

SHIPPING A BIG SHOW.

CERTAINLY OLD NOAH'S JOB WAS NO PICNIC.

Difficulties of Embarking Animals Today that Did Not Exist Before the Deluge—Scenes Among the Animals on the Steamship Monoval.

Letters-Day Noah's Ark. An old circus man says that Noah's job was certainly no picnic, and that if the eminent patriarch had spent one year in the circus business he would never have taken the contract of running the ark at all, but would have just laid down in his barn and waited for the deluge to come and drown him.

A big menagerie and circus with all the attending paraphernalia recently shipped from San Francisco to Australia. They sailed on a trip more protracted and perilous than that ever dreamed of by Noah. Elephants, tigers, hippopotami, lions, horses, camels, riders and all—the whole outfit crammed together in one ship of the sea; tents, monkeys, chariots and every other item of the show drifted on the broad Pacific Ocean. Never was such a job of embarkation experienced at the Oceanic dock, says the San Francisco Examiner; never again do the longshoremen of this port hope to ship a cargo of wild animals to Australia.

Over 650 tons of animals were shipped, and out of that amount about 100 tons of elephants, hippopotami, etc., did not want to go. The lions and tigers and hyenas and kindred beasts were easy enough to handle, but when it came down to obstinate African elephants, who loved America for sweet liberty's sake, the fun of embarkation was ended.

Imagine a big, wide, yawning covered dock, with its millions of cubic feet simply aching to be overcrowded. Imagine the flooring of that dock simply packed with a traveling show, and you



TWEEN-DECK PASSENGERS.

will have some faint idea of what the Oceanic dock looked like.

In the good old days when Noah went into the ship-building business the job of filling an ark with a complete, if heterogeneous, collection of mammals of both sexes seems to have been a task of comparatively easyness. Anyhow, Genesis says nothing about its difficulty, and if any hitch occurred—a strike among the longshoremen, or any of that sort of business—Genesis would have recorded it. As it was the animals went aboard two by two, or four by four as the case happened to be, etc.

When the job of loading began all was easy as a marriage bell. There were a number of obstreperous brutes, to be sure, and a certain number of all too other-joy—and neither cared for either. There was only one happy medium and that was the hay, and that hay came aboard in tons and carloads, tons upon tons of grass and oat hay, and tons upon tons of wheat and crushed barley. One could see the great ship sink in the water as wagon-load after wagon-load of the baled forage was swung aboard on the creaking derrick; and then still lower in the water she sank as they hustled on the seats, the tent poles, the hurdles, the staves, and the canvas.

For in the beginning the men did nothing but load on the mechanical contrivances of the show; and the embarkation was delayed until the last moment. Noah had no tents or things to load on the ark, and thereby saved a great deal of trouble; but there are men in the circus who contend that, tents or no tents, if Noah had to have shipped one African elephant, the ark would not have been started up this very day.

On Tuesday the work began. Early in the morning they piled the dock with seemingly useless piles of lumber, and still more useless wagon-trucks and wheels. Later on in the day they began to cart in grain and hay by the carload, and still later great big wagons came with hulking sides of beef—great drip-



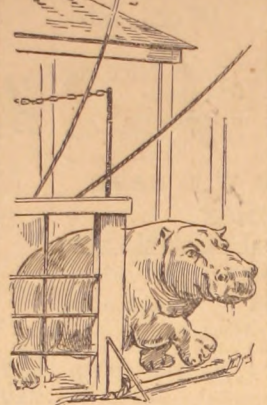
THE HIPPOPOTAMUS GETS "WHAT HEERD FEELING."

ping carcasses to stow in the big rearing frierators—meat-fish for the carnivora to feed upon during their imprisonment aboard ship while traversing the broad Pacific Ocean.

Many of the animals will die before they reach Australia. The wild hea of the Indian and African jungles can but little brook captivity, and those

confinement of a traveling cage aboard an ocean liner will knock the spirit and the life out of many of them. Nevertheless, the experiment of transportation was tried years ago, and proved a big success, and what matters a jaguar or a tiger or a lion more or less, if the main percentage of the show once safely reaches Australia.

They have queer ways, those incur-



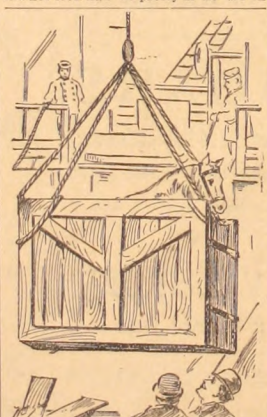
DICK INSPECTING HIS NEW QUARTERS.

erated denizens of foreign wildernesses. They live a while and struggle, then they get many winks and die. They resist they fight and starve, then they snk and lead, then they growl and grow sick, then they get paralyzed. They run up and down and up and down and twist in their circumscribed cages. One day the keeper notices that one of them is lame. He sits him up; the animal is lame. Next day he is more lame, and oh! so lazy. Next day he is lazier still, and won't even jump to his food. In a couple of days the truth comes out. He crawls to the door on his forelegs; the hindquarters dragging an inert weight behind. The forest ranger has succumbed to the paralysis of captivity, he is marked to die. If he cost a lot they try to nurse him back to health. If he did not why, pish! Heave him overboard at once and have more room for the living.

It's not nice to be an exhibit in an American circus en route for Australia. When Noah was running the animal business the animals were docile and tractable, and no especial arrangements had to be entered into for their shipment. Nowadays, however, the average star beast is out for human lives and he cannot be driven abroad ship with impunity. Therefore it was that elaborate precautions had to be taken in loading.

To begin with, each den was hauled up the dock pretty much the same as the dens are hauled along the main streets on the day that a circus comes to town. But the creaks lacked vivacity, so to speak; they lacked the golden rianour of a swell triumphal entry, and the gold and the tinsel were missing.

No gilt-edged queen of the hippodrome bestowed the haughty hippopotami, nor did some bespangled son of the torrid Indid surmount the elephant's neck. The gilt-edged queen was absent, the bspangled son of Hindostan wore overalls and a jumper at \$1.50 per suit. He did not look half so pretty as he did in



ASCENDING TO THE DECK.

tinsel, and therefore not half so useful; but he got there just the same—climbed the ladders in the neck with the business that looks like a bathook, hit him on the trunk, swore like a drunken trooper and, generally speaking, discharged his lawful duties and obligations like a gentleman in a scholar's neck.

When lions and tigers and similar brutes are locked up in cage wagons they are as easy to handle as lumber. The wagon is rolled up to the edge of the wharf, the circus hands and longshoremen sling ropes under its body and hitch it on to the hook that swings from the big derrick attached to the mainmast. Then the stevedore blows a whistle, and the man at the donkey engine opens the throttle valve, and that cage wagon goes floating up in the air with all the sweet simplicity of a canvas-back duck. When it gets about six fathoms above the wharf the soaring ceases for a moment. The circus hands remove the rollers from the wagon, and pile them in a heap on one side. Then the stevedore whistles again, the tackle creaks, the big cage creeps upward, the beasts inside it grant their disapproval—they are too scared to roar—and then, with a sweep through the circumambient atmosphere, they are launched on the deck of the steamer.

They did not crowd the big dens down into the dark hold; they stowed them along the deck. All the after deck is crowded with cages of animals. There was no trouble in embarking the wilder animals, and the horses—sleek and lovely animals—were docile and tractable when placed in the open box prepared for them, and hoisted one by one from the wharf-side and lowered into the hold. There they were placed in little stalls, the same as ordinary stables.

It was in shipping the elephants, though, that the fun for the populace and the trouble for the circus men arose. The elephant stands pre-eminently the most sagacious among the entire brute creation; he may, also, when he gets his "mad" up, be classified among the most

contrary. Your average Asiatic elephant, however, the fellow with the curly ears, seldom or never gets mad. He's African cousin, the chap with the great flapping ears that look as if they could listen to a thousand orchestras at one time and hunger to listen to more, never jumps unless he is kicking against a grievance.

Max was the name of the star African elephant in this shipment. Max had watched his old pal Dick, the hippopotamus being shipped, and he pitied Dick, and trumpeted out his sympathy, when Dick got that tired feeling and yawned like a rusty thunderbolt. Then they tried to persuade Max to go and on the amphibious beast, but Max knew better.

America was good enough for Max; he did not want any antipodes in his. They got Dutch, the big Asiatic elephant, to march up to the land-end of the dock with him, and Dutch coaxed him like a brother. Out on the street way a big derrick had been hung, and pendant therefrom was a big square box, all bound with thick bars of iron.

The object entertained by the show people was to coax Max into that box and shove him on shipboard. The object entertained by Max was to thwart and hinder their plans to the best of his capacities and understanding. They coaxed on the monster with honeyed words and pickaxes; then they jabbed, on the north end with many spikes and bathooks, but all Max did was to pick up a wisp of hay with his trunk, fan himself therewith for a moment, and then chuck it upon his shoulder to keep the flies off. They explained the matter to Dutch and Dutch entered into the scheme to delude his African brother, and with true Asiatic duplicity entered the box himself, twirled around, snorted in bliss and made believe that that box was a small terrestrial paradise. Max watched his demonstration with unmoved dignity, and when Dutch came out and begged him (Max) to sample the delights of the box, the African just winked, but did nothing.

Then the men tried pickaxes and



AN UNWILLING EMIGRANT.

things again, but it was all no use. Max seemed to enjoy a cigar from a pack in the rear; anyhow he waltzed around in uncontrolled happiness, but would not go near the box.

A crowd gathered, but Max did not mind. One grows accustomed to crowds in the show business. The men got tired; so did Dutch, and eventually they asked the Asiatic to hustle his pal into the pen. Then the fun began. Dutch tried to get behind Max and shove him bodily with his tusks; Max dodged Dutch like a schoolboy. Never was seen such an instance of animal sagacity. The big Asian trying to force the African without hurting him, the African doing his best to avoid the Asian in a determined but good-natured way.

At last, tiredness, the largest elephant in the lot, was standing down on the farther end of the dock eating peanuts. When the superintendent got tired of Max's antics he roared down to her: "Come up here, Queen!"

Queen waved her trunk and wagged her tail, then solemnly stalked up the dock. "Hurry up, there!" and as he spoke the big beast broke into a jog-trot, and her big, loose skin flapped on her sides like wet clothes on a living skeleton. "Shove in Max! Help Dutch!"

In a second Queen had her tusks against Max's flanks, in half a minute she had him pinned up against the inside of the box and was holding him there while Dutch hustled around to close the big door. When Dutch had jammed to the door and was holding it safe Queen withdrew, hit Dutch a smack with her trunk on the shoulder and stalked down to her peanuts once more. Max is shut out of America.

Five minutes more little Topsy, the African lady elephant, is locked under the hatches. Still a few more minutes and Big Dutch joins her. Last of all Queen waves and starts into the box. The tackle strains and creaks, the big pen rises upward, a great gray trunk lifts itself above the sides and trumpets an au revoir. Then down it disappears through the fore hatch, and the crowd on the dock watches as it sinks and sinking into the darkness of the lower hold. A whistle. The creaking stops. An other whistle and an idle hook swings upon the end of the tackle. The labors of the modern Noah are ended. The animals are all aboard the ark.

Making It Realistic.

Questioner—I wonder where Shakespeare got the idea reflected in the sentence, "When graveyards yawn?" Based altogether on superstition, I imagine?

Jester—Perhaps, although I can believe such a thing possible to be brought about.

"How?"

"By having Dominic Prolicks visit any of them and preach a funeral sermon."—Boston Courier.

A Water Gun. Near Horn Head, County Donegal, Ireland, there is a hole in the rocks called McSwiney's gun. It is on the sea coast, and is said to have connection with a cavern. When the north wind blows and the sea is at half flood the wind and the waves enter the cavern and send up jets of water from the "gun" to a height of more than 100 feet. The jets of water are accompanied by explosions which may be heard for miles.

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