

THE HOME OF THE EUROPEAN BISON.

It is doomed—the home of the European bison. The Bison bonasus, which has existed there in numbers since the mammoth and the rhinoceros were common in Europe, until almost the present year. And it has been stated that a few, very few, are still to be found in the depths of the Forest of Bialowieza. Soon, however, the axes of timber-fellers will be making the silence resound in this, the oldest and the greatest of forests in Europe. Here in Lithuania is the last refuge of the auroch, as some term the Bison bonasus.

For centuries the forest of Bialowieza was the private hunting domain of the Polish kings, and then of the czars of Russia. The Russians, since the middle of the eighteenth century, gave great attention to the raising and preserving of the auroch, the true strain of the European buffalo, and a herd of between 700 and 800 head was in existence at the outbreak of war in 1914. When, however, the German invaders occupied Lithuania, though a pretense was made of protecting the bison, it amounted to no more than a pretense. So many of the magnificent animals went to form butcher's meat that in December, 1918, only some 140 survived.

What the invaders had commenced, the peasantry finished. With the departure of the troops, the peasants at once started to slaughter the buffaloes. In many parts of the fringe of the forest the animals were looked upon as an hereditary foe, owing to their depredation of crops, which they preferred to their rough pasturage. It has been stated that in September, 1919, the last of the mighty, wild bison, so famous in history, story, and legend, was killed to fill the family-pot. It has also been reported that a few—very few—still survive in the fastnesses of Bialowieza.

Anyhow, the operations of the London corporation, that has obtained concessions to fell and market the timber of this and other national forests, will in time disclose if any of the aurochs do yet exist.

The Germans, however, have had allies assisting in the work of killing off the last herd of the Bison bonasus—the congener of the North American buffalo. Count Potocki possessed a famous ancestral herd of its species, but the Bolsheviks, not content with the destruction of human institutions and human individuals, deliberately exterminated this historic and irreplaceable remnant. The reason they advance is characteristic. It is that, because there was not enough of the poison for all men, no man ought to have any poison at all.

Luckily, the Bolsheviks cannot succeed in wiping out the wild buffalo of the Caucasus. These frequent the wooded parts of the high inaccessible mountains, and also the inaccessible valleys situated where rise the head-waters of the Bieleis, the Kischka and other rivers. It is a wild country, some thirty miles long from east to west, and about fifteen to sixteen miles in width from north to south.

As quick in pace as any horse, and outwitting the chamois in climbing and daring, the Caucasian bison, exceedingly wary, with extraordinarily keen senses of sight, smell, and hearing, very seldom falls to the gun of even the native hunters. Though it appears identical with the auroch of Bialowieza Forest, this buffalo remains today, as a mystery animal as to its habits and particular characteristics. Fortunately, its home no mercantile or any other company can ever put to destruction.

It is said that twenty millions of fur-bearing animals each year are caught and tortured to death in steel traps. Many of the trappers visit their traps only once in three or four days, leaving the animals there to suffer and die of starvation or freezing.

One trapper has said that about one-third of the animals he catches have but three legs, the other having been gnawed off by the animal in order to escape when caught in a trap at some previous time. It is no worse to kill an animal for its fur than it is to kill it for food, but if the animals that are killed for food were caught in traps and left there to suffer for hours and days something would be done about it and something ought to be done about this cruel custom of trapping. The snaring of wild animals and birds has been stopped by legislation and trapping ought to be stopped by the same means. Well, some one may say, people will buy and wear furs and you can't stop it. Then let the fur-bearing animals be raised on farms as other domestic animals are raised and put to death in a more humane manner and there would be no further need of traps.—G. B. F., in our Dumb Animals.

A New Herd Head at State College.

The dairy department of The Pennsylvania State College recently leased from I. V. Otto, Carlisle, his Holstein herd sire, Lothian DeKol Korndyke. This bull is one of unusually good type and comes from a high producing line of ancestry and his daughters are making exceptionally good records in the cow testing association.

Lothian DeKol Korndyke is sired by K. P. B. A. Fedora King, one of whose daughters produced 22,702 pounds of milk and 1,091 pounds of butter in a year as a four and one-half year old. This was the eighth highest record in that age class in the United States when the record was made. The dam of Lothian DeKol Korndyke has a fine yearly record of 984 pounds of butter in a year as a three and one-half year old. At the time the record was made it stood seventh in that age class. She produced 102 pounds of milk or 51 quarts, in one day.

—It's all here and it's all true.

FORD STARTS OWN FOREIGN SHIPPING.

Detroit sent its first ship to a distant foreign port recently, when the steamer Onodaga, of the Ford Motor company's fleet, sailed for Buenos Aires. It carried a cargo of manufactured automobile parts, the first of the kind ever exported direct from any Great Lakes port.

Departure of Onodaga created a furore in the offices of the customs officials at Detroit, where clearance papers were issued for the first time to a ship sailing to a foreign port. Application for the papers presented the officials with something new so far as the port of Detroit is concerned, and there was a hurried perusal of records and rules governing the issuance of such papers.

In starting the Onodaga on its voyage to South America, the Ford Motor company inaugurates its own export and Atlantic coast shipping. It is a new and noteworthy development in the automobile industry and one in which the Ford company, with its own ships, uses the Great Lakes as a gateway to bring it into closer relationship with its foreign branches.

Due to the fourteen-foot draught of the St. Lawrence river locks, the Onodaga left Detroit with a cargo of about 1800 tons. When the additional cargo is loaded at Montreal, the Onodaga will have on board manufactured parts for 2100 Ford cars in addition to a shipment of service parts. The cargo is consigned to the Ford branch at Buenos Aires.

The steamships Onodaga and Oneida, which during the summer carried coal north and lumber from the Ford mills in northern Michigan to the River Rouge plant, enter the coal service, leaving the two larger ships, the Henry Ford II and the Benson Ford, on the Great Lakes for carrying iron ore, lumber and coal.

The Oneida began loading at the River Rouge plant the day the Onodaga sailed and will carry Ford car parts in bulk for domestic use. After taking on only sufficient cargo to permit passage through the St. Lawrence, the Oneida sails for Norfolk, Va., where the remainder of the cargo will be loaded. The Oneida will then sail for Jacksonville, Fla., New Orleans, La., and Houston, Tex., delivering shipments to branch assembly plants of the company in those cities.

Both the Onodaga and the Oneida will during the winter season, make their home port in Norfolk, Va., where a Ford assembly branch was recently completed.

BOULEVARD STOP LATEST.

Harrisburg, Dec. 11.—An amendment to the Motor Vehicle act that will go far toward reducing the accident rate in cities will be supported by the Pennsylvania Motor Federation at the coming session of the Legislature. The Department of Highways, Motor Vehicle division, will ask for the amendment, which provides for the amendment, which provides "Boulevard Stop."

Officials of the Highway Department and of the motorist's organizations who have observed the working of the "Boulevard Stop" in Cleveland and other cities believe that its adoption will result in materially reducing the number of accidents at intersections. Its adoption will necessitate a modification of the present "right of way" law where the latter would conflict but it is believed that the motoring public would appreciate the change and rapidly become accustomed to it. It is understood that the law would be mandatory upon the cities.

If adopted, the "Boulevard Stop" would first require that cities name certain main thoroughfares as "boulevards." Then all motor vehicles approaching these boulevards on intersecting streets or highways would be required to come to a full stop before crossing or entering the boulevard, regardless of direction or destination. A white line with the word "Stop" is painted across the intersecting street at a point 12 or 15 feet back of the curb line of the boulevard, thus affording all drivers on either highway ample time to see each other.

Real Estate Transfers.

Anne T. H. Henszey, et bar, to Helen Wood Morris, tract in State College; \$800.

Ellis L. Orvis, et ux, to Helen E. Dale, tract in Bellefonte; \$12,000.

Elias Confer to John W. Confer, tract in Penn township; \$150.

W. F. Wolf, et ux, to Shady Nook Rod and Gun club, tract in Penn township; \$100.

Centre County Commissioners to Whitmer Steel Co., tract in Gregg township; \$31.

L. F. Mayes, treasurer, to S. D. Gettig, tract in College township; \$4.

L. F. Mayes, treasurer, to S. D. Gettig, tract in College township; \$6.43.

L. F. Mayes, treasurer, to S. D. Gettig, tract in College township; \$14.20.

D. M. Packer to Anne E. Gardner, tract in Liberty township; \$10.

Joseph M. Reifsnnyder, et ux, to S. G. Snook, tract in Millheim; \$800.

Adam H. Krumrine to Anna H. Foekenthal, tract in Ferguson township; \$225.

James J. Markle, et al, to Irvin M. Harvey, et al, tract in State College; \$5,000.

Samuel Klinefelter to Philip Storch, et al, tract in Potter township; \$550.

E. R. Taylor, sheriff, to Stover G. Snook, tract in Millheim; \$2,425.

Anne T. H. Henszey, et bar, to R. W. White, tract in College township; \$1,600.

L. E. Kidder, et ux, to John E. Graham, et al, tract in State College; \$1.

Charles H. Kephart, et ux, to Nonza Kephart, tract in Rush township; \$300.

George B. Harshbarger, et ux, to Harry F. Harshbarger, tract in Walker township; \$4,000.

—A drunken Congressman once said to Abraham Lincoln: "I am a self-made man." "Then, sir," replied Honest Abe, "that relieves the Lord of an awful responsibility."

NEGRO'S CHEMISTRY ASTONISHES AUDIENCE.

Dr. George Carver, a negro professor of Tuskegee Institute, and son of an ex-slave, in speaking before the Women's Board of Domestic Missions of the Reformed church of America held at the Marble Collegiate church, New York city, astonished the large assembly with his discoveries in agricultural chemistry.

He brought exhibits of his discoveries from the Alabama school founded by Booker T. Washington, showing how he had produced 100 useful products from the sweet potato, including rubber, coffee, candy, dyes, paste, paint, starch, vinegar, ink, shoe blacking and molasses, and 165 products from the humble peanut. He said that his discoveries were a direct revelation from God, that he had no great mind, and that he never used even a book in his laboratory. He said the moment God revealed a discovery to him the method came with the idea. In half an hour after the idea was revealed to him he produced the yolk of an egg from a Porto Rican sweet potato.

It was brought out at the meeting that although Dr. Carver was poorly paid he had refused the offer of a princely salary from Thomas A. Edison, who wished to have the professor join his laboratory staff at Orange, N. J. He also has refused offers from others, preferring to remain with his own people and help them solve economic conditions in the south.

A large factory is now being erected outside Tuskegee, where paint is to be produced from the sweet potato. He has received any money for his discoveries," Dr. Carver said. "Somebody who had benefited by one of my products from the peanut sent me \$100 the other day, but I sent it back to him."

His most important and most recent discovery in a peanut product is a pulmonary remedy, which he revealed at the service for the first time. While Dr. Carver would not admit that he had the cure of tuberculosis, he declared that his new product, which he called a creosote solution, was a step forward for the treatment of all pulmonary troubles, and that it was a food as well as a medicine. He showed that it was perfectly easy to emulsify creosote with the peanut product. The whole difficulty in chemistry up to now, he said, had been to find something with which creosote would mix.

Some in the audience tittered when the professor began to talk about the peanut. First he showed how, with the arrival of the boll weevil evil, the South was looking for some other money crop than cotton; then the sweet potato left the soil useless while the peanut fertilized it. He also recommended the peanut as a muscle builder to those who wished to avoid fattening products like the sweet potato.

"I reckon some of you folks don't think so much of the peanut," he said. "Why, I've discovered 32 different kinds of milk in the peanut and richer than cow milk."

He told how in the clay of the country around Tuskegee he had discovered 300 different colored paints, one of them an Egyptian blue, of ancient Egyptians, and the making of which was a lost art. A plant is to be built, he said, to produce paints from this clay.

A year ago Dr. Carver won the Spingarn medal, presented annually for the most distinguished achievement by an American citizen of African descent. It was from his discoveries that the government made sweet potato flour during the war. He is a member of the Royal Society of Arts, London.—Ex.

Seventeen Million Spent on Road Repairs.

Approximately \$50,000,000 will have been spent during 1924 by the State Highway Department when the year closes, Secretary of Highways Paul D. Wright declared in a statement on the department's finances, made public.

More than half of this amount, or approximately \$26,500,000 represents expenditures for road construction, he said.

The balance, \$23,500,000 is the cost of maintenance, grade crossing elimination, culverts and bridges, administration and similar expenses of the department. Of this sum, \$19,750,000 will have been derived from various license fees, fines and other sources, and the remainder from revenue from certificates of title issued after November 15th, this year, receipts from 1925 license fees, unexpended balances of old general fund appropriations and similar sources.

The classification of the expenditure of the \$23,500,000 was given as: General repairs, resurfacing, replacement, etc., \$17,512,704; grade crossing elimination, culverts and bridges, \$1,488,585; administrative expense of the Bureau of Motor Vehicles and equipping and operating of the highway motor patrol, \$1,700,000; purchase of supplies, equipment, rentals, general administrative and office expenses of the department, \$2,818,709.

The Art of Giving Information.

When you are asked for information, give it not only accurately but pleasantly. All of us are familiar with the grudging manner of the clerk who looks in another direction and mumbles so that his words can hardly be understood, when we ask the way to the glove counter. Some people excel in the art of giving information, for they give not only information, but good cheer and kindness along with it. Their manner implies pleasure in being able to do us so small a favor. And when we encounter one of this sort, we wonder why this gracious, kindly art has not become universal.

Difference.

Teacher—"What is the difference between ammonia and pneumonia?" Bright Pupil—"One comes in bottles and the other in chests."

SERGEANT HAS ATTRACTIVE JOB

Nothing at All to Do and Has Private to Do It for Him.

New London, Conn.—When it comes to sitting pretty on the top of the world and letting your feet hang down, Sergt. Joseph Eros, United States army, stands in a class by himself. He has nothing whatever to do, and an enlisted man to do it for him. That situation, as any buck private would testify, is as close to heaven as any sergeant has a right to hope to get.

Sergeant Eros commands the garrison of Fort Mansfield, a sea coast fortification a dozen miles east of here at Watch Hill, R. I. Furthermore, he and his lone private, Harry Dell, constitute the whole garrison.

It is doubtful whether any other sergeant anywhere is as well-favored as Sergeant Eros. To plant the soles of his garrison shoes on he has 96 acres of reservation—48 acres for each foot. To shelter his head he has no less than 20 buildings, including officers' quarters, barracks and hospital. He has an extensive system of waterworks and sewers, a network of macadam roads and a good half mile of granolithic walk along the ocean front. He has a large parade ground to march on; an elaborate though dismantled system of electric lights, and a perfect maze of buried telephone and telegraph cables.

Battery of Eight-Inch Guns.

To defend himself, his private and his country, he has three batteries of eight-inch guns, two emplacements of rapid fire, a mine central station and emplacements for mammoth searchlights.

Of course, he also has certain responsibilities. As sole fount of authority in the fort he is not merely commander, but also personnel officer and material officer. He is perpetual officer of the day and officer of the guard. If he should find it necessary to go into action, he would be fire commander, support commander, mine commander, communication officer, range officer, emplacement officer, mine field officer, battery commander, signal officer, ordnance officer, observer, plottor and gun pointer, unless he let Harry Dell do the pointing. But Harry himself would be fairly busy as gun-pit detail, azimuth setter, elevation setter, powder-serving detail, truck detail, sponge detail and range and deflection recorder, besides serving as orderly, running the searchlights and answering the telephone.

In these piping times of peace, of course, Sergeant Eros' duties are a little less onerous, though at that he naturally holds a long list of the special ratings peculiar to his highly technical branch of the service. He is, for instance, the post sergeant major of Fort Mansfield and its electrician sergeant, ordnance and quartermaster and commissary sergeant, signal sergeant, mine sergeant and chief mine planter.

Has Time for Family.

When he isn't tinkering round with one or another of these jobs or inspecting Harry Dell, or drilling Harry in company formation, or making the rounds of Harry when Harry is standing sentry, Sergeant Eros relaxes in the bosom of his family. For he is a married man, with his wife and little boy installed in one of the residences on officers' row which suits their fancy.

And he gets a fair amount of relaxation, for Fort Mansfield, a quarter of a century ago an up-to-date fortification defending the eastern entrance to Long Island sound, is now practically abandoned, though a recent survey has been carried out by engineers who suggested the reservation would make an ideal aviation station.

It consists of a crescent-shaped peninsula, some three miles long and a few hundred feet wide, which juts out into the sea as a continuation of the Watch Hill bathing beach. Before the fort was built the long sandy strip was known as Napatee Point. Skirted on the south by Fisher's Island sound and on the north by Little Narragansett bay, the peninsula forms a natural breakwater. Its really beautiful harbor would form a safe haven for flying boats, with full protection from the tempestuous seas that sometimes roll in from the Atlantic there. And the land strip is wide enough and smooth enough to accommodate planes with wheeled landing gear.

Like Deserted Village.

In its present condition Fort Mansfield makes one think of Goldsmith's deserted village. But the government engineers had an enormous job on their hands when they converted the extensive stretch of sand dunes into what was at that time a modern fortification. Work on it began about 1898 and a garrison first occupied the place in 1901. When it was abandoned in 1911 three batteries of stone and cement had been built and armed, the largest with two eight-inch guns. The last company to occupy the post was the Eighty-first artillery, with a strength of 101 men and 20 officers.

On the land approach to Fort Mansfield there is still a sign, somewhat weatherbeaten, warning visitors not to enter the reservation without obtaining a pass or permit. The impression thus given that the fort is still doing martial business at the old stand is quickly dissipated by a tour

of the grounds. The masonry of the emplacements is beginning to crumble. The big guns have all been dismantled and shipped to other stations, and the water hydrants are smothered in grass and brambles or half buried by the march of shifting sand. A heavy breakwater of planks and splices has protected the ocean front fairly well, but some of the big seas have washed over it and undermined the buildings. The granolithic walk has also come in for its share of damage, having been so thoroughly undermined that it suggests a recent earthquake.

No Use Longer as Fort.

The fort was abandoned because there is no real need of big guns there today. The long-range monsters mounted at Fort Wright, Fisher's Island and at Forts Michle and Terry, on Gull and Plum islands, fully command the eastern and southern approaches from the Atlantic.

A few months ago the reservation was offered for sale for \$90,000. Citizens of Westerly, R. I., were interested, and for a time it was thought the peninsula would be converted into a recreation park or a cluster of summer homes. But nothing definite was done, and recently it was announced the government will retain its whole holding of 96 acres.

Sergeant Eros was glad to hear that. Even with the terrific load of mixed responsibilities and duties under which he staggers, he has become attached to the fort, and would hate to leave it.

Private Harry Dell reserves his opinion for home use. Naturally, as a lone enlisted man exposed to the full and undivided attention of a whole sergeant, he is no chirping optimist.

But even Harry has his brighter days. Every now and then Commander Eros writes a pass for Sergeant Eros, and the Robinson Crusoe of Fort Mansfield takes the missus and kid and goes to the mainland for a day off, leaving Harry Dell in full charge.

Weather Forecast Used to Guide Churchgoers

Washington.—A minister using weather forecasts to fit the attendance to the capacity of his church and the services to the mood of the congregation as affected by the weather, is the latest way in utilizing the government's prognostications that has come to the attention of the weather bureau officials here.

The pastor of a large church in one of the country's large cities, whose edifice is unable to hold all that come in "good church weather," but which is not filled in inclement weather or fine outdoor weather, telephones the forecaster at the local weather bureau office every week for Sunday's weather prospects.

If the forecast indicates weather good enough for church, but not for golf or motoring, publicity through the newspapers is curbed and no attempt is made to increase the attendance, as the church will be crowded to capacity without such efforts.

But if stormy or very fine weather is in prospect, special announcements of sermon and attractive musical programs are made in the newspapers and every means is used to arouse interest.

Chinese Magistrate Sells Opium as Cure

Nanking, China.—The magistrate of Chinyanghsien recently confiscated large stores of opium in his backwick, and his prizes were sung far and wide by the people of the province. They had been compelled by force to cultivate the poppy and they believed the magistrate was seeking their welfare.

Subsequently the magistrate put on the market some pills which he advertised as a sure cure for the opium habit. For this he received renewed plaudits and his pill business prospered.

Then it was discovered that all the fines collected for trafficking in opium went into the magistrate's pocket and that he used the confiscated drug to make his "antitium" pills. As punishment, when the authorities learned of his double dealing, he was warned to take his pills off the market.

Roosevelt Service Flag Given Museum

Oyster Bay, N. Y.—The service flag which hung from Sagamore Hill, home of the late Theodore Roosevelt, during the World war has been presented to the memorial museum at Roosevelt house, New York city.

The flag, measuring 8 by 4 feet, and of the familiar red and white design, has four blue stars worked in the center. It fluttered from an upper window of the colonel's Oyster Bay home. It was placed there the day of enlistment of the first member of the family and not removed until the last of the Roosevelts returned from overseas service.

The four sons were all decorated for bravery in action. Two of them were wounded and one killed.

4,050 Japs Enter Hawaii

Honolulu.—Japanese last year again greatly outnumbered other aliens in seeking admission to the Hawaiian Islands. In the 12 months ending June 30, 5,134 aliens were admitted to the islands, according to the annual report of A. E. Burnett, chief of the immigration office. Of these 4,050 were Japanese, including 501 "picture brides." Most of the rest were Chinese and Koreans.

WHERE ELEPHANTS ARE LOGGERS.

It seems strange to most of us to learn that in the same land where the ferocious elephants trumpet defiance in the jungle, supreme among the wild beasts, they have also been trained to act in the same capacity in America. In modern iron tractor in America. Instead of feeding a machine so many gallons of gasoline a day, the animal lumber lifts consume so many tons of hay each day. But, since hay is cheaper than gasoline in the land of the elephant loggers, and since they are able to toil each working day from sun up to sun set, sweating in the heat of the long dry season and floating about in the sticky mud of the wet monsoon season, they perform a service which no machine could do under the circumstances.

And the elephants are not only faithful toilers, but they do an enormous amount of work in a day. For example, a crew of seventy elephants moved twenty carloads of heavy logs three miles in a dozen hours. This is more work than several tractors, of the most approved type could do.

In Burma, India's northern provinces, the Dutch East Indies and Siam, where the major portion of the world's valuable teakwood is harvested, are found great herds of trained elephants, doing all the logging, and performing many tasks about the sawmills. Teak is one of the highest quality timbers in the world. It is almost as pliable as cane, nearly as hard and tough as metal and is the only wood which the white ants do not destroy.

When a great tree has been felled and cut into logs, the elephants and drivers come on the scene. Lines are put upon the logs, and the elephants haul the logs to the river bank, to be floated down stream to the sawmill.

One of the most picturesque sights in the world is the elephant loggers found working about the great sawmills at Bangkok. Logs arrive from the upper reaches of the great Irrawaddy River, chained together in great booms. The great animals take these logs out of the water and pile them along the bank, or wrag them to the sawmill to be cut into lumber. In all, some 100 elephants are here busily engaged for eight hours every working day in the year, under the leadership of Joe, the king elephant.

Joe, who though he does no actual work, is in fact the foreman of the herd, and sees to his herds like an almost human manner, making the elephants perform their work and do it in good time. When the whistle blows at starting time, Joe slips along the lines of elephants, to superintend the setting out for the morning's work, and in less than three minutes the hundred or more animals are on their way to the inlet, where they toil in two lines.

One line of elephants walks to the inlet, the other from it, keeping up a continuous movement exactly like an endless chain. Each elephant picks up in his trunk a selected log and carries it to the pile his driver indicates. There he deposits the log on the pile. He then walks to the end of the pile and sights along to see if the log is on straight. If it is not, he solemnly walks back and nudges it into position with his trunk, and nudges goes back and takes another squint to satisfy himself that the log is on straight. The elephants pile the logs according to size, without any suggestion from the keeper, whose only task is to keep the animals a certain distance apart in the line.

Unlike the American sawmills, the yards in India are quiet, save for the drone of the great saws breaking the stillness. The great beasts labor faithfully on in silence at the command of the mahout, or driver, who sits upon the animal's back, looking quite like a little boy perched on a log of hay. He prods the animal in the back with an iron rod or kicks it with his feet to make it understand his command, the elephant making quick response by doing as told. Of course, the animals do not instantly turn about, for they are great lumbering beasts, and it takes time for them to comprehend an order and a little longer to get under motion, but it is interesting to note how responsive they are to orders.

Big Joe, the boss elephant is also the trainer, and there are young elephants being trained by him to perform their duties. He has been in this lumber yard for more than sixty years, while many of the toilers who labor under him have been faithfully under his command for fifteen to twenty-five years.

When the noon hour whistle sounds shrilly through the yard for dinner, the elephants are just as responsive as to the mahout's commands. They instantly leave whatever they are doing, no matter where they may be, and walk off to the feeding lot. If an elephant is in the water carrying a great log in his trunk, he just drops it with a resulting splash; if he happens to be dragging a log to a pile, he quits right there, and if he is piling the log on the log heap, he refuses to even stop to straighten it. When the afternoon whistle sounds the message that it is time to get to work, the elephants all go right back to where they left off and pick up the log or straighten it on the pile.

The elephants lift the great logs out of the water with their tusks and drag them to the pile by winding their trunks about them, or placing them underneath the log. The animals walk on the uneven log roads as if they were traveling on the finest pavement, and manage their great bulky legs and broad pads of feet with perfect sureness.

It would be impossible to train the African elephants for such work, due to their ferocity and lack of intelligence. But the elephants of India's jungles show intelligence in every move and glance. These animals weigh about 8,000 pounds, or four tons each, and are worth from \$1,200 to \$1,500 untrained. After Joe has trained them to work in the logging camp or lumber yard, they cannot be bought at any price.

—The forthcoming income tax blank might be appropriately referred to as the wealthy man's cross word puzzle of the greatest ingenuity.