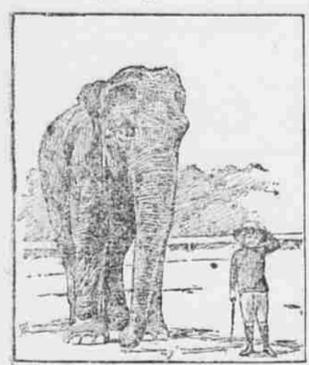


A Child Elephant Trainer.

"THAT'LL do now, Babe," said the animal trainer, extricating himself from the serpentine embrace of a great black trunk. "She's very playful, Babe is," he added, somewhat breathlessly, "but natural, for Babe and her mate had been playing ball with him, throwing him from one to the other and catching him beautifully in a manner calculated to inspire a baseball roofer. "She's a good deal friskier than Basil. You see, she's only half as old as Basil, who is 60 this year."



EVAN AND BAEL.

His father. But all they saw was a yellow head full of curls peering shyly from behind a tree and vanishing as soon as the strangers approached.

Dragged forth finally by the arm, with his face turned bashfully away, behold Evan, aged four years and 11 months, master of the elephants.

In the doorway of the elephant house the parental grasp relaxed and with a dive Evan got between the mighty wrinkled pillars that supported Babe.

That playful young creature had her vast ears thrust forward like immense banners. Her piggy eyes were all a-twinkle. She gurgled deep down in her caverns, like a mountain full of sizzling hot water.

Gently, ever so gently, her big trunk with its pink orifice reached out and seized the little chap. Slowly she rocked him to and fro while he sat, holding to the trunk as calmly as other children would hold to the ropes of a swing. But Basil wanted a bit of it, too. She reached and pranced and trumpeted until Babe swung Evan over to her. A toss, and a catch, and Basil had the boy. Back and forth they swung him like a ball, but with a care and gentleness that seemed impossible in creatures so huge.

A muttered word from Healey, and Basil lifted the little golden-haired trainer up, until she held him ten feet above the ground. Then the trunk curved backwards and set him as softly as if he were bisque on her big back. He sat there a few moments, slapping the leathery skin down the sloping back to the tall, swung from it as if it were a rope, and let himself drop to the ground, while Basil and Babe trumpeted and wagged their ears, watching for him to appear between their legs again.

"Safe?" said Mr. Healey. "Why, of course. I'd rather have Evan play with

the elephants than with other children. They take as good care of him as any nurse could. Every morning they are restless till he comes. And as for him, he is always in here. He plays among their feet and lets them swing him up on their backs all day long. They wouldn't step on him, no indeed. They take more care not to hurt him than a human being would. See here."

He lifted the boy up to Babe's left ear and commanded: "Listen, Babe. Something to say to you."

Babe stuck her ear out and inclined her head toward the boy, while he talked into her ear. Then she nodded her head wisely and grunted.

Healey dropped the boy. Evan stepped alongside of Babe and slapped her on the leg as high up as he could reach, which wasn't higher than a short man's knee. "Down, Babe, down," he said. Babe looked at him with a funny look of appeal in her eye. She wiggled her tail and flitted her trunk and turned her head away, saying plainly, "Let's talk of something else." But the baby trainer was insistent. And Babe sighed—a rumbling, roaring sigh, as if a steam engine were to whisper: "Oh, my!"

Then, with a weary grunt, she held her trunk out to him coaxingly. But Evan only patted it and cried shrilly: "Down, Babe, I say." So Babe, looking as if she had no friend on earth, grunted once more and dropped laboriously to her fore knees. With another plunge that shook the elephant house she let herself fall cumbrously on her side, and stuck her four feet into the air. Then she held out her trunk and wiggled her upturned ear. Evan scrambled with hands and knees up her massive, throbbing side and perched himself, a little bright spot, on top of the great tonnage of black flesh.

Then Basil had to go through the performance and she, too, begged Evan to let her off, but finally did what she was bidden like a lamb. Each elephant at once searched his clothes for sugar when he let her get up.

"Basil," said Mr. Healey, "is one of the biggest elephants in America now. She is a little more than nine feet high, and Babe is almost as big, but 30 years younger. Basil and Evan have been friends almost since Evan was born. He was born in Willis avenue, New York, and when he was only a few months old we came to Glen Island and ever since then Evan and the elephants have played together. When we first came here Basil learned to wheel Evan around in the baby carriage, and it soon got so that we could turn her loose with the little one and feel that he was safer in the protection of his great nurse than he would have been under the care of any human attendant."

While the trainer was speaking the big brutes were jostling each other to reach Evan and tap him with their trunks. He stood between their legs, leaning against them, and the elephants never moved a limb without looking and feeling to make sure that they would not step on him. It wasn't possible to see a bit of him when he got well behind one of the huge legs, but he was the master of the elephants for all that—Kipling's Toomali in real life.

He gets his love for animals legitimately, for his father has made many trips to Asia and Africa to get wild animals for American shows, besides having been a collector of snakes and big reptiles in Cuba and South America. He has been an unusually successful animal trainer almost all his life, and Evan has made up his mind that he will become one, too.—N. Y. Letter in Kansas City Star.

THE MARSH HAWK CHICAGO POST OFFICE

How He Hunts and How He Lives, and Way Young Are Raised.

The Naturalist Drops In on the Bird While He Is Courting, and Is Entertained by His Wild and Amusing Antics.

One afternoon in early spring, I was walking along the low-lying land extending across the borders of a river. Before me lay a wide expanse of open country, chiefly grassy meadow, with here and there little hillocks, which stood out somewhat higher and greener than the surroundings. Suddenly there swept past me, in easy, graceful flight, a long-winged, ash-gray bird with a large white patch upon its rump; a male marsh hawk, hunting. Quite low he flew, sometimes so close to the ground that he fanned the tall grass blades, sometimes skimming lightly over clumps of bushes, rising and falling as though he rode upon the crest of a gentle ocean swell. For half a mile, perhaps, he continued on his course; then, coming about with infinite grace, he bore down upon me again. Back and forth he circled, "quartering" the country in a way which proved his title to the name of "harrier." All this time his bright hazel eyes were searching every clump of weeds, every hollow in the grass, every twig of the leafless bushes, for a sign of his living prey. Presently he caught sight of that which he sought, for he checked his onward flight, and for an instant hung fluttering in the air. Then lightly he dropped into the grass, where a lightning stroke laid low a meadow mouse, whose soft, fat little body offered scarcely any resistance to these talons of rapier steel. The bird did not fly off with its prey in its claws, as a sharp-shinned hawk would have done, nor did he stoop to devour the mouse on the spot, as I have often seen a marsh hawk do; it picked up the little rodent with its feet, and by a series of long leaps through the grass, it reached a rather more secluded spot, where it began to tear its victim to pieces.

About a week later, I was walking over the same open country, and again I saw my old acquaintance the marsh hawk. This time, however, he was not alone, for in his company there was a somewhat larger bird, dark amber brown on the back, and with reddish streaks on the head. This was his mate, and, despite the difference in coloration, she had the characteristic white patch on her rump. It was the courting season, and, as I was anxious to see the manner in which the marsh hawk courted his bride, I hid myself in a ditch which drained the meadows, and waited. For an hour, perhaps, nothing unusual happened, and I had begun to fear that my patience was not to be rewarded that day, when suddenly the male bird floated into view, and began a series of evolutions such as I had heard of, but never witnessed before. After circling about as usual, he arose



THE MARSH HAWK DID NOT FLY OFF WITH ITS PREY.

in the air, "stooped" almost to the ground, rose again, tumbled somewhat after the manner of a tumbler pigeon, and in this way proceeded for some distance, zig-zagging up and down, as though bereft of his senses. And perhaps he was, for wiser creatures than marsh hawks do funny things when they are in love. After doing his acrobatic "turn," he sailed gracefully away.

The nest, which I found in May, was made chiefly of coarse grass and twigs, on the ground near the river. There were four eggs in it, dull white, about an inch and three-quarters in length, and well rounded. The next time I visited the nest, the young birds were hatched—beautiful, bright-eyed little fellows, covered with white down, and with black bills and yellow legs. At first they knew no fear, but soon it came to them, as it does to most wild things, and one day, when their pin-feathers had started, they greeted me by throwing themselves on their backs and striking at me savagely with their little talons.

The last time I visited the nest, the young hawks, instead of waiting to fight me when I approached, leaped from their home into the surrounding grass, and hopped away rapidly in every direction, with their long wings raised high in the air to steady them as they bounced along. I left them to regain their composure. When I next saw them they were able to shift for themselves. Sometimes they might be seen alighting upon stakes near the water, but usually they were skimming over the open country, making things warm for the mice and other small creatures which inhabit the marshes.

Upright Always.
"I believe that policeman is leading an upright life."
"It's encouraging to think there are such men on the force."
"Yes. He sleeps so much on his feet that it doesn't seem as if he could possibly want to ever lie down to rest."
—Chicago Record-Herald.

Expensive Luxuries.
Vera Hitone—Will you keep your promise and resign from your club just as soon as I become your wife?
Cal U. Mette—I'll have to. Couldn't afford both, you know.—N. Y. Times.

Removal of Mr. Cobb Revives Interest in Great Federal Building.

Present State of Work—Will Be Finished in April, 1905—Interesting Comparison with Erection of Other Large Buildings.

The building of a large public building such as that of the new post office now being constructed at Chicago is apt to be punctuated by full stops, exclamations and question marks. In other words, there are generally long delays in the completion of the work, much criticism and many and awkward questions asked. The summary removal of the chief architect, Henry Ives Cobb, by Secretary Shaw, has reminded the city of Chicago and the country at large that a great and costly government building is being constructed there. It is so long ago since the Chicago post office spread its camp on the lake front that the employes and the people of the city have about accepted the squatly building as a permanent location.

Chicago has had to wait for her new federal building, and will be forced to continue the waiting attitude for many a long month. Those in a position to know, declare that the building will be completed by April 1, 1905, but others who are also familiar with the operations, think that it is impossible, as there has been no provision made for heating the building, and the work of finishing the interior will have to stop during the cold winter months.

An abbreviated history of Chicago's new post office building is as follows: Authorized by congress, February,



CHICAGO'S NEW POST OFFICE BUILDING AS IT APPEARS TO-DAY.

1895. Possession given to wrecker of the old building, April, 1895. Substructure begun July, 1897. Substructure completed August, 1898. Contract for superstructure awarded to John Peirce, April 7, 1898. Possession of premises given contractor, September, 1898. Work begun spring of 1899. Twenty-five per cent. of building finished March 19, 1901. Date of completion at rate of progress, 1907. Date of completion required by contract, January, 1902. Contract price of superstructure, \$1,987,000. Allowed by congress for interior finish, \$1,200,000.

Our illustration shows exactly the progress which has been made on the building to the present day. The exterior is practically finished, the only work remaining to be done is some carving on certain portions of the stone work. But the structure is nothing but a great, gaunt, bare shell of stone and brick and iron. The interior finishing has hardly begun. Preliminary work on the building was begun in March, 1895, when the secretary of the treasury engaged experts to prepare plans and specifications. Congress voted \$300,000 for this purpose. The cost of the building up to the present has been \$2,346,702, for foundation and exterior construction.

The interior is to be finished in mahogany and marble of the finest kind. Late last year it was discovered that the \$4,600,000 which it was proposed to spend on the structure, but \$1,653,298 remained for the interior finish and decoration and heating and lighting apparatus, and elevators, etc. This was not sufficient, and it was proposed by the architect to finish in cheap wood as a substitute for the mahogany and plaster for the marble. But about this time the congressmen from Chicago got busy, and congress was induced to vote an additional \$750,000 to finish the building as the original specifications called for. That it will be a beautiful structure when finished there is no shadow of doubt. But there is hope that the present generation will live to see it completed is evident from the present shake-up and activity.

It is interesting to note in connection with the building of the Chicago post office the construction of some other great buildings in Chicago. While the foundations of the post office were being dug the Fisher building shot up 16 stories. In the time consumed in covering the steel work the Marshall Field building, a magnificent structure of steel and marble and the finest interior finish, was rushed to completion, and since the construction of the post office building was begun nearly every year has been marked by the erection of some sky scraper. But if the post office is growing slowly to completion, it is growing magnificently, and will be one of the finest structures in the country when completed.

Restful.
Laura—Alice Flitter is such a restful friend.
Charles—Restful? She talks all the time.
"That's it; I never have to think about what to say when I'm with her."
—Detroit Free Press.

A Creation of Fancy.
"I understand that you made a fabulous fortune out of your novel."
"Perhaps fabulous is not the exact word," answered the author. "I would rather say 'eccentric.'"
—Washington Star.

THE AUTUMN GIRL—GOLF AND OTHERWISE

CONTINUED USE OF MAGPIE EFFECTS, BOTH OUT DOORS AND INDOORS.

THE autumn girl is the best of all the girls, healthier, handsomer even than the summer girl. And it pays to buy her clothes, for, with her bright eyes and reddish-brown cheeks, she sets them off so well.

The athletic girl, in her reaction from piazza-and-trailing-skirt days, for awhile went to the extreme of not caring very much how she looked, what she wore. But gradually a change has come over her, and now she shows careful thought for her appearance.

Instead of choosing some dowdy, worn-out old thing in which to array herself for her sports, she selects suitable cut and material for the gown in which she plays her games. Perhaps she spends more time and money on "field" clothes than on her ball gowns, and we believe she would be wise to do so, for they appear in the garish light of day, when defects are painfully visible. The "magpie" combination (our old friend, black-and-white) the golf girl will probably select this fall for her costume on the links, and somewhere about the costume there will undoubtedly be visible a dash of cherry red or a bit of oriental embroidery.

In a golf costume, the skirt is of paramount importance, as the player usually discards her jacket when following the ball from hole to hole. But the coat, when finally donned, should be one that need not shame the wearer. The suit here pictured is one of the season's best; the skirt, with its trim fit and straight lines; the plaits of the coat matching well with the skirt, and the modish black belt and stock adding very good touches. The white felt hat with the black velvet and black quill, complete the "magpie" effect.

All summer we have had the open-work embroidery, and still have a continuation on the wool stuffs for fall and winter. Oriental, and also a sort of padded, raised embroidery, will be popular, much of which can be copied by skillful fingers at home. Jet will be used again, but perhaps not as freely as last year. Velvet buttons, ap-

pliques of cloth and velvet, frills and ruching are among the fancies of the season.

Last week we spoke of changeable and fancy silks for linings, and now have a word to say in regard to shot silks for dress materials. From time



THE GOLF GIRL.

to time the shot silks come into fashion, and one does not wonder at the hold they have; for they are so beautiful, their hues changing with every change of light, such lovely combinations of color observable in their make-up. The shot-silk gowns will be built after old-fashioned models, much befitted and be-ruched.

BARGAIN NEGLIGES—SOME MODISH ACCESSORIES

THIS IS THE TIME TO GET BARGAINS, AND GOOD ONES, TOO.

TILL one can pick up summer bargains, especially good bargains in the way of teagowns and negliges. For styles do not change greatly for these garments, and if one finds something pretty and becoming, one may feel safe that it will be sufficiently in fashion for some time to come. And all through the winter one can make use of the fluffy, light sacks and gowns for home wear, our houses being over-heated to a degree when cold reigns without.

Though wools seem more appropriate for fall and winter negliges, yet many ladies will employ the ones of light mulls and China silks which the stores are selling at greatly reduced prices. And such pretty, pretty things these are that are going for a song; such charming low-necked, elbow-sleeved affairs; such soft, trailing robes. This week we picture two of the many that caught our fancy; a negligee of white crepe de chine, and a little flowered challis. The first would be a very appropriate model for pongee, too; the yoke and top of the sleeves should be of lace, and the velvet lacings may be of any color preferred. The velvet employed on the

designed for the early days of fall is made of cream serge embroidered in dull rich silks suggestive of the orient, and further ornamented with black velvet ribbon, the long ends finished with silk fringe. The tassels and fringe now so fashionable are very suitable trimmings for these at-home



NEGLIGEE OF WOOL CHALLIS.



NEGLIGEE OF WHITE CREPE DE CHINE.

white crepe de chine shown in the cut is an emerald green, very effective with the white crepe. The other little negligee is of lightweight wool, simple, comfortable and considerably warmer than the sheer material of the more elaborate negligee.

gowns. The teagown described might be made of either cashmere or veiling, but the serge seems best with the oriental embroidery.

The long shoulder effects concerning which one reads so much and of which one sees so much, are absolutely necessary for those who would dress a la mode. One good way of obtaining the long, sloping shoulder is by the use of a deep collar or cape. When one is able to afford fine real lace for this, well and good; but never wear the elaborate imitations that are at present so depressingly common. Collars and capes of fine batiste are in very good style, and can be procured at reasonable prices. Pelerine shapes reign, and the bertha and fichu are approved. In Paris—of all places—there has appeared the modest neck handkerchief of mull, which Quaker accessory seems to belong rather to Philadelphia.

Speaking of mull, there is nothing daintier in the way of neckwear than the hemstitched mull, or very fine linen lawn, turnover collars one sees occasionally. When immaculate and worn with small cuffs to match, they give the ordinary shirt-waist suit an air of neatness and gentility quite refreshing in these days of fussiness. Another article of dress now noticeable in the world's center of fashion is the very small handkerchief. But it is doubtful if the tiny thing will have much vogue over here.

ELLEN OSMOND.

ONE ON THE GROCER.

How Little Johnny Smartaleck Forged His Way Ahead in the Arithmetic Class.

He walked into the grocery store with a slip of paper in his hand, and the grocer at once produced his pencil and order book, for the boy's mother was a good customer.

"Good morning," said the boy, whose curly head scarcely reached to the counter. "I want three and a half pounds of sugar. It's six cents a pound, ain't it? And rice is eight? I want two and a quarter pounds of that. And a quarter pound of your 70-cent tea, and two and a fifth pounds of your 35-cent coffee, and three pints of milk. That's eight cents a quart, ain't it? And please give me the bill," he ended breathlessly, "for I have to get to school."

The grocer made out the bill, wondering at the querness of the order, and handed it to the boy, asking as he did so:

"Did your mother send the money, or does she want the goods charged?"

The boy seized the bill and said with a sign of satisfaction:

"Ma didn't send me at all. It's my arithmetic lesson, and I had to get it done somehow."

And as he ran out the grocer opened the cigar case and handed out smokes to the men who were there.

"It's on me," he said. "Say, there's more than one way to skin an eel, isn't there?"—N. Y. Times.

SAVED BY HIS DOG.

Bruno Brought Relief to His Master Who Was Buried Under a Load of Wood.

Frank Mullen, a wood hauler, of Joplin, Kan., has his faithful dog to thank for his life. He was hauling wood from Shoal creek, near Joplin, one day last month, when his wagon partially broke down under a big load. He had to crawl under the wagon to make repairs. He knew it was dangerous, but he took the risk. While he was working the wagon completely gave way, and Mullen was buried under a pile of cordwood. He was not hurt, but was imprisoned so he could not escape. He was in a secluded part of the wood, and his chances seemed good for starving to death. Finally he bethought himself of his dog. Calling him—"Go home, Bruno!" he commanded. The dog obeyed, and the morning after the accident occurred Mrs. Mullen, who had worried all night about her husband's absence, was attracted to the door by the dog's scratching and howling. When she opened the door she noticed he had a bad cut on one of his shoulders. He had been hit there by a stick from the falling load. Mrs. Mullen, who had worried all night and, ordering the dog to return to his master, set out, following him. The dog led her directly to where Mullen was, several miles distant, and, with the aid of the man who accompanied her, Mrs. Mullen was able to extricate her husband. He was half starved, but unhurt.

Onion Juice Beats Paste.
Paper may be securely gummed to metal by the aid of onion juice.