

CIRCUS SEAMSTRESS SAYS THAT MONKEYS FUNNY TO DRESS BUT CAMELS ARE ADORABLE

(New York Sun)

How would you like to have Phyllis Nelson's job, which includes among other things, making clothes for forty elephants, a couple of dozen camels, eighty-five horses and ponies, and an assortment of monkeys, dogs and zebras, to say nothing of several hundred circus folk?

"And if you don't think," said Mrs. Nelson behind the scenes at the Ringling Bros. Circus today, "that it's a job to make a well-fitting frock for an elephant, just try it some day." Mrs. Nelson also designs their hats, those nifty little models worn in the "spec" which is the way the circus folks refer to the big parade that opens the show at Madison Square Garden.

"All custom made, yes, indeed," continued Mrs. Nelson, handing over to an assistant a little elephant model, the button of which had come off.

"It's got fat," she continued. "I'm sure of it, because every garment is made individually and is tried on. We don't usually begin losing buttons this early in the season."

It's really a little more difficult, however, to make clothes for the camels.

"You see," said Mrs. Wilson, briskly, "there are those with one hump and those with two, and the humps vary in size."

Camels are Adorable

Incidentally Mrs. Nelson finds the camels "such adorable animals."

"So affectionate and such soft little noses."

The monkeys are a lot of fun to sew for. Mrs. Nelson has the notion that some of them are really quite vain. Often they preen themselves before the mirror when trying on time comes and they like to "finger" the material.

But the zebras—they are a wicked little lot—Mrs. Nelson said grimly. Those dressmakers who think that some society folks are trying when it comes to fitting should just try a zebra!

"I never put much on the zebras because I think that they already are so pretty," she said. "I usually just design either red or green strap effects, something like the back of a lady's bathing suit. But these have to be fitted too, and have to be made so they will snap off and on quickly and stay put too. The zebras bite and kick and are very difficult little customers—any trainer will tell you that."

"Well I'm thankful they don't dress the lions and tigers," Mrs. Nelson added.

Designs for Freaks

Mrs. Nelson is a slim brown-haired little woman, who reminds one of—well, perhaps a school teacher. She always liked to design clothes but she never expected that it would be for clowns, freaks and elephants. She joined Ringling Brothers sixteen years ago because her husband was an acrobat. She learned to do a few stunts with him. But her natural flair for color and fabrics and design soon sent her to the wardrobe department, and before long she found herself in charge of the big dressmaking shop in Sarasota, Fla., where the circus winters and trains. The entire summer wardrobe for the big circus is designed by Mrs. Nelson during the winter, and she is in charge of a sewing and fitting room which employs twenty women and two men to sew, tailor and fit the animals and people.

In the summer she is in charge of the wardrobe department with three women to sew on buttons and generally keep the garments in spotless order and twenty-two men to dress the animals and pack. So efficiently is the department operated that nothing is ever lost, or at least, this has happened very seldom. But towards the last of the season there are lots of buttons to be sewed on, and a lot of mending.

Elephants Hard on Clothes.

"Elephants," said Mrs. Nelson "are very hard on their clothes. But now I line their cloaks with a heavy canvas. They used to just rub through the expensive satin and velvet we use."

The cost of the material used in the costumes runs into thousands, Mrs. Nelson said.

When the clowns take part in the "spec" Mrs. Nelson has to originate their costumes too, but this year, being an East Indian spectacle, she was spared this task.

"The clowns," she said, "originate their own costumes and makeup, except for the 'spec'. The performers likewise originate their own costumes—or have somebody do it for them."

"My job is the animals," said Mrs. Nelson, "and the spectacle and statue act. I dress the freaks for their part in the parade, but otherwise they provide their own clothes."

Meeting circus folk behind the scenes is a lot of fun. One is struck most of all by the smoothness and efficiency. There seems to be no rush, no mad scrambling and no nervousness.

The freaks were waiting their cue and watching Beatty's lion act. This with the circus folk themselves is the most popular of all acts and one which fills every entrance and exit curtain with eager faces.

There was Sky High, the giant, who on the side is an artist; all the little midgets coming scarcely to his boot-tops; the snakes and tattooed girls and Baby Ruth, the fat girl who is happily married to one of the barkers. The snake girl amused herself by tickling the fat girl's elbow by allowing her serpent's tongue to flick it. The fat girl shrugged her shoulders and laughed good-naturedly.

Girl Rider Dazzling.

One of the most dazzling figures in the circus is Dorothy Herbert, the girl who does the amazing act in evening gowns, her yellow hair flying. Dorothy is very young and is from Louisville, Ky. She had no more idea, she said yesterday, of joining a circus than any other small-town girl, but when she was fourteen year old a small circus came to Louisville. With other children, she went to see them pack up. Some horses escaped, and the children helped catch them. Dorothy fell in love with a big bay, and asked the trainer if he thought he could train her to ride. They needed a small girl and said they would try her out. It was just a matter of time until she reached Ringling's.

She later found the bay horse for sale down in Sarasota, she said, and persuaded the Ringling outfit to give her a small part in the ensemble.

"It was my first horse," she said, "and besides, I didn't believe it would be happy away from a circus."

Anne Lee is another horsewoman who never dreamed she'd end in the circus—but who likewise doesn't regret it. She taught in a riding academy in Knoxville, Tenn. When Ringling's came to Knoxville three years ago they needed a horsewoman and offered Miss Lee a job. She is just five feet tall and weight 101 pounds and rides a horse like nobody's business.

WHEAT TAKES SPURT

Chicago, June 21—A sharp advance in the price of wheat featured the trading on the grain exchange today. In the early trading it rose five cents a bushel and by noon had soared to ten cents.

ABDUCTED ST. PAUL BREWER BACK IN HOME

St. Paul, June 19—William Hamm, Jr., 39, kidnapped millionaire brewer, was released unharmed 45 miles from here today and returned home, saying that he had been seized on Thursday by a gang of three or more men.

Hamm said that he did not know how much ransom was paid and others declined to reveal the amount except to say it was not the full \$100,000 originally asked by the kidnapers, who, it is thought, may be led by the notorious Verne Sankey, former Canadian National Railway employe of Melville, Sask.

One of the kidnapers, Hamm said, resembled Sankey, who is wanted for the kidnapping of Charles Boettcher, II, of Denver, for \$60,000 in February and the seizure of Haskell Bohn, St. Paul, released nearly a year ago on payment of \$12,000.

Not Sure

He said that he was not sure of the identification. A taxi driver who delivered a message from the kidnapers to a Hamm associate, early on Friday also said the sender resembled Sankey.

"When I left the office to go home to lunch, on Thursday," Hamm said, "two men on foot grabbed me, one on each side."

"That was about a half block from the office. Neither of them had guns, but they used enough force to convince me I'd better go."

Hamm said that these men and the driver were the only ones he really saw during his imprisonment.

During the daylight ride out of St. Paul, he was forced to lie in the bottom of the car with a white coat over his eyes. Later, when it grew dark he was permitted to sit on the seat beside the men, but was forced to wear goggles with the inside blanketed with cotton, he said. He was unable to identify the type of cars used by the kidnapers.

Met Other Car

Hamm said that about 30 miles out of St. Paul the men came in touch with another car whose occupants he could not see. It was there that he signed four notes, three of which were used.

"I have no idea how many men were in the other car," said Hamm.

He added that during his captivity the "abductors were very nice to him" and he was not subjected to any abuse.

He believed that he was held in Northern Minnesota. He was kept in a house, imprisoned in a room on the second floor. Windows were boarded, but he was permitted to have a light all the time. Furnishings were simple.

"It might have been a farmhouse or on the outskirts of some town," he added, "for I heard traffic noises."

Hamm said that at no time did he see any of the kidnapers after he was taken prisoner. He related that they were quite kind to him, allowing him to order anything he wanted to eat and administering to his slightest whim.

It was fairly hot in the room during the five days he was held, he stated.

To avoid revealing their faces to Hamm, the kidnapers compelled him to face away from them all the time. He said on Sunday at 3 p.m. they told him that they had some good news, then added that the ransom had been paid.

FORSAKEN

The poet tells of one who sails,
And leaves behind the hills of home,
Likewise the valleys and the dales,
Faron the widening seas to roam.
He leaves behind the trails that wind,
Where patent nostrum billboards flare,
Perhaps all these are left behind
Because they're tightly fastened there.

BUMBLEBEE

The folded knapsack of his wings,
Stowed neatly on his back, he swings
Down terraces of lilac bloom,
Pivots from fragrant room to room
On those hooked metal feet which hold
Him dangling in that min eef gold.

The final proof of compassion is to pity cripples who are crippled above the ears.

BRIT. ADMIRAL WARNS NAVY ON ITS UPPERS

London, Eng., June 21—"There is no doubt that so far as the Navy is concerned we are down on our uppers," declared Admiral Sir Reginald Tyrwhitt, commander in chief at The Nore, at the Press Club's Navy Night dinner here.

"We are short of men, we are short of ships and there is not a bob (shilling) in the locker. It is a big jump to come down from the three-power standard to what they call parity."

Asserting that the British Navy was as efficient as ever, but he wished there were more of it, he asked: "I wonder if you know that at the present moment one-third of our cruisers are obsolete and ought to be scrapped? Another thing you perhaps don't know; the whole of the cruisers

we have got now are not as many as Admiral Jellicoe had when he was commanding the Grand Fleet in the War, and at the same time there were sixty cruisers hunting German cruisers in the South Seas."

Admiral Tyrwhitt said it was all very fine to say that ships could be built if war came, but he did not think the next war would last four years. "I don't think," he said, "there will be time to build ships."

Vice-Admiral Pound amplified Admiral Tyrwhitt's contention, declaring that capital ships are a necessity and that in two or three years there is going to be "the hell of a fight" about whether Great Britain builds them or not.

J. P. Morgan has won a silver cup for growing the best sweet peas in Nassau county. The question is, were the judges on any of his preferred lists?

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