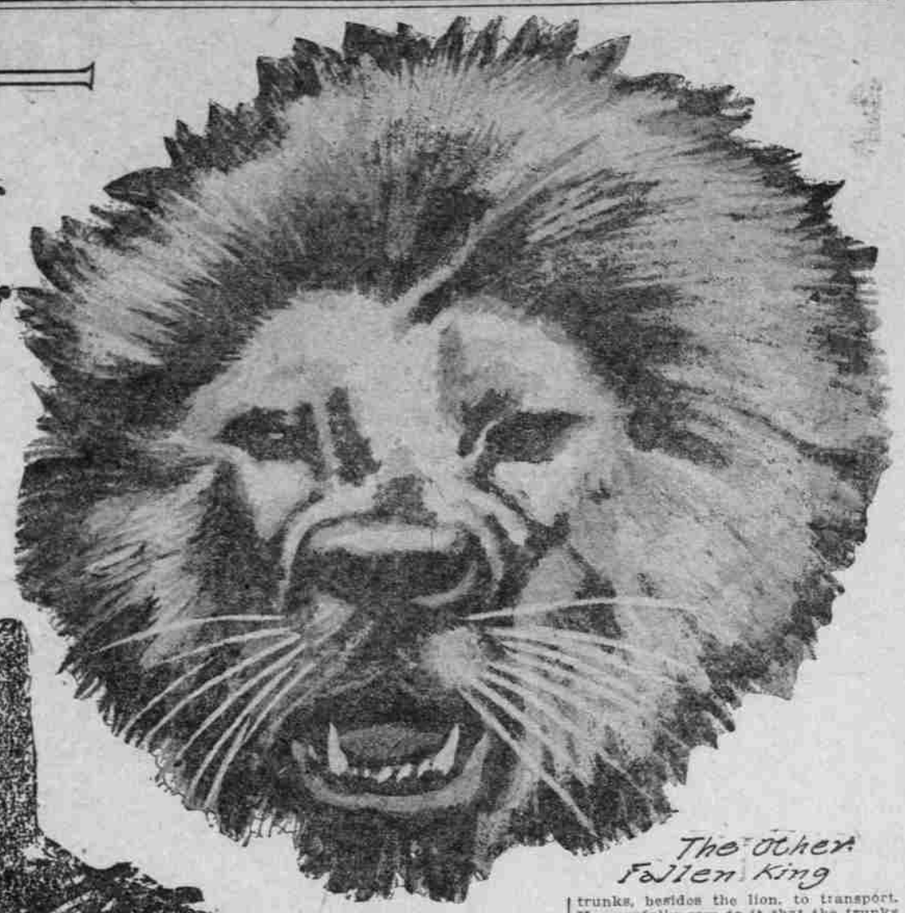
KING MANUEL'S PET LION NOW CONJURER'S PUPPET.

From the Sunshine of Royal Favor the Noble Beast Has Turned to the Shadow of a Trickster's Wand.

Portugal's Fallen King.



The Other Fallen King

DEPOSED from the palace of King Manuel II of Portugal with the other playthings of the young, pleasure-loving monarch, a royal pet lion is now doing monkey tricks for an American magician. The change in the lion's status in life is as great as that of his royal owner and the life history and present usefulness of this monarch of the African jungle make as interesting a story as any that has ever been told of the poor unfortunate boy King.

The lion was christened Leo as many lions before him have been but his new master, Charles J. Carter, the magician, who brought him to this country only a few weeks ago on the Lusitania, calls him Baby, and for a very good reason. Carter claims, moreover, that Baby is the most intelligent lion in captivity and that he is the best actor in his company, which has toured the world. For, while he was being taught his part in "The Lion's Bride," in which he plays the principal role, he introduced out of his own imagination the most effective parts of his "business"; and though it is necessary for him to pick up his cues with the utmost precision and to make several springs at given moments, he has never yet missed a cue. To a magician and illusionist this is a necessity. Furthermore Carter asserts that Baby knows what is said to him and has means of communication by which Carter at least knows what Baby thinks about it all.

Caught in Jungles.

Baby was not born in captivity but the influences of his gentle rearing have apparently made him as domestic in his tastes and inclinations as a house cat and as gentle and affectionate. Much of the savagery and boorishness in the face of food which is characteristic of wild animals is absent in his demeanor and he neither rends his food nor bolts it but discusses it like a true aristocrat. Evidently his royal education has been effective in making him a gentleman in bearing as well as in heart. His master values him at $10,000—but he cost him much less—and carries insurance on the lion's life. He has a valet de chambre and on several occasions has been accorded the honor of a military escort and an armed guard.

The royal period of his existnce in captivity began when he was 6 months old. Prior to that time he was as free as his parents, who were of some importance in the jungles of Africa. With his brother Baby was basking in the lazy sunshine of a tropical afternoon and exciting the dignified amusement of his proud parents when this highly domestic scene was rudely disturbed by the clamorous approach of a royal hunting party organized for the amusement of young King Manuel II, who sought diversion from the arduous and unaccustomed duties of state in the pleasure of the chase.

The account of the hunt which was published in the Royal Lisbon Gazette credits the king of the jungle with a brave fight, and describes in the most complimentary terms the bravery of the youthful Manuel, who killed both the father and mother lions in self-defense and took captive the two fluffy, snarly cubs.

Life now took on a very rosy tint for Baby and he took to his new quarters in the palace like a duck to a mud pond, but his brother, brooding over his orphaned state, wasted away and died of voluntary starvation.

The troublous times upon which Portugal and its irresponsible young ruler were entering disturbed Baby not at all. They did not seem to make much impression, either, upon Manuel until the fatal October 3, 1910, when he was deposed and had to flee for his precious life. The King had already taken Baby's education seriously and personally in hand, and the lion could by that time do all the parlor tricks that any well-bred cat or dog about the palace could do; and besides, his clumsy paws, with their needle-sharp claws sheathed in satin as thick as the Queen's thickest Brussels carpet, had inspired a wholesome respect in the other pets toward himself. But with the King and all other human beings Baby was as gentle and affectionate as a child, and he was the constant companion and chief amusement of the boy monarch.

Two Kings Lose Out.

Then came the revolution; the invasion of the palace by the despised and overtaxed republicans; the hurried flight of the King. Baby was left behind, unloved, feared and starved by the new occupants of the royal residence. Not knowing what else to do with the baby lion, the revolutionists took him to the Jardin Zoologico e de Acclimacao em Portugal, in the Parque de Palhava in Lisbon. Here Baby put in a little over a year as an "exhibit," and the fact of his having been the King of Portugal's lion gave him a standing that none of the other wild beasts could boast. But his disposition was not soured and he remained as gentle and playful as before. He acquired, in fact, such a liking for human companionship and attention that he was very lonesome when the holiday crowds were not allowed in the Zoological Garden and voiced his sadness with almost human whimperings.

But the directors of the Garden were not strongly inclined toward the lion, for he savored of the old regime of royalty, and they decided to sell the beast.

Carter, who was in Lisbon at the time, bought him.

The price was nominal—very moderate for a well-trained, perfect and undamaged lion—300,000 reis. When it is realized that in order to satisfy even a normal hunger it is necessary to part with 2000 reis in a good hotel in Lisbon, the figure is not astonishing. In American money the transfer of ownership was accomplished for a sum approximating $550, for which Carter obtained the lion and the guarantee from the director of the zoological garden, Jose Julia Lopes Valladez, that the lion's teeth were sound, his digestion in good order and his limbs in perfect condition.

The deal was made through Sig. Antonio Santos, the wealthy manager of the Lisbon Colyseu Dos Recreios, the most important vaudeville house south of the Pyrennes. Carter found Baby a quick study and a thorough artist, quick to grasp the possibilities of the leading "heavy" in the melodrama.

The situation was dramatic. It was Baby's premiere. The theater was the Little Colyseu in Setubal, a city about 40 miles from Lisbon. The second revolution had passed over the new republic and left its people with even less regard for royalty, and with more vigorous stirrings of patriotism and republicanism evident in its attitude. Carter advertised widely the fact that he would exhibit the King of Portugal's lion in one of the important acts in his entertainment. It drew a house, but one whose temper was somewhat like that of the audience which greeted Lady Gregory's Irish Players when they sought to present for the first time "The Play Boy of the Western World" to a typical Irish-American audience. They were waiting for Baby. The stage was set. It represented the palace of the Shah of Persia. In the background was a double cage, in one-half of which Baby is discovered walking restlessly back and forth, switching his tail against the bars, snarling and behaving ferociously as though waiting impatiently for a long-delayed dinner of missionary chops. The other half of the cage was vacant. A slender door stood between.

It seemed that the Shah, who owned the lion, had become desperately enamored of the charms of Hester, a young woman in his dominion. The beauteous Hester was oblivious to the advantages of the Shah's romantic attachment, as her affections were fixed upon the advance agent of a Persian circus named Hadji. But the Shah was stubborn. He would compel the beautiful maiden to love him or cast her to the lion. In her extremity she appeals for her life, but in vain. The Shah sounds the alarm gong. The maiden is seized and is about to be cast into the outer cage when Prince Sahib, a powerful potentate from Punjaub, and a mystic Mahatma, or sacred man, appears. He had been entreated by the maiden's father to save her life. He bespeaks the Shah with smooth words and asked him why he had taken the maiden prisoner and held her against her will. The Shah hangs his head in guilty confusion, but steadfastly refused to give the maiden up. The Prince therefore shows the Shah the sign of the Order of Yogi, the insignia of his mystic order, and tells the Shah that he is able to release Hester by magic if he chooses, but the Shah still refuses, and the Prince takes his departure with a long threatening look as he exits.

The Shah thereupon directs the incarceration of the young lady in the ante-cage preparatory to her execution and deputizes a female slave to stand guard over her to see that she does not escape. The Shah goes out, the prince comes. He bribes the female slave to assist him, the lion in the meantime uttering convincing roars at frequent intervals. Disguising himself as a priest, the prince enters the ante-cage, much to the relief of the harassed Hester.

Now comes the big moment for Baby. He crouches in the farther end of his cage and with one terrific roar leaps at the partition, which separates him from the trembling maiden. The partition gives way. The entire cage falls apart, and lo! the terrible lion is instantly changed into the magician himself.

Riot Nearly Brought On.

The audience had sat quietly enough, but at this cries of "down with King Manuel's lion" started in the top gallery and were taken up in the pit. A riot seemed likely. The people outside the theater who could not get in threatened to demolish the windows and storm the stage, when Carter bethought him of a scheme to startle the audience into submission. He brought Baby out on the stage, ostensibly to take a curtain bow, held in leash only by a slender cord. Inside of four minutes there was not a seat in the house occupied, and no one came back to the box office to demand his money.

From this auspicious beginning of his theatrical career Baby played all through Portugal and Spain, France and Belgium. It was in Liege, Belgium, that Baby inadvertently caused another riot. His act was over and his cage wheeled into the wings. During the intermission a Belgian audience repairs to two convenient bars on either side of the auditorium, there to refresh themselves against the second half of the entertainment. During this intermission, one of the stage hands, who was unaccustomed to handling lions, accidentally loosened the door at the top of the cage and Baby stuck his head out in playful fashion and grinned at him. Without more ado grips broke for the stage, jumped over the footlights into the pit and ran up the center aisle screaming "au lion." It did not take the audience long to leave the theater, but they all came back when they were assured that there was nothing to fear.

It is not so easy to travel comfortably with a lion as people unacquainted with that form of pleasure might suppose. Railway officials are skeptical, and golden assurances often have to be extended before their fears are placated, but it is wonderful what a little assurance of this kind will do. Ingenuity often results in smoothing the way where the other method is too expensive. For instance, when Carter was seeking passage from Ostend to Dover, he resorted to a little Yankee facetiousness to enable him to get across in a hurry, as he had no time to wait for a freight boat and he had 125 trunks, besides the lion, to transport. He carefully saw to it that the trunks were all on board before he sprung it upon the gally uniformed courtiere maratime eta d'Assurances d'Ostend, in other words, the superintendent of the boat company, that he had a lion also to go on board. This was merely mentioned in a casual, offhand way, as if it were the everyday business of the boat to carry lions the same as other passengers.

Teuton Is Fooled.

He had already paid a sum approximating $450 for the passage and the boat had already waited an hour, while the baggage was being put on board.

But the superintendent put his foot down hard when it came to passing the lion. He called attention to the regulations on the back of the ticket, which prohibited the transportation of "wild forest-bred beasts," and he insisted that the lion was a wild beast. Mr. Carter declared that he was not a wild beast, that it was a good, tame, domesticated actor, and not a lion at all, in fact, and after about an hour's argument, while the captain of the boat fumed up and down the deck, he finally convinced the doubting Teuton that the animal in the cage was nothing more or less than an American Whangdoodle, a well-known American quadruped of the cat tribe, inhabiting principally the states of Alabama, Louisiana and Texas, although now they were being grown in The Bronx, New York, and were making their appearance on Broadway. The perplexed uniformed courtiere maratime eta d'Assurances d'Ostend nervously looked up in the restrictions to the boat company whether or not a Whangdoodle were permissible upon the line, and finding no restrictions on any animal of this sort he reluctantly allowed the cage to be put upon the boat, and the voyage, delayed for three hours, was begun.

When the lion was brought to this country the Cunard Line officials stationed an armed guard over his cage in addition to Fritz, his regular valet. This guard was relieved every four hours, the ceremony partaking of the dignity of guard mount. The lion proved so gentle and amiable that one of the men whose duty it was to exercise the dogs and horses came to Mr. Carter and asked him when he should exercise the lion. But the captain, hearing of this contemplated tour en force, gave a peremptory order that it should not take place at all, and so Baby got no exercise on the voyage; but it is a matter of record that he was the only passenger on the ship that was not seasick, for the voyage was rough. However, he was landed safely and has since been living on the fat of the land ever since his arrival in America.

Fat of the land, as applied to the King of Portugal's lion, is 15 pounds of the best beef, raw, once a day, and a barrel of water.

The Turn Of The Earth.—A Tale Of Ill Luck And Lost Love.

BY A. WALTER UTTIDG.

HE strayed into the hotel lobby like a lost pup, a tattered individual redolent of long country walks and haphazard meals, face bronzed by the elements, and characteristics of the experienced. Leisurely he regarded the register, his countenance not changing until his eye caught the name of a fan well known in the West and not a stranger in the East.

"Mr. Walton in?" he asked the clerk.

The lord of the establishment turned to the key-rack. "He is," he replied. "What name?"

"Spivins—Jim Spivins."

"Front! Ah, there he is now. Never mind, Front," said the clerk.

Spivins advanced to meet a man his antithesis in appearance. "Ah, Walton," he whispered: "I want to have a word with you. Yes, sir; Jim Spivins. Met you first in 'Frisco, then in Paris, then stumbled across you in the Poets' Corner of the Abbey, and last met you in Chicago. Remember me? Spivins. Ah, you do! Have you time? I would be pleased to go to your room; yes, sir."

Shoulder to shoulder they walked to the elevator, and Walton's suite was hardly entered before Spivins was unbending a loquaciousness which would have been appalling to Walton had it not interested him.

"You're wondering what I'm doing here? Just dropped in to see you. Here today; gone tomorrow, but I never forget my friends. Just want to keep you in touch with me. Don't want to interfere with your business; just to sound my barbaric yawp—as a stronger man has said—and then go on my way. Don't want you to talk; I can say enough for both of us; yes, sir.

"Travel, like wine, gives a hinge to the tongue. You said that when you wrote of your visit to the Poets' Corner. But, unlike wine, sir, travel serves. It lasts; lingers in the memory. And such memories as may come! For instance:

"There was that part of my life spent in Tordel de Rago, its beginning dating 14 months ago and its ending just long enough back on the road of Time to permit my coming to New York. I shall never forget that time, for in it I spent the most delicious hours of my life; in it I reveled in Love's dream—awakened by no man's subtleness but by the powers most unexpectedly, almost unbelievably, exerted by Nature. It is of this I will tell you before I again lose myself in the Earth's mystic maze.

"You know me for a traveler. I have drank Marcobrunner in a Biebrich inn, at the exact place where Caesar crossed the Rhine when he made his second invasion. I have visited the battlefields of Boyaca and Carabobo, and traveled the route of Bolivar's march of 1819. I have tried to read the eternal question from the Sphinx. I have compared the natural wonders of Niagara and the Yellowstone with the falls of the Nyanza. The drear spots of Calcutta were not overlooked because I had beheld the joys of Naples. I have traveled. I know the topography of the earth pretty well. Concede my knowledge on that point; I know. Thank you. But never did I meet repose until I entered Tordel de Rago.

"It was natural for me to travel. I was born with the wanderlust. And it was as natural for me to unacquaint myself with the aptness of things. My present condition reveals my nature. I am energetic, but my energies are often misplaced. I had the unhappy faculty of wanting to manufacture ice when in Alaska, and to make a new brand of steam-heating apparatus when in the tropics. Other men are more gifted—such a man as Juan Belgardo, for instance, who figures in my story of Tordel de Rago.

"He was not a handsome man. His head was as bald as a tomato; his ears were like small cabbage leaves, and half his teeth were gone—from talking too much. His eyes were as black on the inside as a battered pugilist's eyes are on the outside. And, for a man of wits, he was extremely mean. Sir, he would not have given a five-cent piece to see an earthquake!

"He was energetic, however; a man of tomorrow working its destiny today. He knew the coign of vantage to behold the coin of the realm. He will never be blind, because he will always see the color of gold. I found that out before I had been in Tordel de Rago two weeks; as soon as I determined to court and marry Clarabel—who, by the way, made the spot attractive.

"I may say too much; I may become monotonous; but that is a human fault. What has gone before was necessary; what comes is, I hope, interesting. It is at least strange.

"I was not a poor man. Between misfits of commercial judgment I had made proportionate calculations. Trading in the South Seas had swelled the gains of toy exporting from Holland and ivory dealings in Africa. So I was able to buy a residence near the woman who had won my heart—my heart, sir, which had never turned toward woman! And I made a flourish with my wealth to correspond with the house and the vast estate in the rear. I entered the best society because Clarabel was to be met there. I was soon looked upon as a desirable suitor for her hand.

"There was another suitor, however; Juan Belgardo, although my coming set him back just when his courting had attained almost to the pinnacle of success. My wealth was greater than his, I might say, and modestly refrain from mentioning the fact that my good looks were also greater. And it was inevitable I should have fastened upon property abutting his, so that we could each tell every act of the other.

"He Was as Bald as a Tomato."

"I will not attempt to describe the charms of Clarabel. I could rhapsodize. Such, sir, is the way of love. I wish to be as brief as possible. I found myself often in her company, and welcomed by her; Belgardo shoved aside to accommodate me, for which I gained his sincere enmity. And when I found diamonds on my property—as I did within six weeks—this enmity knew no bounds, especially when an investigation failed to reveal precious stones in his own property.

"Clarabel's joy was plain when my wealth was thus unexpectedly increased. It was simply, you understand, a case of finding diamonds where no one had presumed them to be. Digging for potatoes, I remember, brought them to light. I lavished gifts on the woman of my heart as soon as I saw these stones were to be had for the mere matter of picking them up; and after a while I arranged to have my property mined scientifically.

"Then Nature stepped in. I was away from home one day when the town was shaken by an earthquake. Some frail buildings were toppled over; much ground was disturbed. My own property was upheaved as was Belgardo's. We were in the zone.

"And in Belgardo's ground on my right where no diamonds had been before, were now so many as to be lying loosely on the soil! Mother Nature had simply stolen them from me by her convulsive throw, and given them to my rival in love, for I was surprised to find no further trace of diamonds when having my estate inspected. Not one stone was to be found in the property which, before the quake, had contained countless gems.

"You, sir, being primarily a matter of fact man of business, will ignore the existence of luck; many men do. Many men blush at the thought of luck as they blush at the thought of facing the naked truth. But here was luck for both of us—good for him, bad for me.

"'Jim Spivins,' said Belgardo to me, shortly, 'I will now show you how to win Clarabel.'

"I laughed at him. Mankind, by laughter unadorned, must soon decay; a felicitous phrase, sir, that I myself coined.

"'You make love as energetically and inspiringly as a cow chews her cud,' I replied. 'You must show me.'

"But I had no intention of letting him show me. I courted my fair one as sedulously as theretofore, if attention will replace the fervor of gifts. Presents I could not now make—my wealth had been lavished in attendance on Cupid.

"However, my idea was to tell of my reverses. Do not think I intended idly to sit and watch Belgardo gather the gems that had been mine. I knew—and he knew—that without financial backing my suit with Clarabel would be lost. Therefore, I resorted to Yankee logic. I visited a Judge and obtained a writ asking Belgardo to show cause why the diamonds, which had been mine, should not continue as my property, and restraining him from digging for them.

"He brought the matter to issue in the courts. He had engaged the best lawyer in Tordel de Rago as his counsel, and helped him with argument in this strange case. And our battle was famous for new facts of Blackstone in that part of the world.

"When We next Meet I Hope We'll Both Be Opulent."

"I based my ownership of the diamonds on my previous possession and the transference of the property without my consent. The stones had not been given to him by me, I argued; nor had he purchased them from me. And in making this claim I introduced, I believe, one of the most unique arguments ever heard in a court of justice.

"To these allegations his lawyer replied that the earth had owned the gems and had willingly given them to Belgardo.

"Discarding rhetoric, my counsel argued most logically that I had bought the diamonds when I had bought my land, and therefore they were mine by right of purchase. But his attorney parried his thrust with an application that staggered me. He insisted I should identify each stone. If I could sufficiently prove that this and that diamond had been my property, relinquishment would be readily and willingly made. He contended that Juan Belgardo had purchased a piece of ground known and recognized on the map as such a lot on such a block. Title had been clear. Consequently all property in that section specified and mapped thus belonged legitimately to him. If he wished to plant potatoes, it was his privilege to do so. He could build on every inch if he so desired. Or he could dig for diamonds if he liked. What he did with what was legally his own was none of my business. And was it consistent with justice, argued his counsel, to suppose that, if, while he was digging for potatoes he should discover diamonds, he should be obliged to hand those diamonds to me simply because my ground failed to show presence of diamonds thought to be there? Was this the understood interpretation of the law?

"Technicalities were greatly in evidence. This case was as great a stickler as was the case of Shylock trying to get his pound of flesh, no more, no less, without spilling a drop of blood; and in legal annals stands without a parallel for strangeness.

"My lawyer pleaded logically from my viewpoint. All he asked was that I be given that which, without my consent, had been taken from me. He said I wanted what was rightfully mine, but which I could not prove was lawfully mine. And my opponent's natural retort was that, as he had previously said, if I could identify the diamonds as those which had been imbedded in my property I could receive them.

"The court was puzzled. There was absolutely no precedent to guide him in the conduct of affairs. By granting equity to one he would be working a palpable unfairness on the other; and the environment was dedicated—so the tablets on the walls said—to justice.

"One thing was positive: Without the diamonds I would be a poor man, for my counsel fees were equivalent to the value of my estate—the case was worth the price. For myself, I cared not, save only that I must relinquish all thought of Clarabel—and that tore my heart.

"I visited her once just to talk this matter over with her. Sir, I spoke plainly to her. 'If my suit is lost,' I told her, 'I will be a ruined man. I will be unable to marry you, much as my heart desires you. I would not pull you down to my level; a shiftless wanderer on the face of the earth. I can struggle as often as I have struggled, but my love for you must not let you suffer abasement.'

"So it was understood. Still, the decision was a heavy blow to me, for I was told that what was Belgardo's was his own to do with as he felt inclined. If Nature had turned burglar and robbed me, my only recourse for satisfaction was by identifying the gems as those stolen from me. This was the law of the criminal courts; it must be the law in this case.

"That is why you find me here in straitened circumstances. That is why I am in New York, the mecca of the hungry, the disconsolate, the failure. I still smile, but my heart aches. In time, perhaps, memories of Clarabel will become fainter and—Thank you, sir; I had no intention of borrowing a five-spot from you; I wished merely to tell you of my self, and to let you know of my past since last seeing you. We have met many times before—ah, the Marcobrunner of the Rhine! And we shall meet again. Meanwhile, this five-spot will help. When we next meet I hope we'll both be opulent.

"Have I detained you too long? Pardon me, but one will grow loquacious over fond memories. Well, as we used to say, I don't know where I'm going now, but I'm on my way."

(Copyright by Shortstory Pub. Co.)

J: 109.0