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The Washing Machine

By HOWARD L. RANN



THE washing machine is a ball-bearing substitute for blue Monday which has almost entirely displaced the zinc-covered rub board and the galloping back ache. It also prevents the temper from souring on wash day and enables hungry husbands to sit down to something besides the cold baked bean.

There are several varieties of washing machines, all of which will consume a large family washing in nine minutes if enough help is employed. The simplest variety is the 48-cent vacuum prod. This is operated by the human hand on the handle of a suction pump, and when applied with sufficient energy will leave the clothes looking as if they had just been washed.

Another favorite device is the family washer which seizes the clothing in its teeth and shakes the dirt loose with a brisk, rotary action. It works with a crank, and it requires only a few revolutions to restore the bluish of youth to the faded cheek of a discouraged bedspread. This machine will also handle lace curtains with so much enthusiasm that they have to be hung in the hired girl's room.

Beyond a doubt the most luxurious washing machine on the market is the electric implement, which can be hooked into a 16-candle socket and turned loose without having to wait to get up steam. This device is always operated by refined society women in evening dress, who stand by its side reading a serial story. Women who have one of these washing machines look forward to wash day with eager anticipation, as there is nothing to do except lay out the clothes, boil a tub of water, shave a few bars of soap, attach the wringer, rinse whatever clothes the washer failed to chew up, and string clotheslines from the kitchen to the parlor bedroom.

Circus Elephants Are Decidedly Queer Lot

No Fun Bringing Up a Family of Youngsters, Trainer, Opines—Necessary Sometimes Even to Spank Them For Discipline.

New York—From the vantage point of the wheel of an animal cage Harry Mooney, keeper and trainer of the elephant corps of the Greatest Show on Earth, watched his charges swing down the runway into the basement of Madison Square garden. The big animals had just returned from the first regular performance. They were all letter perfect in their parts, but, somehow, Mooney was far from satisfied.

The elephants swung into line behind the iron railing of their temporary home, and at the end of the line came Babe, leader of the herd, watching with bright little eyes the conduct of some of her companions. Not far from her, walking with haughty tread, was Hattie, who is Babe's rival for leader and the only one of the twenty more animals not under the control of her capricious old leader. The herd fell into the usual positions, and just then Topsy deliberately butted one of the larger animals, after which, lifting up her trunk, she began to cry so loudly that the whole herd, with the exception of Babe, anxiously shifted about. Whereupon Coco, resisting the efforts of an attendant who was trying to place a chain about her hind legs, moved to the front and began to turkey trot down the line.

This set Babe in action. After regarding this for a second or two she moved out of line and berated the misbehaving Coco with her trunk, bringing the smaller elephant to her knees.

"Hey, Jimmy!" sang out Mooney to James Clark, his assistant, "move Topsy and Coco up and chain them to Babe. We've got to have order here if it takes all night."

"It's like this," Mooney explained, "that bunch of elephants is the best over, but just now we have a family row on our hands. Topsy and Coco have reached a point where they want to break away from what I might call parental restraint. Both are young and—well, you know how it is. Up in the ring a minute ago Topsy pulled Albert's tail too hard, and if I had not been on the job, it would probably have broken up the act. Then again, in the baseball act Coco deliberately threw the bat to Hattie. Talk about bringing up a family, it ain't nothin' to the task we have done here," and Mooney stopped to mop his brow and watch Jeany shuffling about near the end of the line.

"Jeany!" he called sharply. Jeany promptly moved back to her place, and, casting down her eyes, posed as the most subdued animal in the line.

Meantime, Clark and Dooley were busy "cutting out" Topsy and Coco from the line and shifting them to a position beside Babe's. Both hung back. Babe regarded them with a far from benevolent eye.

chains on the pair when John Patterson, in charge of the wild animals, came along.

"What's doing?" he asked Mooney. The latter explained that Topsy and Coco were being put in charge of the nurse.

"They'll be well spanked if they ain't good now," commented Mooney. "Do you mean to say that Babe will knock those two little elephants about?" asked Patterson. Mooney allowed that she would.

"Then I've got to move Betty," said Patterson, and, lifting his voice, shouted: "Hey, Bill, get Betty's cage moved back against the wall."

"I couldn't let Betty see a sight like that," explained Patterson. "You remember how she went on the day Old Tom died, and how she tried to act as nurse to Mecca, the camel over there, when he was born?"

Betty, when the cage was moved out into the bright light, proved to be a mildewed angwantibo, looking out upon the world with innocent surprise.

"There goes the tenderest-hearted animal in captivity," said Patterson. "Why if that animal would see Babe correcting either of those youngsters she would grieve herself nearly to death, and, of course, we want all the bunch in good condition now. Why, the night Old Tom, the tiger died—you remember that, Harry? Betty sensed what was happening and just took on terrible. Charlie Smith, who was keeper, then, had to sit up all night holding her in his arms."

Talk about being there ain't none of them got more sympathy than that angwantibo. Once—were in winter quarters then—she broke out of her cage one night, and in the morning we found her rocking a sick monkey to sleep.

Mr. Patterson was so overcome by the memory that he had to wipe his eyes.

Three minutes after Betty had been hauled safely out of sight, Babe began the corrective process of the wicker elephants. Topsy got her trunk about Babe's foreleg and spent some minutes trying to lift it from the ground. The old leader stood it for some time, and then gently pushed Topsy away. The latter remained quiet a few minutes, and then, when Babe turned to Coco, who was becoming mischievous in turn, quietly put out her trunk and yanked the leader's leg. Babe turned in a flash and, with a side movement of her head, butted the youngster squarely between the eyes. Topsy went back as though struck by a ram and with a screech force that, when the chain became taut, she was jerked back against Babe's side. Five minutes later two very subdued elephants were standing on either side of Babe.

wantibo crying again. I bet she just saw Clark fall over that bale of hay."

MUSIC and DRAMA

Revivals are the rage just now, but the one of "Robin Hood," which will be seen at the Grand on Tuesday, April 15th, is probably the most pretentious one that has ever been made of a light opera. Not content to spend an immense sum for the scenery and the costumes, the management of the De Koven Opera Company has drawn from the principal opera houses of the world for its leading singers. Bessie Abbott, who heads the cast, had her first experience in the musical world at the Paris Grand Opera and this was followed by several seasons at the Metropolitan Opera House in New York. Henrietta Wakefield and Herbert Waterous also come from the last named theatre. Walter Hyde, by all odds, the best tenor in England, hails from the Royal Opera, Covent Garden, in London. Sylvia Van Dyck is an English soprano who won her spurs at the Brussels Opera House. Anna Buesert was a member of the Berlin Opera House, while Mincha Piranzo was for several seasons at La Scala in Milan. In addition to its tuneful score, "Robin Hood" possesses a witty libretto and the principal makers of the company will be Hildren Mostyn, Phillip Sheffield and Anna Boyd. The musical director, Frank Tourin, comes from the Gaiety Theatre in London.

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