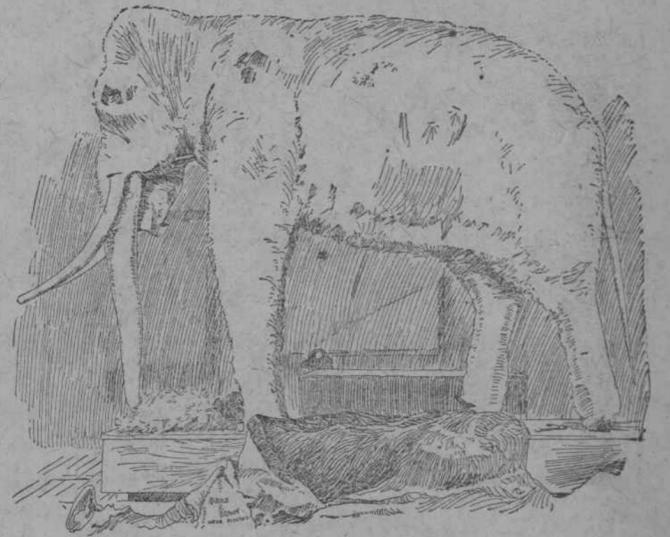
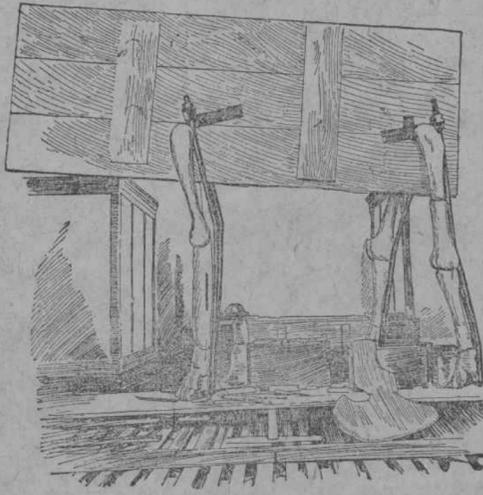


# Skinning, Building the Skeleton and Mounting Old "Tip," the Zoo Elephant.



## BIG "TIP" IS STUFFED.

### Central Park's Elephantine Murderer in Evidence.

Tip, the famous old elephantine terror of Central Park, has been stuffed. A very prosaic situation it is, too, when one remembers how, nearly two years ago, he made his last murderous attack upon Snyder, his keeper, at the Central Park Zoo. It was for that outbreak of ungovernable temper that Tip was condemned to die by the Park Commissioners, and the difficulty of putting the huge beast out of the way occupied a great deal of public attention at the time.

Tip in life is therefore now only a memory, but if those who remember him in all his picturesque ugliness will take the trouble to visit the American Museum of Natural History, between Eighth and Eighty-first streets and Central Park West and Eighth avenue, they will find their old friend, as natural as in life, standing upon a raised platform in Mammal Hall, and labeled "Asiatic Elephant," with a brief history of his eventful career. The work of transforming the dead body of that great beast into its present state has taken about eighteen months.

Tip had killed several other keepers before he attempted Snyder's life, and he did his best to kill Snyder, too. Nothing but the stupidity of his major saved the keeper's life, for Tip had him at his mercy for some minutes before the prostrate Snyder was rescued by other attendants of the Zoo.

**ENRAGED BY AN UNKNOWN CAUSE.**  
Tip was angered by something Snyder had done in feeding him—just what was never known—and he made a rush at Snyder when his back was turned. A single blow from the massive head knocked the keeper into a corner of the cage and almost stunned him.

Tip butted at Snyder with his lowered forehead, but his massive head struck the sides of the cage and the keeper was so far in the corner that the elephant could not reach him. The enraged brute could have drawn him out from the corner with one twist of his big trunk and then have stamped upon him, but he did not think of this, and his sawed-off tusks were too short to reach him.

A few moments later Snyder's cries for help brought other attendants to the cage and they drove Tip away from his victim with hot irons. Snyder was rescued from the cage, partially stunned but little hurt, after Tip had butted at him a number of times.

Elephants are well known to cherish grudges for years, so that it would have been little short of suicide for Snyder to have kept the care of Tip after this murderous assault. His wicked disposition was so well known, too, that the Park commissioners ordered him to be killed at once, and turned over his hide and bones to the American Museum of Natural History. The first attempt to poison him was a failure, for Tip chewed up the carrot that contained the poison and spit out the bitter part that was dangerous. Later in the day, however, a large quantity of cyanide of potassium was given to him in a bean mash, and Tip died in twelve minutes after he had swallowed the bitter dose. Then began the work of the force of men the Museum had sent to the Zoo to get his skin and bones.

**SKINNING A MAXIMAL.**  
All that night they worked there in the cage where Tip had fallen in his last death-agony, and fifteen hours after life had left Tip's body they and his bones, his skin and his flesh all piled up in different heaps. The flesh was carried off to Barren Island,

where all the dead horses go, and was dumped with other refuse and offal. His bones were sent off up the State to be macerated. Here they were allowed to soak in water for months, so that all the flesh would rot off, and they were thus thoroughly cleaned for mounting.

The hide had been stripped off in three sections. It was slit open along the top of Tip's back, between his legs and under his belly, the cuts meeting at his neck. The head was stripped separately, a circular cut around his neck and one under his jaws and up under his trunk releasing the heavy hide from his mammoth skull. The new wing of the big Museum had just been finished then, and was not yet ready for the public, so the taxidermists secured a big room in this wing for the work of stuffing Tip's hide. The process of building up the dummy upon which they finally stretched the hide occupied several weeks. A side view of Tip's body was first sawed out of pine boards and set up on a platform supported by eight iron rods, two where each of his legs should be.

**USED ROGUS BONES.**  
As the bones were all needed for the skeleton that is yet to be mounted, the taxidermists had got wood carvers to copy for them the most important bones of the big beast. They had reproductions in wood of his skull, his big hip bones and his leg bones, while a special pair of fine ivory tusks, originally worn by some other elephant far away in the jungles of India, had been bought to replace those of Tip. The tusks were sawed to the proper places and the tusks fitted into the big wooden skull. Then the carpenters proceeded to make ribs for old Tip and to nail them to the body on all sides, so that his model began to assume proportions of rotundity. The taxidermists had taken a lot of photographs of Tip before he was killed, and they had carefully measured his great carcass with a steel tape at every possible point, so that they had accurate data to work from. They knew just how big he was at every point, and proceeded to build up a model of the dead brute that gradually assumed more and more likeness to the original Tip.

Laths were nailed over the wooden ribs, so that his entire body was like some great irregularly shaped barrel. It was hollow, but strongly put together, and the wooden frame was but little smaller than the original elephant. Over this framework was fastened excelsior in great quantities until the great beast was entirely enveloped in these woolly wooden shavings. The wool was tied on with string, laced on in some places, and glued on in others, or fastened on in every conceivable way. Then the measuring tapes were put around the figure and every time a spot was found too small another handful of excelsior was stuck on to build out the big dummy, so as to exactly fit the hide. The legs, too, were stuffed out with excelsior until they were the proper size, and then the three sides were brought up from the cellar, still soaking in their big tubs of tan-liquor.

**RIGGING UP THE DUMMY.**  
Ladders had been built up around the big effigy of Tip for the convenience of the workmen, and now a block and tackle was rigged from the ceiling above to haul up the heavy skin of the brute. The hide could not be kept out of the acid solution for any length of time, for it would stiffen up very quickly and dry out so hard that it could not be bent into shape if it were exposed long to the air. So the workmen would haul out one piece after another of the big hide and fit it to the dummy, lowering it at once back into the acid again, and correcting any errors in the size of the figure that they had built to stuff the skin.

First the two sides of skin were hauled up and sewed together along the seam at the top of his back and then under his trunk, and then his head skin was fitted to the big skull that had been carved from wood and sewed under the chin and the inside of his trunk. The tail was also stuffed with excelsior and sewed up, and the soles of his feet were supplied with the natural hide and toenails. Glass eyes were then fitted to the empty sockets, and Tip was once more as natural as in life.

And now Tip stands there in the museum, with the same wicked gleam in his heavy eyes, his long trunk hanging innocently down close to the ground and his jaws partly open, as if waiting for the children to feed him peanuts.



What the Life Lines in Fitz's Hand Show.

## PORTRAITS IN COCOANUT.

A New Artistic Fashion Originating in Florida.

A new kind of art has been discovered in Florida. It consists in carving human faces on coconuts.

Perhaps faces have been carved in this way before, but the Florida artists are probably more ambitious than their predecessors, for they attempt portraits, and succeed to a certain extent.

A number of prominent railroad, hotel and newspaper men of Florida were recently victims of this art.

The coconuts of these gentlemen are said by their friends to be readily recognizable. A stranger seeing them would be inclined to comment on the lack of beauty among the prominent capitalists and eminent mouliders of public opinion of Florida. A picture of these coconuts has been received and is reproduced here. It is entitled "Prominent railroad, hotel and newspaper men of Florida. Group taken on a fishing expedition to Pitts Island."

The muddy color of the coconut shell gives a pleasing air of health and robustness to the subject of the portrait. Color may be added with a paint brush to increase the life-like effect. Colored glass eyes are usually inserted.

It is very likely that the artistic fashion of the world in the near future will be portraits in coconut. Perhaps Aubrey Beardsley will try his hand at it.

## SCIENCE IS FOR "FITZ."

### A Palmist Says His Hands Tell of Corbett's Defeat.

Science says Fitzsimmons and Corbett will meet in the prize ring within a year, and intimates that the Australian will be the victor. Science speaks through Professor Niblo, an expert in palmistry.

Fitzsimmons was visited at his apartments by the palmist and a Journal reporter for the purpose of making the "scientific reading" of his hands that led to the palmist's making the statements quoted. When the theory of the science was explained to the champion he was quite pleased with the idea and listened intently to every word uttered. His wife was also much interested in the reading, and frequently interrupted the proceedings to attest the truth of some statement which related to either an incident in the pugilist's past life or a trait of his character.

The palmist had the fighter place "both hands upon a table. Then, after carefully comparing them, he selected the right from which to give the reading. Afterward he changed to the left, but at the close had again taken taken up the right hand. He studied the hands for some time before speaking, and then addressing Mrs. Fitzsimmons and the reporter, rather than Bob, said:

"I find his hand is somewhat hard to classify, but a close study shows he has what is known in the science of palmistry as the 'Enterprising Hand.' He has confidence in the future, faith and intellect, and human effort well directed. He believes in labor as a means, and will seek abundance and comfort, but will never allow his accumulations to be frittered away in extravagance. His reason and will are equal, but his will almost reaches domination and stubbornness and a firm determination to succeed in all he undertakes. He possesses much tact and adaptability, easily adapts himself to circumstances and affairs, makes friends and keeps them if he chooses. Under kind influences he can be persuaded, but driven to nothing.

"Mr. Fitzsimmons," continued the palmist, "has a reasonable pride and a very high ambition. His views in regard to religion and politics are particularly liberal. He is kind and charitable in his feelings toward all mankind, and in the expression of an opinion, if he could not express a good one, he would observe a charitable silence.

"He possesses courage and calmness to a marked degree; in any situation he would not lose his presence of mind. He is markedly a brave and courageous man. His disposition ordinarily is good, but at times he has a temper which, upon becoming high, might get beyond his control, for when his temper is lost he then becomes aggressive.

"He is not at all times given to looking upon the bright side of life and has periods of melancholia and blues. He is fond of gratifying the senses; that is, he is fond of listening to beautiful music, fond of viewing beautiful paintings, fond of good

things to eat and to drink, and fond of the good things of life generally, but everything he does in that line he does with good sense, from the fact that his will is too strong to allow him to go to excess in anything."

"That's a pretty good hand," interrupted Fitzsimmons at this juncture.

"Yes, you have a good hand, but I will give a little bad to mix in with it before I am through with you.

"As far as longevity is concerned, Mr. Fitzsimmons's life line marks a reasonable length of life, excepting illness in early life, and on one occasion in boyhood an incident is marked upon his life line whereat his life was despaired of, but latterly his health has been very good, and at the present moment he is physically perfect. His life line indicates that he will positively reach sixty-two years, and he may possibly reach sixty-six. He will die suddenly, but naturally, and not in the place of his birth.

"He is a man of good brain power and very strong mentally, purely material, practical and matter of fact. He possesses the spatulate finger tip, which marks an active, nervous temperament, and he can do anything clever with his hands where he can see them guided by the brain. No wonder that he knocked out Maher scientifically.

"His adaptations in life would have been these: An engraver, engraver, diamond setter, locksmith, gunsmith, pattern maker, and in the professions that of medicine, and more particularly surgery. In affairs of the heart—matters of affection—he is an enthusiast. He makes an idol of all those for whom he has an affection. He is kind-hearted and generous to a fault, unselfish in thought and action, and in the matter of an unsatisfied affection, he would be keenly a sufferer, not so much in the loss of the idol as that his pride would suffer.

"While Mr. Fitzsimmons's hand does not express extreme wealth, it marks a condition. While he lives he will never know the want of bread or money. Early in life he was thrown upon his own resources and all that he has possessed in life has been due to his own energies. Such will be his condition throughout life. He is one of earth's creatures who would never accumulate wealth, having no love for money other than what it will get—that is, the good things of life. He has no idea of hoarding or saving. Much money will pass through his hands in his day, but he lacks the keen sense of the value of money which marks an accumulator.

"Just at this present moment Mr. Fitzsimmons's hand is marked by lines which indicate a temporary perplexity, a not altogether settled condition of the mind, which may be due to his anxiety to meet Corbett, and also in a way, perhaps, due to the mental and physical strain which he has lately passed through.

"There is a change to take place, marked upon the fate line of Mr. Fitzsimmons's hand, which will, in fact, be the event of his life. He will win in every way advance of earth's creatures, who would never accumulate wealth, having no love for money other than what it will get—that is, the good things of life. He has no idea of hoarding or saving. Much money will pass through his hands in his day, but he lacks the keen sense of the value of money which marks an accumulator.

"There appears to be little doubt that Mr. Fitzsimmons is to shortly, that is within the next ten months, engage in another battle, and as the indications all point to a great change for the better taking place in his life about that time, it is natural to conclude that this means he will meet Corbett in the ring. If this is true it will be gratifying to him to know that the change is for the better, as that can mean but one thing, a victory.

An impression was then taken of the pugilist's left hand, which is reproduced in the accompanying illustration. Owing to the thumb of his right hand having been broken and reset so he cannot lay the hand flat, it was found impossible to obtain a good impression of it.



The New Fad of Making Funny Faces Out of Coconuts.