

# PALLADIUM SHORT STORY PAGE

## "Rounding Up" a Herd of Elephants

CAPTURING a wild elephant alive is considered such a difficult and hazardous undertaking that elaborate expeditions are usually organized for the purpose, but in Siam, where elephants are employed to do most of the hard work connected with felling timber, building roads and similar operations and where, consequently, the big animals are required in large numbers, the natives capture them wholesale.

Elephants are plentiful enough in Siam, where they gather in large herds, but it would be almost impossible to capture them save by the use of strategy. The natives resort to the old expedient of employing "a thief to catch a thief," or in other words, of using tamed elephants to catch the wild ones.

When the Siamese Government is in need of elephants, a herd of wild ones is sought out. Then experienced elephant hunters—and almost every Siamese is taught from childhood how to handle the big beasts—are sent out with a number of tamed elephants, some of whom are mounted, while others are allowed their full liberty.

The tame elephants without riders are used as "stool pigeons," so to speak, and mingle with the wild herd, while the hunters surround it.

The tame animals among the herd know almost as well as their masters what is expected of them, and they urge their wild companions to follow them toward a specially constructed corral, or *kraal*, as they call it, built of strong timbers with large doors.

In this manner the whole herd is slowly but surely driven through forest and field, and sometimes even across large streams. Once in a while one of the older elephants tries to break away, but is as a rule easily driven back by the hunters, who are armed with long spears, with which they goad the recalcitrants into line.

When the herd is nearing the corral, the bunch is slowly thinned out until it forms in single file, the animals trotting willingly behind each other. A tame elephant leads the line and enters the corral, and all the others follow him quite unsuspectingly. As soon as they are all inside the stockade, the doors are closed and it is not till then that the wild elephants realize that they have been deprived of their natural liberty.

Sometimes they charge the barriers and injure themselves in consequence, for the stockade is built of sturdy teak logs, twelve feet high and driven eight or nine feet into the earth. Usually, however, they acquiesce in their fate. After they

have quieted down somewhat they are lassoed with strong ropes and their legs are tied to the strong posts of the stockade.

The wild elephant of Siam is not generally savage, but unless he is harassed he is quite gentle, and the elephant drive is witnessed by large numbers of the population who follow the drive without fear of any danger.

Of course, there are plenty of savage elephants in Siam, but these, as a rule, do not travel with the herds, but roam singly through the primeval forest. The natives know well enough to leave them alone, but they provide the most exciting sort of sport for the foreign hunters.

The King of Siam is an expert on elephants, and he invariably at-

tempts to catch the animals from the fear that the animals may kill each other, and the herd be so much the smaller as a result.

After the return of the Crown Prince of Siam from Oxford, England, and this country, a special elephant drive was arranged for his benefit. A herd of two or three hundred wild elephants was located in the jungle and a large cordon of tame animals was employed for the round-up. The affair was made a great society event and all the flower of Siam's aristocracy was on hand to watch the proceedings.

The royal elephant drive used to be an annual event in Siam, but of recent years the custom has died out and these round-ups occur only on special occasions or when the need for animals makes them necessary.



A Corral, or Kraal, of Sturdy Teak Logs Into Which the Wild Elephants Are Lured.



The Wild Herd Follows the Tamed Elephants Even Across Broad Streams.

tends an elephant drive with his whole suite. A regular grandstand is erected near the entrance to the corral, from which point of vantage the King and his royal suite witness the process of capturing the elephants. The King is a great camera fiend, and from his royal box he takes many an interesting snapshot of the big beasts.

Often the proceedings are enlivened by a contest between a tame elephant and one of the herd of wild elephants who discovers the treachery of his companion and shows his resentment by attacking him. These elephants furnish great amusement for the natives, although they usually separate the combatants before much harm is done, not so much, it must be admitted, from humanitarian motives as



The Siamese Hunters Use Long Poles to Goad the Big Animals Into Line.

### The Fascinating Gamble of Playwriting

EVERYBODY has heard of the fortunes made by successful playwrights, how the author's royalties on a single popular drama may insure him an income of from \$100 to \$500 per week, according to the number of companies engaged in performing it, through the entire season of forty weeks, and continuing for a long period of years.

No wonder that more stage manuscripts are written than any other kind—almost everybody who writes at all should make at least one trial for this rich prize, even without any training whatever in this most exacting department of the literary art.

That playwriting is, even with the adepts, no more than a fascinating gamble is again shown in connection with the reading in London of the late

Captain Robert Marshall's will. Captain Marshall wrote a score of successful plays, yet the will lumped them all together as having a value of \$1 each!

At least three of these plays—"His Excellency the Governor," "The Second in Command," and "The Duke of Killiecrankie"—can be counted among the most popular productions of recent years. One week's royalty dues from Mr. Charles Frohman for "His Excellency the Governor" alone amounted to \$98. What, then, was the

play?

As with most mysteries, the truth is probably simple enough. This was the will of Mr. Marshall, with Mr. Henry Bridgeman, of French's, upon whose shelves so much of the present-day English drama awaits either immortality or the duster.

"There is probably nothing in the whole world whose value is so utterly incalculable as being reduced to rule as that of a stage-play. Roughly speaking, a play may be worth absolutely nothing, or it may be worth many thousands."

"The actual value of plays, so far as the future is concerned, can hardly be gauged by any one. One may take it, indeed, that a new play by an unknown author is, until its production, valueless. If it is a success its worth makes up instantly to hundreds and thousands as the case may be."

"Always, of course, the bigger the play and the more elaborate the production necessary, the greater

the risk. Take, for instance, some of the Drury Lane dramas that have ceased touring and that demand an enormous amount of mechanism and a large stage. If they were revived at Drury Lane they would instantly be worth money—at any rate, to the authors. But under ordinary circumstances they might be so much waste-paper."

"On the whole, I should say that the play that has brought more money to the owners of the copyright than any other in the history of the stage is 'The Silver King.' For twenty-eight years it has been running somewhere or other—in England, America, or the Colonies—without a single break. It is still on tour."

"Among the more recent plays that have brought fortunes, there is, of course, 'Peter Pan,' though it is possible that all Mr. Barrie's plays 'The Little Minister' has made most, with its enormously successful tours. Mr. Shaw's play, with having added a very tidy sum to his exchequer by his vogue in Germany, but in general Continental rights are not worth as much as might be thought, as the runs are shorter than they are here."

"As showing that the playwright himself does after all share pretty largely in the fruits of his labors, it was recently calculated that the total royalties made by Sir Arthur Pinero, Sir William Gilbert, Mr. Henry Arthur Jones and Mr. Barrie would in each case run well into six figures."

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## The Shirra and the Caddie - - - By Laurence North

"THERE is a choice of caddies," said my friend the Advocate.

"Now, will you take the character or the gopher?"

"Oh, by all means," I said, "give me the character. He is in my vein. The gopher would hold me very cheap. He would be a trying taskmaster; and to date, at any rate, I am out for pleasure. So let me have the character."

I was only a visitor to the Links, where the Advocate, undeterred by my small skill in the Royal and Ancient Game, had most kindly insisted on my playing a round with him. I had told him honestly what he might expect, but the good man would not be denied. He said he feared men at games they did not understand, and I would have felt complimented but for memories of the heathen Chinee. The Advocate made haste to say that Ah Shu had not been in all his thoughts; and in golf, to be sure, it is impossible to keep a long drive or a fell putt up one's sleeve, except metaphorically. So

had a reassuring manner. His coat seemed to have ended him with Christian charity, for never by word or look, or—what is still more terrible in a caddie—by indefinable and satirical superiority of manner, did he make one feel that it had been better not to have been born. Only by this and by occasional hearty words of praise—quite well deserved, although I say it myself unblushingly—did Duncan show that he was a man out of the common. But he said nothing original, and I was frankly disappointed with him. The fact that it was Monday night might have had something to do with his lack of brilliancy. That it could have arisen at all is due to a peculiarity of the Scots judicial system. This circumstance is quite curious situation on any golf links in Christendom. It appealed to the Advocate, who told his part of the story very well, I hope I may be enabled by the muses to conceal the denouement as cleverly as he did until the last moment. Well, as I remarked, there was surely never a queerer situation on any golf course than that which is the cause of humor in this story. That it could have arisen at all is due to a peculiarity of the Scots judicial system. This circumstance is quite as it should be in a tale wherein a Sheriff, an Advocate, a caddie, and an indifferent golfer and scribbler are concerned. How fortunate it is for literature that Scotland kept her own laws at the Union! No, my dear but captious friend, I am not concealed. I assure you my thoughts were all of Sir Walter Scott, the Shirra of Shuras.

But the odd situation occurs at the end of the story. There is a beginning, likewise a middle, to be unfolded first; for this little drama, as befits a thing born in an ancient university city, is framed on the strictest Aristotelean canons. The beginning was enacted by the riverside, the middle in a court of justice, and the end upon the links. At the beginning, strangely enough, we lose sight of our protagonist. That may only have been because the action—a sadly illegal action—took place in the twilight. It is impossible to decide the matter with any certainty. Some said it was and some said it wasn't, and truth to tell, it must have been hard enough to see. But the water bailiff said he had noticed a figure armed with a club—not the golf iron of that name, but a different instrument with a different use—moving stealthily along the deep-wooded bank toward the crives. For a while the man eluded him; he was evidently an old hand; and at length the bailiff thought he had taken fright and made off. The official's cottage stood not far away. He turned about and sauntered leisurely homeward. Going in, he banged the front door smartly, and immediately hurried out by the back way. Yes, his stratagem had succeeded; his man had been watching and had been quite deceived.

There could be but one end to it. All the same, he would take care that the trial should not cost him a day's work.

It was a good idea to bang the door. "Na, na, my man," he thought, as he went along with careful steps, "I'm no at my supper for a little yet. There's you to catch off to doubt."

It was deep gloaming now, and a few stars were already reflected on the reach of water above the crives. The bailiff, like all his class of open-air men, was alive to the joys of a fine evening, but this was not a time for sentiment. He was not at a time for sentiment. He was not at a time for sentiment.

But there was no one there to plead. No matter, it simplified things considerably. The accused was not represented.

The water bailiff and his lieutenant gave conclusive evidence of the crime; service and the accused was so proved. The Court was satisfied. Guilty.

Five pounds or three months.

Immediately the Court rose. Amid the bustle of dispersal there was some talk between the bar officer and the water bailiff.

"I'll get him easy," said the bailiff. "He's never far awa'. Juist send a bish over to the links during the afternoon, and he canna miss him."

"I'll suspen," said the Clerk of the Court, "ther's no chance of his being bish."

But the bailiff shook his head. "Nane ay a said."

The warrant for committal was accordingly made out in due form, and the officer who directed it executed it.

This the worthy officer proceeded to do at his ponderous leisure, and when at length he reached the place where he expected to find his prisoner, he was told that he must wait a couple of hours, as the condemned was fulfilling a professional engagement, and was for the moment beyond reach of the law.

In strict etiquette, perhaps, the law should have given in search of the lawbreaker, but the prisoner's duration of punishment was to be determined by the town boys called him "Fatty Annie" exulted overmuch? There was no reason. It was a beautiful afternoon. The Law sat down in the shade of a tree and waited for opportunity.

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links early in the afternoon. The last case had just been called; a summary complaint in a matter of salmon-poaching. It would not hinder the Court in its proceedings. The Shirra gave the attention that a small sum of duty demanded. That did not preclude some pleasant thoughts of golf. If the accused pleaded guilty, so much the better; the Court would take his word for it.

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Early in the game the Sheriff got a call. He asked for his son. Duncan hesitated and cocked his eye at the man of law.

"I would that to avizandum, Sheriff," he suggested.

Now for the benefit of the uninitiated, he said that avizandum is the term used in Scots law to signify that the Sheriff has reserved judgment.

"Well?" queried the Sheriff.

Duncan handed him his niblick. He was justified in his choice.

A moment later the Sheriff's ball was well up on the green.

"I didn't know you were learned in the law, Duncan," the Sheriff remarked, as he hol'd out, and they moved towards the teeing ground.

"Oh, freely," Duncan replied, "although we've maybe atten seen the inside of the Kirk than the Shirra ay."

"What was the text?"

"Thou shalt not steal," Duncan answered with a queer look.

"All right," said the divine ap-

prentice.

He took a high spiritual view of his text, and dwelt on the sanctity of property generally. I liked him well enough when he denounced the iniquity o' the haws be red, and the more doubtful methode that he did, but with the more he had made an exception. There's the game laws, for instance, he said, how the wild thing, be it beast or bird, or fish for that matter, can be the property o' a landlord. We're told that the earth is the Lord's and the fullness thereof are his, and that the good things are free for man."

"I fear, Duncan, that wouldn't be a defence in law against poaching."

"Ye ken best about that, sir. I suppose you have heard it offered?"

"I have not."

"It might be offered," Duncan sighed, "if I had been the pleader."

"You would have got credit for ingenuity, but not a verdict, I fear, Duncan," said Mr. Maclagan, who had lost his ball, I suppose."

They went over among the whins to help in the search, and for the rest of the match Duncan spoke only when his official duties required. As the play went on, he retreated to the clubhouse, the popular office, surging in from a knoll, and kept them in view at a respectful distance. As soon as Duncan had received something "for manners" and the major officer of the law had turned away, he crept up behind Lind and moved toward the shoulder, and touched him on the shoulder, at the same time producing his warrant.

"What has he given me?" the prisoner asked, nodding in the direction of the Sheriff's retreating figure.

"Five pounds or three months."

"Will ye bide or I clean his clubs?"

"Oh, surely," said the policeman.

"But dinna be over lang about it."

"Within doors the Sheriff and his partner sat down to a cup o' tea. Another player entered with a warrant."

"Poor Duncan's taken up," he remarked, nodding in the