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THE ROBERT SIMPSON COMPANY LIMITED
TORONTO

Another way to use magazine pictures is in a "cut-out town," made from pictures of automobiles, wagons, animals, trees, houses and people, each one standing up, braced by an empty spool, or a stiff paper standard, and all arranged to represent the street of a town. Of course, only one side of the picture can show, just as in a stage scene.

Very absurd-looking geometric animals can be made from cardboard, the different parts of the body formed of squares and oblongs fastened together with brass paper fasteners. The rectangles may have the corners cut off, if this better suggests a par-

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ticular animal. The size of the different parts of the body must be made in right proportion, so far as possible.

HUMPY THE CAMEL

Most children like the menagerie part of the circus best. The Zoo in the city park is also a favourite haunt. Wild animals are so strange and interesting. Bob and Bess Rowe never tired of watching the strange animals. Best of all, they liked to look at the great camels, which showed no curiosity about the crowds that visited them, but gazed over people's heads in a dreamy way.

"The camel isn't very friendly," said Bob. "He is like a puzzle that you've got to study out for yourself."

"Look at the queer way he chews," said Bess. "His lower jaw swings like a hammock."

"Yes, and the upper lip is split up the middle. See how he twists and feels his food with the two parts. They look like two fingers," said Bob.

Just then the keeper, who had been standing near listening to the children, came over and said: "So you like our friend Humpy! Well, he isn't a very wise fellow; in fact, he's rather stupid. Although men have used him for hundreds of years, he has never learned to do more than a few simple things. He has no love or kind feelings for his keeper or master. He looks wise, and meek, and good-tempered, but he is foolish, and stubborn, and is often cross."

"Is he really? He looks gentle enough," said Bess.

"Sometimes, for no reason, he has a terrible fit of rage, and will try to bite or kick any person near him," said the talkative keeper.

"His neck and legs look too long for his body, and his small head is tipped up and poked out in a silly sort of way. And, oh! his feet are split into two hoofs almost up to the ankle," said Bob, who had been looking closely at Humpy.

"Do you see what looks like the leather pads a football player wears on his knees and breastbone?" asked the keeper. "Those are to protect him when kneeling. The one thing Humpy has learned well is to kneel. Watch him when I speak." Then in a sharp, ringing voice he called, "Down!" and down dropped Humpy with moans and groans that could be heard all around.

"Is he sick?" asked Bess.

"Oh, no, Miss; that's the way of these beasts. They expect a load will be put on, and they do not wait to see if it is to be light or heavy; they just complain as loud as they can. A camel is very strong, and can carry half a ton of goods for hundreds of miles across deserts. Jump on now and have a ride," he added, good-naturedly.

So Bob and Bess mounted Humpy, who with more moans heaved his big body up and started to trot or rather rock. He lifts the feet on the one side at the same time, which causes

him to tilt, and the young riders were tossed and pitched from side to side and soon begged to be set off.

That evening their father told them some more about this ugly, but most useful animal. He said in the hot, dry desert the camel was the horse, the cow and the sheep of the Arabs. He carries all the burdens, he furnishes flesh and milk for food, and supplies hair for weaving into cloth. It is a curious and interesting sight to see a camel caravan start from a town on the edge of a desert. There are hundreds of animals in a great yard, tons of goods in bales, dozens of drivers and passengers, and a swarm of dogs. The owner is a white-robed and turbaned chief. He looks over every animal carefully. Here are the slenderly-built racing dromedaries, or one-humped camels, with hair so fine that it is used for making artists' paint brushes and dress goods. These are the "Limited" of the desert, and can travel a hundred miles a day. There are stout, short-legged, two-humped freight camels, as shaggy as bears. These can travel only twenty-five miles a day.

The first thing the owner looks at is the hump. If this is not big and solid the camel will not be taken with the caravan, for that is his pantry-shelf, and if it is not well stored with fat there will be none to draw on when food is scarce. Next the feet are looked over to see that no stones are between the toes, and no thorns or bruises on the soft foot-pads. Before starting, the camels are given all the water they can drink. Each camel has a second stomach, which is a honeycomb of little tanks where he can store enough water to last him three days.

"Tell us about a baby camel, father," said Bess.

"When a baby camel is born he is about three feet high and as heavy as a calf, but he is so weak and wobbly on his legs that he can scarcely stand, yet he goes with the caravan."

"But how could it, father, if it can't walk?" asked Bob.

"Why, it has a nurse," laughed Mr. Rowe. "The young camel is put in a hammock and rides on the back of a camel trained for that purpose. The mother follows close behind and watches her baby with her big brown eyes. The owner of the camels watches, too, for that is a valuable baby, and he doesn't want it to be hurt by the stumble of the nurse. As the keeper told you, the camel shows no affection for its master; the only thing it seems to love is its baby. As it swings from one side of its nurse it is rocked as if in a cradle. Very likely the nurse carries besides leather bags of water, bales of cloth and dates, jugs of oil and blocks of rock salt."

"But why isn't the baby put on its mother's back?" asked Bess.

"Didn't the keeper tell you camels were stupid animals? If the mother could not see her baby, even if it were on her own back, she would think he had been left behind, and would turn and bolt for the last camping-place, but when she can see him she follows contentedly."

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"Well, she must be a stupid," said Bess.

"Did you notice, Bob, how the camel kept opening and closing his funny nostrils? Sometimes a great wind storm sweeps across the desert, hiding the sun and filling the air with a blinding, stinging rain of sand. Down the camels drop under their loads. They stretch their necks out straight, shut their eyes, close their nostrils to the narrowest slits, and be still. The people cover their heads and huddle in the shelter of the humps. Above the roar of the wind and the hissing and pelting of sand and pebbles, can be heard the low moaning and hard breathing of the camels. They seem to suffer; yet when the storm is over they rise and rock on as before."

Without this ugly, stupid, useful beast the hot deserts of the old world would be unpeopled and unknown. Like the desert, he submits to be used, but remains wild, sullen and forbidding, he holds his master a stranger.—Jessie McClure.

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