

HATTIE OF CENTRAL PARK MOST INTELLIGENT OF ALL ELEPHANTS

Her Cleverness is a Revelation to Trainers—Why, She Understands English.

COME out here, Hattie, and give us a tune."

It was "Billy" Snyder, keeper of the elephants in the Zoological Gardens, Central Park, New York, who spoke nonchalantly and in his most ordinary tone of voice, while twenty children craned their necks wondering across the railing. There was a sound of heavy footfalls, a huge sigh, a gruffed snort and a glossy black elephant sidled coquettishly through the door, recognized her audience and her master with a nod and a flap of the ears, daintily mounted a tiny pedestal and poised herself on her hind legs.

It was "Hattie," the champion trick elephant of the world and the great pet of the children of New York City, who have crowded to see her marvelous performances every day this Spring and all day Sunday at the Central Park Zoo. It was "Hattie," first female elephant of the world to insist upon earning her own living, and to become a trick performer.

Hattie is so new, so young, and so wonderful; she is so sweet tempered, so beautiful in shape and hide, so altogether un-phantastic, that her fame has suddenly spread to the uttermost parts of the metropolis and she is attracting such audiences as would make Mrs. Leslie Carter or Mrs. Lily Langtry sigh, green with envy. "Hattie" has been in this country less than a year, having been brought over by Carl Hagenbeck last July, straight from Ceylon; yet in that time she has surpassed in intelligence and accomplishments any trick elephant ever known, and completely outshines any of the famous Barnum & Bailey elephants.

William Snyder, her keeper, stage manager, trainer, and friend, who for years trained all the Barnum & Bailey elephants, declares that he has never in his life seen an elephant so docile and intelligent as Hattie, and that to his certain knowledge she is the only elephant that has ever performed out of routine—that is, who can perform any trick out of its natural order in her repertoire.

"Let's have this waltz, Hattie!" With a bow the keeper passed a tiny harmonica to the dignified young elephant, who put out her trunk to receive it.

Plays Her Own Waltz.

With a flourish she drew the instrument through the air, settled herself upon her hind feet more firmly, and then, lifting one toe, began the faintest of waltzes. Suddenly, at the first step, a strain of music burst upon the air. Hattie was playing her own waltz tune upon the harmonica, and keeping perfect time to it.

"Thank you very much," said the keeper with another bow a few moments later; and one almost expected to see the elephant step down and go off in a corner to be fanned and served with a lemon ice.

But as yet Hattie has not been initiated into the mysteries of pink tea and water-ices, so she merely returned the harmonica, stepped gracefully off her pedestal, made her bow, and looked contentedly at the laughing children who tried to smuggle peanuts to her—which they know and Hattie knows is against the rule.

"Shake hands, old girl. How are you?" Very gently Hattie placed her "tiny" front paw upon the keeper's outstretched palm and wagged it up and down.

"Ah! Don't squeeze my hand—even if you are fond of me. Say now, is it true that you love me?"

A long-drawn whinny accompanied by a vigorous and expressive flapping of the ears and a most decisive nod of the head was the answer as plain as words.

"Well you ought to," remarked the ungrateful keeper, like all men unappreciative of a woman's love. "Did I ever beat you?"

And with another loud whinny Hattie shook her head in negative fashion.

Playing Baby.

After that the keeper made this remarkable little elephant walk on two legs, three legs, and four legs, stand on her hind legs, stand for sixty seconds on her two right legs only, and finally on her right foreleg and her left hindleg. He down and "play dead," and finally finish her brilliant performance with a flourish by "playing baby." "Playing baby" isn't easy either. But it was with perfect ease that Hattie sank upon the knees of her hind legs and crawled along the floor, all the time screaming "Mamma, mamma!" or the elephant equivalent in a high falsetto pathetic to listen to.

Hattie is just three years old—a mere baby herself—and is only the height of an ordinary woman. She promises, however, to be an unusually large and fine elephant. Her hide is remarkably sleek and smooth. This her keeper declares is owing to the wonderful pains taken with her toilet.

She does not receive massage treatment and milk baths, but every month, from tail to trunk, as regularly as the moon comes up, she is rubbed good and hard with a thick coating of neatfoot oil, which accounts for the unusual glossiness of her complexion and her generally fine condition, as well as for her unrepulsive appearance, an uncommon thing in elephants.

"Hattie," remarked her keeper when interviewed, "is a tender subject with me. She is without exception the most interesting pet we have ever had. Why, I couldn't count the number of things that elephant has learned to do—and just think of it—all in less than a year."

"I never knew an elephant to pick up tricks so quickly. With most elephants it is a matter of time and beating it into them, but Hattie just wanted to learn. She even learned English in less time than it would take the average foreigner."

She Learned English.

"You see, that was our great handicap at first. Hattie and I spoke different languages, and as I could not learn hers she had to learn to understand mine. We were friends from the very start, however, and in less than a month she knew enough to come when she was called, to answer to her own name, and to distinguish a question from a command."

"Some elephants take years to learn just the significance of the tones of the human voice. Others are stubborn and never will learn."

"I'll tell you, training elephants—and I trained all of Barnum's elephants—is just like training children. They may look stupid, but they have more character than all the other animals of the Zoo or the circus put together."

"If an elephant wants to be bad, he can be as incorrigible and as unbearable as the bad boy of a class at school, and he can lead all the other elephants in his particular group into mischief, too. Dispositions? Why, an elephant is all emotion, and his temper is just as pronouncedly sweet, or sour, or high, or sulky as any man's."

"Hattie has the sweetest disposition of any youngster I have ever known. If she

had been a woman instead of an elephant she would have been one of those cute, smiling little soubrettes you see on the vaudeville stage—or she would have been the cleverest lady in the circus ring.

"Why, everybody loves Hattie. Even my little girl, eleven years old, can make her go through her tricks just as well as I can, and Hattie will never harm a hair of her head.

"But the most remarkable thing about Hattie is that she can work out of routine. She doesn't just go through a set performance. She really understands English, every word I say, a thing no other elephant has ever done. I can just keep looking at you and give her a command in this tone, without raising my voice, and she will at once do what she is told."

The Stupid Elephant.

"She can do the last of her tricks first or the first last, or preserve no order whatever, but go as you please. Now there never was another elephant that could work out of routine like that. A trained elephant

more interest and amenable to the children than any other feature of the Zoo and that her little friends would protest loudly were she to be removed.

Strong ties bind her to the New York public. At any rate, Hattie is one star who will not tour the country or be tempted away from her first master by the glitter of the almighty dollar.

ARMY OF GRADUATES COMING TO NEW YORK

GOOD Lord deliver us!" exclaimed the head of a large manufacturing company the other day when he heard that Columbia University would grant nearly 1,000 degrees this year. "If we get a thousand from one, what will it be when all of the universities and colleges in the land are heard from?"

"Good Lord deliver us!" echo professional men and scores of managers of every business that has managed to crowd itself within the boundaries of New York. "We will have to find jobs for them!"

Each year before the end of the month of commencements an army of the "just graduated" descends on New York looking for openings. This year the number of the invading force will be larger than ever before, for the number who will be graduated is larger.

"At least five thousand university fledglings will actually come to the city and apply for every sort of place, from the pastorate of a Fifth Avenue church to an office boy job on Wall Street," estimated a college statistician the other day. "As many more will start chains of letters as

go back to the small town in which I grew up, there is a limit to that success. Even if I get to the top of the heap I am not very high. But in New York. Well, you know how it is yourself. Then, too, if I fall there I've always got the home town to fall back on."

While most of the universities have unofficial employment bureaus through which students who have to work their way get employment while in college, little effort is made in an organized way to get places for those who graduate. The universities are inclined to say: "We have given you an education; now go out and seek a place in which to use it."

Within the past few months Cornell has worked out an innovation in a Board of Recommendations, composed of members of the Faculty of Arts and Sciences, which offers its services to all Cornell graduates, new and old, who are seeking positions. It has twenty-two members, representing the various departments of the Faculty. The graduate desiring the services of the board fills out a formal blank, giving a complete record of his work in college and of any outside work he may have done. These statements are closely investigated, and as fast as openings are heard of the graduates are recommended.

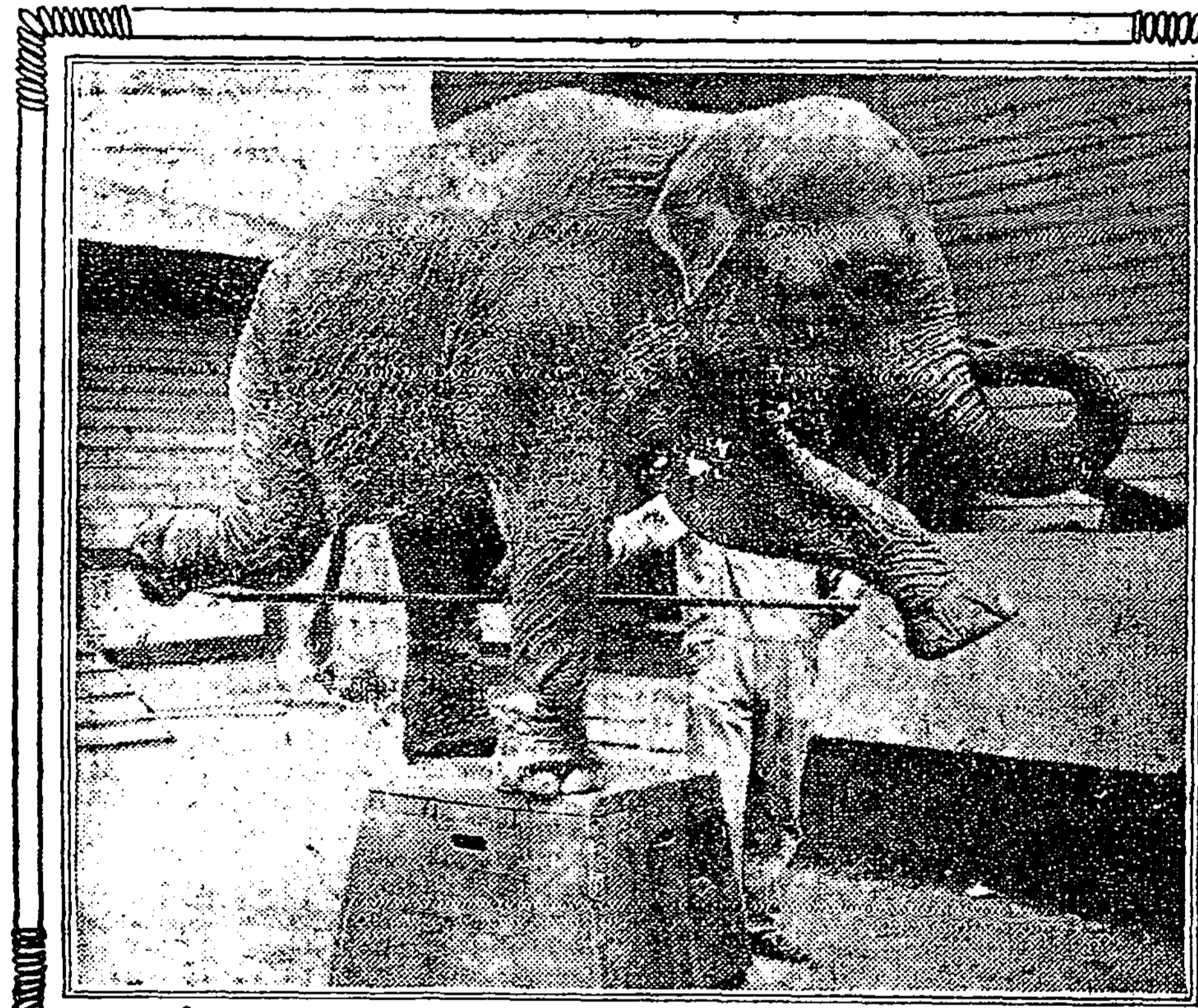
"The idea that the university owes a duty to her sons after graduation is something new," said a Cornell professor in discussing the new board the other day, "yet it fits happily with the conviction, deep-seated in every alumnus, that a debt which he can never wipe out runs from him to his Alma Mater. The plan which the board has mapped out will necessitate the expenditure of an enormous amount of time and effort on the part of the men who have undertaken the work. In touch with employers throughout the country, the board can be of the greatest material



Hattie Making Her Bow to the Audience.



Shaking Hands with One of Her Friends.



A Pas Seul on the Right and Left Hand Legs.



Waiting to Her Own Tune Played on a Harmonica.

has got to go straight through with its regular programme every time. He couldn't and wouldn't do one trick without doing all the others.

"To show you how stupid the average trained elephant is, once when the shed took fire at the Barnum & Bailey Winter quarters at Bridgeport, Conn., the keeper of the elephants rushed up to save his animals and commanded them to get in line, grasp tails, and file out. But it happened that they were in the midst of a rehearsal and they simply would not stop.

"The keeper beat and bullied and yelled at them, but they went straight ahead doing one trick after another in its regular turn. Finally the keeper caught on and he put them through their acts as quickly as he could, rushing his orders, until finally, just before the roof crashed in, he saw his beasts calmly finish their last little trick, grasp tails, and file safely out.

"That was the most colossal example of elephantine doggedness and stupidity ever known. It came near costing the Barnum & Bailey people a pretty sum, too, and ending in a great dish of roast elephant."

"Now, if any of those elephants had been a student of English like Hattie—well, Hattie, old girl, you'll never be burned at the stake for stupidity, will you?"

And at the sound of the rising inflection in her keeper's voice Hattie promptly whinnied a gentle denial and coyly blinked her sleepy baby eyes.

Hattie is now probably the most valuable elephant in the world. There is no doubt that in a year or two she will rival the famous pet elephant of the London Zoo, who died on his way to this country some months ago.

Every day her commercial value increases and Carl Hagenbeck, who brought her over to this country, while on a visit to the Central Park Zoo, a few weeks since, offered to buy her back at four times her original value. But all offers were refused by the authorities of the Zoological Gardens, as it is said that Hattie's tricks are of

endless as those the Post Office Department often exclude from the mails, crying out their readiness to come to New York the moment the friend or friend of a friend finds a place."

The letters are already beginning to come in, and it will only be a day or two until the graduate of the crop of 1904 begin their weary rounds. Some of them will actually have their sheepskins under their arms, tied in the colors they have been engaged in cheating for the last four years or more. There will hardly be one in the crowd who has not one or more letters from favorite professors. From the number of these letters one would think that the college professors must take a month off to write them, or, at least, employ secretaries for the closing weeks of the year.

Why such a large percentage of the newly graduated want to come to New York for their start in the rather grim game of bucking the world has always been more or less of a mystery. Some light may be thrown on it by quoting from three or four letters, taken at random from a pile of twenty which came in one morning's mail last week to the head of a great railroad company, who is a Director in many other concerns, and who has, unfortunately for himself, acquired a reputation as a place getter for the young and untired.

"I desire eventually to go in for politics," writes a youth, who has been studying political economy at Yale. "New York is the political heart of the country, and I must get within reach of the pulsations. I am ready for any old kind of a job, for one can get into politics from anything."

"The old idea that it is better to be a big frog in a small puddle does not appeal to me," writes another. "The boundless possibilities of New York do. They will spur me on to greater effort, and living in the midst of so much life will be an inspiration."

"I believe that I am going to be a success in life," confides a young man who is about to take his master's degree. "If I

assistance to alumni; and, on the other hand, the placing of each graduate in a responsible position means the widening of the university's sphere of influence."

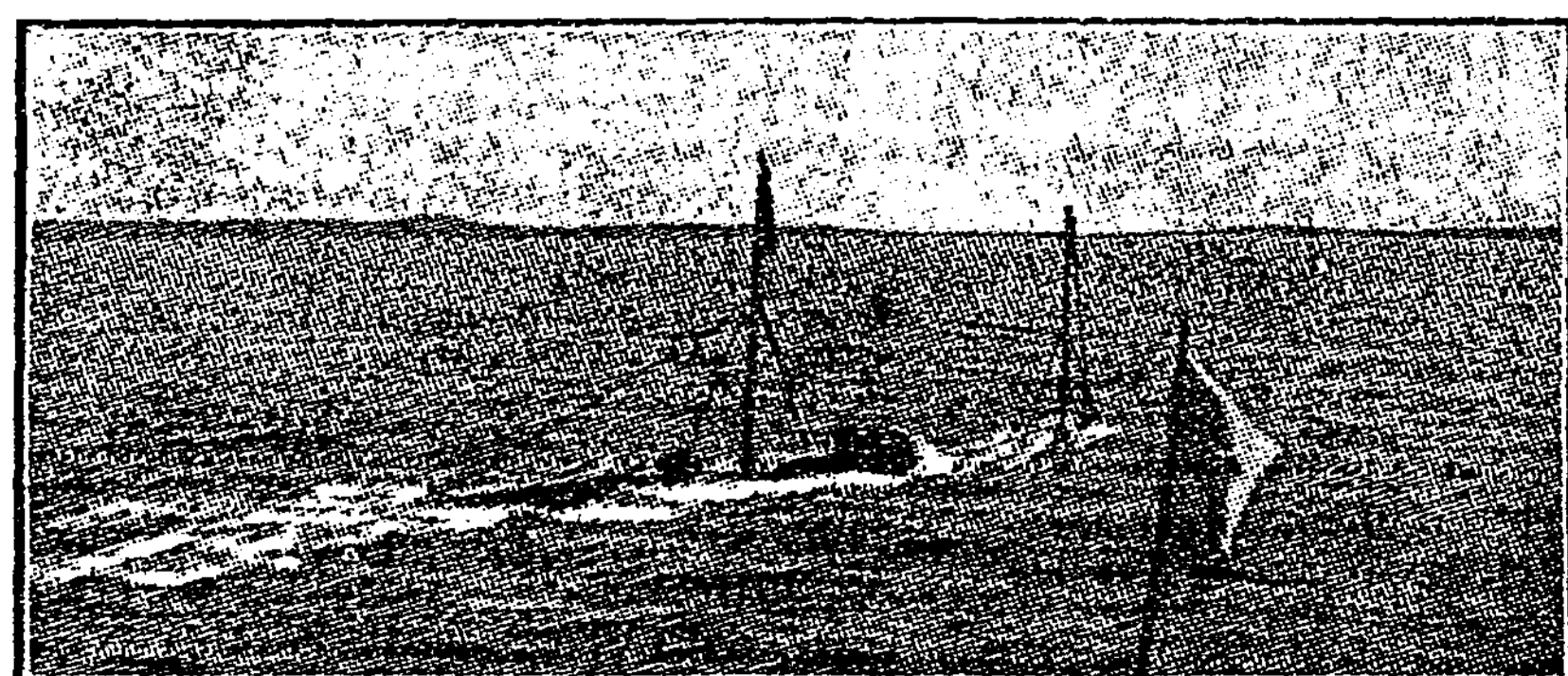
The late Robert Henry Thurston, for many years head of Sibley College, Cornell's engineering school, was perhaps the pioneer along these lines. Toward the close of each college year he made diligent inquiry among the big concerns which employ engineers, and never failed to secure the promise of many places. These he distributed among the seniors who had been unable to secure places. He knew every man personally and his recommendation never went where merit was not. Nor did his interest end there. He watched over them in after years, endeavored to secure promotions for those who seemed worthy, and passed many a man along to a better place.

Several of the university clubs in this city have considered establishing informal employment bureaus for the newly graduated. The general idea seems to be that the club should not take hold until the man has proved himself at least able to get a start. Many young graduates have found membership in the club of their college or fraternity one of the best investments they have made. It puts them in touch with those who are able to help them, and who do so gladly after a club acquaintanceship has been formed.

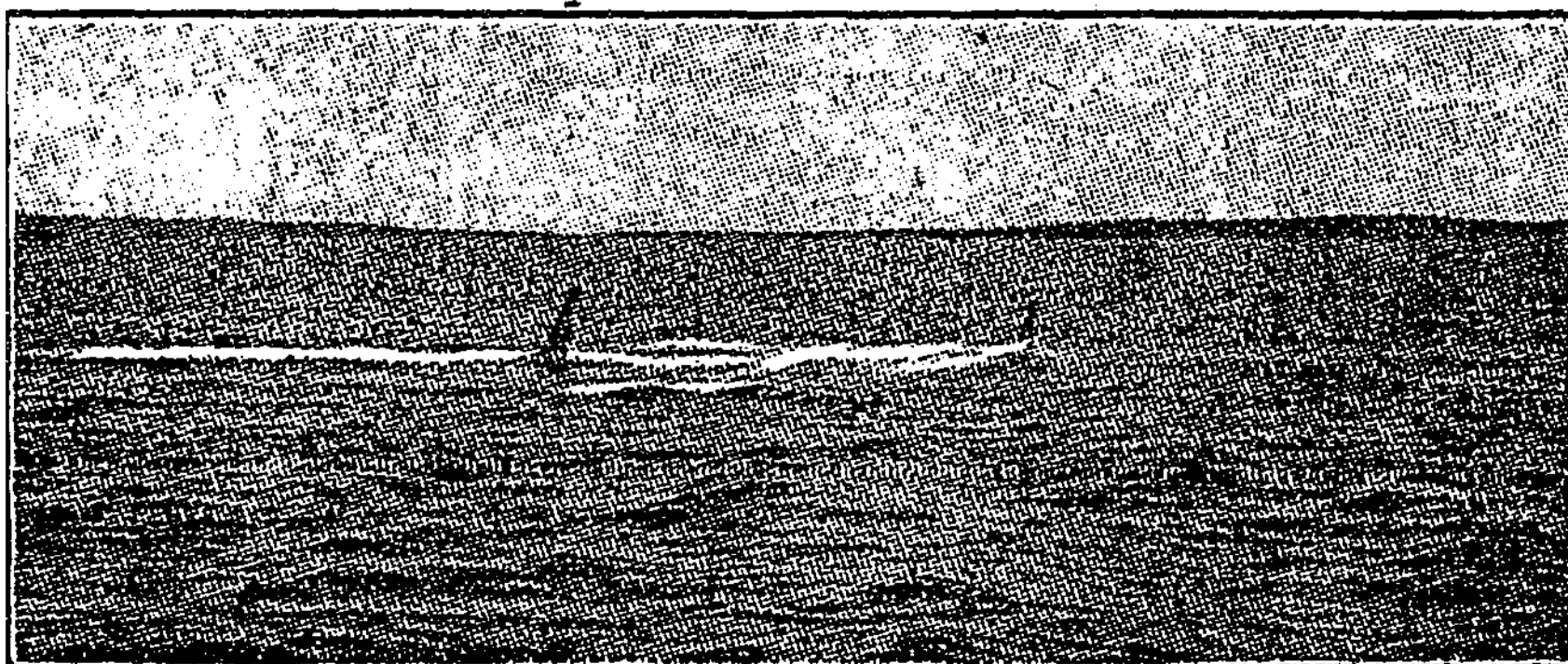
The work of placing the college graduate falls most heavily on the shoulders of the "old grad," who holds his interest in college affairs and makes frequent visits to the college town. Young men who have no possible claim on him feel privileged to ask him to find positions for them. The bigger and busier the man the more he is in demand to act as sponsor.

Men who were graduated within the last three years will also receive many calls from the new graduate. He hardly expects to get a place from the man who is so little older in the game than himself, but he does want advice.

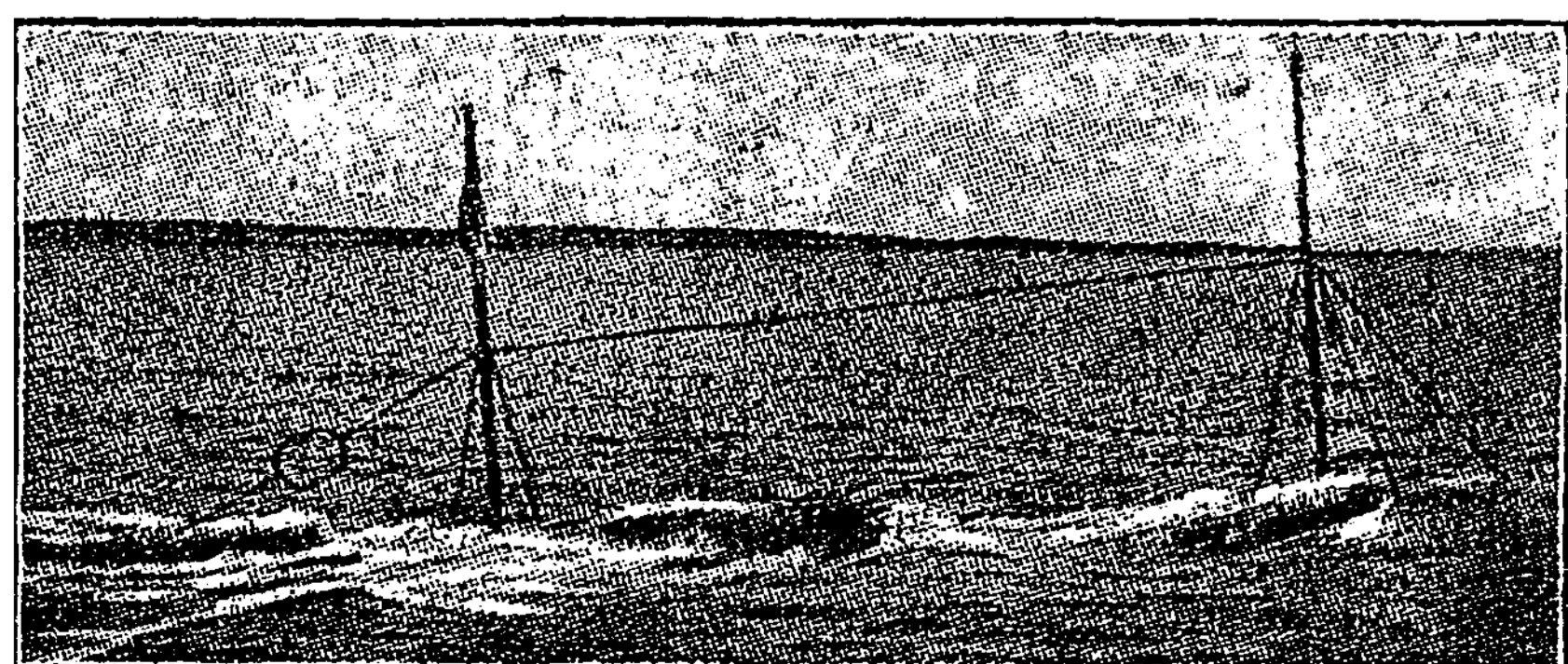
THE HOLLAND TORPEDO BOAT FULTON.



Diving.



On the Course.



Emerging.