



BOYS' AND



GIRLS' PAGE.

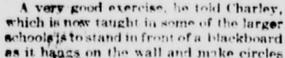
CHARLEY'S CRAYONS.

The next time that Uncle Ben spent an evening with Charley he told him that it was time for him to practise some free hand movements with his crayons on the small blackboard that he had hanging on the wall, so as to correct the tendency he had to slope all his drawings to the right as if he were using a pen.

Every one that learns to write before he learns to draw, Uncle Ben explained, "has a tendency to slope his lines in the same direction in drawing that he does in writing. The hand seems to go to the right more easily than it does to the left. Now let me show you a simple exercise that will cure you of that," and Uncle Ben took a slip of paper and made a pattern like this:



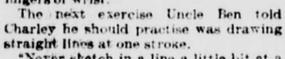
"Now let me see you do it," he said, handing the crayon to Charley, who tried to follow the design by making something like this:



His uncle then showed him that if he measured the distances from one little loop to the next he would find that the straight lines going upward were much longer than the ones going downward and that he should practise on this simple outline on any little scraps of paper or on the blackboard until he could make the patterned lines, with upward and downward strokes equal in length and slope.

A very good exercise, he told Charley, which is now taught in some of the larger schools is to stand in front of a blackboard as it hangs on the wall and make circles with a piece of chalk, starting with them about a foot in diameter.

"Don't try to make them away above your head or down below your waist," he admonished him, "but get the centre about opposite your nose and make them first to the right, like the hands of a clock, and then to the left, like this:



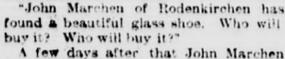
"After you have practised these on the blackboard a bit," he continued, "you can draw them on pieces of paper or on a slate or anything that comes handy. Some boys do them with their fingers on the desk. But be sure you hold the chalk as lightly as you can and do the circles with a whole arm movement, not with the fingers or wrist."

The next exercise Uncle Ben told Charley he should practise was drawing straight lines at one stroke.

"Never sketch in a line a little bit at a time," he warned him, "but make one good straight mark on a piece of paper, say about three inches long and then put others under it and keep them going with a light free hand and a firm touch."

As soon as he found Charley could make a good straight line this way he showed him how to make other straight lines across, drawing the pencil down, but being careful not to slope the lines

to the right, but keep them perfectly upright, like Fig. 1.



After that he showed him how to make lines at right angles to the straight ones as shown in Fig. 2. At first this was very difficult, as Charley still had the same tendency to lean to the right with his upright strokes, but finally he got some very good ones, each line being made with a single stroke of the pencil.

"Practise those circles first of all," his uncle told him, "and then try the straight lines and mix them up with a little of the line and loop until you can do any of them with a free arm movement, always remembering to hold the crayon as freely as possible. The great secret of drawing," he added, "is to relax. No one ever drew well that held a pencil as if he were trying to squeeze the lead out of it."

THE VERY LITTLE GLASS SHOE

From a Scandinavian Fairy Legend.

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John Marchen beamed with joy when he found the glass shoe. He knew quite well who had lost it, and he knew that the little man whose shoe it was must redeem it at any price. He was sure now his fortune was made.

Then he thought of a way to let the Little People know he had found the shoe. At midnight he went to the Nine Hills, the place where he had found it, and put his face to the ground and called three times as loud as he could.

JAPANESE LEGEND OF MATSUYAMA'S MAGIC MIRROR

From a Japanese Legend.

Many, many years ago, in a quiet little village, far from any of the cities of the Empire of Japan, there lived a young man and his wife. The village where they lived was called Matsuyama, and the name of the young man was Sudatta and his pretty young wife was called Ayesa. The couple had one little daughter, who already looked like her mother when she was as small, and promised to resemble her more and more as the years went by. The little girl bore the same name as her mother, and the three lived happily together and were content with each other's society.

Now it happened while this little Ayesa was still a baby, scarcely able to toddle alone, that her father had to go to Tokio, the great city which is the capital of Japan, upon some business. It was entirely too far to take the little girl and her mother so he would have to go alone. This made both Ayesa the wife and Ayesa the little girl feel very sorry, but they would not let the dear father see that they felt so badly, for that would make him feel sorry too. So the mother dressed herself and her little child in the brightest and prettiest clothes they had and went down to the turn of the road with Sudatta when he started on his journey.

"Be comforted, little one," he said to his wife. "I will be back soon and I will bring you, and little Ayesa too, pretty presents from Tokio when I come home."

The little mother had never been further from home than the next village, and she felt frightened at the thought of such a long trip for her husband. But she felt a little proud too, for he was the first man in the village who had been to the great town where the Mikado and the noble lords of the land lived, and she knew he would have many stories to tell when he came back of the strange sights and beautiful things to be seen in the city where he had gone.

And when the time came that she might

expect her husband back she dressed the little one in her brightest gown and herself put on the blue dress which she knew her husband especially liked.

And then this loving little family had a delightful reunion and the little girl clasped her hands with joy when she saw all the lovely toys her father had brought home for her. And he had many tales to tell them of the wonderful sights he had seen in the great town.

"I have brought something particularly pretty for you," he said to his wife. "I do not think you will know what it is. It is called a mirror. Look in this box and tell me what you see."

He handed his wife a plain white box and when she had opened it she found there a round piece of metal with a long



handle. One side of it was white, like frosted silver, and was ornamented with raised figures of birds and flowers. The other side was bright and clear as crystal and looked to Ayesa like a pool of water. She gazed into its depths with astonishment, for she saw looking out at her a beautiful young girl with parted lips, bright eyes and a smiling, happy face.

She was so delighted and affectionate a girl that every one loved her. The mother watched her little daughter grow to be a young girl, unconscious of her own beauty; and, remembering her own passing vanity at finding herself so lovely, she always kept the mirror hidden away, fearing that the use of it would breed a spirit of pride in her little girl. She never spoke of the mirror, and as to the father, he had forgotten all about it.

Sudatta smiled at her wondering expression. He was glad to show how much he had learned in the great city.

"What do you see?" he asked.

"Oh," cried Ayesa, "I see a beautiful young girl looking at me! And her lips move and she smiles. She looks just as if she were speaking. How very odd! She has on a blue gown exactly like mine."

"It is yourself, you silly woman!" cried her husband laughing, proud to find he knew something his wife didn't know. "That round piece of metal is called a mirror and whoever looks into it will see his or her own face reflected there. In town everybody has one and the ladies use them constantly. We have not seen them in this country place before, but that is because we are so far from the town."

"Oh, thank you, thank you, for this fine mirror!" exclaimed the pretty little wife. She was delighted. For a few days she could do nothing but look into the mirror and smile when she saw the charming young girl who smiled back at her. You must remember that as this was the first time Ayesa had seen a mirror it was also the first time she had ever seen the reflection of her own pretty face. She considered such a wonderful thing far too precious for every day use, and after enjoying it for a long time herself she shut it up in its box and put it away carefully among her most valued treasures.

No the quiet years passed on, and the husband and wife still lived happily together with their little daughter. Ayesa was growing up to be the very image of her mother, as she had promised, and she was so dutiful and affectionate a girl that every one loved her. The mother watched her little daughter grow to be a young girl, unconscious of her own beauty; and, remembering her own passing vanity at finding herself so lovely, she always kept the mirror hidden away, fearing that the use of it would breed a spirit of pride in her little girl. She never spoke of the mirror, and as to the father, he had forgotten all about it.

And so it happened that the daughter grew up as simple as the mother had grown, knowing nothing of her good looks, nor of the mirror which would have reflected them.

But just as Ayesa was growing to womanhood a great misfortune happened to this happy little family. The good mother fell sick, and although both daughter and husband waited upon her with the best care, the time came when the doctors said she must die. And the poor woman, feeling very sorrowful for those



she must leave behind, wondered what she could do further for her little daughter.

She looked into its secret hiding place, and took out the mirror she had put away so long ago, and calling Ayesa to her, she said:

"My child, you know that I must go away soon and leave you and your dear father. But I am leaving you a remembrance of me. When I am gone look into this mirror every night and morning, and you will be sure that I am still watching over you, and that I know all what you do and say."

And after the mother had gone the little daughter never forgot her promise. Each morning and evening she took the mirror from its hiding place, for she too kept it among her precious things, and looked into it long and earnestly. There

she always saw reflected the bright and smiling vision of the lost mother. Not pale and sickly, as in her last days, but young, blooming and beautiful, as she remembered the young mother of long ago.

"How glad I am that my mother has lost all pain and trouble!" thought the little Ayesa.

Every night she talked to her mother of the trials and difficulties of the day, how sorry she was for her faults, and how much she wished to correct them; and every morning she asked encouragement for the coming duties and problems of the day. So every day the little Ayesa lived in her mother's sight, striving still to please her as she had done in her lifetime, and careful to avoid whatever might pain and grieve her.

Her great joy was to be able to look into the mirror every night and say "Dear mother, I have been to-day what you would have me be." And when the mother smiled and seemed to speak to her Ayesa felt almost as if she still held her mother in her arms.

Now the father wondered what the little girl did every day when she went to her room, and he could hear her talking to the mirror, and one day he asked her the reason of her conduct.

"Father," said the little girl, "my mother comes to me every day in this mirror, and I can look at her and talk to her. This is what she wished me to do and I have never failed once to obey her."

And the father could not bear to tell his little daughter that the image she saw was only the reflection of her own sweet face, becoming more and more like that of her mother every day by constant sympathy and association.

And whether the little girl ever found out the true secret of the mirror the old Japanese tale does not tell. But one sometimes wonders if the Matsuyama mirror would not play its part as well in the life of Ayesa even if she never found out its secret.

DOLLS OF CORD AND WORSTED.

A doll which is just the thing for a baby, because it is soft and cuddly and has no hard edges to hurt and no point to come off when the baby puts it into his mouth, can be made by the baby's big sister or big brother from a ball of cord or a skein of worsted.

Choose cord or worsted that is soft and white in color; a ball of cord may be purchased for not more than ten cents at a hardware store. Now take a stiff piece of cardboard about nine or ten inches long and wind off the cord or worsted over this until all is thus wound.

Slip the skein off the cardboard and tie one end tightly about half an inch from the end, making a half knot, so that there is no danger of the cord pulling out. Then cut the loops of the end, leaving only cut ends, and reverse the skein, so that the knot you have made is inside. Just below the knot tie the skein tightly again; this forms a firm head for the doll. A face may be marked out or, better still, embroidered with colored worsted.

Below where you have tied the skein separate it into three parts, the two at the sides being much smaller than the central portion. These side strands should be braided to form the arms of the doll; tie the braids at the points you intend for the wrists; the parts below will serve as hands.

At waist length tie the skein again, and if your doll is to be a girl she will now be finished, unless you wish to give her feet below the line of her skirt. If so, braid strands from the central part of the skein and tie these to form feet. The straight hanging strands may be clipped a little to show the feet if you wish. If you prefer a boy doll, divide the entire skein below the waist line and braid to form legs, tying above the feet.

Dolls may be made in this way from black worsted. A gift for Easter to your schoolgirl chum may be two of these tiny dolls, a boy and a girl, fastened at either end of a strip of red ribbon. The eyes, nose and mouth may be marked with red silk, which turns the dolls into little pinkinnies.

to the right, but keep them perfectly upright, like Fig. 1.



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John Marchen of Rodenkirchen has found a beautiful glass shoe. Who will buy it? Who will buy it?

A few days after that John Marchen heard a knock at his door, and when he opened it there stood a tall, grave-looking merchant, with a long grey beard. He looked like a very prosperous man, and when John asked him what he could do for him the stranger replied:

"I heard, good sir, that you had a glass shoe to sell. Is it true?"

"True enough," answered John, his eyes twinkling with joy.

He knew very well who the fine-looking merchant was. For, you must know, the Little People have the power of changing themselves into any shape they please, and John was aware of this. He knew that the owner of the little glass shoe stood before him, and that the man was as determined to get back the shoe as John was determined to make him pay a good price before he got it.

So John went on to tell the merchant that he did have a beautiful little glass shoe, but it was so small that even a dwarf's foot would be squeezed if he tried to wear it.

"Well, I'd like to look at your glass shoe," said the merchant. "Glass shoes are now in great demand, and are sought for in every market. If you'll let me look at it we might make a trade."

"It is indeed true, sir," answered John, "that I have a glass shoe to sell. It is a most extraordinary shoe, a most valuable shoe, and one of the most beautiful that can be found in the world. But it is not every merchant that can afford to pay the price I ask for it. It is very dear."

The merchant took the shoe in his hand to examine it, and he said to John: "Of course your shoe is quite a pretty one, but any friend, glass shoes are not now in great demand, and are sought for in every market. If you'll let me look at it we might make a trade."

he already had, and their managers were never without plenty of good oats in them, so that he might be able to yoke two fresh horses every two hours, and to drive them the faster.

His family began to think John was crazy. Every morning he went out long before it was light, and many a night he ploughed till after midnight. He did not sow seed or cut grain, he only ploughed, and his neighbors declared he was only fit for an asylum.

Summer and winter it was plough, plough, plough with him, except when the ground got as hard as a stone in winter, and on its icy surface the plough could make no mark. But he always ploughed by himself and never allowed any one to go out with him or to come to him while he was at work, for John knew too well the nature of his crop to let people see what he ploughed so constantly for.

His horses ate good oats and rested regularly, but John grew pale and thin because of his continual work. His wife and children had no more of his company. He withdrew himself from every one and scarcely spoke a single word, but went about wrapped in his own thoughts. All day long he toiled for his ducaats and at night he spent the time in counting them and planning how he could get a swifter plough.

His wife lamented over his conduct, and his neighbors pitied the wife and children of so foolish a man, for they imagined that all the horses he kept in his stable and his constant ploughing would soon leave him without houses or lands. At the same time John never knew a happy or contented hour after he began to plough ducaats out of the ground.

By and by his sons grew up, and when they heard the stories told of their father and saw him ploughing all the day and most of the night, and never resting or sowing, they resolved to watch him and find out, if they could, the reason of his behavior. So the sons followed him secretly one night, when he was ploughing late, and saw him run frantically over the furrows, and stoop at the beginning of each one, to pick up something shining out of the ground.

The sons were convinced that there must be a gold mine under the ground, and said that their father was foolish to be satisfied with an occasional ducaat when he might dig the gold out by the bucketful. So in spite of their father's protests they brought in miners and had mines dug all over the land, searching for the lumps of gold which they were sure were hidden here.

But of course they never found the gold they thought hidden in the earth. Poor John, made really crazy by seeing the land taken away, and finding it out of his power to plough as he used to do, was afraid to reveal the real secret of his wealth. So he fell ill and died with his secret unrevealed.

But his wife found plenty of good ducaats laid away in the old barn, and the sons, although they never found out where their father got the money, were glad to spend it, and they bought splendid houses and estates and lived in a fine way.

For John Marchen had only asked for the finding of the ducaats, and had not asked for happiness or satisfaction in the possession of his money. And all the good his little glass shoe did him was to enable him to find the ducaats.

ANSWERS TO LAST WEEK'S PUZZLES.

None of the young folks got more than half the answers right for Lexy's last lesson, and most of them made no attempt to think of a symbol for some of the things. The best list was from E. Roberta Bridgman.

The best readings of the Nonsense Rhyme were from E. Roberta Bridgman, Bernice C. Heller, Glen T. Veldter, Grace Boynton, Walter Hanlon, Eugene F. Burke, Mary E. Kerr, Jessie B. Bagley, Robert Mullins, Jr., Frank S. Davis, Gertrude Hallan, Julia J. C. Ward, Ethel Hart and Lillian Voorhes. The first line seemed to be the stickier in this one.

TOP SPINNING PARTIES.

Children can have fun at a party if they are provided with a few fancy tops each of a different pattern, so that they can exchange them with one another. They spin them easily they should be on a plate which has such a smooth surface that there is no friction.

It is better to have some of the cheap wooden tops that have a handle to hold them while you pull the string, but if these are not to be had any handy boy can make a dozen tops in an hour. Get a few pencil stubs or sharpen some of the meat skewers that you get at the butcher's and you have a point for the top to spin on and something to hold it by.

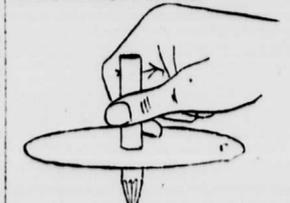
The next thing is to make the patterns, which are the same for a home made top or one that is bought in the shop. Take some good stiff cardboard, the heavier the better, and with a pair of compasses or the edge of a butter plate lay out some circles about three inches in diameter and cut them out as neatly as possible.

By drawing some inner circles you can make a variety of designs in black and white either by painting the cardboard with good black ink or by pasting black paper on it. These will give various effects when the top is set spinning and by watching what a given pattern does you can make other patterns that will do almost anything you like.

Here are a few suggestions for patterns to start with:



By making a hole in the centre of your cardboard circle just large enough to get the pencil through and hold it firmly you will have a complete top which you can spin by giving it a good twist between your fingers, like this:



If you are very ingenious you can split the wood at the end opposite the point, opening it up a little bit so as to break out the lead at that end, and then by closing it up again with glue you will have a hole at the top into which you can stick a knitting needle to hold the top upright while you spin it with a string.

PATSEY'S PUZZLES.

In the afternoon when Patsey went to the studio to pose for Mr. Pantoor he knew at once that the answer to his last puzzle had not been found because it was still there in the same place behind the inkstand and there was no writing on the back of the card as yet.

"There are so many answers to that one," Mr. Pantoor explained, "that I have not quite made up my mind as to the right one yet. But you shall have it to-morrow."

Acting on this hint and confident that he would have the answer ready for the boys the next day, Patsey went round to enjoy himself with the idlers that made the studios their headquarters in the evening and when he found them all smiling at him he just smiled back at them.

"Sure there's about fifteen answers to that last one," he began, knowing they were waiting for him to say something about it. "The fellow that gave ye that was stringing ye, and whatever ye told him was your answer he would say it was wrong. Now just tell me the answer ye've got and I'll tell if it's right or no."

"But we don't know the answer," explained Billy. "We thought of about fifty answers that might do, but we don't know which is right."

"Write 'em all out," suggested Patsey at once, "and I'll write down mine and to-morrow we'll compare notes and see if any of ye hit the right one."

"Let's do it right away," replied Billy, promptly.

"Och, sure it's too much trouble to be writing things now when we're here to enjoy ourselves. Let it go till the morn'," and having postponed the necessary explanation long enough to get Mr. Pantoor's solution, Patsey proceeded to enjoy himself with the rest, but they had another puzzle in pickle for him.

"Do you know what an anagram is?" inquired Billy.

"Never heard tell of the likes," replied Patsey.

"Well, Sleepy Ike says this is one," and Billy handed Patsey another card, which Mr. Pantoor found on his desk in the morning with one of his manikins looking as if it were going to throw something at it.



Patsey left no explanation with this one, but Mr. Pantoor had no trouble in finding the answer.

THOSE WONDERFUL TRADES

The answers to the questions of the last week fell very far short of getting them all. In fact no one seemed able to guess more than half. Here they are:

- Of what trade is the sun? A tanner.
Of what trade is the sun in the month of May? A mason.
Of what trade are all the Presidents? Cabinet-makers.
Of what trade is a minister at a wedding? A janitor.
What trade keeps flies from mirrors? Glass blower.
What trade is best fitted to cook a hare? A dresser.
What trade never turns to the left? Wheelwright.
What trade deserves the gratitude of colleges? Founder.
What trade is more than full? Fuller.
What trade is the manager of a theatre? A stage driver.
What trade is likely to frighten pretty girls? Belle-hungry.
What trade are the greater part of our fathers? Paper makers.
What trade are all mankind? Flyers.
Of what trade is every child? A player.

TRY THESE OLD CONUNDRUMS

Here are the answers to the old conundrums that were printed recently in the lower right hand corner of the page opposite the Boys' and Girls' Page. The key to the enigmas in verse was in the third stanza, which describes the polishing and binding in a wooden frame, so that the answer was:

A SLATE.

No one guessed the answer to the conundrum: "Perfect with a head; perfect without a head; perfect with a tail; perfect without a tail; perfect with either, neither or both," which was:

A WIG.

Here is a pretty little poem which describes something that every child knows, so perhaps you can guess what it is: I lived before the flood, yet am still young. In desert I was bred; I know no schools. Nor ever understood the grammar rules.

Though thousands do, I never shall die of age. Till the last day concludes this mortal stage. Here is a little conundrum that the boys used to ask the girls long before there were any candy shops in Fourteenth street.

Enough for one; too much for two, and nothing at all for three.

BLUEBIRD

When the bluebirds returned north this spring one of them found that his last year's home in the park had disappeared.

The park foresters, not knowing they were disturbing a bluebird's house, had cut away a dying tree and there was not a trace of the friendly little round door leading into the hollow limb.

So the bluebird set out to find a new home. But the park workmen do their duty so well that there are very few places that would suit a particular bluebird who likes a house in a real tree and not in a manmade box.

And it happened that at exactly the same time a chickadee was also searching for a place to buy or rent.

A very small place contents a chickadee, but this one, like the bluebird, found nothing that would do.

No both birds decided to go to a downy woodpecker, an expert carpenter, who makes homes to order, or rents them to reliable birds.

The woodpecker agreed to contract for two houses if each bird would find a tree that suited him. He explained that he had no time to look himself, as he was busy enlarging and improving his own home.

So the bluebird and the chickadee

"so glad I found it first," he added, nodding his black capped head at the bluebird.

"I saw it from a long distance - you only flew faster," urged the bluebird.

The woodpecker clung with his sharp toes to the side of the tree and considered awhile. The bluebird and the chickadee perched above him and waited anxiously.

"Well," said the woodpecker at last, "apartment houses are really the thing among the best families just at present. Now I will make a fine big apartment for you, friend bluebird, and the neatest little one for you right above it, neighbor chickadee."

Since apartment houses were really the thing both birds agreed to this plan and the woodpecker made a big roomy home for the bluebird and a snug little one for the chickadee. The front doors of both houses looked out over the rhododendron beds and across the lake. The bluebird's door looked rounder and blacker and small in the big tree, and the chickadee's looked rounder and blacker and smaller, but both birds considered them the very best of their kind. Sometimes, however, no door could be seen - only a beautiful blue head or a small black

searched the park from the north entrance to the south entrance, and then from the east entrance to the west entrance and there was but one limb in the whole place that the bluebird fancied, and the chickadee already had his eye on it for himself.

Seeing this the bluebird flew as fast as he could to the woodpecker's hole, but the chickadee, who had stayed at home all the winter while the bluebird went travelling, knew the park from A to Z, and remembered all the short cuts. So he got to the woodpecker first, and while he was trying to hasten the slow fellow the bluebird hurried up. In the excitement both birds seized a wing and hurried the poor builder along so fast that he grew dizzy.

"It is my limb," the chickadee cried in one ear and the bluebird said, "It is mine" very firmly in the other.

When they came to the tree the woodpecker looked it all over like a good carpenter and tried the chosen limb with his strong bill, his best tool in house-making. "It is a good limb," he said at last.

"Yes," agreed the little chickadee,

one, thrust out of either house as the owners compared notes.

"I shall have four if all hatch," said the bluebird