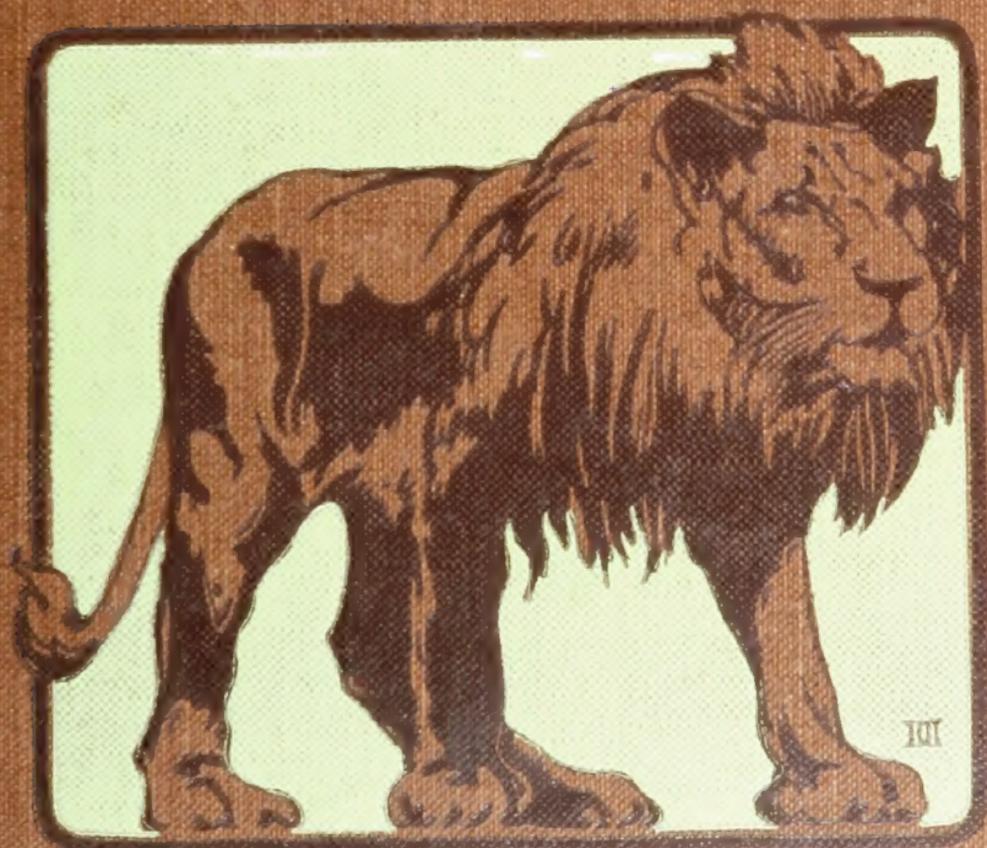


# WILD-ANIMAL CELEBRITIES

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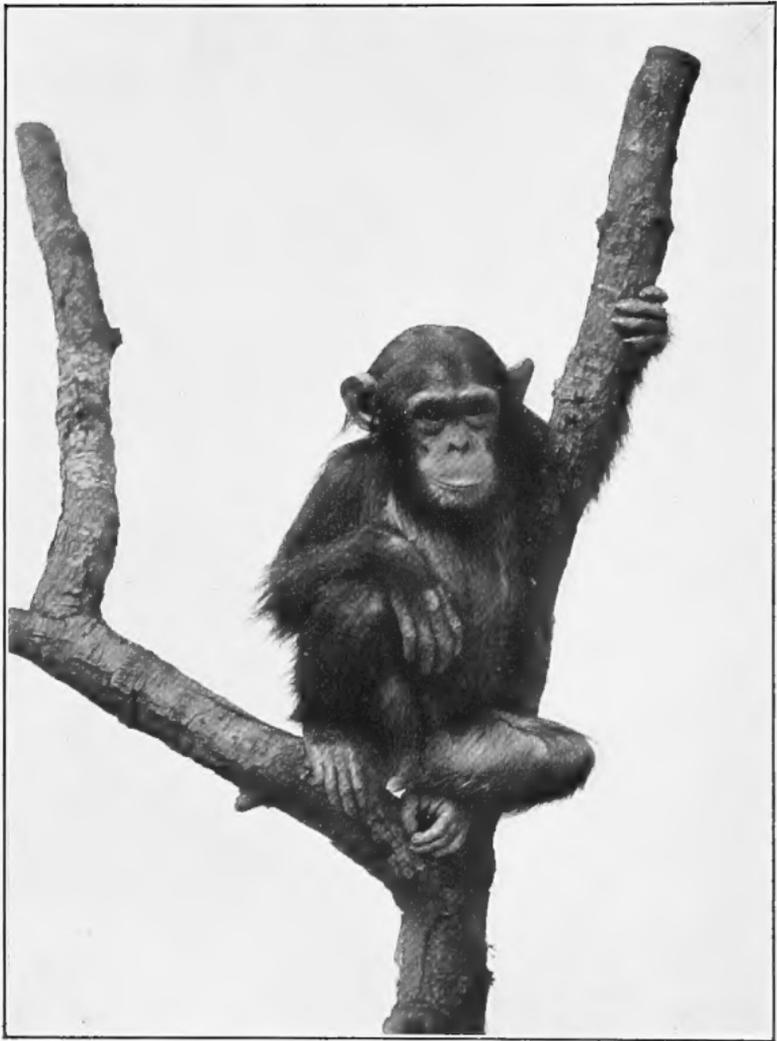


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POLLY, THE CELEBRATED CHIMPANZEE IN THE NEW YORK ZOOLOGICAL PARK, WHO HAS SUCCEEDED DOHONG, THE ORANG-UTAN, IN POPULAR FAVOR

# WILD-ANIMAL CELEBRITIES

BY

ELLEN VELVIN, F.Z.S.

Author of "Behind the Scenes with Wild Animals," "Animals  
with Histories," "Wild Creatures Afield," etc., etc.

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To

John Burroughs

IN APPRECIATION OF HIS LOVE OF ACCURACY.



## PREFACE.

The stories contained in this book are of actual animals, nearly all of whom are still living and on exhibition in various Zoological Gardens and menageries in different parts of the world. The facts related have been given me at first hand from the naturalists and trainers in charge, and most of the animals described are old personal friends of my own.

The majority of instances have come under my own personal observation and study, and, whenever it is otherwise, I have made clear that fact and given the source from which I received my information.

It is possible in all cases for those readers who might possibly doubt some of the instances related to verify each story told in this book by going or writing to those authorities.

I am hoping, by presenting this book of actually true stories to the public, to show and prove some valuable traits in animals

which may possibly be of some value to Natural History. I am specially indebted to the facilities afforded me in the New York Zoological Park by the courtesy of Mr. W. T. Hornaday, the Director, who has given me every opportunity to study the animals under his care; to Dr. Ernst Pinkert, Director of the Zoological Gardens, Leipzig, Germany; E. M. B. Villiers, Esq., Superintendent Zoological Gardens, Clifton, Bristol, England; Dr. F. A. Crandall, Superintendent of the Zoo, Buffalo; Dr. Seitz, Director Zoological Gardens, Frankfurt-on-Main, Germany; P. Chalmers Mitchell, Esq., Secretary Royal Zoological Gardens, London, England; Professor Clemente Onelli, Director Zoological Gardens, Buenos Ayres; R. F. Scharff, Esq., Secretary Royal Zoological Gardens, Dublin, Ireland; Edwin Cawston, Esq., President, and M. S. Vallely, of the Pasadena Ostrich Farm, California; Messrs. Lee & S. Shubert of the New York Hippodrome; Mr. Frank C. Bostock; the proprietors of the Barnum and Bailey Circus; and to my many friends, the trainers, performers, and keepers who have done all in their power to

help me with this book by giving me unique information, occasional private performances, and some excellent stories.

The difficulties of obtaining information and unique photographs, such as are contained in this work, can only be realized by those who have tried it. For instance, an animal may be in a zoological garden or animal show for years and never once do anything which is the least unusual or worthy of notice. From many zoological gardens I have received the courteous reply that the Directors would be only too pleased to give me animal stories *if they had any*, but that they knew of absolutely nothing of their animals which was either unusual or of sufficient interest to make even a short anecdote.

This is only one of the many difficulties, but these difficulties have been more than compensated for by the many pleasures and courtesies I have received during the time I have been doing this work. I can only hope that my readers will appreciate the stories one-half as much as I have appreciated the experiences.

ELLEN VELVIN.

New York City, June, 1907.



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LIONS



## CHAPTER I.

### LIONS

WALLACE, YULA, SULTAN, BALTIMORE, SCHLEY  
AND DEWEY.

**T**HERE are so many stories about lions, and so many lions in captivity which have become known or celebrated in some way or another that it is extremely difficult, in a book of this size, to determine which to select. It would take a whole book to tell of all I have heard of or even seen and studied myself; so I will only take a few which I think will be most interesting to the general public.

Nearly everyone who takes any interest in wild animals has heard of the famous lion Wallace, who is so notorious for his savagery and many escapades. Wallace was at one time the property of George Wombwell and finally became the property of Mr. Frank C. Bostock, in whose animal show he is still to be seen. This lion has been exhibited in all

parts of the world, the inhabitants of Australia, Africa, and Southern Europe taking a special interest in him. Time after time various trainers tried to train this lion and perform with him. It has always ended most seriously for the trainer, more than one man having nearly lost his life.

Only last winter Mr. Bostock, when at the Hippodrome in Paris, was giving a benefit for the widows and orphans of some men killed in a mining disaster, and undertook to perform with this lion. As a rule Wallace behaved fairly well with Mr. Bostock, but on this occasion he turned ugly in the middle of the performance and severely injured his master.

Wallace created a tremendous sensation on his first appearance in America sixteen years ago. While the animals were lying in the docks at New York, Wallace, who had been in the worst of tempers during the voyage owing to sickness and the unusual surroundings, became very restless and uneasy, roared and paced about his cage, and tore and

strained at his bars as if determined to get out. As he was often in this restless state, no particular notice was taken of him, except to see that he was secure.

But, in some way or another, Wallace did get out and, as soon as he found himself at liberty, rushed straight for an unfortunate horse which was standing near the docks and injured it terribly. Men ran out armed with all sorts of implements and with fire-arms, but with so many men it was extremely difficult to shoot without endangering the men themselves.

Finally, one man, seeing the desperate plight the poor horse was in, attempted to go to his assistance and, getting at close range, was just going to fire, when Wallace, with a furious growl, rushed at him, bore him to the ground and before anyone could prevent it killed him. The fright and consternation may be imagined, and every man present made the very greatest efforts to kill or overcome the now furious animal. But in spite of all, Wallace defied them, fought so desperately

and wildly that it was as much as they could all do to save their own lives, and then, in the midst of it all, made his escape and was free to roam about in the City of New York!

For forty-eight hours Wallace was at large, and the people were almost in a state of panic. All sorts of stories got about. Some declared they had seen him in one place, and some in another; but one whole day passed without anyone knowing his whereabouts, and a terrible time of anxiety and trouble the proprietors went through. Large rewards were offered for his capture dead or alive, big sums were offered to men who would join in the search, but it was nearly thirty-eight hours before he was discovered lying down quietly in a side street, and, whether he was faint for want of food, or tired of roaming about no one will ever know. After another exciting period of ten hours he was driven into a cage and his freedom was over.

About two years after this, at San Francisco, while the keepers were feeding the animals, one man ventured too near Wallace's

cage. The lion suddenly thrust out one paw and tore the man's arm from the shoulder. As Wallace was noted only for these blood-curdling episodes, I think enough has been told about him. His owner declares him to be double the age of any lion that has ever lived in captivity; he says he has been in captivity fifty years, and that it was fifty years ago that this lion fought the dogs at Warwick Castle in England. He is certainly a notorious lion in many ways, and I have watched him many a time; but, beyond showing that he is of a peculiarly savage nature, he does not look any different from any of the other lions, except that he is now beginning to show signs of his age.

Miss Claire Heliot, who performed with twelve lions at the New York Hippodrome some time ago, had some extremely fine lions, and there was one that interested me very much. He was her best lion and the one she was always photographed with. Some of these photographs which she gave me are truly wonderful, showing the nerve she must

have to allow such an animal in such close proximity, and also the marvelous control she must have over the lion to make him keep so still.

This lion Yula was nearly always amiable and affectionate when with her, but with the men, and on rare occasions with her, he would suddenly flare out with such a burst of passion that he was by no means an animal to be trusted. And yet, at the end of her performance, Miss Heliot would take this lion on her shoulders—he weighed nearly five hundred pounds—and carry him off the stage! I asked her one day how she managed to do it, and she told me she had had him since he was a young cub; that she had begun to carry him in this manner when he was quite small and that, by constantly doing it day by day, she had been able to bear as heavy a weight as five hundred pounds on her shoulders, keep it there and walk across the floor with it for a few minutes.

Towards strangers this lion was anything but amiable. I was in the lions' stable one



CLAIRE HELIOT AND HER LION YULA, WHO IS BY NO MEANS AN ANIMAL TO BE TRUSTED



day talking with Miss Heliot while some repairs were being done to the floor of the stables. Consequently it was necessary for me to pass close to the lions' cages on one side or the other to get into the place at all. Miss Heliot stopped my even attempting to do it as she said they would be sure to catch me with their paws.

So she stood in front of her favorite lion, with both hands spread her skirts out to their widest extent, and then told me to go by. I did, but that lion noticed it instantly and, like a flash of lightning, tried to get his paw round Miss Heliot's skirts and catch me. Then she talked to him about it reprovingly and the lion's whole manner altered in the most wonderful manner. When he had leaped up and pushed his paw out through the bars his eyes blazed and his mouth opened a little, while his whole attitude told of anger and defiance; but, when Miss Heliot talked to him he put his head against the bars, rubbed it against hers, and hung his head afterward in as meek and mild a manner as

I suppose it is possible for such a wild animal to assume.

The well-known lion Baltimore, who nearly killed his trainer, Captain Bonavita, causing his right arm to be amputated, is still in the Bostock show and behaves as he always has behaved. Quiet and slow, apparently fairly good tempered, this lion is only watching for an opportunity to attack some one all the time. He will probably never more perform with twenty-seven in a group, as he did with Captain Bonavita, but he still performs, and will, undoubtedly, one of these days, do his best to overcome another trainer. A full account of this terrible occurrence is given in "Behind the Scenes with Wild Animals."

There is a most interesting lion in the New York Zoological Park. Sultan has proved that some lions, at any rate, do not forget old friends. He came from Carl Hagenbeck's establishment in Germany and for a time was anything but pleased and contented with America. No doubt he longed for his native home and freedom, but after a while, espe-

cially when he was provided with a congenial companion, Bedouin Maid, he became quiet and contented and is now one of the best tempered lions in captivity.

; At the sight of his keeper, he will spring up, go over to the wire netting and rub himself against it like an old tame cat. Unlike most lions, who seldom care for frivolity, he is quite playful at times, and at a few friendly touches and words from his keeper will roll over on his back, wave his paws in the air and enjoy it as much as any young kitten. His life has not been particularly eventful since his arrival in the Park; one day is much the same as another and, when he is not pacing up and down his cage, he is generally sleeping peacefully. When sleeping, outside influences, the talking of visitors, roarings from his neighbors, and the like, are not even noticed by him; he sleeps peacefully through all, not even taking the trouble to open an eye to see what is going on.

But one day, when sleeping in this peaceful manner, Mr. Hagenbeck came into the lion

house and, standing in front of Sultan, said quietly:

“Why, there’s my old friend, Sultan!”

The sound of that voice was like an electric shock to the lion. His sleepiness disappeared as if by magic. With a bound and little curious guttural growls he was up on his feet and over at the bars, rubbing himself against them, purring his loudest and doing all in his power to show his delight at seeing his old friend again.

The two friends shook “hands” warmly, Sultan putting up his paw in the meekest manner. It would have been difficult to say which was the most pleased, the Barbary lion or the dealer in wild animals. Pleased and excited as Sultan was to meet an old friend again, he seemed to forget the incident as soon as it was closed; almost before Mr. Hagenbeck was through the doorway he settled down comfortably, licked his paws, rested his huge head easily on them and calmly finished his nap.

Sultan’s wife, Bedouin Maid, distinguished

herself one morning by presenting five fine little cubs to the Park. As three is usually the largest number at a birth, this was quite a large family. The cubs were fine, healthy little specimens who looked about and around their world from the moment they were born—lion cubs are born with their eyes open—mewed like little kittens, and were certainly the prettiest little animals ever seen.

Their soft, tawny little bodies were covered with faint dark spots; they were well formed, had neat, nicely rounded heads and looked as though they had all just waked up from a nice refreshing nap. When these cubs were about three months old they had got over the worst of their troubles, teething and the like, and by this time are no longer cubs; there are now only four of them—one having had an accident, and strong, vigorous specimens of young lions they are, now over four years old and nearly full grown.

In my many studies of wild animals in captivity, I have always maintained that no wild animal is ever “tamed,” only trained,

and I still keep the same opinion, although I have seen many wonderful instances of apparently "tame" wild animals.

In the Mundy wild animal show at Luna Park last year I found two lions, twins, Schley and Dewey, who were born at Columbia, Tennessee, on September 20, 1901. The father and mother are inmates of the same show and are trained animals which are still performing. At first there did not seem to be anything particular or out of the way about either of these animals. They were both well grown, finely developed and apparently healthy and well cared for. But one day when Mr. Mundy was taking me around the show he told me how wonderfully gentle and docile these two animals were, especially Schley. Dewey was only docile to a certain degree, and when put out about anything could get decidedly ugly, and was then difficult to manage.

Schley, on the other hand, up to the time I met him had never shown even the slightest indications of ill temper or unruliness in any

way or under any circumstances. Mr. Mundy stood close to the bars of the cage and this full grown lion put his two fore paws through the bars round his master's neck, and not only drew him close to the bars—a frightfully risky thing to do as anyone who knows anything about wild animals will understand—but actually played with his head and shoulders in exactly the same manner as a cat will play with a ball or any moving object.

The huge paws, too, I noticed had not their villainous claws sheathed but were drawn in and out, and it is still a marvel to me that the man's head and shoulders were not torn to pieces. I have watched many blood-curdling things in animal shows, many daringly risky things which have been exhibited for my express edification, but I have never seen a more risky thing than that.

The proprietor seemed to have no fear whatever and declared that, as he had reared and brought up the animal from a tiny cub, it would never hurt him. But I could not help noticing in the rough play that his shirt

was torn to strips in some parts and called his attention to it. He admitted that the lion had torn it that morning, but "only in play."

But this lion has certainly done some wonderful things. On one occasion, when at Johnstown, Pennsylvania, Schley actually rode on the front seat of Mr. Mundy's automobile through the streets when there were over 50,000 people present. Of course many precautions were taken and, in case of the slightest sign of an intention on Schley's part to get down, he would have been shot. But he sat there placidly watching the people, making no movement whatever, except through the motion of the car itself, and appeared not only contented but calmly interested in what was going on.

On another occasion, when the proprietor of the show gave a jungle dinner, Schley was allowed to come in at the end of the meal, and not only walked in quietly and calmly, but actually got on the table itself and sat there placidly for some time. He looked around

at the many faces, smelled one or two bottles and glasses, sniffed a cigar, which he did not seem to care for, and then quietly jumped off the table and walked to the door as though he had had enough of it.

And, in spite of his apparent tameness, there were those in the company who intimated that as, after all, he was a wild animal, perhaps it would be just as well not to thwart him, but to let him have his own way. And no one can blame those few who gave a sigh of relief as the door closed, for, however interesting a lion may be at dinner, no one can be quite sure what he will do next; and even a few playful, clumsy gambols might not only turn the tables over, but some of the men themselves, and the falling down of a man, no matter for what reason, is always apt to rouse all the savage instincts of a wild animal, no matter how "tame" or well trained he may be.

I watched this lion many, many times last summer, and never once did I see the slightest sign of fierceness, savagery, or even that

restlessness which is invariable with wild animals. As so often happens in all animal shows, from some cause or another—and very often without any apparent cause at all—one animal would get excited, roar, or howl according to his nature, and instantly the whole collection would join in roaring, howling, whining, barking, screaming, crying and chattering until one's head grew dizzy with the noise and deafening din.

On all these occasions Schley remained exactly the same as before. While all the other animals in the show were doing their best to let themselves be heard, Schley would keep quite still and quiet. At one time he got up slowly and reluctantly, yawned as if annoyed at being disturbed, looked placidly round the show, and then settled himself comfortably, as though he took no interest in the matter.

At another time, when a little terrier ran into the show yelping at the top of his voice in sheer terror, which created a very pandemonium among the animals, Schley walked

slowly forward to the front of his cage, watched the little terrier wildly and blindly trying to find a way out of the terrible place, and then settled himself on the floor of his cage once more, resting his big head on his fore paws. Although the roarings and crying of the other animals continued for some time in spite of every effort to quiet them, Schley took not the slightest notice, not even when his twin brother, Dewey, rose up, drew in his breath in short, quick gasps, and joined in vigorously.

Certainly when feeding time arrives, Schley will then, with the others, pace up and down and become just as impatient as any of them, but it is in a very quiet way, not an excitable, wild manner like the others. He will clutch at his meat greedily, too, but, when he has once got hold of it, his placid manner returns and he eats his meal much in the same way he does everything else, as if he had plenty of time and was not at all uneasy.

Even if the men pretend to take the meat away, an action which will generally make

the tamest animal angry, Schley will look quietly at them, keep a tight hold of the meat and, when they have finished, go on with his meal!

I have never seen any wild animal so apparently tame, in every way. I say "apparently" because, as I have said so many times before, I do not believe in the "tame-ness" of any wild animal, no matter how real it may seem to be. A wild animal is always a wild animal; no training, care, or kindness can ever actually eradicate the inherent savagery and fierceness of his nature. There only needs to be something to bring it out. In the majority of wild animals there are certain things which almost invariably do so, but with Schley these things do not seem to count.

But one of these days, some little thing will happen, some trifle perhaps, which no one will expect him to even notice, and from some unknown reason, or perhaps no reason at all, that savage nature will suddenly assert itself and prove that, after all, Schley is a wild animal. If it does not, then, indeed, he de-

serves a monument as one of the most remarkable wild animals that has ever been known in captivity.

And up to this time nothing has happened to even ruffle him!



## **A FEW BIG CATS**



## CHAPTER II.

### A FEW BIG CATS

LOPEZ, JAGUAR; CHANG AND ENG, SNOW  
LEOPARDS.

**I**T seems to me that The New York Zoological Park is particularly fortunate in obtaining fine specimens of animals, from the residents in the Lion House down to the smaller rodents in the Small Mammal House. One particularly fine specimen of the cat tribe is Lopez, a full grown male jaguar, noted for his beauty of form, coloring and size, and also for an act which has made him notorious. He lives in a spacious cage of his own in the Lion House, and his ceaseless pacing up and down, to and fro, is like the coming and going of the tide.

There are times when, in spite of his clean, well kept quarters and his good food, Lopez does not seem happy, but it is impossible to tell by appearances with this animal what he

is feeling or thinking about, for Lopez is one of the most deceitful of his deceitful kind.

When in May, 1903, Lopez arrived at the Park, after a somewhat rough journey, he appeared, after having got over the scared period which all wild animals pass through after a long journey, to be a playful, genial, good-tempered wild cat. Even before being transferred to his home in the Lion House—and he was one of the very first residents there, having been installed before the house was finished—he showed a disposition to have a quiet game with any one who cared to play with him.

He celebrated his first entrance into his new home by rolling on his back, all four paws in the air, and purring loudly. Never, from his first appearance in captivity, did Lopez ever snarl, beat himself against the bars of his cage, or show any particular signs of fierceness such as may have been expected from one of his nature. Consequently, when a fine young female jaguar was purchased from Carl Hagenbeck's establishment in Ham-

burg, for the purpose of becoming a companion for him in his solitude, Lopez manifested every sign of pleasure and good will.

But those who know anything of wild animals never judge by appearances, and, in spite of all the jaguar's demonstrations of good will, it was deemed advisable to let the newcomer remain in her own cage until they were well acquainted with one another. Her cage was raised to the level of his and the bars were in close proximity to one another.

Lopez was more interested than ever and grew so friendly that at last he condescended to put his paw through the bars of the cage and play with her, to which the young jaguar responded.

She did not seem to have the slightest fear of him but to be anxious to get into the larger cage, for she had already been in the small cramped one—her travelling cage—for six long weeks.

The cages remained in this position for several days and, when no signs of dislike,

savageness, or displeasure had been noticed by anyone, it was decided, after a consultation between the Director and those in authority, that it was now perfectly safe to admit the young jaguar into the cage of Lopez to be his companion.

Both jaguars seemed intensely interested in the opening of the doors, and the young female jaguar walked quietly through with a little purr, evidently expecting to be warmly welcomed. But the moment that door was opened, the evil and latent treachery in Lopez's nature came to the surface. Evidently, he had not cared for the new jaguar at all and his friendly overtures had meant nothing. His whole attitude changed. His eyes blazed, his fur quivered, his muscles grew rigid and taut and, with a savage, throaty growl, he did as he always had done when killing—sprang at the back of the young jaguar's neck, inserting his long canine teeth deeply and held on like a bull dog. So fierce and sudden had been the attack that the poor young jaguar was power-

less. No available thing could make him even loosen his deadly hold, although the keepers got an iron scraper, a hardwood pole over ten feet long, and any other tools they could find on such short notice.

Everything was done that could be done with such a treacherous and savage brute; he was prodded in the face, beaten sharply over the head, and on his feet. He simply shut his eyes tightly and held on to his victim with more force and determination than before. He tried to get away once by raising himself, and carrying the now dying jaguar to the other side of the cage, just as a cat would carry a kitten.

A whole minute or more passed before he would let go, and then the young jaguar dropped heavily and limply to the floor, where she died in a few minutes. There was a terrible time in getting the body out, for Lopez proved himself to be one of the most villainous and savage brutes ever seen in captivity, and one or two of the men ran some heavy risks, but, when it was finally taken

out and examined, it was found that two of the neck vertebrae had been completely crushed, while the spinal cord was penetrated by pieces of bone.

This is a marvelous fact, especially to those who are able to realize the tremendous force necessary to accomplish this. He must have taken a good, large, square bite, and held on until he was compelled to loosen his hold by sheer force.

Many instances have been recorded from time to time of the enormous strength of the jaguar, but I know of no other so astonishing and overwhelming. We are told by Naturalists that the jaguar's mode of killing is invariable, that it springs to the back of its victim and, by a sudden, quick movement of its fore paws twists its head round and thus breaks its neck. Lopez sprang to the right side of his unfortunate relation, but he did no twisting, no wrenching. He buried his teeth in the vertebrae of the neck and crushed it, evidently as easily as an ordinary house cat

can crush the small, delicate neck of a mouse.

And for this offence Lopez, like men, has to take his punishment, although, being only an animal, he, of course, does not know this. And he has been condemned to the most terrible punishment of all—solitary confinement for life. For, although anxious to promote the comfort and happiness of their animals in the Park, the Director and others interested do not quite see their way to providing an animal companions to be killed by way of sport.

Lopez can be seen in the Lion House at the New York Zoological Park any day from early in the morning to sunset, either pacing restlessly up and down his cage or lying silently and sullenly in one of the corners or on the top of the shelf at the back, watching, with all the slyness and cunning of his treacherous nature, for a chance either to get out or to catch one of the keepers as they go by from time to time.

As he paces up and down, mark the beauty

of his body. The ground color of his fur, a yellowish, tawny fawn, lighter on the flanks and merging into pure white on the under parts. The dark, velvety spots, in the form of irregular rosettes, those on the head, flanks, and lower parts of the limbs being smaller and darker; also the long, furry, graceful tail, spotted and terminating in dark rings at the tip.

Note the width and shape of his head, the powerful strength of his shoulders, the muscular indications in his forepaws, hindlegs, and feet, and then note, as he stretches forth the five claws on each foot in and out of their sheathes, with what ease he can scrape up the hardwood floor, just as he used to scrape all the bark off the trees in his native home. Notice the size and strength of his jaws, the length and power of his teeth, especially the canines at the corners of his mouth, and then, last of all, watch his sly, stealthy movements, the soft, quick footstep, the swift turn of his handsome body as he turns gracefully every time he reaches the end of his cage, and—most important of all—his deep,

cruel, unfathomable eyes, eyes with very little expression except those of slyness, cunning, and craft.

Try to attract his attention, to engage his interest. He will go on just the same, pacing the cage silently and gracefully, occasionally stretching his body against the wire netting, and, although he knows perfectly well you are there, he will vouchsafe no acknowledgment of your presence, not even by a growl, for his slyness is past all human understanding and his treachery is not to be estimated by any human being.

But for all his wickedness and treachery, Lopez is one of the finest specimens of the jaguar in captivity and one of the most interesting animals in the Park. I have watched him carefully for hours at a time, but each time I found there was some new phase to study, some new features to notice, and this personal study is worth all the books and authorities in the world.

In these days, with the advantages of so many Zoological Gardens and wild animal

shows, nearly all are familiar with the leopard, and many of us have seen the black leopard, with its jet skin looking like richly watered silk in some lights, its cruel eyes and villainous expression of countenance; but it is a comparatively rare thing to have the opportunity of studying a white, or Snow Leopard or Ounce, to give it its proper name.

Although known to the scientific world for nearly a hundred years, it was a long time before the habitat of this animal was discovered in the elevated part of Central Asia. Up to comparatively a few years ago only one living specimen had been obtained for exhibition in Europe. This was quite a young one exhibited in the London Zoological Gardens in 1891. In spite of every care, however, it only lived a short time after its arrival. Since then, another specimen has been procured and is now alive and in good condition in these same Gardens.

Also, in the Zoological Gardens at Moscow, Russia, there is now a very fine pair of these

animals. Just as fine a pair was procured for the New York Zoological Society, one of which had a most unfortunate history.

Chang was a beautiful animal in every way. Like all his kind his fur was much thicker than that of the ordinary leopard and of quite a woolly texture; white, or rather a whitish gray on top, merging into pure white on the under parts, covered with black irregular spots. This thick fur is an excellent protection against the bitter winter cold of his native home. In the winter it is especially beautiful and, when all the other occupants of the Lion House—with the exception of the pumas—were shut in for the winter, Chang and Eng were out in the sweet, fresh, keen winter air, thoroughly enjoying themselves.

After the usual restlessness and discontent among new surroundings, Chang appeared to settle down and become perfectly contented and at his ease. Although naturally savage, he never showed any abnormal expressions of ill temper, and it was taken for granted that,

provided his health remained good, he would be a resident of the Park for several years to come.

But about two o'clock one morning, when all was still and silent in the Park, the watchman who was stationed outside the Lion House saw something crouching just outside the feed room door. For a few seconds he kept perfectly still, and then saw that the crouching object was a snow leopard. Now, the wisest thing to have done would have been to drive it toward the base of the Lion House, open the door, or rather get some one to do it, and then drive him in. But the wisest things are not always the easiest, and it must be remembered that it was practically in the middle of the night and few others besides the watchman were about.

Consequently, the watchman did the best he could on so short a notice; drawing his revolver he fired no less than five shots at close range and never even touched him. No doubt he was nervous and fired wide of the mark,

but a leopard is not a small object when close by, and it seems an extraordinary thing that not a single shot should even have grazed the animal. Of course the shooting roused every one within earshot, especially the leopard himself, who at once became wild and fierce, although at first he had seemed quiet and frightened as far as the watchman could make out.

He leaped to one place and then to another, until no one knew where he was or what was going to happen next. Men scuttled in all directions to obtain any object of defence they could get hold of, all the while wondering how on earth the animal could have got out.

The darkness doubled all the difficulties and did not tend to lessen the nervousness of the men, for, with its cat-like tread and its soft, light spring, there was no telling where the animal might be or whether it might not jump on any one of them at any moment. Fortunately, its white coat occasionally served as some slight guide to its whereabouts and

at odd moments it could be seen either moving stealthily along some high place, or crouching on some new place on the ground. This went on for two long hours, which seemed like an eternity to the men on the watch. No one thought in the confusion of sending or even telephoning to the Director; there was no knowing what might happen at any moment and I doubt whether any man could have been found who would have cared at that time to go anywhere alone with that wild creature roaming around.

At last a policeman in the early morning light saw it crouching on the top of the little feed cart, as though just ready to spring. He hurriedly procured a shot gun and, taking a careful aim at about a distance of twelve feet, shot the animal dead. It seemed a great pity, after all the amount of money spent in procuring it, and it appeared to be a real grief to Mr. Hornaday when he heard of it. But the animal was dead, and there was nothing to do but to make the best of it.

Then came the question of how he could

have got out. The doors and all the openings in the Lion House had been hurriedly examined, even while the leopard was still prowling about, but every fastening was just as it had been left the night before, safely barred and locked, and the whole thing appeared a mystery until daylight appeared when it was found that the snow leopard had leaped through the skylight glass of his outdoor cage!

The strength needed for this feat can readily be imagined by anyone who cares to take the trouble to look at any of the ordinary thick glass which is used for skylights. The extraordinary thing about the whole matter was that the animal did not appear to have cut himself in any way, but this may have been owing to the thickness of his woolly fur. Extra precautions have been taken now and there is no possibility of Eng, Chang's mate, or any occupant, getting out in that way.

Eng, the remaining snow leopard in the New York Zoological Park, is also a fine speci-

men but not nearly so fine as Chang was. Many Naturalists tell us that in disposition the snow leopard is far more gentle and amiable than the ordinary leopard, or the black leopard, and that it has rarely been known to molest a human being. Of course, I cannot presume to say this is or is not so, never having studied creatures in their native haunts, but all those I have seen in captivity most certainly do not appear to be either gentle or amiable and I have personally known of many instances where they have shown a decided disposition to fly at human beings.

For instance, Eng shows every sign of a vicious and fierce nature and, when I have been standing in front of his cage, has opened his mouth to its widest extent, hissed and sworn at me, while his cruel eyes have changed color in the most curious and ferocious manner. Sometimes his face will wrinkle up into a snarl, or sneer, and then he will come forward, sometimes with a quiet, stealthy tread; at others with a marvelously quick, light spring; but there is always the



MME. MORELLI AND HER CELEBRATED LEOPARD CARTOUCHE, WHO IS NOTED FOR HIS SAVAGENESS AND UNTAMABILITY



same inclination which no one can doubt who watches him carefully; his wish is evidently to spring at me and not with any purpose of play, either. His deadly intention is written plainly on his evil face, and his throaty breathing each time he is baffled proves his keen disappointment in not being able to accomplish it.

There is a leopard in the Bostock Animal Show called Cartouche, who is noted for his savageness and untamability, although he has been performing for years and is considered one of the best in the exhibition. He has nearly killed his trainer three or four times, and yet Madame Morrelli is still fearless of him, dares and defies him, and even consents to be photographed with him facing and sitting close to her, one of the most daring and risky things anyone can do.

It will be noticed that she has her right arm stretched out behind his neck, and that her whip, her only means of defense, is in her left hand. One stroke from the paw of this animal and she would have no time

either to transfer the whip to the other hand, or to keep him off in any other way. And yet she runs just such risks as this every day of her life, and is still living to tell the tale!

## **CELEBRATED BEARS**



## CHAPTER III.

### CELEBRATED BEARS.

PETE, RUSSIAN BROWN BEAR; CAESAR, BLACK BEAR; SNOW, POLAR BEAR; CZAR, SYRIAN BEAR.

**I**N the Buffalo Zoo some few years ago there were two Russian brown bears, both extremely fine specimens and both wonderfully gentle and good tempered. The following story is another instance, I think, of how very uncertain the dispositions of the wild animals are and how some trivial incident will often not only bring out all their viciousness and savagery, but permanently alter their disposition.

One spring Dr. Crandall, the Superintendent, had a gang of iron wire fencers putting a six-foot fence round the top of the bear pit in place of the three-foot fence which had been there when he took charge of the

Zoo. Pete had on several occasions shown a disposition to be restless and it was thought better to take every precaution.

Among the workmen employed to make this fence round the bear pit was an Italian, Angelo Natalio, who, anxious to show his fellow workmen how brave and fearless he was, climbed down from the top of the pit and stood on what are known as the "safety hooks," which are iron hooks turned downwards to prevent any chance of the bears getting out. When standing on these hooks he would tease the bears, a most dangerous and foolhardy thing to do.

As he was doing this one day Dr. Crandall came along and at once ordered him up, telling him if he ever found him there again he would send him going for good. At the same time Dr. Crandall called the attention of the contractor to the matter, telling him that the men did these things at their own risks, that there was not the slightest need of any of them going down there and that the authorities would not be responsible. The

contractor realized the danger, and warned all the men that no such foolishness must occur again.

And yet at four o'clock that same afternoon, when the Superintendent was standing in front of the bear pit, he heard a wild yell of pain and terror, and, looking up, saw the Italian standing on the same hooks again, but this time with one foot drawn between the hooks by Pete, the big Russian brown bear, who had fastened his claws into the man's boot. The bear then pulled the Italian's foot through the hooks, took the foot in his mouth and sat down, the man being dragged finally through, yelling at the top of his voice, and nearly mad with terror.

The police were summoned and ran to the top of the den with guns. One policeman promptly fired and shot the bear in the hump, whereupon Pete promptly picked the man up in his mouth and carried him in front of the cage, where Dr. Crandall was trying to unlock the gate. By putting the man down just in front of the gate the bear completely bar-

ricaded the gateway, making it impossible for anyone to get in.

Thereupon Dr. Crandall rushed up to the top of the pit, took a gun from the policeman, and shot the bear three times, each time sending him down with a thud, but the bear only stayed down for about twenty seconds each time. By this time the Italian had pulled himself away from the bear and tried to get away from the cage by climbing over the hooks, but got caught by the hooks. By this time Dr. Crandall had got into the cage itself and drove and fought the bears back into their sleeping dens, while the policemen and keepers took the man out and sent him to the hospital. The man was in the bear pit not more than five minutes altogether, but stayed in the hospital nearly five months, and it was a question for awhile as to whether he would live or not.

From this time Pete was a different animal. Savage, fierce, vindictive, he seemed to be on the lookout for any opportunity to vent his evil nature upon some one; some time after

this, when being fed, he caught the keeper's hand and bit it completely off at the wrist! Since then Pete has been kept in solitary confinement, for not once since the episode with the Italian has he ever shown the slightest signs of gentleness or amiability. Whether the three bullets, which are still in his body, have anything to do with this, of course, we do not know, but there is a possibility.

This sudden change of disposition in wild animals is constantly showing itself. In the New York Zoological Park there are three Syrian bears in one den. These are considered, in some ways, the most amiable of the bear tribe, and it is generally Syrian bears whom the Italians and Frenchmen train to dance at the end of a pole. The big bear in this den, Czar, had always been considered a fairly good tempered bear, but quite suddenly in May of 1906 Czar nearly killed his keeper and since then has given many indications of viciousness.

Caesar is a black bear in this same park who has quite a history. He was presented to

a hotel keeper on Long Island when quite a cub and brought up as a pet. He was treated so much like one of the family that a chair was always set for him at table and he was made to sit up at meals and behave like a gentleman. He was allowed to run about the house and grounds, and was friendly with all the people he met. But in time, when he grew bigger, the guests began to object to being met at the threshold by a large black bear and, when Caesar began to grow somewhat rough in his ways and capers, it was considered wise to put him away before he did any damage.

Accordingly, a letter was sent to the Director of the New York Zoological Park offering a young black bear as a gift if he would send and fetch it away. Thinking it was only a small bear, the keeper journeyed down to Long Island with an ordinary sized packing case and found the bear was nearly twice the size of the packing case! Nothing else could be found large enough to hold Caesar, so the keeper had to go all the way

back and fetch another box. Then Caesar was led out of the shed by one ear, walked calmly into the wooden case, and journeyed to the Park, which has since been his home.

He seemed a little puzzled by his relatives at first and did not understand their rough way of handling him. It was feared for a while that the other bears would kill him in their fights. But one morning when another bear presumed to give Caesar a little reproof in the shape of a knock down, Caesar suddenly gave a growl, went for the other bear, and taught him such a lesson that he did not forget it. The rest of the bears seemed duly impressed, and the keepers then knew there was no need to trouble about him. He has always been considered one of the most good tempered and amiable bears in the Park, and yet one day when his keeper was cleaning out his cage, Caesar suddenly went behind him and, without the slightest provocation, bit him in the neck!

The most interesting bear at present, however, in the New York Zoological Park is

Snow, the big Polar bear, who killed the mate provided for him, as Lopez the jaguar did his, but in a totally different way. Snow had lived alone for some time. He is a fine specimen, standing about fifty inches in height, seven feet two inches in length, and weighing about 800 pounds. He had always appeared a normally dispositioned Polar bear, and had lived a seemingly contented life.

But last spring (1907) when Mr. Hagenbeck brought over a fine young female Polar bear for the Park, he suggested at once that she be put with Snow as a companion. Mr. Hornaday, the Director, did not at all approve of this suggestion. Polar bears are costly animals and, he concluded, after his experience with Lopez, the jaguar, it would be better to let the young Polar bear live by herself than run any chance of being killed almost as soon as she arrived.

Many arguments and persuasions were brought to bear upon him, while Mr. Hagenbeck assured him there was not the slightest danger of Snow killing the young bear; he

would naturally be only too pleased to have her for a companion, especially after having been alone such a long time. For some time Mr. Hornaday held out. From personal experience he had learned that it was impossible to form any true estimate of what a wild animal will, or will not, do. Many cases were cited to make him partly alter his opinion and after some time he consented to allow the newcomer to be put close to the den of Snow just to see what he would do.

Snow did just what Mr. Hagenbeck said he would do. He was undoubtedly extremely pleased to see a relative of his own once more, came forward at once and sniffed noses in the most friendly manner, put his paw through the bars into the young bear's cage and playfully patted her. The young Polar bear also seemed pleased and was evidently most anxious to get into his den, which was very much bigger than her cramped quarters, and which she could see contained a nice large swimming pool, always a great need and luxury to bears, but especially Polar bears.

But still Mr. Hornaday held out; it seemed a pity to run any risk of losing such a valuable newcomer. But the two bears grew more and more friendly as the days went by and when, after a whole week nothing but friendliness had been noticed, he finally gave his consent, but still with reluctance, to put the two bears together.

Accordingly, one day, the gate of Snow's den was opened, the shifting door of the young Polar bear's cage was lifted up and she walked through into her new home. Mr. Hornaday was still nervous about it and half expected even then that the bears would disagree, but Snow came forward and met his new partner, sniffed noses again, and both appeared interested and friendly. And then, still in a casual, half friendly manner, Snow caught hold of the newcomer by the throat and held on, seemingly half in play and half in earnest.

He let go after a few minutes, and the young bear seemed a trifle puzzled as to what he was going to do next. Then, in a rougher

manner, he suddenly caught hold of his new friend again, and this time began to shake and wrestle with her. It was difficult to make out as first what he really meant, but the impression he gave was that, probably because he had been alone so long, he wanted a good wrestling bout just for exercise. But when this wrestling got too rough and it was seen that Snow had his teeth fastened deeply in the young bear's throat, Mr. Hornaday picked up a large board and pushing it in against the bars, rammed the side of Snow with all his might, helped by the others present.

But it made no more impression than a fly on a wall, and Snow still held on. A few minutes after when the onlookers stopped prodding him, he dropped his companion of his own accord, and meandered round his den as if he had forgotten all about her! It was then seen that the young bear was bleeding a little, and it was considered advisable to separate them. But before this could be done, Snow again caught the young bear by the

throat, and, although he seemed in no particular rage or passion, still it was easy to see that he now meant business.

Accordingly, one of the keepers, Thomas Mulvihill, entered the den with a thick coil of rope, and as soon as Snow once more let the young bear go, he tried to lasso him and fortunately caught him round the neck the very first time. Mr. Hornaday, Mr. Mitchell, Dr. Blair, Mr. Sanborn, and all those present then had a strenuous time, one lot holding back Snow, while another lot got out the young bear. But in spite of every attention, to the sorrow of all, and to the bitter regret and disappointment of Mr. Hornaday, the young bear died.

On examination she did not appear to be badly bitten or torn, but it was found that Snow had severely lacerated the right jugular vein, and that the lungs were congested, caused by internal hemorrhage. Snow gave not the slightest indication of missing his new companion, or of being the least put out by these occurrences. Beyond having a few

blood spots on his white fur, he seemed, in appearance and manner, exactly the same as he has always been since his arrival in the Park some few years ago.

I think the most curious and in many ways interesting thing about this affair was the half playful, half indifferent manner in which it was done. There was no exhibition of temper or rage, no particular viciousness, and also no special pleasure in the wrestling which took place. Lopez, the jaguar, went at things in a totally different way. The moment his companion entered his cage, he showed in every quiver of his nervous, muscular body, his intense passion and resentment, and also his fierce determination to kill his mate. But Snow seemed undecided from the first as to what he should really do.

It was evident that he did not particularly want a companion and yet it also seemed evident that he was tired of being alone and was glad of a chance to wrestle and play. But the result was the same, and to those who have to consider the vast expenses of a

large Zoological Garden, this is an extremely important matter. Snow will now pass the rest of his life in the same manner as Lopez. He will live in solitary confinement, but whether this will affect him in any way we are not capable of finding out. I watched him a short time ago, pacing up and down his den and occasionally going in and out of his water pool. As far as I, or any other human being, could tell he was perfectly contented and happy, and we know enough to be able to surmise that he was certainly not thinking or troubling about any of his past deeds.

A large Polar bear once made his escape from the London Zoological Gardens and gave those in attendance a lively time. He was finally caught with a rope round the neck, when he promptly climbed over a fence and, on jumping down the other side, nearly choked himself; as the rope broke at that moment he saved his life, but was again free. The noose of rope was still round his neck, but he got that off with his claws, shook himself, and trotted off briskly in another di-

rection. At last, after about three hours' hard work, he was driven into the passage leading into the big Carnivora dens and was secured once more.

One of the most interesting little stories I have ever heard about a young Polar bear was given me by Dr. Crandall, Superintendent of the Buffalo Zoo. A little Polar bear cub was born in the Zoo—a most rare thing—and was at once discarded by the mother, who refused to have anything to do with it. As the thermometer happened to be nine degrees below zero, it was in a terrible plight. However, about twenty minutes after its birth, after the most careful watching and manoeuvring, Dr. Crandall, with much difficulty managed to get hold of it, and found that it was nearly stiff with cold. He wrapped it up in some wool, took it to his house, put it at once into a hot water bath, and after thirty minutes finally got the heart and lungs to work. For three whole days and nights he hardly left it, but with cotton-wool, hot water bags, and a hygienic nursing feeding

bottle, kept it alive, and for a while much hoped he would save its life. But it was all of no use. The poor little creature seemed fairly well the first two days but on the third day dropped and finally died. This was undoubtedly the youngest Polar bear ever kept in captivity.

# **ELEPHANTS**



## CHAPTER IV.

### ELEPHANTS

JUMBO, COCO, GYPSY, BOBBY, ZEBI, GUNDA.

**T**HE name of Jumbo is so well known and so much has been written about him that it is only necessary to give a resumé of his history in this book.

In June, 1865, the London Zoological Society received, in exchange for a rhinosceros, from the Jardin des Plantes, Paris, an African Elephant, named Jumbo.

At the time of his arrival in London, Jumbo stood only about four feet high, but was in such a miserable, filthy, and pitiable condition that it was feared for some time that he would not live. At that time Mr. A. D. Bartlett, who was the Superintendent of the Gardens, seeing the necessity for having all his instructions carried out faithfully if he wanted to keep the poor creature alive, turned him over to a keeper called Matthew

Scott, and a terrible time Scott had to get the poor animal even into decent condition.

In the first place the work of removing even part of the long accumulated filth on his skin was a tedious and revolting process and the animal's feet were found to be misshapen and sore for want of attention.

But as soon as he began to get better, Jumbo's spirits returned, and then it was found necessary to control him; he was so high spirited and daring that at last the Superintendent and Scott decided that he must be taught to obey before he did any damage. So one day the two men each took hold of an ear of Jumbo and holding him in this manner gave him a good sound thrashing. For a time Jumbo resisted, but when he found he was getting the worst of it he lay down with a little submissive cry and after that did what he was told, and became a good tractable elephant.

Jumbo stayed contentedly in the Zoological Gardens for eighteen years and was then about twenty-two years old and stood eleven

and a half feet high. But then he began to show signs of going "bad" and caused a vast amount of trouble and anxiety, especially to those who had charge of him. He tore down the doors and walls of his house, drove his big tusks through the iron plates and splintered the strong beams of wood as if they had been matches; after some anxious months it was finally decided to sell him. The only man who could do anything with him at this time was Matthew Scott, who had been with him ever since he entered the Gardens.

Bitter disappointment was felt among thousands of children who had grown to love the elephant and to look forward to rides on his back and a great controversy arose in all the London newspapers over this animal. And just while all this excitement was going on, a letter came from the late P. T. Barnum, of the Barnum and Bailey Circus, asking whether the London Zoological Society would sell the big African elephant Jumbo? After consideration, Jumbo was sold to Mr. Barnum "as he stood" for \$10,000. This meant that

all expenses of removal, etc., were to be defrayed by Mr. Barnum.

But when it came to taking Jumbo away, he had something to say about the matter; he absolutely refused to go into any box or crate provided for him. Scott was broken-hearted at the thought of parting from Jumbo, and it was thought this had something to do with it, for he certainly did not try to insist on the animal leaving him. Finally, Mr. Barnum made a very liberal offer to Scott if he would accompany the animal to America, and the London Zoological Society promised to keep his position open for him up to a given time.

And so midst the most extraordinary excitement among the London people, who went to the Gardens in thousands to see their old favorite before he left them, Jumbo was finally induced by Scott to go into the huge wheeled crate which had been made specially for him, and sailed for America, accompanied by his faithful keeper Matthew Scott. On his arrival in New York he created almost as much excitement as in London, for he had

been advertised tremendously for some time previously. Thousands of people went to the docks to meet him in the hope of at least seeing him disembark, but there was nothing to be seen but a huge packing case, or what looked like it, and he was taken straight to Madison Square Garden (the old building), and it was here that his feet touched American soil for the first time.

Twice daily the circus was thronged with people from all parts of the country, all seemingly possessed of the desire to see the huge animal that had caused so much trouble and excitement in Europe. Jumbo's remaining history in America is well known, his period of tremendous popularity, his abnormal success as a financial speculation, and then his most unfortunate killing by a locomotive when crossing the lines on a railway.

And when he died poor old Matthew Scott nearly died too from sheer grief and sorrow. I have met this Matthew Scott and know him very well. He is still with the Barnum and Bailey Circus and I have had many an inter-

esting talk with him. He is a small man, wiry and nervous, and a great talker; but no matter what different subject one starts, he invariably comes round to the one favorite subject, "Jumbo," on which he is never tired of talking.

"I seen him last night as plain as plain," he told me the last time I was talking to him. "He comes to me every night now, Jumbo do, and I am always thinking on him, and I 'spect he knows it."

By which it will be seen that Scott is beginning to show his years. He is quite an old man now and very feeble. He has just one or two gentle animals to take care of and this year, when the Barnum and Bailey Circus came to New York to start its summer season, Matthew Scott was left in winter quarters, as it was considered that he was not now fit to bear the hardships and tiring journeys on the road.

Another interesting elephant in this same show is Gypsy, the oldest elephant there. Her trunk is paralyzed, so that she is unable to

put it into her mouth, but she will not allow anyone to feed her, and now has an ingenious way of taking up the hay in the tip of her trunk and throwing it in her mouth with a dextrous jerk. Mr. George Bates, her trainer, told me Gypsy has many privileges now which the other elephants are not allowed on account of her age and infirmity. She was the late Mr. James Bailey's favorite elephant.

Columbia is the first elephant to have been born in captivity and, although of the gentler sex, has been provided with an iron chain, enclosed in rubber, which continually encircles her huge body. This is because on some occasions she shows a good deal of viciousness, and it is necessary to control her. Her mother, Babe, stands close by. Babe's mate, Mandarin, went "bad" on his first arrival at this circus, and was so dangerous that he was choked to death as the quickest and surest method of preventing any dangerous accident.

Mr. George Conklin, the manager of the menagerie—who, by the way, is the first man who ever drove a wagon drawn by a pair of

oxen over Brooklyn Bridge—told me that he had witnessed many dangerous things with elephants, but that this getting Mandarin out of the way was one of the most terrible things he had ever seen.

But to me, the most interesting elephant in the Barnum and Bailey show is Coco, the smallest one of the whole lot. Coco is, and always has been known as one of the most tiresome, mischievous, and restless animals among all the three large herds of elephants in this show. Coco was born in the circus and, from the very first few months of his life, attracted attention not only on account of his constant mischief, but also because he is one of the most affectionate and amusing elephants in captivity. When quite a tiny baby he showed a great love of investigation, especially in those things which did not concern him in any way and which he ought to have let alone.

The first time he was considered old enough to be fastened up with the herd of young elephants which were being taught to perform

in public, Coco began to find out about his surroundings. His flexible little trunk was here, there, and everywhere, and, although he would always at once lower it meekly at hearing the word "Coco" called out, he would do exactly the same thing again as soon as his keeper's attention was turned away from him.

He began one day to pull down the gas pipes over his head and, when those had been put to rights again, he tried to investigate the electric light by drawing the bulb over to his mouth with his trunk, and was barely saved from crushing it, and probably causing his own death.

Just round a corner of the wall where he and his companions are usually fastened up underneath Madison Square Garden is a water faucet where the men get the drinking water for the elephants, and for washing the floor. One night when, after the performance, the lights had been put out with the exception of one or two, and all the men had gone but the watchmen, Coco was very quiet

and thoughtful, and, as all the elephants seemed quiet and comfortable, the watchman settled himself comfortably in his chair and began to doze, occasionally opening his eyes just to see that everything was all right and to call out to the various elephants by name if they seemed likely to be restless or about to do any mischief.

Suddenly the watchman was conscious of a curious sound like running water and, after listening a moment looked down on the floor and was surprised to see the floor swimming in water and a stream pouring from the faucet. As at that moment Coco's trunk went round the corner the watchman knew at once what had happened. Coco had turned on the water faucet and flooded the place. It took about an hour with a lot of men to get the animals dry and comfortable once more, and Coco was made to understand, by having his trunk rapped smartly every time he attempted to put his trunk round the faucet, that he was not to do that again.

Another bad habit of Coco's was to sud-

denly let forth a roar or bellow, without the least cause. When one elephant does this there is always the danger of a stampede among the others, for elephants are extremely nervous and very easily excited. On more than one occasion Coco has been the means of causing a stampede among the elephants in this manner which is a serious thing.

On one occasion, in the early morning, Coco was found to be in a particularly bad mood. He was restless and irritable, tried to quarrel with his next-door neighbor, tried to pull the men's coats off with his trunk, and then sent forth such a roar, once, twice, three times, that one by one all his companions took it up; then the larger herds heard it and promptly followed suit, and in far less time than it takes to write it, first one and then another broke his chains and all the men rushed about doing their best to soothe and quiet the animals, for another stampede had taken place.

The most tiresome part of it all was that Coco could not be prevailed upon to stop his

roaring, but kept it up until the men were nearly exhausted trying to quiet the others and restore order. When he had given more trouble than all the others put together, he settled down, ate his breakfast quietly, and for weeks afterwards was as good as gold.

Another time, Mr. Harry Mooney, Coco's trainer, prepared to take his elephants into the country in winter quarters for awhile. It was considered wise, owing to Coco's terrible habit of either running off suddenly and so inducing the others to run also, to hobble his feet, and fasten his trunk to his front leg with a chain enclosed in a rubber tube so that it could not hurt him.

But Coco strongly objected to this. He always disliked restraint of any kind, and showed his resentment by squealing and then roaring with all his might. Fortunately, the others did not respond this time and he was finally got out of Madison Square Garden safely. But when outside, he found, owing to his hobbles, that he could not keep up with the other elephants—it was the middle of the

night and they were all walking—and very soon he was quite a long way behind them all.

This made him furious and he refused to go any further. Lifting up his trunk in defiance, he roared and squealed, squealed and roared, until every elephant in front of him joined in and the people asleep in their houses woke up in terror and thought the end of the world had come. One by one the other elephants began to run; when Coco saw this and realized that he could not run too on account of his hobbles, he grew angrier than ever.

Finally he was quieted and the others were collected together—all had run in different directions, being by this time wildly excited—and the rest of the journey was performed quietly and without any further trouble until they arrived at their destination, which the trainer and his men were only too thankful to reach, being half dead from exhaustion.

Now it is not to be wondered at that, after a few years of this kind of thing, Coco got a bad name. He is not a bad-tempered ele-

phant, or a vicious one in any way, but his capacity for giving trouble is tremendous. Consequently, when a number of things happened at one time, one after the other, of course, Coco was blamed for them all and very nearly lost his life in consequence.

About two years ago, when the Barnum and Bailey Circus had finished its performances in Brooklyn, all the trainers prepared to take the elephants over to Jersey City, on their way to Somerville. They started out one fine moonlight night and all went well until they arrived at the Brooklyn Bridge, when unfortunately it happened that, just as they were all walking quietly and peacefully under the elevated railway, a train came running overhead and the sudden noise above them nearly scared the elephants to death.

With shrieks and trumpeting they started off pell mell and it was early morning before they were got together once more and taken on to the Twenty-third Street Ferry. Still rather excited and nervous there was a good deal of trouble in getting them on board

the boats, and when they finally went on, they did it with such a sudden rush that fears were entertained for a few minutes that they would run right through the boat and into the river from the end.

But as soon as they saw the water, the elephants stopped, drew back as if realizing the danger and were quiet the rest of the trip.

It was at Somerville that Coco nearly lost his life through his bad reputation. Just before one performance, a storm came up quite suddenly. All storms are specially dreaded by animal show proprietors, particularly on account of the elephants' dread of thunder and lightning. So that, needless to say, when blinding flashes of lightning were followed by deafening crashes of thunder, the herd of elephants got wild and excited. A fierce, strong wind sprang up and, getting under the canvas of the tents, tore it off, wrenching the poles out of the ground as though they were matches, and unfortunately hitting the poor elephants stinging blows across the backs with them.

With wild trumpeting, the elephants tore off their chains as though they were cobwebs and fled in all directions. It was a great wonder that Mr. Bates and Mr. Mooney, with the other men, were not trampled to death, for the animals were crazy from panic and in pain from the blows from the poles. It was one of the narrowest escapes they had ever had.

And when it was all over and the animals had quieted down, they were in the highest state of nervousness and exhaustion from the continued frights. For weeks the elephants were nervous and unsettled and, at the least breeze lifting the flaps of the tents, there would come forth a shrill chorus of cries and trumpeting; and once when a little piece of harmless white rag fluttered round the tent, Coco made a great fuss, several of the others broke their chains and, for a few moments, it was feared there would be another stampede.

Several other things happened in the same way and, the proprietor having noticed that

Coco was rather excitable, at last suggested that he should be killed; he had caused so much trouble already it was unwise to risk anything more. For a time it seemed as though Coco was doomed, but his trainer was devoted to him and explained that lately it had not had anything to do with Coco but simply a series of accidents; eventually the proprietor gave in and Coco's life was spared.

And so Coco is still alive, still full of mischief, restless and fidgetty, but always affectionate, and ready for strangers and peanuts or anything else which comes in his way. His troubles have not damped his spirits or altered him in any way and only last spring, when I was talking to his trainer, Coco caught hold of the tail of Mr. Mooney's dog with his trunk and pulled it! I don't think the dog was hurt a bit, but he gave a frightened squeak, and I noticed that he was particularly careful not to go near Coco again.

In the Clifton Zoological Gardens, in Bristol, England, there is an elephant, Zebi, who is the oldest inhabitant there and is consid-

ered by good authorities to be the largest Indian female elephant known. She stands just one inch taller than the late Jung Perchard of the London Zoological Gardens, England, the famous Indian elephant. Zebi is now forty-nine years old and has been in the Clifton Gardens nearly forty years, having been sent there as a gift from the Rajah of Mysore. Zebi is noted for her mischievous qualities, and many amusing stories are told of her, but she is greatly beloved by all the visitors and a tremendous favorite with the children.

The Indian elephant, Gunda, in the New York Zoological Park, created quite a sensation when he first arrived at the Park. Gunda was born in 1898, and for eight years lived in his wild native home much in the same manner as his other brethren. When he was captured, after considerable difficulty, he was about as wild and savage a specimen as could be found anywhere.

He gave as much trouble as he possibly could in every way and in every place. It

was difficult to get him on board ship; it was just as difficult to keep him there, and far more difficult to get him off again. Food seemed to have very little attraction for him and kindness was of no use. When he was finally brought to the New York Zoological Park, he was morose, savage, sulky, and vindictive to a degree and no one in the Park could do a thing with him.

He trumpeted his hate and his discontent at all the keepers, at all the visitors, and at every animal in the house that came within his range of vision. Special precautions were taken by the Director with regard to his house. The walls were tested, the strongest sheet iron procured to line them, and extra bars put in front of his den to protect visitors. And yet, in spite of all these precautions this did not prevent him from pushing down the back wall one day and entering the cage of the Eland next door! But after awhile he became quieter and more contented, and then it was decided one day to take him for a walk in the Park before the public was admitted, in order to give him some exercise.

He behaved very well for a time and seemed to enjoy the fresh air and his walk, while the keepers never took their eyes off him, in case he should alter his mind. And alter his mind he did, for in the sudden way in which he is in the habit of doing things, he broke away and, with a little trumpet and a whisk of his ridiculous tail, he was off round the Park for a scamper at his own sweet will.

He tipped over several things in his way, and kept up such a swinging pace that the keepers were streaming with perspiration and half dead with fatigue before anything could be done to stop him. When he was finally got back into his house once more, it was decided that he had had enough exercise for awhile. But in time Gunda settled down and even allowed himself to be taught tricks, although he resented at first having his front legs tied and his hind leg pulled to make him kneel down. In time he decided to do this without either, which was just what his trainer wanted.

Then he was taught to collect pennies, and

keep a bank of his own, The "bank" is a strong wooden box fixed securely over his head with the words "ELEPHANT'S BANK" painted on it; at the bottom is a bell, and this bell Gunda rings every time he collects a penny, just as a car conductor rings up a fare. At one time it was found that, although Gunda had collected a good many pennies and rung up the same, the "Bank" was empty! This was curious, because Gunda had never been known to make any foolish mistakes such as swallowing anything which was not eatable.

But one day when going to brush the dust off the top of the dividing wall of Gunda's den, the keeper found a heap of pennies collected there, and the secret was solved. Why he should have decided to put them on the wall instead of in the box is not known, but it is also curious that, since his hoard of money was found and confiscated, Gunda has never once put a penny there, but always dutifully in the Bank.

It is a long, long time now since this ele-

phant has shown the least sign of ill temper or moroseness, and now in the summer he carries children on his back and seems to enjoy it as much as they do. Perhaps it is the outdoor life and exercise which he appreciates, or it may be the peanuts which he now invites by putting up his trunk to the little passengers on his back, but he is the most friendly of all friendly elephants now, and will always welcome visitors with a cordial invitation to shake hands by lifting up one huge foot, which, if somewhat clumsy, is certainly kindly and well meant.

Mr. Frank C. Bostock claims to have in his Wild Animal Show the very smallest specimen of an African elephant ever exhibited in either Europe or America. It was brought over to be the principal feature in the Colonial Exposition at Nogent S—— Seine, at the conclusion of which it was formally presented to the Colonial Minister, Monsieur Clementel. M. Clementel was naturally flattered and pleased, but there could be no doubt that he certainly had “an elephant on his

hands"! While deliberating whether he should deposit it in either the Jardin d'Acclimation, or the Jardin des Plantes in Paris, Mr. Bostock came forward and offered him a large sum of money for it.

At first M. Clementel would not hear of it, but finally, when a good deal of pressure was brought to bear, Mr. Bostock became the owner of the elephant in miniature, and the money realized from the sale of this animal was contributed by the Minister of the Colony to the employés of the Bureau des Affaires des Colonies. The little elephant was about eight months old, stood about thirty inches high, and weighed about one hundred and eighty pounds.

One other clever elephant not to be forgotten is Sultan, who is noted for his wonderful acts of equilibrium in the Barnum and Bailey Circus. This animal will stand on its fore feet or its hind feet and, while in the latter position, hold a little dog on his head, another on his left front leg, and a third on his right front leg. Elephants and dogs were

patiently trained by Herr Novello, who is wonderfully gentle with his animals, and yet has such marvelous power over them.

Sultan has strong likes and dislikes, and one morning when I was watching him eat his breakfast, consisting of an oat and meal mash, he filled his trunk with it and then calmly blew it all over me, making a queer little noise of satisfaction when he had finished! On being told to sing, Sultan will open his mouth and make the most weird sounds I ever heard, but I have no doubt it is the very best he can do in the way of singing.



SULTAN, WHO IS NOTED FOR HIS WONDERFUL FEATS OF EQUILIBRIUM  
IN THE BARNUM AND BAILEY CIRCUS.



## **SOME GREAT PACHYDERMS**



## CHAPTER V.

### SOME GREAT PACHYDERMS

MESOVIRO, RHINOCEROS; VICTORIA, RHINOCEROS; HIPPO, HIPPOPOTAMUS.

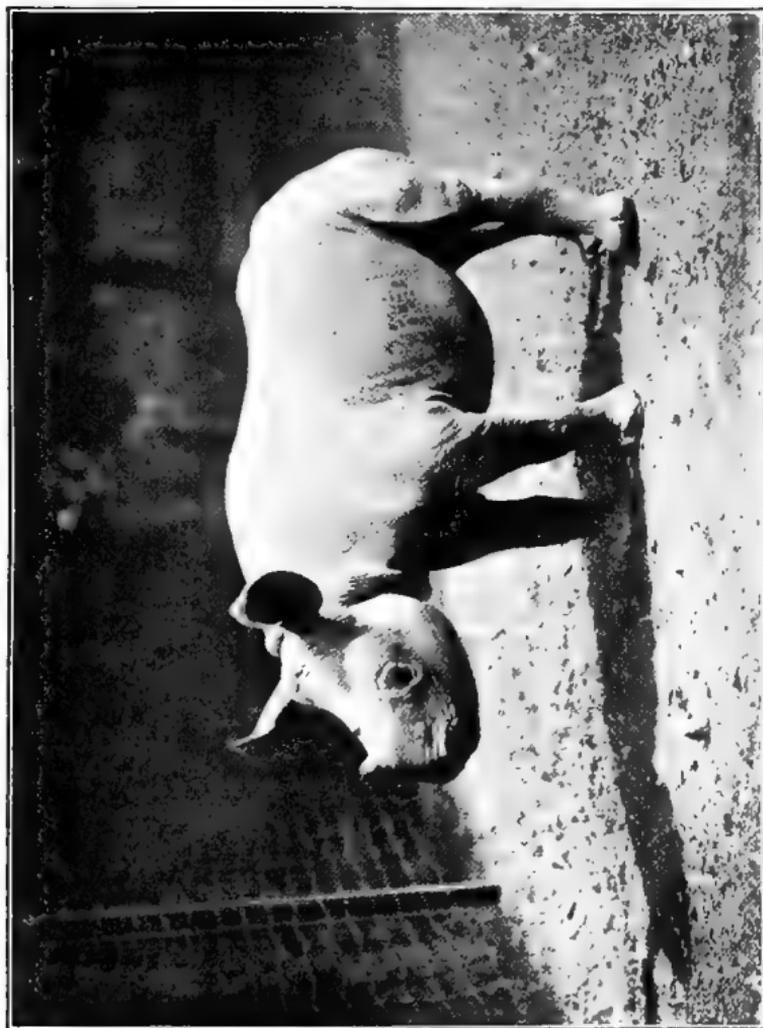
**S**PECIMENS of the African Rhinoceros in captivity are so extremely rare that an impression existed at one time that it was impossible either to obtain them or keep them in confinement. But, as far back as 1868, a two-horned African Rhinoceros was captured in Upper Nubia and sold to the London Zoological Society, England, by Carl Hagenbeck.

This wonderful specimen attracted an enormous amount of attention at that time because it was believed to be the very first rhinoceros which had been in Europe since the days of the Romans. Consequently, this animal was gazed at, wondered at, discussed in papers and magazines and drew immense crowds from all parts.

One of the most interesting rhinoceroses in captivity, partly on account of his extreme youth, and partly because of his manifold adventures before and after his capture, is Mesoviro, the baby rhinoceros in the New York Zoological Park. His captors gave him this African name which means "One who is found by the way." Mesoviro was certainly "found by the way," and the story of his capture is quite exciting.

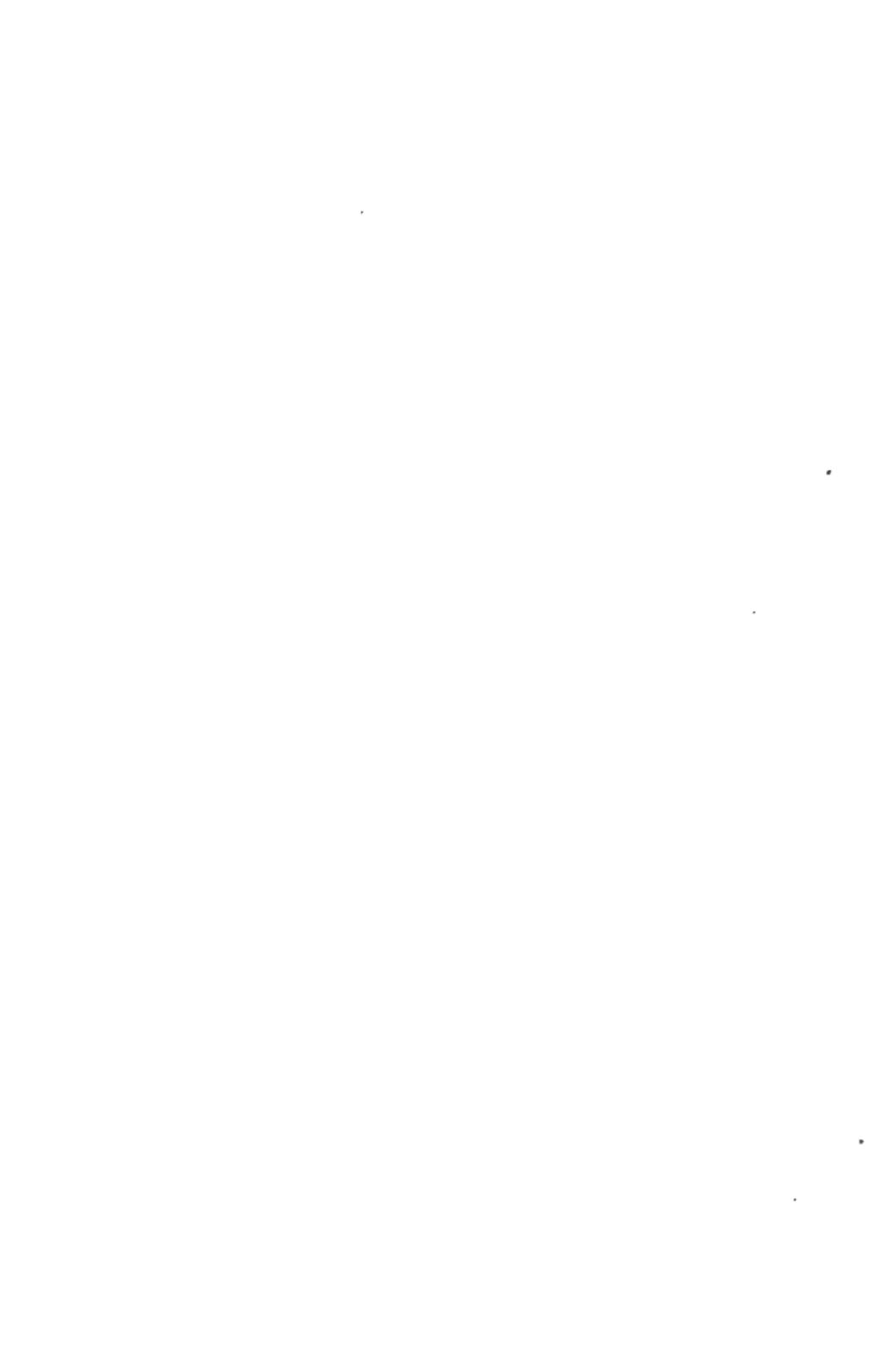
An Austrian, named Fleisher, went hunting with a small party southeast of the Lake Victoria Nyanza last July and one day saw a female rhinoceros with a very young calf. Fleisher had a very small party of natives with him and was not by any means well equipped, but he determined to get the little rhino calf if he died in the attempt. He knew full well what an extremely valuable animal it would be if he could only get it to the coast.

But the African natives are terribly afraid of the rhinoceros and when they saw the Austrian actually pursuing the rhinoceros and



*By Permission New York Zoological Society*

**MEZOVIRO, IN THE NEW YORK ZOOLOGICAL PARK, IS ONE OF THE MOST INTERESTING RHINOCEROSES IN CAPTIVITY**



the calf every one of them fled, leaving Fleisher alone. After much difficulty and one or two narrow escapes, Fleisher succeeded in shooting the mother and, rushing forward, seized the baby rhinoceros. It was only a few weeks old, but so wonderfully strong and vigorous that it was almost impossible for one man to hold it.

The Austrian, however, was not to be daunted, but grasped the calf firmly round the neck, which was doubly difficult to hold on account of the thickness and slipperiness of its skin. The young rhinoceros promptly ran off, taking his captor with him, not letting any little things such as dragging him through the thick thorny bushes, with their long "bide-a-wee" thorns, stop him. He kept this up briskly for half an hour, until the Austrian's clothes were torn to ribbons; he was terribly torn and scratched and faint from exhaustion. But, in spite of all this, Fleisher held on desperately until at last the calf was so exhausted that he had to partly submit to his captor.

After a while the natives returned to see what had become of their master and, seeing only a young rhinoceros, willingly gave all the assistance they could. So stubborn and such determined resistance did the little animal show, however, that it was found impossible to either lead or drive him even after tying him securely with strong ropes. As no coaxing or driving could induce him to move a step of his own accord, they tied his legs firmly together, thrust a long pole between them and, with the young rhinoceros hanging upside down with his feet in the air, carried him a long, tiresome six-days' journey of ninety miles.

It was seen during the first part of the journey that the calf's head, hanging downward in the manner it did, caused him not only great discomfort but also made him struggle in such a way that there was danger of his dying from exhaustion, or killing himself by his struggles. So a piece of coarse cloth was slung under the pole, hammock fashion, and, supported in this way, the

animal stopped struggling and seemed more at his ease.

A mother rhinoceros gives only a small quantity of milk at any time, and when the young calf is only a few weeks old it begins to eat grass, so the calf was fed all this while on unsweetened condensed milk; not long afterwards it began to graze. Mesoviro was taken to Gkoma, a military station in British East Africa, where he remained very contented for about six weeks. A pool was made for him, and in this pool he played most of the day, plastering himself all over with mud and doing other delightful things that only a rhinoceros can appreciate.

Having been bought as a speculation, at the end of that time he was taken to Sharati, and then to Uganda, whence he was conveyed on the Uganda Railway to Mambasa on the coast. Here at Mombasa, Mr. Tjader, an amateur explorer and naturalist of New York, had just arrived and was present when the baby rhinoceros also arrived. Mr. Tjader, after seeing the animal, cabled at once to Mr.

W. T. Hornaday and was authorized to buy the animal for the New York Zoological Park. The total cost of this tiny rhinoceros, still only an infant, when finally landed in his cage at the Park was \$4,532.

Mr. Herbert O. Lang, a taxidermist for the American Museum of Natural History, was engaged to take care of the baby animal, and took him from Mombasa by steamer to Naples, and thence by the White Star Liner Cedric to New York. Every care and attention was given to the diet and exercise of this valuable little animal. The quantity of unsweetened condensed milk was increased from three cans a day to nine, and before very long the rhinoceros calf and Mr. Lang were to be seen daily taking vigorous exercise between decks, generally covering a distance of about five miles a day.

Mesoviro arrived on the last day of the year and, on January 1st, 1907, weighed 235 pounds and stood 26 inches at the shoulder. With Mr. Lang, the young rhinoceros was most docile, gentle, and affectionate, but for

the first few days in the Park he refused to allow a strange keeper to feed him. But he seemed to know by that time that the keeper was his friend and is now quite contented, consumes eleven cans of unsweetened condensed milk a day and all the boiled rice and finest clover hay he can get.

The other rhinoceros in the antelope house close to Mesoviro is also an African, and curiously enough was captured when three months old by the same man who captured Mesoviro, and in much the same way. This is a female and has been in the Park now since June, 1906; she is thriving and healthy. Her only adventure was when, some time ago, having a painful abscess in her jaw, an operation was performed, in the middle of which she sent everything near her flying. But the operation saved her, for she recovered her health and spirits and has been perfectly well ever since.

In the Zoological Gardens at Amsterdam, there is a pair of the biggest hippopotami I have ever seen. They are certainly well taken

care of for, besides, having a nice roomy inside house with large bathing tanks, they also have an outdoor tank and a large roomy playground. The Society of Zoology at Antwerp is also especially famous for their hippopotami, and several have been bred there very successfully.

In the Barnum and Bailey Circus there is a huge hippopotamus which has been there in charge of Mr. George Conklin, the manager of the menagerie, for nearly twenty years. It is quite wonderful to see this animal's docility and tameness. Mr. Conklin can make him open his mouth, come forward to be scratched on the neck, and other little things which are not particularly brilliant but which, for a hippopotamus, show great talent. His mouth when wide open is like a huge cavern, and his cage has to be constantly tested on account of his enormous weight.

In the Zoological Gardens in Hamburg, Germany, there is a huge male hippopotamus which attracts a great deal of attention, and which is noted for his strong likes and dis-

likes, in all cases without apparent reason. He has taken a great liking for one of his keepers and shows it in as intelligent a manner as it is possible for these ungainly, expressionless animals to show anything. But for Dr. Bolau, the Superintendent of the Gardens, he has nothing but the keenest dislike. He may be ever so placid and quiet, but the moment he sees the Superintendent he gets wild and fierce, ugly and vindictive; it causes much amusement sometimes among the visitors to see this curious display of ill temper for no reason whatever. There is no doubt that, if ever Dr. Bolau should be so unfortunate as to get in his way unprotected, he would surely be killed by this animal.

One of the most amusing incidents with a hippopotamus happened in the London Zoological Gardens many years ago. One hot day in August the keeper shut the hippopotamus in the house and cleaned out the large tank outside, filling it with clean, fresh water. When he had finished his day's work, the keeper, for some reason or other, forgot, ac-

ording to his usual custom, to open the door of the hippopotamus' house, so that the animal could go in and out if he wished.

In the course of the evening the night watchman noticed that the door of the hippopotamus' house was shut and, on going inside, found the big hippopotamus evidently suffering from the heat and very anxious to get outside. Consequently the watchman was told to let the animal into the outside yard so that he could go into the water if he wanted to. And as soon as the door was opened the hippopotamus went straight out and into the tank, where he stayed with just the tip of his nose out of the water in great content.

When the keeper returned that night (he always slept over the hippopotamus' house), he remembered the nice, clean water in the tank and that he had shut the hippopotamus in the house and forgotten to let him out. As it was still very hot he decided to take a bath himself and, entering the yard from the outside gate, stripped and took a header into the tank. As it happened he plunged straight

under the hippopotamus who, scared nearly to death at the sudden onslaught, immediately plunged down into the water; it would have been difficult to tell which was the most excited and scared, the keeper or the hippopotamus!

There followed what must have been one of the most amusing and unique sights on the face of the earth. Every time the keeper came to the surface and saw the hippopotamus, down he went into the water, and each time the hippopotamus saw the splashing of the water and the floundering object, he promptly went below again. This went on for some little time, the keeper watching his opportunity to get out.

Fortunately he was a good and strong swimmer, or it might have fared badly with him, for he was getting exhausted. Finally, as the animal once more sank down into the water, the keeper swam boldly to the edge of the tank, scrambled out in double quick time, and not waiting to dress tore into the house as fast as he could.

This old hippopotamus was quite celebrated, as he was in the Zoological Gardens for nearly thirty years. At one time he made his escape and the way he was induced to return to his house was unique. The well-known old keeper, Matthew Scott, for some unknown reason was an object of intense dislike to this hippopotamus and, in order to make the animal go back into his house, Scott was ordered to run in front of him, but with many precautions about running quickly up the steps inside the house where the animal would be unable to get him.

Accordingly, Scott, taking a good long start and showing himself to the hippopotamus first, started off, promptly followed by the hippo at full swing. Scott is a small man, and appeared quite tiny in comparison with Obaysch, the huge animal lumbering behind him. He was followed by the superintendent and a crowd of keepers, but, as soon as the animal had entered the house, he was shut in and Scott got down from the other side of the steps none the worse for his ad-

venture, with the exception of being a little breathless.



## DOHONG, THE ORANG UTAN



## CHAPTER VI.

### DOHONG, THE ORANG UTAN.

**A**MONG all my wild animal friends, Dohong, the Orang Utan in the New York Zoological Park, who died February 25th, 1907, was one of my greatest favorites. We had been friends for nearly four years, and our friendship grew firmer as we grew to know one another better.

It was one of the first opportunities I have had to really study an orang utan carefully and for so long a time, and it was throughout a most interesting one in every way.

The first time I ever saw Dohong was at a time when he had just had a little spar with Polly, the chimpanzee, who lived in the same cage with him and was his daily companion almost up to the time of his death. They were always good friends but, like the majority of good friends, had their disagree-

ments occasionally. In this instance Polly had decidedly got the best of it—she generally does in most matters—and Dohong, then not much more than a baby, sat in a corner of the cage and glanced furtively at Polly as if to see what she was going to do next. He took not the slightest notice of me, although I tried in every way to attract his attention. But at that time I did not care much; I was thinking of his pitiful little history which Mr. Hornaday, the Director of the Park, had just told me:

About a year before that time, one dark, miserable night, there arrived at the New York Zoological Park, a mother and infant, two orang utans, who had been brought many thousands of miles at the cost of much trouble, pains, worry, and money. The mother was one of the finest specimens of the orang ever seen in captivity, but particularly wild and savage, fierce, and bitterly angry at her wrongs. Her long, red, hairy arms clasped tightly to her with true motherly instinct a grotesque looking little object, somewhat re-

sembling a red spider, who clung desperately to his mother's red hair with his long, slim fingers and looked at everything and everybody in sheer terror.

His flat, homely little face with its shiny forehead crowned by a ring of red hair, which grew upwards as in all his family, contracted with all kinds of emotions, and it would have been difficult to say which made the most hideous grimaces, the mother, who drew her long flexible lips in all directions and all sorts of contortions, or the infant orang, who seemed occasionally to resent his mother's very strenuous attentions to himself and gave curious little guttural cries.

Certainly to strangers, and especially such strangers as did not understand these things and who had never seen them before, their reception, given with the best intentions in the world, must have been very terrifying. Being pitch dark, it was, of course, necessary to have lanterns, and these, carried by the keepers and waving to and fro, nearly frightened the poor orangs to death. Both watched

the moving lights with horror written in their faces and in their wild eyes, and it was found when they were finally in their cage that the mother was quivering from head to foot with terror and the little one was scarcely less scared.

Everything possible was done to inspire the animals with confidence and make them comfortable. Being springtime, they were put in an outdoor cage, Mr. Hornaday hoping that the sight of trees and green grass might make them feel more at home. In time, the little one became fairly contented, but the mother absolutely refused from the very first to adapt herself to circumstances, and fought fiercely and desperately on every possible occasion.

She also refused to touch food until she was nearly famished, when she would then eat a tiny piece, not nearly enough to nourish her sufficiently; but she always tried to bite those who gave it to her. She appeared to rest neither day or night, and never once loosened her hold on her little one. This went

on for nearly three months, and great hopes were maintained that during the rest of the summer she would get more comfortable and contented. Instead of this she grew more and more emaciated until it was pitiful to see her.

Then it was noticed that the little orang was also getting sick and feeble and, when the cause was discovered, namely, that he was being poisoned by the food caused by the mother's fever, it was decided to take him away from his mother in order to save his life. Needless to say there was a terrible scene when the mother and little one were parted, and it was feared that the paroxysm of rage into which the old orang worked herself would surely end in her death.

But when this paroxysm was over she made no more fuss, gave no other sign that she even missed her little one. For a whole week she lay just where she had thrown herself after the young orang had been taken from her, and her eyes, always on the watch, were the only parts of her body which moved.

It was deemed dangerous to attempt to move her for the strength of an orang is difficult to conceive, especially a mother orang near death. Also it frequently happens among many wild animals that a fierce paroxysm of rage or strength seizes them just at the last, and great care is necessary.

But at the end of the week she died quietly and peacefully, on the very spot where she had thrown herself a week previously. And meanwhile, those in authority at the Park; and the keepers, were having an anxious time of it with the little orang. For two weeks he was so desperately ill that he hovered between life and death, and hopes of saving him were practically given up.

Warm milk was given to him, a few teaspoonfuls at a time, at regular intervals. After a time a tiny piece of fruit, such as a banana or orange was given to him, then a little boiled rice was mixed in his milk, and so on, until at last the little fellow lost his weak, feeble look, brightened up, began to grow active and strong, and finally developed into a fine healthy specimen.

And this was Dohong. As I watched him that first morning it was difficult to realize that he had been such a little feeble creature. His keeper, James Reilly, showed me two iron staples which he had easily pulled out of the wooden partitions, and which had been used to support his gymnasium apparatus. He could not tell whether this had been done during the quarrel with Polly or not, but it was undoubtedly Dohong who had done it.

It turned out that the cause of the quarrel that morning had been a small piece of banana which had in some way been left over from their last meal. Polly decided to have it and Dohong also seemed to have a wish for it. So far Polly still had the banana and, although evidently not hungry enough to eat it, had no intention of giving it up to Dohong.

So Dohong sat still, keeping his quiet eyes fixed on Polly and the piece of banana. Presently, as though to tantalize him, Polly put the banana down on the floor and seemed to forget all about it—until Dohong in a seemingly unconscious manner put one long red

arm out and moved it slowly towards the tempting morsel. Then, just as his hand almost touched it, although she was apparently looking the other way, Polly suddenly picked it up again, and Dohong, just as indifferently, picked up a piece of straw from the very spot on which the banana had been lying a moment before. This happened no less than three or four times, and it is difficult to say which looked the most indifferent, or acted in the most unconscious manner. It was the most remarkable exhibition I have ever seen.

And then Polly suddenly got tired of it, and threw herself into a violent fit of rage, a little habit of hers when things do not go just as she wants them to. She made hideous faces by drawing back her flexible long lips and showing her teeth, thumped her hands on the floor of her cage in exactly the same manner as a man would thump his fist on a table when excited; threw herself on her back and screamed in such a shrill, ear-splitting voice that my head rang with the jar of it.

But the funniest part was to come. Dohong

watched her quietly and silently for awhile, and then his forehead puckered up as though the noise jarred his nerves. He appeared worried when she kept up this performance in spite of all her keepers could say, and then, as though by a sudden thought, when Polly had worked herself up into a perfect frenzy, he got up, walked over to her on his feet and knuckles, and, with a peculiar little guttural sound, hit her deliberately on the side of the head. And as she stopped screaming for a moment to put her hands to her head—I have no doubt an orang utan can give a good thumping blow—he calmly picked up the piece of banana and ate it!

I was much astonished at that time to see this performance of one ape hitting another on the head, but I have since seen others do it frequently. For instance, Polly, who is now in a cage with another chimpanzee, a blackfaced one, very often gets hit on the head in this same way by her companion, Soko. And Polly always deserves all she gets, for she has a frightful temper, in spite of

her many little coaxing ways. But she has been rather delicate and, accordingly, as her two keepers, who are devoted to her, admit themselves, has been dreadfully spoiled. She wants all the attention, and even to speak to her keepers arouses all her flagrant jealousy.

In time Dohong knew me very well indeed and I fancied was pleased to see me. But orangs are certainly not demonstrative in any way, and he was always very quiet about it. One reason he liked to see me was probably because he got to know that my presence generally meant that his keeper would take me behind the cage, and then take him out for a few minutes, and perhaps carry him to a side window and let him look out; this was a great treat. He loved that window, and he loved to put his long arms round his keeper's neck, and cling closely to him. He was a most affectionate animal, and I have never seen two men more devoted to their charges than Dohong's keepers were to him.

He never liked me when I wore furs; per-

haps, in some way, the fur suggested an enemy, although of course he had left the woods when quite a tiny baby. But it meant that, if I wanted him to be friendly with me and shake hands, I must leave my furs in the keepers' room. His hand-shake too, was quite a study. His tremendously long fingers would close right round my hand in a casual, loose, indifferent manner, with no particular warmth or friendly greeting. I could not help wishing one day that he would show a little more animation and warmth in his greeting, for I much dislike a limp shake of the hand.

And one day I had my wish, for suddenly I felt those long thin fingers tighten and tighten, and the grip was so unexpected and hard that I realized what a truly terrible grip it would be if he really wished to do me harm. For his strength at times astonished me.

When he was only about two and a half years old, I went into the keepers' room one day to see Dohong perform his many table accomplishments. He did every thing very

nically, each time watching Polly as if to see how she did it. But his keeper was not satisfied with him, for he would insist each time his cup was empty, on turning it upside down on his flat nose, and then making grimaces which meant that he had not had enough. The bananas were covered over with a cloth, but when the keeper's back was turned the cloth was off in the twinkling of an eye, and the banana was not to be seen.

I watched the difference in the two animals. Polly, quick, sharp, alert, her sleek black hair parted neatly in the middle, her large, wide ears, and her quick, bright eyes glancing in all directions; Dohong, his red hair growing upwards and forming a ring round his head, his tiny and well shaped ears, his calm, steady eyes; quiet, reserved, dignified, he did not lose sight of anything that was going on, especially me, whom he always seemed to regard as a sort of curiosity. They only resembled one another in their flat noses, their long, wide, mobile upper lips, their long arms and their muscular strength.

And then, the meal or exhibition being over, one keeper took Polly back to the cage—it was summer time, or they would not have been allowed out for a moment—and the other prepared to take Dohong.

But, quiet as Dohong always was, he was wonderfully quick in his movements and, before the keeper could get his arms round him, he jumped off his chair and was up at the top of the steam pipe almost before we could breathe. In vain Mr. Reilly talked to him and coaxed him to come down; Dohong liked the pipe evidently, coiled his legs round it, put one long arm round it, and waved the other to and fro, whether in play or defiance, I cannot say.

And whether this ape realized it or not I do not know, but while he was up there he had the advantage of his keeper in every way. If he had been on the floor, his chair, or even the table, it would have been an easy matter to take him up. But let an orang get above you and coil his legs and arms round any firm object, and no one man's strength, or

even that of a dozen could pull him down, against his wish. You might pull the pipe itself down, but not the orang alone, for his strength is truly prodigious. Only a few weeks before Dohong's last illness, he pulled rivetted iron staples out of their settings, bent and pushed aside the extra iron bars of his cage, and did other things which not only caused those in charge to consider seriously, but to wonder to what degree his strength would eventually develop?

In this instance, Dohong finally allowed himself to be taken back to his cage on Polly being brought back and one keeper going in front with her, when Dohong meekly followed. The affection between these two animals was one of the most wonderful things I have ever seen. The manner in which they always appeared to think of one another, the curious code of signals they employed in order to make one another understand what was going on when they were occasionally separated from one another, makes one wonder whether after all, Darwin was not right in some of his theories?

At one time some carpentering was being done to Dohong's cage—he was always tearing down something or other—and he evidently strongly objected to the hammering, judging by the way in which he wrinkled up his brows, put his hands to his head as if suffering from a headache, and so forth. Finally, he thumped at the wooden partition which separated him from Polly and, when she went over to the front of her cage and put her hand through the bars and tried to get it round the partition, he put his hand over hers, and in this way they remained for some time, obviously both contented.

At another time each was sitting in a separate cage when the footsteps of the keepers were heard coming along the passages which run behind the cages. Instantly, Dohong got up, thumped vigorously on the floor of his cage with his knuckles, and then ran to the little door at the back of his cage to watch the keepers go by. Curiously enough, Polly did the same thing, but whether she also heard the footsteps or because of Dohong's

signal, I cannot say. My impression is that it was on account of his signal.

The first sign Dohong gave of the beginning of his last illness was by constantly covering himself up entirely with the straw in his cage, and only leaving just his odd, flat face with its calm steady eyes to be seen. The keeper told me at the time that he thought it must be because the boys had been teasing him, but it eventually turned out that he must have been feeling the first chilliness or shiverings which preceded his illness.

Dohong always had a bad habit of swallowing any kind of stuff or rag. At one time he and Polly were given a clean handkerchief every morning to the great delight of the small boys who used to watch them wipe up the floor, rub the bars, and sop up any odd slops of orange juice or any other little thing they could find. But when these handkerchiefs mysteriously disappeared, and it was proved that the apes had swallowed them, it was stopped at once.

It used to be Dohong's great delight to

have a piece of blanket given him, and at one time this led to frequent quarrels between Polly and himself. It ended one day by the blanket being split in two with the exception of the hem on one side, and then, when Dohong finally got it, he put it round his neck as he had always been used to do, folded the two pieces in front of him and, with just the hem round his neck and an absolutely bare back, evidently thought he was warm and comfortable. It is these little things in the most intelligent animals which prove how much below the human reasoning powers the powers of the animals are.

But during his last illness, when he became too weak to do anything in the way of mischief, his blanket was given back to him, and there he lay huddled up in it and a pile of straw, never moving until the time came for his egg and milk, when he would put up his arms in a pitiful imploring manner to his keeper, James Reilly, or Ferdinand Ingleholm, like a sick child, and do his best to take whatever they offered him.

It was thought for some time that Dohong's illness was caused by some substance he had swallowed and which had caused an obstruction and, after careful examination, as the only means of saving his life, it was decided to operate on him. Accordingly, with just as much care and preparation as for a human being, with the best doctors in attendance, ether was administered to him, which he took quietly and placidly, and the operation was performed.

But it was found that there was no obstruction; his lungs, however, were so affected from pneumonia that his life could not possibly be a long one. After the operation, he never attempted to tear off the bandages, but was one of the most obedient and tractable of patients. He would even try to take disagreeable medicine if offered by Mr. Reilly, and always appeared glad to see Mr. Hornaday, Dr. Blair, Ferdinand Ingleholm, his other keeper, or any of those he knew by sight.

During his convalescence from the opera-

tion, Polly's attentions and the efforts Dohong would make to do what she wished were really pathetic to witness. Polly would save pieces of bread—she never saved any banana or orange—and push tiny bits round the partition and through the bars to Dohong, and Dohong, ill and feeble as he was, would always take the pieces of bread and do his best to eat them, although he had perhaps just refused some of his favorite food. If he did not actually eat the bread he would keep it by him until removed by one of the keepers when he was not looking. For some time, at the beginning of Dohong's illness, Polly would thump on the floor or partition when apparently wishing to call his attention to something, and at first Dohong would answer either by going to the front or back of the cage or by making some little guttural noise in answer; but, in time, he grew too feeble to do this and finally Polly left it off.

But in spite of all the care and anxiety, the best medical attention, the most devoted nurses—for his keepers were absolutely de-

voted to him, and he was never left night or day during this last illness—he grew steadily worse, and died on February 25, 1907, to the great grief of all those in the Park, especially Mr. Hornaday, who had watched him most carefully almost daily from the day he arrived a tiny infant until he died.

And on the day of his death a most curious thing happened in connection with Polly. When it was seen that Dohong had only a short time to live, a large blanket was hung completely dividing the space outside the two cages where he and Polly were kept. This was done in case Polly should either put some bread through the bars, or introduce her hand as an invitation to Dohong and so disturb him. Polly took no notice whatever until Dohong was dead and taken away, and then suddenly she sent forth a shriek which sent a shiver through those who had just been rather unnerved by the death of this most intelligent animal. And this shrieking Polly kept up, in spite of every effort to stop her, from four o'clock, when Dohong died, until seven!

Whether this wild paroxysm was from grief or temper it is impossible to say, or how she could, or whether she did, know what had just happened. I make no comment on it and draw no conclusions, because with wild animals I have never yet come to any definite conclusions, even after months of careful study and many comparisons, without being completely contradicted in some other ways which had made themselves manifest meanwhile. I only know that this is absolutely true in every respect exactly as I have related it, and it is undoubtedly a most interesting and extraordinary coincidence.

Among his many friends no one was more sincerely grieved at Dohong's death than I was. I was photographed with him last summer by Mr. Sanborn and little thought at the time that he would die so soon. I remember wondering at the time what would happen if he got obstreperous, for I had just been told of some of his feats of strength; and, although Mr. Sanborn and James Reilly were close by, there was no knowing what might happen if

he took a sudden notion into his head! But he was as grave and solemn as if it had been a matter of life and death, sat where he was put, allowed his hands and legs to be placed to the best advantage for making a good picture, and, when it was all over, seemed rather glad to get back to his cage.

No doubt I shall meet other orang utans and be able to study them, but I am quite sure I shall never care for, or take greater interest in one than I did in Dohong.

## FAMOUS CHIMPANZEES



## CHAPTER VII.

### FAMOUS CHIMPANZEES

POLLY, SOKO, AUGUST, SALLY, CONSUL,  
KRUGER.

**S**INCE the death of Dohong, the orang-utan, Polly the chimpanzee, who was his companion in the New York Zoological Park for nearly four years, seems likely to lose part of her popularity to a newcomer, August, a young chimpanzee who was named after the month in which he arrived at the Gardens.

Polly always attracted a great deal of notice, not only by her many peculiarities of temper and disposition, but also by her pronounced manner of appreciating any attention on the part of the public. For Polly, like most chimpanzees—and I have had many opportunities to study them—most undoubtedly plays to an audience. I have watched her many a time do the same things over

and over again when these things seem to amuse or interest the onlookers.

The keepers gave Polly an old brick to play with, and it seemed to be a great pleasure to carry this brick with much difficulty to a little ledge high up at the back of her cage and keep it there. Dohong used to watch his opportunity and bring it down again, and in this way they spent a great part of their time. One day last summer, when a number of boys were watching these big apes, Polly found her brick at the bottom of the cage and with many slips and struggles carried it half-way up to the ledge. Then, while she twisted her body to gain a footing the brick in some way fell down, at which all the little boys laughed.

Polly's keen eyes were on them in a moment. She considered a minute or two, looked at the boys, and then picking the brick up, took it half-way up and deliberately dropped it again and, when the little boys laughed again, she repeated this no less than four or five times, evidently in some way realizing that it was through her they laughed.

I am not the only one who has noticed this in Polly. She has caused a great deal of amusement in this manner.

In order to keep her company when Dohong was ill, Soko, a black-faced chimpanzee, was put in the same cage with her. Judging by her facial expressions when Polly gives way to jealousy or temper, and especially when she works herself into paroxysms, Soko has "nerves" and Polly's idiosyncrasies worry and annoy her extremely. Soko is not particularly good tempered herself, and has been extremely ugly with the keepers once or twice, but her temper has not the wild, passionate nature of Polly's. It is a sulky, revengeful temper, slow but lasting; she does not forget, as she has proved on more than one occasion.

She hits Polly on the head just as Dohong used to when the noise and annoyance become unbearable, but, unlike Dohong, who was always ready to be friends again, and who, indeed, judging by his manner, appeared to forget it as soon as it was over, she resents

it for some time afterwards. Lately, when the quarrels between the two became so frequent and deadly that the authorities were afraid they might do each other some mischief, it was decided that they should be put into separate cages, and there they have remained for some time.

But August, for many reasons, is rapidly becoming the "star" of the primates' house in the New York Zoological Park. Quick, alert, spry, this little chimpanzee is one of the most interesting, intelligent and amusing little animals I have ever seen. He has for a companion a little drill monkey who is as opposite in many ways as he can be, and yet the two are inseparable companions and do the most extraordinary things together.

August is a very little fellow, not much bigger than the little drill monkey, but he is nearly always to be seen carrying the drill, not in his arms or on his back, but clasped tightly to him; the drill wraps arms and legs round his little friend and clings to him as if for dear life. August will some-

times waddle round the cage in this manner, and get quite exhausted, but in many cases the drill will not let go his hold, especially if anyone is teasing him.

I watched Keeper Reilly one day rubbing the chimpanzees with oil in the early morning. Their skin becomes so dry owing to the steam heat that this proceeding is not only a great relief to them but a necessity; and the way in which each chimpanzee went through the operation was a great study.

Polly was the first one and, taking advantage as she always does of any excuse for excitement, straightway began to scream. The oil was put on a little stove to warm and the keeper seemed to think she would not wait for it, but I am inclined to think that she was jealous because he was talking to me, for I have never yet tried to hold any conversation with either of the keepers without Polly starting and keeping up a most trying monotonous moaning noise, or else screaming and gradually working herself up into a passion.

However, as soon as she was taken up by Mr. Reilly, she put her arms round his neck, gave a little crooning noise and seemed perfectly satisfied. Of course she made as much fuss about the oiling as possible; made hideous faces, cried, moaned, whimpered, and when the brushing process arrived fought the brush as though it were a snake. However, she finally submitted to having her hair brushed gently, and I noticed after this operation she appeared very comfortable and contented and sat in a corner of the cage rubbing her arms just in the same way in which the keeper had been rubbing her with oil.

Indeed, so enlivening an effect did this massaging with oil have upon her that soon afterwards she got up, spread her arms out and careered round and round, evidently well pleased with herself and everyone else.

Then came Soko's turn. I noticed that great caution was necessary with this chimpanzee. Quiet but sulky, she allowed herself to be rubbed with the oil, but watched every

opportunity to scratch and even try to bite her keeper. Her strength too was enough to make anyone nervous. Twice her large hands with their long, slim fingers tightened round the keeper's arm with a deadly grip, and once or twice it was as much as he could do to take them off.

She looked a most uncanny creature as she sat there, being rubbed, one limb held at a time and her jet black face with its keen eyes looking weird and fierce. For Soko has not the slightest indication of amiability in her countenance. As a rule she is deadly quiet with a sulky or indifferent manner, but when annoyed her face puckers up, her brows draw together in a peculiarly human fashion, and with an unmistakable frown and scowl, it becomes evident she is in a bad temper.

The massaging did not seem to have such a pleasant effect upon her as upon Polly, for she seemed to be trying to get the oil off her body, and sat in a corner and sulked.

But the funniest part was when August's

turn came. With his bright eyes and pleasant expression, he welcomed his keeper as cordially as any living creature could who had not the gift of words. I am almost inclined to say he smiled, but he most undoubtedly widened his lips, and if anyone doubts this statement let them go to the Park and watch this chimpanzee for just half an hour, and it can easily be verified.

The welcome to his keeper having been given genially, August suddenly saw the can of oil, the piece of flannel and the hair brush, and his expression changed in the most amusing manner. He pouted his lips, made grimaces, queer noises expressive of any interpretation the looker-on might put upon them, and then, going over to the corner, sat down, shut his eyes tightly and put both hands in front of his face!

Occasionally he would move one hand away open his eyes cautiously and, seeing Mr. Reilly and the oil still there, shut them tight again and put his hands in front of his face as before. But he is a good little fellow, and,

when he was once taken up and settled on his keeper's knees, he submitted to the rubbing much better than either of the others, and neither sulked nor flew into a passion.

The process of rubbing the face came last, and then he shut his eyes, screwed up his face exactly in the same way in which I have seen children when being washed, and when it was all over, gave a big sniff and sigh of satisfaction. And then he chased the little drill—who had been watching him with keen interest, gesticulating all the time to the keeper, evidently telling him what he thought about it—all round the cage, tried to scare him by stamping his small feet at him, and then pummelled him until he whimpered and cried!

After this he spread his arms out and careered round and round and, when we laughed, stopped suddenly, looked at us with a pleased expression and then did it again and again until he was so dizzy that he had to sit down and blink his eyes.

August is like many human beings; he takes

violent fancies for people. He has taken such a fancy to Dr. Blair that it is now impossible for the Doctor to be in the Primates' House without August detecting him. Dr. Blair may be standing in a crowd, and far back, but the bright eyes of August never fail to discover him, and his concentrated gaze cannot fail to tell all those present who he is looking at. And if the Doctor, trying to escape so much public notice, draws back or to one side, he only defeats his own ends, because August will follow him with a steady gaze until all in the crowd turn round and follow the direction of his eyes until they find out who he is looking at.

And if any doubt exists that a chimpanzee smiles, this alone would seem to prove it. For, if any living countenance shows real pleasure and delight it is the countenance of August when he catches sight of the Doctor. It is not to be wondered at that now, whenever possible, Dr. Blair does not visit the Primates' House when there are great crowds unless he has some special reason for

doing so. For even as he leaves the house August's eyes will follow him just as long as he can see him, to the great amusement of all present.

So many chimpanzees have become noted in Zoological Gardens and wild animal shows that it is only possible to speak of one or two more in this book. "Sally" of the London Zoological Gardens, now long since dead, was one of the best known, I think, as also was Consul II. of the Belle Vue Zoological Gardens, in Manchester, England. Another Consul that was in Mr. Frank Bostock's Show was very intelligent and interesting, and attracted large crowds to see him ride a bicycle, work a typewriter, and do all sorts of other things which were really very wonderful.

In the Clifton Zoological Gardens, Bristol, England, there is now living a chimpanzee who has just recovered from a most serious illness caused by cutting his wisdom teeth. As it is said by all authorities that this is one of the first records of a recovery from an ill-

ness from this cause in a chimpanzee, Kruger has quite a unique history and has become quite celebrated in consequence. But this recovery is said, even by these authorities, to be entirely due to the marvelous devotion of his keepers who sat up with him at night, and scarcely gave themselves time enough for food and exercise during the illness of this animal.

Kruger has had a most unique life, even for a chimpanzee who has been captured, and travelled from place to place and finally settled down in captivity. Kruger's first master was a Captain A. Melville Jones, who was stationed at one time over a hundred miles from any other white man, and at this place, Kruger the chimpanzee, was his most faithful and constant companion. For want of some one to speak to, the Captain would talk to him, tell him of various items which interested him, and the chimpanzee would sit on his knee with his arms round his neck, and although he could not give him any advice about the matters of which he told him, he

evidently greatly appreciated being talked to and petted, and showed his sympathy and affection in many wonderful ways.

The time came for Captain Jones to leave this station, but he could not leave his faithful companion; so he brought Kruger with him to England. Then came difficulties about keeping him. Kruger needed and expected constant attention and, having been used to so much, probably found it hard to do without it. There were also grave difficulties about leaving him with others, even if they were willing to have him, which in many cases they were not, for Kruger had likes and dislikes and was difficult to manage except when with his master.

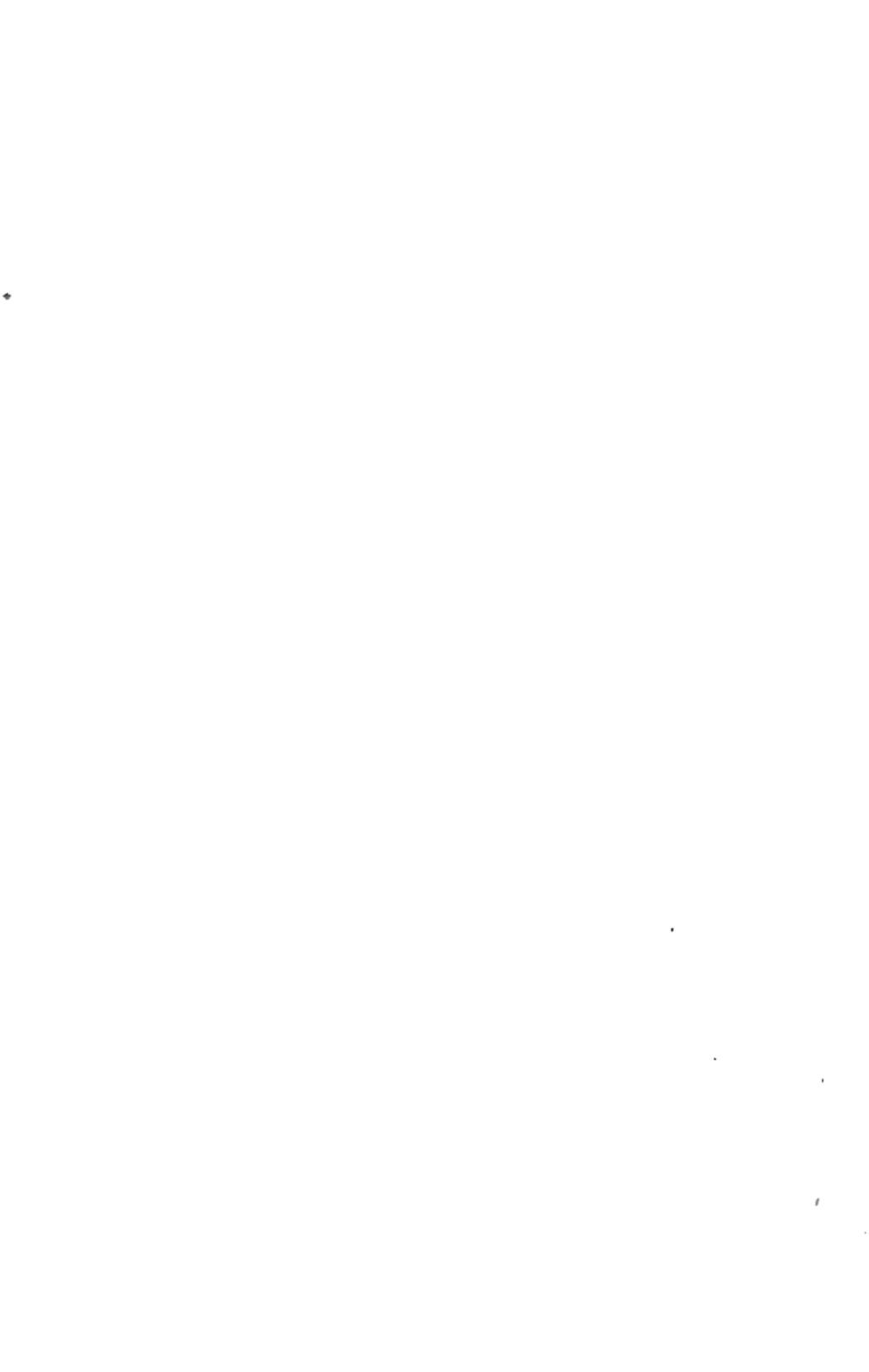
Finally, when it was found quite impossible to keep him any longer Kruger was presented to the Zoological Gardens at Bristol by Captain Jones and Lieutenant R. W. Wilford. He soon settled down in his new home and has now become just as devoted to his keeper as he was to the Captain. During the spring of 1907 the English press devoted col-

umns of description to this chimpanzee and a great deal of controversy took place as to whether the chimpanzee could possibly recover from his serious illness.

The majority of the papers decided that he could not and some of them even went so far as to publish notices of his decease with all the details, some of which would have been extremely interesting if they had only been true. There is, I believe, still a doubt as to whether Kruger will long survive this illness but at the present time there seems to be a great deal of hope for it, and he is going on well in every respect.

Those who have the opportunity of studying this animal must make many immensely interesting observations. He is marvelously intelligent, doing things every now and then which appear to tell us that we have as yet found out very little of what it is possible to learn about this most interesting atom in the animal world.

TWO BISON



## CHAPTER VIII.

### TWO BISON

#### BLACK BEAUTY, MONTANA.

**T**HE American bison, or buffalo, is the best known and most celebrated of all the hoofed animals in America. About its name, the clearest explanation is, I think, given by Mr. W. T. Hornaday, the Director of the New York Zoological Park, in his "American Natural History":

"A true 'buffalo' is an animal with *no hump* on its shoulders, and is found only in Africa and Asia. Our animal, having a high hump, is really a bison; but, inasmuch as it is known to seventy-three millions of Americans as the 'buffalo,' it would be quite useless to attempt to bring about a universal change in its popular name. There is but one living species."

Among the buffalo, then, in the New York Zoological Park, there is one particularly fine specimen, one of the kings of the herd, called

Black Beauty. He certainly is celebrated, in a way, for he has murder on his head, a murder committed with deliberate and malicious intent. Like all his kind, Black Beauty is extremely jealous and has a wish to reign supreme without any rivals in the shape of other bull buffaloes. He has not the slightest objection to fighting, or even killing, these rivals; as a matter of fact he appears to enjoy anything in the shape of a fight, and would get up one daily, on very little provocation, or without any provocation at all, if it were not for the fact that he is now always kept in solitary confinement, when his rivals are among the herd.

Some time ago there was another fine, handsome bull, to whom Black Beauty took a great dislike. Several times he did his best to fight him, but the two were always separated before any serious damage was done. But one day, when all the buffalo seemed quiet and contented, the cows either lying down, nibbling the grass, or chewing the cud contentedly, Black Beauty also stood chewing his cud,

while his enemy lay contentedly a little distance off, looking sleepy and comfortable.

Not a sign did Black Beauty give for some time that he even knew of the close proximity of his detested relative. He made no movement in his direction, uttered no sound, and, even when he stopped chewing and turned his handsome head toward the object of his dislike, he gave no indication that he meant to commence hostilities again.

But suddenly, without the slightest warning, he sent forth a bellow that could have been heard a mile off, bent down his shaggy head, and, with his eyes blood red and quivering with rage and passion, tore toward the other buffalo and before the poor animal had time to realize what was happening drove his cruel horns into his side. As he drew them out a stream of blood came with them and the wounded buffalo did his best to stagger to his feet.

Before he could get half-way up, Black Beauty made another dash for him, drove his horns in once, twice, three times, and then

bellowed again as though in triumph. By this time Mr. MacInroe, the keeper of the herd, with several other keepers, had hurried up with pitchforks, poles, stakes, or anything they could find, and a desperate time ensued. Their chief object was to protect the wounded buffalo, who was now bleeding freely and moaning miserably. But Black Beauty's blood was up, and a savage bull buffalo in a passion is a thing of terror and a most dangerous animal, not only on account of his temper, which is wildly fierce when roused, but also on account of his size and strength.

Many of the keepers had some narrow escapes, and it was only their quickness and agility which saved them from horrible death. To add to their difficulties, the whole herd had grown wildly excited from the unusual proceedings—the bellowing of the bulls, the shouts of the men, and their wild scrimmaging round and round to avoid Black Beauty's attacks, for he seemed ready for anything and anybody by this time.

Finally, he was forced at the points of

pitchforks and various other uncomfortable objects, to go inside one of the sheds, and when he was securely fastened in, the keepers turned their attention to the wounded bull. He was so terribly torn and gored that nothing could possibly be done for him, and when the Director, Mr. Hornaday, saw the pitiful state he was in, he realized that the kindest thing would be to kill him at once. Delay only meant useless suffering to the animal, and it was impossible to move him in the state he was in.

Accordingly, as soon as arrangements could be made, he was shot, to the great regret of all, for he was a fine buffalo, one of the most valuable of the whole herd. But Black Beauty after this showed so much pure viciousness that he was made to live by himself in a small plot of ground close by the buffalo house, where he can be seen any time, and easily recognized by his particularly handsome head and large size. When first shut within this enclosure, he resented it bitterly and did his level best to get out; so that

owing to his tremendous strength, it was decided to put an extra railing of cherry wood round the enclosure.

But one day, when more restless than usual, he broke through the barriers and found himself with the herd again, and at once opened hostilities by trying to fight with anyone who was so foolish as to fight with him. When he was finally driven back extra precautions were taken to prevent his breaking out again, when, finding that to get out of his enclosure through the barriers was now impossible, he turned his attention in another direction, and his next feat seems to show something approaching reason. Not being able to get through his railings he went into his stable, separated from another by strong boardings and a locked door, and butting his big head against the door, burst it open, and walked through the adjoining stable into the yard, thus finding himself among the other buffalo once more!

Another lively time ensued and grave fears were entertained for a time as to whether it



*By Permission New York Zoological Society*

**BLACK BEAUTY, THE BISON IN THE NEW YORK ZOOLOGICAL PARK, WHO SHOWED SUCH ENMITY TOWARDS THE OTHER MEMBERS OF THE HERD THAT HE IS NOW KEPT IN SOLITUDE**



would be possible to keep him within bounds. But there are things known to man which even a particularly strong and savage buffalo cannot break through, and he has no more chance of getting out of his enclosure now than a man in a stone prison—in fact not so much.

And, somehow, he seems to know it for he stands there in moody silence with eyes fiery red, or else shows his ill temper by “whoofing” through his nostrils, or making curious angry sounds under his breath. He does not seem to have much affection for the cows and calves; in fact, for the latter he seems to have nothing but rank hatred, and the moment either of the calves presumes to come near his enclosure, he tries to butt at them with his horns, or blows angrily through his wire netting, when the calves walk off meekly.

Black Beauty is one of the finest specimens of buffalo in captivity, and he is at his best in November or December. He then has his fully grown new coat for the winter, and is ready to face anything. Those who live

near enough should go to the Park some winter day when it is stormy and watch him, if only for a short time. Notice his height of hump, his long, thick pelage, his short tail, and short curving horns. Take notice also that his shaggy head faces the storm, instead of his turning his back to it after the manner of all other cattle, and with what absolute indifference he receives either wind, rain, or snow.

He will not be interested in the visitors; he will not be worrying about his wives and children; he has plenty of food and water, and a comfortable house to go into any time he likes. The only thing I believe he ever thinks about is a fight, and that is a thing of the past, for like all murderers he has cut himself off from pleasures, and his future is always to be dull and lonely because he has proved himself not fit to be at large.

But wicked and savage as he is, we are glad to have him, for each living buffalo in these days is a treasure, and good specimens are rare and costly.

Another buffalo who was most certainly a celebrity was Montana, the largest buffalo ever measured by a Naturalist, and which was shot by Mr. William T. Hornaday on December, 6th, 1886, in Montana, and mounted by him for the United States National Museum. This huge animal, which was an old bull, is now the prominent figure in a large group in that Museum and attracts a great deal of attention. I have no doubt his exact dimensions will be found interesting to many.

They are as follows:

	ft.	in.
Height at shoulders .....	5	8
Length of head and body, to root of tail .....	10	2
Depth of chest .....	3	10
Girth, behind forelegs .....	8	4
Circumference of muzzle, behind nostrils .....	2	2
Length of tail vertebrae .....	1	3
Length of hair on shoulders .....	6	1/2
Length of hair on forehead .....	1	4
Length of chin beard .....	11	
Estimated weight .....	2,100 pounds*	

I think what makes this buffalo particularly interesting is that his portrait adorns the ten-

\*From "American Natural History," by W. T. Hornaday Charles Scribner's Sons, New York.

dollar bills of the present American National currency.

There is a large American buffalo in the Zoological Gardens at St. Petersburg, Russia, who has always been noted for his fierce and wild disposition. For such a comparatively small and only fairly stocked Garden, he is a very fine animal, but inspires everyone in attendance with fear, and it is difficult to keep a man who will consent to feed or attend to him.

**A FEW HOOFED ANIMALS**



## CHAPTER IX.

### A FEW HOOFED ANIMALS

RENO, ELK; DUKE, ELAND; JACK, DONKEY.

**A**T the Pan American Exposition in 1901 there was a large diving elk which attracted a great deal of attention and which, before the season was half over, became quite a celebrity. This elk went by the name of Reno; with his two companions, also fine elk but not so large as himself, he had been performing in London and Paris for over a year.

Just before the Pan American Exposition the Bureau of Animal Industry requested them to come to the Buffalo Zoo, and all three arrived in fine condition, having been shipped in bond. They had to be kept in quarantine for sixty days and, once a week during those sixty days, the Inspectors from the Bureau of Animal Industry came down and carefully inspected all three animals to be quite sure they were not infected with any contagious disease.

Reno was a particularly fine specimen and exceedingly gentle and tractable for an elk, but the close confinement was not to his liking and he was evidently, greatly pleased when, the quarantine over, he and his companions were allowed a little more freedom. In April, 1901, Reno and his two companions entered the Pan American Exposition, and here, for some time, Reno was quite a hero. He was so tame and good tempered that he was driven in a cart round the Exposition Grounds; women and children stroked and petted him, and it was a great wonder at this time that he was not killed by the kindness of his many friends, for it would certainly have needed the digestion of an ostrich to dispose comfortably of all the dainties offered him in the shape of food.

These three elk did a most wonderful diving act. A pool was provided for them which was ten feet deep. The elk were taken to a high platform fifty feet from the ground and dived from this distance into the ten-foot pool, a truly wonderful feat, and a graceful

act to look upon. For twice a day from April until the end of June Reno performed, but by that time it was seen that he was getting a little too heavy; every precaution was taken that he did not get too much, or unsuitable food, in many cases to the great disappointment of the women and children who loved to feed him.

But in spite of this Reno daily increased in bulk and one day being really too heavy by this time to make the jump as lightly as he should, Reno took the leap, described a graceful curve, but came down heavily and clumsily into the pool, and in so doing injured his right foot by striking the bottom. In consequence of this his jumping was stopped and, on June 25th, Dr. Crandall, Superintendent of the Buffalo Zoo, traded two yearling elk for him. Reno after a time completely recovered from his injured foot, which had not been as serious as had been expected, and was used the following year in the Zoo as the leader of the herd.

Keeper James Doig was put in charge of

him, and found him a most intelligent and easily managed animal. The following September Doig met with an accident in which he sprained his leg when working with the feed wagon and had to stay at home ten days for a complete rest. Accordingly, Reno was put in charge of another keeper; and now comes the curious part of it. In some way or another Reno seemed to know that, in this case, the man was a little afraid of him; finding that he could master a man, he instantly lost all vestige of his old gentleness and amiability and became a very demon for temper and viciousness.

At the end of September Keeper Doig returned, and Dr. Crandall, who was just starting for his vacation, explained carefully to him the change in the animal's disposition, warning him that now the animal was not at all safe and must be watched most carefully. He also related to him instances where pet stags had frequently, without the slightest cause, killed the very keepers they had formerly seemed so fond of.

Keeper Doig was surprised to hear of the change but said he knew the animal well at all stages of the game, and was not a bit afraid of him. At the same time he promised to be cautious and not let Reno have any opportunity to get the better of him.

Accordingly, the next morning the feed was taken into the yard by Doig as usual, the same horse and wagon being used daily. Reno seemingly paid no attention whatever to either, and the Keeper keeping a sharp eye on him, thought it better to say nothing to him. But that same afternoon, when Doig went to feed him again at four o'clock, it was another matter altogether. It was the custom to carry the grain into the yards in pails at the afternoon feeding, instead of using the horse and wagon. Doig entered the yard with the pails (and this time he noticed that Reno was watching him quietly), and shut the gate. As soon as he had done this, there was a sudden snort from the elk. Down went his head and he promptly charged his old friend and threw him into a corner by the fence.

Doig was in a most dangerous predicament. The slightest movement would mean another attack from Reno, who now presented the picture of a furious, vicious animal, ready for anything. As it happened, a policeman on duty near by called for help, and another Keeper, Jackett, who was working about 150 feet from the place, caught up a light club and ran to the assistance of Doig. He got inside the gate and hit the elk a stinging blow over the head with it, but the club unfortunately broke in two.

Seeing that the elk would in all probability kill Doig if he left him in order to fetch another club, Jackett grabbed an antler in one hand and with a fence picket in the other, succeeded in pulling the elk's head round so that his attention was drawn away from the injured man. Reno now tried to vent his spite on Jackett, but the man had climbed on top of the fence where the elk could not get him, but where Jackett was close enough to attract and keep his attention.

By this time several other keepers arrived,

and, after a terrific struggle and many attempts on the part of Reno to get at Doig again, the elk was finally beaten back; Doig was taken out of the yard and sent to the hospital where he was found to be very severely injured. But he was an exceedingly plucky fellow, and had recovered and was at work again in about three months' time. Describing his injuries afterwards he said:

“I had three breaks in my left arm, my right eye was injured, the nerves of my face were paralyzed for over four months, and I had two teeth broken which do not count.”

After this Reno was never the same animal again; indeed it was difficult to realize that this snorting, angry, vicious brute was the creature who, only a year ago, had been one of the heroes of the Pan American Exhibition and a great pet among women and children. He gave considerable trouble for two whole months, and a great deal of anxiety. The keepers and men in attendance on him had some very narrow escapes. Eventually he became so dangerous to men and other ani-

mals that it was decided to put him into a close yard as a means of protecting them.

But one would almost have thought that he knew he was going to be put into solitary confinement, judging by the terrific resistance he made and the amount of time and trouble it took to get him there. In the final struggle, when he appeared so wildly vicious that he was like a mad animal, he stumbled and in some curious way broke his leg. After this there was nothing left but to shoot him, which was accordingly done. He dressed to 445 pounds of the finest elk meat which had ever been eaten by the City Officials in Buffalo, who evidently enjoyed it to the full. In fact, I am afraid that in some instances Reno was far more appreciated after his death than during his life. All those in the Zoo could not fail to be relieved of so much trouble and anxiety, not to mention the daily danger, and certainly those who partook of his carcass were truly glad he had died.

In the Antelope House at the New York Zoological Park there is a pair of animals

who are comparatively little known to the general public. The male eland—the eland is the largest of all antelope—is the only one in this country and deserves attention, not only for his beautiful coloring, but for his perfect dimensions, size, and weight.

He was brought from the Duke of Woburn's place at Woburn Abbey, England, and has been named "Duke" after his late owner. His color is a pale, delicate fawn, with a curious tuft of long, brown hair covering his forehead; the horns are spirally twisted, and turn outward and upward; his muzzle is small and naked, and the tail with the tufted end reaches just below the hock. There is a long dewlap; he stands fully six feet at the shoulders and weighs about two thousand pounds.

"Duke" celebrated his entrance into the Park by having a supper given to the employees on his account, but the cause was an extremely unpleasant one. He arrived on a dark night when the rain was coming down in torrents, and the wet, slippery roads caused

the horses attached to his conveyance to stumble and finally land poor Duke in a ditch. It would have been difficult enough in any case to install him in his new home, partly on account of his weight, but in pitch darkness and in driving rain, it became a very serious matter.

Under the direction of Mr. Hornaday, the men strained, pulled, and worked until they were wet to the skin and streaming with perspiration. In daylight they might have been able to take the eland out of his cage and guide, or drive him to the Antelope House, but on a dark night this was out of the question, and, moreover, the poor animal was nearly frightened out of his senses, what with the long journey, the transfer from the ship to the wagon, the jolting of the road and then the final turnover, not to speak of the repeated shouts of the men and the struggles of the frightened horses.

Finally, a crate was fixed over the eland's cage with great difficulty, and he was hoisted out and into another conveyance and event-

ually deposited in his new home. And then the Director of the Park roused up the people at the Restaurant and ordered plenty of hot coffee and food for all those who had taken part in this strenuous housing of the biggest of all antelopes.

From the first, this eland has been extremely gentle and placid, seemingly content with his life and surroundings, but, like most of the other animals in the Park, he has had his adventures. He was placidly chewing his cud one morning, feeling particularly comfortable, and did not to all appearances notice that his next door neighbor, Gunda, the elephant, seemed rather restless.

He had become accustomed to Gunda's restlessness and it was not until the rear of his cage had bulged in and the elephant entered that the eland got up, stopped chewing his cud, and appeared to realize that something unusual was going on. Even then, the keeper was so quick in following the elephant up and insisting on his returning to his own quarters, that Duke had scarcely time to be

really frightened, and within half an hour was seen in the same position as before, placidly chewing his cud.

After awhile, Duke gave signs of being lonely, and so a companion was provided for him, but on arrival was put into a cage by herself. But this time Duke was interested in the new arrival and made a little whining noise which was promptly answered by his relative; now the pair can be seen together, both placid and obviously contented. Duke's wife, like all other female eland, has a dewlap and horns like her mate, but in some way must have injured one horn, as it is turned completely down instead of up, and gives her a peculiar appearance. But she is a fine specimen and quite as beautiful an animal as her mate.

The Rocky Mountain goat is well known by name, and yet comparatively few know anything about it except that it lives on rocky mountains, and "leaps from crag to crag." Fewer still ever realize the immense difficulties encountered in capturing and bringing these

animals alive to another country. The first great difficulty is in reaching, or even getting near, the almost inaccessible places where it generally delights to live. The best hunting time is in September or October, just before the rainy season comes in, but the primary object being to get these animals alive, there must be no shooting done; to capture these animals when they are quite young is next to impossible.

A few years ago the New York Zoological Society determined to have some Rocky Mountain lambs caught in Alaska and sent a man with a white guide and three Indians to catch them. One fine May morning the party climbed to the most rugged crag of the Knick Mountains, and, after stupendous trouble and many dangers, caught three lambs and carried them most carefully down to the valley. With the very greatest care and attention, and most careful watching, the little creatures lived only a few days; all three were much too delicate. Another time seven were caught, but all died before getting on board. Finally,

five pretty little creatures were captured and brought safely to New York by Mr. W. T. Hornaday himself and duly installed in the Park, where they can now be seen in an enclosure close to the pheasant house.

These five are not yet full grown, but give indications of being strong and healthy. In looking at them it is difficult to realize that these animals in their natural state are so wild and timid. When full grown, the Rocky Mountain goat is about the size of a large sheep, with very short and stout legs which terminate in broad, blunted hoofs. The body is covered with long white hair, and in this coloring is unique among ruminants, being one of the very few mammals that are white at all times of the year. Beneath this long hair there is a thick coat of wool, also white; the ears are pointed, and the horns jet black, curving backward and ringed half-way up.

Although so active in their native haunts, the Rocky Mountain goat has very little speed owing to its short and somewhat clumsy limbs. When surprised it will move slowly off down-

hill with that marvelous gait which no man can imitate or overtake on such perilous ground.

Those who have the opportunity should see and study the five in the New York Zoological Park, for these animals are so exceedingly rare and difficult to obtain that it is well worth the trouble. Watch them carefully. There are no wild mountain airs about them, no scampering from place to place, no scraping among themselves. They move their snow-white bodies slowly and quietly about, and if pushed by one move gently on one side as though wishing to avoid strife. But their milk-white bodies, their stubby limbs, their questioning dark eyes, and their curious silence all make them deeply interesting.

I heard a story about another hoofed animal which I am afraid I cannot by any stretch class under the name of a "wild" animal; but there is something so funny and interesting about it that I am venturing to put it in. It was told me by one of the trainers at Barnum and Bailey's Circus in such a vivid and

realistic manner that I could almost see the animal and his every action as he told it.

A few years ago among the many attractions in the Barnum and Bailey Circus was a "Singing Donkey." It was announced that this donkey would sing twice a day, accompanied by his trainer and the circus band, the well-known old song, "After the Ball Is Over." I need scarcely say that the donkey did not actually sing, but he brayed heartily and with the clever contrivance of the band and his trainer in putting in emphasis to keep time to his braying, it really went off very well and was always tremendously applauded.

The donkey would be brought in, made to bow to the audience, and after a few chords from the Band the trainer would stand in front of him and sing, beating time to the music with his stick.

"*Af—ter the Ba—all is O—ver.*"

And the donkey would join in vociferously:

"*Hee Haa—aw, Hee—Haa—aw, Hee Haa—aw.*"

As the trainer sang his loudest and the

band played *fortissimo* all the time, the "Hee haws" of the donkey worked in very well and in many cases brought down the house. This proved such a success that the trainer was constantly asking that his salary should be raised, until at last he was fast becoming a well-to-do man, for no one else could make the donkey bray when told and no other donkey could be found who would even try.

When the season was over and the Circus went into winter quarters, a request came from some vaudeville show in New York for some "attractions." The proprietors suggested the "Singing Donkey" for one thing, but the sum asked seemed very high. Accordingly before making a final agreement the owner of the vaudeville show asked to be shown the act first. So he traveled down to the winter quarters and the donkey sang his hardest to the delight of the newcomer.

A contract was signed, the trainer and his donkey came to New York and the very next morning a rehearsal was called. But for some reason or other, when the time came for

the donkey to "sing" not a note would he utter! The trainer thought it was on account of the empty theater or the lack of footlights, and resolved to try the rehearsal in the stable. It would be a good test because the band was not there, so he filled the stable with all the people he could get together and standing in front of "Jack," began:

1 "Af—ter the Ba—all is o—ver,"

2 And without a moment's hesitation Jack opened his mouth and roared,

3 "Hee Haa—aw, Hee Haa—aw, Hee Haa—aw," to the unspeakable relief and joy of the vaudeville manager and his trainer, for this act had been advertised all over the place and every ticket was sold.

4 When the opening night arrived, the house was crammed, and so impatient were the audience to hear the "Singing Donkey," that repeated requests came from all parts to "Bring on the Donkey."

5 And when Jack was brought on, he was received with applause which would have flattered a prima donna. And when silence was

restored, the band played the air through first, the trainer stood in front of him beating time with his stick and began singing.

But instead of the donkey joining in, in his usual vociferous manner, no sound came from him. Again and again his trainer began, and again and again the band played over the tune and then started afresh with a flourish. The donkey stood there, calm and placid, whisking his tail as he might in the summer time when the flies were troublesome! It is needless to speak of the chagrin and disappointment of the vaudeville manager, or the bitter disappointment and humiliation of the trainer. There was nothing to be done but to try and pacify the audience and, for days afterwards, try to induce the donkey to give his old performance.

But it was all no use. He would do it in his stable, but nowhere else, and the trainer began to give up all hopes of his ever doing it again. But as soon as the Circus season began, Jack gave his best performance in the Circus arena without the slightest hesitation.

There was no accounting for it, no way of arguing or reasoning with him. He was only a dumb animal and a donkey at that, but he evidently had his own ways of doing things. He would only "sing" in a stable or in the Circus ring, and no persuasions ever induced him to do anything else.

I never saw this donkey and he is, I believe, dead now, but he must have been an interesting animal in many ways and is certainly the only donkey I have ever heard of who would even make any noise at all when he was told to do so, so I think in a way he was certainly a celebrity.

**THREE GREAT BIRDS**



## CHAPTER X.

### THREE GREAT BIRDS

GEORGE AND MARTHA WASHINGTON, OSTRICHES; GENERAL, CONDOR.

**I**N the Cawston Ostrich Farm at South Pasadena, California, there are several ostriches who are great celebrities in their way. For instance, there are General and Mrs. Grant, Admiral Dewey, Mr. and Mrs. McKinley, President and Mrs. Roosevelt, and several others with well known names. But the oldest and most celebrated among all the hundred and fifty birds on this farm are George and Martha Washington, a pair of ostriches who are noted for being the best breeders and most faithful sitters in the whole farm.

Both are remarkably fine specimens. George stands nearly four and a half feet high at the highest part of his back. Although a handsome bird in many respects, he is, like all his kind, very much out of proportion. He

has a curious flat head, a long thin neck, and long, muscular, naked legs ending in two-toed feet. Some parts of his body look too small and some too large; some parts are naked and some are covered with the most beautiful feathers. His large dark eyes with their long eyelashes are a great contrast to his ugly, flat head, and, when he stretches his long neck to its fullest extent, he stands over eight feet high.

George Washington has a jet-black back, and soft white feathers at the tips of his ridiculous little wings and tail. Martha, his wife, is not nearly so good looking, as she has no white feathers, but is of a uniform drab color; also she is smaller. But George is very devoted to her. He conducted his courtship in a slow and solemn manner, being extremely careful in his selection of a wife, for ostriches only have one wife in a lifetime. When an ostrich loses his partner, he never takes another, but remains solitary for the remainder of his days.

When a pair are once mated, they are put



GEORGE WASHINGTON, THE CELEBRATED OSTRICH ON THE SOUTH PASADENA OSTRICH FARM, HAVING HIS FEATHERS PLUCKED



in a separate enclosure in the farm, and there are no other ostriches or anything else to disturb their domestic life. The first time Martha was ready to lay her eggs, George prepared a nest for her by crouching down and scooping out a rough hole in the ground. Martha laid her first egg promptly, and every other day deposited another one in the nest until there were fifteen; and during this time the nature of George Washington underwent a complete change.

He had been a fairly good tempered, placid bird until then, showing no particular intelligence or excitability; but, as soon as the breeding season began, he was constantly challenging all who approached to fight with him. This challenge to fight was conveyed to the stranger by crouching down, spreading out all his beautiful wing feathers, and moving his flat head from side to side in an unmistakably threatening manner. An angry male ostrich in breeding time is an extremely dangerous creature, for he is the largest and most powerful of all the large and powerful

birds, and George showed a good deal of genuine temper on these occasions.

For forty days George kept this up, his wife dutifully sitting on the eggs (each of which weighed three pounds) by day, and he doing the same by night. This is really a wonderful provision of Nature, because in their native state, the drab-like color of the female blends with the sand, and the dark color of the male bird is not so noticeable at night.

At the end of the forty days curious little creatures of about twelve inches high crept out of the shells, looking something like bits of old feather dusters. And just as soon as they were hatched neither George nor Martha took any further notice of them or the nest. When in their native state the young birds are very often trampled to death by their parents, who are always clumsy and stupid birds, but on this farm in California the young birds are put into a corral of young tender alfalfa hay by day, and securely housed by themselves at night, so this danger is avoided.

The young ostriches do not eat the first four days, but after that they become ready and somewhat greedy eaters, and grow very fast. They increase in height about a foot or a foot and a half a month for the first six months, and by that time are full grown.

With many ostriches in captivity, there is great difficulty in many ways during breeding time; some hens do not lay well or, if they lay well, do not make good sitters, and in this manner many valuable settings are lost. But George and Martha had always been noted for their particularly good behavior in this respect, and great reliance had been placed upon them; they were always pointed out to visitors as the best breeders and sitters among the whole farm.

But on one occasion, when Martha had faithfully laid the requisite number of eggs, for no apparent reason she absolutely refused to sit. And now follows one of the most curious cases on record. When George saw that his wife was not doing her duty in the way of sitting on the nest, he did all in his power

to first persuade, and then try to make her do what was required of her. He would tap and turn over the big eggs with his wide bill, go over to her and peck her and then back again to the eggs, and when Martha still refused, he tried to drive her over to the nest!

But after a time he seemed to realize that it was no use; and one day, although it was midday, to the astonishment of the onlookers, after looking toward his wife once or twice, he deliberately sat down on the nest and stayed there! This is an extraordinary fact, especially when it is taken into consideration what a tactless, unintelligent bird the ostrich is. He appears to all those who have studied him carefully to do everything by instinct alone, which makes this act of George Washington's all the more wonderful. What I consider is more extraordinary still is that he sat patiently on that nest during the ensuing forty days and nights, kept the eggs warm, and finally hatched out the finest brood of chicks which had ever been hatched on the farm during all the years of its existence.

But, like many other husbands, when compelled to do things which are really the duty of the wife, George, judging by the way he treated his wife whenever, during this time, she ventured to approach him, let her know what he thought of it; she got some very severe blows and challenges to fight. But when the eggs were hatched George forgot his grievances, and he and his wife were as congenial as ever and, apparently, no thought whatever was given to the chicks who were the cause of their disagreements.

I think I am right in saying that this is the only known record of a male ostrich in captivity hatching out the eggs entirely by himself. It is specially interesting if only to prove that even an ostrich has its own individuality, and that it is never safe even to state that the "male ostrich always sits on the eggs by night and the female by day," for this little story alone proves that there are certainly exceptions to every rule.

George and Martha Washington still breed and hatch young birds, but Martha has never

since refused to sit. And this fine pair of ostriches is noted for being the oldest pair on the farm, and for having produced the largest number of birds. They both attract a great deal of attention from visitors, whom they seem to be pleased to see. But whether it is the visitors or the fact that, in order to entertain and amuse these visitors, George and Martha are on these occasions given oranges, I do not know.

But the visitors enjoy this little episode very much. The ostriches keep a keen look-out and, as the guide throws the yellow fruit in all directions, they catch them very cleverly and adroitly in their mouths and swallow them whole! The progress of the orange can easily be noted as it makes its way down the long narrow throat; the ostrich swallows once or twice, blinks its eyes with their long lashes, gives a little gulp at the last, and the round projection is lost to view in the mass of feathers in the body.

There was another noted ostrich on this same farm who would swallow anything that

came along, like all his fellows. But one day he got hold of the green veil of an incautious visitor, and this green veil, after causing him great discomfort, was finally the cause of his death, and the proprietors lost a valuable bird through a visitor's carelessness.

Another proceeding of interest to visitors to this ostrich farm is the "plucking" of the birds. As a matter of fact, they are not actually "plucked," as we think of plucking, as no feather is ever pulled out. When the young birds are about nine months old, one is taken at a time and driven into a small triangular enclosure and, generally after some resistance (and these young birds are very strong) a soft hood is placed over its head.

In this manner the bird is completely overcome and bewildered, and makes no resistance whatever. One strong man holds the bird, in case of occasional struggles, while another one with a large keen pair of scissors cuts off the finest feathers. The whole thing is over in a very short time and, when twenty

or thirty big, and some few small feathers have been cut off at the quill an inch or an inch and a half from the body, the hood is taken off, the bird looks around thoroughly bewildered, and the men take their departure before he has time to get angry about it. There is not the slightest pain caused to the birds as so many people think. For all ostriches are extremely valuable and, although hardy in some respects, are easily injured in others, and it would be greatly against the proprietors' own interests to hurt the birds in any way.

When a bird has been plucked he has his complete liberty for another nine months, when he is once more captured, driven into the enclosure, and the stripping process is again repeated. Should an ostrich seem at all worried after he is set free, he is generally treated to a little bit of some food of which he is particularly fond, for he will always eat, no matter how much he may have had already. One ostrich alone will consume four or five pounds of alfalfa hay daily, a goodly

quantity of vegetables of all or any kind he can get, oranges, apples, pears, or any other fruit, not to speak of such objects as iron nails, handles of doors, or similar little things.

An ostrich has been known to swallow even a lighted pipe taken from an unwary visitor, a tennis ball, all sorts and kinds of jewelry; one even had a try at a small sunshade. All ostriches are very fond of water and are frequent bathers.

Mr. J. S. Vallely, of the Cawston Farm, sends me a few unique details about the ostrich, which, from one who lives constantly with these birds and studies them from every point of view, I consider doubly interesting. He says:

“The ostrich is a bird of very limited intelligence, and whatever it does seems to be from instinct more than from any thought it takes about the matter. The male bird is very pugnacious in the breeding season and may be quite dangerous if not closely watched at such times, although, when the eggs hatch out, the parents do not seem to take any spe-

cial interest in the young ones. We often take chicks and eggs just about to hatch from a nest while the parent birds eat at the feed box seemingly having no interest in the robbery that is being perpetrated.

“In Africa, where each pair of birds is allowed about ten acres of veldt to forage over, there are no boundaries and yet each pair seems to settle definitely where their territory begins and ends. Whenever anyone crosses the imaginary border he is immediately attacked by the male bird who lords it over that particular tract, and it is necessary while crossing the disputed ground to keep the bird at a safe distance by means of a thorny stick; just as soon as the trespasser steps over the line which the ostrich has fixed upon as being the boundary of his domain he immediately retires, and the attack is taken up by his neighbor and so one is conducted by each ruler in turn.

“The popular idea that the ostrich hides his head in the sand and then imagines himself invisible is not correct; it has probably arisen

from the fact that when closely pursued the bird will suddenly squat down, and so nearly does it resemble the ground in color that, unless it were in a very open country and being closely watched, it then becomes almost invisible.

“It is amusing to see the very young chicks of our own birds, when not more than a couple of weeks old, sometimes when we are trying to catch them, suddenly squat down in this fashion, although they have never seen the older birds do it; it seems to be an instinct by heredity.”

This last little incident is, I think, particularly interesting as adding to the proof that it is not even necessary for the parents of wild creatures to “teach” their young ones what to do, as stated by so many writers. It is all more or less a matter of instinct with them.

As the ostrich is the largest and most powerful of all birds, so the condor is the largest of all the birds of prey. The California condor is, among all naturalists, the most cele-

brated of all this family, not only because of its rarity, but because it is the largest American bird of prey.

General, a somewhat recent addition to the collection at the New York Zoological Park, is one of only five specimens which naturalists have been able to capture and rear in captivity, as this bird is almost extinct. The other four are in the Government zoological collection in Rock Creek Park in Washington, D. C.

General was captured by Mr. William L. Finley, of Portland, Oregon, who spent three whole months in the San Bernardino Mountains in southern California searching for the nest in which General was born, and his studies and careful investigations are not only extremely interesting, but very valuable from a scientific point of view.

On the 10th March, 1906, after weary search and tiresome wanderings, Mr. Finley at last found the nest of a condor in which reposed one smooth, glossy egg, and close to the nest in careful guard was a big, full grown

adult condor. In describing this spot, Mr. Finley says:

“A ridge, just wide enough for a path, dropped steep into the gorge on both sides. For two miles we wound round a shaky trail, tracing the top rim of the basin. A great slab of gray stone barred the doorway of the condor’s home, and protected it from storms. Up a narrow steep pocket we scrambled, clinging to the scrubby bushes and the snaky roots, washed bare by rain, until we could peer through a crack in the rocks. An uncanny feeling ran through me as I made out indistinctly the big, black body of the condor, with its orange colored head and beady eyes watching me intently.”

For twelve days Mr. Finley and his companion carefully watched the nest, and then to their joy found that the young condor had been hatched! As Mr. Finley not only wanted the specimen for a zoological collection and so win one of the large rewards offered but also wanted to study the habits of the bird in its native home, everything was left undisturbed,

but eight periodic trips were made to and from the nest between March tenth and July fifth. When the discovery became known to Mr. Hornaday, he did all in his power to encourage the two men in their work, and to keep a detailed record of their experiences.

In the beginning of July, when the young condor was 110 days old, Mr. Finley took the bird from its nest and carried it to his home in Portland. At that time it weighed fifteen pounds and a half. In August, the young condor was taken to a summer camp up in Willamette River, and placed in a comfortable enclosure in the forest. For two months the bird was watched most carefully. A pound of raw meat was given to him twice a day with plenty of fresh water. Special care and attention was paid to the bird's feeding in order to find out whether the natural propensity to eat carrion would manifest itself. But it was always found that it would invariably eat the fresh meat from choice and never touch anything else unless driven to do so by the absence of any other food.

The description of General's progress is well told in Mr. Finley's own words:

“When General was 150 days old he was well fledged, except that his breast was still covered with gray down. His wing feathers were strong, but they were not able to support his heavy body. If we did not let him out of his cage every day he became very restless. When the gate was opened he would stop a moment or two, look about and then stalk slowly out. He did nothing without deliberation. Then, with several hops he would go half-way across the yard, clapping his big wings, and going through a regular dance, jumping up in the air several times in succession.

“On his removal from his native home he had lost his wildness and had now become gentle and fond of those who cared for him. He loved to be petted and fondled and would nibble at my hand, run his nose up my sleeve, and bite the buttons on my coat.”

General was extremely fond of bathing, and would patter in the water of the creek for an

hour at a time. His favorite amusement was to hop up a ladder placed against a tree; up he would go, rung by rung, and then in his clumsy manner lift his big wings and fly off. This he would do over and over again. From his many observations Mr. Finley has come to the conclusion that there are a great many good characteristics in this bird, which has always been considered more or less of a degenerate.

When the young condor reached the New York Zoological Park, he weighed twenty pounds and a half, was forty-six inches in length, and the spread of his wings measured eight feet. The fact that General's history has been carefully followed from the egg stage right up to the present time makes this instance quite unique in the wild bird records of this country.

It has been generally supposed that the eggs of the great auk were the rarest of their kind, but between seventy and eighty great auks' eggs have been preserved, and there are only forty-one condor eggs in the museums

of the whole world. Taking into consideration the fact that the species is almost extinct, it does not seem probable that this number will ever be increased to any great extent.

General can be seen in the Park any day, and is a most interesting bird to watch. His favorite amusement seems to be playing with a piece of stick or an old bone. He will look at the bone with his head on one side, spread out his large wings, pick up the bone, walk a few steps with it and then career round and round with outspread wings in the most clumsy, solemn manner. He will generally trip up on something, then he will seem to get scared, put up his wings, drop the bone and walk off, floundering about and lifting a foot simultaneously with each wing in a curiously amusing manner.

After waiting awhile, he will stumble back to the bone again, pick it up and do the same thing over and over again. I watched him for about an hour one afternoon, and how much longer he would have kept it up, I cannot say, if another vulture, with a coolly indifferent

air, had not come up then and carried the bone off. General made not the slightest attempt to prevent him. He watched him walk off with his plaything, shut his eyes once or twice, and then huddling himself up, settled down as though to take a nap. He remained in this same position for half an hour and although there were one or two little diversions during that time among the others, caused by disagreements, General never so much as shook a feather or opened an eye. A more placid, calm, indifferent piece of goods than this fierce bird of prey I have never seen anywhere in captivity. But he is evidently quite happy and contented in his surroundings, and thoroughly appreciates his life in captivity.

**PONDEROUS REPTILES**



## CHAPTER XI.

### PONDEROUS REPTILES

OLD MOSE AND NUMBER TWO, ALLIGATORS;  
BUSTER, TORTOISE.

**T**HAT there is an unreasonable prejudice against all "Reptiles," with an equally exaggerated fear of them, I know only too well, because, for a very long time, I suffered severely from both these complaints. But if anyone will only take the trouble to study the reptilia ever so little—the many interesting forms and colorings, the various habits and characteristics, not forgetting the most interesting part of all, the part which the reptiles of the past have played in the evolution of the birds of the present day—one will discover here a far greater and wider field, in many ways, than that offered by the more populous wild animals, such as lions, tigers, and elephants.

It does not appear as if an alligator can be particularly interesting, still less an old, slow,

phlegmatic tortoise of nearly four centuries of age, and yet there are so many incidents in connection with every living creature, if one could only get hold of them, that many good stories could be told about them. An alligator is not beautiful or graceful or even fairly intelligent, and yet no doubt all have histories of their own of some kind or other.

One alligator whom I knew personally very well, although he did not have the courtesy to even acknowledge my presence in any way, was the well known alligator in the New York Zoological Park, that reached the length of thirteen feet, and was familiarly called "Old Mose." He certainly had an individuality of his own, for of all villainous old bullies, Old Mose was certainly one of the greatest.

According to hearsay, he apparently always had been a bully, from his earliest youth, which he spent in the Indian River, Florida, to some few years ago, when a severe and painful lesson altered his ways and behavior. It was always easy to recognize Old Mose apart from his size, for he had lost a large

circular piece out of one side of his tail, probably snipped out by a shark when he had been swaggering round in his native river.

One would have thought that his capture would have been enough to subdue any creature, for it must have been humiliating and very painful. Like all the other alligators there, Old Mose used to burrow into the banks of the Indian River, making himself a comfortable and snug place of rest and refuge; and there he slept and idled away his time when not swimming in the water. But one day, his size and strength having been noticed by a man who made his living catching alligators and selling them, a hunt was arranged between ten or twelve travelers and preparations begun for the capture of Old Mose.

In the first place, a large noose of very strong rope was laid round the opening of his burrow; then the alligator catcher drove long iron stakes deep down through the earth into the end of the burrow. For some time there was no movement, no sign that anything alive was there at all and, after waiting until their

patience was nearly exhausted, two or three of the travelers went cautiously forward and tried to look into the burrow. But frequent and severe prods from sharp iron stakes are not comfortable even to an alligator with a skin as tough as anything in the world and, after awhile, there appearing to be no way of getting any peace in the burrow, Old Mose decided to go out of it.

Accordingly, when they were all thinking of giving the big alligator up for that day and trying another burrow, the travelers coming to the conclusion that alligator hunting was very slow sport, there was a sudden rush and flounder, loud shouts from the men who had a tight hold of the end of the noose, and out came Old Mose, only too ready to do anything in his power to destroy his tormentors. But it was no use; the noose tightened round his thick throat, his strength went from him with the terrible pressure and loss of breath and, in a very short time, but after a terrific struggle, Old Mose had lost his freedom for life.

Accounts of his size and strength went forth to many places and he was finally bought by a lady in Virginia who followed the unique occupation of keeping an alligator farm. From this lady, the Director of the New York Zoological Park, Mr. W. T. Hornaday, heard of Old Mose, and not so very long afterward Old Mose became one of the residents of the alligator pool in the Reptile House, where I made his acquaintance.

Naturally he was the biggest alligator there, and he let every one know it in just as objectionable a manner as he could. Not one of the other alligators dare come near him; it was almost a liberty to take even a little swim in the pool. Even when not interfering with him in any way, or even going near him, Old Mose would occasionally make a sudden rush and, with open jaws, drive the unfortunate creatures hither and thither. Finally it became a question what to do with him. One special alligator, for some unknown reason, became his especial aversion. This alligator, who goes by the name of Number Two,

measured only just about half the length of Old Mose when he arrived at the Reptile House, and was consequently at a disadvantage in every way.

Poor Number Two's life was a burden. He always kept as far away from old Mose as he possibly could, but, for the first three years, he was persecuted almost day and night. He took it as meekly as an alligator can take anything, and made the best of things seemingly by keeping a sharp lookout and getting out of the way whenever he could, but he could have known the meaning of neither rest nor peace. But alligators grow, like all other creatures, and all this time Number Two was growing steadily. It may be of interest to many to hear exactly how much this particular alligator grew each year.

When Number Two was received at the Reptile House he measured 6 feet, 11 inches. During the first year he grew 1 foot, 3 inches, and so measured 8 feet, 2 inches. During the second year, he grew 1 foot, 1 inch, thus measuring 9 feet, 3 inches; and during the

third year he grew 1 foot, 7 inches, and so measured 10 feet, 11 inches. Old Mose by this time had grown to be twelve feet, five inches, but the younger one had grown much faster in comparison and had developed in strength and muscular power, and was not very much smaller at this time than Old Mose himself.

One would have thought that such a cunning old rascal and bully as Old Mose would have had sense enough not to bully the young one quite so much, but, for some reason or other, the bigger Number Two got, the more Old Mose bullied him. The other alligators had a pretty bad time of it, too, but Number Two always got by far the largest share; he could scarcely get time to sleep unless his enemy was asleep himself.

Just to experiment as to the intelligence of these reptiles, it was decided at one time to try and teach them to take their food from the edge of the tank instead of having it thrown to them. It was thought that, not only could the amount of food be better regulated, but

the feeding could in this way be made interesting to visitors. So the fish and meat were offered in the most tempting morsels from the edge of the tank by the keepers, but, although five pairs of eyes looked at the morsels, the alligators would neither touch it or even come forward and for several days they fasted until it was feared they would starve.

And then, one day, when it had been decided to try it once more and if the reptiles refused to take their food in this way to give it up, Old Mose led the way and swam towards the keepers, opened his huge jaws and received as a reward a large plump fowl. From that time Old Mose was always ready at feeding time with widely extended jaws, and when his companions followed his example he always did his best to prevent their getting any, especially poor Number Two.

His greediness was just as great as his bullying, and the keepers had to see that the others got their food by keeping him back with poles, or shutting him off until they had finished. But this practice of lining up for

meals by the alligators in the New York Zoological Park, their wide open mouths waiting for anything which may be thrown in, has now become quite an ordinary occurrence, and, as it is a very interesting one, I advise all who have the opportunity to go and see it.

Old Mose continued his bullying of Number Two until it was a matter of grave consideration among the authorities as to what should eventually be done with him, for it was becoming nothing less than a case of cruelty.

And then, one very hot day, when everything seemed sleepy and inert, Old Mose was fairly quiet and peaceable, seeming inclined to sleep himself. He had been lying perfectly motionless, in the way alligators have, for some time, and Number Two was lying just behind him, directly facing his tail and always evidently on the lookout for the slightest sign of movement on his enemy's part. Now, whether it was because Number Two's wrongs had accumulated to the explosive point, or because of the close proximity of his enemy's tail will never be known, but, without the least

warning, Number Two suddenly caught hold of Old Mose's tail, fixing his teeth firmly into the part where the notch had been made by the shark, and hung on for dear life.

Old Mose was powerless. It was useless turning round; he simply swung his enemy away from him, and no matter how much he turned and twisted Number Two would not let go. Alligators do not pull and strain at the objects they catch hold of, like most of the wild animals; they turn round and round in the water like a swivel, and keep this up until the part they happen to have in their mouths comes away by sheer force of twisting and wrenching.

There followed one of the most terrific struggles ever seen between two reptiles in captivity; indeed I doubt whether such another instance has ever even been heard of. The water was splashed and thrown up high and in all directions, turning gradually towards the end of the struggles to a deep red color, but Number Two did not once loosen his hold until he had torn off fully fourteen

inches of Old Mose's tail! And when he had accomplished this, Old Mose was a different being. He did not attempt to go after Number Two, or hurt him in any way; he crept to one corner of the pool and stayed there, a completely vanquished and subdued tyrant, and just as meek as his namesake is supposed to have been.

Few can realize what enormous strength is necessary to tear off the tail of an alligator, and such a large alligator. A famous taxidermist once told me that even he had never realized how tough an alligator's skin was until he mounted one. He then found that, in closing up the opening in the stomach, in order to insert the necessary stitches, he was obliged to *drill* holes in the skin, nothing else being found strong or forcible enough to do it. And yet this young alligator had bitten off fourteen inches of the tail of a full grown, abnormally big, strong alligator!

From the time of this victory of Number Two's, Old Mose turned over a new leaf; he made no more rushes at any of the other alli-

gators, no more swaggering, vigorous switches of his strong tail which often turned the smaller alligators over into the pool whether they wanted to go there or not. After this time, he kept usually in a corner by himself, where he lay in that deadly dull, motionless, uninteresting way which all alligators have.

There was a time when, with all the other alligators, he would lift up his head at an angle of forty-five degrees, and bellow or roar every time the bell in the Reptile House rang at noon. After his conquest, he would lift his head from perhaps force of habit, but his bellow was weak and feeble and completely drowned in the roar of his companions. I think I am right in saying that alligators are the only crocodilian who utter a vocal sound of any sort.

I used to watch Old Mose carefully after his conquest, but it was very uninteresting in a way. The most vivid imagination could scarcely find any expression in an alligator, and Old Mose would lie there with closed eyes, and when occasionally, the curious films which

covered them would drop down—for these films come from *below* the eyes—there was no more expression than before. Even with an open mouth an alligator is not more animated for, unlike the wild animals who in moving their tongues indicate in some way or other their state of feelings, the tongue of an alligator is motionless because it is fastened to the bottom of his mouth until nearing the root, and is white and lifeless looking.

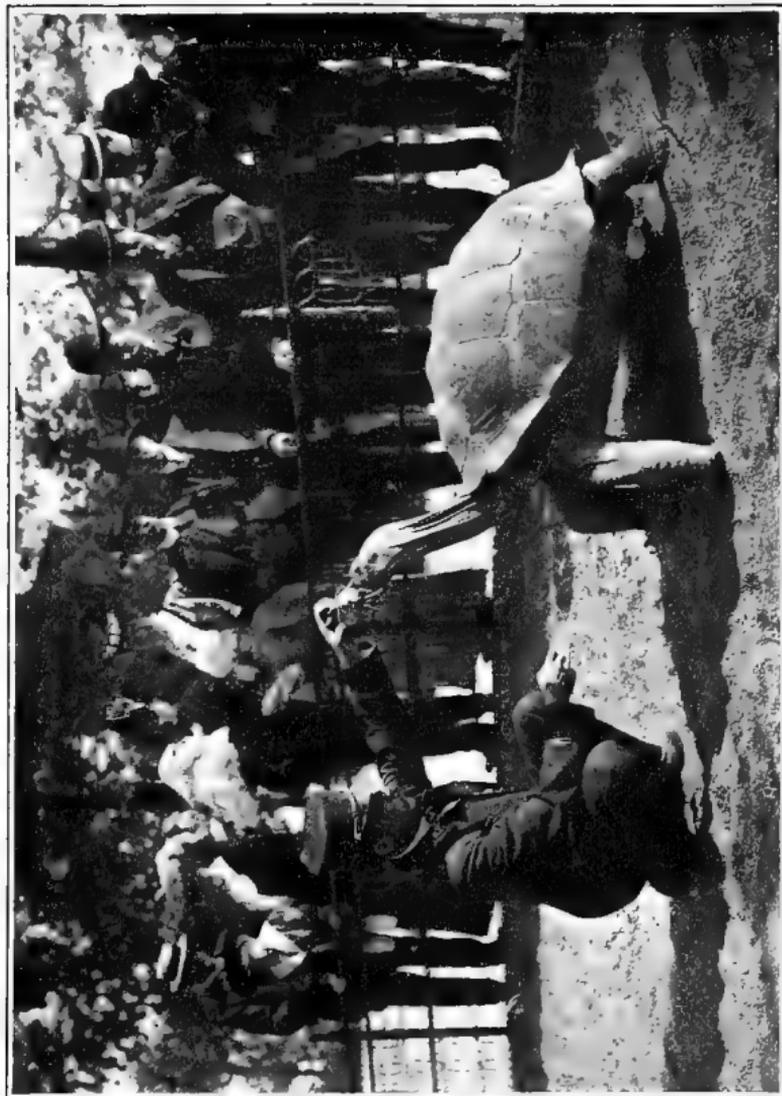
Old Mose recovered completely from the effects of the accident, or attack, and lived for some time afterwards, eventually attaining the length of thirteen feet, but he never recovered his spirits or his activity, and, when he died a short time ago, Number Two did not seem at all depressed, but is now himself the biggest alligator in the pool, and holds his own much as Old Mose used to do, except that he is neither a bully nor a nuisance, but an average healthy, well behaved alligator.

In the Reptile House in the New York Zoological Park is another reptile which is well worth studying. This is Buster, a giant

tortoise, who is about three hundred and seventy years old. Buster arrived at the Park with five other companions from the desolate grounds of the Galapagos Islands. He weighs about three hundred and fifty pounds, and his legs remind one of the legs of a young elephant; he is able to carry two men on his back, for his strength is immense.

His capture must have been a vast undertaking, except that, beyond puffing and blinking, Buster made no resistance whatever. True, he tried to walk away several times but, not being very active, it did no good. After his capture it gave twelve men several days' hard work to get him down from the volcanic ground where he was found to the nearest coast, which was about fourteen miles away.

Buster has had no startling adventures during his residence in the Park. He lives in the Reptile House in the winter and just outside in an enclosure in the summer; during the summer time he is fed upon watermelons. He can eat two large melons at a meal and



*By Permission New York Zoological Society*

**BUSTER, THE CELEBRATED TORTOISE IN THE NEW YORK ZOOLOGICAL PARK, WHO IS ABOUT 370 YEARS OLD**



would probably eat more if he could get it. But he is an interesting reptile, if only on account of his size and age, and surely, *any* creature who has lived nearly four centuries becomes a celebrity!



## **SNAKES**



## CHAPTER XII.

### SNAKES

FATIMA, SELIMA, GREAT PETER.

**I** HAVE no doubt that many readers will pass over this chapter, for to many the very word "snake" causes a shudder. But those who do will lose not only three excellent stories, but an opportunity of hearing some really interesting facts about these creatures which have been gathered by actual personal observation.

In the New York Zoological Park there arrived one day at the Reptile House a huge snake over twenty feet long and of about the thickness of a man's thigh. It was packed coil upon coil in a four-foot crate, and had been there for over three months without food or water. It was a most beautiful creature; the body was covered with a rich Oriental pattern in brilliant and iridescent colors, and partly for this reason Mr. Raymond L. Dit-

mars, the Curator of the Reptile House, named her Fatima.

Fatima arrived just before the new Reptile House was finished, so, for the time being, she was put in one of the animal sheds in a tank of tepid water under which an oil stove was kept burning. About a couple of weeks afterwards Keeper Charles Snyder found her very irritable and nervous; she lay coil upon coil in one corner where, raising her head, she hissed at all who approached. After watching her carefully it was discovered that in the middle of her many coils there was a cone-shaped mass of eggs; this cone the python kept covered carefully and patiently for six long weeks, but no little snakes appeared, and it was not long before it became evident that the eggs had been chilled in some way, probably through a chill to Fatima herself during her journey.

As Fatima furiously resented the slightest sign of interference it was impossible for some time to get the eggs away, and, when eight weeks had passed, the big snake showed signs

of weakness and great emaciation. So finally, with the aid of several keepers, Mr. Ditmars covered the snake with blankets, caught hold of her firmly by the neck and carried her to other quarters. When the cone of eggs came to be inspected there were found to be seventy-nine, each about the size of a hen's egg.

On examination it was found that Fatima's skin, which she should have shed naturally, had dried and hardened and it was feared she would die, so steam was turned into her cage for a time and then hours of steady and risky work began by "peeling" the python. When this was finished, however, Fatima was more beautiful than ever.

But she would not eat, and the next fear was that she would starve herself to death as so many snakes in captivity do unless forced to eat. So Mr. Ditmars decided to take bold measures and feed her by force. Seven rabbits were killed and tied together with twine. As soon as the cage door was opened and Fatima raised her head, a stream of water was directed into her face from a hose. At the

same moment Mr. Ditmars seized her by the neck and the keepers caught her and dragged her out of the cage. Very soon Fatima had had seven rabbits pushed about six feet down her throat.

I need scarcely say that this is a most deadly dangerous operation, how dangerous I did not realize myself until this last spring, when arrangements were kindly made for me by Mr. Ditmars to see the performance for myself. It was not Fatima herself this time, but another Regal Python about twenty-two feet long and weighing about two hundred and seventy-five pounds. The keepers were summoned from all parts of the Park, the rabbits were killed—I did not see this part—and, when all preparations were ready, Keeper Snyder took a piece of coarse sacking, opened the back of the cage, threw the sacking over the head of the python, and then cautiously and very quickly put his hand on the back of the snake's neck and grasped it firmly.

This sounds very simple and easy, but if

he had happened to put his hand a little too far forward or slightly to the right or left of the snake's head he would probably have been bitten at once. This was one of the riskiest moments in the whole business. As soon as he had grasped the neck, the tug of war began. There was a huge uplifting of the python's whole body, and coil upon coil rose in the air, but Snyder held on for dear life and, with every atom of strength at his disposal—and he is a powerful man—he pulled at that head until it was outside the door of the cage; as the length of the snake protruded, each man of the twelve or fourteen keepers present caught hold of it at intervals, and in this manner it was carried, or as much of it as could be carried, as part of it had to stay in the passage—into an inner room; I was invited to stand in front of the python and watch proceedings.

For the time the python was completely overpowered, but occasionally he would make a sudden twist and turn, and then every man on the force would strive and struggle, show-

ing by their color and streaming perspiration that this was no child's play. In this case, two rabbits were given. The skins had been pulled off as far as the heads and turned back over them, thus forming a more lubricating substance for passing down the python's throat. After the insides of the rabbits had been taken out, they had been dipped in water to make it easier still, and the whole proceeding went off without a hitch.

Do not suppose, however, for one moment that the python did not resist; as soon as his mouth was pried open, which he resented fiercely, he resisted with all his strength, every nerve and fibre of his nervous body quivering with the effort. He gave such a sudden lunge at one time that I quite expected to see the whole lot of men tumble over and, had this happened, it would have been, of course, a serious thing. But they are a nervy lot of men in the New York Zoological Park, and held on to that python like grim death.

I stood about a foot, and sometimes less, from the python's mouth, and it was a great

opportunity to study his head and eyes and look into his throat. I watched his eyes most carefully, but I saw nothing unusual in them from any other time when I have watched him from outside the glass of his cage. As soon as the rabbits were down about six feet, the long pole was carefully withdrawn and the python put into an inner room for a time, while his cage companion was subjected to a slight operation, which I was also allowed to see.

His tail and the coils of his body were laid down in the room first, and finally Keeper Snyder was left holding the neck. Here came the extreme danger again. It requires great strength and extremely quick movement to throw the head of a twenty-two foot python away from you far enough to prevent his biting you in retaliation. With all the strength and agility which the keeper showed at this moment he was very nearly bitten; as a matter of fact his finger was actually scratched by the snake's teeth, but he washed it with disinfectant and felt no ill effects.

The same procedure was followed with the other python, only, instead of being fed, he had two loose teeth taken out, which must have greatly relieved him. Sore mouth is a common complaint with the big snakes in captivity. The teeth were taken out with small pincers, but when the mouth had to be swabbed out with disinfectant the python helped matters greatly by biting viciously on the lump of cotton wool saturated with listerine which was put into his mouth. He was then put back into his cage, where he at once made for the tank of cool water, putting his head right down to the bottom, drawing his long body into thick coils after him and then, lifting his head out of the water, settled down comfortably and seemingly very contented.

There ensued an exciting time when the other python was taken out of the inner room, but this too was accomplished successfully, he followed the example of his companion and went straight into the tank, which in a few minutes was filled to overflowing with thick coils of python, moving slowly up and down

with the creatures' breathing, the iridescent colors looking more beautiful than ever. It was certainly one of the most interesting experiences I had ever had.

Another interesting python in the New York Zoological Park was Selima, whom Mr. Ditmars found in a show and purchased for the Park. This python had been in the shows for years, and Selima's mistress declared that she would not feed from any other hand but hers. However, as her mistress did not accompany Selima to the Park, other people had to feed her, but it proved to be true that she would not eat unless fed by hand. Also, the python seemed lonely and, when the keepers would open her door, she would crawl over them and coil herself round their shoulders as was her habit when in the show business. Finally, Mr. Ditmars fed her entirely himself, and here comes a curious coincidence.

When Selima had been in the Park for several months Mr. Ditmars was seriously injured and had to be absent for three months.

On making inquiries on his return for Selima, he was told that she had starved herself to death. Food had been placed in her cage, but she refused to touch it, and, in spite of being subjected to the stuffing process which I have just described, she finally developed canker and died. I make no comments on this, but these are facts, and I am inclined to think that this python, being accustomed to being handled daily, fondled, and fed by hand, had in some way missed her new master; but this I leave for others to decide for themselves.

Mr. Frank Bostock, in his book on "The Training of Wild Animals," tells a capital snake story about Great Peter, one of the largest pythons ever kept in captivity. He says:\*

"A curious incident . . . occurred at the Pan American Exhibition with Great Peter. Great Peter had been fasting for some time—most of the summer in fact—and we were beginning to feel anxious about him, when, toward the end of September, he sud-

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\* "The Training of Wild Animals," Frank C. Bostock. The Century Co., N. Y.



GREAT PETER, IN BOSTOCK'S, ONE OF THE LARGEST  
PYTHONS EVER KEPT IN CAPTIVITY



denly became very lively—always a sure sign of hunger.

“Much delighted at these signs, his keeper at once looked for suitable food for him, and procured a young razor-backed pig. As a general rule, most animals, when put in with snakes are rendered helpless by fear. They appear paralyzed by a strange fascination, and, instead of making the slightest resistance or attempt to get away, stay on the very spot where they are thrown until the snake kills them with a bite, or thrusts them into their tomb by swallowing them.

“But this little razor-back was made of different stuff, and was neither fascinated nor helpless from fear. The moment he entered the cage it was evident that he meant to have a good fight for it no matter what happened. He gave the python no time to strike, but taking time by the forelock, ran up to the huge snake, screaming shrilly at the top of his voice, and fastened his sturdy tusks firmly in the back of the snake’s neck.

“He squealed no more after this but at-

tended strictly to business, and hung on like grim death. There was a momentary pause, and then the daring little pig shook his enemy vigorously as he would a rat. For a second or two thirty-two feet of python coiled and lashed about the cage in a furious manner, but the pig hung on.

“His triumph did not last long. The contest was too unequal. Suddenly the thick coils left the air and descending on the plucky little pig, coiled round and round, crushing his body and cracking his ribs as though they were nutshells. But still the pig hung on—hung on until the coils of the snake gradually relaxed—and then, as they loosened weakly, and fell off, the pig, game to the last, dropped off the python’s neck, dead. His enemy lay quietly beside him—the conqueror and conquered together.

“Had the razor-back only allowed himself to give one little squeal when he was being crushed, he would have been obliged to relax his hold, and we might have saved the python, but his pluckiness cost us a valuable reptile.”

I saw Big Peter in Mr. Bostock's show at the Pan American Exhibition, and was astonished at its size and evident weight, but needless to say I was not present when this extraordinary accident occurred.

There was a fine python from Java in the Amsterdam Zoological Gardens a few years ago which attracted a great deal of attention owing to its size and ferocity, but whether it is still alive I do not know. In the Zoological Gardens at Hamburg there is a very large cobra, which is a splendid specimen.

There are, of course, plenty of snakes which have become celebrated in a way by having caused the death of several persons, but many of these stories cannot be relied upon. The following, however, are known to be true, and it will be seen that one death was caused by foolhardiness, the other by fear. There is the case of Girling, one of the keepers in the London Zoological Gardens, who, some years ago, after having a little too much to drink, actually took out of its cage the big Indian cobra, and held its head up in front of his

face, saying he was inspired. There was a moment's pause, and then the cobra, with lightning-like rapidity, struck Girling across the nose and between the eyes with his fangs, leaving several punctures. Girling, with a shriek, became sober in an instant, threw the cobra back into its cage, and with the blood streaming down his face, exclaimed, "I am a dead man."

Everything was done for him that was possible, but after the most terrible convulsions he died before he had been in the hospital an hour.

Not so many years after this incident a keeper in the Zoological Gardens in Dublin was one day bitten by a large boa. The boa was not poisonous but the man was so terrified that he died within a few hours in spite of the fact that several medical men who were called to him assured him there was no danger whatever. Whether he thought they were only telling him this to reassure him, I do not know, but it was concluded after his death that he had died simply from fright.

# SEALS AND SEA LIONS



## CHAPTER XIII.

### SEALS AND SEA LIONS

TESCA, SEA LION; TOBY, SEAL; WILMER, SEA LION.

**I**T was some time before the fact was realized that seals and sea lions are extremely intelligent. Few creatures that come out of the water are noted for intelligence, and although seals and sea lions, being mammals, are not popularly considered in the same class as fish, they certainly have helped to strengthen the idea, by their stupid, vacant expressions, that there was nothing particularly interesting about them as far as understanding was concerned.

It has only been within the last few years that I have had the opportunity to study these animals, and to study them under exceptional advantages. For weeks in the winter of 1906 I went almost daily to the New York Hippodrome to see Captain Woodward's seals and

sea lions perform, and—what was much more interesting and valuable to me—to see how they were made to learn their tricks and obey their instructor.

Captain Woodward taught these animals to beat drums at certain moments, to play musical instruments of various kinds; to balance billiard balls on the tops of cues, and to walk across the floor while balancing them; to catch and toss, and catch again, conical shaped hats, and various other things; all of which was truly wonderful. One sea lion was particularly quick in learning tricks, and an excellent performer, but the difficulty with him was to make him understand *which* trick he was wanted to perform.

With all performing wild animals, this is always the most difficult thing to make the animals understand. It is impossible to explain, or tell in words what one wants done to a creature who does not even understand the human language. The only thing to do is to always perform one trick after the other in regular rotation, never varying the perform-

ance in any respect. Most of the animals get so accustomed in time to do one particular thing after the other that it becomes mechanical, and should a trainer decide to cut out one trick, he would find great difficulty in doing it, because the animal would often insist on going straight ahead until finished.

Tesca would go straight through a performance very often with no deviation from the regular schedule, but then again very often he would not. Sometimes he would begin the very last trick before he had got through the first, or seem bewildered as to what Captain Woodward wanted him to do. But he was also wonderfully quick in knowing when he was doing wrong and when reprov'd would always give a peculiar little deprecating cry as though he had just found it out; he would then start in properly again, evidently fully appreciating the little bit of praise when he had done right.

But the one performer who interested me most among all these animals was Toby, a seal. The first time I ever saw Toby he was

lying just at the top of his tank on his sleeping-board, watching his master get the fish ready for their breakfast. There had been a mistake of some kind, and no fish had arrived until eleven o'clock, and it was then found that it was not perfectly fresh and therefore no good. It is most important that these animals have absolutely fresh food. The very least bit of stale fish will not only make them very ill, but is likely to cause their death.

Even when the fish are fresh, all the gills and insides are taken out, and the fish dipped into clean fresh water before being given to the animals. So that, when the second lot of fish did eventually arrive, they still had to wait some time before it was ready for them.

And Toby, although he is just a little fat seal with a short neck, no visible ears, a spotted body—quite unlike a sea lion, which has no spots, but a long flexible neck and external ears—and a very meek and gentle expression in his dark eyes, was the most impatient of the whole lot. His companion seal,

who shared the same tank with him, contented himself with slipping through and through the water in his tank as if he had been 'oiled, taking a peep once in a while to see how matters were progressing; while the sea lions, looking occasionally at their master with their lion-like faces—which are supposed to have given them their name—would turn on one another savagely, biting at each other in a vicious manner and screaming in their hoarse voices until they would receive a few smart taps from their master with a long stick, when they would dive down under the water out of the way, and then come up and do the same thing all over again.

But Toby wasted no time at all. His right flipper just rested over the top of the water tank, and every minute he would flap it up and down as he did when beating the drum in his performance. And, of course, every time he did this, he splashed the water all over everything and everybody. It was a most exciting scene and a very noisy one.

The quarrelling and screaming of the sea lions, the flapping of the water by Toby, and the continual shouts of the trainer in his vain endeavor to make them keep quiet, were deafening at times, but eventually the last fish was cleaned and washed, and then began the feeding.

Three men threw the fish to the various animals (there were nine or ten of them) as fast as they could, and, even then one or the other would get in a noise between the gulps. For there was no stopping to even taste the fish; they swallowed them whole, and, in a very little time, had finished an entire barrellful and were crying for more!

Toby had stopped his flapping as soon as he began his breakfast, but the very moment he had finished he began harder than ever, and we were all soaked with water before his master could stop him. But when being taught his tricks Toby was a good, obedient little fellow and did his best at all times. The most wonderful thing of all about this little seal was the way in which he seemed to un-

derstand all his master meant. For instance, Captain Woodward told me that the way in which his best trick developed was through playing with him. One day Toby beat the drum at the wrong time just as his master turned his back, and when Captain Woodward pretended to be surprised Toby promptly did it again as soon as he turned round. And this trick was dearly loved by the children at the performances. It was such fun to see the little seal wait for his master to turn his back, and then beat the drum, and as he looked round again, to pretend he knew nothing about it!

This trick also came in when starting the sea lions' band. Just as Captain Woodward would look round at the others, one with a trombone, another with a cornet, a third with cymbals, etc., Toby would beat the drum, and the crestfallen, ashamed way in which he hung his head when his master looked at him was really a comical sight. But it was far more comical when, with baton uplifted ready to give the signal to start, the trainer would

look round and then "bump, bump," would go the drum from Toby again, amidst roars of laughter and delight from the children.

But Toby's greatest trick was to sit in a chair and play the banjo. He would have a little cap on his head, a pair of spectacles on his funny little nose, and a large piece of music on the music-stand. Then he would play the "Sea Lions' Polka." That is to say the band in the orchestra would really play the tune, but one of the seal's flippers would be tied to the banjo strings, and these strings Toby would pull for all he was worth. The harder and quicker he pulled, the bigger was the piece of fish he would get at the end of his performance. Whether he realized this I cannot say, but he probably did, judging from his actions; he certainly knew when his trainer was pleased with him and did his very best.

This giving or refusing of fish is the only way in which seals and sea lions can be punished, except perhaps a light touch from a cane, and even that has to be given care-

fully. A blow—sometimes even a light one—will bruise the thick layer of fat or “blubber” with which their bodies are covered; and these bruises have been known to eventually cause the animal’s death. Also, any blow given hastily might land on the nose, the most tender and susceptible spot on a seal’s or a sea lion’s body. One well directed blow on the nose causes death. In this way the fur seals are always killed when hunted for their fur.

It was the custom at night for the seals and sea lions to be carefully locked up in their own quarters, for these animals are fond of taking little journeys on their own account about the building. At one time when in London, England, Toby and the rest of his company had quite an adventure of their own. In some way they pushed open the wooden door of their apartment in the middle of the night, scrambled out, and finally found their way upstairs and into the theater. After wandering round the orchestra for a time—they left their marks plainly

behind them—they went farther up still, and found their way into one of the best boxes, where, being very tired after their wanderings, they settled down and went fast asleep.

And in the morning there was great consternation for, although the trainer and his men searched all through the theater, they could find only occasional traces of their wanderings. But, just when they had given up all hope of finding them, thinking they had got out of doors, there came a big sneeze from one of the boxes, and in a few moments all the animals were awake and being guided gently but firmly downstairs with many requests for fish on the way.

I said “all,” but in a few minutes it was found that poor Toby was not among them and, on going to look for him, he was found sound asleep in one of the proscenium boxes! As it is always very difficult for a seal to walk on land, Captain Woodward carried him down. A sea lion can balance himself on his four flippers and get along fairly well with a loose, shambling gait, but a seal can only

go forward with queer little bumps, caused by the muscles of his under body contracting, which is not only a great effort, but very tiring and exhausting to the animal.

Toby is certainly the most remarkable seal I have ever seen. He has traveled nearly all over the world, even as far as Russia, where some of the people believed he must surely have an evil spirit to be able to do such wonderful tricks and to understand what his trainer told him.

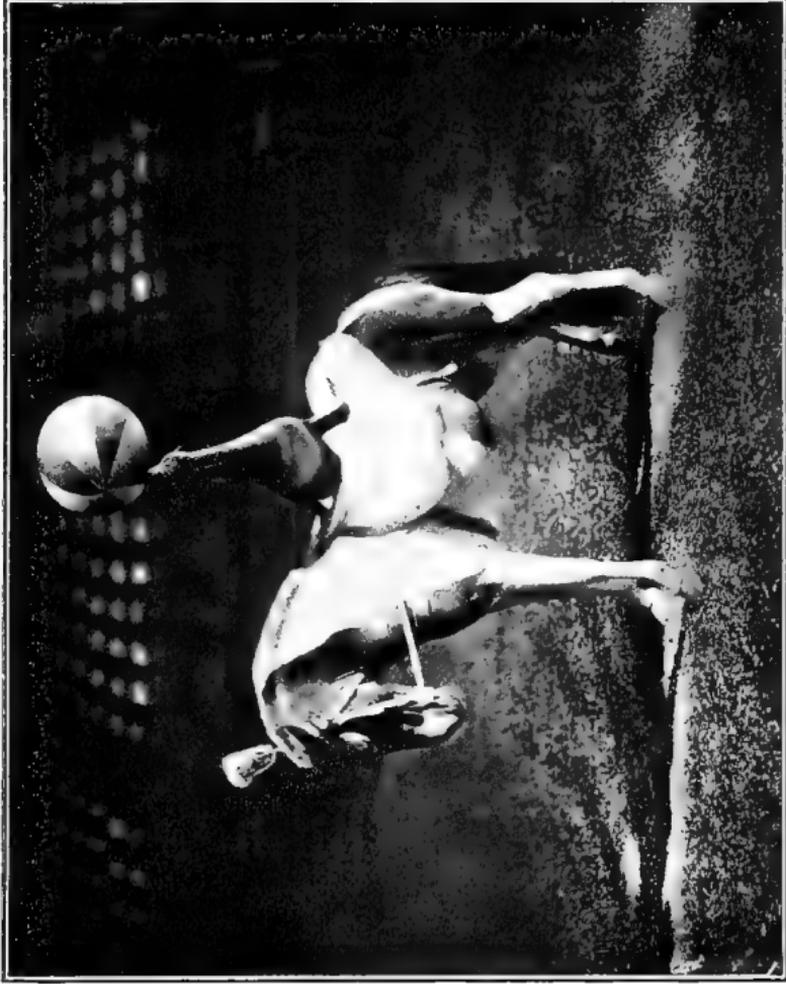
But since seeing Toby I have seen a sea lion that does even more wonderful things than Toby did. This is Wilmer, in the Barnum and Bailey Circus, the only sea lion in the world that can ride on horseback. It is truly marvelous to see this animal climb up a ladder and mount his horse just as easily as though it were natural to him. And not only mount it, but keep his seat without the slightest danger of falling off or even slipping from the saddle.

Round and round the ring he goes in an easy canter, and when his trainer, Captain

Winston, who spent years to accomplish this, throws him a large ball, he catches it, balances it on his nose, and still continues his ride, poising himself and the ball in the most wonderful manner. Only once have I seen him drop the ball, and that was when the horse stumbled a little, which naturally caused him to lose his balance.

Another clever trick is to blow a horn on horseback. I have seen several sea lion "bands," but never before seen one of these animals actually *blow* a horn, for in every other case there is generally a bulb attached to the instrument which, being pressed by the seal or sea lion, makes a noise. But this sea lion actually takes the end of the horn in his mouth and *blows* it, and the most amusing part of it is to see the desperate efforts and the peculiar faces he makes when doing it, screwing up his mouth and puffing his hardest.

I found many people had the impression that this sea lion was fastened to the saddle in some way after he mounted the horse, but this is not so. The saddle is an ordinary



WILMER, IN THE BARNUM AND BAILEY CIRCUS, THE ONLY SEA-LION IN THE WORLD THAT CAN RIDE ON HORSEBACK



padded saddle such as is commonly used in circuses and he maintains his position simply by balancing himself, nothing else.

At the end of the performance Wilmer pats his horse's neck with his flipper, in much the same way in which the other horseback riders do with their hands, and of course after his performance is over—with an odd bit or two in between—he gets his reward of fish. For with seals and sea lions, this is the main thing—no work, no fish, just as when teaching a dog a trick, it is no trick, no sugar.



DOGS



## CHAPTER XIV.

### DOGS

#### BRIDGE, ESKIMO; PLUTO, GREAT DANE.

SO many dogs have become celebrated in various ways during their lifetime that it would take more than one whole book to write about them. From the famous mastiff of St. Bernard's who, in the beginning of the last century saved the lives of more than forty human beings, to the little plaything of a dog which Frederick, Prince of Wales, had given him by Alexander Pope, with a collar on which was inscribed:

"I am his Highness' dog at Kew;  
Pray tell me, sir, whose dog are you?"

I am therefore, only going to speak of one or two who have come under my own personal notice and observation.

Perhaps one of the most noted and interesting dogs of recent years is Bridge, the Eskimo dog who accompanied Commander

Robert Peary to the farthest north point on land, at the northeastern extremity of Greenland, on his last expedition but one.

Although classed under the heading of "Domestic Animals," the Eskimo dog is undoubtedly still very much of a wild animal, being the most wolf-like of all the domestic breeds. As a matter of fact, he may be considered, and is considered among most naturalists, as merely a domesticated wolf. The general build of these animals, their rough coats, bushy tails, shortish, and yet sharp muzzles, the wolf-like head with upstanding ears, resembles wolves so greatly that in many cases packs of Eskimo dogs have been mistaken for packs of wolves, even by those who have considerable knowledge of the appearance of these animals. Add to this that the Eskimo dog is, like the wolf, unable to bark, and it is little wonder that these mistakes have occurred so often.

Bridge was the chief dog of the team which helped drag Commander Peary and his party over the ice to the point I have just men-

tioned. The party consisted of Commander Peary, Hansen, one Eskimo, a colored man, and four dogs. Bridge was chosen to be the leader on account of his size, strength, and power of endurance. He was also an extremely intelligent dog, and fairly good-tempered, a rare trait in an Eskimo dog.

In appearance Bridge is a fine specimen, both in coloring, size, and proportions. Like all his kind he is curiously wolf-like, and in a dim light it would be almost impossible to distinguish him from a wolf. Before becoming the property of Commander Peary, Bridge had had a hard time of it, like all other Eskimo dogs, and had been made to travel sometimes thirty or forty miles a day with heavy loads. Added to this hardship, Bridge and his companions were given very little food. It is not much wonder that the dog teams fought viciously among themselves, often injuring one another so severely that they were either killed by their masters at once or left by themselves to die.

Once with his new master, however, Bridge

was treated kindly and well, although naturally he had to share the many hardships the rest of the party suffered. Among these hardships Bridge had several adventures which would have killed a less hardy animal than he.

When Commander Peary made his dash over the ice from Cape Hope toward the north pole, Bridge went with him. Over the rough and enormous ice pack they went, risking their lives, suffering from intense cold, terrible fatigue and great scarcity of food. But Bridge appeared as eager as his master not to give up, and pushed on until nearly a hundred miles had been covered under the most terrible difficulties. And then came worse difficulties than before. For the ice increased in roughness until finally the party reached a point where the huge floes of ice were piled up like small mountains, and even the daring explorer was forced to admit that it was impossible to go on any farther.

Even Bridge had to give in, for no dog, however willing, could drag himself, much

less heavy loads, up those small mountains of ice, and so most unwillingly the party had to turn back. Needless to say, the return journey was far worse than the outgoing one, and poor Bridge was half dead when they reached safety.

This, however, was not so painful an adventure as when, quite suddenly one day, the party came across that rare animal, the musk ox. He made a curious dark object against the surroundings of pure white, with his shaggy brown body, short, stumpy legs, round bright eyes, curved horns, and flat, hairy muzzle. For some time he stood still and surveyed the intruders quietly, and then, for some unknown reason, went straight for Bridge. In all probability the dog had never seen a musk ox before. The sudden onslaught apparently took him by surprise, and, although usually nimble and quick, this time he stood still long enough for the musk ox to reach him.

Before any one had time to realize what was going to happen, the ox with lowered horns, had gored Bridge badly; Bridge made

as much noise and fuss about it as he could. His howls were enough to terrify any creature, much more a musk ox, who seldom met any living creature. When the other dogs joined in, partly from terror and partly from sympathy, I suppose, the noise was deafening.

I think I am right in saying that it was the flesh of this very musk ox which Commander Peary ate and pronounced good eating. Bridge, meanwhile, had to have his wounds dressed and for a time was a very sick dog. But he was tough and hardy, and soon recovered sufficiently to be able to go on with the others, although it was some little time before he was quite himself again.

Another time an enormous polar bear met the party, and here again Bridge got the worst of it; for, being foolish enough to go too close to the bear, he was caught and clawed severely. Again he was a very sick dog. He was nervous and irritable for a long time after this, and all those in proximity had to be careful that his sharp, wolf-like teeth did not leave the impression which he seemed particu-

larly anxious to make on any who came near him. It was always a critical time when his wounds had to be dressed, and the greatest care had to be taken, not only in holding him, but to prevent his tearing the wounds open again.

Bridge recovered finally, and seemed as strong as ever. He was a good hunter and fisher, and when provisions ran short he would sometimes find food for himself. When he did this, he also generally managed to keep it to himself, unless three dogs against one proved too much for him.

Many more hardships and adventures did this Eskimo dog have but when, at last, the expedition was over, Bridge was the only dog out of the team that reached America alive. For, after that long, hard journey to the then furthest point north—where all the dogs were photographed—the three other dogs began to show queer symptoms. After watching the dogs carefully it was found that all were suffering from rabies, and one by one Commander Peary had to see his faithful followers die.

All but Bridge, who, although he was thin, worn and weak, remained comparatively as healthy as ever. He alone returned with his master, and, as it was considered that he had done enough hard work, and been through sufficient hardships to last a dog's lifetime, he was given to the New York Zoological Park, where he now lives in ease and comfort and seems to enjoy it to the full.

In order to make him feel at home and promote his happiness, a wife was provided for him who was given the name of White Face and seems to be congenial in every way. Many Eskimo puppies have been born in the Park and are fine, healthy little animals, hardy and pugnacious, daring and defiant. It is an interesting sight to watch them fighting among themselves, one of the most curious phases of the fights being their sudden, fierce bursts of savage temper when things are not going just their way.

Bridge may be seen now any day in the New York Zoological Park in one of the wolf pens, either pacing softly and quietly up and

down with quick, active steps, looking in all directions with his keen, wolf-like eyes; or sitting down quietly with his wife, or—if near his meal time—lifting up his voice in a melancholy wail, whether in woe at the delay, or in anticipatory thanksgiving, I cannot say. But he is a fine study, and there is something a little human about him too, for, although, in the battle of life, he was all that a daring and hardy dog of endurance should be; yet there have been times when I have seen him completely subdued by some little exhibitions of temper on the part of his wife, who seems to domineer him in true feminine fashion.

Another dog that always interested me very much, although he can hardly be classed under the title of a wild animal, was “Pluto,” a magnificent Great Dane, belonging to Captain Bonavita, the lion trainer who used to perform with twenty-seven lions at a time. For ten years these two were inseparable companions, Pluto always crossing the ocean with his master on his many visits to Europe, and, owing to his close attendance on him, be-

ing termed by the other show people "Bonavita's Body Guard."

The first time I ever saw Pluto was at Richmond, Virginia, in Mr. Frank Bostock's wild animal show. He was standing by Captain Bonavita, and, as I went over and began talking to his master, Pluto sniffed me suspiciously, evidently not sure whether I were friend or foe. I noticed that Bonavita kept repeating constantly:

"Pluto is a *good* dog. Yes, Pluto is a very *good* dog."

As he interrupted the conversation to repeat this over and over again, I at last asked him why he did it, and he said quietly he would tell me another time. And when Pluto was safely fastened up, he explained it to me. It seemed that when he wished to make this dog understand that a stranger was all right, Bonavita would say, "Pluto is a *good* dog," putting a great deal of emphasis on the "*good*."

But if he wished to be protected from a suspicious person, he would say, "Pluto is a

*bad* dog," laying the emphasis on the word "bad," and in this case, unless he held him back Pluto would spring straight for the throat of the enemy, and no doubt would kill him, for a Great Dane is a very powerful animal and has tremendous muscular power, especially when roused.

When traveling, Pluto always took care of his master's belongings and in this way rendered him valuable service, especially when the show arrived at a new place and was unloading. Many thefts are commonly committed on these occasions as the many articles of all descriptions lying round afford splendid opportunities for thieves.

On these occasions Captain Bonavita would fasten the Great Dane to the handle of one of his trunks, and no one dare even approach the baggage until the return of his master. Wherever the show settled Pluto was always given the same place, a den under the arena. For one of the most valuable services he ever rendered his master was always to give warning when danger was ahead from the lions.

In some curious way Pluto always seemed to know when this danger was coming, and gave his warnings by low spirits, low murmuring growls and an occasional melancholy howl. On one occasion he was particularly unhappy, and growled and whined continually; this was at first partly attributed to the wet weather which always affected him, and partly to the fact that some new lions had just arrived in the show, a thing which Pluto, for some reason or other, always resented.

Just before the evening performance, as soon as the band began to play, there was a low-murmuring sound, which gradually developed into a weird, bloodcurdling howl—such a howl that all the trainers in the show stopped whatever they happened to be doing at that moment and looked at one another inquiringly. Never had Pluto been known to howl like that unless there was danger coming to Bonavita, and even he, brave man as he is, grew a little nervous and uncomfortable.

But he laughed it off, saying Pluto had a fit of the “blues,” that the lions were in fine

condition, in good tempers, and had been particularly good and obedient all that week. He went to Pluto, patted and comforted him, and thought very little more about the matter, except to take extra precautions. But just before he entered the arena with his twenty-seven lions, Pluto did the same thing again, and his master, who was then in the runway—a narrow passage which runs behind the animals' cages—wondered what was the matter with the dog.

However, he had not time to think much about it then, for at that very moment the signal came for him to go on, the band played his announcing "chord" and, with twenty-seven full-grown lions in front of him, he entered the arena and began to put the beasts through their performances. He had not gone far before he noticed that one of his lions, Ingomar, was in a very ugly mood, and after the first few minutes refused to do anything he was told. This is very dangerous because, in nearly all cases when one trained animal will not do what he is told, all the others fol-

low his bad example and also refuse to do what is expected of them.

Attributing the animal's ill humor to jealousy on account of the newcomers, and knowing, therefore, that it would not be wise to insist on obedience on this occasion, Bonavita decided to let Ingomar out of the arena and go through the performance without him, and for this purpose the door at the back of the arena was opened and Ingomar was turned toward it. By this time the lion had worked himself up into a fit of real bad temper, and as he passed one lion, he bit him savagely in the hind leg.

Wild animals want very little provocation to fight at any time, and in this case the lion that had been bitten retaliated promptly and just as savagely as his assailant and, before the trainer realized what was going to happen, the two were fighting fiercely. Of course, all the other lions got down from their pedestals one by one, and joined in the fight eagerly, and in a few minutes the whole lot of them were at it, and the trainer got out of

the arena as best he could, but not before he had received some severe scratches and bites.

For some time after this the lions were so cross and bad tempered that their performances in the arena were stopped until they got over it. While this period of bad temper on the part of the lions lasted, Pluto was miserable and depressed, growling and barking, whining and howling, until his master and the others in the show were at their wit's end to know what to do with him.

As soon as the lions quieted down and resumed their normal condition, going normally through their performances again, Pluto also quieted down and recovered his old spirits once more. I can give no explanation of this; I only know that it was so, and that it always happened previous to some outbreak on the part of the lions. Naturally, in time, his master disliked to see him in this state, but could scarcely postpone his performance on that account.

Before the last terrible accident when Captain Bonavita was nearly torn to pieces by

Baltimore, a big Nubian lion, Pluto was in the most depressed and wretched state of mind, worse than he had ever been known to be before but, as it was an exceptionally hot summer, it was thought that possibly that might have something to do with it.\*

When the fateful day arrived he was more nervous than ever, and perhaps—who knows?—had his warnings been heeded that shocking affair might never have happened. As it was, his distress was pitiful to witness, and, the first few days that his master was in the hospital, where it was found that nothing eventually could save his right arm, so fearfully had it been lacerated, Pluto would neither eat nor sleep, and during the long, tedious period of convalescence which followed through many weary months, the dog could scarcely be persuaded to leave him, even for the run which had always been such a joy to him.

In time his own health suffered and he

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\*A full description is given of this incident in the author's "Behind the Scenes With Wild Animals."

grew weak and terribly emaciated. Whether it was through this or because he was getting old no one can tell, but at last when they were in Paris in 1905, Pluto grew quite ill, and in spite of every care and attention, finally got so very sick that there was no doubt at all to those who saw him that he had a very short time to live.

The grief of his master was too great for words. He loved that dog dearly; they had shared bright and prosperous times together, hardship and sickness, and had not been separated for over ten years, with the exception of the time Bonavita was in the hospital. When the dog finally died his master grieved for him as deeply and sincerely as though he had been a human being.

Pluto died very peacefully and quietly with his big head resting on his master's only arm and his eyes never removed from his master's face until they closed for the last time. Captain Bonavita had him buried in the *Cemetiere des Chiens*, which is a pretty little island in the middle of the river Seine

in Paris. This little cemetery is used by many rich people for the burial of their pet cats, birds, horses, and dogs, and here Pluto rests, with flowers planted above his grave, at the head of which is a small tombstone with one word on it,

### PLUTO

There have been hundreds of instances of faithfulness in dogs from the earliest times, but I have never heard of greater faithfulness or devotion than this dog showed toward his master.

THE END.























