

# FOLLIES OF THE PASSING SHOW—By Hanlon

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EXTREMELY MODERN WITCH RIDING. VACUUM CLEANER INSTEAD OF A BROOM

UNCLE ADNER GETS "LIT UP" AND THE CHILDREN MISTAKE HIM FOR A JACK-O-LANTERN

HOCUS-POCUS

THE WITCHES' CAULDRON AT THE HALLOWE'EN PARTY.

SHOCKING!

CONGENIAL SPIRITS.

## Perils of Trapping An Elephant Herd in Trengganu

By CHARLES MAYER

Illustrations by Will Crawford.

I waited on the beach at Trengganu for a few minutes, until the German steamer was well out of the way; then I sent my Chinese boy into the village to engage living quarters. He returned presently with the information that a Chinese trader had offered to put me up. Ali and I followed him up the street of the village, with a group of inquisitive natives at our heels.

Soon after I had finished my first meal at the trader's house, a tunku (petty prince) appeared with his followers. The meeting was solemn and formal, and he went through the ritual of inquiring after my health, though I could see that inquisitiveness was gnawing at him. At last he asked bluntly what my object was in coming to Trengganu.

"I have come to see the Sultan on important business."

He told me that it would be impossible for me to see the Sultan and offered to deliver my message. I waved him aside and told him that I must see the Sultan personally.

"Impossible," he replied, and departed in the direction of the palace. The palace was a half-finished, two-story brick dwelling. The Sultan had never been able to gather enough money to have the building completed; but, at that, it was the most imposing house in Trengganu.

An hour later I started out with Ali and the Chinese boy for the palace, to pay my respects to the Sultan and make another request. The interview, at the gate I was met by a tunku, who told me that the Sultan would not receive me. I returned to the trader's house and slept through the hot afternoon. When evening came, I went again to the palace and met with the same reception.

Twice a day for an entire week I called at the palace. I appeared to be making no headway, but I had been associated with the Malays long enough to know that the Sultan could not bear the strain much longer. Also, I knew that if I gave a tunku the least inkling of my purpose all my hopes of hunting in Trengganu would be wrecked.

The Sultan gave in at last; he sent word to the gate that he would receive me, and I was ushered into the "reception room" of the palace. The Sultan, a middle-aged, scholarly-looking man, was waiting for me, with his retinue squatted around him. I gave him my card.

"What is it?" he asked.

"My name," I replied, bowing.

"What country are you from?"

"America."

At last he lost interest in America and asked why I had come to Trengganu. I told him I had come to trap animals and I wanted his permission. He shook his head and replied that there were no animals in Trengganu.

"If you will send your messengers

out," I answered, "you will find that an immense herd of elephants is crossing from Pahang into your country."

"How do you know?"

"I heard," it was a Malay answer, and I could see that he was interested. A roaming herd of elephants is dangerous; it spoils rice crops, terrorizes the natives and most important of all—reduces the sultan's income.

He ordered coffee and Malay cakes and plunged into thought. The coffee was muddy and bitter, but I drank it joyfully because I knew the sultan, being worried, would probably see the wisdom of allowing me to enter his country and capture the elephants. Also I suggested that he would receive a bonus on each animal I captured. He nodded and asked me to come to the palace the next day.

Each day for three weeks I called on him and spent hours in telling him of my travels. And he told me something of the worries of being a sultan. He was afraid that one of the big powers would establish a protectorate over Trengganu, and he knew very little of foreigners, but he had come to the conclusion that the best thing to do was to keep them out. What did I think was the best plan? We held long conferences, in which I enlightened him on the ways of white men. The subject of elephant hunting scarcely came into the conversations, but I knew that he had sent messengers out to see if there was any truth in my story about the herd crossing from Pahang. I was slowly winning his confidence; everything depended upon the truth of that rumor I had picked up in Singapore.

Exactly three weeks after our first meeting, he greeted me with the words: "Tuan chakan betul (sir, you spoke the truth)."

"I always speak the truth," I answered, as if I were annoyed. The messengers had returned with the news that the herd had been seen near the Pahang river.

He asked what I proposed to do, and I drew a diagram of the trap I wanted to build. He asked if it would not be a better plan to shoot the big elephants and capture the young. I put stress on the royalty payments he would receive, and thus I won him to my way of thinking.

He assigned his nephew Omar—a tunku—to the duty of assisting me, and gave him full power to force as much labor as we might need. A few days later, Omar and I, accompanied by the sultan, sailed down the coast to the Pahang. It was a wide, deep river, infested with crocodiles; settlements dotted the banks. At each of these we stopped and called on the headmen to conscript labor.

Five days after leaving the capital, we arrived at the place where the herd had been located. We dis-

embarked. There followed two weeks of hunting, before we found the spot that told us we had reached the elephants.

It was dense jungle; undergrowth, creepers and vines bound the trees together. The lack of sunlight and the dense atmosphere made progress slow. Sometimes the task of driving elephants on foot through such country seemed hopeless, but I kept the men at work, hacking out trails with parangs—their big knives. The insects were frightful, and we were all covered with bites. I developed fever and went about so "groggy" that I was not at all sure of myself; but huge doses of quinine and the excitement of tracking so large a herd kept me going.

The scouts reported that the herd numbered about 100. I assigned 50 men to surround the elephants and keep them moving in a circle within a definite area while we built the stockade.

The work of making the trap was prodigious. Trees, 20 to 25 feet in length and a foot and a half in diameter, were cut down and dragged through the jungle about a mile or more to the spot I had selected. These were planted five feet in the ground and braced by three smaller trees, so that they could stand the enormous pressure of elephants trying to lunge through them. The trap was round—about 75 feet in diameter—with two wings, each 100 feet long, covering to the entrance. After planting and bracing all the posts, we bound them together with heavy ropes made of twisted rattan, and then covered them with vines and leaves.

In building the trap we took great care not to disturb the jungle through which the elephants were to be driven. Like all jungle animals, elephants can see at night, and there is always the danger of a stampede unless precautions are taken against suspicious. The jungle leading up to the wings was untouched, and the wings and the trap could scarcely be distinguished from the dense growth that surrounded them. In the runaway and in the trap the jungle was still standing without injury.

Word came from the men who were watching that the herd was four miles away. I gathered the natives around me, explained all the details of the drive and assigned men to the various tasks. Then we started in a body to get behind the herd. Every 500 yards, I stationed a man in a tree to steer the drive.

Driving elephants at night is a slow, trying, dangerous job. It means fighting every foot of the way through dense jungle and keeping up a continual hubbub of tom-toms and shouts. The elephants wish to avoid the noise and they move slowly away from it, crashing through the trees and vines. The men who are directly behind have the easiest time, for they can follow the trail broken by the elephants; those on



I climbed to the platform and looked down into the trap. There were 60 elephants.

the side must cut trails with their parangs. No lights can be used, and care must be taken to avoid the little elephants, which roam about, investigating the noise. If they see a man and give the danger signal, the entire herd stampedes.

When we arrived behind the herd,

I spread the men out in a U formation, warning them to make no noise until the signal was given. With Ali standing near me with my express rifle, I waited until darkness came; then I gave the signal and started forward. Ali, Omar, the priest, my Chinese boy and a few

others followed along behind me, shouting. The noise was taken up on each side of us, and presently we heard the elephants moving forward, throwing their great hulks against the jungle growths.

Dawn came, and we found that we had driven them a mile and a half.

It had been exhausting work. I posted guards to watch the herd, and we slept until late in the afternoon.

Early the next day the stampede hit us without warning. A small elephant, straying from the herd, saw some of the men on the right; he ran back, trumpeting danger. Then the following herd came down upon us.

Ali shoved my rifle into my hands and I jumped behind a tree. The Siamese priest stumbled and fell. Before I could shoot, a big bull elephant stepped on him and tore him in two, throwing the upper portion of his body over my head. I was spattered with blood. Elephants, bellowing furiously, rushed past us; men screamed and scrambled for places of safety. The immense animals loomed up in the darkness for a second and then disappeared. In their excitement some collided with trees.

There was no need to shoot; it would have been like holding up a fan to fend off a cyclone. I hugged my tree, keeping my gun in position. I was discouraged; our efforts had been wasted and the herd was scattered. That would be a fine story to take back to the sultan.

When the elephants had passed, I called to the men. We lighted torches and searched for the injured. Three had been killed and 12 hurt, and I was thankful there weren't more casualties. We buried the dead. Ali brought up my medical kit and helped me dress the wounds.

After a few hours' sleep, I found that I wasn't quite so discouraged, and so I called the men together and lectured them on the necessity of being careful.

Again I posted guides in the trees and spread out the drivers. Every man was alert, and when night ended, we were considerably nearer the trap. In the minds of the elephants there seemed to be no connection between the noise that was driving them and the men they had seen the night before, and they went ahead peaceably.

Leaving scouts to watch the herd, I gathered the men together and praised them. Success rekindled our enthusiasm that had been damped by the stampede, and when we threw ourselves down to snatch a few hours sleep, we were convinced that the drive would proceed without trouble.

At nightfall, each day, the men were again in position, waiting for my signal; and three nights later, we approached the stockade. The men went wild with delight. And above the uproar, I could hear the calls of the guides in the trees, telling us our distance from the trap.

The big beasts jammed in the runaway between the wings, heaving and struggling, and forcing those ahead of them into the trap. The walls of the wings groaned as they threw their bodies against the posts. The elephants bellowed, and the natives kept up a continual pandemonium.

mounted the platform and looked down; I could see nothing but a tossing flood of black that poured slowly from the runaway into the trap.

When the last elephant was inside, the ropes that held the gate were cut. The gate crashed down; bars were run through the sockets; the elephants were trapped.

On my platform I shouted as loudly as any of the Malays. Torches were lighted and the men began dancing. I slipped to the ground and warned them against climbing up on the walls of the stockade, for I was fearful that the sight of men might enrage the elephants. If the beasts suddenly took it into their heads to charge the wall in a body, some of the posts might give way. I could hear them milling around inside the trap, bellowing and tearing up the jungle in an effort to find a way out.

Through the remainder of the night the natives danced, ate and drank. Then, when dawn was beginning to light up the sky, I climbed to the platform again and looked down into the trap. There were 60 elephants!

Omar immediately sent a messenger to the sultan with the good news, and the word passed from village to village. Natives poured in to inspect the catch, and the messenger returned with the news that the sultan was on his way. It was a historic occasion in Trengganu.

We cut holes in the rattan webbing between the posts and enticed the small elephants to come out. There were several babies in the lot, and they soon became playful and affectionate. Baby elephants are just three feet high at birth and weigh 200 pounds. They grow an inch each month. We made pets of them. We did this by taking a pail of warm milk and dipping the babies' trunks into it, then doubling the quantity up and pouring it into their owners' mouths, and finally squirting milk in with a squirt gun.

The sultan arrived with his retinue, and we gave him a ceremonial greeting.

The sultan remained several days, and we spent much of our time in talking over the problems of government. These conversations ended by my becoming a sort of foreign adviser in all dealings with European countries. Later, before Trengganu was made a British protectorate, he awarded me some valuable tin concessions. The new arrangement under the British government was made satisfactorily; he received a suitable pension and he passed happily into a purely honorary position in his state, relieved of all the complexities of political administration. When I last saw him, he was living in indolent comfort, surrounded by his wives—and his two-story brick palace was at last completed.

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