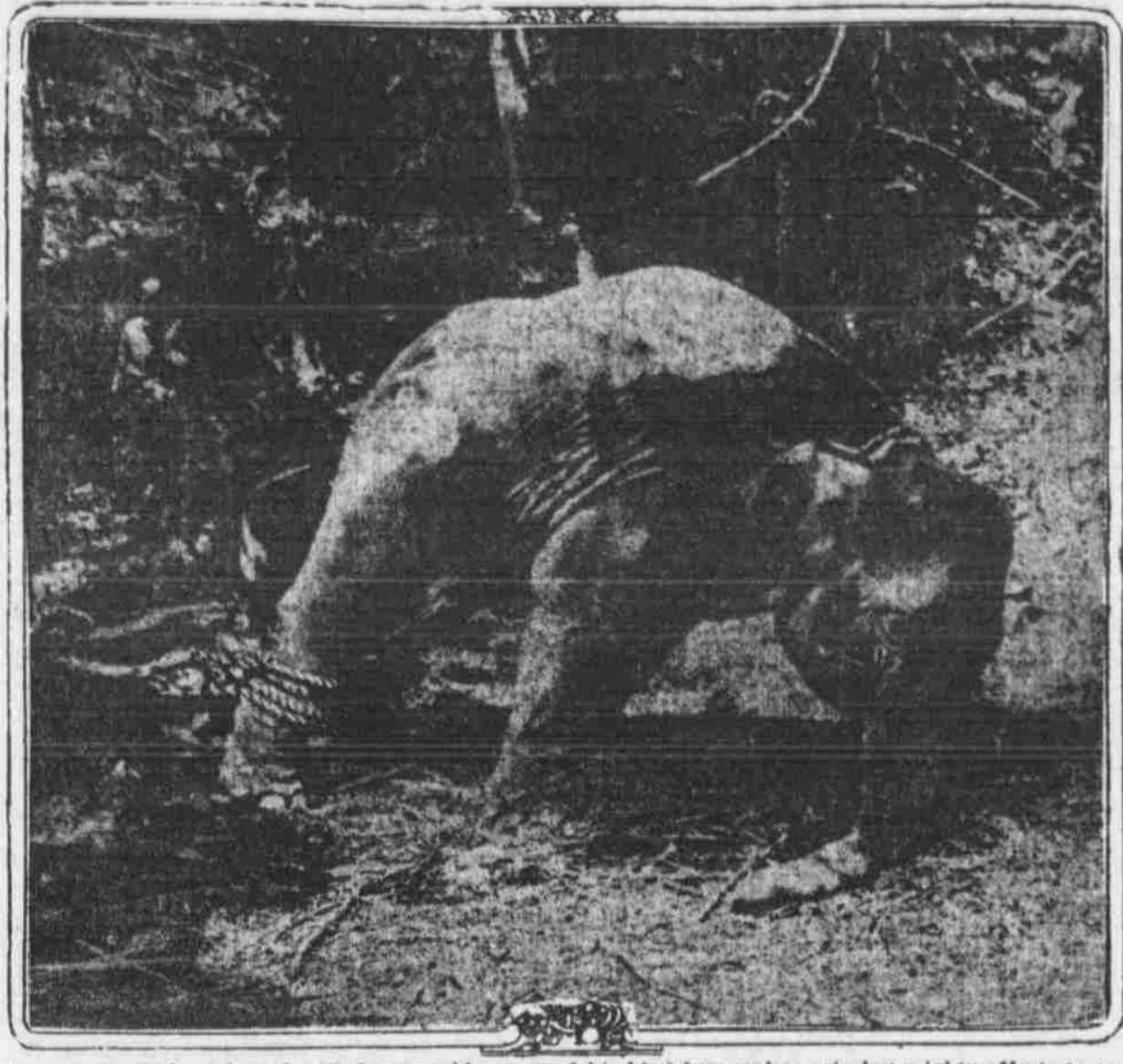


# The Bee's Home Magazine Page

## Elephant Hunting in India : By Garrett P. Serviss

## A Smart Parisian Fancy \* \* By Olivette

Described So That You Can Copy It for Yourself



A captured elephant bound with heavy cables around his hind legs makes vain but mighty efforts to escape.

This is the year of the "elephant battle" in the great forests of Mysore, India. The hunting of these gigantic animals is permitted in India only every fifth year. On the average from 200 to 250 wild elephants are captured during the battue season, and these are trained for the various purposes for which the Asiatic elephant is used. Everybody knows how conspicuous a part tamed elephants play in the great public spectacles in India. Indian princes and officials sometimes pay thousands of dollars for exceptionally fine and intelligent elephants. After they have been properly trained they are furnished with trappings gleaming with gold and splendid color. The howdah that an elephant trained for hunting carries on its back, and in which its master rides, while its driver, placed himself just back of its head, frequently weighs more than 200 pounds, but the huge animal regards it no more than a horse does a riding saddle.

On a good level road an elephant will march at the rate of five miles per hour, and he is capable of running, for short distances, with a speed of twenty miles an hour. He can carry in regular service, from 1,500 to 1,800 pounds, and he would not greatly mind a ton or more.

With his enormous muscles, and his great weight of five or six tons, it is evident that his pulling and lifting power must be immense. He can pull down, or foot up, small trees, can pick up huge logs with his trunk and carry or throw

them around like sticks, and since he is a very irascible beast when well tamed, he often does farm work of which a team of horses would be incapable. He can make a fence, or place huge blocks of stone in a wall. He is often employed to drag artillery wagons.

One of the most interesting employments of the elephant is in hunting tigers. From the lefty back of his elephant, at a height which, increased by the howdah, may be twelve or fourteen feet above the ground, the hunter can take aim at a tiger with a coolness that he would not possess if facing the animal on terra firma. If, as sometimes occurs, the tiger makes a leap for the elephant, he seldom succeeds in attacking the man in the howdah, although the driver, in his exposed position on the elephant's neck, is in greatest danger.

There seems to be a natural enmity between elephants and tigers, although an elephant will not attack a tiger unless cornered, or compelled to do so by the tiger's own fault. But then a good fighting elephant will, if he can once get his tusks to bear on his enemy, gore him to death, or literally crush him by kneeling on him. It is said that the mere presence of a dead tiger will drive some elephants to fury.

In view of the vast strength possessed by full grown elephants, it seems at first sight almost incredible that they can be captured in herds and quickly subdued to the will of their masters. At the



fastens with three stitched tabs in front, fastened by three monster buttons of Jet.

A wide ribbon of taffeta passes around the waist and ties in a bow in front.

The sleeves start well off the armhole and are caught into deep stitched cuffs of the taffeta.

The rolling collar and the cape pendant from it in the back are of the green rilline. When the cape is worn loose and flaring back it is seen to be lined with Havana brown satin. When the cape

We show you today two views of a decidedly novel and smart product of the Parisian dressmaker's fancy. It is a capelike coat of taffeta that is not too elaborate for daytime wear and is pretty enough, when worn flaring open for the evening. The upper part of the garment is of black taffeta, while the lower is of billiard green cloth in the rilline weave.

The upper part is cut on bolero lines and is gathered at the shoulder and caught below the bust into a high fitted girldie that

fastens in front it is held by a great jet button and looks like a tunic of green over the already tunic-bearing skirt of the rilline.

OLIVETTE.

## THE PROFESSOR'S MYSTERY

by WELLS HASTINGS AND BRIAN HOOKER. WITH ILLUSTRATIONS BY HANSON BOOTH. COPYRIGHT 1911 BY THE BOBBS-MERRILL COMPANY.

**SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.**

Professor Crosby, waiting at a suburban station for a trolley car to take him into Boston, where he has a social engagement, encounters Miss Tabor, whom he had met the previous winter at a social party. They compare notes, and find they are in the same place, and waiting for the same car. While waiting they talk of themselves in a casual way, and Crosby imagines he has touched on something closely personal to Miss Tabor. They start on the trolley journey, and as the car rattles, Crosby recovers consciousness, he finds himself unhurt, but with a fair, strange girl in his arms. The motionless and in charge, and they set about to restore the girl to consciousness. When she covered she seemed rather annoyed at the condition. Crosby finds his pockets have been emptied, but recovers every thing. Miss Tabor finds all her articles but a fine gold chain she wore around her neck. Crosby finds this, but on it hangs a wedding ring. The girl suggests they leave her, but they insist on seeing her safely to her home. Arrived at the Tabor home, Crosby is given a fulsome welcome by Mrs. Tabor, and a somewhat wickered reception by Mr. Tabor. They insist on her remaining over night, and he retires. Before he falls to sleep he hears voices in the hall near his door, and rising hurriedly finds he is locked in the room. Before he could learn the reason, he was asked by Miss Tabor to dress and come downstairs. Then he was asked to leave the house and not to come back. An explanation is given him. He spends the night at the inn, and the next day Mr. Tabor visits him and tells him no man of his past has any right to know a girl like Miss Tabor. Crosby hotly demands to be told what Tabor is talking about, but gets no satisfaction. Tabor forbids him ever to come near his home and leaves. Crosby follows and again sees the sticky Tabor, who had run after the trolley car, this time in animated debate with Tabor.

**CHAPTER IV.**

**An Assault in the Morning.**

(Continued.)

Public opinion, led by the bartender, was against him to the point of throwing him out or sending for the police; and his attempts at a defense were rendered unintelligible by volubility and by the strangest mixture of languages I ever heard in my life. Imagine a slightly drunk and thoroughly excited Neapolitan speaking broken English with an Irish brogue, and you may have some faint impression of the effect. His muddy blur of intentions was impossible to follow, and I tried him in Italian, becoming thereby a person of authority and inter-

est. He understood me readily enough, but his own spattering patois gave me a good deal of trouble. By what I could make out, he was a sailor, formerly on ships owned by Mr. Tabor; and Mr. Tabor had discharged him and kidnaped his wife. This sounded puzzling enough; but I could get nothing else out of him; and my further questions brought forth only angry reiterations and indefinite vows to have justice at any price. Finally I persuaded the bartender to give him one more drink on condition that he went away immediately, and satisfied the crowd with some patched-up story of a hated employer whose rebuffance to Mr. Tabor had caused an unfortunate mistake.

**CHAPTER V.**

**Beside the Summer Sea—An Interlude.**

If I had been at my wife's end before, I was now beyond it, in such a chaos of puzzled anger that I could not even think reasonably, much less come to sensible conclusions. The Italian sailor with his impossible charge against Mr. Tabor and Mr. Tabor's own impossible charge against me, were new elements which might or might not work into the situation; but at least I could not place them now; nor, for want of a motive that would bear dissection, was I ready to confess my own desire to stay on the ground until I had seen the matter through. I would go away to the sanity of the seaside, and give the vexations of the last few days time to clear. The whole experience had been so strange that I must have more perspective through which to view it clearly; and I could see nothing to gain by haste. For all that, I was perfectly clear that at length everything must come out right. Not that I could define to myself exactly what "coming out right" would mean, except making Mr. Tabor admit himself outrageously mistaken, and his daughter—but it was better not to think about his daughter; unless I was ready to risk thinking too much about her. The very memory of her vivid face in the car window, of her quizzical impertinences on the way, the sight of her lying motionless in the unnatural meadow, and most poignant of all, her distressed and abraded beauty in the dim hall, lit up the last few hours as with the glamour of a dream broken suddenly by a nightmare monstrous and unconvincing. She must be put aside if possible with the rest

until I could see clearly. Bob Ainelle and Mrs. Bob, boating, bathing, golf, and tennis, should be my devouring interests for the next week. After that—we should see.

For a couple of miles my car traveled through open country; then with the sound on its left, passed through small wooded patches that gave way continually to open glades where lawns from little cottages and great ran down to the water's edge. My destined hostelry, I remembered, flourished under the original name of "Bellevue." I did not especially pine for it, with its green-lined matting, white enameled furniture and chattering piazzas; but it had the unquestionable advantage of being only a couple of hundred yards from the Ainelle's cottage. There I hurried into my flannels and set forth in search of Bob, whom I found playing the gentle game of croquet with himself, the pink ball against the green.

When he saw me, he gave a Viking whoop that brought Mrs. Ainelle from her chair upon the veranda, while he executed a solemn war dance around me.

"Where, O where are the Hebrew children?" he chanted. "Safe now in the promised land—where's your bag?"

"Why, how do you do, Mr. Crosby?" said Mrs. Ainelle. "Bob, what on earth will the neighbors think of you? And Mr. Crosby will hardly like being called a Hebrew—not that I have anything against the Hebrews. They are really a very fine people, but—"

"But, my dear, you are talking nonsense. Laurie, where is that bag? Or heaven grant it be a trunk."

"It's a bag," I said, "and I left it in my room at the Bellevue, and a very good room it is."

"Bellevue! Heavens!" Bob snorted. "You go back to that whiled caravanary and wear away your belongings and come over here. We are going to house party in a couple of days, and we need you in our business. Your room is now southeast corner second floor, beautiful view of the sound or within sound of the view—which ever you please."

"You are an idiot, but I love you," said I. "Nevertheless, I'm going to stay where I am. Can't be bothered with house parties. I came down here for some exercise."

"I think you look tired," Mrs. Ainelle put in thoughtfully.

(To Be Continued Tomorrow.)

## Little Bobbie's Pa

By WILLIAM F. KIRK.

I was reading in the palper ware Mister Rockefeller cussed got to church the other Sunday because he was snowed in, sed Ma.

Is that so? sed Pa. I suppose he sent his dime down by sum hired man, jest the same.

The story didn't say, sed Ma, but I think the peopul of that littel church must have felt sad to think that thare gratest & best member was snowbound on his vast estate, unabel to be among them with his cheery smile & geyul presence.

Did the story say that, that he had a cheery smile & a genyul presence? sed Pa.

Sumthing like that, sed Ma.

Well, sed Pa, that is only another proof that we shudnt believe everything we read in the newspapers. I never had the pleasure of personally meeting John D. Rockefeller, sed Pa, but I have often seen fotygraphs of him, wich showed him with a smile on, & it looked about as cheery as the smile of a man wich has jest had four tens beaten by yure four lings. Thare always seemed to sumthing wrinkly and wintry about the smile to me, sed Pa, but maybe I am so used to the cheery smiles of my gant that I expect too much from an elderly man.

I wudnt be surprised, sed Ma. I have seen sum of yure frends cum to the house, she toald Pa, that didnt have much left in the way of expression excep thare cheery smile. Thare conversashun sumtimes led me to believe, sed Ma, that thare is only a thin line between sum cheery smiles and beery smiles. However, you know I promised the first of the year that if you wud work for woman sufrage I wud never say another unkind word about any of yure frends or to them, so I won't go on. But I wonder how Mister Rockefeller put in that long

## The Crepe Nuisance

By BEATRICE FAIRFAX.

A young man writes that he is about to be married; his mother, who has met with a recent bereavement, wishing to wear her mourning garb at the wedding. He wants to know if such attire is proper.

By all that is merry, no! If there is one occasion in life when every intrusion of grief, every mark of woe, every tear, every sigh, every frown, every semblance of unhappiness or troubled prediction should be forbidden, it is on the wedding day. Though one may, like the indulgent Pleasant Rutherford in "Our Mutual Friend," see in a wedding only two people taking out a license to quarrel and fight; though one may, through personal experience, deem single life more blessed; or, being single, envy those at the altar; or, though one may have suffered a recent bereavement, one should not, under any or all circumstances, show by look or garb anything but felicitous condition at a wedding.

It is the most important day in the lives of at least two people. Whatever their troubles, sorrows, and disappointments in the past, they stand at the threshold of a new opportunity for joy. They are beginning life all over again, for the last two months. This young man loves me dearly. Some of my friends are trying to influence me to break my engagement. He has prospects of getting in the government service, as he is on the postoffice clerks' list.

**A BROKEN HEART.**

You love him, you say? Prove it by being true to him in his misfortune. He needs all the encouragement he can get, and his friends are not friends if they would go back on him now. Don't, my dear, confuse "misfortune" with "fault."

If one wears mourning or not is one's privilege, but it is never one's privilege to wear such marks of woe at a wedding. If one is too selfish to lay aside such trappings for the sake of others, then one should stay at home. If grief is to be nursed, home is the place to nurse it. Under no conditions should it be trotted out and exhibited at a wedding.

## Advice to Lovelorn

By BEATRICE FAIRFAX.

**The Time to Be True.**

Dear Miss Fairfax: I am 25, and have been engaged to a young man who I love very much, for six months. He lost his position and has been out of employment