

# FOLLIES OF THE PASSING SHOW—By Hanlon

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### Making Long Winter Nights Longer



YOU ARE EXPECTED TO ENTHUSE OVER THE CLEVERNESS OF LITTLE ETHEL WHO ONLY TOOK FOR THREE WEEKS

UNHAPPY STATE OF THE ACE-TRUMPER WHO HAS ALLOWED BUSINESS TO INTERFERE WITH HIS AFTERNOON BRIDGE STUDIES



HER COUSIN "DROPS IN" FOR THE EVENING



THE SNAP-SPOTS OF HER SUMMER VACATION



YOU ARE BOOKED FOR A "DUTY DANCE."

## ::: Long Chances in the Animal Dealer's Game :::

By CHARLES MAYER. Illustrations by Will Crawford.

Elephants are easily trained and, when they once get the idea of what is expected of them, they will do it over and over with little variation. A trick or a certain kind of work immediately becomes a habit with them. In fact, they can form habits more rapidly than any other animals I have ever seen.

In Burma there are large lumber mills, and elephants are used for rolling the logs into position for the saws. Pushing with their heads, they run the logs up two inclined skids to the platform. Two elephants do the pushing and a third elephant acts as boss. The boss need not be an especially intelligent animal; he is simply taught that the log must go up the skids in a certain way and that the two pushers must be kept even. In his trunk he carries a few links of anchor chain, which he uses as a whip. If one elephant falls behind, the boss gives him a rap with the chain. When the log is on the platform, the pushers turn and plod back for another. Because the boss elephant is quite unimpressed by his authority and the others show no resentment when he swings the chain on them.

When the whistle blows, the elephants know that it is time to stop work and eat. It makes no difference if they have a log within a fraction of an inch of the platform, the boss drops his anchor chain and gets out of the way, and the pushers step to one side, letting the log crash down again. Then, without the least expression of interest, they turn for the stalls. Because the engineer steps out when feeding-time comes, and looks up and down the runway to see if an elephant crew has a log on the skids. If so, he waits until it reaches the platform before he pulls the whistle cord.

The great weight and bulk of elephants sometimes make difficult the problem of handling and especially of shipping them. They are usually hoisted over the side of the ship in slings, but that method takes much time and labor, not to speak of very strong tackle. I did not evolve a new one, however, until the refusal of the captain of one of the British India Steam Navigation company's boats to take a consignment of elephants for me put my ingenuity to the test.

I was under contract to send 15 large elephants to Madras, and I had arranged with the company's agent at Singapore for three shipments of five each. The animals were the remainder of the Trengganu herd and I was anxious to see them shipped, for I was still sick with the fever. The doctor had told me that the best thing I could do was to leave the country and recuperate, and any delay in disposing of the animals meant a great sacrifice of either money or health.

The first five elephants, together with attendants and food, were waiting back of the sheds at Tanjong-Pagar, the docks at Singapore, to be put on board. At the last mo-

ment the chief officer came with the message that the captain refused to take them.

I went to the captain's cabin and found a stout, red-faced and apparently good-natured Englishman. He was just out of his bath, wearing pajamas and idling about in his cabin until the ship was ready to get under way. I thought it a good time to approach him, and I took care to be quite calm and cool about it, although I was raging inside.

I showed him my receipt and the bill of lading given me by the agent. He replied that the agent was not captain of the ship; he didn't care what agreement the agent had made. So long as he was captain, he'd run his ship to suit himself, and all agents could go to the devil, for all he cared. And, moreover, he'd not carry elephants—not for any one. I explained my position and told him that it would mean a great financial loss to me if I failed on my contract to deliver the elephants.

"Look here, Mayer," he said, "I've handled elephants at Calcutta and I've always had a lot of trouble with them. If I load these elephants, it means that I have to rig up extra gear, and I won't do it."

"Captain," I replied, "I'll load those elephants without using a foot of rope. I'll put them anywhere you say, and you won't have to rig up a bit of gear. And I'll unload them at Madras in the same way. Will you say the word?"

"I don't think you can do it," he answered, "but I'm enough of a sportsman to give you a chance."

That was all I wanted. I got out before he could ask me how I was going to work, for I couldn't have told him.

The elephants were to go in the bow and they had to be taken there through a seven-foot passage over amidships. The smallest of the elephants measured fully seven feet and the largest more than eight. I decided that we might as well try the electric bulbs be removed from the ceiling.

After some coaxing and prodding, we got the first elephant to the gangplank. The others followed obediently. Then I asked the chief officer to clear the cabins along the passage, for I was afraid that some one might open a door and frighten the elephant. A frightened, stampeding, eight-foot elephant in a seven-foot passage would give Singapore enough excitement to last for a year. The chief officer sent the people from the cabins and locked the doors.

The elephant balked at sight of the passage. I was at his head, talking to him and coaxing him, and two attendants were behind, prodding. We made him kneel and then urged him forward. At last we got him into the passage. It was a tight fit. His sides scraped the walls. I gasped at the thought of what would happen if he suddenly became afraid. He would try to stand up, of course, and then, wedged in, he would begin to kick and lunge his way out; and the other four, who were close beside him, would do the same. "And

then, good-bye, steamship," I said to myself. Slowly we made our way forward, with the five elephants hobbling along on their knees. I stayed close to the head of the first, talking to him and petting him. Finally we came to the end of the passage, and I drew the first deep breath in 15 minutes. I took the venture simply as a matter of course, and I didn't say anything that gave the captain an idea of what my emotions had been in that passage; but Ali looked at me and I looked at Ali, and there was no need of words.

I washed and went to the captain's cabin for breakfast, while the men secured the elephants in their quarters.

The captain said, "Mayer, that was the quickest and slickest thing I've

ever seen, but what am I going to do with those animals at Madras?" I knew that there were no docks at Madras and that all freight was unloaded into lighters, but I answered, "My men will attend to them."

When the ship reached Madras, the attendants opened the doors and simply backed the elephants overboard. They hit the water with a great splash and a roar and came up blowing like whales. They were swimming, of course, for elephants swim better than any other land animals I have ever seen. The attendants approached them in rowboats, and, jumping on their backs, rode them to shore. By the time they reached land, they had completely recovered from the excitement of falling overboard.

By the time I had disposed of the last of my elephants, I was so sick with fever that I could not leave my bed. I was dangerously ill and I began to realize that I should be lucky if I escaped with my life.

Mr. Lambert, who had been my friend ever since I landed at Singa-

apore to enter the animal business, engaged passage for me on a steamer bound for Europe and took charge of the affairs of my animal house in Orchard Road. When it was time to go to the steamer, my Chinese coolie boy carried me. He is the only Chinese I have ever seen cry; the tears rolled down his cheeks as he carried me up the gangplank and to my cabin, for he thought that he should never see me again. I rather thought so myself, but I figured that if they didn't drop me into the Red Sea, which is the last resting-place of so many people who have stayed too long in the tropics, I should recover and live to return.

Ali and the coolie waited faithfully for me during the next year,

and who had been created a Siamese nobleman, sent for me and offered me a commission that kept me busy for the next five years. The king of Siam was in the habit of making presents of wild animals to foreign rulers, and it became my work to select the animals and supervise all details of shipment. I was sent to interview the minister of the interior, H. H. Prince Damerong, who gave me a permit to travel wherever I pleased in Siam and to force labor. In Siam, I directed many hunts, especially for tuskers to be used in the teak forests. The driving was done entirely during the daytime, and on elephants, instead of on foot, as in Trengganu. The fever had left me in bad condition, and so I did not take an active part in the work.

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The cage broke and out went Mr. Leopard like a flash of lightning. . . . The Chinese saw him coming and a panic started.

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