

"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 barrier 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 hunter.

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

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 loge he takes many an interesting snap-shot 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.

How the Big Animals Are Caught in Siam, Where the "Elephant Round-Up" Is a Frequent Event

The Fascinating Gamble of Playwriting

EVERYBODY has heard of the fortunes made by successful playwrights—but 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 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 he 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 explanation?

As with most mysteries, the truth is probably simple enough. This was proved in a talk with Mr. Henry Bridgland, of French's, upon whose shelves so much of the present-day English drama awaits either immortality or the dustbin.

There is probably nothing in the whole world where value is so utterly incapable of 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 rule. 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 tour. Mr. Shaw is credited 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.

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 of the golfer?"

"Oh, by all means," I said, "give me the character. He is in my vein. The golfer would hold me very cheap. He would be a trying taskmaster; and today, 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 that he did not understand, and I would have felt complimented but for memories of the Heathen Chinee. The Advocate made haste to say that Ah Sin had not been in all his thoughts; and in golf, to be sure, it is impossible to keep a long drive or a full putt up one's sleeve, except metaphorically. So I accepted the invitation in the spirit in which it was offered, and now a beautiful afternoon, clear and sunny and bracing, as only Northern afternoons can be, found us ready to begin.

You need not try to discover the locality. There are other places where the sea is blue, the salt spray flies in feathery plumes from the crest of the waves, the sands are golden, and the greens are velvety and fragrant after rain. But what, you say, of the river, rich in noble salmon—the river that winds beneath one perfect Gothic arch? What of Thomas the Rhymer, and George Gordon Noel, Lord Byron, and the weird prophecy that made him dismount at the bridge? Oh, my dear sir, you know too much. Besides, you are quite wrong; and I am just going out with my friend to play golf, more or less, and my caddie is a character. We shall discuss topography another day.

We picked up our benches at the corner of the fence, and the game began. It was quite uneventful. There was no great distinction or great disgrace on either side. Perhaps the dull mediocrity depressed Duncan. He kept his character well hidden under his long and loose black coat, which had a suspiciously clerical cut. I have little doubt, indeed, that it was the gift of some reverend and golfing father. My caddie, however,

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. Who knows what subtle influence a coat may bring from a former wearer, and the cloth, one knows, is never at its best on the second day of the week. The quip pleased me for a time, but afterward I heard a more rational explanation of Duncan's moodiness.

The truth is, he is never quite himself on Monday, because on Sunday he chivies. With Duncan that is a weekly ceremony. On Saturday, when the bristles hedge his jaw like a zebra, his wit is at its sharpest. But on Monday, when his lantern jaws are overcast with melancholy blue, Duncan's spirits take the same tone. When he is dull he broods on an event, which was in some ways fortunate for him, but not an unkind word, for it robbed him for ever of the great pastime and passion of his life. Duncan's honor makes his renunciation final.

Anti-sentimentalists may read further without fear. This is no mawkish tale of blighted love, but one that a good sportsman may hear and repeat without reproach.

It is well to remember that Duncan is a sportsman first and foremost. Considering how his wings are clipped nowadays, one wonders whether it would be more correct to say that Duncan was a sportsman; but perhaps the present tense is still true. The desire must be there, although fate has taken away the performance. In his day Duncan was a doughty performer. The mere mention of his pastime makes his eye light up for a moment. Then the gleam fades and a wistful look takes its place. Some day—some night—again—where knows—but, nay; Duncan, whatever his failings, is a man of honor. Some say he gave the Shirra his word for it. It does not matter

that the Shirra is dead and gone long-syne—Duncan keeps faith with the departed; if, indeed, there was any formal pact, which I take leave to doubt.

Probably there was never a more curious situation on any golf links in Christendom. It appeared 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 conceited. I assure you my thoughts were all of Sir Walter Scott, the Shirra of Shirras.

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 cleft—not the golf iron of that name, but a different instrument with a different use—moving stealthily along the deep-wooded bank toward the cruires. 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.

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

It was deep gloaming now, and a few stars were already reflected on the reach of water above the cruires. 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 had his duty to do. He would take his time, however, and his man in the flagrant act.

Dimly outlined against the faint sheen of the water, the figure stole out upon the cruires and remained motionless. Crouched behind a bush the bailiff bided his time. His lieutenant lurked not far away. The sky grew darker, the stars winked more brightly, the light sough of the wind among the trees and the song of the river became more audible as other sounds, the sounds of the workaday world, slackened and died away. The bailiff noted these things as he watched and waited.

At last! A splash, a commotion, a struggle, then stillness again, save for the rush of the water over the cruires. The bailiff met his man just as he stepped carefully off the wooden bank on to the bank.

"Ay," said the bailiff casually, "that's a braw night."

"No that it!" the other answered, trying to pass, but the bailiff's hand was on his shoulder, the bailiff's voice was in his ear. "And thou's a braw fish ye've taken. Maybe ye'll hae the civility to let me take charge o' it."

Suddenly the shadow handed over the salmon.

"And now," continued the bailiff, "ye'll just favor me wi' your full name. On ay, I ken ye fine; but I dinna ken whether it's your Christian name or your surname that ye gang by. The law requires us to be exact, ye see. If the name 'a'body gins ye by your Christian name, tell me your surname, or the other way about, accordin' to the facts o' the case."

The unfortunate adventurer set his cap to right gave him a dry good-night, and departed heavy-hearted to await the hand of justice. Like all systematic law-breakers, he knew the procedure as well as any lawyer. In a day or two his offense would be dealt with by summary complaint before the Sheriff.

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.

The Sheriff said little heed to the name of the accused, and even if he had, it would not have suggested very much to him. He was glad that the list had been so short to-day; for he was due at the

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 very long. The Sheriff gave it all the attention that a strict sense of duty demanded. That did not preclude some pleasant thoughts of golf. If the accused pleaded guilty, so much the better; the Court would be on the links all the sooner.

But there was no one there to plead. No matter, it simplified things considerably. The accused was not represented. The Sheriff bided his time, and the service of the summons was also 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.

"Hoot ay," said the bailiff, "ye'll get him easy. He's never far awa'. Just send a boy ower to the links during the afternoon, and he canna miss him."

"I suppose," said the Clerk of the Court, "that the prisoner is his being able to pay, is there?"

Duncan's reputation as a character had endeared him to the Sheriff, and that afternoon, when the Court appeared on the links, it was not ill pleased to find the shabby humorist at its service. As it happened, Duncan was just then wearing a cast-off coat of the Sheriff's, which he had bought at a bargain. He gave a legal color to his reflections. There was another bond between master and henchman that afternoon, but one of them at least did not suspect it.

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

"I would tak' that to avizandum, Shirra," he suggested.

Now for the benefit of the uninitiated, he it 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 of 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 holed out, and they moved towards the teeing ground.

"He did that, sir," Duncan replied, "although we've maybe after seen the inside o' the kirk than the Shirra Court."

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 of the hasty to be rich, and the folly of the hasty to be poor, and the wisdom of the hasty to be poor. I can't say, however, that he was a great deal of a character. There's the game, the wild thing, be it what it may, or fish for that matter, can be the property of a landlord. We're told that 'the carlin is the Lord's' and the fullness thereof, and that surely means that the good things are free for man."

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

"Ye ken best about that, sir. I suppose you never heard it offered?"

"I have not."

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

"You would have got credit for ingenuity, but not a verdict, I fear, Duncan—ah, Mr. MacLagan has lost his ball, I see."

They went over among the whins to help in the search for the rest of the match Duncan spoke only when his official duties required. As the play-off turned to the clubhouse, the corpulent officer surged up from a knoll and kept them in view at a respectful distance. As soon as Duncan had released himself from "for manners," and away the minor hind moved toward the caddie and touched him on the shoulder, at the same time producing his warrant.

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

"Five pounds or three months," said the Sheriff.

"Will ye bide or I clean his clubs?" "Oh, surely," said the policeman.

"But dinna be ower lang about it." Within doors the Sheriff and his partner sat over a cup of tea. Another player entered with news.

"Poor Duncan's taken up," he remarked; "the bobby's waiting for him somewhere. Three months—poaching salmon."

"Good heavens!" the Sheriff exclaimed. Is he the poor devil I sentenced to-day? He the name—let me see? I thought it was Morrison—he always gets plain 'Duncan' here."

"He did that, sir," I said, "although we've maybe after seen the inside o' the kirk than the Shirra Court."