera Maya** (viceroyrivieramaya.com); when I check in at the **Rome Cavalieri** (romecavalieri.com), I'm greeted with a cashmere sweater that has my name in rhinestones on the collar. In New York, a "pawdicure" at the new **D Pet Hotels Chelsea** (dpethotels.com) is an absolute must. Ali McLennan from Animal Planet TV is the best groomer in the city. If I'm feeling frisky, I may get a few hot-pink highlights in my hair. It's the color of the season, you know. —As told to Kathryn O'Shea-Evans

