

Who Is Tommy Atkins?

TODAY you have the fifth in the beautiful series of fancy costume poses by prominent San Francisco society women. She is Miss A. Loiza, daughter of a wealthy old Castilian family, and her costume, "The Hungarian Princess," is not only correct in every detail but fabulously rich in rare fabrics and costly gems.

The sixth picture, which will be published next Sunday, is "Tommy Atkins." Of course you all think you can guess whom "Tommy Atkins" will be, but—can you? Now this is not as easy as it seems, for this character has been impersonated more than once in the past, and each time by an exceptionally pretty girl. Guess again, or—wait and see.

The first of this altogether original and strikingly attractive series was Miss Adalade Murphy as the "Water Sprite." The second was Mrs. Thomas Magee Jr. as "Sunrise." The third was Miss M. F. Swift as "The Duchess of Gainsborough," and the fourth was Mrs. J. A. Clover as "Folly." The others in the series will be "Empress Josephine," "Twelfth Century Court Beauty," "A French Princess" and "Columbia," all of them posed by women of more than passing beauty. You are not the only one who is mystified and curious over their identity.

Now the forest-bred lion is bold and audacious, the most daring of the whole animal kingdom, but it will never kill unless it is hungry, as the tiger does for pure love of killing, nor stealthily in the sneaking manner peculiar to the tiger and all other members of the cat family.

The lion cannot be controlled by mere persuasive power. He must be conquered boldly, fearlessly, quickly, and so it was that when I opened my engagement with Bartell's lion his dash and spirit and

sisted that I would have to have my arm amputated. I protested.

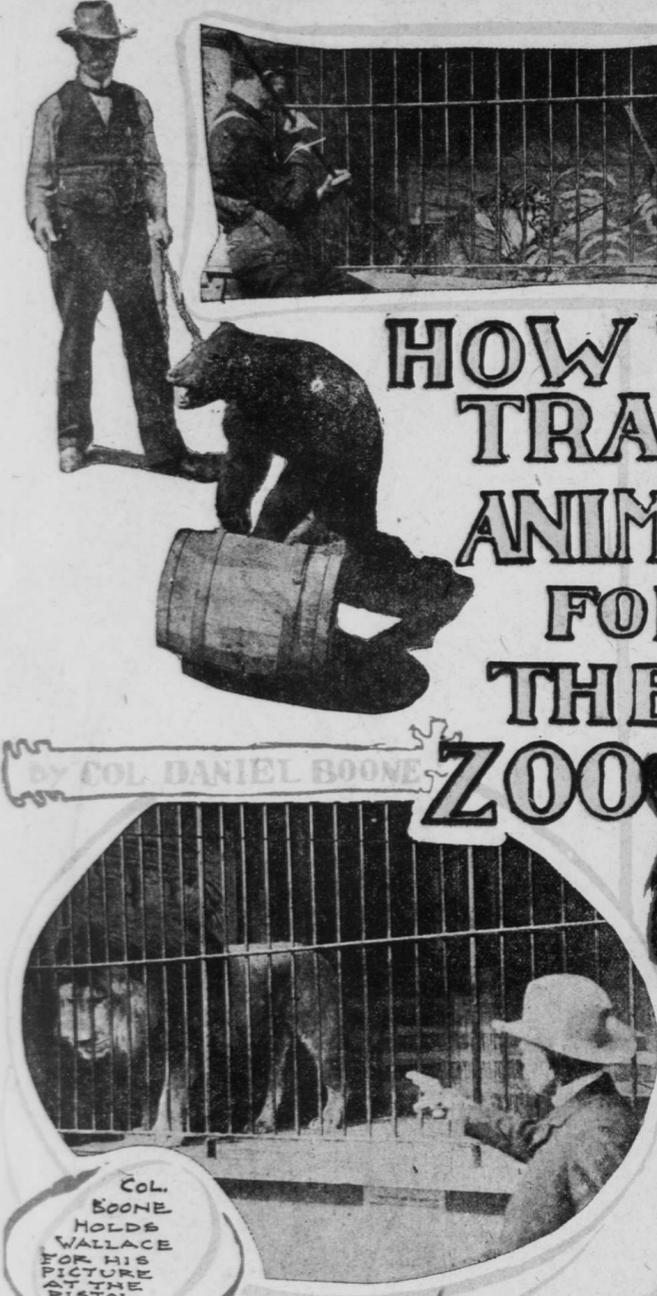
"I'll have to cut off the 'funny bone' anyway," he said.

"There's nothing funny about that," I replied, "though I won't be ticklish hereafter."

In the evening, with my arm bound in splints, I performed with him as usual. Though he seemed more savage than ever, he had learned that I was master.

Wallace at the Chutes learned the same lesson in just three days, too. Now I have only to make a motion toward my pistol pocket, when he is up on his feet

HOW TO TRAIN ANIMALS FOR THE ZOO



COLONEL DANIEL E. BOONE, soldier of fortune, lion tamer and circus manager, fresh from his Mexican experiences with Parnell, the famed murderous lion that was gored to death by a Toltec bull after fighting a sanguinary draw with the Wombwell grizzly, and still more recently from an adventure in New York with a newly captured jungle lion, is come to take charge of the animals in the zoo at the new Chutes. That means that he must get personally acquainted with all of them, and teach them collectively and individually how and why he is master of the whole jungle colony. He has accomplished that task in less than two weeks, and the manner of his conquest, as he tells it in the following article, is absolutely unique.

Colonel Boone has been training animals for thirty-six years. There is not a beast of any sort known to modern zoology which he has not trained in one way or another, and with the exception of Australia, he has performed in every country of the globe. This contribution therefore is one of the most valuable and interesting animal stories ever published in a newspaper.

The first and most important thing to learn about training wild animals for the zoo is that they are never what they seem. Those that appear to be the most docile are in reality the most dangerous. This is especially true of the beast born in captivity, as contrasted with the forest-bred animal.

Take the lion—Wallace at the Chutes, for instance (though he is the only exception to this hard and fast rule that I have ever brought to submission), the "good show" is the safest. By "good show" I mean the animal that goes bounding about the cage, snarling and roaring in a perfect frenzy when the trainer enters, which, though it looks awe-inspiring and terrifying, is really less dangerous than the beast that fawns at the feet of the trainer or rubs against him affectionately.

The reason for this is plain even to one who has had only a passing acquaintance with animals. The spectacular beast is frankly and openly and consistently hostile. He makes no secret of his overmastering desire to devour the trainer at a single meal. He has never known submission to anything or anybody. He does not want to be tamed and he is not going to be if he can possibly avoid it. He is always bristling for a fight, and will kill at the first opportunity.

This is as it should be. "Forewarned is forearmed." The trainer therefore is never on his guard, but meets brute force with brute force.

On the other hand, the animal that has been "tamed" is in reality the tartar. His very docility is the badge of his treachery. He has only concealed his blunt savagery under a low cunning the better to strike with greater certainty of killing when the trainer has been beguiled into a momentary lapse by an unwonted show of amiability. This is particularly true of the lion, all stories of his nobleness to the contrary notwithstanding.

The most notable instance of this fact that I have ever had to deal with was Parnell. Ah, he was a game lion, but after he became a murderer his courage seemed to desert him. There was a sluff in his sand after he killed Thienann at the California Fair and another fall-off in his grit when he assassinated the hired man at my California farm by jerking him through the bars when he wasn't looking and tearing him to pieces.

As I said before, forest-bred lions are the easiest to deal with. Parnell was the only exception I have known. I caught him myself in Algeria when I was traveling with the European United Shows. He had been a particularly dangerous jungle beast for years when I first heard of him, and such wondrous stories were told of his size and prowess that I determined to have him. With my assistants to help me I set a trap for him—a bed-shaped snare, large at the bottom and small at the top—covered it over with brush and put a kid on it. This trap

was well laid in the usual path of the beasts to a lagoon, and when Parnell came along he leaped at the kid and down he went. A cage had been put at the bottom of the pit, and as soon as Parnell entered it he was drawn up. And there he was in captivity.

I never saw a lion who hated the degradation more, but this very spirit made him an excellent "show" animal. In three days I was performing with him, much to his surprise.

Contrary to the usual methods followed by animal trainers, I always begin the task of subjugation at the very first meeting. I learned the value of this at my debut as a lion tamer.

It was in '06, at the Norvell House, where I was laying over after the war. There was a show in town and one night a fellow came along, a huge, villainous-looking chap, who turned out to be the lion tamer of the show, famous for his dash and dare-devil courage. Well, we were talking there and drinking, and I asked the fellow who and what he was. He told me he was a lion tamer, and asked me who I was.

"Why, I manage wild beasts myself," said I.

"What's your show?" said he.

"Davis' show," said I.

The fellow didn't catch on, and I went on.

"Bob Lee's been managing the show." And still he did not comprehend, but he looked at me hard, as if he doubted that I could tame beasts. I'd been in command of the Louisiana Tigers after Bob Wheat's death during the Civil War, and that was what I was referring to when I spoke of handling wild beasts.

Then just for the devilment of the thing I offered to be the fellow a couple of baskets of champagne that I'd enter the cage where his wild beasts were kept, and do anything that he'd do. To my utter consternation he took the bet and there I started out as a lion tamer.

I remember the next morning when I started out to the shows. I looked up on the hill and saw the tents standing still and white, reminding me for all the world of tombs.

However, I watched the fellow close and when he came out I went in with a pistol in one hand, a whip in the other and a lump in my throat big and hard as a hickory nut. I never whipped lions and tigers with so much vigor in my life. There I was with my teeth set, a terrific scowl on my face, jumping round like mad, shooting the beasts in the face with a pepper box pistol loaded with heavy wads of paper and laying about me with my whip for all I was worth.

Wonderful to relate everybody thought I had the most complete control over the beasts because I even made them jump, and the fun of it all was that every movement I was expecting to be gobbled up whole. The result, in a fortnight, I got a flattering offer to be lion tamer for a big show and I took it.

This method of subjugating the man-eating animal tribes I have found to be the best ever since my startling debut, though it nearly cost me my life about a month ago in New York. As it is I shall never again have the use of my left arm, which was so badly mangled that I feared for a time that it would have to be amputated.

It was at Bartell's, the big importer of animals, that I first saw this one—a forest-bred lion of immense proportions which had just been brought from Africa. It fascinated me at first glance.

"Bartell," I said, "I'd like to borrow that lion."

"What for?" he asked.

"To open at one of the theaters next week," I replied.

"Why, that lion hasn't been in captivity more than a month," he exclaimed, in surprise.

"So much the better," I said, and proceeded at once to get acquainted with his royal highness.

The introduction was just the same as my first meeting with Wallace at the Chutes here. When I thrust my left hand through the bars of the cage he sprang at me with a deafening roar. Instantly I fired two shots full in his face. He recoiled in blank amazement, and before he could recover from his astonishment I had stepped into the cage with a heavy whip and a big revolver and was hustling him about in a way that he had never been hustled before. And then, before he had recovered from the second surprise, I had stepped out of the cage again as quickly as I had entered.

Ah, how hungrily he licked his chops when the iron gate slammed cruelly and shut in his face as he sprang after me.

He didn't profit much by that first experience, however, and when I visited him the next day he was just as keen to murder me. There was the same tempting hand through the bars, the same sudden flash of the pistol, the same confusion

of the audience and prevent a panic

ferocity made a tremendous hit. He was a "good show" in every sense of the term and I feared his savagery far less than the servile cunning of the animals born and trained in captivity.

But by the close of the first week he had got accustomed to the whip and even the pistol and in the midst of the performance he suddenly turned. I knew what was coming the moment I saw him drop from the top of the cage where he had been clinging to the bars in a very frenzy of rage, and crouch for a spring. There was absolutely no chance of escape and instinctively I threw up my left arm to ward him off. His jaws closed over my elbow with such crunching force that the bone was shattered into slivers. Luckily I was standing with my back to the bars and though the impact of his body against mine was terrific I was prevented from falling by the wall of the cage.

With my right hand free I fired a volley full into his eyes. The powder burned and blinded him and he let go, but only for an instant, when he sprang at me again, his jaws closing with a snap over my elbow a second time. Again I fired a volley of blank cartridges into his eyes and again he let go, only to spring at me a third time with greater ferocity. This time his heavy jaws nearly severed my left arm at the elbow, but though the pain was something awful the sense of my danger and the certain knowledge that a lion only attacks three times and if it fails then will abandon the fight for good kept me from fainting. Once again I fired a volley at him and my assistants arriving opportunely, we beat him back into a corner and I slipped out from the cage soaked in blood amidst terrific excitement. Then to ally the fears of the audience and prevent a panic

at once and obedient to my every wish, in this way he can be made to stand up against the bars, lie down and roll over, back up or run, just as I desire.

Rajah, the tiger, on the other hand required more time. I had to prod him about a great deal and keep him thoroughly stirred up for a whole week before he finally learned that I am boss. Now that he has discovered that fact for himself he can be taught all the tricks that a lion executes, though he is never free from treachery.

In contrast to the cannibalistic animals, the bear is much more docile, though far less intelligent than the lion. I've always maintained that the grizzly is the king of beasts. I've hunted animals in all parts of the world, but I've never seen anything that can equal a grizzly for pugnacity and courage. There isn't any more flinch in an American grizzly than there is in a steel rip saw. But he is not a fighter by nature, as the lion and tiger are, though he can easily whip either of them. All that the bear requires is to be well fed, and then with patience he can be taught anything—the small black and brown bears especially.

First teach him to know you by leading him at the end of a chain, then to climb upon a pedestal, stand on his hind legs, roll a barrel and so on until his education is complete. It must all be in the nature of pure fun, however.

The jaguar, the leopard and the hyena, though the latter is always considered so dangerous, are all really as tractable as the domestic cat. Feed them well and pet them, and as soon as they realize that you are friendly they can be led about like pet dogs.

Much surprise is often expressed that a kangaroo can be taught anything at all, particularly boxing. This in reality is very simple. The attitude of the fighter is absolutely natural to the animal, and all that is necessary to teach it to per-

BY COL. DANIEL BOONE

COL. BOONE HOLDS WALLACE FOR HIS PICTURE AT THE PISTOL POINT.

TEACHING THE TIGER WHO IS BOSS

GIVING MEDICINE TO THE JAGUAR

THE RANGAR TAKES A LESSON IN BOXING.



scarcely believe his senses that such an outrage on the stage, reassured them that everything was all right.

A doctor was summoned at once and in-

form is to spur it on to its own natural mode of attack and then when properly trained to arm it with a pair of boxing gloves.