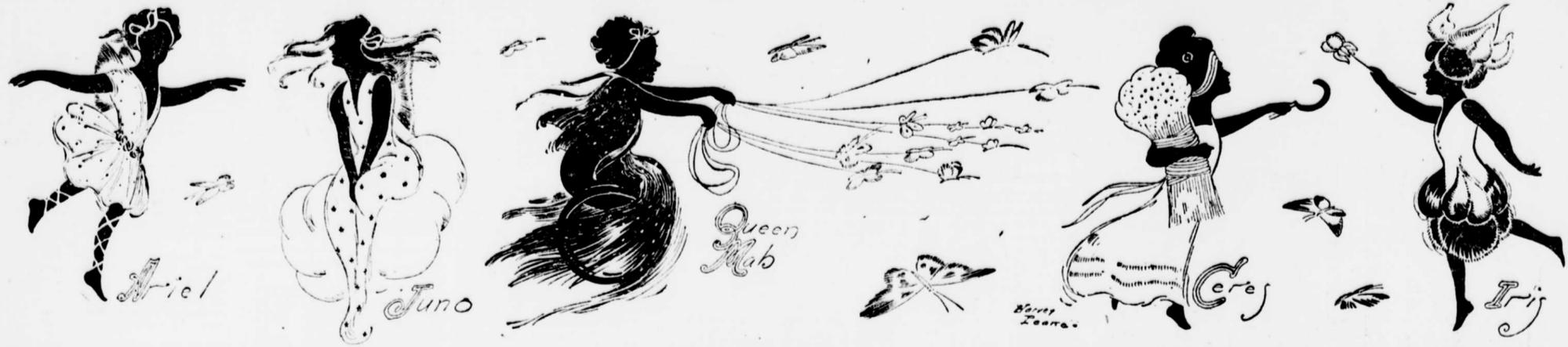


BOYS' and GIRLS' PAGE

SHAKESPEARE'S FAIRIES SILHOUETTED FOR IMAGINATIVE LITTLE FOLKS



THE CHRONICLE OF LIMPY FOOT'S TRIUMPH

Limp Foot was very, very downcast and disappointed. He was a cub lion about three months old and he crouched at the door of his parent den after the manner of his father and mother as they looked out over the great roll of land of which they were monarchs.

Nearer and nearer came the sounds. They came from the west, the wind was blowing—from the west, Limp Foot was sure now—it was the sound of MAN. He retreated into the shadow of the den. A moment later up came two of the new beast kind, the men kind. Two were white and all of the rest—plenty of them—were black.

As Limp Foot drew near the sand-drift where his father and mother and brother and sister were on their practice hunt he soon got their scent and they got his. Father Lion disdained to make closer inquiry. Mother Lion came out of a clump of trees and observed his approach with great displeasure.

But why cannot I go too, mother? asked Limp Foot very earnestly. He did not plead, you will understand, because lions do not plead. Nevertheless he made his meaning strong with lion cub emphasis.

I didn't like Ann's Hot - and she - Just told me it might grow on me. I hope it won't - for you can see How inconvenient that would be!

Where do you go to seek your killing? asked Limp Foot as his mother and his brother and sister followed his father, who stood impatiently waiting on the crest of a little hill back near the mouth of the den, glancing fiercely back now and then to inquire the cause of the delay.

Minutes by his heart beats, which is the lion cub's watch. When he thought the night to safe he crawled to the mouth of the den, very still and very cautiously. Slowly he crept out into the open. He pulled himself along inch by inch until he was ten or fifteen feet from the entrance to the den.

Then Limp Foot turned and faced the den. The MAN animals on the other side did not see his crouching form. Deep into the sand Limp Foot dug his right hind foot—the one that was exactly like his father's. He walked step by step toward the mouth of the den, digging that right hind foot in hard until he got well within the cave. Then he waited a moment to see if he had been observed, but the MAN animals made no move and he felt that he had done his work well—he had made heavy prints in the sand that looked as if the largest and fiercest lion within fifty miles had returned to his den and was now inside.

Presently Father Lion said to Mother Lion in his deep dignified tones: "Have Limp Foot's brother and sister bring him some of the choicest pieces of antelope and zebra. Let them bring them him. He is their master. He will be a great lion some day and to him will I bequeath all my glory and dominion throughout this region. He shall hunt with us from now on. We shall seek a new den and gain it quickly so that I may roar in peace once more."

AUNT MARY'S ANAGRAMS.

There was only one word of more than one syllable in that last sentence, which probably made it easy for the boys and girls to make an anagram out of it, but a number of them got mixed up trying to make the man slip while jumping into something besides a boat. Here is the original form:

THE MAN HAD TO SLIP ON HIS COAT AND JUMP INTO THE BOAT WHEN THE RUSH FOR IT WENT BY

There were two words in this which could be changed from one part of speech to another. Slip might be either a verb or a noun, because you know that the docks into which the ferry boats run are called ferry-slips. The word rush might be either a verb or a noun, because we speak of the rush hour and a rush of water. There are also rushes that grow beside the rivers. Here is one of the anagrams that Aunt Mary likes as well as any:

WHEN THE BOAT WENT BY INTO THE SLIP THE MAN HAD TO RUSH ON HIS COAT AND JUMP FOR IT

This shifts the words about a good deal and also changes the meaning of some of them. Here is a nice easy one of only sixteen words, which Aunt Mary is sure you will be able to make an anagram of without much trouble:

THE FIRST STEP IN THE WAY OF GETTING UP EARLY MAKES THE RISER IN THE WORLD

Cut these words apart on the lines and then arrange them to form a sentence of your own, using all sixteen words without adding any. Try to get something that expresses a different idea but is still grammatical and that reads smoothly. With a little patience you will always find some place into which every word will fall, as all these sentences have been made into anagrams by Albert and Edith long before you ever saw them.

PATSEY'S PUZZLES.

Patsey was very much pleased when he found that the answer he had figured out for himself was the same as the one Mr. Pantoor wrote on the back of the card before handing it back to Patsey next day, although perhaps he did not get it in the same way. This was the question: "There were 36 heads and 100 feet in a menagerie. How many were birds?"

By taking off 8 animals and adding 8 to the birds he got 10 animals with 40 feet and 28 birds with 52 feet, which was 8 feet too little, so that half way between the first result and the second must be just right. This gave him 4 more than half for birds, or 22, with 44 feet, and four less than the half for animals, or 14, with 56 feet, making exactly 36 heads and 100 feet for the whole menagerie.

WHEN WILLIAM MADE HIS FIRST SPEECH

"Hurrah!" cried William Lawrence, rushing into the house like a hurricane. "I'm on the affirmative. The boys are all as mad as March hares about it. I can tell you."

as I expected," and took the pencil and paper from her brother with a pleasant smile. "Now," said William, greatly relieved to find he was not being laughed at, "I want the speech to be real sound, you know, and sort of elegant too. I must get in something about Demosthenes or some of those fellows, and that golden mouthed what's his name? Something about the settlement of America and scaring the Quakers. Put in that Bible verse, 'Don't spare the rod or you'll spoil the child.' Say it's an awful thing to bring children up to expect presents instead of whippings—there's the point of the argument, you know—and wind off with some poetry, it won't make much difference what."

William's pride was touched in a moment. The speech would not come back to him to be sure, but he was determined to say something. "The question is—ahem—Mr. President, 'Does the fear of reward have a greater effect on mankind, sir, than the hope of punishment?' I contended that it has, if I was in the army, Mr. President, I should

"Do we?" laughed Rose. "Well, I suppose the fact is you want me to help you write your speech, that is what you were going to say, isn't it?"

William looked himself in the library and tried to collect his thoughts. In the course of an hour the exultant expression had left his face; he began to look puzzled.

William complied in humble state of mind, very much ashamed of himself for appealing to Rose, who was only a girl, and did not understand logic, yet very grateful to her after all.

Two hours later, William's speech, which he had intended should be an iron chain of argument, bedecked with flowers of rhetoric, where was it? Farther off than ever. His thoughts would not come at all; they believed in "State sovereignty" and paid no respect to the Federal hand.

William regarded as a sensational speech commencing with, "Mr. President," and ending with a few lines from Milton. "Now, Rose," said William, "that's just about the thing. But I found the ideas didn't? I'll learn it by heart and see if I don't deliver it with a grand flourish. There's a great deal, you know, in the gestures. It's enough to make you ache to see how stiff some of the fellows stand when they speak. They get scared, I suppose."

But William did get clapped most heartily. And next day when he showed his speech, Mr. Eastfield declared that in spite of the closing verse of Milton, he liked the off-hand speech better, because it was a great deal more natural, and had all far fetched.

What like fractions of a dollar, a dime, & a cent, will when added together make exactly a dollar?

William thought he was not afraid of anything, but when called out to speak he felt as if the joints in his body had all turned to hard wood, and would not bend. He heard a suppressed titter from the little boys, and the eyes of the audience seemed to prick through his nerves like needles. Everybody took a savage pleasure in his misery, that was plain. Oh, to think that he should have ever laughed at boys for being stiff when they couldn't bend!

THE POWER OF THE MIND. Some people give up all mental effort as soon as they get sick or afflicted. There are some minds that no pain or suffering can subdue. The most powerful warship afloat, which was built in the Thames in England last year, was built by a man who can not sit nor walk. The most famous of racing yacht designers is blind, but could build a boat that was good enough to defend the America Cup year after year.



He made his bow to the wrong side and turned his back to the president. "Mr. President," said he in a whisper, turning right about face. "Mr. President—Sir," repeating the words in a hoarse voice that sounded to him as if it came from some other boy's throat. "Mr. Lawrence," replied the president, smiling encouragingly. "But if William had been trying to get possession of a rainbow or a flash of light-

work than a thousand hands."