

Fun on a Camel's Back.

COMEDIAN OF CAIRO STREET AT THE WORLD'S FAIR.

Did you ever ride a camel? His getting up is like nothing else under the sun. When he lies down, the man on his padded back feels as though he were on the roof of a collapsing house, as though the structure was teetering and going to pieces. It is the wonder of a day how a camel, after folding himself together and dropping on a mat, can untie his lank and limber parts and get to his feet once more.

The camel is the comedian of Cairo street in Midway Plaisance. He keeps the sunny street



THE FIRST CONDITION.

in a bubble of excitement and laughter. The best part of it is that, like a true comedian, he never enters into the fun. He seldom opens his eyes, and he never ceases that long, awkward swing of his lower jaw. While he is tipping people into all sorts of frantic attitudes, causing women to shriek, and sending an idle crowd into roars of laughter,



A FORWARD, ROTARY MOVEMENT.

he always maintains that slow and homely dignity which is natural and not acquired.

Great is the camel. He has made a hit at the Exposition.

THE CAMEL ON HIS NATIVE SANDS.

In Egypt a camel is worth from \$60 to \$75, but the highest-priced camel is moth-eaten, sheaf-worn, faded and rickety. At points where he is not



SUDDEN SHOOT UPWARD.

angular he is lumpy, his hair is worn off in patches of square feet, and no one can count the joints of his tremulous legs. If anything is needed to further disfigure him it is a soiled and tattered saddle of carpet and cheap ornaments. This is fastened over the lean and irregular ridge of his back by numerous straps. His long and mournful head is



A FLYING MOVEMENT.

bound in a halter. Then you have the camel as he is found in Cairo—a sight to frighten children and tempt stout women to reckless feats.

This riding of camels has become almost a craze. The buzz and clatter of Cairo street breed a contagion of nervous daring. Other people are rocking up and down the streets on the camels. Donkey-



AND THE CAMEL IS UP.

riders dash through the halting crowds followed by exulting yelps. The shrill and martial pipes and the pattering tom-toms assist in the hurrah. All Cairo is shouting, jabbering, offering wares. The holiday is perpetual. He who gets into it feels a sudden desire to be a part of the hurrah to ride a camel.

And so the lumbering ships of the desert are kept on the move all day. It costs 25 cents to go



THE CAMEL LIES DOWN.

to the end of a street and back. In one week the camel pays for itself more than once.

The drivers are large black men with loose gowns and twisted turbans. They are strong and willing men, too. One of them will grasp a heavy woman around the waist and lift her on the saddle as though he were handling a sack of rice. If she loses her hat and shows a desire to fall off, as the camel weaves and staggers in rising, he grasps her firmly by the ankles, and in a volley of hot Egyptian, begs her to keep cool and lean back. Although he has seen people lurch and tossed around on camels for a great many years, he enjoys it as much as any one, for he wears a broad and sympathetic grin. Every moment or so, just to keep the beast from going utterly to sleep, he whacks it with his stick like a man beating carpet, and says something, to which the camel pays no attention.

MADE SPORT FOR THE CROWD.

The camels were sprawled on the mats one day when a young man and a backward girl approached one of the drivers and began to parley. Then the one hundred or more people who had been standing there an hour just looking on and having a good time crowded a little closer and prepared for another exhibition. The young man asked the price, if the saddle ever slipped, if the camel was tame, and if there was any danger. Of course the driver knew his business and said they would enjoy themselves.

"Will he bite?" asked the girl, when the camel shifted his long and sinewy neck toward her.

"Noa bite, good camel," said the driver, as he put the yellow tickets in his mouth and reached for the young woman. She was a trifle pale and glanced at her escort with a weak smile, as the dusky man in the gown lifted her to the saddle and showed her how to hold on. The young man, laughing in a nervous way and evidently bored by the gaze of the crowd, climbed up behind her, and, reaching around her waist, took a death grip on the rope hand-hold. The driver took a good long look on both sides to see that the two were fastened all right. This seemed to excite suspicion in the mind of the young woman, who had ceased to smile, and was a trifle paler than before.

"Is there any danger?" she asked, noticing a shake and tremble of the dumb mass underneath them. It was too late to begin asking questions. The driver was tugging at the halter and thumping the camel over the neck with his stick. At first the camel merely shook his head in drowsy protest; then all of a sudden his hind-quarters began to lift. They kept on lifting. It seemed as though he was using one end at a time. The young man was tilted forward on the girl. Both threatened to slide over the saddle and down the sloping neck to the ground below. The girl's hat fell over her eyes and she screamed, but she knew enough to keep a tight hold and lean back.

As they clung to this steep incline, the camel paused. Then he swung to the right and left in a drunken motion as he untangled his front legs.

This jolted the two passengers, and the girl once more screamed. While they were tipped back to save themselves from sliding the front half of the animal came up with a bump, and they might have fallen backward if they had not been grasping the

ropes. As it was, both plunged forward and the young woman let out a third scream. The young man was too busy preparing for another tip to reassure her. But it was all over. The camel had shaken the kinks out of all his legs, and was slowly turning around with a wabbling motion like a boat caught in a trough of waves. The young woman had recovered her hat, and from fright she had passed into a giggle, the young man assisting. All this time the men and women who stood around had been yelling and tittering with glee and saying to each other: "Well, did you ever?"

THE UNLOADING PROCESS.

Then they waited to see them come back and unload, for that is half the fun. Usually the rider takes kindly to the trip down the street. To be sure, the animal rocks back and forth and seems always on the point of falling down, but the sensations are mild compared with the shake-up of mounting.

Whatever may be his way of folding up, he finally settles in complete repose on the dirty matting and waits for another cargo of strangers.

Mollie's Problem.

There's lot of things I cannot understand,
It really makes no matter how I try,
One's why the brown comes on my little hand
Because the sun is hot up in the sky.

I never understood why birds eat worms
Instead of pie and puddings full of plums,
I can't see why a baby always squirms,
Or why big boys are 'fraid of little sums.

I cannot understand why doggies bark
Instead of talking sense like you and me;
And why the sun don't shine when it is dark,
Instead of when it's light, I cannot see.

I wonder what it is makes children grow,
And why they have no wings like little flies,
But puzzlingest of all the things I know
Is why grandma wears windows on her eyes.

—John Kendrick Bangs, in *Harper's Young People*.

Fashion Notes.

Women lay aside, without a sigh, the light, pretty garments of summer, for the quieter toned and more comfortable wraps of early autumn. The new material, are in endless variety. Homespuns are still favorites for costume cloths, but their extreme weight being an objection to many, lighter makes are offered this season. Hop-sacking is to the front again in every variety, even to shaded surface. Fulness in sleeves, skirts, overgarments and flounces is a characteristic of the season, and very deep flounces take the place of several narrow ones; but no short woman must wear those deep flounces, if she does not want to be still shorter.

There is nothing positively new in cut or shape; all sorts of dresses are worn, from the empire gown to the reformed dress, and the sensible woman will examine her last year's dresses and find, to her delight, that they are as fashionable as ever this winter. Perhaps a new neck-band or cuffs can be added.

Bright flowers always are worn on hats and bonnets in early autumn, and the very large buds and blossoms seem to be preferred, judiciously mixed with black lace, which is always softening and refining.

The empire cape, tight-fitting basque, the favorite "blazer" and semi-long cloak are all to be seen among the latest imported goods, and all peculiar looking or eccentric garments are conspicuous through their absence.



Man afraid of the soap (as member of Army Bicycle Corps dashes by). Much lazy sojer. Walk sittin' down; Ugh!

The Courtesy of Love.

There is a false idea afloat in the stream of life, which is that when people love us we can be rude to them, that because they know we love them they will forgive every lack of courtesy. Now, this is absolutely untrue; the closer two people are united by the bond of love the more necessary is it for them to observe every law of politeness. Love is not so very difficult to gain, but it is very difficult to keep. You can better afford to be rude to everybody else in the world than to the people who love you. Love is a flower that needs constant attention, and the very minute it is neglected, left too long in the glaring sun of indifference, or in the cold wind of selfishness, it dies.