

BOYS' AND GIRLS' PAGE.



TOMMY'S TOOL CHEST

The first tool that old man Martin thought Tommy should learn to use was the saw, and he advised Tommy to pick up all the old pieces of board he could find to practise on, and in the meantime he made a nice pair of sawhorses for him, on which the boards were laid when they were to be cut.

"One of the first things to remember," he began one day, "is not to try to saw wet wood. Let it stand somewhere to dry out well before you work on it, or you will ruin your tools and your temper.

"The next thing," he added, "is to take care that your saw does not jam. If you are cutting across a board, don't put it between the horses, because when you lean your weight on it, or the saw weakens it, it will either buckle in or tend to fall off at the ends, and either way will pinch the blade of the saw. Always saw outside one end of the horse.

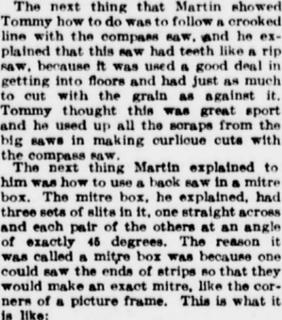
"When you are going to rip a plank, start the end as close to the horse as you can, so that the board will not bend too much and jump up and down with the saw.

The first time that Tommy tried this himself he got away of the line, and then Martin showed him how to get back by lifting the saw so that it cut with the part where the blade was narrow, and then twisting it, almost as if it were a compass saw. Martin made him practise this getting back to the line until he could do it very well.

"Don't tire yourself out," he used to say. "Remember it is not necessary to put pressure on a good saw. When you hold the saw at the proper angle, so that it is always over your mark, the weight of the saw itself is quite enough if the kerf is clear, especially if it is a rip saw. If you don't think so, just see if you can push the saw down once without its cutting a good gash when there is nothing to it but its own weight."

The next thing that Martin showed Tommy how to do was to follow a crooked line with the compass saw, and he explained that this saw had teeth like a rip saw, because it was used a good deal in getting into floors and had just as much to cut with the grain as against it. Tommy thought this was great sport and he used up all the scraps from the big saws in making curlicue cuts with the compass saw.

The next thing Martin explained to him was how to use a back saw in a mitre box. The mitre box, he explained, had three sets of slits in it, one straight across and each pair of the others at an angle of exactly 45 degrees. The reason it was called a mitre box was because one could saw the ends of strips so that they would make an exact mitre, like the corners of a picture frame. This is what it is like:

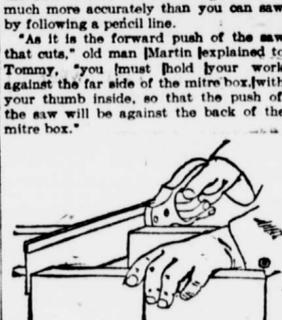


This is only good for small work, of course, the piece of wood to be cut being placed inside. If the saw is placed in the slit A it will cut an angle of 45 degrees to the left, and if it is put into the slits B B it will cut the same angle exactly, but to the right, and if the two pieces are then put together they will make an exact right angle. If the saw is placed in the slits C C it will cut straight across, much more accurately than you can saw by following a pencil line.

"As it is the forward push of the saw that cuts," old man Martin explained to Tommy, "you must hold your work against the far side of the mitre box, with your thumb inside, so that the push of the saw will be against the back of the mitre box."

To do good work with a mitre box Tommy soon found that it had to be fastened down in some way, or else he so placed that he could push against something with it to keep it from slipping away from him.

Martin told him the best way was to clamp it into the bench vise, when he got one, or to screw it down to the bench through the bottom, but the easiest way was to nail a couple of strips on each side of the mitre box, and then all the strength of the hands could be used for holding the work and doing the sawing.



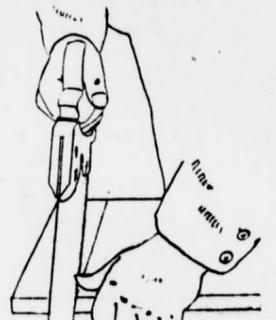
"If you place the knuckle of the thumb against the blade, and it jumps," he warned Tommy, "you will cut a few nice little notches in your thumb nail, and they hurt like anything.

"Always start the cut with the stiff part of the saw that is close to the handle, because you have a shorter and steadier grip that way. Lift the saw to make the cut, as that is easier than driving it, but the moment you get the cut started, look along your pencil line and get the back of your saw blade right over it, so that the first few sweeps of the saw shall be upright and straight to the line."



"The next thing is to start the saw right, so that it shall not jump about and make a lot of ugly notches in the edge of the plank before you get it going where you want it."

Martin explained to Tommy that the right way to start a sawcut, after you had drawn a pencil line where it was to go, and he always insisted on Tommy's putting on a line, instead of sawing at random, was to place the point of the thumb against the blade, like this:



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TEDDY'S TRICKS WITH FIGURES

A bright little chap that lives in Altoona writes to ask if Teddy does not know of any other numbers besides seven and nine that do stunts with figures.

There are a great many curious things about certain numbers, but many of the problems connected with them are too intricate for boys and girls. When you grow up perhaps some day you will come across a very wonderful book printed more than 200 years ago by a professor of mathematics at Paris named Ozanam, who spent his life experimenting with numbers and making notes of their peculiarities.

Among the numbers which have nothing to do with the power of nine or the mystery of seven there is one which has the very curious property that if you divide it by any number from 2 to 8 there will always be a remainder, and this remainder will always be one less than the number you select for your divisor. But as soon as you pass beyond 9 and get to the magic number 9 you will find that the rule no longer holds good. Here is the proof:

- 2) 839
- 4) 19 - 1
- 3) 839
- 2) 79 - 2
- 4) 839
- 2) 09 - 3
- 5) 839
- 6) 839
- 1) 39 - 5
- 7) 839
- 1) 19 - 6
- 8) 839
- 1) 04 - 7
- 9) 839
- 1) 93 - 2

something of that kind. The figures 8 3 9 are just a curiosity and that is all. But here is a trick that Teddy never found any one able to do unless he were allowed to take it home with him and spend a good deal of time over it. It may be a little too hard for some of the boys and girls that read THE SUN, but it is a very interesting trick just the same.

Take the nine digits, each written on a piece of paper if you have lost the set that were printed in THE SUN for you some time ago, and arrange them in the form of a fraction, like this:

$$\frac{9267}{18834}$$

If you will look at this a moment you will see that it represents one-half, the numerator on the top line being just half as much as the denominator on the bottom line.

Now let us see if you can arrange these nine digits, with four of them in the top line and five in the bottom line, so that they shall represent one-third instead of one-half. Then try if you can make them represent one-quarter, and then one-fifth and finally one-sixth.

In doing this remember that you must use all the digits from 1 to 9 each time, and that you must always have four figures in the top row and five in the bottom row, and that the answer must always be a fraction that shall represent an exact part and not merely something near it.

If you cannot do them all send in as many as you can do to the Boys' and Girls' Page before next Friday and let us see which boy or girl can get the largest number of these fractions correctly worked out.

Pet Woodchuck Good "Ratter."
Williamport correspondence North American.

A pet woodchuck at the home of Johnnie Hughes of Cascade catches mice and rats with the success and agility of a cat.

It was its association with a cat that taught the chuck to become a "ratter." The eye of the animal and its scent appear to be more acute than even a cat's. It will lie for half an hour at a rat hole and wait for the rat to appear. It is generally sure death to the rat when the chuck makes a dive.

Teddy tried very hard to devise some way of making a trick out of this, not knowing that others had tried the same thing without result. There is nothing in it that you can ask a person to do and then astonish them with an answer or

AUNT MARY'S ANAGRAMS.

The young folks seem to have had more trouble with that last sentence than with any that Aunt Mary has given them for some time. She thinks this was probably because there were so few words that could be changed in meaning. Here is the original:

THE PINK SHOW MAN
WISHED TO COLOR UP
THE FLOWERS ON SOME
PIECES OF PAPER BUT
COULD NOT PAINT THEM

There were a good many attempts to change the words of this one, but they did not alter its meaning enough. Some tried to work words into places that they would not fit, but several got very creditable arrangements out of the twenty. Here is one that Aunt Mary likes as well as any:

THE MAN WISHED TO
PAINT SOME FLOWERS ON
PIECES OF PINK PAPER
BUT THE COLOR COULD
NOT SHOW THEM UP

In rummaging over some of the old anagrams that she made for Albert and Edith, Aunt Mary found this one, which she remembers they had very little trouble with, as all the words are short and simple and there are only nineteen of them.

THE MAN DID NOT
HIDE THE BOAT MORE
THAN TWO FEET FROM
THE SAILOR THAT TRIED
TO DRAW IT

Cut these words apart on the lines and then arrange them to suit yourself so as to form a sentence with a different meaning from this one, but be sure to use all the words and not to add any of your own.

When it is done sign your name to it and send it to the Boys' and Girls' Page and if Aunt Mary thinks it is a good anagram you will find your name in THE SUN next Sunday.

SOME OLD CONUNDRUMS.

In these days of rush and bustle most of the riddles are very short and usually depend for their mystery upon some play on words. But a hundred years ago people were not in such a hurry and they liked something that they could read more than once and linger over.

Here is an old favorite which has probably bothered your grandfather and grandmother in the days when they were children just like you, long, long ago:

No body I have,
No food I ever crave,
And yet of long legs I have two,
Yet I never walk,
And I never talk;
Then what does my no body do?

If you move me, then I
Move most plentifully,
And my feet always serve me for hands;
I gather up all,
The great and the small,
At my master or mistress commands.

If you straddle me wide
I then cannot ride,
And this for the best of all reasons:
That nothing I've got
On which I can trot
In winter or in summer seasons.

Although you may stare,
This is all I declare;
So now, tell my name if you can:
I'll further make known
In the same honest tone
I'm neither child, woman, nor man.

Here is a little riddle that used to puzzle some of the tots that played along Canal street when that part of New York was nothing but a meadow:

Suppose there was a cat in each corner of the room, a cat sitting opposite each cat, a cat looking at each cat and a cat sitting on each cat's tail. How many cats would there be in that room?

MIGRATORY BIRDS.

All those beautiful herring gulls that you see flying about the harbor these days will soon be off home again. The home of a bird is the place where it builds its nest, and the herring gulls build their nests away up north, on the coasts of Maine and Canada. Although they have been away for months and some of them never left home before, they can all find their way back to the nest from which they came.

Many of the birds that have their home here are now enjoying themselves down south, and some of them go as far as South America. The swallows and the robins and the rest of them will soon be back again and will start building their nests.

If you have a home in the country you will find that some of the birds are already stuffing straws and bits of string and cloth behind the shutters, ready to build. The return of the migratory birds is one of the surest signs of spring.

Potato in a Swindling Trick.

From the Chicago Inter Ocean.

Mrs. Henrietta Ballou of Lexington street asked the Filmore street police yesterday to search for the swindler. She said she lost a diamond brooch valued at \$50 and a pair of gold earrings.

"Good afternoon, lady. I can clean your jewelry and make it look as good as new," said the man. "All I use is an ordinary potato."

Mrs. Ballou admitted the man and gave him her brooch to "clean."

Taking a potato out of his overcoat pocket and cutting a hollow in it with his pocketknife, he said:

"You just place the article you want to clean into the potato and leave it there for a time. When you take the article out apply a soft cloth and you will be surprised to find how a brisk rubbing will clean it. You may leave your brooch in the potato for fifteen minutes at least."

When Mrs. Ballou investigated later he left all she found was the hollow potato.

DOROTHY'S KIMONO

Dorothy's Uncle Ned had just returned from a trip around the world. He brought her many pretty things, but the present she liked best was a little kimono, embroidered with flowers and butterflies. Dorothy had been very ill and was just now able to sit up in a chair with pillows around her. The kimono she could wear when her little friends came to call, and she was very proud of it. "This kimono," Uncle Ned told her, "I bought from a little Japanese girl, and she told me she wished the honorable little American girl who wore it might have happy dreams."

Dorothy thought this very funny, and wondered about it many times. One day when she was wearing her pretty kimono, she was looking at a book and opened to a page on which was this little verse:

Little Indian, Sioux or Crow,
Little Frosty Eskimo,
Little Turk or Japanese,
Oh, don't you wish that you were me?

Dorothy wondered if the little girl who had worn her kimono would wish to be in her place and she wished she could see her.

"Oh," said Dorothy, "what beautiful trees!" For all at once she was in an orchard of cherry trees. They were full of blossoms, and the ground looked as though it were covered with pink tinged snow. "I wonder how I got here so soon," Dorothy thought. "This is the land Uncle Ned told me about. Oh, how pretty the cherry blossoms look falling all around. There is a little tea house, I know, from Uncle Ned's description. And away she ran to a little house she saw in the distance.

Dorothy saw a little Japanese girl serving tea to Japanese ladies who sat upon the floor. Their hair was so smooth and shiny she wished she could run her fingers over it. Then she saw a little house across a pretty little bridge. She walked over the bridge, looking around as she went. She saw green on every side, with the prettiest little houses peeping out from between the vines and trees. And there were the tiniest little islands in the river under the bridge, with very small bridges connecting them. And very little houses were on the islands, and tiny Japanese men and women were walking to and fro.

Dorothy thought she would like to play with them. She continued her walk across the bridge and went up the bank to a little house she saw among the trees. Just as she was entering a dainty little Japanese girl met her, and she wore a kimono just like the one Uncle Ned brought to her. "Oh," said Dorothy, "you are the kimono I like best. I wish I had worn mine so you could see they are just alike."

But the little girl shook her head. "No, honorable lady," she said, "there is not another like mine in the world. My honorable grandmother made this, and it is the only one of its kind." But Dorothy knew better.

The little girl invited her to enter, and stepped backward, bowing very low. "Oh, what beautiful chrysanthemums!" exclaimed Dorothy, as she saw a jar almost as tall as a man filled with the yellow and white flowers. Then the little girl clapped her hands, and a servant appeared with tea on a shiny tray. Dorothy tried to sit on the little girl did, but she could not tuck her feet under her as she did, and the cup did not have a handle, so Dorothy watched her little hostess. But she could not pick up her cup as she did. "Oh, dear, my legs are cramped," said Dorothy after a while, "can't I walk about?" But when she tried to get up she felt very awkward, for the little Japanese girl arose very gracefully. They walked out upon the balcony, and there Dorothy saw the most beautiful waterfall, and above that were little temples with queer figures on them, just as Uncle Ned had told her.

She walked back to the little room where the chrysanthemums were and then she noticed that there were no chairs in the room. There was matting upon the floor and funny little stools. Dorothy was glad she did not live in a country where there were no chairs to sit upon. Then she thought of the lines in the book, "Little Turk or Japanese, don't you wish that you were me?" And just when she was thinking the strangest thing happened. All the chrysanthemums began to nod their heads. One was her mother and another her father and one was Uncle Ned. And there was sitting in her chair with the pillows around her. And the nurse said: "You must drink this now."

TWO GREAT FORCES.

There are two great forces which are always at work in the world. One of these is gravitation, which was discovered by Sir Isaac Newton. This is the force that tends to make heavier bodies attract lighter ones in proportion to their size. The earth is so much bigger and heavier than anything on it that its attraction quite overcomes the smaller attractions of things for each other, and this attraction of gravitation reaches everything, whether it be solid, liquid or gas.

But there is another force, equally important and much stronger, and that is cohesion. Some things, such as water, have very little cohesion and that is why ships move through it so easily. The vapor of water, steam, has no cohesion at all.

If you pick up a stick you must overcome the force of gravitation in order to lift it; but although you take hold of only one part of it the whole of the stick comes with it, because the force of cohesion is stronger than the force of gravitation. If it were not, gravitation would reduce everything to powder and the surface of the world would be perfectly level.

Doll Census of a Kansas Town.

From the Kansas City Journal.

At Sabetha a doll census was taken. One family had forty. There were dolls as 222 homes. There were twenty more dolls in a dozen homes. There were dolls 50, 40 and 25 years old.

One doll weighed 225 pounds, one was three and a half feet high. One was one and a half inches and lived in a button box. One doll had come down the fire escape at the school house. Another doll, 35 years old, had been in a cyclone. The doll census was taken by two schoolgirls.

PATSEY'S PUZZLES.

For several days poor Patsey kept away from his friends the jokers because he was ashamed to meet them and confess that he was still unable to solve that last puzzle. But one day he met Billy on the stairs at the studio, and as he had to say something he put on the best face he could and began:

"Sure and that was a nice word you were after givin' me, as if I understood the fo eign lingoo."

"Foreign?" exclaimed Billy with a smile. "That wasn't a foreign word. Didn't we tell you it was the name of a town?"

"Name of a town, bedad," retorted Patsey. "And me racking me brains to find all the French I ever heard. Name of a town," he repeated. "And d'ye think I'm after knowing the names of all the towns in the world?"

"But it's the name of a town in the United States," persisted Billy.

"Oh, then it's easy," remarked Patsey with a shrug. "Sure I'll take another look at it the mornin'," and then he added cauti usly: "And hove ye not got the hang of it yet yourself?"

Billy assured him that they had not, and handed him another one that they had been worrying over since, which Patsey stuffed into his pocket and moved off.

The first thing that Patsey remarked to Mr. Pantoor when he went to the studio that afternoon was:

"Sure that little thing I left on your Honor's desk the other day was nothing but the name of a town somewhere in this country." And then after a moment, with his mind still running on that bet about the mince pie treat, he added apologetically: "I thought maybe that would help your Honor a bit."

"If that is what it is perhaps I can figure it out for you to-morrow," Mr. Pantoor remarked encouragingly, and Patsey went off highly delighted.

That evening when he got home he found the other puzzle in his pocket, which he had forgotten all about, so next morning when Mr. Pantoor arrived at his desk he found one of his markins on its knees in front of another card, apparently scratching its head and trying to make out what this might be:



"That one looks easier," he remarked to himself as he began opening his letters, and then as an idea seemed to strike him he smiled, took down the card and wrote something on the back of it. He had found the answer!

What was it?

A BOAT DICTIONARY.

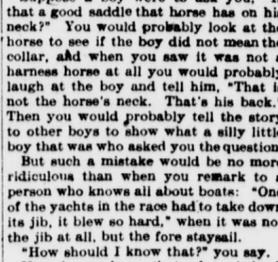
Now that the spring and summer are coming on and you will soon be out in the air and probably near the water a good deal there will be many times that you would like to know the names of the various marine craft that you see and their parts. While it may not seem to make much difference whether you get the name just right it sounds very odd to those who know better, and of course you do not want to be laughed at.

Suppose a boy were to ask you, "Is that a good saddle that horse has on his neck?" You would probably look at the horse to see if the boy did not mean the collar, and when you saw it was not a harness horse at all you would probably laugh at the boy and tell him, "That is not the horse's neck. That's his back." Then you would probably tell the story to other boys to show what a silly little boy that was who asked you the question.

But such a mistake would be no more ridiculous than when you remark to a person who knows all about boats: "One of the yachts in the race had to take down its jib, it blew so hard," when it was not the jib at all, but the fore staysail.

"How should I know that?" you say. "How do you know that a horse's back is not called its neck? The one mistake is funny to you because you know better. Your mistake is just as funny to others when they know better.

Here is a picture of an ordinary yacht, which is called a sloop, because it has only one mast and carries a bowsprit. Any boat that is used for pleasure and is of reasonable size may be called a yacht, but every yacht is not a sloop, just as every sloop is not a cutter.



How many of the sails on this sloop can you name correctly, so that a person who was a sailor would know which sail you were talking about?

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SAMMY VISITS TOYLAND



SAMMY GASPED AND GRABBED THE MANE TIGHTER.

1. OFF WITH BILL-AND-JACK.

In great astonishment Sammy looked up from the floor on which his wooden rocking horse, Bill-and-Jack, had just thrown him.

"Hello! Why, what's got into old Bill-and-Jack? He never acted this way before," he said.

"Hello, yourself, Sammy!" he was the reply, so surprising that Sammy fell back again in amazement. "Any self-respecting horse would get tired of rocking back and forth and never getting anywhere. Let's go off on a trip, Sammy."

The voice must have come from the horse. No one else was around, and Sammy at last regained breath enough to answer:

"W-w-where could we g-g-go?"

"Toy land," replied Bill-and-Jack prancing. "Where all the toys come from, you know."

"Could we? How?" Sammy was doubtful.

"Easy enough. Just hop onto my back, old fellow. Now twist my right ear and hold on tight."

In great excitement Sammy followed directions, eager to see what would happen. "Nothing, of course," he thought, "Now, maybe—how do I know?"

"Off we go!" cried Bill-and-Jack, and Sammy had the feeling of being lifted in the air on the horse's back.

Somehow they had got out of the window and were sailing high above the housetops. Sammy gasped and grabbed the mane tighter. Looking down, he could see people walking in the streets; but they did not seem to see him or to notice the strange sight of a flying horse—a wooden rocking horse at that. It was as good as being in an airship, Sammy thought when he gained courage to look around more.

Still old Bill-and-Jack mounted higher in the air, and now they were among the gray, damp clouds and Sammy began to shiver with cold. Soon the clouds closed in about them until the little boy could barely see the horse's ears and he became frightened.

"O Bill-and-Jack, take me home!" he cried. Sammy called his rocking horse Bill-and-Jack because he liked both names and because the horse was big enough for two horses besides.

"Steady, Sammy! We're almost there." The voice was very comforting and Sammy took courage again.

Suddenly the clouds parted and Sammy could look down upon the prettiest country he ever saw, with fields of bright green and yellow, woods of dark gray, fences of brown and red, shiny white roads and houses of every color Sammy knew. Most of the houses had red roofs and a few had tall, pointed spires.

"Here we land!" cried Bill-and-Jack.

CHARLEY'S CRAYONS

The next time that Uncle Ben came round to see how Charley was getting along with his drawing lessons he thought it was about time to give his nephew some idea of what he called "action."

"There's nothing to it, my boy," he used to say, "unless you can draw figures that have some life in them, and the way to put life into things is to make them move."

"But how can a drawing move?" questioned Charley. "I see a picture of a man going to run a sword through another man, and ever so long afterward, when I go back to the picture gallery, the man is still going to do it. He never does it."

"But how do you know he wasn't putting it back in its sheath?"

"Why, you could see it in the picture of course," answered Charley, as if the question were idle.

"Exactly!" rejoined his uncle. "What you saw in the picture was action. A drawing cannot move, as you say, but there are certain ways of expressing action which you must learn if you ever hope to draw anything that will interest anybody, because it is this secret of action that makes all the difference between a picture and a pen and ink drawing."

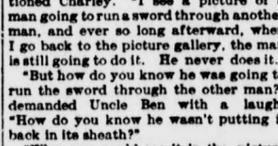
"But aren't pen and ink drawings pictures, just the same as paintings?" asked Charley.

"Some are and some are not," explained his uncle. "You will sometimes see a picture in which each figure is perfectly drawn, but the whole shooting match is dead. There is no action. No one is going to stick a sword through any one else."

"I don't care for that kind," remarked Charley.

"Of course you don't, my boy," agreed his uncle. "No healthy boy does. Now give me one of those crayons and let me see if I can explain to you the first principle of action in making a picture. No matter if you have only ten lines in it if there is action in it it is alive, and it will make some one feel just what you feel when you draw it."

Taking a crayon and a piece of paper Uncle Ben proceeded to make a little offhand sketch like this:



"Gee, but they're going some now!" was Charley's first remark upon this.

"Not the slightest change," Uncle Ben assured him, "except that I have represented them at a different part of the stroke. Now whenever you want to represent action, remember this first principle:

"Always draw the extreme."

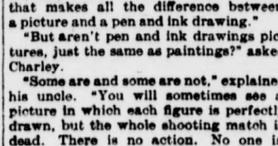
"I don't quite catch that," remarked Charley, looking doubtful.

"What I mean is, whatever the motion you wish to represent, when you make a drawing of it, draw the limit. When you saw that picture in the gallery I'll bet that fellow had his sword drawn back as far as it would go and you felt it was coming forward good and strong."

"If you want to draw the pendulum of a clock that is going you don't make it hang straight down, but show it at one end of the swing, although we all know that it does hang straight down at one part of each beat."

"If you drew it hanging down it would be a picture of a clock that had stopped, wouldn't it?" inquired Charley.

"Exactly!" agreed his uncle; "just as you thought those fellows had stopped rowing to talk to each other. Now here is a little sketch," he went on, "of a boy running, with his legs in one of the positions that they are in at each stride, and another with his legs in another position during the stride," and Uncle Ben drew this:



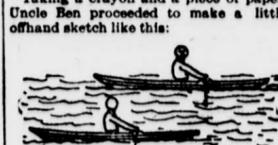
"Now I want you to tell me what those men are doing," he demanded, laying down his crayon.

"Why, they are resting on their oars and talking to each other of course," was the prompt response.

"Not a bit of it, retorted Uncle Ben, just as promptly. "They are rowing a race for the championship of the world and the fellow that is behind is looking round to see whether the man that's ahead is winded or not."

"My, but they're taking it easy just the same," was Charley's comment, as he smiled incredulously.

"Taking it easy nothing," sniffed Uncle Ben again. "Every muscle in their bodies is strained to the utmost; but you don't think so because I have chosen to draw them when they were both at the middle of the stroke instead of at either end of



"The first one looks like he was leaning against a post and scratching his leg with his foot," observed Charley, "but in the other he looks as if he was going some."

"But there is no change except in the position of the legs and arms," remarked his uncle. "The body and head are just the same. Now that will be enough for to-day," he added, "but remember if you want to represent action let it be the limit of the motion that you draw."



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