

# ELIPHSANTS ARE A PULLIN' TRAIL

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



THE GREAT BEASTS COME SQUODGING UP THROUGH THE MUD



HOOKING ON THE CHAIN

UNTIL 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 unknown 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 Rangoon a stopping place between Singapore and Calcutta, have cut the good old-fashioned steamers in two, that they may pack in more passengers and Rangoon is the proud possessor of a Cook's tourist office.

There are not many things to see in Rangoon, but it is worth visiting just the same. There are the strange crowded bazaars, the botanic gardens, the great golden 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 to 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 "elephants a-pullin' trail" in the muddy, waddy creek, you know that your troubles have not been in vain.

The good old days when all the work at the sawmills and the timber yards of Rangoon was done by elephants have passed away. Modern machinery for the handling 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 enough.

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 Rangoon. People go to work early in the morning and rest in the middle of the day. It was December when I was there and the great red sun beat down with such fierceness at 8 o'clock 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 bellies.

companies you with a smiling hospitality—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 and can go no further, he calls the great animals up to you with a kindly tolerance for your childlike curiosity.

Slowly and sedately the great beasts come squodging up through the mud, the mahouts yelling at them and pointing them with their bare heels, while the beasts pay no attention to either, but look at you with an expression in their eyes which conveys to you as plainly as words their message:

"We don't mind all this noise and bother. Those foolish black men are only showing off before strangers. They know it, and they know we know it, and now you know it."

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 examine them, and daintily condescend to pluck a banana out of your hand, if you have been thoughtful enough to bring such refreshment. But what 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 settle his turban. The old native strikes a pose—as all men of the world 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 native clad in a gorgeously striped undershirt and little else—leaps lightly across the mud humps and deftly hooks a chain around the end of a massive log. The other end of the chain is made fast to the great broad head that is fastened across the elephant's chest. The mahout gives a terrific yell, pounds the elephant's head with his bare heels, waves his iron hook in the air, and the elephant, winking at you as if to call attention to the man's

underneath, lurches forward, sinks in the mud to his body, pulls his legs out of the mud one after another with a loud sucking sound, and goes squodging across the yard, dragging the great log after him as if it were a toothpick.

He drags it along until he reaches the solid rows of logs across the yard, and then, as the young fellow in the striped undershirt deftly throws off the chain, the



SHOWING THE LOG INTO PLACE

great beast solemnly walks around to the other end of the log, raises it between his tusks, throws his weight against it, and shoves it really and snugly into its place. The camera has been clicking rapidly throughout the process, and the old native with the white beard and the newly tied turban has been striking effective poses on his unsteady seat, paying no attention at all to his mount. As the

it moved. The chain is deftly fastened around the end of the timber, the trunk of a great tree 60 feet long and five feet in diameter. The great elephant throws his weight against the broad 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 sticky 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 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 from the other end gives 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 programme. A log 40 feet long and perhaps three feet in diameter lies in the way of the elephant who has just been moved. He goes beyond. It must be moved over before 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 which he 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.

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 work of these yards is done by ele-

phants. The yards were originally owned 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 habit 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 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.

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 well-trained 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 elephants 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 plan decided upon. When the nonunion elephants returned to the stables they were promptly set upon by the old elephants and roundly beaten. Not until they were properly chastised could the union elephants be stopped.

"Of course," he said, "the elephants had continued as usual all the week. The elephants, both old and new, worked together in the yards as before. But when Sunday came not one of the new elephants could be induced to leave the stables. They had learned their lesson and they had joined the union. And not this day can the Moulmein timber yards be worked on Sunday.

## ELIPH' HEWLITT AND HIS TAINTED MILLIONS

### HOW WITH THE AID OF AN UNIMPRESSIONABLE PLUTOCRAT THIS EX-MISSIONARY WITHSTOOD THE TEMPTATION OF UNCLEAN MONEY

GETTING TO SEE THE BEASTS.

There are a dozen or more timber yards in Rangoon and practically all of them use 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 breeds of elephants. But after you have trotted around eight or ten of the offices you will find in some yard somewhere out along the river the elephants will be at work for an hour or two early the next morning. Then leave a call for 8 o'clock, but if you have an alarm clock you had better use it for the chance that the hotel people will forget all about you.

Order a guide and a carriage, for you mustn't walk in Rangoon, even at that time in the morning, it is too hot. No matter which way you turn the saw-mills on the other, the logs are floated down the river from away up in the interior and are turned to lumber at the mills, but between the river bank and the mills the elephants hold sway. They do the work, patiently, ploddingly, but with a skill and intelligence that sets you wondering.

Up close to the mills the logs are laid in straight rows, close together, in perfect order, but down by the bank they are in confusion just as they have been snaked out of the water. It is down there that the elephants are working. You have a hundred yards to walk over the closely piled logs—great trunks of trees 40 feet long and twice the diameter of your body. It's easy as first although the logs are muddy and slippery, but when you get past the closely-packed rows to where they 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 out.

The native in charge of the yard ac-

crowded to earth with my load of muddy money. I would be a younger man to-day."

"You seem to have got rid of it," said the minister, with just the slightest, and not unkindly, accent on the "seem."

"Yes, sir," said Eliph' Hewlitt. "I got rid of it. I built an oil factory and put all my soiled money into it. Any time you have any tainted millions and don't 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 business."

"The pirate business?" inquired the minister.

"It was a good business, too," said Eliph' Hewlitt. "Lots of money in it, and I run it on strictly moral lines, never thinking that folks would say I was a pirate king. I had prayers regular every day, and gave receipts in full for all the money I took away from people, and allowed them 2 per cent off for cash. I hadn't no more idea my money was tainted than a child has. It all come to me in the regular pirate way just as the best pirates had got theirs for centuries before. It was the highest class stealing that was on record, and all done according to the best authorities, and yet when I got so much money I was bothered by it. I care of it and wanted to get rid of what was a nuisance and set up as a philanthropist and get my name in the papers, and associate with professors and such, they turned on me and said the money was tainted."

"You might have founded a home for disabled pirates," said Mr. Parsley.

"I done it," said Eliph' Hewlitt, "but the trouble is that each pirate thinks he is the only honest one and that all the others are thieves, and nobody would come to live in the pirates' home that I started. I didn't have no trouble in starting things, but the trouble was to make them expensive after they were started. When a man has money in heaps, like me and John D., it takes a lot of getting rid of it to just keep the surplus down, and it don't do good to give it away in small lots. While a man is looking around for a place to get rid of one hundred thousand tainted dollars seven or eight hundred thousand other tainted dollars are piling up on him. I seen that what I would have to do was to give away by the million, and I set out to do it. I sat at my desk all day writing out million dollar checks and sending them out to college presidents, and the next day the mail man

buried 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 the minister, and the last man to say up to the desk, "Your name?" said the man at the desk, "Eliph' Hewlitt." I answered, "How much do you want to give away?" He asked me for a hundred and fifty millions, I answered, "Very well," he said, "We have no receipt open today, but we may have soon. I will enter your name." It was when Eliph' Hewlitt came to the other of the employment bureaus that he was the curse of the man who has millions to give away. They promise to give you a job, but they don't do anything turns up, said the employment man, "We will let you know. Our fee is \$6,000,000. At that he handed me the fee, from Mr. Wimble, it was the old game, deceiving the poor millionaire by means of a cleverly 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 employment bureau," cried the man, "Mr. Wimble is, as the world goes, an honest man, but he has never bothered any college presidents by trying to force his wealth on them. I don't 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 sum of money from him. You might stipulate that it be taken from the cleaner portion."

"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. I don't want it. 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. Get your money 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, and he has bought a copy of 'Jarby's Encyclopedia of Knowledge and Compendium of Literature, Science and Art,' and he will give it to the poor." Eliph' Hewlitt said after days, among the want advertisements, "continued Eliph' Hewlitt, "and I say hundreds of advertisements of colleges and charities that needed a good giver with millions, but they all said, 'No talented millions need apply, or 'Money must be absolutely clean.' One day I found an advertisement that brought hope to my heart. Seven hundred millions wanted immediately; university in the West needs the donation of the above amount; might accept more from 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 Fifth avenue to the address given and

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