

HOW WILBUR RODE ON THE CAMEL AND SAVED THE CIRCUS MAN'S JOB

By ELEANOR BRAINERD

Wilbur crept expectantly along among the tents of the circus that had just come to town. The men had hardly unpacked their things yet; the tents were not all up; the animals were still confined in their traveling cages.

Wilbur could hear the animals growling and snarling at each other behind the closed doors of the wagons and cars that had such a fascination for him.

He wandered around a long time without seeing anything of interest. The men were all busy and ordered the children off. All the other boys went home to supper, but still Wilbur lingered.

Dreams of being a circus man himself, and taking care of those wonderful animals and being part of that enchanting activity floated through his brain.

"Well," he sighed at last, "I guess I'll have to go home. Seems to be nothing doing here, for me."

He wandered along until he was almost outside of the circus grounds. Not a soul was to be seen; it was very quiet and lonesome and night was coming on.

What was that? His heart gave a jump as he caught sight of a face peering out of a covered wagon just on the edge of the field.

A husky voice whispered: "Say, bub, come here, I want to speak to you."

"You come here, yourself," answered Wilbur. "I'm not going over to that wagon—not for me."

"Oh, say, bub, I ain't going to hurt you. Come here a minute," for me."

"Come here, yourself," again answered Wilbur.

"I can't—sure, I can't—I would if I could,"

"Say, bub," he continued, as Wilbur cautiously approached, "you couldn't

get me an old pair of trousers somewhere, could you? I'm in a terrible fix! I cleaned the spots off my trousers and hung 'em up to dry and some villain stole 'em. I can't do my work or go out with that parade tomorrow unless I get some trousers, some way."

"I don't want to lose these 'ere trousers as if I just couldn't lose 'em! I been out of work a long time, knocking around the country, and now I've got this and it seems as if I just couldn't let it go."

"Mamma, myself alone—I wouldn't care so much if it was—but there's others I've got to think of," and the circus man drew a dingy sleeve across his eyes.

"Won't you try, bub? See if you can't get 'em some way or another. I can't go out in that parade tomorrow if I ain't got any trousers, can I?"

"Well," laughed Wilbur, "not very well."

"I'll see what I can do. I'll be back after awhile if I get them."

"I may not be able to get back tonight; if I don't I'll try to come in the morning."

"Mamma," said Wilbur, after he had eaten his cold supper and explained why he had been so late, "isn't there an old pair of papa's trousers around the house somewhere? There's a poor man out at the circus who's had his trousers stolen. He can't do his work unless he gets some and he'll lose his job—and he just can't lose his job!"

"I don't know," I haven't seen any lately. You can ask your father when he comes home; perhaps he'll know of some."

"No, son, I haven't any old trousers just now. I wear out all my old ones over at the mill; you know, it's such a dirty place over there that I put on old clothes to work in."

So Wilbur went to bed sad at heart, thinking of the poor man who "just couldn't lose his job."

In the morning he slipped out bright



UP THERE, HIGH UP ON A GREAT CAMEL, SWAYING TO AND FRO AS THE HUGE ANIMAL WALKED, SAT WILBUR

and early, before his parents were up. The circus man's trousers were still on his mind.

At five minutes to 8 he plunged into the dining room.

"Say, mamma, I don't want any breakfast; I'll just take a piece of bread and butter in my hand."

"I got some trousers, mamma; they are pretty old, but I guess they'll be better than nothing. The old shoe maker down the street gave them to me. I've been everywhere trying to get those trousers."

"I'll get on my wheel and take them down to the circus man. I'll be right back. I'll have plenty of time before school if I ride fast."

Half past 8 came and no Wilbur appeared; quarter to 9; 9 o'clock; he would be late for school—and still he did not come.

Half past 9; mamma began to feel very anxious. What if some dreadful thing had happened to him! Oh, why did he not come?

At last she went to the telephone and rang up the school; no, nothing had been seen of him.

She went back to her work, but it was no use; she could do nothing but watch and wait. What fears and anxieties—what thoughts of accidents, of kidnappings—what horrors suggested themselves to her mind, none but a mother can imagine.

Ten o'clock—quarter past! She could stand it no longer, but putting on her things with trembling fingers, went out to look for him.

But where should she look? Which way should she go?

Just then the sound of music fell upon her ear. The circus parade was coming up the street.

She stopped on the edge of the sidewalk to let it pass by before she went to look for her little lost boy.

Bands, horses, wagons, camels, elephants trailed by to the blare of trumpets and the rub a dub dub of drums.

Why, who was that? There, high up

on a great camel, swaying to and fro as the huge animal walked, sat Wilbur in all the glory of a red mother Hubbard, with a gold crown on his head!

The man who led the camel must be the man who needed the trousers. And such trousers!

The shoe maker to whom they originally belonged had, from long sitting at his bench, become very stout and the trousers were of ample proportions. They had done good service and were badly worn; his frugal wife had patched them, but, not having any of the original gray, had used black cloth instead.

The circus man, being a man of ingenuity and fond besides of his little joke, had altered the original design of the patches, lengthening a point here and narrowing a space there, until on each knee and on the seat of the trousers that flapped around the lanky figure of the circus man, appeared black spots upon the gray—spots that left an unanswered question in the mind of each beholder, whether they were stars that looked like patches or patches that looked like stars.

Wilbur did not see his mother; he was too happy to see anything, almost.

He caught sight of some boys he had known, and waved one hand to them, hanging on with the other. The boys shouted and howled in derision and pointed him out to some other boys; but Wilbur knew they would, any of them, have given all they possessed in the world to be in his shoes—or rather, in his red mother Hubbard.

The circus trailed its blazing length up the hot street, turned and counter-marched and went on and on, out to the tents on the edge of the town.

Wilbur's mother waved her hand as he again passed her, and even called to attract his attention; it was no use. He had forgotten he had a mother, home school, everything. He was having the time of his life.

She dragged on, black after black, behind the disappearing circus. She was tired, hot and angry. She would attend to the little rascal when she got him—to frighten her, to play truant from school and make such a display of himself in that outrageous costume—she'd attend to him after a while.

When she finally reached the circus ground Wilbur had disappeared. No one seemed to know anything about him. The men were all busy, attending to the animals, feeding the horses and getting ready to have their own dinner.

"No," they all said, "they hadn't seen no kid."

She went on through the sand and dust, stumbling over stakes and ropes, getting more tired, more hot and more angry every moment. At last she came to a big, good natured man, dressed in a showy, gray checked suit, who looked as if he might be the manager. She'd tell him just what she thought of people who encouraged little boys to play truant, frighten their mothers

and behave so outrageously!

"Oh, well," he laughed. "You see, ma'am, it's just as natural for a boy to follow a circus, ma'am—as natural as anything! He wouldn't be much of a boy if he wouldn't follow a circus when he got a chance."

"You don't know how it is, ma'am—you see, you never was a boy!"

"Oh, he's all right—you'll find him around somewhere."

So mamma, somewhat pacified, wandered on from tent to tent, but still no Wilbur did she find.

At last she lifted the flap of a large tent and peered in. It was rather dark inside the tent and at first she could see nothing, but as her eyes became accustomed to the darkness she caught sight of the red mother Hubbard. He had it gathered up around him, the gold crown was hung up on a peg and he was blissfully feeding the camel!

One sight of his mother's face was enough. He dropped from the rosy cloudland where he had been floating and, very abruptly, came back to earth.

He remembered that he had played truant from school; he remembered that he had frightened his mother; he remembered that he had had no breakfast.

He turned pale and started toward her.

But the circusman saw that something was wrong and came to the rescue.

"Oh, you needn't mind a bit, ma'am," he cried, mistaking the cause of her displeasure. "It wasn't a bit of trouble to me and he's just as welcome as anything. I should say so, after his getting me these 'ere trousers! I don't know what I'd done without 'em."

"Great trousers, ain't they?" he cried, slapping his bony leg a resounding thack. "How do you like the stars? Ha! ha!" and he turned around and around for her inspection.

"You just wait, ma'am. I'm a-going to the boss and get you and the kid your complimentary tickets for the best seats in the show for this afternoon."

"You see, ma'am, it was a great thing to me not to lose these 'ere jobs! I should say so, after my boy Sam—just about the size of Bub here—wait, I'll show it to you."

"Dear dad," it said, "do try and send what money you can; ma ain't much better in the stern, while she's got to have wine and things to keep her strength up."

"The landlord was here yesterday and says we can't have but three days more in the stern, while she's got to have wine and things to keep her strength up."

"I am fine and so is little Joe. Ever your loving son, SAM."

"Great boy, Sam! Here's his picture."

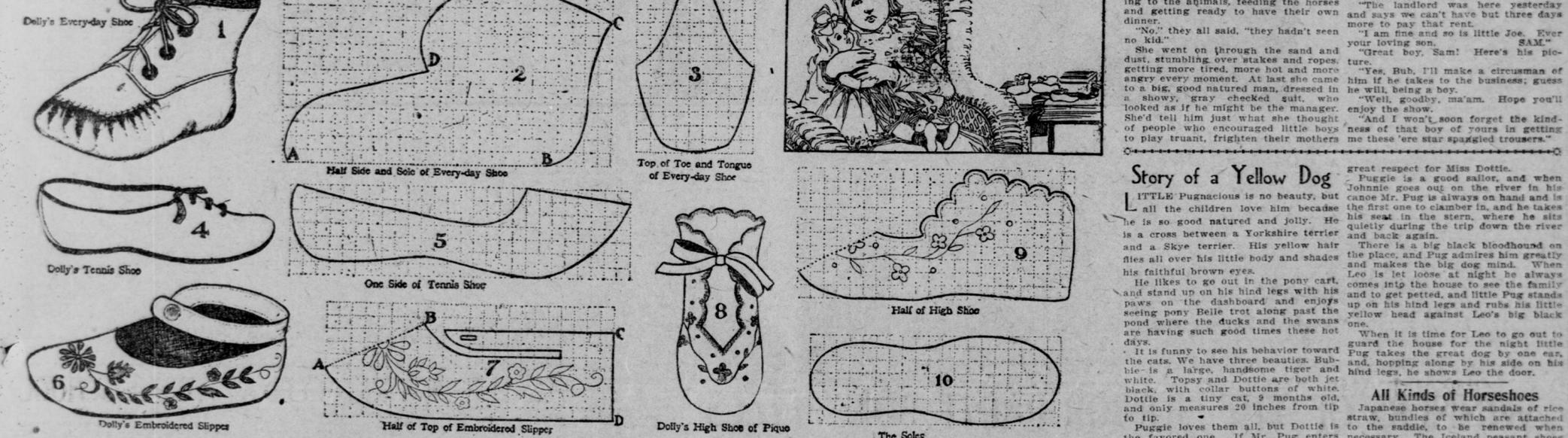
"Yes, Bub, I'll make a circusman of him if he takes to the business; guess he will, being a boy."

"Well, goodby, ma'am. Hope you'll enjoy the show."

"And I won't soon forget the kindness of that boy of yours in getting me these 'ere star spangled trousers."

HOW TO MAKE EVERY-DAY BOOTS, PARTY SLIPPERS AND TENNIS SHOES FOR MISS DOLLY

BY CAROLINE WETHERELL



Dolly's Every-day Shoe 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10

Dolly's Tennis Shoe 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10

Dolly's Embroidered Slippers 6, 7, 8, 9, 10

Dolly's High Shoe of Pique 8, 9, 10

The Soles 9, 10

Labels: Dolly's Every-day Shoe, Half Side and Sole of Every-day Shoe, Top of Toe and Tongue of Every-day Shoe, Dolly's Tennis Shoe, One Side of Tennis Shoe, Half of Top of Embroidered Slipper, Dolly's High Shoe of Pique, The Soles.

A GREAT deal of the pleasure in having a dolly is in being able to dress it up just like a real little girl. In these days, when it is so important that she should be in style, of course it is a matter of moment to every doll mother that her darling child should be suitably clad. Underclothes, dresses, wraps and even doll millinery may be managed by the parent, but shoes, oh, dear! shoes are such a problem. If dolly's mamma has plenty of money she can go to the shops where dolls' outfits are sold and provide suitable footwear, but the shoppes ask prices that make most little girls look twice at their nickels and dimes. Being in the confidence of a number of doll mothers this problem one day was brought home to me with such force that I sat down to ponder it. It was impossible not to be sympathetic with four flushed faces looking up into my own for consolation and assistance. I knew exactly what that wretched mother charged for pink dolls' boots with gold buttons and white kid slippers and buff toes. I might have stepped down and grandly ordered him to send home the very kind and anxious little mother, was longing for, but then that would not have helped the hundreds of other little mothers elsewhere who might be facing this same problem of how to keep dolly genteelly shod on an income of nothing a year. I wrinkled my forehead, prodded it and vainly used all those devices which the owner of a very sluggish brain adopts when loading it to action. Finally I had an

inspiration. The little girls cried out: "Oh, do tell us what it is!" and ran to peep in my drawer as I got out the designs for this shoe.

We made a pair of tennis shoes for Dorothy's largest doll. They were of coarse canvas with hincolum soles. The little girls followed me back to the sitting room and we had a day of doll shoe making. We made various styles of shoes. Some were fashioned out of kid gloves, some were cut from chamamois and colored and others were just dear little baby slippers of white pique or canvas.

We began by cutting out the pattern in paper and making a shoe of muslin that could easily be taken in or let out at the seams until we got a perfect fit. Then we could use the muslin model as a pattern for cutting the shoe out of the chamamois or kid. Long wristed gloves were the most useful in supplying footwear for the larger dolls. We stiffened the soles by placing a piece of cardboard between the outer sole and the lining. See sketches 1, 2 and 3.

The plain, everyday shoe was the hardest to make. It was cut in two sections. The smaller section, shaped something like a shield, was for the top of the toe and the tongue. The larger section, which had to be sewed together at the back, was to form the sole and the two sides. The front was then gathered and the broad part of the shield shaped section sewed to it, so that the tongue slipped under the sides of the shoes. Three eyelets were then worked in buttonhole stitch and

laces were supplied. A narrow silk cord was put on as a finish about the shoes and to give a thin sole on the outside. Sketches 4, 5 and 6 will show you the designs for this shoe.

We worked in buttonhole stitch and a fancy button sewed to the other side of the strap. The design on the toe was outlined with pink silk before the shoe was put together.

An embroidered high shoe in pique, shown in sketches Nos. 8, 9 and 10, was cut in two pieces, consisting of an upper and a sole. The pattern for the upper was doubled over at the toe. The same shoe could be fashioned very nicely of chamamois. To make it follow the same directions given for the embroidered slipper. The edges were worked in scallops with buttonhole silk and a bow of ribbon, run through eyelet holes, tied the shoe together at the top.

Now any little girl who wishes to try doll shoe making for herself can do so easily. If she will notice how the diagrams of the parts of the shoes mentioned here are laid out. Measure the length of dolly's sole and then its width and draw an oblong having those proportions. Notice that the sole here sketched is outlined in an oblong having 19 squares on the longest side and seven squares on the narrowest and divide the oblong into as many equal divisions. Then, noting how the sole is drawn in the sketch, let the line outlining the sole be sketched through the divisions of the new oblong. Where the entire top of a shoe is cut out in one piece a dotted line indicates where the pattern of the material is to be doubled over. The top of the shoe

Interesting Experience of a Rhinoceros Hunter in Africa

At first sight the African rhinoceros appears to be heavily handicapped by nature as regards his anatomy. His flabby, doughy body, short, stumpy legs, small, unblinking, piglike eyes and prehensile upper lip combine to give him an air of stupid inactivity. Yet let him once scent danger and how quickly is this idea dissipated. If lying down at the time he is on his legs and facing the cause of disturbance in a flash, if satisfied that the danger is real, he turns in a second and is galloping up wind at a pace which compares favorably with that of a good horse.

To avoid such a fate he can turn and wheel at full speed like a polo pony, and is capable of keeping up the pace for miles. In a straight race between a rhinoceros and a horse over two miles of the average country, which the former is familiar with, consisting as it usually does, of black cotton soil and ordinary veldt, frequently intersected by small khors, the rhino would be fully able to hold his own.

Being very sure-footed, obstacles which would cause a horse to stumble, if not come to grief altogether, have no effect on him whatever, and he will gallop down one side a khors and up the other, leaving loose stones and debris rattling, but without one false step.

His great physical defect is his sight, his eyes being of very little use to him, writes the correspondent of the Field, and the hunter may walk straight up to him in open country till within 100 yards, and without exercising very much care can be stalking, should the ground be fairly favorable, easily get within 20 yards before the rhino always forward the approach is made from the leeward side. Any advantage he may lose owing to his defective

eyesight is fully made up to him by his sense of smell.

The phrase "a nose like a fox terrier" is often applied to keenness of scent. This should rather be "a nose like a rhinoceros." There is very little scenting in the terms with him if the approach is made from windward.

If lying down he almost invariably does so with his nose pointed down wind; consequently the hunter approaching, as he naturally should, from the leeward side, has only the quarry's defective sight and hearing to contend with.

In the day time the rhino bird, or oxpecker (Euphonia africana) acts as a protection to him, sleeping and waking. There is a superstition among natives that these small birds perform the duties of sentry. To a certain extent this is true. They are always flitting about and hanging on to him, feeding on the ticks which he swarms, and on the approach of danger flutter about with little hoarse cries, which have the effect of rousing him, and if continued cause him to rise up and look around.

It is almost impossible to calculate correctly what the action of a rhino will be on becoming aware of danger. No two of them seem to behave in the same way in similar circumstances; on the whole, it is safe to say, that if only disturbed he will retreat, but should he be actually annoyed and see his enemy he will retaliate and charge.

My first experience with rhinos was on the Athi plains, between the river Athi and a high hill named Donyo Sabuk, in the Ukambani province of East Africa. A brother officer and I—he mounted and I on foot—were proceeding to a spot where we intended to spend the day's shooting. On first looking through my glasses I saw three rhinos feeding about a mile away, evidently a bull, a cow and calf. We

walked up to within 150 yards of them and I then went on alone, my friend generously allowing me the shot, as I had been the first to see them.

When within about 20 yards of the bull I fired, taking the neck shot. The bullet thudded in, but alas! without touching the vertebrae. The cow and calf immediately made off up wind, and as the bull started to follow I gave him a second bullet, which must have taken him well forward in the body or front leg. He pecked heavily and almost came down, but, recovering himself, lumbered on for about 200 yards and then stopped. Creeping after him I found only one of my heavy rifle left.

I stood up and waved back to my gun bearer for more, and on looking around found the bull, which was about 40 yards away, about to charge. His tail was up, his neck pricked stiffly forward, and his back extended. He had evidently seen me, yet even at that short distance seemed to be uncertain, for on my dropping again into the long grass, to my relief his menacing aspect changed and he trotted away. My friend now came cantering up, having mistaken my signal, and thought I wished the rhino headed off.

As soon as the bull saw him he wheeled and charged. By a very pretty bit of riding and a turn almost at right angles my friend escaped, but for a few lengths it seemed that he would be overhauled. The rhino then galloped off in the direction taken by the cow and calf, which were now out of sight, and though I followed for three hours or more and made a careful search the next day I could not come up with him again.

Opinions differ very much regarding the charge of a rhinoceros. Many aver that he will charge, and if unsuccessful or turned by a shot, will pass on and not return. I can only say that, admitting he will soon give up an actual chase if outpaced, two instances which came under my personal notice prove the fallacy of this assertion. In the first case a civil protectorate officer not far from Nairobi wounded a rhino and was charged and knocked down. With great presence of mind he turned over on his stomach and lay still.

The rhino returned to him and made several attempts to horn him in the stomach, but being unable to do so, deliberately kicked him with his fore-foot on the thigh, and with a snort of disgust trotted off. The kick lamed the man for life. In the second case a German trader also wounded a rhino and was charged and hunted around an ant heap until a lucky shot from his gun bearer diverted the rhino's attention and a second put him out of action.

Serious loss and delay are often caused by a rhino charging a caravan. Yet this action is nearly always forced upon him and occurs through stupidity rather than premeditated malice. The head of a caravan, say, of 500 porters, extending over two or three miles of country, passes to windward of a rhino. He gets the scent and moves up wind and perhaps nears the center of the caravan, when being thoroughly alarmed he turns on a little, only to strike the tail end.

Being now puzzled, and seeing at last, as he thinks, the original cause of his annoyance, he charges straight through on his way, horned a load or two hastily cast aside by the porters on his approach. He then passes on to leeward of the caravan, and being at last delivered from the annoying scent moves on into more peaceful territory. Yet a person who had not watched his progress from the start would think that he had come from a mile or more away with the deliberate intention of exterminating the caravan.

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