

Importation of Wild Animals



THE return of Colonel Roosevelt and party from Africa, with the cargo of animal specimens which had been killed during their invasion of the jungle, caused a New York dealer in wild beasts to talk interestingly of the business in which his firm is engaged. There are nearly a dozen firms in New York city that carry on an immense business in the transportation of animals fresh from the jungle. And this number, of course, does not include such immense foreign animal firms as the Hagenbacks. It is a paying business, as indeed, are all businesses where the demand exceeds the supply. The demand for wild beasts is far greater than the supply, and as a consequence prices are good, and the dealers men of wealth. The extent of this demand may be appreciated when one considers that most of the great cities in the United States have zoological parks or menageries, and that the animals are constantly being purchased by them. Then there are private collectors and circuses and the like, that are ever ready to pay the highest prices for desirable animals. The animal dealer who could secure and bring to this country three or four gorillas would make a small fortune. But no dealer has ever succeeded in doing this. The gorillas die in a few weeks in captivity; they could not stand an ocean trip for a day.

A rusty old German liner lumbers noisily into Quarantine, and then lies motionless on the tide. An officer, with broad, red, bewhiskered face, stands at the head of the companion ladder, and he smiles a peculiar smile, as a husky screaming ululation rises from below. "The animals are getting hungry," he explains; "you know we have several hundred of them on the 'tween decks. Want to see them? All right." In another minute probably the most competent animal man in the world is at our side. He is not a trainer, or even a tamer; he is more. He is a sort of animal cook, and his special business is the personal management of wild animal tours. He receives them—lions, tigers, leopards, elephants, everything else—at Hamburg, where they have been brought fresh from their native wilds, and not only superintends their shipment aboard a vessel bound for New York, but he sails with them to make sure that they arrive safely and in good health. And be sure that if the tiger gets off on his diet and needs a nice fresh live rabbit to tone up his system, this man will be aware of the fact almost before the tiger is—and, ergo, a nice big jumping bunny is sacrificed in accordance with the precepts of wild beast materia medica. Then, too, one can never tell just when the big boa is going to rouse from his last gorge; when he does he wants a toothsome young goat, and he wants it quick. It is a part of the animal man's duties to anticipate the boat's appetite with all possible expedition.

He is a quiet, unassuming man, with stoop shoulders and bushy whiskers, and he leads the way to the 'tween decks without a word. Perhaps the uninitiated may believe that a tour through the animal section of a freight-carrying vessel is an unimpressive experience. Well, let them try it and see! This can be said at the outset—it is somewhat different from a menagerie. It means something to come into close proximity to a hundred and odd wild animals that have been ruthlessly snatched from their lairs in Africa or Asia, or elsewhere, and clapped into little barred boxes, not as large as dry goods cases; slammed in and out of dark holes in the vessels of several seas on the way to Hamburg; then finally placed in the stygian 'tween decks of a German hoober.

The swinging cross seas of the North Atlantic have not improved their tempers, or their nervous systems, and the visitor at Quarantine is quickly impressed with that fact. The howls and whines and the barks cease abruptly as the strangers enter. For they bring the smell of land, and the great beasts sniff inquiringly, and hungrily, too.

The cages lined both sides of the gloomy space, with a little passageway between the boxes. Perhaps this passageway was three feet wide, not more. The cages were piled two and sometimes three deep. In the bottom cage, for instance, would be a tiger; in the next above a smaller animal, say, a leopard or a lynx, and above that a parrot, or a bunch of neerkats. Think of it! A three-foot passageway, with ferocious animals, stretching along for 100 feet on all sides. Talk about nightmares! The reporter's hair stiffened out like so many pieces of wire, and he wished most fervently that he had not come. It was more agreeable, he felt, to see these animals in a menagerie where the cages are ample and the bars an inch thick.

"Better keep in the middle of the aisle," says one of the animal men; "these fellows sometimes reach out for you."

Words such as these, of course, hardly tended to reassure.

It really was too dark to see much. One caught a view of the cages stretching away in gloomy perspective until lost in the darkness, of



rows of glowing green eyes and great teeth with the flash of red tongue writhing between. A zebra switched the reporter with his tail and he turned, only to jump almost out of his skin as an elephant touched him on the other shoulder with his trunk. He was hardly over his scare when, zip! a leopard reached out after his coat tail.

In one way this lower deck section was a good place to visit; the joy and relief in being able to leave it furnished the biggest and most absorbing sensations that this monotonous world has held for the reporter in the last few months at least.

Bartels & Co., are the largest dealers in wild beasts in this country. "A large wild animal dealer," said our informant, "imports considerably more than a hundred large wild animals each year. For instance, our record for one year which I happen to have at hand, shows that we imported in that period 20 elephants, 35 camels, 20 tigers, 5 lions, 45 leopards, 20 pumas, 18 panthers and hundreds of birds and monkeys and small things. Cubs—lion and tiger and bear cubs—are in special demand by wealthy families. They are reared and petted like kittens, but in the end they outgrow their playfulness and the families who bought them from us are only too willing to pay us to come and take them away when they attain any sort of growth. We have received many orders for hippopotami, but the beasts are hard to capture and ninety-nine times out of a hundred they do not live through the voyage. In fact, menageries throughout the country have to depend of late years upon the progeny of the hippopotami in Central Park, New York, for specimens.

"Like all animal dealers, we maintain expert animal catchers in all parts of the world, and it is these men who fill the ships which arrive here. The Hagenbecks have two collecting stations, one in Calcutta and the other in Aden, Arabia. From this point the animal catchers go forth and spend months in the wilds, returning to the stations with their catch. We ourselves send catchers direct from this country—at present we have men in South America, on the hot sands of Africa, in the Himalayas, and elsewhere, filling our orders. One of them was recently in Arabia on a camel hunt, two are now in the East Indies trapping tigers, and so they are spread about in places where wild beasts abide.

"Sometimes we receive an order for a large number of elephants. We telegraph this order to our catchers in the elephant country, who, after organizing the natives into a hunting band, proceed to collect the desired number. A huge inclosure is built in one of the main elephant paths, and at night when the big animals come to feed they are driven into the inclosure or kuddah by means of fires and shouts and the firing of guns. Beaters on tame elephants then ride into the inclosure and rope the beasts, and in a short time they become accustomed to being led about. Elephants are naturally mild, and were this not the case they never could be captured, because of their great, hulking strength.

"The natives also captured elephants in pits, a barbarously cruel method in which more than 50 per cent. are killed by the fall. The animal catchers take tigers and lions in pits also. They dig a hole, cover it with matting and place on this matting a dead goat. At night the lion or tiger steals from his lair, sees the goat and springs upon it. The matting, of course, gives way and down into the pit goes the roaring beast. Then the catchers run up and throw nets into the pit and the struggling animal soon becomes hopelessly entangled. Nooses are then lowered into the pit and the beast is dragged out to the cage. Six out of every ten are killed in this process. Leopards and jaguars and the smaller animals are caught in

traps just as mice are caught, and monkeys are also trapped. Such great beasts as the rhinoceros and the like are not captured by the animal men, but are secured from native potentates, who give them away as a mark of special esteem or barter them for brass and other trifling but showy gewgaws.

"We take comparatively few lions from the wilds now. It is cheaper to buy them in captivity. Polar, grizzly and Russian bears also are mainly bought and sold in captivity; but other wild beasts are taken in their lairs."

FOOD IN LONDON IS CHEAPER.

"For many years," said a man who came back from a European tour the other day, according to an exchange, "I have been in the habit of getting into an argument with friends after my return about the prices of food in the best restaurants in New York and London. I have been contending that New York restaurants were putting up their prices all the time and some of my friends have tried to convince me that you could get a meal cheaper at the higher priced restaurants in New York than in London.

"I determined this time to collect some real data for comparison and as a result I have kept the bills of many meals I had in London. It is my intention to duplicate the meals I had over there at some of the restaurants here, item for item. I did this with one of them the other day and demonstrated that for such a meal London is a lot cheaper than New York.

"Here is the bill for a luncheon I had at one of the most expensive hotels in London:

Hors d'oeuvres varies	8	d.
Pilaffe of sweetbreads	0	9
Asparagus	2	0
Cheese (Neufchatel)	0	6
Coffee	0	6
Beer	1	0
Totals	6	9

"Now, six shillings ninepence at \$4.85 to the pound is \$1.65. As for the dishes themselves they could not have been surpassed anywhere. For the hors d'oeuvres I had a dozen different dishes to select from.

"Did you ever find hors d'oeuvres varies on the bill of fare of a New York restaurant? Try it. Of course you may get them at a table d'hote, but I mean on the carte du jour of a restaurant where you pay separately for each thing you eat.

"In Paris there is a restaurant in the Avenue de l'Opera, where you can have about twenty different varieties of little fish and cold salads and appetizers for about 15 or 16 cents. It took me a long time to find this in a first-class house here, and then when I did so it was in a restaurant which is not usually considered among the most expensive in the city. Here hors d'oeuvres varies masqueraded under the title of 'buffet russe.' They charged me 50 cents for it, as against the 18 charged in the London restaurant.

"My pilaffe of sweetbreads tasted exactly like that I had in London and cost exactly the same, 50 cents. I ordered some asparagus. On the bill of fare they had asparagus with Hollandaise sauce for 40 cents, but I wanted it cold, with French dressing. They did not tell me it would be any more, but for it they charged me 70 cents. For the Neufchatel cheese they charged 20 cents and for the coffee 15. The robbery came on the beer.

"In London if you want a little pitcher of beer they serve you an excellent brew of Pilsener or Wurzburger in a little sealed vessel holding a pint for a shilling. I asked the waiter to bring me a small pitcher of beer on draught, knowing they did not serve the beer as in London. He brought me a pitcher and charged me 70 cents for it.

"Now my bill came to \$2.65, or exactly \$1 more than the same food and drink had cost me in London. I gave the New York waiter a quarter and he scarcely nodded. I gave the London waiter sixpence and he thanked me so that I could hear him."

CONDITION PRECEDENT.

"The religion of some people is too lenient," said Bishop Heslin in a recent address in Nantucket.

"Some people suggest to me, in their view of religion, a little girl whose teacher said to her: "Mary, what must we do first before we can expect forgiveness for our sins?" "We must sin first," the little girl answered.—Nashville Banner.

UNFASHIONABLE EVENT.

Among other events, we shall have a sack race for ladies. Professionals barred.

"What do you mean by professionals?" "Those who have been wearing tube gowns."—Answers.

Rainbow Gold

By Temple Bailey

The dimness of the big drawing room was slightly lessened by the glow of the light through the perforations of the samovar. Evelyn Herrick was pouring the tea.

"I had a letter from Christine this morning," she said as she handed a cup to Bruce McKenzie.

"What did she say?" he asked, eagerly.

"Wait until these people go," she murmured, "and then I will read it to you."

It was an hour before the crowd melted away, and even then they were not alone, for Phillip Herrick lounged on the couch in the corner. Evelyn read the note in an undertone.

"I am coming home, Evelyn. After all these years of study my voice is a failure. Do you remember that I used to say that I would find my pot of gold at the end of the rainbow, and Bruce would tell me that no one ever really found rainbow gold? All these years I have been seeking a thing that did not exist, and you have stayed at home and have found happiness. I often think of you and Bruce and of the friendship that has grown up between you. Something you said in your last letter makes me feel that you two are about to enter upon a dearer relationship than friendship, and I wish you happiness, I who have missed happiness in my search for rainbow gold."

Bruce and Evelyn looked at each other. "You see, she knows," Evelyn said at last.

From out of the shadows Phillip Herrick asked, "Has she lost her voice?"

"Yes," Evelyn told him, "her beautiful voice; and she gave up everything for it."

She did not say, however, what was in the thoughts of each one of the

after a silence, "I thought that my return would be a triumphal entry. Everyone would want to hear me sing—and now no one will care to hear me."

Phillip sank down on the fur rug in front of her. "Is it all gone, your voice?" he asked softly.

"I still have a little voice," she said, "but no one cares to hear it."

And again there was silence. There was constraint, too, in the atmosphere, for Bruce and Evelyn had grown into each other's lives and away from Christine's. Only in Phillip's heart was the real welcome that she craved.

She felt this instinctively, and it was her need of him, perhaps, that made her ask later, when the four had talked of many things, "Will you ride back to the hotel with me, Phillip? I know Evelyn had a dinner engagement and Bruce will want to say good-by to her without us."

Phillip insisted upon a stop at a tea-room, where they ordered iced as an excuse but ate nothing.

They talked of Bruce and of Evelyn and of the coming marriage. "Evelyn chose the better part," Christine said. "A woman is only a woman after all, and home-keeping hearts are happiest."

He felt that she regretted the loss of Bruce, and tried to comfort her. "I don't believe that you would have been happy with him, Christine," he said.

She looked at him startled. "With whom?" she demanded.

"With Bruce, of course," he said.

"Oh!" she laughed a little. "Did you think—why, Phillip, I am glad I gave up Bruce. If I had loved him I could not have given him up. If I had loved him no career could have taken me away from him, and that was why I went away to search for my pot of gold." She stopped for a moment; then she went on with some hesitation: "There was some one else that I loved, Phillip, but I was not light enough or frivolous enough to turn from one man to another. I felt that I must give up Bruce and test myself—but the other man never told me, Phillip, that he cared."

Something in her voice made him look at her startled.

"Would you have given up your career for that other man?" he demanded.

"Yes," she said softly. "I would have been glad to have used my voice for love songs and lullabies, Phillip. I knew that I was following a phantom, that my greatest happiness would not come from a career. But I felt that I must go away—because this other man was true to his friend, and because I felt that I must be very sure of myself."

"I could not tell you. You understand?" he asked eagerly. "I did not dream that you cared, and I thought Bruce's life was bound up in you."

"I knew it wasn't," she said. "But that had to be proved, and only my going away could prove it. And I am more than glad that I went away, Phillip, because I have learned now that love is the greatest thing in the world. I saw so many women over there living their pitiful little lives—women eaten up by jealousies and ambitions and the craving for excitement, and I learned that nothing makes a woman happy but love and a home. All the modern theories, all the advanced arguments can never make me believe anything else."

And then he knew that all his waiting was to have its reward. He told her, then, of his dreams and of his desires. He wanted her in his life. It seemed to them both, as they went out, that the world had changed; there was a radiance about the starlighted evening that was a reflection of the radiance within themselves.

As he left her at her hotel, Christine whispered, "I have found my pot of gold, Phillip."

"Where?" he demanded.

"At the other end of the rainbow," she said. "At the end that was nearest home, Phillip."



Phillip Sank Down on the Fur Rug in Front of Her.

three as they sat in the dim room. They had all loved Christine, and she had been engaged to Bruce; but feeling the call of her genius, she had chosen a career rather than marriage. And now Evelyn and Bruce were engaged and Christine was coming back.

Behind the samovar Evelyn whispered to her lover, "I am afraid."

"Of what?" he demanded.

"That when she comes back you will find that she has not forgotten—her."

He shook his head. "She did not love me, and now I know that I did not love her—not in the way that I love you, Evelyn."

Their voices after that sank into a murmured monotone. The darkness gathered, and the man on the couch, looking through the parted curtains, could see the stars. He thought of the girl who was coming back. When she had gone away she had been radiant with hope and beauty. She had been courted by a dozen admirers. And she was coming back a failure; coming back to find her lover ready to marry another woman.

His heart ached for her as it had never ached for himself. His own love had been hidden that she might not be hurt by seeing it, but through all the years there had been for him no other woman.

And even as he thought of her she came, parting the curtains softly and standing there in the dimness before any of them saw her.

She laughed a little as she came toward them, and they jumped to their feet in startled amazement.

"You didn't expect me so soon?" she asked, and kissed Evelyn and gave her hands to Bruce and to Phillip. She had lost some of her beauty. She was paler and thinner, and the light was gone from her eyes. She gave a little tired sigh as she dropped into the chair that Phillip had placed in front of the fire for her.

"How good it seems to be with you all again," she said, "the three dear people with whom I played as a child."

Presently she went on, "And now, Evelyn is going to marry Bruce, which is as it should be. I have come back to give you my blessing."

The word was said lightly, but Phillip, watching her, saw the trouble in her face. Did she still love Bruce? Would this marriage make her still more unhappy?

"When I went away," she said

Major Shurtz.

Lou Emerson, a state senator in New York, owns some big shirt factories up in the northern part of the state and is very rich.

One day he visited Republican headquarters in New York when B. B. Odell, Jr., was chairman. Odell was out and had left a flip young man in charge.

Emerson walked in. "Is Odell here?" he asked.

"Nope," replied the flip young man without getting up.

"Where is he?"

"Dunno."

"When will he be back?"

"Dunno."

Emerson turned to leave. "Who shall I say called?" asked the flip young man.

Emerson went over to the flip young man, caught hold of his shirt by the bosom, and said: "Tell him the man who made that 50-cent shirt you are wearing called."—Philadelphia Saturday Evening Post.

Not Qualified.

"Here's a man whom I can commend to you as a writer. He is possessed of a great deal of rude strength."

"Oh, then, he wouldn't do for polite literature."