TODY HAMILTON ON THE CIRCUS

By Tody Hamilton.
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A HOAX that was begun as a mere jest, simply to make amusement, and that grew over its originators' heads and frightened New York for days, was the now famous hoax of the escaped lion.

The job was put up by and with the editor of the New York Recorder, long since defunct, but then a paper ready to dare and do anything for a sensation.

The "plant" was started by having some one telephone to the paper that there was a lion loose in a stable on Eighteenth street, where the cage with the beast had been temporarily installed.

A space man was assigned to the job and he got there with considerable alacrity—so promptly, in fact, that he arrived before the lion was out of his cage. In the meantime, however, there was a crowd of neighborhood people on the sidewalk in front of the place, and this crowd soon filled the street. Through a crack in the stable door the reporter got a glimpse of the formidable looking beast roaming around inside, and that was enough for a young man with imagination. He wrote the first edition a two-column scare head article.

All the morning papers fell gloriously into line. The Recorder printed bulletins that held thousands breathless, something like these:

Something Happens Every Minute.

9:15—The lion loose in a stable!

9:25—Stablemen fear attack upon horses in the stable!

9:45—Lion seems to be mad with rage!

10:00—Animal dashing itself against door!

10:15—Fears that he may escape into the street!

10:30—Lion appears at window with horse's tail in its mouth!

The excitement throughout the city at noon next day was really extreme. Parents kept their children from school. Thousands crowded the streets of the neighborhood. It was the sole topic of conversation.

The day wore on and no one could be found to get the lion into his cage. Meantime a dead horse had been smuggled into the stable by men with true genius for detail; the carcass was duly mutilated with an ax, and the city presently thrilled to the accounts of its death under the "talons and teeth" of the "enraged lion."

The board of health ordered the dead horse to be removed; but the order was "left standing," because no one was found brave enough to undertake the job. The cordon of police was drawn then to prevent the people from passing through Eighteenth street at that point.

Captain Williams of the police, famous in that day as Clubber Williams, and then at the height of his notoriety, "got in" on the story by declaring that if nobody was found by next day to put that lion back into his cage he'd do it himself.

But he didn't.

The Recorder was still at it, the lion was still loose, Huyler's candy factory near by was entirely paralyzed, the public was frantic and the devil was to pay generally.

At this stage of the game a telegram was sent to Bridgeport for George Conkling and Harry McDonald, two of the show's best animal men, to hurry on to New York and put a loose lion back into his cage.

They came, bringing nets, ropes, irons, etc. They and I climbed to the roof of the stable from the house next door, where several news gatherers had passed the entire night, and by means of ladders we descended to the floor of the stable immediately above the lion.

On this floor were not less than 30 reporters. Our animal trainers lifted a trap and cautiously descended. I remained with the reporters.

Five minutes passed amid intense anxiety.

Then pistol shots were heard—succeeded by hustling and scratchings—and more pistol shots.

After breathless suspense the trap door was raised cautiously and McDonald called out to me to send him down a bottle of whiskey and some cigars.

Even then not a single reporter dropped to the game.

The whiskey and cigars were obtained in the neighborhood, where anxious thousands, held back by the police, excitedly waited. The articles were passed down.

Then came more pistol shots and some yells.

Send Down Another Bottle.

A silence so long succeeded that it was whispered about that the trainers had been killed by the lion. An inquiry was set on foot. The trap was lifted and in response a call came from the heroes below for more whiskey and more cigars.

Not a man of the 30 bright fellows there around me "tumbled" and I marveled greatly.

After another long, breathless wait the trainers gave a shout and announced that old Wallace (a 12-year-old lion that could be led by the foretop like a horse) was again safe in his cage.

The 30 reporters rushed away to their respective offices to write up the sensational drama.

There was only one evening paper in New York City not fooled by this press agent's little game. This was the Evening Sun.

An animal episode that resulted in overdoing the notoriety business, at least in the opinion of showmen, was the affair of Pilot in Madison Square Garden. Those who are familiar with elephants know that at certain periods of their existence they are liable to suddenly become "bad." When that time arrives about the best thing to do is to kill them and put the cost down to profit and loss. They have become dangerous to their keepers and for the showman it is simply a question of having human or elephant blood on his head.

Elephant Beaten to Death.

Pilot had exhibited the first symptoms of going "bad" by knocking down his keeper with his trunk; but for the timely rescue of other attendants the man would have been killed. That night, to subdue the elephant, he was soundly "thrashed"—which in the case of an elephant means that the animal is attacked furiously by the men and that there is a great battle, during which the brute is beaten with sticks and clubs and prodded and pounded with cold iron.

The object was not cruelty or revenge. It was to make the recalcitrant beast "squeal"—the showman's term for "trumpeting," which often sounds like a squeal. If the elephant squeals it is a sign that he gives in; after that a child can manage him, and for a time his execution may be postponed.

Pilo fought back in stupidly sublime silence and refused all the gentle overtures of the proposed amicable settlement of the difficulty. Chained and strapped to helplessness he withstood the onslaught, and still refused to make a sound. He would not squeal. The night passed and the men were at him in relays and the foolish soul of the big pig remained unmoved. And then he fell down and died; clubbed to death, but undefeated.

The S. P. C. A. was very much alive about that time and Messrs. Barnum & Bailey were liable to be hauled up at any moment to give an account that would prove a disagreeable advertisement of the big show. We were in deep consultation almost an entire day over the matter. Meanwhile there was the dead elephant with a hundred proofs upon his carcass.

Elephant on Their Hands.

What could we do with him. You can't sneak a dead elephant out of the back door and around the corner very easily without public inquiry. Truly we had an "elephant on our hands."

The evening papers added to the consternation by "scare-head" announcements of the "Death of Pilot," of "one of the big herd at the garden," etc. The cause of the death was evidently not suspected.

Finally the idea was evolved by sending for Dr. Leotard, the celebrated veterinarian, who cut the animal up. The press agent found that Pilot had developed symptoms of "musth," and had been humanely shot to death. It was announced that Dr. Leotard was about to dissect the animal in the interests of science and that he would try to discover the cause of the disease known as "musth."

The reporters were invited to be present at the novel operation. To cap the climax, an invitation was sent to Mr. Bergh, and the papers were full of the event next day, giving the circus an amount of advertising more than equal in money to the cost of the elephant. Mr. Bergh was charmed with the courtesy of the showmen, who hugged themselves to find such a profitable avenue of escape from a serious dilemma.

If there is a strong flavor of elephant about circus literature it is because that grand beast has always formed the leading feature of the show business and all showmen, more "press work" has been founded upon the elephant than upon all other animals put together.

White Elephant Controversy.

This fact developed a scheme which was to involve showmen in the expenditure of hundreds of thousands of dollars and the newspapers in a controversy which lasted for years. It was the importation of a white elephant.

J. B. Gaylord, an old time circus agent, was commissioned by Mr. Bailey to interview King Theebaw and try to obtain one. They are considered sacred in Siam and India generally, and the King of Siam, was known to possess several. Gaylord got two very fine specimens, but after he had them aboard ship they died mysteriously—probably at the hands of natives whose fanaticism led them to resent the sacrilege.

Gaylord cabled the facts to Mr. Bailey and sailed for home. Mr. Bailey left New York for San Francisco, met his foreign agent on arrival and told Gaylord to return immediately and get another elephant. In vain the agent pleaded for a visit home to see wife and children.

"You must return on the next steamer," said the determined showman.

And he did. He succeeded in getting a fair specimen of the "sacred white elephant." It was brought to London and there placed in the zoo on exhibition. This was for the double purpose of establishing its genuineness and getting a good exploitation in the European press before producing the animal here at the opening at Madison Square Garden two months later. Scores of English officers of the army and navy had seen the white elephants of the court of Siam. Thus its genuineness was unequivocally established, and the London newspapers gave the beast wide and extravagant publicity.

Nine Kinds of White Elephants.

It was called a "white" elephant as we call a cream colored horse white, simply because of the absence of certain coloring matter in the epidermis. "Lord of the Sacred White Elephant" is a title held by Siamese Kings, but there are other potentates of India who claim the same title, which creates a certain local demand for "white" elephants.

As a matter of fact any elephant differing from the ordinary is thus made "sacred" and called "white." There are no less than nine varieties of "white" elephants in India, according to H. H. Cross, an artist, who spent nine years in India and painted a picture of the white elephant of the King of Siam.

Said Cross to the writer: "If an elephant has a flesh mark on the forehead it is considered the work of Buddha and becomes in the eyes of the natives a sacred beast."

Now the elephant we had on probation at the London zoo was a genuine "sacred white elephant,' with Buddha's mark on different parts of its trunk, on the forehead and on about two feet of its trunk, and was otherwise a perfect specimen of elephant.

When Adam Forepaugh of Philadelphia discovered his great rival had obtained such an attraction he was much perturbed in spirit. He said: "I will also have a white elephant." Samuel Watson, then in the confidential employ of old Adam, was sent to Liverpool to get a small elephant from Cross, the animal dealer, to make it white and to ship it at once to New York before our elephant could get there.

Painted the Big Beast White.

It was an idea worthy of the shrewd old showman. Watson got the elephant easily enough, treated it with chemicals and sent it to New York. The entire city press was at the pier upon its arrival. So was I. And though I knew it to be a fraud, and that no such elephant ever existed in nature, I could not prove it.

The next day to our intense chagrin the press teemed with elaborate notices of the new arrival. It was described by all the papers as a "genuine sacred white elephant." It killed our real enterprise completely.

However, our elephant arrived, was also exploited in the papers and duly placed on exhibition at our opening in Madison Square Garden. We surrounded the animal with Hindu attendants, on a raised platform, with expensive rugs, etc., befitting his sacred character.

I secured the attendance of scientists, physicians, naturalists, travelers and many persons of distinction; got the certificates of such men as General Sickles, a former consul at Siam; Frank Vincent, the author, and of others, including David B. Ker, Siamese correspondent of the Times—all of whom pronounced the elephant a genuine specimen of the "sacred white" species. But it didn't go. White elephants were a drug in the market. Anybody could have one.

Then I proved it. Some years before I had, as publisher of the Hairdresser, become acquainted with a Mr. Marchand, manufacturer of peroxide of hydrogen. This was for bleaching human hair. I sought him and inquired whether he could produce an article that would bleach an elephant white. He said that he could.

How the Fraud Was Exposed.

I laid the scheme before Mr. Bailey, who loaned me a small elephant for my experiment. With the use of the peroxide and ammonia we produced an elephant as white as this paper. The process consumed 10 days. Then I wrote a sign, as follows:

> An Exact Counterpart of Forepaugh's
>
> Fraudulent White Elephant,
>
> But a Getter Job by Getter Artists.

This elephant was exhibited to the New York public on the last day at the Garden, then taken to Philadelphia and placed at the end of the street parade of the Forepaugh show, with banners bearing the above inscription. Yet the Philadelphia papers, with a single exception, indorsed the Forepaugh exhibit as genuine. Professor Leedy of the University of Pennsylvania wrote a letter certifying to its genuine character. Later a professor of the University of Michigan indorsed it over his signature.

Notwithstanding the fact that I published a two-column affidavit in all papers in every town where Forepaugh was to appear, which affidavit was a confession of the fraud by the man who perpetrated it, the university professors followed each other in certifying that it was not a fraud.

Finally, during the progress of this war, Forepaugh reached Chicago. Here was his Waterloo. Forepaugh withdrew his white elephant amid a storm of public protest, playing to beggarly business. Both shows had spent hundreds of thousands of dollars in this war of the white elephant. Our own, the genuine animal, was lost in the Bridgeport fire in 1886.

Where the Child Worker Is Employed

(Continued From First Page of This Section.)

the fields almost day in and day out, and see little more of the wild flowers, the birds, the waterfalls, the charms of woodland, field and stream than the city boy who has barrels of time on his hands.

This, perhaps, is a representative picture of the kind of employment experienced by a majority of those 1,061,971 children classed by the recent census statisticians as child-laborers engaged in agricultural pursuits.

Some farmer parents, to be sure, evince little humanity in the treatment of their children. A small percentage of the child workers, too, are hired out to work for others, and in these instances it may be assumed that the treatment and solicitude for education and proper rest are not so pronounced.

Considerably ameliorated, also, is the child-labor situation by the information applying to the ages of the different classes of laborers, as brought out by these census figures.

Technically, for census purposes, any one of either sex between the ages of 10 and 15 years employed at a gainful occupation is classed as a child-laborer.

Commenting on this, Dr. Joseph A. Hill, who made the census analysis, calls attention to the fact that the transition from childhood to adolescence occurs between those years, and normally each year included in that period marks important changes in the child's growth and development; hence in any question relating to the education and welfare of the child a difference of only one year is significant."

Pursuing this same course of reasoning, Mr. Hill said:

"It is evident that, as regards the problems of child labor, a child of 10 to 11 does not belong to the same class as a child of 14 or 15. Recognizing the importance of a more detailed age classification for this group of bread-winners, the census office made its count and analysis of the children engaged in occupations by year and age, although the classification of the older bread-winners was by periods only."

And the figures show that of the total number of child workers of all classes, 31.6 per cent were 15 years of age, 23.2 per cent were 14, 15.3 were 13, 12.6 were 12, 9.1 were 11 and 8.1 were 10.

So that more than one half of them were over 14; the number under 14 was 790,623, representing about 45 per cent of the total.

In this connection it may be observed that in some states, as Pennsylvania, where child labor laws have been passed, it is legitimate to hire children over 14 years of age upon affidavit of their parents and school teachers declaring that a certain amount of school work has been satisfactorily completed.

Says Dr. Hill: "The extent of the evils of child labor depends partly upon the age of the child and partly upon the character of the occupation in which the child is employed.

"There is one broad class of occupations in which child labor is not open to most of the objections ordinarily urged against it. These are the occupations connected with agriculture. The work of the child on the farm is usually not injurious to health or morals, and does not necessarily interfere with the opportunities for schooling."

So, at the outset, there are three very important considerations which make the child-labor figures seem far less portentous than they are on their face. These considerations are:

First, that two thirds of the total number of child bread-winners are employed on the farm; second, that most of these are members of the farmers' families, and third, that more than one half of the number are over 14 years of age.

Dr. Hill is authority for the statement that at the age of 14 or 15 the evils of child labor are not generally regarded as serious, save in a few occupations of an exceptionally injurious or objectionable character, the range of which is somewhat larger for female children than for male.

So much for ameliorating circumstances.

But the figures show, at least, that there were at the last census 186,358 children between 10 and 13 years of age employed at other than farm work—in other words, there were that many children employed at ages when they ought to be free, and in occupations of objectionable nature. And Dr. Hill says that there has probably been an increase in the number, so that 200,000, or more, would be a conservative figure for the present time.

In the opinion of the census people the child-labor problem, so far as it may be measured by census statistics, is for the most part restricted to this group.

And how are they employed?

For the first time information on this score is now available, for at no other census were enumerators instructed to handle the question in detail.

Briefly, the occupations classed as in some measure objectionable and the number of workers between 10 and 13 engaged in them are: Bookkeepers, clerks, stenographers, etc., 2,668; boot and shoe makers and repairers, 918; draymen, hackmen, teamsters, etc., 2,240; glassworkers, 1,483; laborers (not specified), 49,426; laundresses, 1,365; messengers and errand office boys and girls, 9,826; mental workers, 2,458; miners and quarrymen, 9,000; packers and porters, 1,318; painters, glaziers and varnishers, 343; printers, lithographers and pressmen, 699; salesboys and salesgirls, 2,544; servants and waiters or waitresses, 49,461; textile mill operatives, 26,744; textile workers, 4,700; tobacco and cigar operatives, 3,628; woodworkers, 2,328.

Textile mill operatives are subdivided into persons employed in cotton mills, hosiery and knitting mills, silk mills, woolen mills, etc. The textile workers embrace dressmakers, milliners, seamstresses, shirt, collar and cuff makers, tailors and tailoresses, etc.

Under the head of laborers would come, no doubt, many children who with more careful classification should be moved into one of the other lists. This without question accounts for the number of "laborers" between 10 and 13 years being given as 49,426, which is by far the most numerous of all the occupations except servants and waitresses, who number 49,461.

Just what proportion of these are doing work which is very injurious to them it is, of course, impossible to say, since undoubtedly a large number work on farms or amid the healthful environments of small towns; while others, such as young nursegirls, may be engaged in congenial work, with the single objection remaining that they are being deprive of schooling.

Coming down to those occupations which are universally admitted to be obnoxious both as to age and occupation, the lead is easily taken by textile mill operatives, who number 37,774.

Here one gets into the very heart of the subject. By no manner of means could the satisfied farm boy "wage-earner," rolling from his horse's back to take a swim in the creek, be compared with the sad-eyed, pale, sunken-checked little girls standing at looms or spools in dark, gloomy, poorly ventilated rooms, literally spinning their life tissue into the warp and woof of the cloth which soon becomes an article of commerce.

There are many bona-fide instances of children so small that they have to stand on boxes to reach their work.

In most of the northern states there are child-labor laws placing the minimum working age limit at 14, 15 or 16 years, and the movement has been gradually spreading in the south.

Not so very long ago it was widely charged that children hardly out of arms—children anywhere from 6 to 15 years of age—were employed by the tens of thousands in these mills.

Two years after the census had been taken, E. G. Mprphy, chairman of the Alabama committee on child labor, was of the opinion that the 24,000 children estamated as having been employed in the cotton mills of the southern states in 1900 had increased to 50,000.

At that time a conservative estimate was believed to be that 32,000 children under 14 were employed in those mills, 12,000 under 12 years and 5,000 under 10 years.

To some extent, restrictions placed upon child labor in New England caused many manufacturers to move their mills to the south. This is the weapon with which they fight child-labor legislation. But many states have obviously taken the ground that an industry which depends for its perpetuity upon the blood of helpless children ought to be driven out.

A southern millowner recently attempted to justify the hiring of girls 13 years old from 6 in the morning to 6 at night by declaring it impossible to run a cotton mill without children; that there is a kind of work which only children can do—or, rather, which is only worth the child's wage of 50 cents a day. But the statement has been made that the wages of children in some of the cotton mills run as low as 10 cents a day.

In the census report the 26,744 child textile operatives between the ages of 10 and 13 are classed as 13,547 males and 13,227 females. That girls predominate in such places is taken by some persons as an especial stricture on the system, for the reason that at 10 to 14 years of age a girl is almost certain to suffer deterioration in health from such employment, while a boy might fare better.

And the census takes no note at all of the workers, believed by some to run into the thousands, who are under the age of 10 years.

When an investigation was made in Pennsylvania four years ago—when the minimum age limit for workers was 14—it was estimated by reputable authorities that 50 per cent of the children stated to be under 17 who were working in factories at night were really under 13. Rheumatism, pleurisy, bronchitis, pneumonia and even consumption are common among those pitiable little night workers. Failing sight was one of the most common ailments found.

For the most part, these mills exist in the hard coal regions of the state, where the ranks of the workers are made up from families of foreigners who have worked hard in their native land and expect their children here to do as they had to do.

So it is but natural that in the same region another form of child labor of perhaps a more dreadful sort thrives. This is the occupation of little coal mine workers.

The census tells that 9,000 children between the ages of 10 and 13 were employed in 1900 in mines and quarries, and that 39 of them were girls. It is doubted that any of these girls worked in the coal mines, however.

That child labor has not been cured in the anthracite region by the latest legislation has been shown by quite recent investigation. Boys who are manifestly much under the age at which the law declares they may work are found at many of the collieries.

The breaker boss will tell you that the company has no responsibility in the matter, since the ages are misrepresented—wrong ages actually sworn to before magistrates—by the parents. He will also tell you that "the little devils seem to like it; you couldn't drive them away."

Which is undoubtedly true. For between school and work many a boy promptly chooses the latter. Only when, after he should be in the prime of life, he sees his mistake.

The breaker boy's work is to sit all day on a trough through which coal is slid to the chutes, and to laboriously pick the slate from the coal. In winter, as a rule, the breaker is not heated, and the little workers suffer considerably. Besides this, the constant breathing of coal dust is injurious to the lungs.

The statement in the census report that 1,433 glass workers—93 of them girls—were between the ages of 10 and 13 draws attention to a series of crusades that have been made within the last few years against the employment of children in glass factories of New Jersey.

That a race of dwarfs was being raised as a result of the condition was scarcely considered an exaggeration. Boys in such occupation become so stunted in mind that they can hardly remember their own names. For the body-destroying labor which they perform these children receive from 57 to 62 cents a day.

There was held in one of the large eastern cities last winter a child-labor exhibit which startled observers. Photographs taken by representatives of the Pennsylvania child labor committee show little ones of both sexes working in sweat shops, in homes where piece work is done, going to the factory, delivering telegraph messages, doing scavenger work, selling flowers, doing cart horse work, tending newstands, making cigars and mining.

Perhaps, contrasted with the lot of the little farm laborers—who are in the great majority—the condition of many of these could properly be termed "child slavery."

High Salaries Make Reckless Wives

By Mrs. John A. Logan.
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THERE is no denying that the high wages of skilled workmen and of efficient men who receive high salaries from corporations and managers of private enterprises have had the effect of changing the ambitions of a majority of their families. Many of them have acquired extravagant habits and are no longer satisfied with the style of living to which they had been accustomed in the days of conservatism.

They have an especial abhorrence of all kinds of domestic duties and insist upon having servants in their families; they put up with all kinds of stupidity and wastefulness on the part of the illy-trained domestic they are able to secure, when if they paid attention to their pecuniary interests and gave their personal supervision to the details of their household affairs, doing part of the work themselves, making all the purchases of supplies of all kinds—especially those used in the culinary department—they would save at least half the expenses; and if they saw to it that all foods were properly prepared and economically used they would beyond question add materially to their comfort and consume much less of their husbands' salaries.

In matters of dress they are equally reckless, and as a rule are dissatisfied with the style of wearing apparel which is really more appropriate for them. They wish to imitate their acquaintances who may be wealthy and able to afford expensive wardrobes.

In many of these families there are children who never do anything but go to school. If they are boys they must have all the requirements for athletics of every description. They must pay their dues in their clubs and be furnished with money for car fare to and from the fields where they practice and play their games, and never think of taking exercise by trying to earn a dollar by securing chance employment. They seem to think that it is their parents' duty to support them until they are 21.

Girls are even more dependent, and require greater expenditure of money to supply their demands for dress and indulgence in all sorts of things that only the rich are justified in spending. In many cases the president of the corporation and his family are simpler in their tastes and their expenses than his high salaried employe and his family.

One is very glad to see capable and faithful men rewarded by compensation commensurate with their services, but regrets that they do not emulate the example of economy of their employers more frequently and save up for adversity, which is sure to come to most persons.

The doubling of prices of everything one must have to live even comfortably has not seemed to make any changes in the manner of living or disposition on the part of these wives and mothers to practice self-denial and strict economy, or to be more active in the care of their resources. They only inveigh against trusts, corporations and every supposed cause of the increase of prices and wages.

If they took a different course, while they could not cure all the evils of present conditions, they could minimize the inconveniences and difficulties which beset them.

The wives are not wholly to blame. The men, feeling sure of their comfortable salaries, indulge themselves in excesses that are really unpardonable. Somebody once collected statistics to prove that salaried men rarely saved any money, that the surety of their stated incomes made them improvident in their provision for the day when they might be unfit for duty; that knowing at the end of a month, quarter, half year or year they will receive their salaries or wages makes them reckless and extravagant, and it was found there were but few who did not spend more than they were to receive at a stated time.

Fixed salaries upon which individuals can rely make cowards of all men, since the old adage, "a bird in the hand is worth two in the bush," so well known, deters far too many from making a dash for something uncertain, however promising, when they have a certainty of even less return for their labors.

KILLED FOR FASHION

Moles Are Required for a Woman's Coat.

The humanitarians have given up as hopeless the modern woman, who sacrifices the lives of millions of animals annually for her adornment.

The following shows the number of animals required to provide some sections of a modern woman's costume:

Moleskin coat: 200 moles.

Moleskin toque, trimmed with bird of paradise plumes: 50 moles and 3 birds of paradise.

Silver fox stole and muff: 10 heads, 16 tails and 14 whole fox skins.

Evening head-dress, 2 aigrettes and 3 plumes: 5 birds.

Evening sable coat: 100 sables.

"It seems almost incredible that the tenderest-hearted women, whose eyes fill with tears if they see a dog run over, will countenance the most horrible tortures of birds and beasts," said a well-known physician, who has ranged himself on the side of humanitarians. "I can only attribute it to the wonderful ease with which the majority of women banish a disturbing thought from their minds.

"The sable has become almost extinct, and the mink is following its example. The ermine is also becoming scarce, owing to the unbridled demand for costly furs."

A large wholesale furrier admitted that it took 200 skins of the smaller animals, such as ermine, moleskin, or mink, to make a fur coat.

"At one time there was a limited number of skins used in our business, such as ermine, sable, beaver, chinchilla, mink, sealskin and astrachan. In time fox—white, silver, smoke and red—was added."

Girl Lands a Big Fish.

From the San Francisco Chronicle.

Without the aid of a rod, hook or line Miss Ada M. Garlick Saturday captured a 150 pound tuna in the surf.

Miss Garlick was taking an early morning dip in the ocean and on going into the water at the foot of Elm avenue discovered a huge fish floundering and thrashing about in the shallow water. She secured a short, heavy board on the beach and wading out beyond the tuna, stuck the plank under it and rolled it ashore.

Her hands were badly cut in the effort, but she pluckily rapped it on the head until the tuna gave up the fight and died. Her struggle with the fish attracted early strollers to the beach, who hurried to Miss Garlick's aid, but were too late to help.

The tuna is decleared to be the largest one ever seen around the wharf. Old fishermen think the fish was after smaller prey and followed them into shallow water.