

# SHORT HISTORY OF LITTLE JUMBHO

## The Thrilling Adventures of an Elephant as Told by Himself

### Chapter II.

WHEN I was a year old I was about the size of a circus pony, though much heavier, and my mother no longer gave me any attention. Sometimes I wandered through the forest in company with four or five other elephants, and sometimes we gathered in a herd numbering as high as fifteen.

It would have been a very busy life indeed but for the danger. Some days we would travel 30 miles, feeding as we went, and again, when we had found a place to our liking, we would rest for a whole week.

There were always many white hunters in the forest, and the natives were always planning how to trap us, and I had many a fright before my first adventure came.

One day, when the herd was resting in the forest where food was plentiful, and we had not been alarmed for several days, I started out by myself to get a drink at a pool about a mile away. Two male elephants were acting as guards of our herd, and had either one known of my purpose he would have called me back, but I sneaked away as a boy often does and it happened that I never missed me.

This was the first time I had ever got away from the herd, and I felt quite proud as I wandered along the path. I reached the pool all right, but after I had quenched my thirst I did not turn and go back as I should have done.

I stood there sucking up water in my trunk and squirting it about, and I was having a happy time of it when all at once I sensed a lion. Before I could turn to run, the lion, being almost hidden by the grass and bushes, was within ten feet of me, and the weight of his body as he sprang almost fumbled me over. He began biting and clawing savagely, and the pain was something awful.

I remember that my mother had told me to rush to the black forest in case a lion sprang upon my head, and away I went. The limbs and bushes soon brushed the beast off, but he leaped upon me again from behind.

I dropped down and rolled over, hoping to crush him, but he was too quick for me. When I scrambled up I found a second lion ready to assist the first and then I trumpeted to the herd for help.

Both beasts now attacked me, but while I fought them I heard my friends coming. The first to arrive was one of the bull elephants, and with his trunk he seized the lion who was clawing and biting at my back and dashed him against a tree and broke every bone in his body.

The other beast fled, and though the elephants went crashing about and hunting for him for half an hour, he could not be found.

My hide was yet tender, as I was only a little over a year old, and the lion had bitten and clawed me in a terrible way. I not only had that pain to endure, but one of the bull elephants gave me a good mauling with his trunk as further punishment for my foolishness.



HE BEGAN BITING AND CLAWING ME SAVAGELY

er saw his elegance, she sighed and said, "Alas, poor folk have no business to have children."

He found a mountaineer who sat on a rock gazing over the world with such placid eyes that the seventh son felt certain that his quest had ended at last.

"Content is with you, is she not?" he asked.

The mountaineer looked at him cheerfully and said, "Yes." But the next instant he rubbed his hands over his brow.

When he left the mountaineer he came to a tramp—dirty and foul-lying half asleep in the grass by the side of the road. And when he asked him the question, the tramp answered, "Yes, I am content."

The seventh son shuddered and fled. "If there is where Content dwells," said he, "I want none of her."

But he couldn't get over wishing for her for all the time he had spent in his quest. He was ready to drop with fatigue.

They built him the swiftest engine that had ever been made, but still it was not fast enough for him.

"I see," said the seventh son angrily, "that I shall have to build one myself."

Immediately he sat down at a desk and began to draw. And after a few days the plans were finished he carried them to his machine shop himself to explain them to the workmen.

Day after day he went to the noisy, hot, dusty place, and he had never been so interested that he put on overalls every day and worked over forges and lathes till he was ready to drop with fatigue.

So, having tried physicians and secretaries and cooks in vain, he sought out the old professor who had taught him in college.

The old man listened, nodding his white head at intervals. When the seventh son had finished his story he said, "My son, you have wealth and health and all else that heart can desire except one thing. And that one thing is something that no money can purchase. It is content."

"I like your impudence," said the seventh son. "What use do you suppose the seventh son of a seven times millionaire is ever going to have for your miserable gift? If you were not so utterly unrepresentable I would let you take a peep at the presents that have been brought for him, so that you might learn something. As it is, my footmen will show you the door."

"Very well," said Content, "but remember that I call on mankind only once."

"I am content," said the old woman, bowing humbly. "And this is my brother Work."

"Come in, come in," said the delighted seventh son. He advanced and he rubbed his hands as the third one advanced and said, "I am Wealth. Let me touch this eye." And the fourth one said, "I touch his cheek he will be beautiful. For I am Beauty. The fifth one was Success, and again the seventh times millionaire bowed joyously and invited them in.

"But who are your companions?" said he, looking superciliously at the old woman and the man with the wooden leg.

"They must speak for themselves," said the five beauties, sweeping through the portals. "And you must decide for yourself."

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When he had struck me a dozen hard blows, he said: "You deserve to have your ribs broken for so often to swallow. Have you not been told a hundred times never to wander away from the herd? Had we not been within call the lions would have found you in ten minutes more. If you ever break the rule again we will beat you to death."

I was then conducted to a spot beyond the pool, where the ground was very soft, and ordered to lie down, that the cool mud might take the pain out of my hurts. It was two days before I got out of my misery, and it was a full month before my wounds were healed.

On my trunk today are two long scars made by the lion's claws. It was a good lesson to me, and I will never do it again, and yet I did a more foolish thing than that after a time.

Some boys are prudent and careful, while others are heedless and headstrong and always getting into trouble. It is so with young elephants. I am sure I was one of the heedless sort, and even now I often tell me that I get into trouble because I am inclined to rush into things instead of stopping to think.

The herd did not move very far until I was nearly recovered, and then one morning we got a bad scare. It was an hour after daylight, but some of us had not yet risen to our feet after lying down for the night, when there was a sudden yelling and shouting of natives close at hand.

Guns were fired, bells rung and drums beaten, and in a minute we were all wild with terror. It was a wild old elephant. He trumpeted for us to come to him, and as we gathered around him, he said:

There are white hunters in the open ground to the west of us. The natives are to the east, and they are making all this noise to drive us out where the hunters are about to close. Now that I shall take the lead and break through the line of natives. You must follow me in single file. Do not stop for anything. If you are a man with your eyes on your nose, you pass along as you go. We will break through and gain the dense forest on top of the hill, and there we will be safe. All ready, now, and here we go!

We were the very last one, and in my next chapter I will tell you of several things that happened, one of which will be sure to make you laugh heartily.

(To be continued.)

**PUZZLE CORNER.**  
Answer to Age Puzzle.  
(1) Hem-ags.  
(2) Full-age.  
(3) Cab-ags.  
(4) Ass-ags.  
(5) Pre-ags.  
(6) For-ags.  
(7) In-ags.  
(8) Umb-ags.

Answer to Curtained Words.  
(1) Lad-y.  
(2) Cab-er.  
(3) Quit-o.  
(4) Born-o.  
(5) Tour-a.  
(6) Worm-a.

# WITCH WHO WAS NOT THOROUGH

## How Other Magicians Fooled Her Into Riding a Broomstick.



A PRETTY PEASANT GIRL LIFTED HER HEAD.

IN the Black Forest there once lived an old witch who was so ugly that most persons who caught a glimpse of her asserted that she was, without doubt, the worst witch of them all. But this was not strictly correct.

Her intentions were wicked enough for any dozen witches; but she had never been thorough in anything, and it was the same way with the witch business. So, although she was a graduate from the Witch Academy with honors and possessed a huge sowskin diploma on which was written in the best blood that she was a Bachelor of Arts in Witchcraft, she really did not know the trade.

Almost all her charms went wrong. Once she tried to transform a stumpy peasant into a pair of boots, and instead she changed him into only one boot, which was of no use to anybody. Another time she waved her magic wand over an old hut and ordered it to become a cavern. But it transformed itself into a pretty cottage, and the old woman who lived in it was so delighted that it made all the witches ill to hear her talk.

There was a cow that gave the finest vanilla ice cream, much to the delight of the children of the village. Old Thunderblunder hated her owner because he had walked through a new ball-gown of cowbuds that she was spinning in the moonlight one night. So she tried to put the evil eye on the cow, but her charms went wrong as usual, and instead of giving curdled milk she made her owner rich.

In the nearest town there was a physician whom she tried, once or twice, to a duck. But because she hadn't changed him at all except that sometimes at unexpected moments he would suddenly say: "Quack! quack!"

The physician should have been glad enough to escape so easily. But he wasn't. He had himself operated on and took medicines by the gallon. And of course old Thunderblunder was mortified beyond words because she hadn't changed him into a green-winged duck with a red head and a yellow bill. So nobody was happy over the matter.

The other sorcerers and magicians were ashamed, too. They said that mistakes of this kind served to discredit the whole profession, and they even talked of forming a union, to be known as the Amalgamated Sorcerers and Witches, to punish members who made blunders.

Inkyink, the Chief Magician, was the maddest of them all, for he knew that he was to be blighted and ruined because he had given Thunderblunder her diploma. He used to shut his eyes when he went abroad so that he wouldn't have to see the blighted enchantments that were to be found in every village.

There was a dog that the old witch had tried to transform into a pig, and she had succeeded only in giving him the pig's twisted tail.

His owner promptly started a new breed with him that became very popular with old ladies. That is how the pig dogs came into the world.

There were a village drunkard whom she tried to change to a pump; but instead he remained a man, only he suddenly acquired such a wonderful thirst for water that he became strictly temperate, and finally he was elected Burgomaster and was pointed out as a model citizen.

The climax was reached when old Thunderblunder was offended by a goose-herd. She tried to change his biggest goose into a lion that would eat him up. The goose didn't change a bit, and old Thunderblunder went home so angry that she absolutely and truly snarled that her teeth until each one had a positive razor edge.

About five minutes afterwards Inkyink and the Board of Magicians came along that way, and instantly the goose rushed at them, seized Inkyink, bit him in a dozen places, and dragged him into a ditch. The Board of Magicians tried to help him, and the goose turned on them, biting them in legs and arms and faces and driving them away in mad flight. Several of them left their magic wands in their hurry, and the goose chewed them to pieces, so that they had to work nights to make new ones.

Of course they soon found out what had happened. Old Thunderblunder had failed to turn the goose into a complete lion, but she had filled its breast with a lion's courage and given it a lion's strength.

arts of the best sorcerers had failed to break this broomstick to harness. It would kick and rear and plunge and bite as soon as anyone tried to ride on it. In a word, it was a bucking broncho of a broomstick—the only one that ever was known, and no doubt there will never be another like it.

The chief sorcerers felt so ashamed at being unable to tame it that they had kept it a secret. So none of the common witches knew anything about it. In an indigo midnight in the dark of the moon, when the north wind was blowing from the south, which only happens once in every 10,000 years, the

broomstick used to grow tame enough to be led. And as this time was just at hand, the Board of Magicians repaired to the place and each one mumbled a charm and seized the chain. The broomstick plunged and kicked, but allowed himself to be led out.

When they got to the regular meeting place of the witches, the Board of Magicians hastily chained the broomstick fast to the council rock. And when Thunderblunder appeared, Inkyink made a speech complimenting her on her talents, and said, in token of his esteem, he wished to present to her an Arabian broomstick of the purest blood.

Thunderblunder immediately burned with a desire to show off, and she leaped on the back of the mad broomstick. At the same instant the Board of Magicians cast off the chain, and the broomstick, with a yell of rage, shot up in the air, bucking like mad.

It carried old Thunderblunder up to the clouds and down again to the tree tops in one jump. The next jump took them up to the clouds again, and when they were over a village the broomstick bucked in earnest, and down went the witch.

There she lay, groaning and lamenting, for a dozen bytes of assorted sizes had been broken inside of her and she felt as if she had appendicitis and measles and rheumatism combined, which is pretty bad.

A pretty peasant girl came along, lifted her head and gave her water. Then she took her home, where they nursed her till she began to feel better.

Old Thunderblunder, ugly as she was, could not help but be melted by the kindness of the peasants. So she not only swore off from witchcraft, but told the good folk how they could drive away all the other wizards, such as nailing horseshoes over their doors, and all the other simple arts that the peasants of the whole world practice now.

As a result, the witch business became so poor in Europe that many of the sorcerers went into bankruptcy and some actually starved. The others became discouraged. One stormy night they packed their magic wotions on pack broomsticks and mounted their saddle broomsticks themselves, and they all emigrated to Tibet, where the British are after them now.

And that's all.

Bill Roberts to get down his walt thought that he ought to strike a gate: So every morning he would see. Along the streets fast as could be. "Hurrah!" the neighbors cried. "It's a grate."

To see him run so swift and strait! But he replied: "I cannot weight. Because I still have too much walt!" He ran until he got a pane. And then he said: "It's all in vane. That I should arrive and try like that! I see I can't try out my fat!"

Mary's Belongings.  
Cincinnati Commercial Tribune.  
Mary had a little lamb,  
Mary all frizzled with peas,  
Then a little lobster salad,  
And some energetic cheese;  
A quart of buck to wash it down,  
A taste of mountain dew—  
All these our little Mary had,  
And a little outfit, too.

Wasn't Y Y.  
Indianapolis Sentinel.  
A maiden who monkeyed with HF,  
While out in the yard picking PF,  
Pelt the places on her head,  
Where they stung her, and said,  
"G! Don't they bite hard when U TTT!"  
Little Willie—Say, pa, what's the good of war, war war—  
It takes a lot of brass bands to the front, my son—Chicago Daily News.

# The Very Hard Search for Fleeting Content

## Allegory of the Seventh Son of a Billionaire.

ONCE upon a time there was a seven-times millionaire, who had six sons.

After he had educated them for their high stations in life and given them all the money they could desire, he wished for a seventh son, because, as he said, "I have seven billions of dollars, and it is highly appropriate that I should have seven sons."

One day as he sat in his office watching his clerk carrying money around to tushel baskets, his telephone bell rang, and when he asked "Who is it?" in the unkind voice which everybody uses when talking into a telephone, a silvery voice answered:

"A fairy!"  
"Nonsense!" answered the seven-times millionaire, angrily.  
"No, indeed," said the silvery voice. "Go right home and you will find that you have a seventh son. It is my gift."

The seven-times millionaire immediately hurried home in his brass and aluminum automobile, and sure enough, there was a pretty little blue-eyed son, and everybody in the house congratulated him.

When the day for the christening arrived a great company had gathered from far and near. It was a carefully selected company, great as it was. Nobody of a rank less than that of Captain of Industry was there, and most of them were Brigadier-Generals, and even Major-Generals. Away in front in the best seats sat all the Kings from Chicago and New York and Philadelphia and everywhere.

Everybody had a present for the seventh son. The Diamond King had a valise full of diamonds of the first quality. The secretary of the Ink King presented a pink satin basket full of golden inkstands. The Candy King had sent a special train with a special locomotive full of the best mixed candy for him. Even the Watermelon King was there, and he brought a dead of dirt for all the melons that the seventh son could eat in one day.

Just as the dignified joy was at its

solemnest height, the footman announced seven strange and uninvited guests, who would not send their names in.

They were a strange company of guests, indeed. Five of them were beautiful as the morning, with garments so rich that even the Bessemer Queen herself couldn't compare with them. But the other two were quite different. One of them was a grunted, brown-faced, brown-fisted old man with a wooden leg, and the other was an old, wrinkled woman dressed in a plain cotton gown.

"We have come to bring you our presents," said the most beautiful one of all. "I am Luxurly. If you will let me touch his forehead he will never be without me."

"And I am Health," said the tallest. "If you will let me kiss him, he will grow up strong and no ill can touch him."

"Come in, come in," said the delighted seven times millionaire. And he rubbed his hands as the third one advanced and said, "I am Wealth. Let me touch his eye." And the fourth one said, "I touch his cheek he will be beautiful. For I am Beauty. The fifth one was Success, and again the seventh times millionaire bowed joyously and invited them in.

"But who are your companions?" said he, looking superciliously at the old woman and the man with the wooden leg.

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After that he who wishes for me must hunt far and wide and may still fail to discover me."

So saying, Work and Content went down the marble steps, while Beauty, Health, Success, Wealth and Luxurly gave their gifts to the seventh son and exchanged elegant and high-class compliments with the Kings and Generals and Captains.

The seventh son grew up tall and strong and handsome. It was easy to see that the fairy gifts were his, for whatever he did was successful.

When his father died and left him his wealth it grew in his hands without a single effort from him. He built himself palaces in every place that pleased his fancy and surrounded himself with all that he wished, and still his riches were greater every day.

But he began to wish for something. At first he did not even know that it was a wish. He knew only that something troubled him, and as he had never felt trouble before it made him most unhappy.

He thought that perhaps he was ill, so he sent for the family physician, who, of course, was the greatest physician in the country.

The great physician prodded him respectfully, tapped his chest with soliloquy, and listened to his heart solemnly.

"You are sound as a bell," said he at last. "I will give you a little something for your liver, and we'll see how that will make you feel."

The seventh son took the little something for his liver, but it didn't make him feel a bit happier.

So he discharged his cook and hired the one who had been cooking for the Caesar of Russia. But it made no difference. Then all at once, one day, he discovered what was the matter with him was that he was wishing for something. But he didn't know what it was, and no matter how hard he thought he couldn't even guess.

So, having tried physicians and secretaries and cooks in vain, he sought out the old professor who had taught him in college.

**LIONS**

Would you rather hear Sea-Lion howling, As you walked on the rocks by the sea, Or Land-Lion dreadfully growl, in A dismal dark cavern, said she.

Id rather hear Sea-Lion howling Than Land-Lion growling said he. For Sea-Lion never eats children And Land-Lion does, don't you see?

There's another, who isn't a growler, And never has once howled at me. He's the safest of all to encounter. He's a Dandelion! said he.

Margaret L. Wallace

**THE ARITHMETICAL PICTURE PUZZLE—HOW MANY APPLES ARE IN THE BASKET?**

The question asked by this picture puzzle is: How many apples are in the basket? Now the picture above the basket of apples answers the question with mathematical exactness. If you will read each pictorial item correctly and apply the plus and minus signs properly, the answer will be plain.