*The Training of Lions, Tigers, and Other Great Cats.**

By Samuel Hopkins Adams.

TRADITION of the menagerie has decreed that man's superiority over the animal shall be turned to financial account in the subjugation and education of the great felines. The lion, the tiger, the leopard, the puma, the jaguar, and others of the fierce cats are chosen for this career because of their reputation for ferocity and cunning, and because of the demand of the show-going public for the greatest possible element of peril. So there has grown up a profession known as "lion-taming"—a misnomer, for no feline, except the domestic variety, is ever tame while it has life in it—a profession that is never likely to become overcrowded.

First, as to the selection of the animal. On one point all trainers are agreed: that an animal from the wilds is preferable to one born in captivity; and the reason is a simple one. The captive creature lands after a long voyage, during which it has almost incessantly suffered from sea-sickness, want of care, and insufficient food. It is weak, wretched, and broken in body and spirit. In a few hours it has a comfortable and spacious cage, with clean straw, fresh air, good food, and, above all, quiet and peace. Then the new arrival is ready to establish amicable relations with the human beings who seem to be connected with this new career of first-class board and lodging. Therefore, the new arrival, whether lion, tiger, leopard, jaguar, or puma, is in a proper frame of mind for the commencement of its education.

On the other hand, the feline born in captivity is a spoiled child. Accustomed to man from the beginning, it has for him neither fear nor respect. In consequence, it endures the presence of the trainer in its cage without protest; but let him attempt to force it into some course of action against its will, at the first touch of punishment it springs at his throat. Then only the harshest measures, long continued, will avail, and the chances are that the animal will be worthless as a performer and utterly untrustworthy throughout its existence. The lion or tiger kitten that has been the pet of some private family is still worse bred, and commonly returns to menagerie life accompanied by a message to this effect: "Please take Kitty back; she has eaten the mastiff." Or it may be that the youngster adds to the interest of city life, as did a little lioness who was taken to the bosom of a quiet Philadelphia family several years ago. She broke out of her cage one night, sequestrated the owner of the house on a high-railed balcony, and bit a finger off a policeman who unguardedly attracted her attention before, instead of after, climbing a convenient tree. That one night ruined her; she was a bad lioness all her life. It is seldom worth while to work over a feline whose infancy has been passed as a member of a private family.

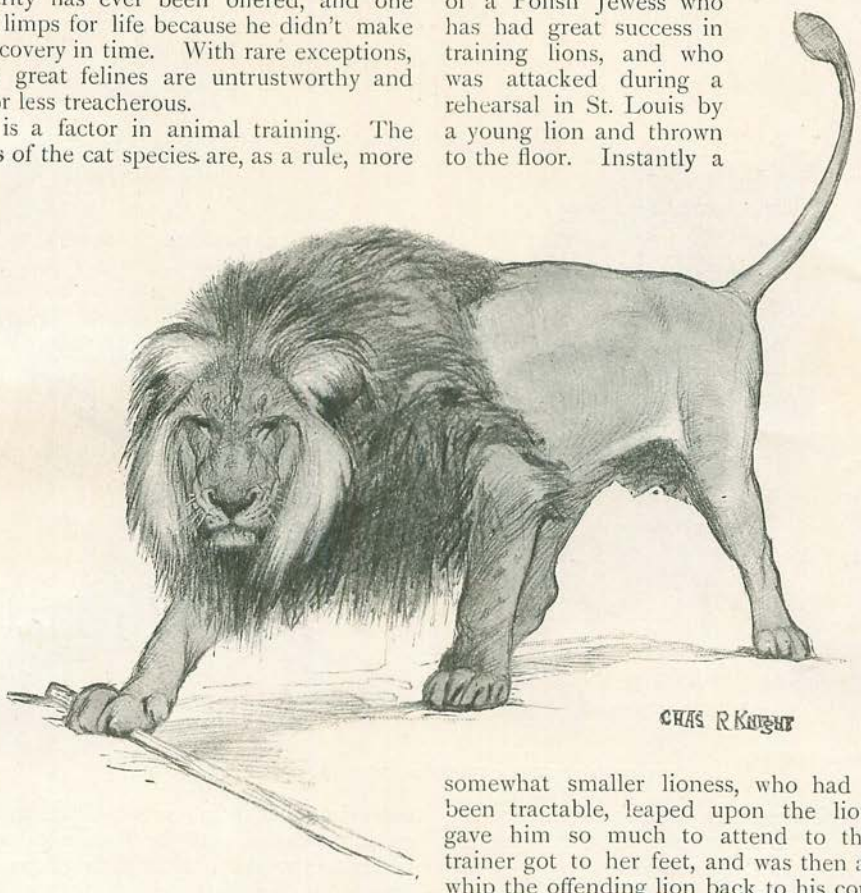
It must not be supposed that all captive felines are amenable to education. The personal equation enters in very largely. What will do for the lion will do for the tiger, the leopard, the puma, or the jaguar; but what will do for one lion, tiger, puma, or jaguar will not do for another. And the public, in assuming that the lion is brave and the tiger treacherous, and in ascribing set qualities to the other great cats, is generalizing without basis.

The lion is feared for his clumsiness, which makes him likely to do damage unwittingly; the jaguar and leopard for their terrific swiftness in action; and the tiger for a tenacity of purpose which, once aroused, is almost unconquerable. But it cannot be said that one species is more to be feared, generally speaking, than another. It is the individual that must be reckoned with and studied by the successful trainer. One animal is sulky, another stupid, a third subject to sudden fits of rage, another curious,

another timid, another will show a certain fussy and old-maidish disposition, and refuse to perform unless all the circumstances are just as he thinks fit. To master such characteristics is the life-work of the trainer, and his life may depend upon his acumen. There is a very famous lion now performing who fears only one thing, a stick held in the left hand of the trainer. The man may have a club, a knife, a pistol, or even a fire-brand in his right hand, and the lion will spring for him; but the smallest wand in the left hand will keep the beast perfectly tractable. No satisfactory explanation of this individual peculiarity has ever been offered, and one trainer limps for life because he didn't make the discovery in time. With rare exceptions, all the great felines are untrustworthy and more or less treacherous.

Sex is a factor in animal training. The females of the cat species are, as a rule, more easily managed and less dangerous than the males. I have talked with one man of wide experience with animals of all kinds, who declares that there is no large animal, except the elephant, that takes to training more kindly, and follows its lessons more conscientiously, than the average tigress. The sex of the trainer has influence upon many animals. Lions and lionesses who will not permit a man in the cage can be handled by a woman, and the reverse is also true, though women are more successful than men as trainers, and have fewer accidents. Sometimes an animal will conceive a real affection for the trainer, and will fawn upon him like a dog, and even protect him from the others should they attack him; but the vast majority of cases of defence of a trainer by an animal have no firmer foundation than in the fertile imagination of the ingenious Press agent.

A well-authenticated case, however, is that of a Polish Jewess who has had great success in training lions, and who was attacked during a rehearsal in St. Louis by a young lion and thrown to the floor. Instantly a somewhat smaller lioness, who had always been tractable, leaped upon the lion, and gave him so much to attend to that the trainer got to her feet, and was then able to whip the offending lion back to his corner.



"HE DRAWS BACK, GROWLS, AND, THRUSTING OUT A HUGE PAW, PINS THE INTRUDING OBJECT TO THE FLOOR."

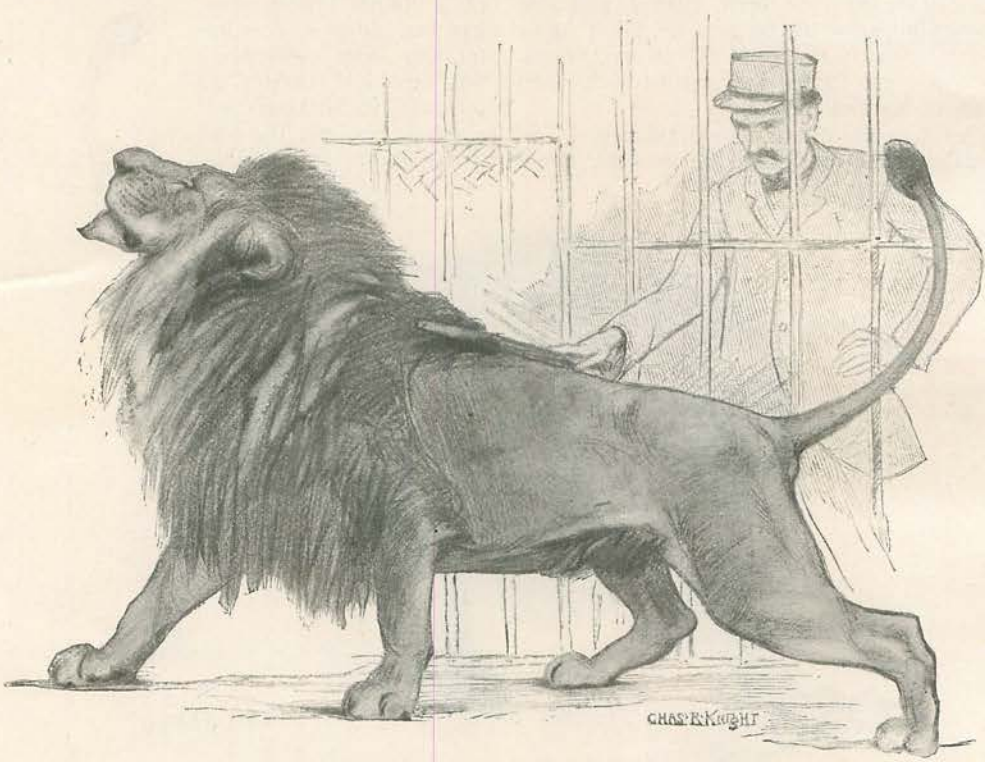
No trainer depends on any such interference; in fact, he takes it for granted that, if he is attacked and thrown, the other beasts in the cage will join in the onset. The fellowship of animal for animal in the bonds of slavery is stronger than that of animal for man. Once in the cage, the trainer is alone among vastly superior forces that may at any moment become hostile.

Let us consider the education of a two-

year-old lion who has just been established in his quarters after a sea voyage from the coast of Africa, and has begun to feel the cheering effect of his improved circumstances. Presumably he is looking about him with some curiosity as to what is coming next. Already he has become accustomed to regard the approach of men as an indication of feeding time; consequently he is inclined to honour the human being with his approval on general principles. To his cage comes the trainer, and speaks to him in soothing tones. Leo regards him without any evidence of perturbation. The trainer, after talking to him for a few minutes, throws him a savoury strip of meat, and loiters around the cage for an hour or more before he goes.

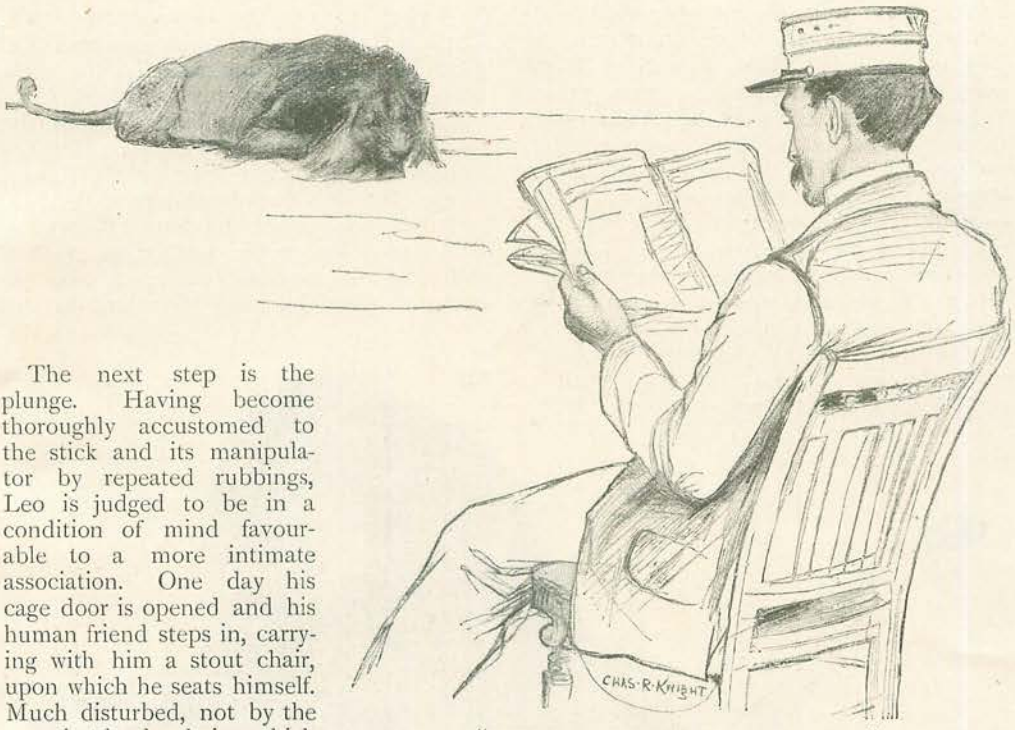
The next day he is back again, and the same performance is repeated. By the third day Leo, being of average intelligence, recognises his voice when he comes to the cage—it is always the voice that a lion recognises first, for which reason a trainer invariably speaks to his animals upon approaching them—and, if he is in pretty good humour, purrs. That is the signal for the next step in the acquaintanceship. The trainer pokes a broomstick between the bars.

This invasion is more than Leo bargained for, however. He draws back, growls, and, thrusting out a huge paw, pins the intruding object to the floor; then drags it into the cage, the trainer offering no resistance. Perhaps the lion contents himself with knocking the stick about a bit and growling at it, having ascertained that it is harmless; or perhaps he crunches it between his terrible teeth. At any rate, no sooner has he disposed of it to his satisfaction, and settled down again, than another stick appears, and the quiet voice that he has learned to recognise is heard outside. Very likely Leo pulverizes that intruder, too; but the broom sections persist, until he wearies of trying to make toothpicks out of such a quantity of lumber, and permits one of them to be laid on his back without protest.



"HE FEELS IT GENTLY RUBBED ALONG HIS NECK AND BACK."

Behold, now, a wonderful matter to the illuminated mind of Leo, for not only is there no harm in this piece of wood, but it is an agency for the increase of happiness. He feels it rubbed, gently rubbed, along his neck and back, and from a dubious and somewhat timid frame of mind passes to serene content, which he announces by loud purrings. There is nothing a lion so loves as grooming.



"THE TRAINER SITS QUIETLY READING A PAPER."

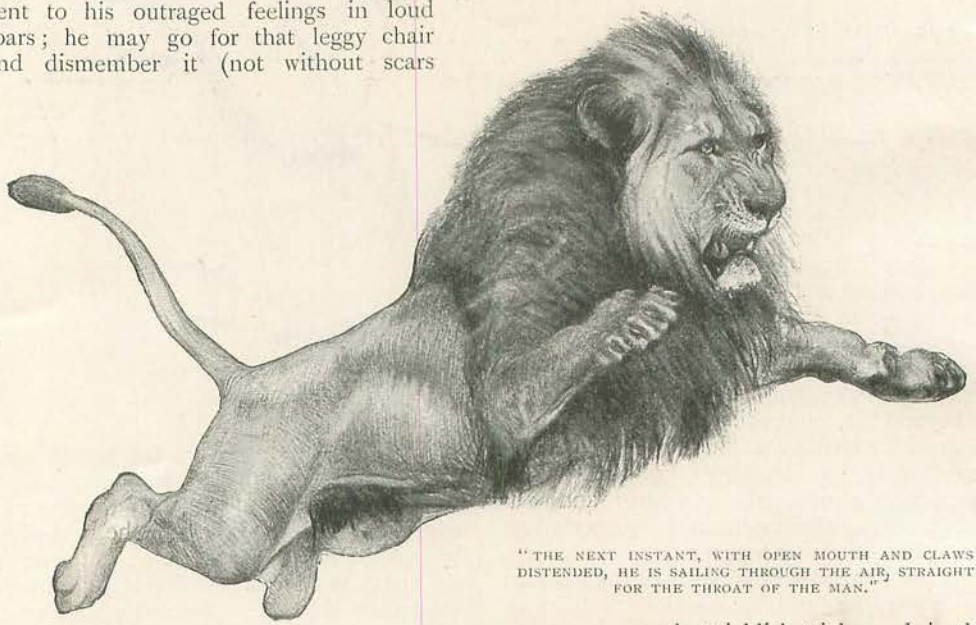
The next step is the plunge. Having become thoroughly accustomed to the stick and its manipulator by repeated rubbings, Leo is judged to be in a condition of mind favourable to a more intimate association. One day his cage door is opened and his human friend steps in, carrying with him a stout chair, upon which he seats himself. Much disturbed, not by the man, but by the chair—which is beyond his comprehension—the lion retreats to the far corner of the cage, and crouches there growling. The trainer sits quietly reading a paper, and casting glances at the lion from the corner of his eye. Thus the situation remains for a couple of hours; then the man and his chair depart as they came, and Leo is left to think it over.

Upon their reappearance the next morning he has very likely reached the conclusion that the matter will stand a little investigation, and he approaches cautiously. The trainer stretches out toward him the same stick from which he has experienced that pleasant grooming; but in its new surroundings it rouses his quick distrust and he retreats to his corner. Alarm begets wrath. It is feline nature to dissemble that wrath until the moment of action. Leo does not growl or lash his tail. The growling lion is not to be feared, and the lashing tail is not, as commonly supposed, an indication of anger, but of good humour. Watch the tail of a cat when you are scratching her head, and you will see. It is when the tail stands out straight and rigid that the trainer begins to think of retreat. Leo's tail becomes an iron bar. Perhaps the trainer is warned in time to slip out at the door; perhaps not until so late that he knows he will not have the opportunity. Leo glances aside carelessly, and the next instant, with open mouth and claws distended, he is sailing through the air, straight for the throat of the man, his 800lb. of sinew and muscle inspired by all the ferocity of fear and hate.

The man who will not have foreseen that terrific onset, holding himself ready for it, has no business with wild animals, and will, in all probability, never again attempt any dealings with them. Upon his agility now depends his life. That chair was not brought in merely for comfort. It is the best defence possible to the lion's spring. Swift and apparently unpremeditated as the leap has been, the man has seen the tenseness of the muscles that preceded it, and before the animal has reached him the stout legs of the chair are bristling between them. Here is another problem for Leo. This unknown thing has suddenly assumed an unexpected and possibly deadly significance. Snarling, he drops on his haunches and claws at the barrier. Out from behind it springs a stick—the same old stick of his pleasurable memories, but turned to what base uses now, for it flicks him soundly on the tip of the nose, where a lion keeps all his most sensitive feel-

ings! Again it lands, and the chances are ten to one that two blows on that tender spot are enough. Howling with grief and rage, Leo ceases to claw the chair, an unsatisfactory proceeding at best, and retires to his corner, not a little chopfallen. By the time he has had leisure to consider the strange occurrence the trainer is out of the cage, leaving the chair behind. Now Leo may do any one or more of several things, according to the measure of his emotions. He may glower and sulk in his corner; he may rant and ramp about his cage, giving vent to his outraged feelings in loud roars; he may go for that leggy chair and dismember it (not without scars to his own hide, probably), or he may settle down to think the thing over calmly, and conclude that he has made a fool of himself by getting angry and trying to destroy things before he found whether there was any harm in them or not. Eventually, in the great majority of cases, he will come to the last conclusion; possibly passing through all the other phases as intermediate steps to wisdom.

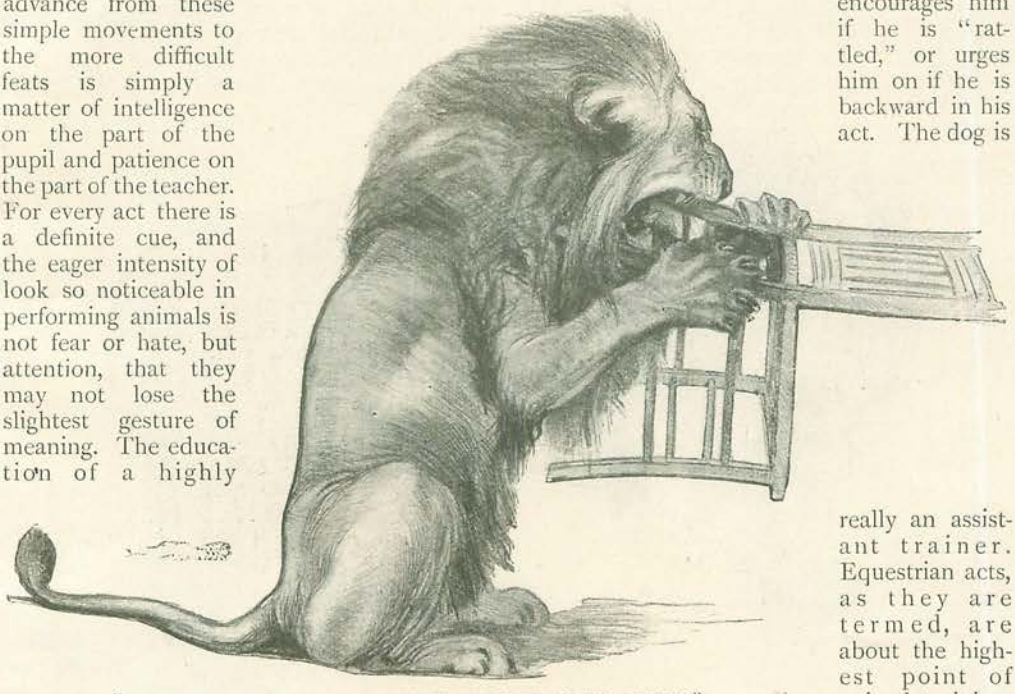
Let us suppose now that the Leo of our consideration has slept on the problem, and concluded to be sensible by the next morning. His repentant frame of mind is shown, when his trainer appears, by the purr with which he responds to the invariable greeting. Into the cage steps the man with his chair and his stick. No longer militant, but still somewhat timid, the animal keeps over in his corner. Little by little the man edges the chair over until he is within reach; then he begins to rub the lion with his stick. Little by little he decreases the distance still more by shortening his grasp on the stick, until finally he has his hand on Leo's shoulder and is petting him. This is the second great step in advance: the lion has learned to endure the touch of the human hand. Not only does he endure it; he likes it, for few animals are indifferent to petting. Day by day the trainer familiarizes the lion with his presence and touch; rubbing his back, stroking his shoulders, raising his paws—a somewhat ticklish trial—and, in the course of a fortnight after first entering the cage, if the animal be of fairly good temper, so accustoming Leo to the human presence that all alarm and overt enmity have been eradicated.



"THE NEXT INSTANT, WITH OPEN MOUTH AND CLAWS DISTENDED, HE IS SAILING THROUGH THE AIR, STRAIGHT FOR THE THROAT OF THE MAN."

Beginning at this point, the education of an animal is simply getting him into certain habits of action, each one of which is intimately connected with something he sees or uses. The pupil, when he sees the paraphernalia of his performance, knows exactly what is expected of him, and in time will come to do it readily. The successful performance of all trained animals depends upon this almost instinctive following of long-established habit, together with the pleasure the exercise gives to animals habitually confined in small cages. To the ordinary tricks of following the cues given him by his trainer the pupil is trained by being drawn with ropes from one end of the cage to the other,

or upon his hind feet in response to a toss of the master's hand. Then he is taught to jump over a board laid in his cage, and as the board is raised he leaps higher, until he is gradually brought to the point of a five-barred gate. The advance from these simple movements to the more difficult feats is simply a matter of intelligence on the part of the pupil and patience on the part of the teacher. For every act there is a definite cue, and the eager intensity of look so noticeable in performing animals is not fear or hate, but attention, that they may not lose the slightest gesture of meaning. The education of a highly trained beast extends to the smallest action, even those which seem the least premeditated. His growling, his roar of apparent rage, the unsheathing of the murderous claws, and the swinging stroke at the stick that taps him—all these are in obedience to commands unsuspected by the audience.



"SNARLING, HE DROPS ON HIS HAUNCHES AND CLAWS AT THE BARRIER."

One of the most tedious tricks to teach, and successful when once learned, is the see-saw performed by several animals. At first they are greatly alarmed by the shifting foundation beneath their feet; but when they have acquired confidence they are as eager for the fun as so many children, and come running and hustling each other at the call to reach the board first. The great difficulty of teaching animals of different kinds to perform together is not generally understood by the public, which fails to appreciate the fact that the lion associating amicably with the leopard is trained to forget his own nature. Great Danes and boarhounds are often used to perform with lions, but not for the protection of the trainer, as is popularly supposed, as the weakest lion could destroy the largest dog with one tap. The dog is useful because of his intelligence and his friendly instincts toward other animals. He is usually on excellent terms with the lion, and encourages him if he is "rattled," or urges him on if he is backward in his act. The dog is really an assistant trainer. Equestrian acts, as they are termed, are about the highest point of animal training, for both the animal who rides and the animal who is ridden must be educated to go through the performance without alarm.

How readily the best-trained felines learn is illustrated by an event which occurred at Atlanta several years ago. A menagerie showing there had advertised extensively a feat of equestrianism by a lion. At the last moment the lion "went bad," that is, became vicious, and there was no equestrian act on the opening night. The public grumbled, and the newspapers said unpleasant things. There was danger of a popular outbreak, and the head trainer of the show decided that there should be an equestrian act, if the term "equestrian" can be properly used where an elephant is the steed.

He took a three-year-old lion of exceptional intelligence, and started in early one morning to teach him to ride the elephant. First he trotted him around the ring with the elephant and a big boarhound who acted as assistant. After the pachyderm and the feline had got over their mutual distrust to some extent the

lion was taken up on a platform and lured upon the broad back of the elephant by strips of raw meat. There, however, at an eminence of 7ft. 6in. from the ground he became nervous, and dug a claw into the thick hide, the better to maintain himself. Such are the muscles on an elephant's back that it is said he can shake a flea off any part of it. This elephant shook, and the lion shot off as if a catapult had been sprung at any moment from the slightest causes. An accident at the Porte St. Martin Theatre, in Paris, has become part of the annals of the show business. The chief feature of the exhibition was a "turn" consisting of the casting of a young woman securely bound into a cage of lions, heralded as being the fiercest and most bloodthirsty of man-eaters.

Unfortunately, the woman who had the "thinking part" of the victim was taken

"HE RETIRES TO HIS CORNER, NOT A LITTLE CHOPFALLEN."

under him. Feline agility brought his paws under him before he reached earth, but he was much shaken and alarmed. Naturally, he sought to sneak away; but the boarhound headed him off, barking encouragingly, and the lion came back. This time the elephant was swathed in thick cloths. Over and over again the lion was made to mount the elephant and ride, and on the following day the act was produced before a big audience, and—though the elephant was nervous, and the lion was more nervous, and the trainer almost had nervous prostration—the performance went off beautifully. But not with one lion in twenty could such a result have been achieved.

More animals are lost to the stage through fear than through viciousness. The show people dread a timid lion, tiger, or leopard, not only because in its panic it is likely to injure the trainer, but because it is unreliable, and may take fright and spoil a performance ill, and a substitute was found in the wife of one of the trainers, herself a trainer of some experience, but without any acquaintance with these particular six lions. As she was somewhat nervous she carried a small club ready for use should occasion arise. Amid the breathless silence of the spectators the ring-master explained the ferocious nature of the lions and the terrible risk of the woman, and she was thrust in at the cage door. In the excitement of the occasion the door was not securely shut after her. No sooner was she fairly inside than the six monarchs of the jungle, seeing that a strange person had been forced upon them, raised a chorus of shuddering terror, bolted for the cage door, clawed it open, and, with dragging tails and cringing flanks, fled out through a rear entrance and found refuge in a cellar, whence they were dislodged only after great difficulty. It was a week before the "ferocious man-eaters" were sufficiently

recovered from their terrors to reappear in public. Animals so timid that confidence cannot be inspired in them are not used for any of the higher-class performances, but are employed only for the simple "sensational acts," which often catch the public quite as much as the more difficult feats, but which require little education of a definite sort. In this category are included running around in a circle to the cracking of a whip, jumping over bars and through hoops, and even leaping through blazing hoops. For all of these feats the animal need only be driven, not led. His fears will supply the motive. Such animals are never punished by chatisement; a harsh word is enough, and the great danger is that it may prove too much. It is a matter requiring from the trainer a high degree of tact. Nor are the bolder felines whipped or clubbed to anything like the extent that is popularly supposed to be the case. Only when they are stubborn or show fight do they suffer. "Do not punish until you have to; then punish hard," is the training maxim. The apparent lashes with the whip given during performances, and greeted with savage growlings from the beasts, are mere pretences, part of the daily programme, and known to the subjects as such. Expert, indeed, with the whip must the trainer be, for if one of those sweeping blows should go wrong and land where it hurt some one of his animals there might well be a variety of trouble—not impossibly an attack; almost certainly a fit of sulks on the part of the beast struck, while doing his best, that would put an end to further endeavour by him that day.

After the animal has learned his lesson and become expert in his performance there still remains the test of a public exhibition. This is always a matter of anxiety for the trainer, as animals suffer from stage fright. The sight of the crowd is likely to distract them and draw their attention from the trainer, so that they lose their cues. Once thoroughly accustomed to the atmosphere of the stage they seem to find in it a sort of intoxication not unknown to a species higher in the organization of Nature. In talking with many men who have put animals on the stage I have not found one who does not state positively that his subjects are affected by the attitude of an audience: that they are stimulated by the applause of an enthusiastic house, and perform laxly before a cold audience. Music is a stimulus to them. In many cases it is their principal cue, and without the strains of the band they are uncertain and unhappy. It is not long since the band of an animal show went on strike in the middle of a performance, and left. Three trained tigers were the next number on the programme after the defection of the musicians. When they came on they looked inquiringly about for the music, and, in its absence, two of them squatted down on their haunches and positively declined to go on. The third, who was of less experience in the profession, made a feeble start and then joined his companions on strike. Beating was of no avail. No music, no performance, was obviously the motto of those tigers; and they stuck to it through good and evil case—principally evil, as they got a severe thrashing before being driven off in disgrace to their cages.

In association with animals of the feline species there is an ever-present element of danger, no matter how well trained they may be. Every time the trainer in the cage turns his back he risks his life—not a great risk, to be sure, but still there is the chance of death in a stroke. Yet it is impossible to keep the eye on half-a-dozen animals in one cage, and the man must trust to the good temper of his subjects constantly. Many beasts—and this is particularly true of lions—leap at the bars of the cage in a frenzy of rage the moment the trainer leaves them, as if furious that they had let him out alive; yet the next time he enters they are completely under his dominion none the less. So excellent is the effect of this fury upon the thrill-demanding public that now lions are trained to this very trick.

What the trainer most dreads is that inexplicable change of temperament on the part of the animal known in the parlance of the menagerie as "going bad." It may come in the nature of a sudden attack, or it may be of slow and traceable progress. Sometimes it lasts but a short time, and again it will remain the permanent characteristic of the creature, in which case he is relegated to the lone cage to pass the rest of his life in comparative obscurity, for the hardiest trainer will not attempt to work with a brute in this condition of bloodthirstiness. Lions are likely to go bad about the tenth year of life; tigers two or three years earlier. The tiger is the dread of the profession when he reaches this condition, because he is more likely to go into a frenzy without warning; and once "gone bad" his heart is set on murder, and he will leap for any man within reach, whether in or out of the cage, and when his teeth are on the bone nothing short

THE SECOND GREAT STAGE: THE LION HAS LEARNED TO ENDURE THE TOUCH OF THE HUMAN HAND.

of fire will impel him to relinquish his hold. Usually an old trainer can detect the symptoms of this curious ailment. It seems to be somewhat in the nature of a psychical disease, and other animals recognise it and shun the affected one. A trainer never thinks of fighting an animal in this condition. If attacked, his one object is to defend himself until he has a chance to escape from the cage and as soon as possible to segregate the sufferer from his fellows.

More minor injuries in the training business are received without evil intent on the part of the animal than in any other way. For instance, the lion is a clumsy brute at best, and is at any time liable to misplace a paw armed with claws that could not be more effective if they were fashioned from so much chilled steel. If that paw scrapes along the leg of the trainer the unlucky man goes to the hospital. Again, what begins by accident may be turned to murderous account by the animals. The most perilous thing a man can do in a cage of wild animals is to lose his footing, for it is more than likely that the moment he falls the animals, by some course of reasoning peculiar to themselves, will conclude that his power is gone and will spring upon him. An English trainer was almost torn to pieces once because of a pair of stiff boot-tops that he wore. One of his tigers slipped, and swept a reaching claw around to the man's leg. It was a purely accidental blow, and the tiger, alarmed, sought to get away; but the keen claws had sheared through the stiff leather, and in endeavouring to extricate them the animal threw his master down. Quick as a flash the two other tigers in the cage were upon the prostrate trainer; and but for the prompt

action of an assistant, who sprang into the cage and beat them over the noses with a heavy bar, the man would never have come out alive. It is a vital article in the code of every good trainer never to lose his temper at an accident of this kind, or to punish the innocent cause of it.

Sometimes a flash of anger on the part of the animal, not directed at the trainer particularly, but just a sort of let-off for an overcharged temper, may be the cause of injury. At Philadelphia recently I had an illustration of how terrible a blow a jaguar can strike, though, fortunately, in this case the damage was entirely to inanimate objects. The animal, a magnificent female, had been rehearsing some fancy leaping from shelf to shelf, and as a finale was to jump from a shelf about 7ft. high to a wooden ball some 10ft. distant, and maintain herself upon the ball, a most difficult and attractive feat. The graceful creature measured the distance carefully with her eye, and stretched her lithe neck out toward the goal for a few moments before essaying the leap. Then she launched herself. That leap was a study in beauty of form and grace of motion; but there was a slight miscalculation. The jaguar clung for a moment to the oscillating sphere; then fell to the ground, landing on her feet in a crouching posture. Swifter than the eye could follow there was a motion of the paw—what in the prize-ring would be called a left jolt, I should think—and that wooden ball, weighing at least 20lb., sailed across the cage and hit the bars with an impact that shook the structure like an earthquake, frightening the pair of lions and the leopard who shared the cage almost out of their wits. As for the jaguar, she glared fiercely around to see if the other animals were laughing, but, seeing no evidences of mirth, slunk away to one side, where she examined her paw with an appearance of solicitude, listening meantime to the rebukes of the trainer with obvious confusion. It is the possibility that at any moment a blow of that calibre may land on him which preserves the trainer from danger of *ennui* when engaged with his pets.

Frank C. Bostock, who by virtue of many years of experience in handling wild animals of all kinds has come to be a sort of adviser and coach of animal trainers, says that in a very large percentage of cases injuries suffered from trained animals are the fault of the trainer. "Inexperience and carelessness are the great factors in accidents of this kind," says Mr. Bostock. "The average young trainer is too likely to forget that every one of the big cats has five mouths, as one may say: one in his head, and four more at the ends of his paws, and each of those mouths is capable of inflicting terrible injury. However, we do not place an animal in the list of bad animals unless he makes a direct and full attack. Striking at the trainer with the paws amounts to little; it may be even accidental. It is the spring that counts. Every trainer expects to be clawed somewhat. It may lay him up for a while, but he doesn't lay it up against the beasts. [Mr. Bostock's own arms, legs, breast, and back are elaborately tattooed with testimonials from his feline friends of past years.] But the beast that springs must be beaten into submission, or the trainer must escape from the cage as soon as possible. If the animal really means business it is the man's part to get out, for no man can stand against the strength of a lion or tiger or the wonderful agility of a leopard. The best defence against a charging lion or tiger, if one has only a club, is to strike the animal on the nose, hitting up from under; but this is by no means an easy thing to do, as the creature will dodge and block with a degree of skill that would do credit to a champion of the ring. Meantime, however, the man can have been edging into a position favourable to escape. The felines jump for the throat, and an agile man, if he sees that the animal is going to leap, can avoid the onset and get in a blow that may send his assailant cringing to the other end of the cage. No man who is not agile has any business with these brutes. If knocked down, the man's only chance is to struggle to the bars and raise himself; for, on his feet, he has a chance of controlling the animals; down, he is completely at their mercy, and they have no fear or respect for him. The minute his body touches the floor he ceases to be the master.

"A number of bad accidents that have come under my notice have been ascribable to drunkenness on the part of the victims. A half-drunken fellow goes into the cage with a desire to show off his mastery over the animals, and, cursing and swearing at them, puts them through their paces without let-up. Every animal knows when he is being overworked, and there is nothing he resents more bitterly. The animals endure being 'put upon' for a time; then, the first thing the trainer knows, one of them has him pinned, and if he gets out alive it is more than he deserves. One must bear

constantly in mind the possible effect of his course of action upon the animals he is handling, and the construction which their reasoning, or instinct, or whatever you choose to call it, is likely to put upon his acts. I had a severe illustration of that in Kansas City recently. Owing to an error on the part of the workmen Madame Pianka's large cage was misplaced, and I found that her lions would have to perform in a smaller one. This change of stage-setting is one of the things that performing animals particularly hate, and she had a good deal of trouble with them.

"Finally she got them all working in the smaller cage except one lioness, usually a good subject, who chanced to be sulky that day. Coaxing wouldn't move her, so I was appealed to and went into the cage. After some difficulty I got her majesty to go over her jumps all right, and I kept her hustling around the ring pretty lively to take some of the temper out of her. In my hand I held a riding-whip, and, just for a flourish, I tapped it smartly on the ground. There was no sense in the action, and if I had thought twice I wouldn't have done it. Twenty feet away from me, near Madame Pianka, the lioness's mate was standing, watching me with dubious eyes. Probably he thought, when I tapped the whip on the ground, that I was laying it on the lioness. Anyway, he covered the 20ft. in one bound and pinned me through the fleshy part of the thigh. Down I went. The lion picked me up and carried me over to Madame Pianka for her approval. She had in her hand the revolver which she uses in her act, and she fired the blank charge close to the lion's ear, at the same time catching him around the neck. That was one of the poses in his act, and fortunately it caught his mind, and the force of habit brought him to instant obedience. He relaxed his hold, giving me a chance to get to my feet, and I ran him around the cage three or four times just to show him that I was still master, and then went to bed. The teeth hadn't touched the bone, and I was up and around in three weeks. By the way, there is nothing in the theory that a lion's bite is poisonous. I have been bitten seven times by felines, and the wounds have always healed without any complications."

In talking with Mr. Bostock and other trainers of animals I have found that all of them mention judgment, good temper, physical agility, and magnetism as the requisites for successfully training wild animals; but first, last, and all the time, patience—absolute, unwearying, indestructible patience. Not one of them mentioned that quality which would first suggest itself to the lay mind in this connection—courage. I suppose they took it for granted that a man who set himself to that career would naturally possess courage. The questions naturally arise: "How does it happen that enough persons follow this perilous pursuit to fill the demand? Whence came these animal trainers, and why do they take this line of work?" In the majority of cases they come to it by association or heredity.

The pay of a successful trainer is good; and if he owns his beasts, as is often the case, he can be sure of a good income. Then, too, there is the fascination of danger endured in the public eye. They are a hard-working lot, these people; and their courage, desperate as it must seem to the onlooker, is not of the foolhardy sort. Many of them take even a pessimistic view of the chances of the profession, borne out pretty well, however, by the mortality records; and they understand what the public does not know—this is true of all the other great cats, as well as of the lion kind—that the trained lion is a product of science, but the tame lion is a chimera of the optimistic imagination, a forecast of the millennium.

ASLEEP.