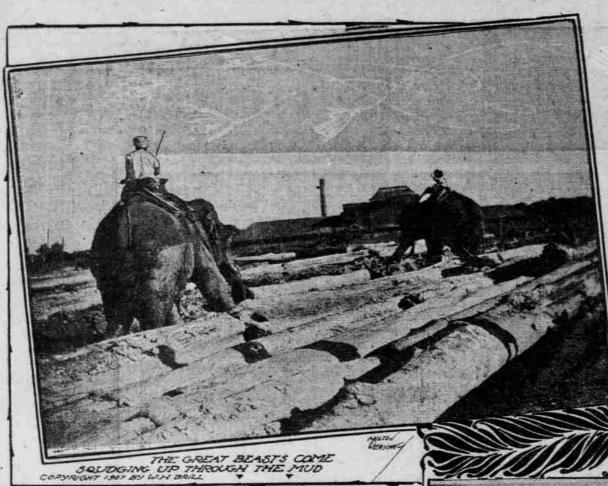
FLEPHANTS A PILIN' TEAK



Kipling's Favorite Quadrupeds at Strenuous Work Among Big Logs in a Mill Yard Near Rangoon, Lower Burma.





RY WILLIAM H. BRILL. TIL Kipling wrote "The Road to Mandalay" no one knew much of anything about Burma. To be sure, it was on the maps and the school geographies mentioned it in an undecided sort of way, but it was practically un-known to the great mass of people. But, almost entirely through the influence of these rollicking verses, Burma has become famous. A lot of ships have always gone there, and now the never-ending tide of tourists has found it out, the little steamers that ply along the coast making pore and Calcutta, have cut the good oldfashioned staterooms in two, that they goon is the proud possessor of a Cook's

There are not many things to see it Rangoon, but it is worth visiting just the same. There are the strange crowded baen pagoda and the elephants-above all the elephants. If there were nothing else in Rangoon the elephants would pay one for all the discomfort of a very unpleasant trip from Singapore on a little, dirty, smelly ship. When you go to the agent at Singapore for a ticket he regrets that the ship sailing tomorrow isn't one of the good ships that make the run, but he will do the best he can for you. He has become so used to telling this story that he really believes it himself. But when you see the elephants you are

repaid for it all; when you see the -elephints a-pilln' teak

In the sludgy, squdgy creek, you know that your troubles have not

good old days when all the work

passed away. Modern machinery for the andling of logs and great timbers is rapidly coming into use and unless you get to Rangoon pretty soon you will miss the greatest charm of the place. But there are still some of them, and they are There isn't so much work for the great solemn beasts as there used to be, and as

a general rule you have to get up early in the morning if you want to see them. But that's the time to get up in Rangeon People go to work early in the morning and rest in the middle of theday. It was December when I was there and the great S o'cleck in the morning that one really envied the elephants their inch-thick hide and the cool mud in which they worked. buried up to their bodies.

Getting to See the Beasts.

There are a dozen or more timber yards in Rangoon and practically all of them me elephants part of the time. But you had better go to the offices in the city and ask the young Englishmen who occupy them if the elephants are at work. The guide doesn't know, although he tells you confidently he does, and the information bureau in the hotel never heard of elephants. But after you have trotted around eight or ten of the offices you will find that in some yard somewhere you will find that in some yard somewhere you will show the results of the property of the proper where out along the river the elephants clock you had better use it for the chances say it will are that the hotel people will forget all came away.

Order a guide and a carriage, for you mustn't walk in Rangoon, even at that time in the morning, it is too not. No matter which way your timber yard lies you will have an enjoyable half hour's drive out along the river until finally you was a great expanse. finally you see a great expanse of enormous logs lying in the mud on the bank of the river and, plodding slowly around among them, two or three great black blotches. You have found

the elephants, perhaps, you think, the very ones Kipling told about.

It is one great big mud puddle, this timber yard, many acres in extent, with the river on one side and the sawmills on the other. The logs are floated down the river from away up in the interior and are furned to lumber and interior and are turned to lumber at the mills, but between the river bank and the mills the elephants gold sway. They do the work, patiently, ploddingbut with a skill and intelligence

that sets you wondering.
Up close to the mills the logs are down there that the elephants are working. You have a hundred yards to walk over the closely piled logs-great the diameter of your body. It's easy at first although the logs are muddy and slippery, but when you get past are further apart, be careful. A misstep is likely to send you into the mud. and then you will need an elephant to pull you

-you half believe he is smiling at you, elephants and logs are the commonest things in the world to him. But when you reach the end of the rows of logs

mahouts yelling at them and pounding them with their bare heels, while the beasts pay no attention to either, but look at you with an expression in their eyes

Great, wrinkled, rough-coated beasts, covered with mud, they still possess a force and dignity which one must respect. They stand there quietly while you exam-ine them, and daintily condescend to pluck a banana out of your hand, if you have been thoughtful enough to bring such re-freshment. But withal you see in their freahment. But withal you see in their eyes something of disgust. Who are you, you puny little thing, that you should come here disturbing their labors and delaying the work which must be done? They even stand for you to photograph them—after you have waited to give the gray-bearded old native on the biggest one time to retie his turban. The old native strikes a none-as all wen the native strikes a pose—as all men the world over do when they see a camera pointed at them—but the elephant is above that. He simply looks at you out of the corner of his eye and wonders why you make so much trouble.

And then the mahouts put the great beasts through their paces. A young na.

companies you with a smiling hospitality and can go no further he calls the great animals up to you with a kindly toler-ance for your childlike curiosity. Slowly and sedately the great beasts come squdging up through the mud, the

which conveys to you as plainly as words elr message:
"We don't mind all this noise and both. Those foolish black men are only

showing off before strangers. They know it, and they know we know it, and now you know it."

But withal you see in their ning of disgust. Who are you

tive clad in a gorgeously striped under-shirt—and little else—leaps lightly across the mud hummecks and defty hooks a schain around the end of a massive log. hook in the air, and the elephant, winking then as the young fellow in the striped at you as if to call attention to the man's undershirt deftly throws off the chain, the

SHOVING THE LOGINTO PLACE COPSIENT 1907 BY W.H. BRILL

dramatic efforts, lurches forward, sinks in the mud to his body, pulls his legs out of the mud one after another with a loud his tusks, throws his weight against it. solemnly walks around to the The other end of the chain is made fast sucking sound, and goes squdging across and shoves it neatly and snugly into its the other end of the chain is made fast to the great braided band that is fastened across the elephant's chest. The mahout as if it were a toothpick.

He drags it along until he reaches the head with his bare heels, waves his iron to the factors to the variation of the chain is made fast sucking sound, and goes squuging across and shoves it neatly and snugly into its what did I tell you about that did I tell you about the precess, and did I tell you about that did I tell you about

probably been saved until there should

t moved. The chain is deftly fastened bround the end of the timber, the trunk of a great tree 50 feet long and five feet in diameter. The great elephant throws In diameter. The great elephant throws his weight against the breast strap and sinks deep into the mud, the mahout yelling and kicking and waving his iron hook, but never taking his eyes off the camera. But the stickey clay holds fast, the log does not move. Again and again he strains, but it is useless. Then the elephant stops and no yells or kicks can make him move. He knows what is going to happen, so what's the use wasting his breath. Another elephant is summoned from another part of the yard. He moned from another part of the yard. He goes straight to the other end of the log—he also knows what is going to happen—raises the end a bit with his tusks and gives it a tremendous shove at the same Instant that the elephant in front heaves away again. The mud shakes, but the log doesn't move. On the second trial it moves a little and on the third it slips out of its bed and the old elephant snakes it easily across the yards and pushes it into place as he did the first one.

Working With Intelligence.

Three or four logs are moved across and then the native in charge, with a few short words changes the programm log to feet long and perhaps three feet in diameter lies in the way of the ele-phant who has been told to go to the one beyond. It must be moved over before the one designated can be reached. The the one designated can be reached. The animal flaps his little ears in token that he understands the order, gets around at right angles to the log at one end, places his tusks under it and his trunk over it and gradually lifts the end up until it rests on the end of the next log. They tell a good story of the formation of the Elephant Timber Movers' Union in Burma and the way in which nonunion.

in Burma and the way in which nonunion elephants were punished and forced to take out working cards. I do not vouch for the story, but half a dozen men in Burma whom I asked about it expressed

by white men, but some years ago they were purchased by a company composed of Parsees. Now these Parsees, being followers of Zoroaster, saw no reason why they should lose considerable time by closing down the yards on Sunday, as had been the hablt with the former owners. So when the first Sunday came around preparations were made to go on with the work as on other days. But they had counted without the elephants. They refused to leave their stables and

no amount of coaxing or beating would induce them to move. On Monday they induce them to move. On Monday they went to work as usual and worked throughout the week without a murmur, but when Sunday came again they again refused to move. Three or four times the manager of the yards tried to get the elephants out on Sunday, but was finally obliged to give it up. The elephants had never before worked on Sunday and they refused to do it now. The union had won. union had won

About this time the Indian army decided to give up the elephant batteries which had for long been one of its most picturesque features, and a number of welltrained elephants were therefore in the market. Several of them were purchased by the managers of the Moulmein timber yards and put to work. The old ele-phants fraternized with them and assistphants fraternized with them and assisted them in mastering the details of their new work. When the first Sunday came the new elephants went out to work as usual, for they had never had Sundays off in the army. But the old elephants again refused to go out to the yards. While the new elephants were at work a meeting of the union was held and a pian decided upon. When the nonunion elephants returned to the stables they were promptly set up on by the old ele-

were promptly set up on by the old elephants and roundly beaten. Not until
they were properly chastised could the
union elephants be stopped.
The next day all went on an usual
and continued as usual all the week.
The elephants, both old and new, worked
together in the varies as before. But their belief in it.

There are very extensive timber yards over at Moulmein, across the bay from Rangoon, where, in the shade of the old pagoda, Kipling's Burma girl waits for the soldier who comes not back. Most of to see the work of these yards is done by ele- yards be worked on Sunday.

ELIPH HEWLING AND TAUNTED MILLUONS

HOW WITH THE AID OF AN UNIM-PRESSIONABLE PLUTOCRAT - -THIS EX-MISSIONARY WITHSTOOD UNCLEAN MONEY

ETER WIMBLE was the richest P man in Hartsock, and some said he was the richest man in Iowa, he was the richest man in Iowa, but for all that he was a simple man, with a large foot, and one minute after Eliph' Hewlitt entered Peter Wimble's office with a sample copy of Jarby's "Encyclopedia of Knowledge and Compendium of Literature, Science and Art" under his arm the door opened and Ellph' Hewlitt stepped out hur-riedly. The richest man in Hartsock did not wish to buy a copy of the greatest book on earth. He had said greatest book on earth. so. He had said it with his mouth and with his hands, and when he began to say it with his foot Eliph' Hewlitt

The little book agent stood a minute on the walk before the office and looked up and down Main street doubt-fully. Then he coughed a gentle apology for Mr. Wimble, smoothed his sandy side whiskers, tucked his oilcloth covered parcel firmly under his left arm and stepped briskly away. If you cannot get the richest man in town to head your list of subscribers the rule of the game is to get the min-ister's name. As a rule, too, it is safer to call on the minister.

safer to call on the minister.

"I think," said the minister softly, when Eliph' Hewlith had opened the conversation, "I think if you called on Peter Wimble—. He is our richest man, and his name at the head of your list would be more influential than mine. My salary is so small, and he has such great wealth—."

has such great wealth---"
"Peter Wimble, did you say the name was?" asked Eliph Hewlitt. "Wimble, the millionaire? Ain't his wealth tainted? I can't let myself take money from any of these millionaires that have the tainted kind of wealth, Mr. Parsley. I know you mean well by recommending me to him, and I know he would be eager and anxious to buy a copy of this book, but, I ask, is his wealth tainted? And I say, if it is it can't buy a copy of this book, not at no price. Not if he was John D. himself and was to offer me millions for it." The minister hesitated, and Eliph'

Hewlitt smiled and shook his head.
"No, sir," he said, "If he was John
D. and had all John D.'s money he then you will need an elephant to pull you couldn't buy it, and I wouldn't ask him to. It wouldn't be for sale to him. If he was to come to me on his knees

and say, 'Eliph' Hewlitt, here is \$250, 000,000 I intended to give away, but I ask you to take it and sell me one copy of that book, without which no man can be sure he has all the knowl-edge in the world in one volume, and which I consider cheap at the price you offer, I would speak to him kind-ly, but I would say: 'No, no, John D., to you I will not sell it. Tainted your money may be, or tainted it may not be, but Eliph' Hewlitt takes no be, but Eliph' Hewlitt takes no chances. Go and get rid of your solled millions some other way. That is what I would say to him, Mr. Paraley."
"You speak strongly," said the mild

crowded to earth with my load of musty, would come in and dump a bushel basket money. I would be a younger man to- of letters on my desk, and every letter

"Yes, sir," said Eliph' Hewlitt: "I got rid of it. I built an oil factory and put all my solled money into it. Any time you have any tainted millions and don't know how to get rid of them do that. know how to get rid of them do that. Put your money into an oil factory and it will not trouble you very long. John D. will have the money and the factory and the taint and the whole thing before you know the roof is on, and before you know he has it he will have passed it along to some education plant and will have his name in the paper. But it was a long time before I thought of that. I was an amateur giver in those days. I hadn't learned about the proper channel. I had just graduated from the pirate had just graduated from the pirate

y."
was from a college president sending back my checks, with 'tainted' wrote the minister, with just the slightest, and across the face. I used to go to some across the face. I used to go to some college president that I had met at a dinner, and I used to say: 'Please, please take forty-eight millions and I'll be your Dutch uncle for life,' and he would sigh and sniff his nose at the money and say: 'No, Eliph' Hewiltt. I need the money, but I can't take it. My college is wearing its last year's suit and its shoes are worn out, but my conscience won't let me take tainted money.'

"It went on in that way." continued

"It went on in that way," continued Eliph' Hewlitt, "till I got so that I was ashamed to look a college president in the face, and they got so that as an amateur giver in those days. I dent in the face, and they got so that adn't learned about the proper channel, whenever they saw me coming they knew I had just graduated from the pirate usiness."

"The plrate business?" inquired the inhister.

"It was a good business, too." said liph. Hewlitt. "Lots of money in it, and I run it on strictly moral lines, never innking that folks would say it was a mad business, like being a trust or a rail- plate trying to get rid of them. My wife used to say to me: "Eliph, why what I would say to him. Mr. Parsley.
"Tou speck strongly," said the mild
"Yes, sir," admitted Eliph Hewlitt.
"and so would you fr you had been a
tainted millionaire the way I was, and
had had the experience I have had
with money that was solled in sond
had had the experience I have had
with money that was solled in solle
you had you wouldn't want to take
any chances of getting any more of
it, from John D. or from Peter Wimble or from any one else. You woulde
he or from any one else. You would then 2 bependium of Literature, Science and
Art, a book that the best people are
sglad to get, for a lot of money that
you couldn't get rid of even if you
fumigated it first.
"Suggested Mr. Parsley, whose salary
was often in arrears.
"So I take notice," said Eliph Hewitt, "and if a beefsteak gets too ripe I
make a present of it to a widow with six
children. I suppose if the widow had be
it it is along out not handle to the would have to hang it up
the rime of the widow had be
it was of recept money from-from men like Peter
Wimble," said the militation accept money from-from men like Peter
Wimble," said the militation accept money from-from men like Peter
Wimble," said the minister. They accept
it was all on a coax for it. All money looks slike
to the man tastes slike. Every one of
the man tastes slike every the slike of
the man tastes slike every the slike of
the man tastes slike every the slik

newspapers day after day, among the want advertisements," continued Eliph' iterted. Item want advertisements, continued Eliph' iterted. Item want advertisements, continued Eliph' item want advertisements of colleges and charities that needed a good giver with millions, but they all said. No tainted millions need apply, or "Money must be absolutely clean." One day I found rid of an advertisement that brought hope to my heart. Seven hundred millions wanted immediately; a university in the West needs the donation of the above amount; might accept more from the right party as a favor; taint no the right party as a favor; taint no objection. Call at 724 Wall street, Tuesday morning, before breakfast.' I ran all the way from my palace in man. Fifth avenue to the address given and

way up to the desk. 'Your name?' said the man at the desk. 'Ellph Hew-litt,' I answered. 'How much do you want to give away?' he asked. 'Two hundred and fifty millions,' I answered. Very well, he said. We have no re-ciplent open today, but we may have soon. I will enter your name. It was then I knew that this was but another of the employment bureaus that are the curse of the man who has millions to give away. They promise freely, but they never perform. If anything turns up, said the employment may, we will let you know. Our fee is \$6,000,000. At that he handed me the fee—\$6,000,000 in tainted money. It was the old game, decoying the poor millionaire by means of a clev-erly worded advertisement, and then, instead of taking his millions, giving

him more."
"I don't think Peter Wimble would have started that kind of an employ-ment bureau," said Mr. Parsley, gravean honest man, but he has never ered any college presidents by trying to force his wealth on them. And I do not think his wealth is badly tainted. It may be slightly stale around the edges, but it does not pollute the atmosphere. I think you could safely accept a small sum from him. You might stipulate that it be taken from the cleaner portion."
"No," said Eliph, Hewlitt. "No, thank

"No." said Eliph' Hewlitt. "No. thank you. I shall not sell Peter Wimble a copy of this book. I shall not take even the small sum that is the price of this book, which is \$5. \$1 down and \$1 a month until paid, from Mr. Wimble. If he comes to me and asks me to sell him a copy of this book I shall say: 'No. Mr. Wimble: I cannot take your money. Give. If you will, to the church of which Mr. Parsley is the worthy pastor, a liberal sum.' No better use can be made of the cleaner portion of your wealth than that, for I know Mr. Parsley, who has hought a copy of "Jarby's Encyclopedia of Knowledge and Compendium of Literature, Science and Art." and who recommends it, to be a man of no ordinary mind. He saw at a glance the wonderful value of this book to all who seek to be abreast of the knowledge of the day, and he paid down \$1 of clean money for it. But your money I cannot accept, for it is tainted. It pains me, Mr. Wimble, I will say, 'to deprive you of the

burst into the room; but I was not the first. There were 60 or 70 other millionaires ahead of me, and all had their checkbooks open in their hands. They were standing in line awaiting their turn, and at last I worked my way up to the desk. 'Your name?' science forbids me to take, but Mrs. Wimble, I may yet rejoice in putting upon his parier table this book, with the beautiful and uplifting sentiments it contains. His money my conscience forbids me to take, but Mrs. Wimble's money is not tained. I will not rebelle's money is not tained. I will not rescience forbids me to take, but sire, winble's money is not tainted. I will not refuse to sell her a copy, either bound in
cloth at \$5 or in half morocco at \$1.59.
Here is the place you sign your name,
Mr. Parsley. I can take your dollar now
or when the volume is delivered to you."
Mr. Parsley hesitated.
"Of course," he said. "I feel that I

Mr. Parsiey hesitated.
"Of course," he said, "I feel that I have honestly earned all the money I receive, but how it was earned before it was put in the contribution box I cannot say. If you have any doubt as to how it originated, per-haps you would not want me to buy—" Eliph' Hewlitt reached for the dol-lar that the minister held in his hand. He took it and folded it and put it in "For your sake, Mr. Parsley." he said, "I will take the risk."

Disproportionate Lives.

Catholic Standard and Times "See here," cried the cat, "are you really determined to drown me? "I am." replied the man, "You killed our carrary, and I believe in 'a life for a life."

"But you're bent on taking nine lives for a life."

The Amsteur Gardener.

Denver Republican.

A fool there was, and he made his bluff (Even as you and I!)

At a hoe and a rake, and a shovel rough (Later he called himself names enough). But he thought his garden would bloom with stuff (Even as you and I!)

Oh, the seeds we waste and the sweat we taste.

And the bilisters on each soft band
That are guyed by the men who did not know (And of gardening they never could know) And could not understand.

A fool there was, and his hoe he broke (Even as you and II) And the garden was left with weeds to chicks.

And his back is the kind they call near-broks.

But he is unable to see the joke,
(Even as you and II)

Oh, the beans we lost and the means we lost,
And the cucumbers we had planned;
They're brought by the huckster, who did
not know why,
(And we know he never knew why)
We should ever disturb the land.

And it isn't the shame, and it isn't the blame
That stings like a red-hot brand;
For the seeds that we plant by two and