

# Elephant, Exploited by Barnum Is Still Top-Ranking Attraction



Prepared by National Geographic Society, Washington, D. C.—WNU Service.

In India elephants are captured by driving them into forest stockades built of logs strong enough to withstand the charges of the enraged monsters. In some districts this round-up occurs annually; in others, every two or three years.

An astounding difference between elephants and all other animals is their submissiveness to training when adults. Mature jungle elephants, which have led a life of complete freedom in the jungle, can be trained as quickly as those reared in captivity from babyhood. No other wild animals captured in the wilderness when adult can be domesticated as can the elephant.

For this reason elephants are seldom bred in captivity. Their slowness in reaching maturity would make them much more expensive than wild-caught specimens. All the so-called "baby elephants" brought from India are wild-caught, and have been taken away from their mother at the age of weaning, about three or four years old, when they are able to eat solid food. Circuses usually exhibit with the baby a foster mother.

**Elephants Bred in Europe.**  
No attempt has been made to breed elephants in any of the leading American zoos, though European zoos have bred and are exhibiting elephants born on the premises. The first of these was in the Copenhagen zoo, where a female Indian elephant produced three young in a period of several years. Her first was born when she was 13 years old.

The period of gestation varies from 21 to 23 months. The young are nursed for two years or more, and, at least in the wild state, are carefully guarded by the mother until they are about four years old. Normally the mother produces one offspring every five years.

Very young baby elephants are amusing as kittens and indulge in all sorts of mischief-making with a seeming intent to bully or frighten their indulgent mothers. They will run in corners and hide, then emit squeals of distress, and when the frightened mother comes to the rescue they will rush out and butt her in the belly as hard as they can. At birth they have a woolly coat of downy hair over their grayish-pink skin. Their heads are covered with erect, coarse black hair.

**Trunk Is Nuisance at First.**  
At first the trunk hangs limp, the baby having no control over it. Nursing is done by the mouth, and for the first few days the infant can just reach its mother's nipples, located between her forelegs. After a few months the youngster begins to lift its trunk a bit and is slowly taught by the mother how to use that appendage.

Then comes the amusing day when the youngster tries to drink water as its mother does, through the trunk. At first it blows bubbles in the water, or draws out the trunk and sprays the contents all over the ground.

Often a new-born elephant babe will rest by leaning against the forelegs of the mother. In a wild state the infants are pets of the herd and both cows and bulls shower affection upon them. An Indian observer tells how four elephants in a government work herd in Burma gave birth to young about the same time. These young would go to any cow and each cow would suckle and mother them as if they were her own. Often two of the youngsters were seen nursing the same cow.

**Bulls Taboo in Circuses.**  
The present-day circuses usually carry only Indian elephants and only one sex—cows. In Barnum's day an occasional African male was exhibited because of his greater height and enormous, winklelike ears.

The unforgettable Jumbo was a male African purchased by Barnum from the London zoological gardens, where he had been used for carrying children on his back through the park. Barnum advertised Jumbo so thoroughly that his name still goes marching on as a symbol of colossal size.

Male Indian elephants formerly were common in circus parades. Sooner or later nearly all male elephants become periodically dangerous at the recurrence of their "must" period, during which time they are uncontrollable and must be kept heavily chained. Frequently they take violent dislikes to certain of their attendants and craftily await an opportunity to kill them unawares. So many men have been

**No zoo or circus would be complete without its elephants. This fellow is throwing dust over his back to entertain a crowd of admirers.**

injured and killed by such treacherous male elephants that today the circus herds are usually made up of females only.

**'White Elephants' Are Just That!**  
That rare individual, the white elephant, another of Barnum's innovations, is an albino which has been found only in India and Siam. It belongs to the king when captured. The white elephant often is a drain on the royal exchequer, as feeding it is expensive. On this account, according to tradition, the king at times would force an objectionable noble to feed the royal white elephant; hence the phrase about "white elephants."

The elephant is decidedly different in anatomy from all other mammals. He looks more or less alike at both ends; his trunk is shaped much like his tail, both being practically hairless, wrinkled, and of about the same length. A sleeping elephant, with ears at rest and the very small eyes closed, looks like a case of "heads I lose, tails you win." Because of this uniformity at the terminal points of his anatomy, and the wrinkled condition of his epidermis, the animal looks unfinished.

The wrinkles cover his back and sides and sag down over his straight, columnlike legs to his



**Patrick and Pachyderm.**  
Gail Patrick, movie star, gets a free ride at winter quarters of one of the major circuses in southern California.

knees, which are always baggy. His trousers are never pressed and his clothes never fit him. If you examine the epidermis minutely you will find it finely reticulated or stippled, giving it a distinctive character peculiar to the elephant.

**Mounted Specimens Unnatural.**  
The only really well-groomed or well-tailored elephants are stuffed specimens in some natural history museums, which possess skins as smooth as rubber balls. The original skin has been covered by a coat of black enamel paint which fills up and hides every wrinkle in the skin.

Such taxidermy was changed by Carl Akeley, who knew his elephants and mounted them as nature had made them. He invented a method of tanning the skins and reducing them to the thinness of a kid glove. After the tanned skin was placed over the papier-mache manikin Akeley skillfully modeled the skin from the top or outside by injecting fluid papier-mache underneath the skin. In this way the fine reticulations were retained. Not a drop of paint touched the skin of his elephants.

Because of the hooflike nails on their huge feet, elephants are assumed to be related to the hoofed animals, such as horses and cattle; but this is a mere superficial resemblance. The secret of the elephant's ancestry was discovered by paleontologists some years ago in the Fayum beds of Egypt in the Libyan desert. In these beds of Tertiary age were found the remains of animals related to modern elephants, but less than half their size, which had short trunks, as indicated by their abbreviated nasal bones.

## NATIONAL AFFAIRS

Reviewed by  
**CARTER FIELD**

**President's appointment of Amlie to I. C. C. regarded as poorest he has ever made . . . Seems certain of defeat . . . Roosevelt long bitter against independent commissions . . . Talk of barter with Germany brings up difficulties . . . Rumor that Morgenthau will resign bobs up again.**

WASHINGTON.—Harry L. Hopkins tells a story about a herring fisherman who had a great deal of trouble keeping his fish alive in his tanks, and finally hit on the device of putting a catfish in each tank. The catfish, Hopkins says, kept things so stirred up that the herring did not succumb to ennui or whatever was the trouble before.

The story is apropos now because it is being used as an explanation of why President Roosevelt appointed Thomas R. Amlie to the interstate commerce commission, an appointment generally regarded as one of the poorest, from the standpoint of practical politics, entirely aside from any merit or demerit it may have, that Mr. Roosevelt has ever made.

It is pointed out by those telling the story that the President has long been bitter about the independent commissions. He does not approve of these bodies which are not "integrated" with the administration—or, in short, those which the administration cannot control.

There is nothing new about Mr. Roosevelt's feeling in this particular. He did not like the federal trade commission, and "threw a catfish" into that body after removing—illegally, as the Supreme court later held—William E. Humphrey. The catfish thrown into the Supreme court was Justice Hugo L. Black. Frank R. McIninch has been the catfish for two bodies, the federal power commission and the communication commission.

Marriner S. Eccles has been a particularly effective catfish. He not only has kept the federal reserve board stirred up but has tangled with various other government units.

### Public Defeat for the President Almost Certain

It is understood on Capitol Hill to have been Aubrey W. Williams, late lieutenant of Harry Hopkins in WPA, and now head of the youth administration, who originated the Amlie idea, which has proved as much of a catfish for the United States senate as the Supreme court enlargement proposal did, though with apparently almost as great a certainty of accomplishing a public defeat for the President.

Roosevelt began his practice of tossing a catfish in every tank he could before he began his aggressive fight to "co-ordinate" these independent agencies. In the government reorganization bill as he originally planned it, it was proposed that most of them be "co-ordinated" by the simple process of putting them under the White House.

The President made no secret of his ideas in this connection. What on Capitol Hill and in certain other quarters was regarded as a move which would so tremendously increase the powers of the Chief Executive as to be a step toward dictatorship, Roosevelt himself saw as a move toward reform and efficiency. He talked about his ideas in press conferences long before his bill was sent to the Capitol. In fact, he talked so persuasively, and so many sympathetic articles were written about the efficiency of his ideas, that later he had to begin soft peddling on this angle.

### Difficulties Face Barter Agreement With Germany

Talk of barter with Germany, primarily to move such agricultural products as cotton and lard into the "vacuum" which exists in Germany, brings up the essential objections that the men working under Secretary of State Cordell Hull on the reciprocal trade agreements have to face. They are the same objections which resulted in George N. Peek being thrown out of the administration in the early days of the trade agreements, though with variations.

For example, the first objection to barter with Germany is that the particular trades proposed were not barter at all. They involved payment for American raw materials in a special type of German marks, which could be spent only inside Germany. Acceptance of them of course made impossible any three-way type of trade.

The latest proposal does not contemplate the use of these special marks, but the acceptance of German products, mostly steel, wire, etc., in exchange for the cotton and lard which complicate America's agricultural problem. Of course the steel and wire industry does not like this idea at all. For every pound of German steel and wire imported as a result of this proposed barter agreement, obviously, there will be just one less pound of steel or wire fabricated inside the United States.

It is the same sort of thing which makes any barter agreement so difficult, which makes any reciprocal trade agreement run into so many domestic objections, and which made the Chinese-wall type of tariff so easy in the old days.

Everybody is for exports. Nobody is for imports—that is nobody except Mr. Ultimate Consumer, who is never organized and therefore does not have much influence with congress or the government.

### There Must Be Imports if There Are to Be Exports

In fact, the chief difference between the old tariff system and the new reciprocal trade policy is that, for the first time in American history, there is actually somebody directing the policy with respect to imports who realizes that there must be imports if there are also to be exports. Somebody, in brief, who is charged with the responsibility of encouraging imports in order to provide for exports, instead of merely throttling imports, as the old-time tariff bills did, with merely wishful thinking as to exports.

The chief objection to straighten out barter agreements by Hull's lieutenants is that in effect this takes international trade out of private hands and makes it a government matter. Also it takes the movement of goods out of the established channels of trade.

The government agent anxious to swap cotton for something, in order to get rid of a cotton surplus, is not going to worry too much about whether the kind of barbed wire he accepts in its place is the sort that the farmers of this country really want. If he happens to get the right kind, he not only displaces workers in American wire plants but he is compelled to get the wire to the farmers in some new way, which plays havoc with the merchants who formerly supplied the farmers.

But the chief objection the trade experts have to barter is more fundamental. Every time there is a barter agreement, anywhere in the world, it tends to restrict free trade all over the world.

### Rumor Morgenthau Will Resign Bobs Up Again

The little boy who cried "Wolf, wolf," when there was no wolf has nothing on the rumor that Henry Morgenthau Jr. will resign as secretary of the treasury. The first rumor of Morgenthau's resignation came within a few months after he had succeeded William H. Woodin at the head of the treasury department. It has been bobbing up ever since, on the average of not less than once every two months.

So when the real time comes probably no one will believe the warning. But there are actual reasons this time for believing that Morgenthau is on the verge of resignation, and for two perfectly understandable reasons.

Well-informed sources say that the President and Morgenthau have finally reached just about the breaking point on the chief issue on which they have so consistently differed. It can be summed up in the words "balanced budget." But it includes much more than just spending more than the government's income year after year. It takes in also the continual movement of the President toward the left, whereas Morgenthau has clung to the original conservative views he entertained when he came to Washington.

When Morgenthau became secretary of the treasury he was perfectly willing to follow instructions because he realized that he did not know very much about Treasury problems. By dint of hard work and long hours, however, he has learned a great deal about public finances. The more he has learned the more outspoken he has become in his advocacy of his original conservative viewpoint.

This does not mean that Mr. Morgenthau has at any time been disloyal to the President. On the contrary there is scarcely a man in the administration who has been so steadfastly devoted to every whim and wish of the President.

But inside the cabinet he has fought for his own ideas, on the budget, on spending, or harassing business, etc.

### Secretary Worried Over Plan for More Spending

Right now the same old battle is being waged again with the group which advocates more spending and which worries not at all about the mounting size of the federal debt, the federal reserve board. Morgenthau is said by friends to be more disturbed than ever before on this particular issue.

First, the secretary is much surer that he is right now than he ever was before. Second, he has always yielded before because the argument was made that the need for letting spending run above receipts was only temporary—that with the passage of time the spending could be reduced, as private employment increased, and that actually the budget could be balanced.

Now Morgenthau believes that such an objective will never be attained so long as the present advice the President is being given from the other camp is heeded—that the men who want more spending and more pump priming now will also want it next year, almost regardless of any conceivable set of events in the meantime, and that they will want it the following year, and the year after that.

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## WHO'S NEWS THIS WEEK

By LEMUEL F. PARTON

NEW YORK.—Is the "czar" on his way out? Before and since the elevation of Judge Landis and Will Hays we have hired benevolent autocrats, in

**Impartial Ump Pushing 'Czar' Into Discard?** times of stress and confusion, but now the New York city hotel industry hires, instead, an "impartial chairman," with labor concurring, as he will represent both employers and labor. Is this a precedent, or is the title just a euphemism for "czar"?

Granite-faced, tight-lipped Edward P. Mulrooney gets the umpiring job, at \$25,000 a year. He also is now entitled to his \$6,000 yearly pension, as a former police commissioner, withheld while he held public office. In 1933, he became chairman of the state alcoholic beverage control board, and later state commissioner of correction, from which office he will resign to accept the hotel post.

**He started pounding a beat in West street forty-eight years ago, when Theodore Roosevelt was police commissioner. He first hit the headlines by rescuing women and children in a small boat when the Slocum burned. As a "waterfront flat-foot," he was known as a "cop's cop," always having his mind on his work.**

He became police commissioner in 1930. He gave his men orders to shoot to kill, and set shotgun squads patrolling the city. He roughed up the racketeers a lot, and when he was switched to the Albany liquor control job in 1933, the word was out that certain anti-social, anti-cop elements had desired the transfer and helped bring it about.

**At 68, his reddish hair is turning brindle. His ferretty eyes reveal a penetrating alertness of mind. He looks a great deal like General Pershing. It would seem unlikely that anybody in the hotel business here will be giving the empire any back-talk.**

NEWS reports from Havana are that, when Colonel Fulgencio Batista, Cuba's strong man, visited Mexico, he was regarded by some

of his conservative supporters **Cuban Business Frowns on Left Turn of Batista** as having gone over to the "wrong side of the tracks." There was particular displeasure over his fraternizing with President Cardenas of Mexico, and business representation at his welcome-home ceremonies was conspicuously lacking. He told the crowd of cheering workers that "if capital does not wish to respect the desires and rights of the people, the resulting confusion will work against its own aspirations."

**This is one of several recent signs that the one-time cane-ruster, barber, buck private and stenographer who now runs Cuba is veering left, after a wide swing to the right. Soon after his seizure of power, with the downfall of Machado in August, 1933, he reasserted the "law and order" elements, and left-wingers have been pasting him as the "Hitler of Cuba." He made peace with foreign and native industrialists, and, from all accounts, they are jolted considerably by his getting clubby with Cardenas, the "Expropriator." He is circulating much more than he used to, and there is talk that he aspires to be the "Napoleon of the Caribbean."**

His hole-card is the army, which he commands efficiently as chief of staff. A big, reticent, swarthy man, 37 years old, he says little and keeps a sharp, wary eye on his soldiers.

**WITH a bullet in his shoulder and one heel shot away, Dr. Oswaldo Aranha, foreign minister of Brazil, is an effective emissary of peace in the western hemisphere, and the white hope of our State department, as he visits this country.**

He was the leader of five revolutions in eight years, including the one which established Dr. Getulio Vargas, the present president of Brazil.

**His present mission is mainly financial. It is possible that a central bank of Brazil will grow out of it, with the United States supplying \$50,000,000 capital. He is 43 years old, the son of a wealthy hidalgo in Rio Grande do Sul. His life activities have been the army, law and politics. When President Vargas set up his one-man state last year, Doctor Aranha's co-operation was taken in this country as reassurance against European fascism in that country.**

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# Floyd Gibbons' ADVENTURERS' CLUB

HEADLINES FROM THE LIVES OF PEOPLE LIKE YOURSELF!



## "The Bomb in the Boxcar"

HELLO, EVERYBODY:

You know, sometimes there's a lot of difference between what people may think of a man and what he thinks of himself. In the case of John Feen of Miami, Okla., for instance, there are people who think he is a hero. During the war, his officers were all for recommending John for decoration, because they thought a certain brave act of John's deserved a medal if any act of heroism ever did.

But that's what the other folks think of it. Just between us, John doesn't share their views at all. In John's own estimation he's just a doggone careless sap, and whatever happened was his own fault in the first place. And he deserved to be shot a heck of a lot more than he deserved a medal.

That's what John thinks about it. He swears that what he did wasn't heroism at all. Well—you can decide that for yourself. But there's one thing I'm certain of. It may or it may not have been heroism—but it sure was adventure!

Now let's take this yarn to Siberia and tag along with that little bunch of American soldiers who stayed over there after the war to clean up some of the tag ends of the Big Unpleasantness. Two battalions of the Twenty-seventh infantry were quartered at Berosovka, trying to keep a bit of order in a land where both law and order had broken down. The bandit leader, Seminoff, with a large band of Cossacks, was plundering and looting and murdering in the region, using an armored railroad train as a base of operations. And on January 5, 1920, word came that he was headed toward Berosovka.

### As He Leaned Forward, There Was a Sharp, Ominous Click.

Both battalions were ordered to the field, and John Feen was in that gang, carrying a rifle and a knapsack full of hand grenades. I'd like to tell you more about that scrap with Seminoff's Cossacks, but that's an adventure story all in itself. All I can tell you here is that the Yanks waited for Seminoff's armored train, blew up the track in front of it, and bombed and fought their way into the cars. On the last charge, John took what few grenades he had left out of his knapsack



He leaped forward and dropped on the pile of coats.

and stuffed them in his pockets. Then the fighting was over and the Americans were climbing into the tiny box cars of a troop train that had come out from Berosovka to get them.

In the car John was in, the boys built a fire in the tin stove, peeled off their sheepskin coats and threw them in a pile on the floor. Then they flopped on the floor and tried to get a little sleep. The fire blazed up, and the little car became unbearably hot. The coats were close to the stove, and John was afraid they'd be scorched. He got up to move them. As he leaned over and slipped his arm under the pile there was a sharp, ominous crack, and instantly, every one of those tired men leaped to his feet. They knew all too well what that sound was—a grenade, getting ready to explode. Someone had left that grenade in his coat pocket, and John, in picking up those coats, had accidentally dislodged the pin!

"Faces," says John, "became wax-like as men asked themselves whose coat it was, and how far down in the pile the bomb lay. We were all praying it was on the bottom where the whole pile of coats would cover it. Then maybe some of us might have a chance. If it wasn't—if it blew up high-wide and handsome in the crowded quarters of that little car—the slaughter would be appalling.

"The swaying boxcar seemed to creak the fatal words, 'Ten seconds to live . . . ten seconds to live.' Ten seconds more—then nine—then eight. The deep rumble of the wheels on the tracks below sounded like muffled drums and the wind outside howled a mournful 'Litaney of the Dead.' The tiny candle that lit the car flickered spasmodically for a moment and died. The gloom closed in—and still we waited."

Up to that time everyone had been too stunned to move. A crowd of tight-lipped doughboys stood motionless, waiting for death. John Feen was the first one to recover his senses. He screamed to that bunch of men to lie down—and that broke the spell. A dozen heavy bodies thudded to the floor. One man swore aloud. Another sobbed and a third muttered a woman's name. But John was still on his feet. He was standing right over that bomb, and for a brief second his lips moved. He was praying.

### John's Body Protects Others From Grenade Blast.

But it was only for a moment. There was hardly any time for prayer. Three or four seconds more and that bomb would be going off. And he had a job to do before that happened. The prayer had hardly left his lips when he leaped forward—dropped on that pile of coats his arms hugging them to him like a hen mothering her brood. That deadly engine of destruction buried somewhere in that pile of coats might blow him to bits, but the other fellows in the car would have a chance.

One second—two seconds—and then there was a roar that sounded to John as if it had come from the bowels of Hell itself. Bright scarlet flashes streaked the interior of the car. He felt the pile of coats have beneath him—and then John just doesn't remember any more.

The first thing he remembers after that was that someone was lifting him. He heard someone else talking, and the words sounded faint, and far away, and hollow as if the man who was speaking them was talking into a barrel. Slowly, consciousness came back to him. He opened his eyes. He remembered now—that bomb! Anxiously he counted the white faces that were bent over him. They were all there, those buddies of his. He sighed in relief—and fainted.

John woke up in the hospital at Berosovka—a bit surprised to find that he was still alive. He probably wouldn't have been alive if that bomb hadn't been down at the bottom of the pile of coats—thick sheepskin coats that stopped the flying bits of steel. As it was, his arm was shattered and full of bits of corrugated metal—and it would have to come off.

A few days later, while he was recuperating from the amputation of that arm an officer came, to his bedside and told him he was going to be recommended for decoration—but John told that officer to lay off. He didn't want any medals. He didn't think he deserved any. All he had done was what he knew darned well it was his duty to do.

"You see," he says, "it was my coat pocket that held that grenade!"

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### Sponges Were Originally Used by the Greek Soldiers

Strange though it sounds, sponges live and grow and die just like any other animals. And because they're salt-water animals, the fresh water was their finish, observes the Washington Post. Actually, sponges as we know them aren't sponges but the skeletons of sponges. The sponge is a collection of tiny one-celled creatures who get together and build the skeleton. These curious animals first attracted the attention of the Greeks many years ago. Grecian soldiers wore metal helmets and shin guards and cursed at the blisters they raised. Then someone dove into the Mediterranean, came up with a sponge and discovered it would make a good pad. Sponges were used for bathing then, too, and also as floor mops and brushes.