

# HUNTING WITH ELEPHANTS



MAHOUT REMOVING A THORN FROM ELEPHANT'S FOOT



SKINNING THE TIGER

WHEN a man goes hunting tigers from the back of an elephant, about one-third of the danger lies in the damage the tiger might do and the other two-thirds is contributed by the various things the elephant is liable to do. In fact, if the danger from the tiger were the only thing to consider, tiger hunting would be a favorite diversion for society hunt clubs where tea is served at the end.

In a tiger hunt, anywhere from a half dozen to 100 elephants are used. When an Indian prince goes forth on a royal hunt, there are even more elephants than that brought along. When a normal man issues forth, he endeavors to get along with the half dozen. For elephants are expensive; they cost all the way from \$400 to \$1,200; a dollar a day to feed, besides the pay of the guides, which is not cheap. So that the man who has a tiger skin that he has captured himself, upon his parlor floor, has probably paid close to \$1,000 for it.

India is the only country in which elephants are used for hunting. In Africa the elephant is not tamed; he is captured almost solely for his ivory. But in India the elephant is used quite entirely for hunting and working purposes.

The excitement of a tiger hunt begins long before a tiger is even sighted. The wild bees of India build their hives in a hanging position on the limbs of trees. Very often these drop down close to the ground and the thick underbrush hides them from view. It is a not infrequent incident of these hunts for an elephant to calmly walk into one of these hives and scatter the busy inmates in all directions, whereupon the bees quickly recover and seek revenge upon the clumsy elephant and his riders, and all the other elephants of the party. Such an incident is a common occurrence that helps to enliven a tiger hunt and for the time being drives all thoughts of tiger skins from the hunters' minds. The basket or howdah in which the hunter rides is another feature that often lends excitement to a hunt, such as no tiger could provide. The hunter, that is the gentleman hunter, who has gone to India for the sport, occupies the howdah. This is a very large basket fastened to the elephant's back by a very strong rope. The spectacle reminds one of a captain standing on his bridge, high above the lashing waves. The native sits on the elephant's neck, or, to follow the same figure of speech, he is down on deck.

Now, elephants are often skittish and liable to fly off in a panic. They do this, quite forgetful of the captain on the bridge, and the result is that the tiger hunter often has to cling with both hands to the sides of the howdah and receive a severe shaking up as though he were a pebble in a tin can. Nor is this without its dangers. Often when the elephant becomes panic stricken he will charge into a jungle and tear madly about until he drops with fatigue.

Another danger is when an elephant gets caught in a tropical mire and flounders about. At these times the elephant will grope about for anything he can reach, to poke down under his feet to get a firmer foothold. Small trees and branches are thrown to him which he dexterously arranges with his trunk and fore legs until he has built a foundation upon which he can rest. But at these times the elephant is not scrupulous in regard to

the material he uses. A story is told in Asia of an inexperienced hunter who, when his elephant was floundering about in this way, thought he would be doing it a service by dismounting. He did so; whereupon the elephant seeing likely foundation material in him, snatched him with his trunk and buried him in the mire.

And so, the actual tiger dwindles into a minor role when he is hunted from the backs of elephants. In fact, some sportsmen pooh pooh the idea of using elephants at all. They call it parlor hunting. And, except for these incidental dangers, they are right. When a tiger charges, as he sometimes does, it is only the native on the elephant's neck who is in danger. The man in the howdah is high aloft with a whole head. And if he should miss and the tiger come on, the worst that could happen is that he will have no driver to guide his elephant back to camp.

Yet elephants are more or less indispensable in this kind of hunting. The Asian forests are very dense and stalking is not only very dangerous but it is often impossible. In some parts of the jungle no man can get through. The elephant, on the other hand, simply beats his head against an obstructing tree and flops it over. And then, too, he carries the supplies which, of course, are necessary on trips of this kind.

The control its mahout (driver) has over the huge but docile animal is truly marvelous, as he verbally directs it here to tear down a destructive creeper, or a projecting bough, with its trunk; there to fell with its forehead a good sized tree that may interfere with its course in the line; or to break some precipitous bank of a mullah (water course) with its fore feet, to form a path for descending to it, and then, after the same fashion, to clamber up the other side. And if its driver should chance to let fall his gubghar (iron goad) the elephant gropes for it and lifts it up to him with his trunk. In tiger hunting, however steady an elephant may be, its behavior depends largely on the conduct of the mahout. If an elephant gets frightened he goes



BRINGING A BAG INTO CAMP



A WAIT ON THE EDGE OF THE JUNGLE

among the tree jungle and then the chances of the man in the howdah grow slimmer with every stride of the animal.

## The Call of the Jungle.

BY BERKELEY HUTTON.

Many a time I've come back from a trip, leaving half my men and all my ivory rotting in some dead African swamp, half dead with fever, swearing that I'm done with the business for good. And some bright day, in six months, or even three, the smell of the jungle gets into my nostrils or the coughing roar of a lion's challenge—and that settles the business. Back I go again, knowing precisely what is coming—the sweating days and the chilling nights, the torments of insects and of thirst, the risks and hardships, and the privations. For once Africa has laid her spell upon a man, he's here for ever. He'll dream of her—of the parched and blistered voids he's crossed under the blazing sunlight; of the nights, those moonlit haunted nights when he's watched beside a runaway, waiting for the game to come down to drink, and listened to the ripple of the water on the flats, the stealthy snapping of branches all around him, the scurry of monkeys overhead; listened to the vast silence, into which all smaller sounds are cast as pebbles are dropped into a pool.—Everybody's Magazine.

two days of the date when her copy must be furnished. Although Mr. Dickens, on hearing the circumstances wrote to say he did not expect copy that month. Mrs. Hoey immediately after the harrowing scene of her daughter's death retired to an adjoining room and wrote at one sitting the entire four chapters required, and posted them to England just in season for their publication.

Mr. Dickens, in writing soon after to a friend, said that the author had

never written more clearly or carried characters and plot along more cleverly than in those chapters, and that it was one of the most remarkable examples of an author's power of concentration of thought which he had known.

The authoress in the subsequent 45 years of her life was never heard to mention even the title of this novel.

Russians Flock to America. During each month for the last two years about 21,000 Russian immigrants have entered the port of New York.

## Mrs. Sloan's Curiosity

By Mabell Shipple Clarke

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A scene of embarrassment was in progress in Mrs. Parker Sloan's library. Mrs. Sloan was very much a woman of the world, yet it was evident that there was an undercurrent of feeling beneath her air of calm attention. The young man before her, though usually of enviable self-possession, wore an expression approaching guilt. The fact was that Mr. Simms—Mr. G. F. S. Simms, North Carolina, his card read, in the generous style in which southerners imply that they are known throughout their state—Mr. Simms was asking Mrs. Sloan for the privilege of marrying her daughter, and Mrs. Sloan very properly had asked him several questions, one of which he had declined to answer. Hence the strained situation.

Not that it should be inferred, for a moment that so practical and far-seeing a woman as Mrs. Sloan had not made investigation into Mr. Simms' and his position, financial and social, long before his ardor had reached the present crisis. Left for many years a widow, she had proved herself an excellent woman of business, and when young Simms became devoted to Nathalie, she had, as a matter of course, written to a lawyer in the town from which he came, and asked certain questions which she felt sure that Mr. Sloan would have asked had he been living.

The reply had been satisfactory. G. F. S. Simms was the only child and heir of Mr. and Mrs. Simms, a man rich, philanthropic, and eccentric. Mr. Simms had left his son this, that, and the other real estate, valued at an amount that would have gone far to content Mrs. Sloan had his social position been not so satisfactory as it was. She knew, besides, that he had come to Boston well introduced, was a member of two good clubs, was good looking, with the dark hair and eyes that northerners think is more typical of the south than is true, and was well read, and altogether a desirable match for Nathalie.

Of course Nathalie knew nothing of her mother's researches. She had been asked to be the handsome young fellow's wife, and she had said that she would if mamma was willing. There was a look in her blue eyes—a look strikingly like her mother's, too—that said that she would even if mamma were not willing.

And now this painful interview. It had not been painful until after Mrs. Sloan had asked her questions—very spontaneously, he said, to the credit of her dramatic power, and received replies to them which corroborated her North Carolina correspondent, and at last had said with her most gracious smile, for she could be very winning:

"My dear Mr. Simms, I see no reason why you and Nathalie should not be happy, and as for me, I shall be glad to have a son as well as a daughter."

Simms had beamed upon her, and had thought her charming, with her fine figure, and snow-white hair rolled high above her still fresh face.

But she spoiled it all. Mr. Simms had known that it must come, sooner or later, but he wished that it had not come just now, when he was so happy.

"It seems curious to think that, though we know you so well, we don't know your first name. What am I to call my son?"

Mr. Simms flushed, but answered without hesitation: "My family and my intimate friends have always called me 'G.'"

"G? How very strange! and what is it really?"

"Oh, a curious name of my father's selection. I've told you, haven't I, that he was eccentric?"

"I always say that a child ought not to have a name that is old enough to be consulted about it. And yours is"—tentatively.

Simms felt that he must take his stand at once, and he replied with decision.

"My name, Mrs. Sloan, is very disagreeable to me, and I have never used anything but my initials. My family and friends, as I said, have called me 'G,' and I should prefer not to tell my Christian name even to you."

It was here that Mrs. Sloan's appearance of calm attention was ruffled just a wee bit by the irritation she was experiencing, and that the young man on the other side of the room was distinctly guilty look.

"But wouldn't it be better for you to talk it over frankly now? You see there will be so many questions asked about a newcomer. Norham is like Concord and Andover—it requires a residence of three generations, at least, to remove the stigma of being a late arrival."

She said it very well, but she had met with an obstinacy equal to her own.

"Should I ever be necessary, Mrs. Sloan, you may depend upon me for meeting the necessity; and, until then, let me ask that you will not refer to the matter."

"And Nathalie?"

"I suppose I may see her now?" returned Simms, wittily misunderstanding her.

Mrs. Sloan went to call her daughter, and "G" told her all about it, and she said that she didn't care the least bit in the world what his name was or whether he had any at all.

However, "G" went on, Nathalie said an uncomfortable something in the mental atmosphere of the evening the preparations for the wedding could not blind her. For one thing, her mother and her lover, the two people she loved most dearly, were on terms of formality which she could not change. Then, too, the torrents of questions that her mother had anticipated duly were asked, and Nathalie grew tired of saying: "He has a funny name that he doesn't like, and I always call him 'G,' and of being begged: "Oh, do tell me what it is, Nathalie, I'll never tell."

At first she owned frankly that she did not know it, and was met by a stare of amazement. Then these friends went forth and told others.

## GOLDEN RULE PAYS

EXPERIMENT WITH CLEVELAND POLICEMEN SUCCESSFUL.

Decrease of 65 Per Cent. in Arrests Under Plan Tried by Chief Kohler Based on Common Sense.

Cleveland.—After more than eight months' trial of the new Golden Rule policy of making arrests in Cleveland, Chief of Police Kohler has pronounced it unqualifiedly a success, and accordingly has given the policemen still greater power of discretion. The number of arrests in Cleveland in eight months of this year has shown a decrease of more than 65 per cent. over the same period last year, while, at the same time, no greater number of serious crimes than usual have been reported, despite the large number of first offenders allowed to go who, under the old regime, would have been arrested. However, Chief Kohler says that there are still too many arrests, and he is urging that further care be exercised in keeping the number down. Other cities are preparing to follow the same course.

The Golden Rule policy, which Chief Kohler put into effect last January, provided that policemen should use judgment and common sense in dealing with offenses which are merely a violation of city ordinances and punishable by a small fine. They were told to take into consideration the intent to violate a law or an ordinance, and also the question of maliciousness on the part of the offender. They were instructed to warn a drunken man and send him home, rather than drag him to jail on his first offense, and that two men fighting, if for the first time, should be separated, reasoned with, and not arrested. Old offenders, those intentionally violating the law, or those committing felonies should be as severely dealt with as ever. A record is kept of the cases of all persons released or even warned.

The object of the new plan was to decrease the number of arrests without arrest and prevent the humiliation and disgrace of persons who through thoughtlessness, passion or temper or in a spirit of frolic or mischievousness violated the law. Likewise, it is intended to prevent the humiliation and disgrace of near relatives of such offenders. It was thought, too, that it would lessen the work of the police department and the attaches of the police courts.

How well the plan has succeeded in reducing the number of arrests is shown in the following table, which covers the period from the time it was put into effect to September 1:

ARRESTS IN 1907.	ARRESTS IN 1908.
January.....2,158	January.....911
February.....2,257	February.....829
March.....2,711	March.....829
April.....2,454	April.....867
May.....2,563	May.....883
June.....2,563	June.....883
July.....2,563	July.....883
August.....2,563	August.....883
September.....2,563	September.....883

The assertion was made at the first that the Golden Rule policy placed a dangerous discretionary power in the hands of the police. This has not proved true. In his bulletin to the police on July 1 Chief Kohler said:

"The members of this department have accomplished results even beyond my expectations in this common sense policy, which must be gratifying to you as well as myself, and I am sure it is to the general community. With your long and varied experience in police matters, I know that you are competent to judge. The last six months have shown that your judgment is good, and you have accomplished the results expected by me in our first instructions."

The police themselves are much interested in and are in hearty accord with the new plan. Some of them say that they tried to exercise judgment in making arrests for intoxication under the old regime, but did so on their own responsibility, while now they are supported by official indorsement. Now no person is arrested for intoxication on his first offense unless it be necessary for his protection or for the protection of another, or unless he is disturbing the peace and quiet of the city.

Could Believe That. Bloward—I hesitate to tell you what that automobile cost me. You wouldn't believe it. I paid a fabulous price for the machine, though, I can tell you.

Kohlfax—I don't doubt it. What I want to know is the real price you paid for it.—Chicago Tribune.

Putting Him Next. "Say," queried the railroad detective, "are there any toughs in this town?"

"Lots of 'em," replied the village postmaster. "You'll find 'em across the street in the butcher shop."—Chicago Daily News.

A Matter of Temper. "Pretty and talented as she is, Miss Quickly does not seem to be the favorite I thought she would become. Why is it she hasn't turned out a pet?"

"I guess it is because she is always in one."—Baltimore American.

## NEW DISTRICTS AND NEW RAILWAYS

WESTERN CANADA AFFORDS BETTER CONDITIONS THAN EVER FOR SETTLEMENT.

To the Editor.—Sir:—Doubtless many of your readers will be pleased to have some word from the grain fields of Western Canada, where such a large number of Americans have made their home during the past few years. It is pleasing to be able to report that generally the wheat yield has been good; it will average about 20 bushels to the acre. There will be many cases where the yield will go 35 bushels to the acre, and others where 50 bushels to the acre have been recorded. The oat and barley crop has been splendid. The prices of all grains will bring to the farmers a magnificent return for their labors. An instance has been brought to my notice of a farmer in the Pincher Creek (Southern Alberta) district—where winter wheat is grown—who made a net profit of \$19.55 per acre, or little less than the selling price of his land. 30, 40, and 50 bushel yields are recorded there. The beauty about the lands in Western Canada is that they are so well adapted to grain-raising, while the luxuriant grasses that grow everywhere in abundance make the best possible feed for fattening cattle or for those used for dairying purposes.

The new homestead regulations which went into force September, 1908, attracted thousands of new settlers. It is now possible to secure 160 acres in addition to the 160 acres as a free grant, by paying \$3.00 an acre for it. Particulars as to how to do this and as to the railway rates can be secured from the Canadian Government Agents.

The development throughout Western Canada during the next ten years will probably exceed that of any other country in the world's history. It is not the statement of an optimistic Canadian from the banks of the Saskatchewan, but of Mr. Leslie M. Shaw of New York, ex-Secretary of the United States Treasury under the late President McKinley and President Roosevelt, and considered one of the ablest financiers of the United States. "Our railway companies sold a good deal of their land at from three to five dollars an acre, and now the owners are selling the same land at from fifty to seventy-five dollars, and buying more up in Canada at from ten to fifteen."

The editor of the Monticello (Iowa) Express made a trip through Western Canada last August, and was greatly impressed. He says: "One cannot cross Western Canada to the mountains without being impressed with its immensity of territory and its future prospects. Where I expected to find frontier villages there were substantially built cities and towns with every modern convenience. It was formerly supposed that the climate was too severe for it to be thought of as an agricultural country, but its wheat-raising possibilities have been amply tested. We drew from Ontario many of our best farmers and most progressive citizens. Now the Americans are emigrating in greater numbers to Western Canada. Seventy-five per cent. of the settlers in that good country located southeast of Moose Jaw and Regina are Americans. Canada is well pleased with them and is ready to welcome thousands more."

## LAMENT FOR CHANGED TIMES.

Adoniram Cornpot Discourses on Present-Day Extravagance.

"Yes, sree, Bill, times is changed since you an' me was down our court-in," said Adoniram Cornpot, with a note of sadness in his voice, to old Andy Clover, who had come over to "set a spell."

"When we was down our court-in, Andy, a gal thought she was bein' treated right hansom if a fellow bought her ten cents' worth o' peppermints once in awhile, an' if he tuk her for any doin's in town she didn't expect him to go down into his jeans to the tune of a dollar or two for ice cream an' soda water an' candy at fo' cents a paound. My son Sit tuk his ducky-doodle to the band concert in town yistidin an' there wa'n't a quarter left of a dollar bill he struck me fer time he got home. Beats all the way young folks throw the money away nowadays. I tell ye times is changed mightily since we was born, an' the Lawd only knows what the end will be with a feller layin' out 75 cents on a gal in one day."—Puck.

## MODESTY.



Teacher (encouragingly).—Come, now, Willie, spell chickens.

Willie.—I'm afraid I'm too young to spell chickens, teacher, but you might try me on eggs.

Not an Up-to-date Church. Two colored sisters living in a suburban town met on the street one day, and Sister Washington, who had recently joined the church, was describing her experiences.

"Deed Mrs. Johnsing, I've joined the Baptist church, but I couldn't do all the jining here, 'cause they had to take me to the city church to baptize me. You know, they ain't no pool-room in the church here."—Success.

Disgruntled Dad. "I see," said the Wall street man, "that you are engaged again."

"I am," admitted the son and heir. "Just when violets and theater tickets are due for their fall rise. Why must you always fall in love on a bull market?"—Kansas City Journal.

## TELLS ORDEAL OF A NOVELIST

Finished a Book on Time the Day Her Daughter Dies.

A notable instance of mental control and application is told of the late Mrs. Cashel Hoey, the Irish novelist and journalist, who died the other day at the age of 81.

One of her early novels appeared serially in "Household Words," and

the editor, Charles Dickens, had agreed to accept the story on monthly instalments.

When the novel was about completed, and with the most exacting chapters still unwritten, the author was unexpectedly called to France by the critical illness of a beloved daughter. The death of this daughter followed within the week, and found the novelist on the continent and within